

FADE IN:

HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

It is raining. Far in the distance, we can just make out the low London skyline.

We TILT DOWN. Below, a Volvo winds through a rain-slicked suburban village. Nice, quaint, English.

EXT. LONDON SUBURBS - NIGHT

We PAN with the Volvo as it eases down the street, where quaint gives way to new. A middle-class housing development for the upwardly mobile. We CRANE DOWN as...

EXT. NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The car pulls into the driveway and suddenly stops short with a slight SCREECH. We CONTINUE DOWN.

Inches from the bumper, headlights glistening off of it, is a little girl's new tricycle. The Volvo's door opens and a man rushes through the rain to retrieve it.

INT. KITCHEN - NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The man sets the tricycle down and shakes the rain off of him.

His name is MICHAEL WHITTIER. Early forties, but still pretty good looking, maybe a little tired around the eyes. He tosses his keys onto the counter and reaches into his coat, but stops noticing a note next to the fax machine.

CU NOTE: Which reads, "Daddy!", in crayon, with the drawing of three little stick figures, obviously girls, and an arrow. We PAN RIGHT. The arrow points to a full glass of milk and a chocolate chip cookie with two small bites out of it.

BACK ON Mike, who grins. He pulls the holstered, 9mm. H&K from his pants, sets it on the counter, and drops his Interpol badge next to it. He then takes the glass and heads into his study.

INT. DARK STUDY - NIGHT

Mike walks in, silhouetted in the barest glow from the window. We can hear him eating the cookie. He trips over something heavy.

MIKE

Bloody hell.

He pulls the chain on the desk light and looks down, the cookie in his mouth. A blanket, covering a large lump, is on the floor.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the fuck...?

He takes the cookie from his mouth and looks around, confused. Suddenly he drops the glass, instinctively going for his gun.

MAN (O.S.)

It's not there...

Mike realizes it's not, almost tripping over the lump again.

On the other side of the desk, his desk, sitting in his chair, is a man. A man wearing an expensive black suit with a red tie. The man is bald.

MAN (CONT'D)

It's in the kitchen, where you left it. On the counter, next to the fax machine. Sit.

The Man, who we will call AGENT 47, lifts a stainless .45, a silencer screwed onto it.

MIKE

How did you get in...?

He stops as he notices the picture in the man's other hand. The picture of Michael's wife and three girls. 47 sets the picture on the desk, facing Mike.

AGENT 47

You have a nice family.

The Man slowly unscrews the silencer from the .45. Mike is about to freak, thinking the worst. But the man shakes his head, placing the silencer on the desk as well.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

They're fine. Alive. Asleep.

MIKE

(Very apprehensive)
If you're going to kill me...

AGENT 47

If I was gonna kill you, I'd have done it when you walked to your car this morning, and been gone by the time your body hit the sidewalk. But, right now all you can think about is your family. And that is making you desperate. Desperate men do stupid things. Without the suppressor, this weapon will sound like a Howitzer going off in here. And... I don't leave witnesses.

MIKE

I understand what you're implying.

AGENT 47

I'm not implying anything. If you make me kill you, Mike, you won't go alone. Sit!

(Then)

You are looking for someone. A killer. A professional assassin...

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - NIGER - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: SHANTY TOWN - NIGER

A beat up old Range Rover bounces along a dirt street in the middle of town. The poverty here is oppressive. The Rover doesn't even slow as the filthy, hungry children roaming the streets scatter like roaches.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)

There are men who believe they are beyond
the reach of those that want them dead.

The Rover rattles to a stop at a heavy iron gate, the only
entrance through a thirty-foot high, pockmarked concrete wall.

Four men with Kalashnikovs approach the SUV and peer inside. Two
of the men each hold massive hyenas on thick chains which lunge
and scratch at the Rover's doors. Another guard leans in to the
driver.

After a few moments, the guard waves the others aside and the
heavy gate slowly grinds open, allowing the Rover to pass.

AGENT 47 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They go to extraordinary lengths to try and
protect themselves.

Inside, the Rover crosses an empty, forty-foot kill zone to
another gated wall, a camera mounted above it. After a beat, this
gate slides open as well.

AGENT 47 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But no matter how hard they try, and they
do try, no one can hide forever.

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - DAY

Inside the second wall lies another world. Lush green landscaping
surrounds a beautiful villa.

The Rover continues up a paved drive leading to the huge mansion.
A four-barreled, Russian-made 27mm. anti-aircraft gun tracks the
vehicle as it pulls up to the sweeping marble steps.

A small platoon of Kalashnikov toting, Hyena wielding men surround
the vehicle. Two porters in white uniforms run down the steps to
open the truck's doors.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)

Not from the man you're looking for.

Four more heavily armed men climb out of the truck. Two of them
walk around to the back, open the tailgate, and yank a gagged,
stripped-to-his-underwear, and hog-tied man onto the ground.

AGENT 47 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But still they try...

INT. BEAUTIFUL VILLA - DAY

As they make their way through the mansion, scores of beautiful,
scantily clad women mill about, oblivious to the men and their
whimpering cargo.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)

They lock themselves away behind steel
doors.

At an open door they stop. One of the men, the leader, continues.

EXT. COURTYARD POOL - DAY

We FOLLOW with him as he passes more beautiful women, some sunning themselves in deck chairs, others splashing in the crystal blue water of the pool.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Behind legions of well armed guards.

He walks directly to a heavily muscled black man lying on a sofa in the shade of a cabana, eating hungrily from a skewer of cooked meat. This is BWANA OVIE. His pet, a feral Hyena, paces at the end of a heavy chain near him. Ovie tosses it the remnants of his skewer.

AGENT 47 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They control governments. Armies.
Sophisticated intelligence networks.

The soldier leans down and whispers something to Ovie. Ovie looks up at him, and smiles.

AGENT 47 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All in a desperate effort to prolong the
inevitable.

INT. BEAUTIFUL VILLA - SAME TIME

Ovie enters the house, the Hyena tugging at the chain in his hand, and removes his silk shirt. He uses it to wipe the grease from his hands and tosses it on the floor.

He walks by the group of men, pats the prisoner on the arm warmly, and continues through the villa. His men follow, dragging the crying man.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
But there is one thing they can never hide
from, no matter how hard they try.

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - DAY

Ovie finishes tying on a leather butcher's apron and picks up a large machete.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Themselves.

As Ovie sharpens the machete, the other men, with practised precision, buckle a well used black leather harness around the prisoner's shoulders. They then HOIST the man up and HANG the harness on a meat hook.

Machete in hand, Ovie moves toward the man, staring up at him. The man freaks, writhing about uselessly like a fish on a hook, his incomprehensible screams muffled by the gag.

OVIE
(*Something in Pidgin.*)

Tears pour from the man's eyes as a wicked smile crosses Ovie's lips. He reaches out and grabs the man's left arm, extending it.

OVIE (CONT'D)
(Something else in Pidgin.)

The man's muffled screams increase as he tries to wrest his arm from Ovie's vice-like grip, but to no avail.

Ovie's smile broadens as he RAISES the machete, and CHOPS down.

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Agent 47 stares out across the dilapidated city at Ovie's compound in the distance, his face devoid of emotion.

He holds a device in his hand with a black whip antenna protruding from it. He twists the dials on the device.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
 There are any number of ways to kill a man.

In 47's ear is a tiny receiver. As he calibrates the device, the man's muffled screaming becomes audible, then gives way to Ovie's voice. 47 squints, listening.

BACK TO:

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - SAME TIME

Ovie pitches the now severed hand onto the floor in front of his pet. The Hyena quickly devours it.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
 Some, more brutal than others.

The man clutches at the stump of his arm, which has been wrapped in a dirty towel.

OVIE
 (Subtitled)
 You shouldn't have stolen from me little brother. Knowing the consequences...

The prisoner, almost delusional from pain, desperately tries to speak.

OVIE (CONT'D)
 (subtitled)
 Please, do not beg. You made this decision.

The man shakes his head violently, still trying to speak. Ovie motions for the gag to be removed. The maimed man, staring at Ovie, mutters, his voice nothing more than a hoarse whisper

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
 But to someone like me, the only thing that matters is the result.

OVIE
 What is wrong with his voice?
 (To the men)
 What did you do to him?

SOLDIER 1
Nothing, Bwana. He is exactly as he was delivered.

OVIE
Delivered? You did not find him?

SOLDIER 1
No Bwana. A contractor. American...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - EARLIER

The soldier hands a mercenary, who wears the full-faced turban typical of African mercenaries, a stack of cash. They look down at the hog-tied prisoner at their feet.

BACK TO:

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - DAY

Ovie uses the machete blade to lift up the man's chin. There is a tiny scab at his vocal cords.

MAIMED MAN
(hoarse, subtitled)
I'm sorry, Bwana. I tried ...

OVIE
(subtitled)
What!?! What is it you say to me? Tried to what?

MAIMED MAN
(whisper, subtitled)
He made me swallow...

INT. AFRICAN SHACK - HOURS EARLIER

The Maimed Man, before he was delivered to Ovie, before he was maimed, sits tied to a chair, gulping from a tin of water someone holds to his lips.

We PAN TO the other man sitting in the room. The one holding the cup. It is 47. He looks impassively at the first man, who finally nods.

47 holds out another clay ball for him to swallow. Easy for a horse, difficult for a man.

MAIMED MAN
(Exhausted)
How many more?

47 looks left. On the table, next to him, is a small pyramid of the clay balls. More than a dozen. The man closes his eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - DAY

Ovie looks at his men. They are as confused as he is.

OVIE
Swallow...? What is he talking about?

EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Listening intently, 47 thumbs up the safety on the device, revealing a toggle switch.

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ovie moves in closer and grabs the man by the face.

OVIE
Swallow what!?!?

He glances at the gag, and sees the tiny transmitter hidden within. Realization washes over Ovie.

EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

47 keys the toggle switch.

INT. BUTCHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OVIE
(panicked)
RUN!!!

BOOM! The pound of C-4, painstakingly swallowed by the maimed man, erupts. A FIERY EXPLOSION rips the man in half and engulfs Ovie, who screams.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Certainty of that result, however, can be somewhat more complicated.

The soldiers try to put out the fire searing Ovie's flesh.

EXT. DISTANT ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

47 turns, walking toward the stairs.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

The soldiers RUSH from the house, carrying a burned, bloody, but still alive, Ovie.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Man is a resilient species, capable of surviving a lot.

A hapless porter runs to open the door to the Rover for them, but one of the soldiers kicks him out of the way. They drag Ovie's body into the truck.

EXT. SHANTY TOWN - STREETS - DAY

The Rover blasts through town, careening off of cars, sending pedestrians diving for cover, hell bent for somewhere.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Which in my line of work can be
problematic.

INT. ROVER - MOVING - DAY

The interior of the Rover is filled with accusations, yelling and the smoke of burned flesh. We PAN BACK to Ovie who screams, his skin burning.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOSPITAL - DAY

The Rover SCREECHES to a halt in front of the hospital and the men pile out, dragging Ovie's burned body with them.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
So you have to be smart.

As they reach the doors to the hospital, one of the men PUSHES another patient off of a gurney to make room for Ovie, whom they gently set down and PUSH inside.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

They run to the triage desk. Kalashnikov's express their urgency.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
You have to be patient.

The nurse yells as several orderlies grab the gurney pushing him into a third-world triage room.

INT. TRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers follow them. A nurse shouts at them.

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
Often, success does not come from finding a
way to get to the target...

She then CLOSES the curtain and turns toward the doctor, his back to us, checking Ovie's wounds.

DOCTOR
(without turning around)
Bring me 20 cc of ringers and morphine...

CU: OVIE'S BURNED FACE as he watches her quickly leave. He turns slowly back toward the doctor--

AGENT 47 (V.O.)
But in finding a way to bring the target to
you.

-- It is Agent 47, wearing a doctor's white coat over his black suit. He moves toward Ovie, a small insulin syringe in his hand.

47 plunges the small syringe into Ovie's neck.

CU: SYRINGE - The plunger drops.

Ovie looks at the empty syringe, then up at the "doctor", who pats him. Ovie's eyes close.

Agent 47 nods at Ovie's soldiers. It's going to be alright. The soldiers sigh a collective feeling of relief. 47 leaves the room.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

We FOLLOW with 47 as he calmly strides down the hallway.

INT. TRIAGE - DAY

The heart monitor goes flat. The men rush from the room, looking for the doctor. But he is gone.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

AGENT 47
Other situations, however, can require a
more direct approach... Like this one.
But the end result is always the same.

A beat as the two men look at each other.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
How is Jenkins?

MIKE
He'll never play tennis again.

47 nods.

AGENT 47
I want to tell you a story. You can fill
in the blanks with what you already know.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE SEQ: The familiar red, stylized fleur-de-lis moves toward us. It slowly changes. Into the title.

HITMAN

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH EARLIER...

EXT. NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Same nice, middle class house. A Volvo and a Rover sit in the driveway. In the yard, that same red tricycle sits.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: MILLS CROSSING - LONDON - GREAT BRITAIN

EXT. KITCHEN - NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Mike, looking less tired than when we saw him before, is making lunches for his three school-aged girls. Typical close-knit family chaos is in progress. Two of the girls, ages 6 and 8 are watching TV and eating cereal. The third, who's four, chases the family cat through the kitchen.

MIKE

(Without looking up)
Amber, please stop terrorizing the cat and eat your breakfast.

8 YEAR OLD

(Eyes fixed to the TV)
She isn't listening, Father.

His wife comes in, on the phone. She is pregnant, maybe five months.

WIFE

That sounds lovely.
(She covers the phone)
The Cantrels want to do dinner.

Mike shakes his head no. She smiles.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Tonight around eight then. Toodaloo.

Mike sighs as she hangs up.

WIFE (CONT'D)

We have to, honey. We've been dodging them for weeks.

MIKE

Their kids are animals.

The cat jumps onto the counter, just as the 4 year old raises up from the other side and loudly growls at it. The cat freaks, scampering across the slick tile counter in fear, and knocking the 8 year old's cereal into her lap, milk spraying everywhere.

8 YEAR OLD

You little beast!

And she doesn't mean the cat. She goes after the four year old who runs screaming from the room. Not wanting to be left out, the six year old follows after them.

WIFE

And their kids are animals.

Mike grins and nods, "OK". Then his cell rings. Wife looks at it, unhappy. Mike shrugs answering it.

MIKE

Whittier.

(Beat)

Again? When?

(Beat)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Have a car here in fifteen minutes, alert
 Heathrow we're coming.

She sighs, picking up the phone.

WIFE
 So much for dinner...
 (She kisses him on the cheek)
 Be safe, honey.

FADE TO BLACK.

We HEAR the sounds of jet turbines screaming.

EXT. OLD TOWN - BUDAPEST - DAY

We are in a section of town that appears Gothic and Modern at once. We CRANE DOWN to an ancient church that has been converted into a decadent night spot.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: BUDAPEST-HUNGARY

INT. PRIVATE BANQUET ROOM - DAY

Mike walks through a crime scene. It is a blood bath. He looks at the details. He bends down to a bloody body.

Mike's two subordinates feed him information. CLARKSON, late 40's hard English fella and JENKINS, late 20's California dude, on loan to Interpol from the FBI.

CLARKSON
 Otto Loindyke. Cattle baron and all around sketchy guy. Once a year the nasty fuck threw a fetish ball in his own honor. You know... Leather, whips, chains, candles inserted into bums, that kind of thing. But none of the party-freaks had access into the private dining room.

JENKINS
 One of the prostitutes may be able to make an ID. Once they recover from their opium comas.

Mike examines a Glock, slide locked open, abandoned on the floor by the door. He moves it around with the tip of a pen.

MIKE
 (Not looking up)
 I doubt it...

Several severe looking Federal cops walk up to them.

FEDERAL INSPECTOR
 We have not released this incident to Interpol. Your jurisdiction here is a courtesy at most.

MIKE
 Any theory?

FEDERAL INSPECTOR
Of course. It is well known Otto had contacts with a Moscow crime syndicate. We believe this was a business disagreement.

MIKE

(Nods)
I see. I was actually asking if you had any theory as to how the assassin got in here. Three dozen guards, metal detectors at both entrances, a hand-wand at this door, and what, eight dead men --

JENKINS

-- Ten sir.

MIKE

Ten dead men, all armed with machine pistols. Doesn't seem like your average Mafia hitter to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUDAPEST FEDERAL POLICE HQ - DAY

Mike talks to the HEAD GUY of the Agency, who smiles patronizingly. Behind them, Mike's subordinates are putting up a map of Europe.

HEAD GUY

We have all heard your theories, Inspector.

MIKE

This isn't a theory. No motive, no evidence, no witnesses. He's a ghost.

HEAD GUY

And how long have you been chasing your..."ghost"?

MIKE

Three years.

HEAD GUY

I see. Three years. Well I am happy to see our tax dollars at work. Thank goodness we have the European Union to finance for your persistence.

Mike wants to smack him. Instead he motions to Jenkins.

MIKE

These are descriptions from two different prostitutes working that night who got a good look at the assailant.

He hands the drawings to Head Guy. Both are of a bald man, but besides that, they are completely different.

HEAD GUY

You have solved the case inspector. Now we only need to find a bald man...

MIKE

I believe based on the discarded waiter's jacket, he assumed the position of a waiter. Which is in line with what we know about his methods. And entered the room unarmed.

FADE TO BLACK.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He is confident, efficient, and very clever.

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - MEAT KING'S BALL - NIGHT

Loud music assaults us. 47 enters the room. Through the open door a fetish party rages. In here, a small but more decadent dinner is in progress, complete with naked prostitutes and leather masked slaves.

47 is frisked and allowed to enter with his tray of food. He walks over to the table. At its head sits Otto, who is indeed a nasty chap.

He places the tray in the middle of the table next to a steak knife. 47 moves back, lingering a moment. A guard pushes him.

GUARD

Move!

47 nods --

MIKE (O.S.)

The first one to go was stabbed. Probably from one of the steak knives.

-- and turns to leave. 47 then takes the knife, the one he palmed off the table, and plunges it into the impatient guard's neck, several times while his other hand yanks the guard's Glock from his shoulder holster.

The booming music slightly obscures the noise as 47 turns and executes the other guards in the room. Saving Otto for last. Eyes wide with fear, he gets three rounds. One in the body, two in the head.

47 removes his waiter's Jacket and lifts one of the shocked, leather masked slaves from the floor onto his feet.

He drags the slave to the door, standing to one side, the Glock in one hand, his other arm around the slave's neck.

Three guards run into the room, weapons out. 47 drops them. He waits a moment, holding out the weapon and pops the fourth guy, the one with the wand, who sticks his head in the door.

He then turns to the guests in the dining room, who stare at him, trying to reason through their drugged haze what the fuck is happening.

AGENT 47

Go!

He fires the Glock above their heads. They all get it and stampede from the room. The Glock, its last shell spent, locks open. 47 simply drops it.

He then tears the leather mask from the terrified slave, kicking him away, and dons the mask.

Looking every bit the part, 47 rushes from the room, covering his masked head in fear as more guards push their way in.

MIKE (O.S.)

And strolled out of the club's back door...

INT. BUDAPEST FEDERAL POLICE HQ - DAY

Mike stares at Head Guy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

But it was him. Our man.
(Pointing at the sketches)
That man...

He pulls out a four-inch thick folder from his briefcase and tosses it down on the Head Guy's desk. Hundreds of police sketches spill out, dating back years, from many different cases.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This man.

None of the sketches are very good, but they all have one thing in common. None of them resembles 47 at all, except for the lack of hair. Mike tosses the two new pictures onto the pile.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You beginning to get the picture? No?
Well let me show you.

Mike walks over to the now completed map of Europe and takes a red push pin.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This is Otto.

He pushes it into the map. We PULL BACK and see the map is covered with pins. 47 has been a busy guy. We PAN over to MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How about now?

FADE TO:

EXT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: ST. PETERSBURG - RUSSIA

DISSOLVE TO:

CU: AMBER LIQUID BEING POURED OVER ICE

The glass is taken from the frame and we PULL BACK...

INT. BAR - FIVE STAR HOTEL - DAY

To Agent 47, sitting at the bar, sipping an expensive Scotch.

We PAN ALONG the bar and DOLLIE toward a woman. Pretty, thirties, working through architectural photos and taking notes. She looks up, noticing 47, stares a moment, then returns to her work.

ANGLE ON 47, who feels the look. His hand nonchalantly slides into his coat, not taking his eyes off the Scotch.

WOMAN (O.S.)
They might kill you for that...

His eyes flick to her. She doesn't look up from her work.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
For what you're doing to that Dalwhinnie.

47 stares at her. Instantly he realizes she's not a threat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
These Russians consider it the best.

He looks at the scotch, then back at her. She is now off her chair and moving toward him. He shifts uncomfortably in the chair as she sits down next to him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Barbaric, isn't it? I was really hoping for a nice Bowmore, but that would be too much for a girl to ask, wouldn't it?

He looks at his scotch again, then back at the girl.

AGENT 47
The Bowmore is better?

WOMAN
Well not that you could tell the difference the way you're brutalizing that perfectly decent Highland with ice. But, much.

Awkward beat.

AGENT 47
I like it cold.

She smiles again and does a strange thing. She reaches into his glass and pulls out most of the ice with her hand.

WOMAN
Cold is fine, but never more than two cubes. It waters down the scotch.
(beat)
Wow, that was rude. I'm sorry. Aftermath of my pretentious ex-husband I'm afraid.

She does this little laugh and flips her hair, one of the universal female signs of interest. She looks at him, waiting for some response. Nothing.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I work for Architectural Digest. I'm here doing a story on the Cathedral renovation. I'm June. And you are...

She offers him her hand. 47 hesitates. She smiles.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

This's where you tell me your name.

He smiles, noncommittal.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay... So I'm not very good at this. It's been a while and I'm not in my twenties anymore. But, you have that sad, detached look in your eyes that I see when I look in the mirror every morning. So, I'll keep trying. For both our sake --

AGENT 47

-- I'm sorry. I have to go.

He stands. She looks like he just shot her in the stomach. It'd probably be less painful if he had.

WOMAN

(Unhappy smile)

I seem that desperate, huh?

AGENT 47

No...

(Quick beat)

Thanks for the advice. About the Scotch.

And with that he walks out of the bar, leaving a very unhappy June behind. She sighs, and drinks his scotch.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and 47 casually walks down the hall. What appears to be nonchalance is actually a lifetime of trained awareness. His eyes never stop moving.

47 opens up the ice-machine in the hallway. It is full. He reaches in toward the back pushing his hand, elbow deep, into the ice. He feels a moment, then...

Closes the ice-machine and moves back to the elevator, hitting the "up" button.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

We PAN ACROSS and TRACK through the room. It looks pretty much like what you'd expect the penthouse of a 5 star hotel to look like. The shower is running.

An open Powerbook sits on the desk. Plugged into it is a tiny LCD projector, the portable kind that business-types carry for out of town meetings. Although this one is smaller and Chinese-made.

On the wall are the projected images of a man in his forties. We see random images and footage of this man going about his life, all edited together. He has that casual arrogance the powerful usually do.

We PAN right and TRACK toward the bathroom.

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

47 holds a razor in his hand, fitting on a blade. He then begins to shave. Not just his face, but his entire body, including his head.

47 has an unusual tattoo on the back of his neck, usually hidden by his shirt and tie. It is a black barcode.

We PAN LEFT. Also in the shower with him, inside a sealed Zip-lock bag, is a stainless .45.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

47, now dressed in slacks, stands in front of the projected images. There must be hundreds of hours on the laptop's hard-drive. Right now, what appears to be a home movie is playing.

47 watches as the man plays with his two children at a birthday party. The man seems detached. A woman appears, smiles at the man and takes the boy with a wink. As she leaves the man's smile fades, the detachment returning.

47 hits pause on the tiny remote in his hand. The image freezes. 47 hits the zoom and the man's face grows to a MEDIUM CLOSE-UP.

47 moves to the image, looking into the man's life-sized eyes. He stares a moment, then reaches out and touches him.

CHIME! 47 looks right. Another CHIME comes from the open laptop.

CU - LAPTOP SCREEN. A black window has opened on the desk-top.

Words appear: "Accept Connection?" 47 clicks accept. Then, "Connecting to secure network." And "Decrypting."

Almost like a DOS prompt, this seems very low tech considering what we've seen. In fact, it is the opposite, micro-burst, encrypted info-packets from a satellite.

47 sits down on the bed and takes a magazine from the pile. This one an Italian GQ. He thumbs through it, glancing at the screen.

The familiar fleur-de-lis logo appears, ghosted in the background. Then, more text. It is DIANA, his contact, although he has no evidence that she is actually female.

DIANA (O.S.)
(No dialogue, just text)
Budapest job confirmed. The monies have
been wired to your account.

The blinking white cursor seems to pause for a moment then...

DIANA (CONT'D)
Nice work, 47.

He continues to flip through the magazine.

DIANA (CONT'D)
We appreciate you breaking your normal protocol and accepting the new assignment so close to the last.

47 comes across an ad in the magazine for a hand-built piece of wheeled, carbon-fiber luggage. The caption reads, "What do you get the man who has everything?" The price tag, "20,000 pounds."

DIANA (CONT'D)
Regrettably, the target date has been moved up. At the client's request. And...

47 tears the ad from the magazine, placing it in a stack of others.

DIANA (CONT'D)
The client wishes it to be public.

47 looks up. He speaks. His words transform into text on the screen.

AGENT 47
I've planned something more... subtle.

The white cursor seems to pause again, blinking, then--

DIANA
We apologize for any inconvenience. At 1700 hours, GMT, the subject will be attending a business luncheon. Several hundred supporters are expected to attend. This is the location the client desires. Do you accept the new parameters?

AGENT 47
I've made preparations.

DIANA
Again we apologize. Mikhail Belicoff is gaining support in his quest to reestablish a Marxist regime in his country. His ideals verge on fascism. The client needs it to be public.
(Beat)
Do you accept?

47 thinks about it a moment.

AGENT 47
Yes.

DIANA
The specifics are being uploaded.

And the logo disappears. The words, "Connection Terminated."

47 sighs. He lifts the .45 off the desk and moves to the door. A small device is attached to the middle of the door, waist high. Small wires run to either side of the jam.

47 touches a switch on the device. The LED changes from red to green. He unhooks the wire and, placing the gun behind his back, unlocks and opens the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

It is empty. 47 looks down. On the ground, on either side of the door, are hundreds of tiny GLASS-BEADS. He glances at the "Do not disturb" sign still hanging from the handle, and closes the door.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

47 stands on the balcony, fifty floors up, and looks out at the lights of St. Petersburg. He stares for a moment.

He then moves to a coiled climbing rope, secured to the balcony rail. He tests it, then moves back inside.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47 picks up the remote and keys the projected footage to life. He then lies down on the bed, gun resting on his chest, and turns off the light.

In the dim, electronic light of the room, 47 continues to watch the man we now know as Mikhail Belicoff.

INT. BUDAPEST FEDERAL POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Mike sits at a desk, on his cell, flipping through files. Clarkson sits at the next desk, taking a statement from a strung-out hooker.

MIKE

(Into his cell)

I love you too honey. Did you do your homework? And you brushed your teeth? Good girl.

(Beat)

She's four honey... I know, but she's not as grown up as you are. Good luck on the spelling bee tomorrow. Let me talk to mommy.

Clarkson's phone rings, off-screen. He answers it.

CLARKSON (O.S.)

Clarky...

MIKE

(Into phone)

Hey, baby... How're things?

(Smiles)

That sounds about right. You're the one that wanted three kids...

(His grin widens)

Oh, that's right, that was me.

Jenkins comes in. Mike looks up, raising an eyebrow, but Jenkins shakes his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(Into phone)
Hold on baby.
(To Jenkins.)
Nothing?

JENKINS

Nyet. No fingerprints, no hair follicles, no DNA of any sort. I spent all day going over the crime scene behind the State forensics specialist. We got zero.

CLARKSON (O.S.)

(Into phone)
You're fucking kidding me. And the wankers bought it...?

MIKE

(Into phone)
What...? I dunno honey, they're just like the other Eastern Europeans, they don't like Interpol mucking around in their back yard. But, a couple more days at least.

Clarkson hangs up, rolling his chair toward them.

CLARKSON

We have a problem, gov'nor...

And just then, Head Guy comes wheeling into the room, a big ass grin on his face, a bottle of champagne in his hand with a red bow. He sets it on Mike's desk, grinning.

HEAD GUY

You solve the case yet?

MIKE

Not quite. What's with the champagne?

HEAD GUY

Little going away present for you boys. Did I mention we found the killer?

MIKE

When?

HEAD GUY

An hour ago. A Russian National. Arms dealer. With ties to the Varinsky family in Georgia. Had a meeting with Otto three days ago. We're guessing they had a falling out.

JENKINS

You think this was the work of some chicken-shit arms dealer?

MIKE

What makes you think he's our guy?

HEAD GUY

He wouldn't be our guy, he's our guy.

He motions to himself and his men, who snicker.

HEAD GUY (CONT'D)

Your guy is a figment of your imagination.
This guy is the killer.

MIKE

OK, what makes you think it is your guy.

HEAD GUY

Just a hunch. Oh, and this...

He tosses Mike the black leather mask from the ball. The one 47 was wearing. Putting his phone down, Mike looks at it.

HEAD GUY (CONT'D)

It was hidden in his hotel room, under the mattress.

CLARKSON

Oh, bloody hell.

MIKE

How did you find him?

HEAD GUY

Got a tip. It's called old fashion police work. It's in our manual. Remind me and I'll send you a copy.

MIKE

Pretty convenient he still had it with him.

JENKINS

C'mon, dude, surely you don't believe he kept it? As a souvenir? This's a fucking set up, and you retards are buying it hook, line and anvil.

HEAD GUY

I'll be holding a press conference later. I'd ask you to attend, but I look much better on camera. You can catch it on TV at the airport. Enjoy the champagne and have a nice trip.

They laugh, leaving. Mike looks at his men.

MIKE

It's not just me right? I'm not being paranoid?

CLARKSON

No gov'nor. You're dead on. It's our boy alright. And we're being asked to leave.

JENKINS

Shown the door is more like it.

Mike nods, dropping the champagne into the trash.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Assholes!

Jenkins kicks the map, and it teeters across the room.

CLARKSON

(To the hooker)

Well sweets, you're free to go. Unless you fancy a roll with a soon to be unemployed, Interpol detective.

PROSTITUE

(Subtitled)

Fuck you.

She leaves. We HEAR a tiny voice. Mike remembers his open cell.

MIKE

Honey...? Looks like I'm coming home sooner than we expected.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TRAIN STATION - ST. PETERSBURG - EARLY MORNING

47 walks to a train locker, reaches behind, and pulls out the key taped behind the lockers. He opens one of them and pulls out a long black suitcase.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL - LATER BUT STILL EARLY

Light barely fights through the closed curtains, doing little to dispel the gloom of this place.

47 sits at the desk, his laptop open, a camera cabled to it, as is the little projector which shows a map of the city on one of the walls. In the middle of the map, a tiny red circle is drawn. More concentric circles ring the map, each denoting distance: 500 meters, 1000 meters, 2500 meters. 5000 meters, etc.

47 moves the cursor to a building at the edge of the map, almost three miles, and CLICKS. The digital camera's hard-drive spins and the building appears. It is very tall, but currently under construction. Little more than superstructure and floors.

He CLICKS again. We now see the view from one of the top floors. Far below, in the distance, we can just make a restaurant.

47 looks at it a moment then moves to the bed. Where a Barrett .50 Cal. Sniper rifle sits. He begins to disassemble the weapon. We PAN back to the photo. We PUSH IN. The scan-lines DISAPPEAR.

EXT. RESTAURANT - HIGH ANGLE

We HEAR a tiny CHING, and the diopter changes. Suddenly the restaurant is much closer. Another CHING, and the diopter changes again. We can practically make out the lines on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

CU - TRIGGER as it is slowly depressed by a finger. Until we HEAR the SNAP of the bolt on an empty chamber. We TILT UP as 47 removes his eye from the scope. We are in...

INT. UNFINISHED SKY SCRAPER - DAY

47 sits at the open window. Wind rushes in. The .50 cal on a bipod in front of him.

He reaches down and works through figures on a ballistics table. Adjusting the dial on the scope, slightly.

47 then hefts the heavy five-round magazine from the floor, the huge top bullet just visible. He inserts it into the weapon and RACKS the bolt.

We PULL BACK as 47 leans forward, peering through the scope again, and TRACK AWAY from him, through the huge, open wall.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - CONTINUOUS

We MOVE away from one of the topmost floors, CONTINUING BACK until the unfinished sky-scraper stands before us.

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - LATER

MIKHAIL BELICOFF signs documents in the back of a limo as a make-up girl puts the finishing touches on his face.

BELICOFF
(In Russian, subtitled)
Is this really necessary?

Next to him, his PR WOMAN nods. She is on her cell.

PR WOMAN
(In Russian, subtitled)
Are the news-crews there yet? Okay...
(Hanging up)
Yergi, make the block... The CNN crew is just setting up. They were delayed by the crowd. Apparently you have a lot of fans.

Belicoff smiles at her. She shrugs.

PR WOMAN (CONT'D)
That's what you pay me for. Besides, I'm a believer. You do your job, and I'll do mine.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The street is packed with over a thousand supporters, all carrying signs proclaiming their love and support. Camera crews line the side-walk.

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD
He's here!

The crowd surges forward but begins to part as the limo pulls up in front of the restaurant. It is flanked by two large SUVs. Armed bodyguards swarm from the SUVs and surround the limo.

Belicoff and his group, ringed by a dozen bodyguards, move from the limo. Like movie-stars mobbed by rabid fans.

Belicoff takes a moment to shake a few hands. Someone throws rose petals.

INT. UNFINISHED SKY SCRAPER - SAME TIME

Over two and a half miles away, 47 looks through the scope at the scene. He depresses the trigger slightly.

47'S SCOPED POV - We see Belicoff's guards shielding him. They are skilled at their job.

BACK ON 47 who never takes his eye from the scope.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The reporters rush at him, but his bodyguards keep them at arms length. More bodyguards continue to shield him.

BELICOFF
Gentlemen. Ladies. Thank you for coming here today, despite the snow.

REPORTER #1
You certainly have an overwhelming contingency of grass roots support.

BELICOFF
I am simply trying to represent the wishes of the people.

FEMALE CNN REPORTER
Do you believe that the Kremlin will begin to take you seriously?

BELICOFF
The whims of the old men in the Kremlin are unimportant to me. I care about the Russian people.

REPORTER #3
There are some concerns over your political views within the International community. Some scholars are even comparing you to Josef Stalin.

BELICOFF
Exaggerations fed by my opponents. And those in the West. One only need to look at the polls to...

Suddenly, one of Belicoff's bodyguards JUMPS out of the way. Confused, Belicoff looks around.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
What are you doing!?!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON 47, looking through the scope, as he releases the trigger.

BACK TO:

FEMALE REPORTER
I think it is beginning to snow.

Belicoff looks at her. It isn't snow on her face, but the spray of blood. Belicoff freezes, looking up.

QUICK CUT TO:

AGENT 47's POV as a frightened Belicoff is looking directly at him from two and a half miles away.

ANGLE ON 47, who squeezes the trigger again.

BACK TO:

ANGLE ON BELICOFF as his head transforms into a red mist.

We MOVE UP as his guards take him down. People panic. Then we HEAR two tiny reports from very far away, as the SOUND of the weapon finally catches up to them. BANG. BANG.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

47 breaks down the rifle. - 47 piles the two fired shell casings and the disassembled rifle into a pile. - 47 pulls the pin on a thermite grenade, drops it on the pile, and walks away. - The Thermite Grenade IGNITES with a WHOOSH! The intense, 4000 degree, white flame melts the metal. - 47 causally walks away from us, across the huge floor, toward the waiting construction elevator. - 47 descends.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN DEPOT - ST. PETERSBURG - DAY

47 walks through the train station. Behind him he pulls two, newly purchased, sleek, carbon-fiber suitcases. We PULL BACK as he moves toward the track. And to a waiting Bullet Train.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike unlocks the door and moves quietly into his house. SQUEAK! He steps on a rubber toy duck.

MIKE
(Quietly)
Shit...!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike walks quickly through the living room then notices that his wife is asleep on the couch.

He kneels down, staring at her. He brushes the hair from her face. She is beautiful. He smiles, and begins removing his tie. Just then, his cell phone rings.

MIKE

Shit!

INT. BULLET TRAIN - LATER

47 sits in the rear of the first class cabin. He is staring at pictures of a man. We shall call him "The Glasgow Assignment." Outside another train screams by the opposite direction. His phone vibrates. A text message. "Please call the office."

INT. LAVATORY - NIGHT

47 locks the door and sets his laptop on the tiny sink.

CU - LAPTOP SCREEN. The black window opens and 47 goes through the now familiar secure connection ritual. The white cursor blinks, momentarily. Then...

DIANA

(Text only)

We have a problem.

AGENT 47

(Text only)

Yes?

DIANA

There was a witness. A prostitute observed the transaction. Interpol is looking for her now. Must handle immediately.

AGENT 47

Not possible. The Budapest authorities should already have a suspect in custody.

DIANA

Negative. Not Budapest. St. Petersburg.

AGENT 47

Highly unlikely. How reliable are your sources.

DIANA

Impeccable. As always.

The cursor blinks. 47 is not happy. He doesn't make mistakes.

AGENT 47

Where is she?

DIANA

Frightened. Hiding. Has arranged a pickup by Interpol. Tomorrow A.M. Will you intercept?

47 thinks about it a nanosecond, then...

AGENT 47

Yes. What about the Glasgow assignment?

DIANA

It will have to wait. Uploading data.

We PUSH into an unhappy CU of 47 in the tiny rest room's mirror.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

47 pulls up the Russian Kommercheskiy Poezd train schedule. On a bev-
nap he makes quick calculations.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

47 moves through the packed car, and removes his luggage from the stainless shelving. He then sits down on one of the cases, and waits. Glancing at his watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

CU - WATCH, 20 minutes later. We PULL BACK as 47 moves to the service hatch, leading to the roof of the car.

EXT. ROOF - BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

47 crouches on the roof, wind buffeting him. In the distance we can see the lights of a town nearing. To the left, a river.

47 looks at the two pieces of luggage. He sighs.

He reaches into his bag, takes out a thermite grenade, pulls the pin, and places it in one of the ungodly-expensive rolling bags.

With another sigh, he flings the bag off the train. It flies toward the river below, flaring white briefly as it breaks the surface of the water.

47 feels the train begin to decelerate as it approaches the city, in accordance with Federal regulations. He hefts his remaining suitcase and begins to run toward the rear of his train.

Approaching from the other direction, another train leaves the city's "SLOW ZONE" and begins to pick up speed.

As it passes, 47 leaps across the distance between the two, landing deftly on the other train's roof.

EXT. ROOF - BULLET TRAIN #2 - NIGHT

He now must run in the opposite direction to keep from skipping off like a stone. The rear of the train quickly approaches.

At the end of the last car, 47 slides off the edge, onto the platform below, banging into the railing. He barely holds on to his remaining suitcase which goes over the rail, handle extending.

He stands there a moment, the other train disappearing in the distance. He withdraws the bev-
nap, examining his calculations. He shakes his head. He may have been a little off.

47 straightens his tie, opens the rear compartment and casually strides inside.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG TRAIN STATION - DAWN

The Bullet Train slides slowly toward the station. We CRANE UP, HIGH ANGLE and PAN toward the city's center.

EXT. GROZNY - DAY

HIGH ANGLE. Soviet tanks traverse rubble-strewn streets in the canyons of blackened, half-collapsed mid-rises. We HEAR the steady pop of automatic gun-fire.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: GROZNY, CAPITAL OF CHECHNYA, RUSSIA

We MOVE DOWN. A sniper, in urban camouflage, lays prone on a low building, staring through the scope of a nasty silenced sniper rifle. His face is hidden by a mil-spec camouflaged ski mask with two eyeholes and a mouth.

EXT. SQUARE - ONE MILE AWAY - DAY

A Rebel soldier runs quickly across a bombed out square. A bullet tears through his hip, spinning him down.

BACK ON THE SNIPER

He stares through the scope, watching impassively as the man bleeds. The man cries for help, trying to drag his body to cover.

EXT. SQUARE - ONE MILE AWAY - DAY

Another rebel runs to the fallen man. He slides to the ground, grabs the man by the shoulder and begins pulling him to safety.

INSERT CU - SNIPER'S FINGER on the trigger. Tightens.

The second rebel's head explodes. The injured soldier screams as the now dead man drops on him.

BACK ON THE SNIPER who pulls the trigger again. He then turns, and with a piece of chalk adds two hash marks to the several dozen already on the wall. He glances down.

BELOW, another camouflaged and masked soldier, holding a sat-phone moves through the compound. These men belong to the most elite of the Russian Special forces, Spetsgruppa Vypel.

Believed to be dismantled under Gorbachev due to their legendary cruelty and predilection for blood-letting, the Vypel's were in fact simply reorganized. A military sledgehammer for the new KGB.

The other Vypel walks toward the remnants of an old apartment building.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Another man, E4, sits in the darkened room surrounded by several Russian soldiers. He is holding an orange, and also wears the Vypel's signature ski-mask.

E4
 (Russian, subtitled)
 Where are your terrorist brothers, now?

E4's ice clear eyes glance up at the man sitting across from him. The man, a Chechen rebel, dried blood around his mouth, stares at him with contempt. E4 nods.

E4 (CONT'D)
 Are you right or left handed?

The man doesn't speak. E4 stares at him a moment, then tries to control the cruel smile tugging at his lips.

Suddenly, he throws the orange at the man. The man instinctively catches it with his right hand. E4 swiftly lifts his silenced Makarov and shoots through the orange.

PPFFT. The round tears through the orange and the man's hand. The man struggles not to scream.

The door opens and the other Vympel steps in from the light. He lifts the sat phone to E4.

E4 stands and turns to the soldiers.

E4 (CONT'D)
 Cut off that hand with the torch. If he doesn't talk, remove his feet.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
 And if he still doesn't?

E4
 Bring his wife and daughters. Crucify them.

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

E4 takes the phone, walking across the compound.

E4
 Da?

He listens intently for a moment, moving by a dump-truck.

E4 (CONT'D)
 I understand. How many men do you require?

He looks into the dump-truck. It is filled with dozens of Rebel bodies. These men have been busy. He CLICKS off. E4 turns to the man beside him.

E4 (CONT'D)
 Moscow has requested a man for a special assignment.

E4 points at the sniper on top of the low building.

E4 (CONT'D)
 Send him. A bird is in route.
 (Turns)
 And burn these bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - ST. PETERSBURG - DAY

We are in the heart of the city's financial district. Tall buildings loom around us. Business people scurry to wherever it is they are supposed to be. We PUSH through them. To a girl, standing on the corner. Her name is Ekaterina Sytrovski, but goes by the familiarized NIKA.

Just this side of eighteen, her long blonde hair is dyed bright pink at the tips. She has the tattoo of a tiny dragon on her left cheekbone, about the size of a dime, and her lip is pierced.

None of this detracts from her beauty. She is stunning. And she doesn't look like a common prostitute, wearing one of those expensive designer work-out suits, this one in pink, with the logo on the ass. Nor does she look particularly frightened. More like annoyed.

ANGLE ON 47, who moves calmly toward her, nonchalantly reaching into his coat.

INSIDE HIS COAT is his stainless .45, silencer attached.

BACK ON THE GIRL, who looks up and down the street. A suited man checks her out as he passes. She lifts her middle finger at him, with a smile. The man moves on.

47 takes this in as he approaches, thumbing off the .45's safety.

She must feel him coming because she turns and glances at him. They lock eyes, but oddly, she doesn't run. In fact, she isn't apprehensive at all. She just looks at him, quizzically.

She doesn't recognize him. No clue who he is. Quickly realizing something is wrong, 47 rapidly steps right.

WHOOSH! A silenced sniper round misses him by inches. Tearing through the air where his head should be. FWACK!, the bullet hits a bystander.

The crowd breaks into a panic as a moment later we HEAR the report of the rifle. But 47 is already gone.

EXT. FAR DOWN THE STREET - DAY

47 eases from an alley several hundred meters down the street, hand still on that .45. His eyes scan the scene. Calculating.

He begins to push through the employees of an electronics store, who are standing on sidewalk like hungry vultures. And then 47 freezes. Sees something. He moves toward the glass front of the Electronics Store. We PUSH IN.

Inside, televisions of every sort are set up for display. And on them, is none other than Mikhail Belicoff, his head bandaged.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

47 pushes his way inside. He stares at the broadcast.

ON THE SCREENS, Belicoff stands in front of a crowd of frenzied supporters. A CNN banner scrolls underneath: "Breaking News!"

BELICOFF

The West... So afraid of my message that cowardly violence is their response. If they want a martyr, so be it. A thousand assassins will not silence my voice if it is echoed by you, my countrymen. I for one will not let their cowardice deter me. Will you? Or will you raise your voice and be heard?!?

The crowd begins chanting his name. Belicoff smiles.

CNN CORRESPONDENT

That was the scene outside a St. Petersburg hospital just moments ago...

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DOWN THE STREET - DAY

Through the windshield we see 47 move quickly out and hurry down the street, through the crowd. We PAN TO a man in the back, taking pictures with a telephoto camera, cabled to a laptop.

MAN WITH CAMERA

(In Russian, subtitled.)

Stay with him.

DRIVER

Where sir?

The Man quickly looks up. The target has simply disappeared.

MAN WITH CAMERA

(sighs)

Blanket every hotel in the city with those photos. Call the *Liteynyi*. Inform them the elimination failed... And the target was lost. We have underestimated him.

INT. GULFSTREAM G-4 (MOVING) - DAY

Mike paces through the plane, on his cell. There are several more members added to his team besides Jenkins and Clarkson.

MIKE

I can't be sure. He never works again so quickly, but the Russians say Belicoff was grazed by a single bullet from over 4 kilometers away. It definitely sounds like him...

(Beat)

Yessir... We'll be on the ground in less than an hour. I'll keep you informed.

He CLICKS off. Clarkson looks at him.

CLARKSON
Doesn't it bother you that he missed?

MIKE
Everyone has a bad day.

Clarkson just looks at him. Mike nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know...

JENKINS
You need to see this.

They move to the back of the plane, where Jenkins is watching the footage from the assassination attempt on a large flat screen.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Watch this. Whataya see boss?

He starts the footage again. We see Belicoff talking to the reporters, shielded by his bodyguard. Suddenly it looks as though the guard jumps away.

MIKE
He shoots the bodyguard to get a clean shot at Belicoff.

JENKINS
Right.

He backs it up and shuttles forward in SLOW MOTION. We see the kinetic energy of the round impact the bodyguard, almost tearing him in half. Doubled over he just drops to the side.

CLARKSON
Nice shot.

JENKINS
Yeah, he split these two civilians here by a couple of inches. Keep watching.

NORMAL SPEED. Belicoff responds to the reporter, who holds up her bloody hand, and then turns. Just then, a blurry bystander moves into frame so we can't see Belicoff take the bullet. He just drops.

CLARKSON
For Christ's sake...

MIKE
Back it up, again.

INTERPOL AIDE
We have a fax.

Mike and Jenkins re-watch the footage. Clarkson moves to the fore of the plane.

JENKINS
You see that?

Mike nods as Jenkins pauses the footage.

MIKE
Awful lot of arterial spray for a miss.

Jenkins grins, nodding. Mike replays it. Clarkson walks over, fax in hand, nudges Jenkins, who reads it.

JENKINS
Sir... You need to see this.

Mike reaches over for it, without taking his eyes off the screen. He sees the look on his men's faces. Mike looks at the fax. Then reads it again. He looks at them.

MIKE
Can this be right?

Clarkson and Jenkins both shrug. Mike falls back in the seat. He sits there a moment, wheels turning. Then...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Contact the FSB in St. Petersburg. Tell them we have jurisdiction. No one moves until we get there. No one. They just keep him under surveillance.
(to the pilots)
And get this thing on the fucking ground!

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Another hotel suite, this one with a more modernist twist but just as nice. Set up as before. Little device on the door, rope on the balcony rail, laptop on the desk.

47 stares at the blinking white cursor, then...

AGENT 47
You set me up.

His words are transformed into type. A moment passes.

DIANA
(Text)
I do not understand. Was the target not at the location?

AGENT 47
The girl was there. But she was no witness. She'd never seen me before. And then an operative tried to kill me. A sniper. One of your snipers...

DIANA
Please wait.

AGENT 47
Is Belicoff alive?

DIANA

Yes. That is unfortunate. We will be unable to transmit payment for the task as the job was not completed --

AGENT 47

-- Belicoff is not alive. It's not possible. He took a direct hit through the nasal cavity. I watched it myself. Who the hell is that on TV?

Blink, blink.

DIANA

I do not understand.

AGENT 47

Is there a paper on me?

Blink, blink.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Answer me! Is there an open contract on me?

DIANA

We have no contract on you.

AGENT 47

You had better be sure. Because if you are lying, whatever else happens I will find you, and I will burn that building to the ground around you.

Blink, blink.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Who was the client?

DIANA

I cannot give you that information.

AGENT 47

Who was the client?

A long moment passes as the cursor blinks.

Suddenly, his hotel phone rings. Startled, 47 swings the .45 around, aiming at the phone. He stares as it rings again. He lays the .45 on the desk and moves to it.

It continues to ring. 47 hesitates, then lifts the receiver.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Hello.

A strong, but sexy, British female is on the other end.

DIANA

It is Diana.

This is a very odd moment for both of them.

AGENT 47

How did you know where to contact me?

DIANA

I could be retired for breaking protocol and contacting you directly. But I have a certain fondness for you, 47. Your location has been compromised...

(Beat)

The client. The client was Belicoff --

-- He doesn't have time to process this information. From the other side of the door, 47 HEARS a faint CRUNCHING sound.

INSERT - ECU of a tactical boot-heel, CRUNCHING on the tiny beads.

47 drops the phone and sprints toward the balcony, just as the hinges are BLOWN off the hotel room door.

The door sags inward, pulling the wire on the little device attached to it. Which EXPLODES.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The shaped charge of the fist-sized device blows large ball-bearings into the first three men of the Russian SWAT team lined in the hallway.

The steel shot TEARS through their vests, dropping them.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Without hesitation 47 LEAPS over the balcony, grabbing the rope tied to the railing, and swings to the balcony below.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Russian SWAT team storms into the room, weapons up.

INT. SWANKY ROOM BELOW - SAME TIME

47 kicks through the balcony door to the room below as a business man goes at it with a Russian prostitute. The prostitute screams but 47 runs out the door.

INT. HALLWAY BELOW - DAY

47 runs down the hall, sliding to a stop at the ice machine. He slams it open, digs down in the back of the ice bin, coming up with the 2 stashed stainless .45's in a Ziplock with a silencer, four extra clips and a strange flat, metal rod.

He tears the Ziplock away, pockets the clips and silencer, then sprints toward the elevator.

ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

47 jams one of the .45's in his waistband, takes the metallic rod and slips it into the crack between the elevator doors, prying them open.

He then smashes the fire-alarm, pulling the lever and jumps onto the elevator cables.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - SAME TIME

The Russian Team leader speaks into his throat mike.

TEAM LEADER

He has gone to the floor below. Teams 2 and 3, do you read --

-- The fire alarm screeches across the room.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Say again...

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Five SWAT members ride up in the elevator. Suddenly it stops, and begins moving down. They look at each other.

RUSSIAN SWAT GUY

Sir, we are reversing direction...

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

TEAM LEADER

The fire alarm. The elevators are programmed to move to the ground floor in case of a fire.

The men all sigh, exasperated.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Team two, what is your location?

INT. HALLWAY BELOW - DAY

TEAM #2 GUY

Lt., there's no sign of him here. It's possible he has gone into the elevator shaft.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

TEAM LEADER

Do you read, Team 3?

INT. ELEVATOR (DESCENDING) - DAY

RUSSIAN SWAT GUY

Sir, repeat that.

As the men glance around, we PULL BACK to reveal the barrel of a stainless .45 inches from the split between his helmet and vest.

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

(Over radio)
I repeat, he may have gone into the elevator shaft.

We TILT UP. 47 is the one aiming down from the access hatch.

BAM! 47 shoots him, acquires the man next to him. BAM! He then opens fire with both .45's, the soft spots in their armor easy targets at this range.

47 drops onto the floor, still firing, now shooting up with both weapons at the other two men. They crumple.

47 glances up. The elevator is passing the fifth floor. He grabs one of the men's Glocks, slings an assault rifle, clips for both and goes back up.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

47 stands on the elevator as it reaches the third floor. He grabs the floor as the elevator continues descending, then jams the metallic object into the split between the doors, prying these open as well. He pulls himself up, glancing around, weapon moving.

INT. HALL - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

47 runs toward the end of the hallway. The stairwell door opens and 47 slows, lifting the weapon. A terrified maid drops her cleaning supplies.

MAID'S POV - All she can see is .45, The weapon held up, obscuring 47's face.

47
(In Russian)
Down. Get Down!

REVERSE of the maid, frozen with fear. She mumbles. 47 pushes her to the ground. Her eyes closed.

He turns the corner and keeps going. At the last room on the left he kicks the door open, running in.

EMPTY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

He runs through the room to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Never stopping he goes over the rail.

AERIAL SHOT as 47 drops the fifty feet into the freezing river below. We HEAR helicopters circling.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

The SWAT team rushes in, to the balcony. But 47 is gone.

TEAM LEADER
Fuck!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Mike and his boys stand in the room. The Swat Leader and a St. Petersburg *Militsiya* (Police) Captain stand in front of him. Forensic specialists go over the place. Mike is pissed.

CLARKSON
What a bloody fucking mess.

The Swat Leader starts to say something but Mike's look cuts him off.

MIKE
You were not to engage the suspect, only observe.

TEAM LEADER
We were observing, sir. We had information the suspect would attempt to flee.

CLARKSON
Attempt to flee?

TEAM LEADER
Yes, sir.

MIKE
Where is the suspect, now?

TEAM LEADER
He fled, sir.

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN
We had orders...

MIKE
On who's authority?

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN
The FSB.

CLARKSON
Jesus fucking, tap-dancing Christ!

The Militsiya Captain seems as unhappy about this as Mike. Mike nods.

JENKINS
Wait, don't touch that!

One of the forensic guys hovering over the laptop's keyboard touches the mouse. We HEAR a high pitched whine. The screen blanks. A prompt states, "The hard-drive has been permanently erased." Then blinks out.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Where'd you get you're fucking license, a Fruit Loops box?

RUSSIAN FORENSIC
Fruit loops...

JENKINS
The hard-drive was key coded. You just burned our only lead.

MIKE
That's it everyone out! Now! Out!

Slowly the room clears. Only our three boys are left.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Give me a minute will ya?

Clarkson claps Mike on the back as they leave the room.

Mike, alone, slowly looks around. All of 47's stuff. His whole life. Maybe it wasn't a complete loss. He sighs.

EXT. EMPORIO ARMANI - NIGHT

47, still dripping, walks into the store. His coat under his arm, wrapped around the appropriated assault rifle and weapons. The four salesman clustered around stare at him, noses wrinkled.

AGENT 47
I need a suit. And I need it tailored
before I leave.

SALESMAN #1
I'm sorry, sir, we have a three week wait
for all tailoring.

AGENT 47
Then find a seamstress.

47 holds up a wad of wet, but very large Euros.

SWISHY SALESMAN
Of course sir, right this way. May I take
your coat?

47 just looks at him.

SWISHY SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Alright then, right this way. Espresso?

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - SAME TIME

Mike walks through the suite, looking. He stares at 47's stainless .45, hefting it. He then moves to the suitcase.

We INTERCUT between the two scenes.

47 looks at the salesman who has an armful of suits, holding them out one by one. Pinstripes, greys, blues...

AGENT 47
Black.

SWISHY SALESMAN
Might I suggest a man of your frame --

AGENT 47
-- Black.

SWISHY SALESMAN
Alright then.

CUT TO:

Mike opens the suitcase. Inside is all manner of killing equipment. He pulls out a pack of syringes. And a small leather case. Inside are several nasty looking ampules.

CUT TO:

47 stands, being fitted for the suit. A seamstress pins the cuffs. Swishy salesman holds out a selection of ties. 47 shakes his head.

SWISHY SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess. You'd like a red one.

CUT TO:

Mike continues to go through 47's stuff. Looking, thinking, trying to understand his adversary.

CUT TO:

47 sits on a chair waiting. A new suitcase stuffed at his feet. Swishy Salesman brings him an espresso.

AGENT 47

How'd you like to make a couple of thousand dollars? U.S.

SWISHY SALESMAN

(Grins)
I get off in an hour. There's a great new club --

47's look shuts him down.

AGENT 47

I need to find a girl.

SWISHY SALESMAN

Oh. Well... Unfortunately that's not really my department.

AGENT 47

Someone specific. Blond, pink streaked hair. Sexy. Small dragon tattoo on her cheek bone. She has expensive tastes. You have friends, call around the other shops. I'll make it ten thousand if you find her in the next two hours. I just need a name.

SWISHY SALESMAN

Ten thousand?!? You're not going to kill her are you?

AGENT 47

Do I look like the kind of guy who'd kill someone?

SWISHY SALESMAN

Of course not, darling. But for ten thousand dollars, what do I care?

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Mike sits at the desk thinking. Someone knocks at the door. Mike opens it. Jenkins stands there.

JENKINS
Someone would like a word with you, sir.
The FSB.

In the hallway three men wait, calmly. They look like 50's era Soviet KGB guys, just in nicer suits. The biggest one, CHIEF AGENT YURI MARKLOV smiles at Mike, like he has all the time in the world. Mike sighs.

MIKE
Jenkins, scrounge me up some cigarettes will you?

JENKINS
Your wife isn't going to be happy, sir.

Mike smiles at Jenkins and moves toward Yuri.

MIKE
I'm Captain Detective Mike Whittier, Interpol.

YURI
Yes Michael, I am aware who you are. Perhaps we would be more comfortable in the Hotel's cafe. They have excellent Blow Fish this time of year. Or vodka if that is more your taste?

Mike nods, smiling. He looks back at Jenkins.

MIKE
Hurry with those, would you?

INT. INTERNET COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

47 sits in the back, at a terminal, wearing a new suit and a new fur-lined, black, full-length coat. He is reading all the articles on Belicoff.

"Belicoff Hard-line Stance - Anti American?" "Mikhail Belicoff gaining support with Russia's Working class." "Belicoff softening his Hard-line View?" Then another about his crazy brother. "Udre Belicoff arrested for murder in Minsk. Political trouble for his older Brother?"

With his other hand, he is drawing on a torn out magazine ad with a red pen. The ad is a CU of a beautiful model. With the pen he has transformed the picture into a damn good likeness of the girl, Nika. It seems as if he is doing both things simultaneously.

47 logs onto a Forum. W.O.O.F. - Women Outraged Over Fur. A message box opens. "Account Terminated Due to Technical Problems. Do Not Attempt to Reconnect!" Then, "You are on your own, 47."

He stares at the screen. He then logs onto a Secure Mail Server. Types an email address, then: "Need to call in a favor. Urgent. Will come to you. 47." Hits send.

He glances over at the picture he's been working on. But looks up as Swishy Salesman and another similarly dressed YOUNG MAN enter the cafe, moving to him.

SWISHY SALESMAN
This is Joseph. He works at the Christian Louboutin boutique. They sell very expensive shoes.

47 looks at him.

SWISHY SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Right. Well he knows the girl.

YOUNG MAN
She comes in occasionally and buys out the shop.

AGENT 47
This her?

Showing him the picture he's been working on.

SWISHY SALESMAN
That's pretty good.

It is a pretty good resemblance. Young Man nods.

AGENT 47
You have a name?

SWISHY SALESMAN
Better. He has her address.

YOUNG MAN
Where we deliver her merchandise.

47's phone beeps. Text message. He looks at it. It reads. "Tomorrow, 10PM. Belgrade. Kinky Cafe. Don't be late."

SWISHY SALESMAN
Did I make the deadline?

AGENT 47
Close enough.
(Hands him a wad of cash)
Give me your shades.

Even though it is night, Swishy is wearing these cool black shades. Swishy doesn't even think about it, just hands them to 47.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Where can I buy some flowers? Expensive.

Swishy starts to tell him, then stops.

SWISHY SALESMAN
One more thing, friend to friend. You should be careful with her.

Agent 47 looks at them. Swishy nudges the other guy.

YOUNG MAN
It's just... Well, she doesn't buy her things. It's her boyfriend. And he's connected.

AGENT 47
Mafia?

YOUNG MAN
No, far worse. Political. His name is Mikhail Belicoff.

We PUSH into a CU of 47.

INT. CAFE' - SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT

To call this place a cafe is someone's idea of humor. It's like calling the Burj Dubai a building.

Yuri sits slurping down oysters. He pours Mike another shot of \$300 dollar a bottle vodka.

MIKE
You're expense account must be larger than mine.

Yuri smiles.

YURI
The assassin you are looking for. My associates tell me you believe him to be freelance?

MIKE
I know he is. If you follow the pattern of kills across Europe, the only pattern is there is no pattern. Except the efficiency of the work.

YURI
So, you do not believe he is connected with the American Central Intelligence Agency?

MIKE
No. There is nothing to suggest that. Why do you ask?

YURI
No reason. It just seems to be a bit naive.

MIKE
(Smiles)
You think so.

YURI
Please, I am not trying to offend you. You are a very capable police officer. But that is what you are. A cop. A rock is tossed through a window, you look for the perpetrator. You try to reason a motive. I however am paid to look under that rock.

(MORE)

YURI (CONT'D)

To determine, what chain of events would be triggered by it breaking that window, and who would ultimately benefit, globally.

MIKE

What are you suggesting?

YURI

Merely that, you are a very good *syshchik*... Detective. Isn't it odd that after three years, you have been unable to even put a face with your assassin, beyond a vague description? Internally you even refer to this man as a ghost.

Mike looks at him.

YURI (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is not a single man you are looking for. But a well financed intelligence organization working for a singular cause. The CIA for example.

MIKE

The CIA no longer has that kind of power.

YURI

And the KGB no longer exists. Yet here I sit.

Mike thinks a moment.

MIKE

Well, it is a theory.

YURI

Yes. A theory. But a theory shared by Moscow. In accordance with Article 1764.3 of the EU Charter, any state matters which deal directly with intelligence shall be the sole jurisdiction of the host country.

MIKE

Ahh. And the light bulb comes on. Took me a minute. Must be the jet-lag.

(Beat)

You're telling us to leave.

YURI

No, of course not. You are a good man, Michael, enjoy the sights of Russia. But leave the intelligence work, and this assassin, to the FSB.

MIKE

Who informed you of the whereabouts of my guy?

Yuri smiles, slurping down another oyster. Mike nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay, here's an easy one. Who is Belicoff?

YURI
I'm sorry?

He tosses Yuri a picture. It is a hard copy of the frame from the shooting.

MIKE
Two things are wrong with that picture. One, that footage has been tampered with. Someone inserted that civilian to cover up what actually happened. What is it you're trying to cover up?

YURI
(Pouring a vodka)
And the second thing?

MIKE
My boy doesn't miss.

YURI
(Slams the shot)
As I said, you are a very good policeman Michael. Try the oysters. They are lovely.

Yuri rises to leave.

MIKE
Is the FSB trying to cover-up some sick PR stunt to stir up support and raise Belicoff in the polls? I saw the speech. Is that why you're trying to get rid of us? You don't want us to find the sniper?

Yuri grins, putting on his coat.

YURI
Well, the failed assassination has definitely elevated Belicoff politically.
(Beat)
I'm trying to protect you, Michael.

Mike looks at the two other Russian FSB agents who resemble Gestapo, lounging at the periphery.

MIKE
Is that a threat? Is the FSB threatening a senior Interpol detective?

YURI
(Chuckles)
Please thank Interpol for such a fine, if expensive, meal. And enjoy the vodka, you paid enough for it.

He motions to his men who follow him out. Jenkins walks over and gives Mike the pack of cigarettes. Mike opens it. Lights one. He glances at the untouched feast as Jenkins turns to leave.

MIKE
 Jenkins. Tell Clarkson to get down here.
 No reason for this expensive dinner to go
 to waste. You enjoy it.

Mike walks away.

INT. BAD ASS APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

One month's rent on this place would cost most Russians an entire
 life's salary. A bald homeless guy stares in at the warmth.

The Guy behind the front desk looks up. In front of him stands
 47, wearing shades and a heavy jacket with the hood pulled up. In
 his hand is a huge vase with about 4 dozen blue roses.

DESK GUY
 May I help you?

AGENT 47
 Ms. Sytrovski. I have a delivery.

DESK GUY
 Just leave it with me. I'll sign.

AGENT 47
 No, I need to deliver them personally. For
 her boyfriend.

DESK GUY
 That is impossible.

47 shows him a wad of cash.

DESK GUY (CONT'D)
 Despite what most of the world thinks of
 Russians. Some of us are above petty
 bribes.

AGENT 47
 That's two grand.

DESK GUY
 Yessir, she's in the penthouse. Allow me
 to key the elevator for you.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Lavish. The doorbell CHIMES. Nika moves toward the door. She is
 dressed in a nothing of a dress, 4-inch heels, and made up like
 she's getting ready to go out. Or stay in.

NIKA
 (Russian, subtitled)
 Yes, I hear you? What?

She looks through the peephole.

HER POV - We SEE the huge bouquet of blue roses.

NIKA (CONT'D)
 You're supposed to leave those at the desk.

AGENT 47 (O.S.)
Mr. Belicoff sent them.

She thinks about it and sighs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

47 stands to one side of the door, roses held in front of the peephole with one hand, silenced .45 in the other.

We HEAR the door unlatch. Slowly it opens.

In a single motion, 47 drops the vase and quickly reaches through the opening, yanking Nika out by the throat. He pulls her over, placing the silencer against her eye.

AGENT 47
(Quietly)
Who else is inside?

She can't speak, her air cut off by his vise-like grip. Eyes wide with fear she just shakes her head.

47 glances around the jam and surveys the room. Satisfied, he relaxes his grip, slightly.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
You are coming with me. Make a sound, I'll end your life. Understand? No second chance.

NIKA
(Afraid)
I can't leave.

AGENT 47
Then I'll shoot you in the knee-caps and drag you out.

NIKA
I need a coat.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

47 pushes Nika in front of him toward the door. The desk Guy smiles at them.

DESK GUY
Good night, sir, and madame.
(Quick beat)
Oh, Miss Nika, did you enjoy the flowers?

NIKA
They were fucking lovely, you prick.

The Desk Guy is confused.

EXT. LAVISH APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

47 pushes Nika around to the alley where a big black Maybach 57S waits. He pops the trunk. The bald homeless guy watches them.

NIKA
 Where are you taking me?
 (Realization hits)
 I know you. From the street. Earlier
 today. You killed that man.

AGENT 47
 Get in.

She looks at him. He looks at the open trunk.

NIKA
 Fuck you! I'm not getting in there.

AGENT 47
 Bleeding or not. Either way, you go in.

NIKA
 (Climbing inside)
 You're a fucking asshole. My boyfriend
 will have you castr--

-- 47 shuts the trunk and moves to the drivers seat. We HEAR her muffled scream.

NIKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 There's a dead man in here...!

He CRANKS the car and hauls ass away. The tail-lights disappear into the snowy, dark streets.

INT. SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - SAME TIME

Mike sits on the bed, smoking. His cell rings, he looks at it and puts out his cigarette.

MIKE
 Hey babe. You're up late.

INT. KITCHEN - SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

WIFE
 It's early, sweetheart. How are things?

We INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM...

MIKE
 Shitty. How 'bout you?

WIFE
 Fat, cranky. Horny.

MIKE
 That's how you got fat, honey.

WIFE
 Then we don't have anything to worry
 about... Did you just call me fat?

MIKE
 (Smiles)
 I love you, honey.

WIFE

I love you too, and I miss you. It's almost Christmas. I'm gonna have to put an add in the paper for a surrogate husband...

(Beat)

Michael. Have you been smoking?

MIKE

How do you do that?

WIFE

I'm a mom. I have ESP. Quit smoking.

We HEAR a key sliding into the lock. Mike pulls his H&K.

MIKE

I love you. Gotta go.

WIFE

Come home! And try to keep from getting shot --

-- He hangs up as the door opens. He lifts the weapon. It is four FSB thugs with chopped-down AKMs.

FSB THUG

You are required to leave this area immediately, pursuant to European law and those of the Russian Federation... Sir.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike watches as two workmen fit pad-locks to the door, while one of the thugs stretches yellow sticky tape across it. The rest eye Mike.

CLARKSON

What the hell is going on?

MIKE

We're being booted.

JENKINS

This is becoming a habit.

FSB THUG

Your cooperation will be noted.

INT. ANOTHER SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT

Nika sits in a chair in the middle of the room, roughly four feet away from the bed where 47 sits. Even in the gloom, she is magnificent. And obviously terrified. Tries to remain calm.

NIKA

Are you going to kill me?

AGENT 47

(Thinks a beat)

Probably.

NIKA

When my boyfriend finds out what you've done, he will find you, and do things you can't even imagine.

(Long silence)

If you're going to kill me anyway, why should I do anything you ask?

AGENT 47

Because if you don't, I will hurt you.

NIKA

You aren't the first man to hurt me.

AGENT 47

No... But I will be the last.

NIKA

(Resigns herself)

Would you mind if I smoke before you start?

He watches her as she takes a pack of cigarettes out of her jacket, lights one. Then notices his confusion.

NIKA (CONT'D)

(Exhaling smoke)

Before you rape me.

AGENT 47

I'm not going to rape you.

NIKA

Then... Why did you kidnap me?

AGENT 47

I want to ask you some questions.

NIKA

There's no need to hurt me. I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

AGENT 47

Let's start with an easy one. Why did you do that to your face?

NIKA

That's none of your business. Ask me something else.

He places the tip of the silenced .45 against her perfect knee. She clenches her teeth, defiant.

AGENT 47

That one's free. You're a prostitute?

NIKA

No. I'm a whore.

AGENT 47

Pretty high class for a whore.

NIKA
Gilded cages... As they say.

AGENT 47
Before today, on the street, have you ever
seen me before?

She shakes her head, no.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Why were you there?

NIKA
My boyfriend. He told me to meet his
driver on that corner. At that exact time.

AGENT 47
Belicoff?

She is beginning to realize this is not some simple kidnapping.

NIKA
You know him?

AGENT 47
Better than he knows himself. Men like
Belicoff don't have girlfriends. They have
toys.

NIKA
Okay. I'm his a cum receptacle. But it
beats the alternative.

AGENT 47
How is it after taking a bullet in the head
yesterday, he was able to give a speech
today?

She shrugs, not knowing what to say.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Then you're of no use to me.

He lifts his .45. She thinks quickly.

NIKA
Wait...! There is something... If
Mischa...Mikhail finds out I told you,
he'll have me dismembered.

AGENT 47
My guess is he already knows. The cameras
in the lobby of your apartment.

Now she really is frightened. Desperate. She is out of options.

NIKA
Mischa... Mikhail is sick. *Raskolnik*.
Divided mentally.

47 smiles at her, not believing.

AGENT 47
Multiple personalities...?

NIKA
It's true. Why would I lie?

47 can think of about a thousand reasons.

AGENT 47
Why do you think that?

NIKA
Because I'm a woman. Things. Pet-names. Personality traits. One of them, who I called Mischa, is a sadist. He liked to hurt me. Got him off. Took me a while to figure it out. I'd just fuck whichever one showed up. They take me shopping, we go to dinner, whatever. To excite the paparazzi. But I haven't seen Mischa in months. Just Mikhail... Who is actually very sweet...

47 smiles. Things are starting to make sense.

NIKA (CONT'D)
What?

AGENT 47
Belicoff hired me to kill him. Then he used you to set me up to kill me. But you were never meant to survive our meeting.

NIKA
I don't believe you. Why would he do that?

AGENT 47
Because...

He then shakes his head, doesn't matter.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Tell me about Udre Belicoff.

NIKA
Mikhail's brother? I don't know...
(She looks at 47)
Mikhail and Udre don't speak much. Mikhail called him *Mudak*. A fuck-up. Had him exiled. He runs slave girls, drugs, weapons. Anything to keep up his lifestyle since Mikhail cut him off. Udre's completely paranoid, convinced that both the CIA and the FSB want him dead. He's a drug addict and a psychopath.

AGENT 47
That's it?

She shrugs. She's told him all she knows.

NIKA
Now what?

They look at each other for a long beat. Then 47 gets up and walks behind her. She sighs. She knows.

NIKA (CONT'D)

This is a nice enough place I suppose...

AGENT 47

The honeymoon suite.

(Then gently, but serious)

Close your eyes.

She does. He lifts the silenced .45 to the back of her head. A single mascara stained tear rolls down her face.

47 looks at himself in the large mirror on the wall above the bed. Her in front of him, eyes closed, teeth clenched. Waiting for the bullet. Which doesn't come.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Get up.

NIKA

(Confused)

You change your mind about raping me?

AGENT 47

You're coming with me.

NIKA

No... I can't. He'll...

AGENT 47

Your other choice is the morgue. The dead man in the trunk, your driver, was carrying this.

47 pulls out a small, silenced Russian handgun.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

A .22 caliber Makarov, with an integral silencer. Used to be a favored weapon with the KGB. Not much use for protection, but exceptionally good for killing, especially if you aim for the soft spots, like your eye. Your driver was going to use it on you.

NIKA

(Staring at him)

Why are you helping me?

AGENT 47

You're my only connection to Belicoff. And because I need to get out of St. Petersburg and every cop in the city is looking for me right now. But they aren't looking for us.

EXT. BALCONY - DAWN

Mike stands on the balcony, smoking. Watching as dawn creeps up over the city. Suddenly realization hits him.

MIKE

Shit...!

He runs into his room, grabbing his cell. Dials.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get Jenkins. He's leaving the city.

INT. BEDROOM - MIDDLE CLASS FLAT - EARLY

The Militsiya Captain, asleep with his wife, rolls over. He puts on his glasses, looking at the clock. Someone BANGS on his door.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

He opens the door. Outside stands Mike and his two men.

MIKE

I need to talk to you.

Standing behind the Captain is his wife.

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN'S WIFE

I'll make coffee.

INT. KITCHEN - MIDDLE CLASS FLAT - EARLY

Mike, drinking his coffee, unfolds a map of the city.

MIKE

Put roadblocks here, here and here. We need men at both airports. But my guess, he'll try and leave by train.

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN

Wait. You are asking me to blatantly undermine the FSB. This is not England. At best I'll lose my position, at worst I'll end up in Siberia.

MIKE

I dunno. If it was me, I'd want to catch the man that killed my officers. I'm sure their families would want that.

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN

How do you know he's even leaving the city?

MIKE

Because I know.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

The Maybach is parked on the street, the bulk of the St. Pete Train Station looming overhead. To one side a scruffy vender sells Chinese knockoff cameras, as 47 taps on the glass.

INT. MAYBACH - MORNING

OTS of Nika who sits in the drivers seat. 47 looks at her.

AGENT 47
Don't move until I tell you.

He hands her a fifth of vodka then moves away from the car as the window rolls up.

INT. MEZZANINE - ST. PETERSBURG RAIL STATION - LATER

HIGH ANGLE beneath the huge dome, below the open expanse of the ancient station, ass-packed with travellers. Mike stands off to one side, searching.

MIKE
(Into his radio)
Jenkins? Anything?

INT. OFFICE - ST. PETERSBURG RAIL STATION - DAY

Scanning a bank of monitors, Jenkins picks up his radio.

JENKINS
Nothing.

BACK ON MIKE

MIKE
Stay sharp.
(Beat)
Clarkson?

Clarkson stands by the entrance, surveying the scene from ground level.

CLARKSON
Not a peep, Gov'nor.

MIKE
What's with the clown?

In the middle, a clown hands out helium balloons.

CLARKSON
Dunno. It's a clown sir. You want me to get rid of him?

MIKE
No. How're the Russians?

Russian *Militsioners* (Police Officers), looking more like soldiers than cops with their uniforms and automatic weapons, are spread throughout the room and checking IDs at the door.

CLARKSON
They're Russian. You know, Gov'nor, these chaps aren't exactly subtle. He'll know we're here.

MIKE
He already knows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEZZANINE - ST. PETERSBURG RAIL STATION - AN HOUR LATER

MIKE

C'mon, c'mon. Where are you?

Militsiya Captain walks up to him, looks at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

He'll be here.

MILITSIYA CAPTAIN

I hope so, Inspector. For both our sakes.

Mike sighs. Something isn't right.

MIKE

Clarky. Get rid of that fucking clown.

CLARKSON

With pleasure.

Mike watches as Clarkson moves to the clown, having to push through a group of *Provodnik*, Russian train conductors, in long, yellow slickers and fur hats, walking toward their trains.

ANGLE ON CLARKSON, walking up to the clown. The dude is wearing a rubber clown mask, which is particularly hideous even for a clown.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

(Flipping his badge)
Beat it. Now!

The clown, not wanting any trouble, holds up his hands, letting the balloons go. They drift toward the ceiling.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

The other way. Outside.

The clown nods, moving in the direction of Clarkson's finger.

BACK ON MIKE as he looks around. Train passengers move at him from every direction. He pushes through them.

MIKE

He's here, I can feel it. I'm coming down.
(Seeing something)
Jenkins, check out that guy in the jacket.
Near the stairs.

The man is wearing a fur coat with the hood pulled up. His face invisible. He is with a woman pushing a stroller. The woman stops to fix her heel. It is Nika.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You clever bastard...

JENKINS (O.S.)

Sir, what is that clown doing?

Mike looks. The clown is making a bee-line for the man in the coat. The woman stops to ask a Militsioner directions.

MIKE
Clarkson! The clown!

Clarkson moves, but is too far from the coated man, or the clown.

ANGLE ON THE MILITSIONER, looking at the schedule Nika is holding.

NIKA
Does this train go to Vladivostok?

She turns, just as the Clown strides up to them. The Clown reaches out and spins the man in the jacket to face him.

We PUSH QUICKLY across the terminal, past a food vender slicing cooked meat with a butcher knife, to...

47 standing by a column. He is wearing the heavy yellow slicker and fur hat of a Provodnik. He casually turns, his hand inside his jacket, to position the small raised dimple beneath his other arm. The only evidence of the silencer pressed against it.

BACK ON THE CLOWN. Confusion in the Clown's eyes as the man doubles over, dropping to the ground.

ANGLE ON MIKE, who breaks into a run.

MIKE
That fucking clown!

CU - CLOWN, very confused. He didn't shoot him. We PAN to...

NIKA
(Screams, pointing)
He's got a gun! You killed him!

The Militционер next to her looks at the Clown. There is indeed a gun in the Clown's hand, silenced, but un-fired. The Militционер lifts his weapon as the Clown shoots him.

ANGLE ON MIKE, now on the GROUND LEVEL. Mike raises his weapon, but due to the crowd in full panic, he can't get a shot.

MIKE
Stop him!

WIDE ANGLE as the Clown moves the gun to shoot Nika, but instead fires at the more immediate threat. Two Russian cops. He turns as they fall, and he runs.

ANGLE ON 47, who lowers the weapon inside his coat. He watches the Clown a moment then looks at the station map in his hand.

47 moves quickly between the columns, past the food vendor ducking behind his cart, the knife forgotten on the cutting board.

The Clown sprints across the terminal, shooting another Militционер. He ducks into a side passage. Automatic fire from the cops drop several of the passengers.

ANGLE ON MIKE, who runs to the fallen, coated man. He turns him over. Clarkson at his side.

The man in the coat is the beggar from outside Nika's Apartment Building, re-dressed all in Armani, and BABBLING in Russian. A stupid, and quite drunk, grin on his face.

Mike sighs, dropping him, and looks up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

All units pursue the target. He is wearing a Clown mask --

Just then Yuri appears, Militsiya Captain in tow.

YURI

Disregard that order. All units stand down. This is FSB Chief Agent Yuri Marklov. Repeat all units stand down immediately.

MIKE

What are you doing?

YURI

I believed I explained to you that your cooperation is no longer needed. This is an FSB matter now.

FSB thugs swarm the train station. Mike sees Nika disappearing through the terminal.

MIKE

Fuck...! Jenkins.

JENKINS

Got her, boss.

Jenkins runs after her and past the food vendor, who looks up, confused. The butcher knife is gone.

INT. SIDE PASSAGE - MORNING

The clown runs. A boy points at him. His father, clueless, grabs the clown's arm for a balloon. The clown shoots him, never stopping.

INT. DESERTED PLATFORM - MORNING

The clown jumps off the platform and runs down the tracks. He passes the end of a train.

PFFFT, A bullet tears a huge hole through his knee, spinning him to the ground. In huge amounts of pain he scrambles for his weapon, gets it.

PFFFFT. Another bullet tears through the Clown's bicep, snapping the bone. His arm goes limp, dropping the weapon.

47 steps out from behind the train, glances quickly around, then grabs the clown by the bad arm and drags him into the empty train car.

INT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR - MORNING

47 pulls the Clown up onto his feet by the throat, pinning him against the aluminum wall of car.

The clown starts to fight. 47 presses the silencer against the soft spot between his arm and shoulder.

PPFFFT. The man howls in pain. 47 places the silencer under the Clown's chin. We see the Clown's eyes through the holes in the mask.

AGENT 47

(Quietly)
Shhh. Stop moving.

(Then)
Who hired you to kill me? Was it Belicoff?

The Clown is silent. 47 thinks about shooting him again. Instead he peels up the mask.

The two men look at each other a moment, then the man spits something at him. 47 moves, the thing missing him. 47 looks at the ground. He realizes the man just bit out his own tongue.

ANGLE ON 47 drops the man to the ground. The man smiles at him, blood pouring from his mouth, and pulls the Clown mask back down. 47 stands over him, gun outstretched.

Suddenly, 47 pulls his other .45 and leans out of the train just as Nika steps out.

EXT. EMPTY TRAIN CAR - MORNING

AGENT 47

What are you doing?

NIKA

I followed him.

AGENT 47

You were supposed to wait for me in the car.

NIKA

I didn't want you to leave me.

47 grimaces, returning his attention to the Clown. He steps down still holding the other .45 on him.

AGENT 47

Wait... You said you followed him?

She nods, smiling, but 47 quickly pushes her against the exterior wall of the train, and places his finger to her lips. He turns, his back to the metal. Waiting.

Jenkins, gun first, comes around the train.

47 grabs the gun, twisting it up, and places his .45 in the crook at Jenkins' elbow. Pffft! Jenkins screams.

47, still in motion, yanks Jenkins forward, grabbing him from behind, and wrapping his arm around his neck, .45 to his head. 47 turns as we HEAR gravel crunch.

REAR OF TRAIN

Mike crouches toward him, H&K raised, as 47 steps out, Jenkins in front of him. 47's weapon is now on Mike.

MIKE

Drop the weapon.

Jenkins, going into shock, is a shield. Mike has no shot.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now! You've got nowhere to run. Russian Militsiya has the terminal locked-down.

Nika steps next to 47. He glances at her, his decision already made.

NIKA

No!

47 fires before Mike can react. But Nika pushes 47's arm down. The round hits Mike in the chest, his own shot going wide as he falls, gasping for air.

47 stares at Nika a split second then walks over to Mike, taking the H&K. All Mike can do is try to breathe.

AGENT 47

She just saved your life.

47 bends down to him, thinking, staring into Mike's eyes.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

You're the one who's been tracking me.
You're smart. You almost had me. Maybe
next time.

Mike doesn't understand why 47 doesn't kill him. But he doesn't.

47 moves back to the Clown, who stares at him through the train's open door. 47 is not happy.

Nika starts to say something, but 47 holds up his finger, pissed. She decides not speaking is an excellent idea.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Take off your coat.

NIKA

What...?

AGENT 47

Take off your coat.

He turns her so he can pull off her coat. As she faces the other direction, 47 fires three silenced shots, up the train steps, into the clown's head.

Nika turns to look at him as the shell casings BOUNCE and ROLL down to her feet. She looks at them, confused.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Let's go. Now!

She hugs herself, cold in an outfit more skin than dress. Not moving. 47 grabs her by the hand and yanks her along behind him.

EXT. DESERTED PLATFORM - MORNING

Three FSB thugs stand there, looking around with silenced HK UMP's raised. 47, dressed in the Provodnik uniform, steps out dragging the girl.

FSB THUG #3
Stop! Your papers...!

47 doesn't run, instead drags the girl directly to them, yelling at her in Russian. Then...

AGENT 47
She has no ticket.

The three Thugs now stare at her. She is hot and not wearing much. They smile at each other, lowering their weapons.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
She tried to sneak onto a train.
Freeloader.

FSB THUG #3
We'll handle her from here.

AGENT 47
Very well.

He slings her roughly to them, or into them actually.

FSB THUG #3
Easy --

-- but we never hear what else he has to say. 47 has the vender's butcher knife in his hand and drives it under the chin of FSB Thug #3. He steps back half a step as his other hand WHIPS out the .45

LONG SHOT as 47 fires two silenced shots into the face of each of the other two, their weapons never even coming back up. The three bodies fall.

ANGLE ON THE GIRL'S blood splattered face. She screams.

AGENT 47
Be quiet.

47 snatches the blade from the falling man before he even hits the ground. He wipes it on the man's uniform and holsters his weapon. He then takes a silenced UMP, several clips, and wraps them in her coat. He then grabs her hand.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Wipe your face.

Without looking at her, 47 drags Nika to the steps, leading down to the metro.

NIKA
You killed those Militsiya...

AGENT 47
Those men weren't cops. They were FSB.
And for what purpose do you think they
would need suppressors on their weapons?

She thinks about that as he pulls her down the steps.

NIKA
Wait, the trains are the other way!

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT - LATER

Mike sits in the back of an ambulance, in pain. A Russian EMT examines the nasty black bruise that has appeared on his side.

MIKE
For God's sake. Yes it hurts.

The EMT says something in Russian. Mike doesn't get it.

YURI (O.S.)
He said, your ribs are broken.

The EMT nods, raising two fingers. Mike winces as Yuri walks over.

YURI (CONT'D)
Unlucky...

Yuri takes out a pack of cigarettes and hands Mike one, lighting it for him. Smoking hurts but doesn't stop him.

MIKE
You seem awfully calm, considering.

YURI
(Smiles, shrugs)
I have reason to be calm. You on the other
hand, do not.

MIKE
Calm? You let him get away.

YURI
On the contrary. We apprehended your
assassin. After he shot your subordinate.
And you...

MIKE
The clown? You know that isn't the
assassin. Why are you covering this up?

YURI
As I told you before, Inspector, this is no
longer your affair. Now there are two ways
in which we may proceed.

(MORE)

YURI (CONT'D)

One, my men will accompany you to the hospital. And when you and your subordinate are able to travel, they will escort you to the airport. Then, I will write a report extolling Interpol for it's help. There will probably be medals involved.

Mike starts to say something. But Yuri cuts him off.

YURI (CONT'D)

Or, I can report your incompetence and disregard for my nation's laws to your superiors. This will undoubtedly find its way to the State Prosecutor in Moscow. Five men are dead today because of you. Russian men. I believe it is called complicity.

MIKE

Complicity?!?

YURI

Now, how do you think we should proceed?

Mike looks at him.

MIKE

Go fuck yourself.

A moment passes as Mike thinks about it and slowly grins.

YURI

You are smiling?

MIKE

Yeah. Cause the question that you should ask yourself is, if the clown was the assassin, who is his killer? But more importantly, where is he?

Mike stands up, looking around at the buildings surrounding them. He smiles again at Yuri, claps him on the back, and walks painfully to where Clarkson waits.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

We PULL BACK, CRANING UP.

EXT. ROOFTOP - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

47 stands at the edge of the roof, looking through the scope of the combat rifle from the hotel.

47'S POV. Far away we see Mike walking away from Yuri.

ANGLE ON 47 who places the lens of the Chinese knock-off camera to the scope, pressing the shutter several times.

47 then turns and walks to the Maybach sitting off to one side. Opens the trunk. Nika gets out as 47 walks to the driver's door.

NIKA
I'm getting real fucking tired of being in
that trunk.

FADE TO BLACK.

AERIAL SHOT - GULF OF FINLAND

A Hydrofoil Ferry knifes a fast, angry trench across the blue
Baltic waters. We PUSH DOWN to...

EXT. HYDROFOIL FERRY - DAY

47 stands on the bow of the hydrofoil, coat whipping in the wind,
red tie fluttering. We MOVE into a CU of 47 as he stares outward.

EXT. MOTOR DECK - HYDROFOIL FERRY - DAY

47, coffee and a sandwich in hand, magazine under his arm, walks
around to the back of the Maybach. From inside someone pounds on
the trunk.

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK. Opens. Inside is Nika, pissed. She swears
non stop in Russian. We PULL BACK. 47 smiles.

NIKA
You cocksucker. I was running out of
oxygen in there.

AGENT 47
Don't be dramatic.

Looking around, he helps her out.

NIKA
Dramatic! I've been in there for hours.

AGENT 47
I brought you breakfast.

He moves to the front as she stands there, cursing in Russian.

INT. MAYBACH - DAY

47 sits in the drivers seat flipping through the magazine, as Nika
wolfs down the sandwich.

NIKA
Damn this is good. It probably really
isn't but I'm so fucking hungry. I'd thank
you if I wasn't so mad at you.

AGENT 47
At least I got rid of the body.

NIKA
That's very clever.

They sit for a moment.

AGENT 47
We have to talk about something. Look at me.

NIKA
I am.

AGENT 47
Look at me.

She stops eating and does.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Back there, at the train station. You almost got me killed. I plan, I calculate, then I do not deviate. You are a random equation in my calculations. I can't allow that.

NIKA
(Sincere)
I'm sorry.

AGENT 47
I'm sure you are.

She now notices the weapon he is holding in his lap. She suddenly becomes very afraid.

NIKA
Are you going to kill me? I swear it will -

AGENT 47
-- Stop talking.

He looks down at the gun in his lap. Lifts it.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
I've thought a lot about it. The entire drive. I know I should. Right now.

Staring at the gun, she unconsciously braces herself against the door. Not trying to run. Just waiting.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Give me a reason not to.

She thinks about it. After a moment--

NIKA
I... I don't have one.
(Beat, then)
I think a lot about death. My death. I dream about it. I've even tried a couple of times.

She shows him the scars on her wrists.

NIKA (CONT'D)
They always found me. Took me to the hospital.

(MORE)

NIKA (CONT'D)
 God how I prayed for death when he punished me for it. But as it turns out, I don't have the constitution for it. You'd think killing myself wouldn't be so hard.

AGENT 47
 You made your choice to do what you do.

NIKA
 (Sad smile)
 You really don't know... I'm not a whore by choice. Belicoff owns me.

He looks at her.

NIKA (CONT'D)
 Not metaphorically. He owns me. I am Mikhail's property. When I was fourteen soldiers came to my village and took me. I lost my virginity to six men in the back of a transport truck. Then I was sold into slavery. Don't look so surprised. It's common in Eastern Europe. Russian Mafia kidnap lots of young girls every year. Or they buy them from their parents for food. Gasoline. Or a bullet. Don't you watch CNN?
 (Beat)
 Anyway three years ago I was sold to Belicoff. Would you like to know how much he paid for me?

AGENT 47
 No.

NIKA
 Three hundred dollars. American.

He doesn't know what to say.

NIKA (CONT'D)
 So if you're looking to me for a reason not to kill me. I don't really have one.

They stare at each other. Then...

NIKA (CONT'D)
 Are you? Going to kill me?

AGENT 47
 No.

NIKA
 (Beat)
 Why?

He doesn't know.

NIKA (CONT'D)
 You don't want to fuck me and you don't want to kill me. I've never felt so much indifference in my entire life.
 (Beat)
 Why?

AGENT 47

I don't know...

(His tone hardens)

But I promise you this. If you ever again interfere with me like you did at the train station. I will drop you that instant, and never think of you again.

(Beat)

Are we clear?

NIKA

Yes.

He thinks about it. Then holsters the weapon.

AGENT 47

Eat your sandwich. I need to get some sleep.

She takes his hand.

NIKA

I am truly sorry... Oh my god, your hand is so soft.

(She looks at his hand)

They're smooth. Your heart-line is gone. You don't even have any fingerprints.

AGENT 47

I burn them off. With a slow acting acid.

He takes back his hand. She doesn't know what to say to that. 47 leans the seat back, putting on his shades.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Wake me in two hours.

NIKA

What's your name?

AGENT 47

47.

NIKA

That's not a name, it's a number.

AGENT 47

I was raised in an orphanage. They didn't give us names, just numbers.

NIKA

Wow, that explains a lot. In a Freudian kind of way.

She sits there for a minute as he tries to sleep.

NIKA (CONT'D)

Does it hurt. Burning your hands?

AGENT 47

Yes.

You know -- NIKA

-- Nika. AGENT 47

Yes? NIKA

AGENT 47
Quit talking. I need to get some sleep...
Or you're going back in the trunk.

He's not kidding. But she smiles anyway.

INT. FSB BUILDING - DAY

Yuri strides up the wide stairwell. We move with him as he enters a large office.

INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY

It is stacked with FSB agents. Too many even for an office this size. Yuri walks to a secretary. He sticks out his hand. The young woman places a stack of phone memos into it. He smiles at her. Nervously she smiles back. A suited agent moves to him.

SUITED AGENT
Pardon me, Chief Agent. Will you be
returning to Moscow soon?

YURI
Today. Why?

SUITED AGENT
Colonel Gurnesky would like to know when he
may have his office back.

YURI
Tell him when I am through pissing in it.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Yuri rifles through the messages, hanging up his overcoat. Three men sit around the office reading through the boxes of files.

YURI (CONT'D)
Well that was a royal fuck mess.

The three agents look at him.

YURI (CONT'D)
Did you dispose of the soldier's body?

YURI'S GUY #1
Yes. Cremated, sir.

YURI
Send a message to his family. Explain that
with the State's overwhelming sorrow...

Yuri reads a message that stops him, raising an eyebrow.

YURI (CONT'D)
Get me a secure line.

One of the men dials the phone on the desk. Yuri sits behind it, lighting a cigar. He turns to the window.

YURI (CONT'D)
Has this office been swept today?

YURI'S GUY #3
An hour ago sir.

Yuri nods. We PUSH OUT the window --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

We CRANE DOWN five stories to one of the parked cars.

INT. RUSSIAN CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Mike and Clarkson sit in the front. Listening. A receiver sits between them. Over it we HEAR the conversation from above.

YURI'S GUY #1 (O.S.)
You have a secure line, sir.

YURI (O.S.)
Wait outside.

CLARKSON
I gotta give it to you, Gov'nor, pretty light on your feet.

MIKE
You realize, in America, that means gay.

CLARKSON
However you want to take it, sir.

SWANKY HOTEL SUITE - FLASHBACK

Mike looks through 47's case. He pulls out a tiny transmitter. Stares at it. The FSB agents knock on the door. He puts it in his pocket.

ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUE FLASH BACK

Jenkins looks at the tiny receiver.

JENKINS
Where does he get this stuff?

MIKE
Can you make it work?

JENKINS
Probably. Why?

AMBULANCE - OUTSIDE TRAIN STATION - CONTINUE FLASHBACK

Mike claps Yuri on the back and walks painfully away to where Clarkson waits. We PUSH INTO where he clapped him. To an ECU of the TINY TRANSMITTER, stuck to Yuri's coat.

BACK TO:

INT. RUSSIAN CAR (PARKED) - DAY

MIKE

It was a pretty stupid idea, actually. If we get caught, we'll be making snow-cones in Siberia for the next 20 years.

CLARKSON

Yet here we sit.

MIKE

Well, the damage is already done.

They both smile. We HEAR a phone ringing on Yuri's speakerphone. Mike puts his finger to his lips as it picks up.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I am surprised you could figure out how to dial the phone.

YURI

Perhaps you are confused. This is the Senior Chief Agent of the Ministry of Intelligence...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I know who it is, Comrade Yuri. All those bodies you have buried and yet a single man eludes you. Your ineptness is disheartening. I am unhappy. This could make your family unhappy.

YURI

Best you remember your place, young man. I was making threats when you were still suckling on you mother's tit. It is because of me, and men like me, out of love for our country, that you have risen --

INT. RUSSIAN CAR (PARKED) - DAY

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

-- I am gaining momentum in the polls. It would be wise to consider your future, Comrade Yuri.

CLARKSON

(Looks at Mike)
Belicoff?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 And please... Leave the speech making to me. I'm far better at it.

CLARKSON
 That lying son of a bitch... Never trust a Russian. Gov'nor, what have we gotten ourselves involved in?

MIKE
 (shakes his head)
 Nothing. We can't use any of this. It's illegal. But it does piss me off.

WHIRP, WHIRP! A black mercedes is behind them, blue lights flashing. FSB agents get out of the car.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Shit... Hide that thing.

EXT. RUSSIAN CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Mike steps out. He looks at the driver who is holding his submachine-gun a little to aggressive for comfort.

FSB DRIVER
 What are you doing?

MIKE
 We came to see Chief Agent Yuri. What's the problem --

FSB DRIVER
 The Chief Agent is a busy man. He asked you to go directly to the airport. We will escort you there immediately.

CLARKSON
 What about our luggage?

FSB DRIVER
 We will ship it to you.

EXT. GROZNY, CHECHNYA - DAY

CU ON E4. He moves inches away from the face of another Rebel soldier.

E4
 I want you to give Allah a message when you see him.

The man looks at him, frightened.

E4 (CONT'D)
 For every one of the school children you murder, I will send ten of yours to him. Tell him for me.

The CAMERA SPINS 90 DEGREES and we PULL BACK. We now see the man is lying on the ground.

The Rebel's hands are tied to the bumper of a Russian truck, while his feet are tied to another truck, both facing way from each other, and running. The rebel screams.

ANOTHER VYMPPEL

Sir. A call.

E4 stands and motions to the drivers. The trucks grind into gear, slowly rolling forward. The man is lifted horizontally off the ground a few feet. He screams as his body is stretched to the limit.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

E4 (O.S.)

Da.

YURI

Your boy fucked up. Your elite, highly trained soldier was killed.

E4 (O.S.)

That's unfortunate.

YURI

Yeah, that's one word for it. He bit out his own tongue. I want you to come claim the body. Personally. I need to speak to you. Today.

EXT. GROZNY, CHECHNYA - DAY

CLICK. E4 looks at the phone. He pitches it to the other Vympel, then nods, walking off. Both trucks gun forward and the man's scream suddenly silences.

We CRANE UP as he walks away. Dozens of other Chechen rebels are tied up and forced to watch as another one of them is selected for the trucks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

We PUSH DOWN to Mike's house. 2 days later.

INT. KITCHEN - NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Mike stands at the island counter eating cereal out of his 4 year-old's bowl as she colors. The TV is on.

ON THE TV, a BBC reporter talks.

BBC REPORTER

A political bomb was dropped in Moscow today when Russian hard-line candidate Mikhail Belicoff accused his opponent Vladimir Trevestky, the Russian Federations incumbent president, of being behind the failed attempt on his life several days ago. Belicoff has risen dramatically in the polls since the attempted assassination.

(MORE)

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

In the last six-months he had softened on his leftist Communist views, but since the shooting, he has taken his most hard-line stance to date. Trevesky denies any involvement in the attack.

Back on the BBC reporter.

BBC REPORTER (CONT'D)

No official comment from the American State Department. But a source inside the White House says Belicoff has surprising large support on Capital Hill --

-- The TV goes black. His wife stands there holding the remote.

MIKE

Hey, I was watching that.

WIFE

I don't like Amber seeing that sort of thing.

MIKE

What do the Americans think they are fucking doing? Don't they remember the Goddam Cold war? Has the whole world gone mad?

Their black cat jumps up onto the counter.

WIFE

Yes. Including my husband, who was recently shot. Perhaps you heard?

(Continuing)

And Michael, please don't curse in front of our 4 year-old. Also if you would like breakfast, I'll be happy to make it. Don't eat hers.

MIKE

I know you are angry with me...

WIFE

Mike, I'm pregnant. Don't argue with me. I'm sorry that it causes me grief that you were the recipient of an assassin's bullet. I'll work on that.

MIKE

Baby, I was this close to him. I had him.

The cat starts lapping the milk in Mike's cereal bowl.

WIFE

So did you arrest him before he shot you or after? Get the cat off the counter please.

Mike picks up the cat.

MIKE

Get down, Spooky.

WIFE
That's midnight, Mike, not Spooky.
Spooky's outside.

MIKE
I can't tell them apart, they look exactly
alike...

He stares at the cat in his arm.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Well, maybe if you spent more time with
your family...I suppose I should be pleased
you can tell our daughters apart. Mike?

Mike is still staring at the cat.

WIFE
Mike?

Mike tosses the cat down onto the counter and grabs his keys.

MIKE
I gotta go.

He rushes from the room. He then rushes back in and kisses his
wife and his baby then hurries out the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sorry, baby, I gotta go to the office.

The door SLAMS. His Wife just shakes her head, and reaches down
to pet the cat.

INT. INTERPOL - INSPECTOR'S DIVISION - DAY

Mike reads through the stacks of newspaper printouts and reports
littered around his desk. We HEAR a knock. Mike looks up.
Jenkins is standing there.

MIKE
Jenks. How do you feel?

JENKINS
My pride hurts worse than my arm. I almost
got you killed.

MIKE
Don't worry about it, we'll get him.

JENKINS
I heard they are reassigning us.

MIKE
There's talk from upstairs, but... Don't
worry about that.

JENKINS
Mike, I think they did tried to kill him.

MIKE
Who?

JENKINS
The Russians. Whoever.

MIKE
Kill who?

JENKINS
Our assassin. Check these out...

He hands him autopsy photos.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Those were taken of the dude on the street they say he shot. Before those Russian OMON guys raided the hotel. The ballistic report said it was a handgun caliber. But look at this wound channel. My guess is, it's a 12.7mm bullet. That caliber is only used in the VSSK Vychlop, a new, particularly nasty Russian sniper rifle. Integrally silenced and capable of sub-1 MOA at 1000 meters. And Mike, the VSSK is only issued to special FSB anti-terrorist units working out of Chechnya. How would they know he would be there?

MIKE
They set him up.
(Beat)
Look at this. This is every appearance Belicoff has made in the last 12 months. This is from a speech he made in London on May 7. And this is from some shitty political luncheon he had in Northern Georgia. What's that dated?

JENKINS
May 7. How is that possible?

MIKE
I got the idea from my cats... I think Belicoff has a double. Like Saddam Hussein had before the invasion. He's paranoid enough.

JENKINS
And you think they hired our boy to kill off some unsuspecting double?

MIKE
To gain political support.

They stare at each other a moment, both nodding their heads.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Explains the arterial spray.

JENKINS
Fuck... You think he had health benefits?

EXT. BELGRADE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

SMITH JAMISON, CIA, walks inside. He looks around. Seated at a table in the corner, smoking, and facing the door, is Nika. She motions to him. Smith, smiles, makes his way to her.

SMITH
I'm looking for my friend.

NIKA
I have a message from him.

Smith looks around for a beat, then smiles.

SMITH
After all these years he doesn't trust me?

NIKA
I wouldn't know. He sent me in here in case it was a trap. Where does that put me on his list of friends? Sit.

She motions to the chair. He sits, his back to the door, and looks around, uncomfortable.

SMITH
Now what?

And like magic her cell phone rings. She holds it out.

NIKA
It's for you.

He takes it, clicking it open.

AGENT 47 (O.S.)
If you have anyone tailing you, this would be a good time to send them away.

SMITH
I'm untrustworthy, not stupid.
(beat, smiles)
Of course, there's always the possibility I'm being followed by someone that doesn't work for us.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - HALF A BLOCK AWAY - SAME TIME

47 is aiming a sniper rifle through the glass storefront. Smith looks like he's the center of a bulls-eye from this vantage.

AGENT 47
That would be your problem. Not mine.

INT. DINER - SAME TIME

We CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEM.

SMITH
I thought we were friends. I'm not feeling a lot of trust, here.

AGENT 47
I'm not in the trusting mood. What is the Agency's position on me?

SMITH
Officially, the Agency never had a position on you.
(beat)
But unofficially, I think they're waiting to see this thing shakes down. They usually like to be on the side of whoever wins.

AGENT 47
And Belicoff?

SMITH
Belicoff sees you as a threat.

AGENT 47
He should. I killed him a week ago.

He waits for 47 to say something else.

AGENT 47 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I have a proposition for you. Take the envelope from the girl.

Smith reaches out and takes the manila envelope from under the girl's hand. He opens it and pulls out a picture.

SMITH
Ahh. Udre Belicoff. Mikhail's psychotic younger brother. A real piece of work. No regard for human life.

He smiles at Nika, who blows smoke at him.

AGENT 47
Unlike us. Rumor is the CIA would like him to vanish. Why?

SMITH
Udre's lifestyle requires lots of cash, and he's desperate. Russian intel indicates he's gotten hold of a couple hundred pounds of surplus Uranium-235 from Chelyanbisk 70, a nuclear storage site in the Ural Mountains. Could be a bullshit Udre shakedown scam. But the possibility exits... It would be nice if he just disappeared. But, he's a complete paranoid. Hard to get to discreetly.

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)
And there can't even be a hint of US
involvement due to political
considerations.

AGENT 47
Meaning Belicoff. What if I could help you
make him disappear?

Then he gets it. Smiles. Nika looks at him curiously.

SMITH
Ahh. Well that might be worth something.
But I don't see how killing Udre Belicoff
is going to help you.

AGENT 47
You don't have to. Do we have a deal?

SMITH
Yeah, I think I can sell this to Virginia.
What do you want for the trouble?

AGENT 47
My normal rate. And a small favor.

SMITH
What's that?

AGENT 47 (O.S.)
Reach under your seat.

Smith reaches under his seat and pulls out a large envelope.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Open it.

Smith opens it and starts to flip through the pages, his smile
quickly fades.

SMITH
Tell me this isn't what I think it is.

AGENT 47 (O.S.)
If you think it's a detailed account on
every job I've ever taken from you, then
you'd be right. Look at the last page.
That's the favor.

Smith does. He reads, then looks out the window, trying to see
where 47 could be, though he knows that's impossible.

SMITH
I don't know if I can do this. Not in your
time frame.

AGENT 47 (O.S.)
Well, I'd try very hard if I were you. I
expect the last thing you'd want is for me
to get arrested with that file.

Smith thinks about it, then nods.

SMITH
 You know, all this wasn't necessary. All
 you had to do was ask.

EXT. ROOFTOP - HALF A BLOCK AWAY - SAME TIME

AGENT 47
 I am asking. Just in my own way. You can
 keep that copy, I have another. Give the
 girl back the phone. Wait fifteen minutes
 after she's gone. I'll be in touch.

SMITH
 Hey... I'm happy you're still alive.

EXT. ROOFTOP - HALF A BLOCK AWAY - SAME TIME

The slightest of smiles creeps across 47's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - ISTANBUL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: ISTANBUL, TURKEY

With one foot in Europe and one in Asia, the beautiful city, once
 Constantinople, is a schizophrenic combination of ancient and
 modern on the banks of the Bosphorus.

SMITH (V.O)
 Okay. There's a German arms dealer meeting
 Udre in two days. Someone he's never
 met...

INT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

47 watches as a Turkish boy, far across the terminal, approaches a
 bank of lockers. He reaches behind the lockers, un-tapes a hidden
 key, then finds the right locker. He withdraws a long duffle bag.

47 moves to intercept him, takes the bag and hands the boy some
 cash in exchange for the duffle bag.

TURKISH BOY
 Thank you sir! There was also this...

The boy hands 47 a note. It reads, "BOOM! Just kidding. Happy
 hunting." It's signed, "Smith."

INT. BEDROOM MODERN HOTEL - A LITTLE LATER

Nika opens her eyes. She is in bed, wrapped in the sheets. The
 balcony doors are open for a high, breathtaking view of the
 Bosphorus. 47 sits at the desk, studying photographs.

NIKA
 Good morning. Have you slept at all?

She reaches for a pack of cigarettes on the night-stand.

AGENT 47
 Some.

NIKA
You know, you could sleep in the bed. I
won't bite you...

She lights the cigarette, then exhales smoke, smiling.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Unless you pay me.

He turns to look at her.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Sorry. A little whore humor...

AGENT 47
There's coffee on the table.

She slides out of bed, unconcerned with her nakedness. 47 averts his eyes. She pours herself a cup of coffee, smiling.

NIKA
For such a badass, you are awfully shy
around women.

AGENT 47
Some of them.

She moves out on the balcony. 47 glances at her, standing there, leaning over the balcony.

NIKA
God this is beautiful. I read in the guide
this is the world's second oldest city.

AGENT 47
Perhaps you should...

He sees her from behind. Dozens of white scars horizontally criss-cross her ass, all fighting for room.

NIKA
It's not polite to stare.

Trying not to, he returns to his work.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Pretty aren't they? Souvenirs from
Belicoff, for trying to kill myself. Or
forgetting to pick up a towel off the
bathroom floor. Whatever. Being (*RUSSIAN*
word for naughty).
(Then)
I thought about having them removed, but
what was the point.

She turns and walks into the bathroom. He doesn't look up. She calls to him from inside the bathroom.

NIKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's on the agenda for today?

AGENT 47

I have to go out.

She sticks her head out, now wrapped in a towel.

NIKA

Please don't leave me by myself. Let me go with you. Please!

A cell-phone rings. 47 looks at it. The incoming call number keeps changing. He answers it. She continues to stare at him.

AGENT 47

What time?

47 glances up. She's still looking at him. He nods to her, "okay". She smiles, happy. He closes his eyes.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

Hold on.

(Mutes it, then to her)

One thing. You can't stay with me much longer. I'll give you some money, but that's it. You can't be part of my life. I'm a killer. I am not your savior.

She nods, stepping back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MODERN HOTEL - DAY

She leans her back against the wall, her eyes wet.

AGENT 47 (O.S.)

Are we clear?

NIKA

(Tear rolling down her face)

Yes.

BACK ON 47

AGENT 47

Get dressed.

(Un-mutes, then into cell)

What does he drink?

EXT. NISANTASI SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

Champs Elysees of Istanbul, packed with the rich and idle. 47 and Nika walk down the street. They pass an upscale restaurant.

AGENT 47

This place looks nice, don't you think?

NIKA

For what?

AGENT 47

Dinner.

She smiles at him and nods.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Wait here.

Her smile fades as 47 walks into the nice restaurant. Nika tries to see him inside, through the window. No luck.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Nika leans against the building, smoking. 47 walks out.

NIKA

What'd you do, eat without me?

He looks at her, thinking.

NIKA (CONT'D)

What?

AGENT 47

If we're going to eat here, we need to buy you a new dress.

NIKA

(Smiles, taking his hand)
You're really quite charming when you aren't killing people.

INT. BATHROOM - MODERN HOTEL - NIGHT

CU - NIKA'S EYE, as she puts eyeliner on. We PULL BACK as she finishes. She looks at herself. We can only see her face, but she is beautiful. She looks at her cheek.

NIKA

You asked me about my tattoo. Still want to know?

INT. BEDROOM - MODERN HOTEL - NIGHT

47, on the edge of the bed, stares at the photographs.

INT. BATHROOM - MODERN HOTEL - NIGHT

Nika puts on the final coat of lipstick in the mirror.

NIKA

Mikhail's mother was a controlling old bitch. He told me, when he was younger, he got a tattoo on his arm. A dragon. She had her men remove it with a belt sander. So I got one just like it. My own little act of defiance. I knew my face was the one place he'd never hurt.

INT. BEDROOM - MODERN HOTEL - NIGHT

47 doesn't look up, but this affects him. He hardens.

AGENT 47

Well, unfortunately, that really doesn't help me.

NIKA
You asked. Well... How do I look?

She is standing in the doorway. He looks up at her. We RACK to her. Perhaps the word beautiful doesn't do her justice. She smiles. He is staring.

AGENT 47
You look nice.

She walks over to the dresser and lights a cigarette.

NIKA
Nice. Nice is an adjective Americans use when they can't figure out what to say.

AGENT 47
You look very nice.

She smiles again and moves directly in front of him.

NIKA
Do you mind?

She lifts her dress up, revealing her thigh highs. The ends of her garter belt dangle down.

He stares up at her. Then sighs, leaning down.

NIKA (CONT'D)
So very good with firearms. Not so good with ladies undergarments.

AGENT 47
Do you really think these are necessary?

NIKA
America has robbed women of their femininity.

After a bit of fumbling, he has the first one done. He lifts her dress to get to the other side.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Careful. I'm not wearing any panties.

47 looks up at her. She grins, exhaling smoke.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is very elegant, if a little trendy. Nika sits off to the side, enjoying what remains of a world-class dinner. She pours the last of the Bordeaux into her glass.

47 sits back down. A white-coated Sommelier follows with a wine bottle.

AGENT 47
I got us another. A Latour '91.

NIKA

You've barely touched yours.

He smiles. The Sommelier uncorks the bottle. A waiter appears, with a glass of Scotch. 47 takes it. Swirls the straw. Does it fizz slightly?

AGENT 47

Excuse me. I think you have the wrong table. I ordered a Bowmore.

WAITER

The wrong table?

AGENT 47

Yes. This is Johnny Walker Blue. I believe it belongs to that gentleman over there. Table 26.

The Sommelier motions the waiter along. The waiter takes the drink to the German man seated at table 26. He is surrounded by body guards. The German takes the glass, sipping.

NIKA

You know what table that is?

AGENT 47

I saw the table layout when I made our reservation.

NIKA

And you remember?

AGENT 47

I have an eidetic memory. I remember everything I see.

NIKA

Really...? Over there. The guy in the green suit. What's he eating?

AGENT 47

I'm not sure --

NIKA

-- See, you lie...

AGENT 47

No, I'm not sure if you're asking about his appetizer of snails or the lobster entree.

NIKA

(Smiles, impressed)
What about the girl two tables behind you. What's she wearing? Don't cheat.

AGENT 47

There's no girl at that table. Two men, gay, and probably on their second date. The younger, who is eating with his left hand, has been to the restroom three times in the last hour, to keep his coke buzz going.

NIKA
 Wow. Impressive...
 (Smiles, taking his hand)
 Okay last one. What color underwear am I wearing?

AGENT 47
 You aren't wearing any underwear.

They stare at each other a moment. He gently takes back his hand. She chews slightly on her lip.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
 (To a waiter)
 The dessert menu, please.

We PAN TO the German man, PRICE, with the Scotch. He is having stomach problems. He holds himself. They intensify. He seems unable to control his bowels.

He excuses himself, followed by three thugs, moving to the restroom. We PAN to 47, who stands.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
 Ask for the check.

NIKA
 I'm not done.

AGENT 47
 Then hurry.

NIKA
 Scratch what I said about you being charming.

INT. HALLWAY - SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We PAN with 47 as he walks by us and down the hall to the restroom door, into a LONG SHOT.

Two angry looking men stand guard outside the rest room. We can't HEAR them, but obviously they don't want 47 to go in. He seems to explain to them he's having stomach problems. Finally they frisk him, and not finding any weapons, step aside.

INT. RESTROOM - SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Inside the restroom, another thug stands guard outside a stall. It is obvious by the sound coming from inside the stall that Price is having a rough time.

47 looks from the guard to the next stall. An OUT OF ORDER sign is taped to it. 47 shrugs and moves into the stall. We SLOWLY PUSH toward it.

INT. RESTROOM STALL - NIGHT

47 opens the toilet tank. From inside he removes a Zip-lock bag. Inside is a .45, a silencer, and a small, filled, insulin-type syringe.

47 screws the silencer onto the .45 and stands next to the stall door. And he waits.

Finally, we HEAR the toilette flush. 47 uncaps the syringe and holds it in his teeth. The SOUND of the other stall's lock being unlatched, sends him forward.

INT. RESTROOM - SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47 steps out of the stall and POPS the thug in the head with the .45, just as the stall opens.

Price looks at the falling guard as 47 SMACKS him, grabs him around the neck, covering his mouth. With the other hand he jabs the syringe into his neck, plunging it. Price's eyes roll back, and he goes limp.

47 steps to one side of the door and CALLS OUT, in German, to the thugs outside the restroom.

The two thugs move quickly in, guns drawn, but 47 quickly shoots them both in the back of the head.

EXT. HALLWAY - SWANKY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47 tapes the OUT OF ORDER sign on the door, picks up Price and moves the opposite way down the hall.

AT THE REAR EXIT

A waiter looks at him. 47 puts his hand in his coat.

WAITER

Too much wine?

47 nods, smiling, as the waiter holds the door for him.

INT. DINING ROOM - SWANKY RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Back at the table, Nika waits impatiently, smoking.

47 walks in from the front. She puts her hands up like, "What the fuck?"

AGENT 47

It's time to go.

NIKA

What..?

He pulls her up from her chair and hands her her coat. He tosses a wad of bills onto the table. She grabs the bottle of wine.

AGENT 47

Now!

She is obviously irritated and a little drunk, but allows him to pull her out to the car, waiting at the curb.

INT. BEDROOM - MODERN HOTEL - A LITTLE LATER

NIKA
(Tossing her coat)
Well that was lovely. Right up to the time
you dragged me out of the restaurant by my
hair.

47 sits down on the bed. He thinks about explaining.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Unhook me.

She lifts her leg, placing it on the bed, between his knees. He starts to, but she presses her leg into him.

AGENT 47
Nika... You're drunk.

NIKA
And...

AGENT 47
And this is a very bad idea.

NIKA
You mean this?

She lifts her skirt higher flashing him.

AGENT 47
Yes, that.

NIKA
Oh. How bout this?

She straddles him.

AGENT 47
And that.

She leans in, kissing him. He kisses her back. For a moment, they aren't a hitman and a whore, they are just a couple. She lifts his hands to her breasts. He's about to give in, but catches himself.

She leans back, smiling at him. And pulls down her dress, exposing her breasts.

NIKA
What? Are you afraid of these?

She leans down to kiss him again, lifting one of his hands to her nipple. For a moment it seems...

47 swiftly inserts a tiny syringe into her neck. She jerks back.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Oww! What the...

She can't understand what's happening, then her eyes roll back in her head. She collapses into his arms.

EXT. LAVISH HOTEL - NIGHT

We see this huge hotel sprawling before us on the edge of the Bosphorus. We MOVE AROUND IT and CRANE DOWN to...

47, carrying a briefcase, walking toward the entrance.

INT. LAVISH HOTEL - NIGHT

47 walks up to the front desk. A desk clerk smiles at him.

AGENT 47

I'm here to see Mr. Belicoff. He's a guest.

Nervously she points to a group of Russian Gangster types, lounging by the elevator.

47 moves to the men as they lift themselves from the couches, the bulk of the submachine-guns beneath their coats obvious.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

I have an appointment with Mr. Belicoff. My name is Price.

One gangster speaks Russian into his earpiece, then...

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #1

Your appointment is tomorrow. Come back then.

AGENT 47

Yes, well I was attacked tonight. Several of my men were killed. Tomorrow I plan to be safely back in Luxemburg.

(Turning to leave)
Give Mr. Belicoff my apologies.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #1

Wait!

The Russian speaks quickly into the mike. A heated exchange follows. Then...

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)

What is Udre's cat's name?

AGENT 47

He doesn't have a cat. He did have a dog, Stalin, a wolfhound, until it bit him. And he ate it.

Satisfied that this is indeed Price he nods toward the elevator. 47 moves toward it, followed by two guards.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

47 rides up the elevator. One of the gagsters pulls the stop button. Suddenly they slam him hard into the wall.

AGENT 47
There is no need --

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #1
-- Shut up.

They run a security wand over 47, then frisk him. Another points to the briefcase.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #2
Open it.

47 keys the lock. The Gangster dumps the contents and bundles of cash fall to the floor. He kicks through it.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER #1
Pick it up.

INT. TOP FLOOR PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Techno music assaults us as the doors open. Seven or eight Russian Gangster types stand around the room. But that was to be expected. What was not expected are the girls.

In the living room, a naked woman hangs limp from the ceiling by chains. She has been whipped unconscious very recently. Probably by the man standing behind her with the whip. He turns, smiles. It is UDRE BELICOFF. (*Pronounced: oodray*)

Udre is well dressed, and quite charming. He's also a psychopath.

UDRE
(Yelling over the music)
Mr. Price. Come in.

He tosses down the whip and moves to the large coffee table. Actually moves is incorrect, Udre dances to it. Grinding to the music.

The table is littered with vodka and a huge pile of coke. Udre cuts a huge line and sticks his nose in it.

Wiping his face, a sad, good-looking girl, barely dressed, hands him a vodka. He slams it.

47 is pushed toward him. Udre stands up, grinds a little more, then smiles, walking over to 47, his hand extended.

UDRE (CONT'D)
So you decided to change our appointment.
How forward of you.

AGENT 47
I was attacked tonight. Common sense dictated --

Udre drops onto the couch.

UDRE
Common sense should have dictated you not abuse my good nature. Sit...

Udre, rubs the leg of the girl next to him. His men pull down the girl hanging from the ceiling. They drag her through a door. We can barely make out... Cages? But the door shuts in out face.

AGENT 47

I apologize. I have the down payment. Do you have the sample?

UDRE

What, you don't believe me? He doesn't believe me. So you want proof?

He leans forward snorting some more coke. The music builds.

UDRE (CONT'D)

Then I will give you proof... Wait! I love this. It was remixed by DJ Kaos in Liverpool. He sent it to me himself.

He stands, dancing to the music.

UDRE (CONT'D)

You!
(He points to another girl)
Dance with me!

Another sad girl jumps from another couch and runs to him. He drags her to him grinding.

UDRE (CONT'D)

Wait for the break. Here it comes.

He grinds.

UDRE (CONT'D)

There.

The music breaks.

UDRE (CONT'D)

Dance!

He and the girl continue to groove, but then Udre, the sadistic fuck, slaps her to the ground. He looks at 47.

UDRE (CONT'D)

Show me the cash.

47 opens the case. The girl on the floor whimpers. He kicks her.

UDRE (CONT'D)

Do you want a piece?

AGENT 47

No. I want to conduct our business.

UDRE

Of course, you don't. Because these bitches are used.

Udre stands, dancing to the music. Behind them another girl screams, being dragged to the now empty ceiling chains. She fights as they lock her in.

UDRE (CONT'D)
You are my guest. I'll let you have this one first. She is brand new.

AGENT 47
The Uranium...

Udre removes his shirt. He is well built and tatted. He takes the whip. The girl in the chains pleads.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Sir, we have business.

UDRE
This is my business.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Udre lashes her savagely with the whip. The girl cries from the pain.

AGENT 47
(Stands, calculating)
Perhaps I will come back tomorrow.

UDRE
(Sweating, he turns)
No!

AGENT 47
Then let's conduct our business in private.

UDRE
Yes private! I have an idea.

He motions and his men bring the crying girl down, dragging her toward the bedroom.

UDRE (CONT'D)
We will both take turns fucking the girl. You will watch while I fuck her, then I will watch while you fuck her. Then, when we are done, maybe I will fuck you. Yes?

AGENT 47
I don't think so.

Udre holds out his hand. A big and nasty, stainless 500 Magnum Smith & Wesson revolver is tossed to him.

UDRE
But I do. It is the least you can do for interrupting my party. Move!
(To his men)
Hurt them, so they will not miss me while I'm gone.

Udre dances toward the bedroom. 47 glances behind him. Four guards stand there holding automatic weapons.

INT. BEDROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The loud music bleeds through the closing door.

The girl is tied to the bed, naked, gagged, and very frightened. Udre stands there holding the 44.

UDRE
Strip. Or I will kill you.

Udre cocks the 500 Smith. 47 begins removing his Jacket.

AGENT 47
Yes of course.

CU - HIDDEN in 47's HAND, is a length of nylon cord.

ANGLE ON 47 who turns, holding his hands in front of him.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Before we get started, I was hoping you help me with your brother.

UDRE
(Confused)
My brother? How... Did he send you?
Impossible. Who are you!?!

Udre moves toward him holding the gun up. Lightning fast, 47, holding the ends of the cord in both hands, whips it around the revolver.

CU - REVOLVER. The cord is wrapped between the cocked hammer and the frame.

Udre pulls the trigger but it just SNAPS, the hammer stopped by the cord. 47 SMACKS Udre in the throat with his elbow, YANKING the gun from his hands.

47 strikes again with the elbow, this time to Udre's face. Then 47 wraps the length of cord twice around Udre's neck, lifting him off the ground.

AGENT 47
Make a sound and I'll snap your neck.

The girl's eyes are wide with fear. But not as wide as Udre's. 47, behind Udre, drags him out onto the balcony. Udre digs at the cord, unable to breathe.

EXT. BALCONY - PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

AGENT 47
Stop moving. That's why the proper way is to wrap it twice. You'll just pull it tighter.

47 SMACKS Udre's face into the railing.

UDRE
(Gasping)
Let me go, you cocksucker!

AGENT 47

Okay.

47 hauls Udre over the balcony, hanging him by his neck. Udre grasps backwards at the railing, glancing below. At the Bosphorus and certain death.

UDRE

Wait! What do you want? Money? Women?

47 pulls him up a little. Udre holds desperately to the rail.

AGENT 47

You know, of all the men I've killed, for the first time, I'll enjoy it.

UDRE

No, wait! Tell me what I can do...

47 takes a tiny device and places it in Udre's pocket.

AGENT 47

Just this...

And he pushes Udre from the balcony. We TRACK OVER THE RAIL as Udre falls. And far below, he dies.

ANGLE ON 47 as he grabs his coat and walks back to us. Grabbing the rail above he pulls himself up. 47 glances through the glass door, at the tied girl, still staring at him.

He shakes it off and continues upward, disappearing. A moment passes. Then 47 drops back onto the balcony.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

(Sighs, to himself)

What has that woman done to me?

INT. MAIN ROOM - LAVISH PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

47 steps out of the bedroom, the S&W 500 behind his back. A guard smiles. 47 shoots him in the head. BOOM!

47 moves. The nearest guard tries to bring up his weapon, but 47 grabs the fore-stock, while shooting another guard. Then this one, taking the subgun. Mayhem ensues, as the guards scramble for their weapons.

47 is a pro. The others are in full panic mode, most never in a fire fight. The whole thing is kinda one-sided. The last man runs for the door, but 47 goes over the couch and catches him.

Several seconds, ten dead bodies. 47 moves to the cages, opening them. He hears screaming, turns. Sad Girl begins savagely beating one of the dead guards. 47 moves to her and lifts her up. She hugs him crying.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

47 stands in the middle of the dozen girls, holding one up. He opens the briefcase full of cash, nodding to it.

AGENT 47

Take the money. Go home.

The girls do, grateful. Sad Girl kisses him on the cheek. Fourth floor, the elevator stops. DING. Opens. A Middle-age tourist couple looks at the scene in the elevator, which must be quite a sight. 47 stares at them.

TOURIST HUSBAND

We'll... We'll wait.

47 nods as the doors shut. They descend.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - MUCH LATER

A rental Mercedes drives slowly down the street, next to the sea. It stops.

The door opens and 47 steps out, looking around. He has a locator in his hand, PINGING. He moves to the water, and the PINGING grows louder. A body floats there.

EXT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE - EARLY MORNING

The Mercedes slows in front of the embassy. A door opens, closes, then the car speeds off. We PUSH toward the shape in the middle of the road.

After a moment, Russian soldiers run to it. One of the soldiers turns it over. It is Udre's Corpse.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SUNRISE

Nika's eyes open. She lifts the covers and sees that she is undressed. 47 is next to her on the bed, but not under the covers, and still wearing his suit. She grins, shaking her head. And then she begins to scream.

47 wakes up instantly, lifting the .45 and glancing around. He slowly puts his hand over her mouth.

AGENT 47

Shhh.

She points. We PAN with her hand. It is the real Price, from the restaurant, very dead, lying on the sofa.

NIKA

(Quietly)

There's a dead man in our room!

AGENT 47

I know. I killed him. Come on. Get dressed. We have to go.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A pre-war building sits comfortably next to the Thames.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN

INT. INTERPOL - INSPECTOR'S DIVISION - DAY

Clarkson hands Mike a cup of coffee.

JENKINS

Sir, 3 hours ago, Belicoff's brother Udre was found dead outside the Russian consulate in Istanbul.

Mike stares at him, thinking, accidentally spilling his coffee.

MIKE

It's him...

Mike moves quickly to a huge map on the wall.

JENKINS

The Russians are saying it was a drug-induced suicide. Sir, the consulate is eight miles from his hotel. That's a hell of a bounce.

MIKE

He's trying to lure Belicoff out. Udre, dammit, I should have thought of that! He's going to Moscow.

(beat)

He'll rent a car out of Istanbul.

CLARKSON

I thought he preferred trains.

Tracing a route with his finger.

MIKE

He does, but it's too risky to catch one in Istanbul. He'll backtrack West. Bulgarian border's easy to cross. He'll pick up a train there and go North through Romania.

Mike looks at his watch, calculating. He turns.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I need the train schedules for Northern Bulgaria. All of the stations.

(Quick beat)

And get General Vladimir Kormarov on the phone. He's a high ranking member of the opposition party in Moscow and has no love for Belicoff. C'mon!

EXT. OLD WORLD ROAD - DAY

A tiny Smart Car speeds down the road winding through the countryside as fast as its little engine will push it.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: NORTHERN BULGARIA

INT. SMART CAR - DAY

47 drives the tiny rental car. Nika reads through the printouts stuffed into a magazine.

NIKA

It says here the closest passenger train station is 200 kilometers to the South...

(Beat)

That's the other direction.

(She looks at him)

You're not listening.

AGENT 47

I am listening, but I already read those.

She sighs, and flips through a magazine.

NIKA

Why do you buy these magazines? These writers are full of shit...

AGENT 47

For the advertisements.

She stops on an add for a very nice watch. She looks over, realizing 47 is wearing the same watch.

NIKA

You know, buying expensive stuff won't make you whole.

He turns and stares at her. Then back at the road. She continues to flip through the magazine.

NIKA (CONT'D)

Hey...! If you really want to buy something lasting with your money, you should buy this.

She holds out the magazine. It is a real estate broker's ad for a 6 million Euro winery in the South of France.

She continues to hold it out. He turns and looks at it, returning his gaze to the road.

AGENT 47

Very nice.

NIKA

Nice? It's beautiful. When I was a little girl, my father raised grapes. Little pathetic things. I told him one day I'd own a vineyard and he could work with me. It was a silly dream.

(Beat)

But dreams are all little girls have...

(smiles, thinking)

So here's the plan. You buy this vineyard and retire. Together we raise grapes, make wine and have lots of children.

AGENT 47
Lots?

NIKA
At least a dozen. And we'll live happily
ever after.

He doesn't say anything. Irritated, she tosses the magazine into
the floorboard.

NIKA (CONT'D)
Yes, I know, there is no happily ever after
for us. Hitmen and whores don't get that.

AGENT 47
Nika...

NIKA
(More irritated)
How do you even know we're on the right
road?

And as they crest a rise, before them, is a freight sub-station.
She glares at him.

NIKA (CONT'D)
(More irritated)
I need to pee.

INT. INTERPOL - INSPECTOR'S DIVISION - DAY

Mike sits on his desk, on the phone. Jenkins, across the room, is
on his as well.

MIKE
Yes I understand General Kormarov is a busy
man. He and I spoke earlier... Hello?
Dammit!

JENKINS
(Covering his phone)
Mike. Our sources in Romania are telling
me that Moscow just requested permission
for a terrorist extraction within their
borders. A military extraction. So far
they are refusing. But the request came
from the FSB, specifically from the Office
of Chief Agent Yuri Marklov.

MIKE
Fuck! They've found him? Goddamit, Yuri
must have someone inside General Kormarov's
office. Call Heathrow...

CLARKSON
On it, Gov'nor.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - MOLDOVA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A bell jet ranger flies low over fields of sunflowers.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: EDINET REGION, MOLDOVA

INT. BELL JET RANGER (MOVING) - DAY

MIKE
(To the pilot)
Why are we going down?

PILOT
We have no authorization to fly into
Ukraine airspace. A car and a diplomatic
envoy are waiting for you, sir.

MIKE
What's the ETA on our H.R.T. Team?

JENKINS
They were flagged crossing the Russian
border. Could be hours.

MIKE
This'll be way over by then...

EXT. AIRFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and his men move from the chopper, blades still turning, to a Mercedes G-wagon. A BUREAUCRAT stands by the truck. He puts out his hand.

BUREAUCRAT
Inspector, very glad to meet you. The
Ukraine extends a warm welcome to Interpol.
As you know we have applied for EU status --

MIKE
-- Tell me in the car!

Mike jumps in the drivers seat, Clarkson next to him. The G-Wagon hauls ass away.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

We TRACK DOWN toward the train.

CU - WINDOW. 47 stares out at the countryside from the first class compartment. Nika is asleep on his shoulder. He reaches over and moves a strand of hair out of her face. He turns back to the window.

We CRANE BACK to an AERIAL shot as the train speeds through Eastern Europe.

EXT. UKRAINE BORDER - DAY

The G-wagon is stopped at the border check point. Three soldiers stand at the car. Mike holds out his badge. Jenkins is talking on a cell. A guard taps on the glass.

MIKE
We are with Interpol.

The guard looks suspiciously at him. The Ukrainian Bureaucrat hands Mike an official looking document. Mike hands it to the guard, who pulls out his radio.

JENKINS

Sir, the train has just crossed the border into the Ukraine.

MIKE

C'mon, mate. Hurry.

The Guard glances at him, then returns to the radio, reading the document into it. And the air is suddenly RIPPED by the sound of rotors. They all look as we TILT UP.

Three Soviet helicopters tear across the sky just overhead.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shit!

He jams the G-wagon into reverse. Backing up.

BUREAUCRAT

Wait! What are you doing!?!

Mike shifts into drive and HAULS ASS through the check point, SMASHING through the wooden crossing arm. The border guards SCREAM at him and run to their cars.

EXT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: NORTHERN ROMANIA NEAR THE UKRAINE BORDER

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

47 looks down at her. He gently runs his fingers down her face.

AGENT 47

Nika...

She smiles. She opens her eyes.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Nika... You and I have to split up.

She looks up at him for a beat, sad. She slowly nods, tears running down her cheeks.

NIKA

So much for happy endings... It was a nice fantasy.

AGENT 47

I'm not leaving you. Things are about to get bloody. I know how to end this... But I don't think clearly when you're around.

NIKA

(Quietly, urgently)

You don't have to do this. We could forget about Mischa. Just forget him. And we could be together. Why does it matter now?

AGENT 47

Because, Nika... Belicoff needs to die... For what he did... To you.

NIKA
I don't care about that. Not anymore.

AGENT 47
But, I do.

She looks up at him. He turns his face from the window. She moves up to him, kissing him. Things begin to heat up when... suddenly he sits up.

NIKA
What?

AGENT 47
Helicopters.

AERIAL SHOT - SKY

The Russian military helicopters drop into frame. SWAT types hang off the sides, as the birds descend on the moving train.

INT. G-WAGON - DAY

Mike speeds along. In the distance the sirens of the Ukrainian *Politia* can be heard, while the Bureaucrat speaks furiously into his cell.

CLARKSON
There, Gov'nor!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The G-Wagon flies across the road, which runs parallel to the train tracks. In the distance, the train moves East.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

AGENT 47
That Interpol Detective knows me better than I had thought...

47 writes on a small piece of paper.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
This is a secure e-mail server. Contact me in one week.

She nods, tears flowing down her face. He hands her a duffle bag.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Take this money. One week. Understand? I'll find you. Go to the rear of the train and get off as soon as it stops. Move with the crowd. And stay out of Russia.

She hugs him, holding tightly. He kisses her on the forehead, then pushes her toward the door.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Go! And stay down!

NIKA
What are you going to do?

AGENT 47
What I do.

And he closes the door on her. He turns, opening up the suitcase and pulling out weapons.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ROOF - DAY

The helicopters hover above the moving train, ropes dangling from them. Russian SWAT begin fast-roping from the helicopters. At least a dozen men, wearing body armor and armed with automatic weapons.

EXT. G-WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

The truck rockets along, catching up to the speeding train.

INT. HALLWAY - FIRST CLASS CABINS - TRAIN - DAY

47 has his .45 to the head of a Provodnik. The conductor holds out a ring of keys.

47 takes them, lowering the weapon, as the Provodnik runs off through the train. 47 looks out the window.

Outside, we see the shadows of the helicopters on the ground. We then see something else. The G-Wagon, FLASHING its lights, hauling ass next to the train.

47 looks a moment, then turns, walking off through the car. We can now see he is carrying the H&K UMP, with the SWAT assault rifle slung across his back.

He moves through the car, locking the doors into the First Class Cabins.

INT. G-WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

Mike looks at the speedometer. They are going close to 60.

BUREAUCRAT
Look out!

Mike swerves around the slow moving car in front of him, and WHIPS back in, inches from getting clipped by a car going the other way. This road is fairly busy.

MIKE
Jenks, get Kormarov on the phone!

JENKINS
I'm trying, he's in a cabinet meeting!

MIKE
Get him out!

Clarkson points. Mike follows his finger. Russian SWAT teams scramble across the roof of the train.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

The TEAM LEADER is motioning directions to his men, who ready their weapons. Then, WHAM! A bullet tears through his neck, he rolls off the train. The men look around.

UP THE TRAIN

47 stands on the rail of a platform between two cars, staring through the scope of the assault rifle. BLAM, BLAM! Two more SWAT guys go down.

The SWAT team scrambles for cover, trying to move down, into the train.

BLAM! Another goes down. A Russian returns fire, but takes a round in the face. BLAM!

A final Russian jumps, dropping down between the cars. BLAM! He twists, falling on the steel platform. WE TILT DOWN. He's dead. The SWAT guys yell into their throat mikes, and move quickly through the train door.

BACK UP TOP

ANGLE ON 47, as a round pierces the roof, next to him. The last helicopter moves toward the front, a sniper hanging from it. 47 quickly turns, tracking the helo with the assault rifle. BAM! The sniper jerks, hanging limp from his harness.

47 drops back below as another 7 SWAT members rope down at the front of the train.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

The eight remaining members of the first two teams move through the passenger cars, as Russians cower in their seats with visions of the old Soviet Union.

We TRACK THROUGH the train, TO THE FRONT

Where the 7 members of the 3rd team move toward the center.

TEAM 3 LEADER
(into radio, in Russian)
Press the target toward us.

We TRACK BACK toward THE REAR.

47 looks out the window. The G- Wagon has lost some ground. It is several cars back. 47 glances left.

A little boy, about 8, stares at him, then the weapon in his hand. 47 looks at the boy, who is not afraid. The boy makes a gun with his fingers and points.

BOY

Pow.

He grins. 47 smiles, and winks at the boy. The hysterical mother grabs her boy, pulling him down. 47 moves off through the train.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABINS - TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Teams 1 and 2 work their way to us, into the First Class hallway. One of the men pushes on a door. It is locked. He looks through the window. Nothing. They move toward the middle of the cabins.

Suddenly, 47 leans out from one of the cabins directly in front of them, low, and opens fire up through them.

Rounds tear through the SWAT teams. They return fire and try to take cover in the cabins. But they are of course, locked. Men drop. It is a killing box.

TEAM LEADER #2
Move back! We need support!

FRONT OF TRAIN

Team 3 runs through the train toward the other teams.

BACK ON 47. Who crosses the hall into another cabin. Two SWAT men remain. They crouch, moving slowly.

SWAT GUY
We are taking heavy casualties. Need support immediately --

-- Something comes at them. They fire. Too late, they see a teddy bear, obliterated by their automatic fire. 47 leans out and shoots them both.

47 HEARS three more running toward him. He quickly moves toward the rear, glancing out the window.

INT. G-WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

JENKINS
Sir, gunships are in route.

MIKE
Dammit! What about Kormarov?

CLARKSON
We have company, Gov'nor.

Behind them, six or seven Politia Cars are fast approaching. Mike hits the accelerator.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

47 runs through the train, eyes scanning out the window. Rounds tear past him. He runs out, between the cars, going up.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ROOF - DAY

47 runs across the top of the train, staring at the G Wagon. Behind him, Team 3 is following him up.

INT. G WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

Right next to them 47 is running across the train, looking directly at them.

MIKE

What the fuck is he doing?

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ROOF - DAY

47 slings the automatic weapon, running toward the edge. And jumps.

INT. G-WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

MIKE

Fuck!

CRASH! The front window shatters, and Mike hits the brakes, unable to see.

EXT. G-WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

47 is on top of the car, holding on for his life. We PULL BACK as Mike skids.

An approaching car swerves around the careening G-Wagon and SLAMS into a police car, head on. Another hits it. WHAM!

The G Wagon screeches to a stop, in the middle of the road. Oncoming cars swerve, sliding.

47 is off the car. In pain but alive. He raises the automatic weapon at the G Wagon's occupants.

INT. G-WAGON (STOPPED) - DAY

Clarkson starts to go for his weapon.

MIKE

Don't!

EXT. G-WAGON (STOPPED) - DAY

We see Mike put his hand on Clarkson. We PULL BACK to 47, who stares at them over the assault rifle. He lowers it, firing full-auto into the tires and undercarriage.

INT. G-WAGON (STOPPED) - DAY

They duck as the bullets tear through the tires.

Mike looks up. Down the road, 47 is pulling a middle-aged Georgian out of his stopped BMW 7 series. Mike jumps out of the truck, gun in hand, going after 47.

CLARKSON

What the hell, G --

MIKE

You never would have made it. He'd have killed us.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

47 SLAMS the accelerator. In the rearview mirror he sees more Politia Cars fast approaching. Ahead is a tunnel. He shifts, speeding quickly into the triple digits.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TUNNEL - DAY

The BMW exits the tunnel, hauling ass away, the road meandering around a drop to the river below. Down the road it hits the breaks. Approaching from the other direction are more Politia Cars. 47 power-slides the car around, heading back.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mike looks at the mess.

CLARKSON

Look.

He glances up. Two Soviet fast attack gunships approach, missiles bristling.

INT. BMW - DAY

47 exits the tunnel again, looking up. He sees the gunships. He SLAMS the brakes, SPINS the car again.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The BMW hauls ass back into the tunnel, directly at the approaching police.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

47 hauls ass at the approaching Politia Cars.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

47 shifts, then pulls on his seat belt.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

The BMW swerves around the first car, careens off the second, but is SLAMMED by the third, which SPINS. Another Politia Car SMACKS into it.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

47 regains control and shifts down. He ZIPS through the opening.

EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

Gun ships fast approaching over head, 47 exits the tunnel. At 100 m.p.h., he hits the guard rail, tearing through it.

We PULL BACK as the BMW falls 60 feet toward the fast moving river below.

INT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY

47 lifts his hands off the wheel as the car SLAMS into the river. WHAM! The airbag deploys.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mike runs toward the guard rail, as the car, upside down, slowly bobs under the water, caught in the current.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

The place is in chaos. Mike yells orders.

MIKE

We need divers. Hurry.

Clarkson touches his shoulder. Mike turns. A helo has touched down. And our old buddy Yuri moves from it. He is followed by a man carrying a silenced assault rifle. A man wearing a camouflaged mask. E4.

YURI

What are you doing here?.

MIKE

I have authorization to observe.

YURI

Observe! Once again you helped the assassin escape!

MIKE

This is a fucking mess!

E4 surveys the mess. He looks at Yuri.

E4

Your men need better training.

He turns, walking back to the chopper.

YURI

What do you advise?

E4

Net the river upstream. That's the way I'd go.

He continues away. Yuri is furious.

YURI

This is the last time you interfere! At least this time the assassin did not get away.

MIKE

I thought you got him last time?

YURI
Do not trifle with me. One call, the Ukrainians will have you in a cell. I doubt you'll see your wife by next Christmas.

JENKINS
Sir. Phone.

MIKE
(Into cell)
Mike Whittier, Interpol.
(Beat)
Yes sir.
(Beat)
No sir I can't tell you that. It was sent to me anonymously. But Chief Agent Marklov is right here.

Mike holds out the phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It's for you.

INT. CABINET OFFICE - SAME TIME

We CUT BACK and FORTH between the two men.

GENERAL KORMAROV
I've heard some grave accusations about your loyalties, Chief Inspector.

YURI
Fabrications, General, I assure you.

GENERAL KORMAROV
Of course. Although I received a tape this morning. Let me play it for you.

He pushes play on the tape recorder. We HEAR the conversation Yuri had with Belicoff.

GENERAL KORMAROV (CONT'D)
I might be mistaken, but it sounds like you are engaged in political maneuvering with an opponent of this current administration. Were that true, the result for you would be... Unfortunate. You must return to Moscow immediately.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

YURI
General, first you have no evidence that is me. And I don't know where you got that tape but it is irrelevant. Because, secondly, you have no authority over the FSB. Nor in truth, does the President.

Yuri hangs up the cell, then tosses it into the river. He stares at Mike who walks back toward the train.

CLARKSON

What do you think the chances are that our boy is at the bottom of that river?

Mike looks at him. Zero.

MIKE

He's going to take Belicoff at his brother's funeral. Get us a chopper to Moscow.

AERIAL SHOT - MOSCOW

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: MOSCOW, RUSSIA

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - DAY

WE MOVE DOWN toward the beautiful, newly finished cathedral which sits on the Moscova river in the center of the city. The largest church in Europe, it rises over 100 meters and is dominated by a gigantic gold dome.

We CONTINUE DOWN. CLOSER we see a half-dozen news trucks, sat dishes raised, ready to transmit the funeral, or more importantly Belicoff's speech to the world in real time.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - DAY

The place is standing room only with Belicoff supporters, fighting for a glimpse. Soldiers in gas masks and body armor are positioned in every conceivable place.

In front of the pulpit, a platoon of camera reporters are ready to capture every angle of Belicoff's eulogy. This scene is the very definition of media circus.

WE CRANE OVER up to the top most balcony, more decorative than functional. E4 kneels at the rail. His VSSK Vychlop 12.7mm silenced sniper rifle scans the cathedral.

E4

In position. No sign of the target.

We continue DOWN toward the back of the cathedral. Mike stands next to General Kormarov and is not happy. Behind Mike, waiting for orders, is a squad of Interpol HRT guys, dressed in blue SWAT uniforms and holding automatic weapons.

MIKE

I understand general. But you don't know this assassin. I've spent the last 3 years learning how he thinks. He will be here.

GENERAL KORMAROV

Yes. I understand your concern with this elusive assassin. My anxiety, however, is much more direct --

MIKE

-- General.

GENERAL KORMAROV

Please. I am not diminishing your commitment. Your service to the EU is exemplary. But... There are almost 400 Russian soldiers in this cathedral. Spesnatz, Alfa, Moscow OMON --

An aide walks up to the General, who holds up a finger.

MIKE

- General, everything he has done leads right here. I'm convinced he killed Udre Belicoff to put this in motion. He has to take Belicoff here. It must be public. I know I sound paranoid... But they can't cover this up. It'll be on every television from Los Angeles to Kaliningrad.

GENERAL KORMAROV

(Smiles)

I am Russian, Inspector, not American. In this country we find paranoia to be a virtue. But please, trust us to handle this. It would be foolish to attempt any type of violence in this arena. A man as highly trained as your assassin would realize this. Now if you'll excuse me.

He walks off with the aide. Jenkins and Clarkson move to him.

JENKINS

Well?

MIKE

He doesn't believe a word I say.

CLARKSON

If things do go wrong, all these jacked up soldiers, this is going to be a blood bath.

MIKE

Oh no. Anything happens, they plan on gassing everyone.

Jenkins and Clarkson stare at Mike.

JENKINS

Well, you got to admire Russian efficiency.

MIKE

(To himself)

He's right, it'd be suicide for our boy to try to take Belicoff here...

JENKINS

Sir...

Mike thinks about it. Knowing he's missing something.

Thunderous applause drowns Mike out as Belicoff strides to the pulpit. On his way, the Orthodox Catholic Arch Bishop stands and hugs him. More applause.

CLARKSON

This is a political rally, and not a funeral, correct? Tossers...

Mike looks at him, nods, then turns his attention to Belicoff as the bright lights hit him.

BELICOFF

Ladies and Gentlemen. I'd like to start by thanking you for your sympathy and prayers. We are deeply grateful. And I in particular am moved.

MIKE

Something's not right.
(Looks around)
Where the fuck is Yuri?

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. LAVISH APARTMENT HOUSE - EARLIER THAT MORNING

An entire caravan of limousines drives out of an underground parking structure. They are flanked by Militsiya cars and several armored personnel carriers. We MOVE IN.

Through the window we see Belicoff and his wife being driven to the Cathedral. He looks up as two helicopters fly in over him, providing air support. Belicoff smiles.

EXT. YURI'S HOME - SAME TIME

Yuri walks from his home to the waiting limousine. Several guards move with him as he gets in the back.

Behind him, an armored suburban follows.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Yuri's limousine stops at a stop light. Cars whiz past.

INT. YURI'S LIMOUSINE - MORNING

A bodyguard pours Yuri a vodka. Yuri keys his radio.

YURI

What is your status?

E4 (O.S.)

(Over the radio)
In position. No sign of the target.

YURI

Keep vigilant. The fool will be there.

Suddenly the car shoots forward into the approaching cars, despite the red light. It swings left, violently into the traffic. Yuri's vodka splashes.

YURI (CONT'D)
 What are you doing?
 (Looking around)
 You are going the wrong way!

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

Suddenly, the suburban, waiting to follow, EXPLODES.

INT. YURI'S LIMOUSINE - MORNING

The limo pulls quickly away from the burning wreckage.

YURI
 We are under...

The driver drops the RF detonator and yanks his silenced, stainless .45 from his coat. It's 47. He turns, shooting the three guards in the limo. Blood splatters Yuri. 47 looks at him.

YURI (CONT'D)
 ...Attack.

AGENT 47
 Touch your weapon I'll shoot you in the stomach. Understand?

INT. YURI'S LIMOUSINE - PARKING LOT - MORNING

AGENT 47
 Put out your hands.

Yuri does. 47 cable ties them. He retrieves the weapons and Yuri's radio.

YURI
 What do you want from me?

AGENT 47
 You're going to help me.

47 pulls out a small syringe. He depresses it, squirting out 3/4 of it into the air. He hands it to Yuri.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
 Put that in your arm.

YURI
 You are out of your mind.

AGENT 47
 Either that goes in, or something a good deal more permanent.

47 moves the tip of the barrel, lower. Yuri injects himself.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
 Sit back, we'll be there in a moment.

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - PRESENT

Mike stands at the back, still trying to figure that one piece he's not seeing.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
(In Russian)
Delivery for Inspector Michael Whittier?

Mike looks at him. He is holding a huge bouquet of flowers.

We PUSH PAST him to Belicoff, who stands at the pulpit. Behind him, a giant diamond-vision screen has been erected. It flares to life as Belicoff looks seriously at the audience.

BELICOFF
Before we begin. I would like to say a few things about Udre. As much as I lament the loss of my brother...

AERIAL SHOT - MOSCOW SUBURB - SAME TIME

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: SEREBRYANY BOR, MOSCOW

The most expensive and exclusive area in Moscow. More country estates than cottages. Quaint, but sell for millions.

EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

We PAN left, to a lovely, if a little large, cottage. A Fed Ex truck sits near the end of the upscale street.

We CRANE UP. A bodyguard stands on the roof of the cottage, scanning the street. We PULL AWAY. The image changes. We realize we are seeing the soldier through a sniper scope. The scope PANS right, to the other guard standing on the roof.

ANGLE ON 47, lying on top of the Fed Ex truck, prone, looking through the silenced sniper rifle's scope.

47'S POV. The SCOPE CLICKS. Now the guard's head is full in frame. The scope PANS again, to the other guard's head, then back.

INSERT CU - TRIGGER, as it is depressed.

PFFFT! The first Guard drops from frame. The scope PANS quickly. PFFFT, the second guard drops.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - SAME TIME

Mike opens the card on the vase. Inside is a note, which reads: "Enjoy the funeral." Mike looks quickly around.

We CRANE UP and AWAY toward the stage, to a Medium of Belicoff.

BELICOFF
My brother was a troubled man. It was not always that way. He had forgotten his traditional values. But I loved him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Yuri, naked to the waist, is chained to a metal chair, bolted to the concrete floor. One hand is behind his back, the other, duct-taped to a military radio, in front.

Yuri depresses the talk button on the radio. Nothing. He presses it over and over. Still nothing. Angry, he violently yanks at the handcuff on his wrist, only managing to hurt himself.

Yuri looks down at the C-4 taped around his torso. There is a lot of it. He glances up at the clock. Sweat pours down his face.

INT. COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

BUZZ. The side servants doorbell goes off. Five soldiers sit at a large kitchen table listening to the speech. One slowly gets up, walks to the door, and looks through the peephole.

HIS POV - Outside a Fed Ex guy holds up a package.

The Guard opens the door just as two more soldiers move into the kitchen. They push him aside, moving out the door.

MORE GUARD #1
(Russian, subtitled)
We have lost contact with the look out.

The Fed Ex Guy hands him a package. The guard signs for it. And closes the door in 47's face. He walks toward the table. He slows, looking oddly at the package. A weird brown spot appears. He realizes, something inside is burning. Too late.

The fast dispersion, aerosol neurotoxin barely glistens in the air. All five soldiers are dead before they even smell it.

OUTSIDE

47 turns. He is now wearing a small oxygen mask. The two other soldiers move quickly down the sidewalk, calling up to the roof.

47 lifts his silenced .45. PFFFT, PFFFT! Both fall. 47 tosses the Fed Ex hat and slips quickly into the house.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - CONTINUOUS

MIKE
Suicide. It would be suicide...

Mike drops the vase. They all look at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Clarky, get the car!
(To the HRT Leader)
You, bring your men...

And they rush from the church.

INT. COUNTRY ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

47 quietly moves through the kitchen. Toward the back stairs.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - CONTINUOUS

BELICOFF
But sometimes love needs to take the form
of strength. Demanding change.

We PUSH to a FOX NEWS camera man, standing very close, and into the lens of his camera. INTO an ECU of the LENS holding Belicoff's reflection.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
Now, as you see, I failed with my brother.

EXT. MASTER SUITE - HUGE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

BELICOFF (O.S.)
Because of that love. I failed to do what
was necessary.

A man in a thick bathrobe prunes his prize-winning roses. He takes great care with these roses. BELOW, in the estate's back yard, two children, a boy and a girl, play in the enormous sculpted maze of giant rosebushes. We HEAR them laugh.

From the radio on the patio table, we HEAR the funeral service. Belicoff is giving the speech his all.

BELICOFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And what is necessary is sometimes very
hard with the things we love. We confuse
compassion with kindness.

We MOVE TOWARD the man, and he smiles. And we now see... It is Belicoff. Another one. He mouths the words as the other Belicoff says them. As if he knows what the other is going to say before he says it. Because, of course, he does.

BELICOFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, kindness killed my brother.
A man I loved dearly.

He continues pruning his roses and mouthing along with the speech. He seems very proud. But, the children's laughter annoys him.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - CONTINUOUS

BELICOFF
Russia is very much like my brother. She
is broken...

INT. BALCONY - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

E4 scans the crowd below, searching for 47.

BELICOFF (O.S.)
She has lost her traditional values.
Should we choose to be kind? And let her
die, much like my brother?

EXT. HALLWAY - COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

47, the mask gone, silently moves up the stairs, pressed to the wall, his outstretched .45 leading the way.

Above, a soldier stands on the mezzanine. We think he might see 47, but he is busy trying to light a cigarette.

His weapon trained on the soldier, 47 continues quietly up the stairs.

ANGLE ON GUARD, as he smiles, finally getting it lit. We PAN RIGHT slightly as 47 quickly transfers the .45 to his left hand and withdraws a large combat knife.

Reverse, 47 crouches up behind the guard. He JAMS the large blade into the soldier's neck and pushes him over the balcony. The man's gurgling stops before he hits the marble floor. SMACK.

Against the wall, 47 moves stealthily down the hallway, weapon raised. At the end, he looks around the corner.

47'S POV - Four Soldiers stand outside a thick metal door.

ANGLE ON 47, as he pulls his head back. He calculates quickly, then moves out of frame around the corner toward them.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Yuri looks. The clock ticks down. 9 seconds, 8...

FLASH BACK:

INT. WAREHOUSE - ONE HOUR EARLIER

Yuri opens his eyes. He is naked and tied to that chair. 47 sits in front of him.

AGENT 47

Look down.

Yuri does. C-4 is taped all around his torso. A lot.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

That is C-4. About forty pounds of it. Much more than is necessary but I know your fondness for overly dramatic theatrics. When it detonates, it will not only liquefy your torso, but level this entire building.

(Beat)

The C-4 is rigged to a cell phone. At exactly 1:15, that radio in your hand is programmed to activate. It will remain active for only 15 seconds. You have ten seconds to help me. If you don't, I will detonate the C-4 and you along with it.

YURI

You have gone to a great deal of trouble. I am just a bureaucrat. There is nothing I can do for you I'm afraid.

AGENT 47
I disagree.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - PRESENT

The clock continues to click. 2... 1...

YURI
(Yells, frustrated)
Fuck!!

The red light on the radio blinks on. Yuri just stares at it.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - LITTLE LESS THAN ONE HOUR EARLIER

YURI
No!

AGENT 47
This is not a request. The situation is fixed, and you know both possible outcomes. Live or die. Your choice.
(Standing)
Here is something to keep things in perspective. I picked it up last night while I was in your home. If you care so little for yourself...

47 places the picture of a college age girl on the table, next to a large analog clock.

YURI
You bastard.

AGENT 47
At one fifteen, you will have fifteen seconds.
(He moves to the door)
And yell all you like, we are miles from where anyone can hear.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - PRESENT

Yuri looks at the clock. His fifteen seconds are zipping by. He is covered in sweat. He glances at the picture of his daughter. He keys the radio.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - BALCONY - ONE SECOND LATER

E4 stares through the scope, scanning. His radio CHIRPS.

E4
Da?
(listens)
Are you sure?

EXT. HIGH ANGLE - MOSCOW - DAY

Two SUV's haul ass through the streets below.

INT. LEAD SUV - DAY

Mike and his men rush through the streets. Over the radio:

BELICOFF (O.S.)
Or should we do what is necessary? What is
hard? To save what we love.

Belicoff is really bringing it home now. People cheer.

MIKE
Hurry!

CLARKSON
Doing my best. Traffic.

OUTSIDE

The SUV jumps the curb and HAULS ASS down the median.

EXT. MASTER SUITE - HUGE BALCONY - SAME TIME

The other Belicoff listens. Pruning.

BACK ON YURI

YURI
Just fucking do it! Now!

INT. BALCONY - CATHEDRAL

ANGLE ON E4, who squeezes the trigger.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - CONTINUOUS

BELICOFF
(Building volume)
I for one will not fail again! Not with
this country! Not with our children's
future! Not with you --

-- SMACK! E4's round TEARS through Belicoff's skull.

We PAN LEFT. A moment's delay shows the assassination again, in graphic detail on the 100' screen.

Pandemonium. Soldiers swarm the area.

INT. LEAD SUV - CONTINUOUS

The men in the SUV are stunned. They can HEAR the crowd panic.

MIKE
Shit!

His men look at him, confused.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Keep going!

EXT. MASTER SUITE - HUGE BALCONY - SAME TIME

On the radio, we hear the chaos. Belicoff drops the pruning shears and turns, staring at the radio.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Yuri lowers the radio, and sighs.

INT. BALCONY - CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers rush to the balcony. But it is empty. Only the sniper rifle remains. The soldiers look at each other. We MOVE OVER and CRANE down.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE SAVIOUR - CONTINUOUS

Soldiers, in gas masks, swarm everywhere. Terrified guests are dragged from the cathedral.

EXT. MASTER SUITE - HUGE BALCONY - SAME TIME

Belicoff continues to stare at the radio a moment.

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

Mikhail Belicoff was just shot right before our eyes! Again, Mikhail Belicoff is dead!

Anger and disgust are barely evident on his face. But then they are gone. He picks up the shears and moves to another potted rose bush, getting on his knees, clipping.

We PAN and PUSH IN TO A CU of the RADIO. A hand reaches into frame and turns it off.

ANGLE ON BELICOFF. He doesn't turn around. He just continues pruning those rose bushes.

BELICOFF

Seems I underestimated you.

We PAN RIGHT. 47 stands next to the radio.

AGENT 47

Consistently.

47 adjusts his jacket, to cover the blood splatter from the soldiers.

BELICOFF

A miscalculation on my part.

AGENT 47

So...? Did the hard-line Communists make you an offer? Or was killing Mikhail your idea... Mischa.

Belicoff stares at 47.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
Show me your arm.

BELICOFF
Why? Does it matter?

AGENT 47
To satisfy my own curiosity.

Belicoff unties the robe. He slowly lowers one side. When he does, we can see the welt of scars and skin-grafts below his neck.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)
No scar on your arm...

BELICOFF
(Smiles)
Mikhail could have very well returned Russia to her former glory. All the people needed was a push to make him a hero. But he stopped short. Then I realized the right push would solve two problems.

AGENT 47
But then you tried to kill me. And you forced the people I worked for to abandon me. You placed me into an impossible situation.

BELICOFF
Do you have any idea of the pain I endured to look like Mikhail? The others were fine, but I got an infection under the steel facial structure. The skin-grafts never completely healed. I am in constant agony. Not to mention the excruciating ache I endured spending time with his dilettante wife and whining children. Of course, I found ways to divert my attention. But then Mikhail decided that perhaps returning to the old ways was not such a good idea. Support within the party was waning. They removed my face for the cause and then he decides to become an idealist? I think not.

AGENT 47
If you had just left me alone, you could very well be sitting in the Kremlin this time next year.

BELICOFF
So it seems. We will never know. You and the whore were the only ones who knew the truth. And where is she now? Do you have fantasies of a life with her?

47 looks at him.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
If you only knew the depraved things I made her do, you would not be so eager to share her bed.

47 is going to kill him now. Suddenly men start BANGING on the bedroom door. Belicoff slowly lifts his hand from his pocket.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
But you'll never have that chance...

Mischa holds out a tiny remote from his robe pocket.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
Panic button. I pressed it when you came in.

AGENT 47
The door is steel. We have a few moments.

BELICOFF
Perhaps. But you will never escape from here alive. There are over a hundred soldiers here. You are a dead man. Some consolation I suppose...

47 just smiles, glancing at his watch. Mischa stares at him, stoic.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
There is nothing more I have to say to you.

Then a thought brings an evil grin to Mischa's face.

BELICOFF (CONT'D)
Just know, the whore is broken. I did it myself. She has no chance at a real life. With you dead, she'll return to the only thing she knows. And flat on her back, all she will have to dull the pain, is a dim memory of you. Pathetic.
(His grin fades)
Get on with it then.

We PULL BACK into a wide as 47 lifts his silenced .45.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

We HEAR a slight PFFFT. The boy looks up as birds fly up from the balcony.

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

47 looks at Belicoff's body on the floor. From outside the door, men batter at the steel. The CLINGING echoes through the room. He can HEAR men gathering below the balcony outside as well.

47 walks over to the desk and checks his watch again. He doesn't look happy. He unslings the automatic rifle from under his coat, leaning it against the desk and sits, facing the door. He calmly places one .45 on the desk, lays the other next to it, and checks his watch once more.

We TRACK toward the room's entrance. BLAM, BLAM. Splinters fly. Someone is shooting at the wall holding the steel door. We PUSH through it.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Soldiers crowd the hall. We TRACK ABOVE them, and DOWN the stairs. Which is equally packed with men. It is obvious that 47 is completely outnumbered and outgunned. We continue TRACKING to the bottom of the stairs and across the main room.

And then, through the glass door, we see flashing red and blue lights.

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

The hinges to the door are blown off and the door sags inward. 47 snatches up his .45's, one in each hand. And then we HEAR YELLING from the first floor. No one rushes in.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

MIKE

Interpol! Drop your weapons!

Mike, his men, and the Interpol HRT team storm the stairs. The Russians point their weapons at the HRT team who aim back, but clearly Belicoff's men are confused about what to do.

CLARKSON

Drop your bloody weapons!

Mike, his badge held high, makes his way toward the bedroom.

MIKE

We have an arrest warrant for that man!
Stand down!

The Russians have no choice but to allow Interpol to move into the bedroom.

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

47 places his weapons on the desk and raises his hands just as Mike and his boys swarm into the room.

JENKINS

Don't move! On your knees, hands on your head!

47 complies. Mike looks at him as an HRT Guy frisks him.

MIKE

Don't do anything stupid.

AGENT 47

I wouldn't dream of it.

HRT GUY

He's clean, sir.

Clarkson pulls out his handcuffs.

MIKE
I'll do that, Clarky.

Mike puts the cuffs on 47. He looks at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You almost had me, you know.

AGENT 47
Almost...

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

They lead 47, in cuffs, through the main floor, through all of the Russian soldiers, who just stare in confusion.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Mike follows behind 47 as his boys lead him to the SUV. He watches 47 as Clarkson and the HRT Guy put 47 in the rear seat of the SUV. They close the door, but still Mike stares at 47 through the window. 47 glances up at Mike for a moment, then back down.

CLARKSON
Congratulations, Gov'nor. You got him.

Jenkins slaps Mike on the back. Mike can't suppress a smile as he gets into the vehicle.

Clarkson powers the SUV away from Belicoff's country house.

INT. LEAD SUV - DAY

Mike looks at 47 in the visor mirror. 47 looks up at him.

AGENT 47
Something you want to know?

MIKE
Just one thing. Knowing how this ends, was it worth it? Killing Belicoff?

AGENT 47
Knowing how this ends? Definitely.

Mike nods, turning around. Clarkson is looking in the rearview mirror.

CLARKSON
What do you make of that?

Mike looks out the back glass.

MIKE
What the hell?

47 seems calm as he can be, like he's on his way to church.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Suddenly, they are set upon by four, blacked out, armored SUVs. The vehicles surround them and drive them off the road.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

Mike's SUV slides to a stop. He starts to get out, but both vehicles are quickly surrounded by men in dark suits. Of course these men are wearing armored vests and wielding serious firepower. All of Mike's men, including the HRT guys, are freaking out.

MIKE

Who the fuck are you?

A man walks over from one of the suburbans. Despite his shades, we easily recognize him as Smith.

SMITH

I'm Agent Smith with the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. I need all of your men out and to the rear of that vehicle.

JENKINS

You don't have jurisdiction here.

SMITH

We aren't here. Which means when we open up on you, and shred your bodies with automatic-fire, then this will never have happened...

Mike sighs as he is moved to the back of the second vehicle, where his men, hands up against the vehicle, are being relieved of their weapons. They are quickly joined by all the rest of his men.

CLARKSON

I'd like to know what in God's fucking name you think you are doing.

SMITH

We have reason to believe you are involved in terrorist activities.

MIKE

We are with Interpol, and in accordance with Section 3578.9A, we are transporting an international criminal. You are seriously overstepping your job here, mate.

Mike tosses him his badge. Smith casually looks at him.

SMITH

What criminal?

Mike looks over. There is no one in the back. It is empty.

CLARKSON

You stupid American shit!

SMITH
(To his men)
Watch them.

Smith goes to look in the car. He picks up a card off the back seat, pocketing it.

He walks back over to Mike, handing him his badge back.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You know what, I'm sorry, man. My mistake.
I thought you were someone else.

CLARKSON
You cocksucking prick! You let him get
away!

SMITH
Load up boys.

Smith and his men walk back toward their blacked-out suburbans. Smith turns around to Mike and his men.

SMITH (CONT'D)
On behalf of the United States government,
I'd like to extend to you our sincerest
apologies.

Smith winks at them, smiles, and gets into the truck.

As the suburban speeds away we PAN back around to Mike, who just stands there for a moment.

MIKE
I need a cigarette.

We CRANE UP moving away from them as Mike just stands there taking a moment.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Smith stares out the window at Moscow. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws the white card he found on the back seat of Mike's SUV. It is one of Smith's own business cards. He flips it over.

On the back is written, "We are even."

Smith smiles, letting the card fly out of the window.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MIKE'S STUDY - NIGHT

We are now back where we started. 47 sits across from Mike. Rain clatters on the window as they look at each other.

MIKE
So now what?

AGENT 47
I want to be left alone.

MIKE

Just like that?

AGENT 47

Yes. Just like that.

47 stands. Pulls the blanket off the mound on the floor. Underneath is a man. We recognize him as the man 47 spoke to Diana about on the train from St. Petersburg. But he is dressed in a black suit with a red tie. And his head has been shaved.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

That is the man you have been looking for. Seems besides drug running and kidnapping, he has also been assassinating people all over Europe.

MIKE

I don't follow.

AGENT 47

Yes you do. I'm finished. More accurately I never existed. This is the man you have been searching for. The man who killed so many.

47 places Mike's weapon on the desk. The H&K.

AGENT 47 (CONT'D)

Ballistics will confirm he was shot by your weapon. The magazine is in the night stand next to your bed. Don't forget it before you call your superiors.

(Then)

He broke into your house. And you were forced to defend yourself. He died. Right here on your rug. You're a hero.

MIKE

You killed him here...?

AGENT 47

It's five. If you wait a few hours, until the girls go to school, then you won't have to expose them to this. And it explains why you waited so long before you called it in.

MIKE

I can't go along with this...

47 moves to the french doors, then stops. Staring at him.

AGENT 47

I truly hope you can. Because the assassin, the hitman, is dead. Finished. It's time we both move on. Let the dead stay dead. For both our sakes. And for your family's.

(Opens the door)

Goodbye Michael. I hope I never see you again.

And with that 47 is gone, disappearing into the night. Mike sighs, thinking.

INT. PARISIAN POSTAL STORE - DAY

Nika hands the clerk a couple of Euros then takes the Fed Ex envelope to a side counter. She tears it open and pulls out the contents. A single page. Nika smiles.

It is the real estate ad from the magazine. For the winery in the South of France. An address has been written on it in marker.

EXT. WINERY - HIGH ANGLE

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: BORDEAUX PROVENCE, FRANCE

We PAN LEFT, across the 72 hectares of prime growing fields, past the wineries, the stables and out-buildings, to the huge 17th Century chateau.

A private drive winds through the trees, up to the steps where a taxi is parked. Nika gets out of the taxi, looks around and giggles. She starts to run inside.

REAL ESTATE BROKER
(In French, subtitled)
Wait, wait, hold that taxi!

A chic 30ish Frenchman, dressed in a nice suit, hurries down the steps. He leans in to the cabbie, speaking.

REAL ESTATE BROKER (CONT'D)

Parlez-vous Francais?

NIKA
A little...

REAL ESTATE BROKER
Nevermind. You are a little late. My partner already went back.

NIKA
I'm sorry.

REAL ESTATE BROKER
No problem. Here, sign this please.

He puts papers on the roof of the taxi, handing her a pen. Confused she signs her name. He points to another sheaf of papers. He smiles, folding the two documents.

REAL ESTATE BROKER (CONT'D)
Merci. The staff are waiting inside.

NIKA
(Grinning, excited)
Where is he? Inside?

REAL ESTATE BROKER
I'm sorry?

NIKA

The man who owns this place.

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Madame... You own this chateau.

He hands her one of the folded documents.

REAL ESTATE BROKER (CONT'D)

Merci.

He gets into the cab. She runs to the window.

NIKA

Wait! I'm meeting someone.

He slaps his forehead. Then pulls an envelope from his coat.

REAL ESTATE BROKER

I forgot... I am supposed to give you this. Au revoir.

She stands back, holding the envelope as the taxi speeds away, through the gate and down the private road.

Nika opens the envelope and pulls out a card. We PUSH IN as she reads. She glances at the taxi as it disappears, then back at the card. Tears begin rolling down her face.

She slumps down, sitting on the steps, Reading it again. We PULL BACK, CRANING UP as Nika cries. We CONTINUE UP and BACK, MOVING QUICKLY away. The image CHANGES. We are now seeing the scene from far away, through a sniper scope.

EXT. HILL - DAY

47 lowers the scope, not attached to a rifle. He is not happy. He lifts the scope again.

47's POV - OF THE CHATEAU. A servant comes out of the chateau, moving down the steps. She rests her hand on Nika's shoulder, who looks at her. The maid motions her inside, a compassionate smile on her face. Together they move into the chateau.

BACK ON 47 who lowers the scope. Through the stoic exterior, we feel the sadness. The loneliness.

We CRANE UP as 47 walks off toward the waiting Mercedes.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END