

THE TOURIST

by
Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck

based on an original script by Jérôme Salle

Previous drafts by

Julian Fellowes
William Wheeler
Jeffrey Nachmanoff
Christopher McQuarrie
David Koepp

1

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

1

Sophisticated built-in technical equipment -Grade A video monitors, directional microphones, recording devices. 2 French plainclothes policemen operating them, adjusting dials, pointing the video camera that looks out through the one-way glass toward an upscale Parisian residential building. The door opens and a third policeman, obviously the team leader, climbs in and closes the door behind them. His arrival doesn't break their concentration.

FRENCH INTERPOL SERGEANT

Alors?

(They speak in French with English subtitles.)

FRENCH INTERPOL OFFICER 1

Target is on schedule today.

They are focusing the video camera on a nondescript shadowy shape moving behind a curtain on the second floor. Suddenly the shape moves away from the window. A gentle ALARM resounds.

FRENCH INTERPOL OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Target has left the apartment. 10 seconds.

They point the camera downward onto the apartment building's heavy, varnished front door. They signal to their driver to start the engine. He does.

2

EXT. PLACE DES VICTOIRES

2

Almost exactly 10 seconds in, the door opens ominously and out of the shadow steps... the most beautiful and elegant young woman imaginable - hardly what we expected the "target" to be. This is ELISE CLIFTON-WARD. We should get used to being surprised by her.

We watch her walk down the street.

3

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

3

The van is slowly following her at a distance. The cops zoom their camera in on her, a little too far -her legs, her bottom, her neck. It's a well-rehearsed routine, but they still enjoy it.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

On the other side of the square on a bench sits a mysterious man whose face is covered by the newspaper he is reading. We see a distinctive copper bracelet around his arm. Since it is an English paper, we'll call him THE ENGLISHMAN for now. From BEHIND, we see him lower the newspaper a little bit and watch the courier enter the Cafe.

9

INT. CAFE

9

Elise sits at her table, lost in thought, dragging a finger along a small amulet on her bracelet.

In the BG, the messenger takes a letter from his bag, reads the name out loud to all the customers.

FRENCH COURIER

Elise Ward?

Elise eyes the courier for a moment, until she looks at him to show him that he is looking for her. The courier walks over.

FRENCH COURIER (CONT'D)

C'est vous?

Elise takes the letter from him.

FRENCH COURIER (CONT'D)

(in French)

I need a signature.

10

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

10

For a moment longer, the boss watches his men play their computer game. Then his gaze strays back out the window. Suddenly he sees that someone (the courier) is interacting with Elise.

He calls out to his men. They immediately quit their game and put the live feed back on the monitor, study it. The boss keeps staring at the screen, simultaneously dialing a number on his cell phone. All this happens very quickly.

11 **INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM**

11

A vibrating cell phone is picked up by AGENT JOHN ACHESON, 40, intense and attractive, but mostly intense. He is in an office with a half dozen desks, all oriented toward a large plexiglas screen that shows a map of London. From the placement of his desk, and from his demeanor, it is obvious that he is in charge here.

ACHESON
(clipped)
Yes?

INTERCUT with French surveillance van.

FRENCH INTERPOL SERGEANT
(in English now)
She is at her usual cafe. She is speaking with a man. He looks like a courier. But you said to call if anything--

Before he can finish, Acheson hits a button to get the video feed, and on the plexiglas screen in front of him and his London team appears --Grand Theft Auto! Even the THEME MUSIC resounds.

ACHESON
What am I looking at?!

In the van, in panic, French Officer 1 hits the proper button, switching to the live feed.

In his office, Acheson squints, trying to make out who the courier is.

12 **INT. CAFE**

12

The courier is a little flustered by Elise's beauty and has only just found his invoice pad that Elise now signs.

13 **INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM**

13

Acheson is angry he can't control the camera himself.

ACHESON
His face. Stay on his face...

The waiter rushes over, but the letter is already completely burnt. He still pours water from a carafe over it just to be safe.

French Officer 1 runs in, flashing his badge, looks at the confused waiter reproachfully, but sees that nothing can be saved.

Acheson's voice crackles over the walkie-talkie:

ACHESON (O.S.)

Well?

Cop 1 looks into the tea pot -only charred remains floating in tiny pieces in sparkling water.

FRENCH INTERPOL OFFICER 1

(into walkie talkie, in
English, strong French
accent)

The paper is burnt to shit.

He reaches forward to tilt the teapot.

ACHESON

Don't. Fucking. Touch it.

21 **EXT. CAFE**

21

As Elise heads down the sidewalk, the VAN follows.

The Englishman is still sitting on his bench, behind his paper. When Elise and the van have disappeared, he gets up, folds up his newspaper and walks into the same direction they disappeared in. For the first time we see his face. Good-looking. Intelligent. Determined.

22 **EXT. PLACE DES PETITS PÈRES**

22

Elise walks across a square and sees the reflection of the van following her in a shop window. She quickly walks into the entrance of a pedestrians-only shopping arcade.

23 **INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN**

23

The cops see her disappear, panic at the thought of what Acheson will do to them if they lose her.

Jones signs document after document that is being presented to him by an assistant who explains what he's signing. A copper plate on his desk says "N. Jones". He doesn't look up when addressing Acheson who is sitting in front of him like a defiant kid at the principal's office.

JONES

So, Alexander Pearce has a new face, just as you suspected.

He breaks off to listen to his assistant and sign a paper.

JONES (CONT'D)

I would guess it must have taken quite a lot of the money he stole from Demidov to finance this transformation.

He reaches out for a report on his desk, and glances at it: a fax with an arrest photo of the sympathetic courier.

JONES (CONT'D)

Achmed Tchebali, bicycle courier of Algerian descent. Not only has Pearce acquired a wife and child, but he is also four inches shorter than he used to be. That must have been a big item of expenditure.

At last he looks up.

JONES (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Acheson, you have indeed cracked this case.

Acheson does not reply. Jones doesn't expect him to.

ACHESON

(with as little aggression as possible for him)
Sir, today she received a note. We have reason to believe it was from...-

JONES

Alexander Pearce has 744 million in illegal assets that, given he is a British subject, we might seize. This operation so far has cost me eight million pounds.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

If I thought there were more than a one-in-a-hundred chance that you could be successful, it would be rational for me to continue the operation. I do not.

Acheson is dismissed. He gets up and leaves.

30 **INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN**

30

CU on liquid being dribbled onto the charred pieces of the letter that are laid out on a portable light box. Like a magic trick, the color changes and the writing becomes visible again, with the speed of the development of a Polaroid picture. The light box doubles as a scanner, the light bar of the scanner begins moving, and the hundred little pieces become visible on Acheson's screen in London.

31 **INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

31

Acheson has to keep it quiet, because people are already presenting him with details on other cases. He ignores their briefings.

He goes to work hard on the puzzle. It seems like an impossible task, because the hundreds of tiny pieces all have jagged edges, each with only a hint of a scribbled line on them. But he goes about trying to re-assemble them in a very systematic fashion, flipping, turning and shuffling

32 **INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN**

32

The French team - Officer 1 has re-joined them in the meantime- is standing by, watching his efforts on their surveillance monitor. They are impressed by his structure and computer agility. Apparently, they have not been advised of Jones' decision to end the operation.

The following exchange is INTERCUT with Acheson's control room in Scotland Yard.

Acheson has assembled the tiniest of pieces. He adjusts the contrast. It seems to read: "8:22".

ACHESON (V.O.)
(through loudspeakers, in
subdued voice)
(MORE)

ACHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 "8:22". What does that mean in
 France?

FRENCH INTERPOL SERGEANT
 (shrugging)
 The same as in England, I think:
 8:22.

Acheson cannot argue with that. Keeps working on the puzzle.
 Another word becomes visible: "Lyon".

ACHESON
 (trying out)
 Lyon... Are they meeting in
 Lyon?... They will meet in Lyon at
 8:22?

He keeps assembling.

FRENCH INTERPOL SERGEANT
 (into radio)
Gare de Lyon, perhaps?

Acheson tries out some pieces with dizzying speed. And indeed
 manages to assemble a "Gare de..." neighboring piece.

ACHESON
 (excited)
 The train station! An 8:22 train.

33 **INT. GARE DE LYON TRAIN STATION**

33

The mechanical arrivals and departures board at the Gare de
 Lyon. Above it, the elegant, classical wrought-iron dome of
 the station. Elise rises up the escalator INTO FRAME, looks
 toward the board. Walks to it. The rapidly changing platelets
 click-clack into position to give us: "8:22 to Venice,
 platform 12."

34 **INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CABIN**

34

Elise goes through the cars of the moving train, looking for
 a man of the right age and build, traveling alone. She soon
 spots a single man. The seat opposite him is empty. As she
 starts moving toward him, he is joined by his male companion.
 Elise walks on.

A little distance down, a man is eyeing Elise very intensely, and cannot believe it when she actually returns his gaze, and after a moment's eye-flirt starts moving toward him. Just that moment his wife who had stepped out re-joins him. He will be left wondering for months what could have been.

Finally, Elise has run out of options in first class, and moves through the door to the second class cabin.

35

INT. TRAIN - SECOND CLASS CABIN

35

Not that much less luxurious, but a lot fuller. After walking a little while, she sees a man of 40, who has just settled into a spy novel, and is smoking, right beneath a white-and-red no smoking sign -oblivious to the indignation of the people around him. This is FRANK TUPELO.

The seat opposite him is empty -for obvious reasons. Elise sits down across from him, and looks at him openly. She is intrigued and slightly amused by his behavior. Finally he looks up, and cannot hide how shocked he is by her beauty. He quickly tries to pull himself together, and gain enough composure to (pretend to) continue reading his spy novel. But she keeps looking at him, with an amused expression on her face. He keeps hiding behind his book.

FRANK

(finally, from behind his
book, apologetic)

It's not a real cigarette.

ELISE

I'm sorry - what?

Frank lowers his book, a little shy. Points at the cigarette.

FRANK

Electronic. Delivers the same
nicotine, though. The smoke is
water vapor... see?

He takes the lit end and rubs it on top of his hand. Nothing happens.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(explaining, a little
proud)

LED light.

Elise is not as impressed as he had hoped she would be.

ELISE
That's somewhat disappointing.

FRANK
You'd rather have me smoking for
real?

ELISE
I'd rather have you be a man who
just did as he pleased.

Frank laughs, perplexed.

A beat. Elise smiles.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I'm Elise.

FRANK
Frank.

ELISE
(still smiling)
That's a terrible name.

FRANK
It's the only one I've got.

ELISE
Maybe we can find you another.

FRANK
Hmm. All right.

He is a little disconcerted, but doesn't want the
conversation to break off.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So, what takes you to Venice?

She nods toward his well-thumbed paperback.

ELISE
You read spy novels.
I'm a mysterious woman on a train.
You tell me what my story is.

FRANK

Okay... you'd be a diplomatic attaché
or... maybe a girl from East Germany
whose father's been kidnapped.
They're blackmailing you into
stealing... probably... a
microfilm. There's usually
microfilm involved.

ELISE

What awaits me?

FRANK

Trouble, certainly.

ELISE

Danger?

FRANK

No doubt. You'll probably be shot
at in less than two chapters.

ELISE

Is there a man in my life?

Beat. He smiles at her. He's out of his league but what the
hell?

FRANK

Have to wait and see.

Elise is a little impressed, but doesn't lose a beat

ELISE

Invite me to dinner, Frank.

Pause.

FRANK

Would you... like to have dinner?

ELISE

You see, it was all going so well
until then.

FRANK

Because I invited you to dinner.

ELISE

You asked me to dinner.

FRANK
You asked me to ask you to dinner.

ELISE
I told you to invite me.

FRANK
And I... asked.

ELISE
You understand.

FRANK
No.

ELISE
Women don't like questions.

FRANK
So how do I invite you to dinner?

ELISE
Don't ask.

Beat. Then he realizes what she means.

FRANK
Join me for dinner.

ELISE
Too demanding.

FRANK
Join me for dinner?

ELISE
Another question.

Frank thinks, then...

FRANK
I'm... having dinner if you care to
join me.

Elise smiles.

CUT TO:

A36 **AERIAL SHOT**

A36

The train winds through the sunlit Tuscan landscape.

36 **INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR**

36

Frank and Elise are in the middle of a meal on the understatedly elegant dining car. Elise is sipping white wine. We cut straight into their conversation:

 ELISE
 (this is the third or
 fourth try)
 Musician?

Frank shakes his head

 ELISE (CONT'D)
 Bartender?

Frank shakes his head again.

 ELISE (CONT'D)
 I give up.

 FRANK
 (almost apologetic)
 I teach math.

 ELISE
 Math?

He nods.

 ELISE (CONT'D)
 Would not have guessed that. I bet
 you're the "cool" math teacher,
 though.

 FRANK
 (she got him)
 Still a math teacher.

The two young French Interpol Officers are watching from afar. We know them from the van (grand theft auto). One pretends to take a picture of the other on his i-phone, but actually secretly zooms in to the other row and takes a picture of Frank. He presses the 'send' button.

37

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM

37

Acheson is still trying to piece together the puzzle when he receives the e-mail with Frank's picture.

Acheson immediately gets up and takes the picture to a SENIOR TECHNICIAN, who is sitting in front of a massive computer tower on what looks like a bar-stool in the corner of the control room.

ACHESON

Could this be Pearce?

SENIOR TECHNICIAN

Are we still working on that?

Acheson throws him a glance somewhere between pleading and menacing. The technician starts to map facial grids over the picture.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Well, we only have the sketches to go by, so...

He catches Acheson's eye. His expression says: 'no preambles, no excuses'.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

...Ectomorph, yes... same basic phenotype. Bottom line: Could be him.

ACHESON

(excited, to himself)

I knew he couldn't leave her.

(to the technician)

Run a worldwide blind check on the face. I'll bet ten quid there's no match.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN

What case number do you want me to book it under?

ACHESON

Just run it.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN

You really think it's Pearce?

But Acheson doesn't even hear the question - strides over to his desk, dials an extension.

ACHESON
Get me Italian Interpol.

38 INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR

38

The two French Interpol officers try awkwardly to look like friends traveling together. But even Frank notices something is wrong. He leans in to Elise, looking toward them from the corner of his eye.

FRANK
(very quietly, serious)
You know what, I have a strange
feeling those two are watching us.

Elise doesn't reply immediately, looks toward the two men, matches Frank's body language and leans in really close to him.

ELISE
(conspiratorial)
You know, I think you are right.

FRANK
(quickly, shocked)
Really?!?

And Elise laughs a bell-like laugh. She tricked him. It was all just a joke. Frank isn't that amused.

39 EXT. SANTA LUCIA TRAIN STATION, VENICE - DAY

39

A stack of photocopied, blown-up images of the i-phone picture of Frank is handed out to ten men in plainclothes by an Italian Interpol Sergeant.

He points his men to cover all train exits, and they rush to position themselves in pairs of 2 along the platform. Waiting for the train. Studying the picture. Waiting to make the arrest.

40 INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR

40

The wine glasses are empty, and are being cleared away.

ELISE

So what are you doing all alone in
the city of lovers. Is there no one
in your life?

FRANK

(hesitant)

There was...

He doesn't want to say more.

ELISE

(innocently)

What happened?

Beat.

FRANK

She left me.

ELISE

I'm sorry to hear that, Frank.

An almost intimate exchange of glances happens between them,
interrupted by the ticket taker announcing:

TICKET TAKER

10 minutes to Venice station, end
of the line.

The tender moment is gone.

FRANK

I better go and get my suitcase
then.

ELISE

Good bye.

FRANK

(taken aback by the
realization, melancholic)

Bye.

DETAIL

Printer spews out an official government document with Frank's smiling passport picture. On top of the page, a box reads "Frank Tupelo. 100% match".

The Senior technician takes it.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN

Oh, shit.

He walks over to Acheson's desk. Acheson is focused on moving the pieces of the letter around - he's got most of it together except the last portion. He is getting faster and faster as he gets to the end.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Sir, I -...

Acheson doesn't stop racing the pieces around and raises a finger to make the technician be quiet.

And then he has it. The puzzle is complete.

ACHESON (V.O.)

...choose a passenger my height and build and make them believe it's me. Alexander...

His heart sinks. He turns to the technician, almost as if for help. The technician hands him the printout, which he takes like a sleepwalker, staring at it blankly. Another nail in his coffin.

SENIOR TECHNICIAN

We did get a match. He's a math teacher at Madison Community College, Frank Tupelo. Lost his wife in a car crash 3 years ago. He's a tourist.

Acheson stares at him blankly, picks up the phone, and, with a very different intonation from the first time

ACHESON

(defeated, clenched teeth)
Get me Italian Interpol....

Five goons sit around him playing poker. He warns one of them he's about to make a wrong move. This guy is multitasking, even without paying attention.

One of the goons' cell phone rings.

DEMIDOV'S MAN #5

Yes.

JUNIOR TECHNCIAN (O.S.)

I have a piece of information for Mr. Demidov.

DEMIDOV'S MAN #5

I'm listening.

While Thug 5 listens, Demidov continues reading and advising the nearest player on how to play his cards.

Thug 5 hangs up and turns to Demidov.

DEMIDOV'S MAN #5 (CONT'D)

Alexander Pearce just arrived in Venice. With her.

Demidov doesn't seem to acknowledge this, doesn't even lower his book, pushes the intercom button, speaks to the pilot:

DEMIDOV

Valeriy, we'll buy those aircraft next week. Change of course: Venice.

Then he looks up at his men--

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

What do I own in Venice?

45 **EXT. SANTA LUCIA TRAIN STATION, VENICE - DAY**

45

Back to Frank standing on the embankment, studying a map, a little lost.

Elise, in the elegant wood-paneled Hotel Shuttle Boat marked 'Danieli Hotel', has her chauffeur drive up to him:

ELISE

Do you want to come with me?

FRANK

I could use a lift.

She smiles at him enigmatically. He happily goes with her.
The boat moves toward Venice.

46 **EXT. CANAL GRANDE - VARIOUS - DAY** 46

SUBJECTIVE SHOTS

of traveling through the Canal Grande.

47 **EXT. HOTEL DANIELI - DAY** 47

They arrive at the boat entrance of the hotel. Elise gets off. Frank begins to offer another farewell.

ELISE

(barely stopping)

Are you coming?

He follows her into the lobby, perplexed. The valet carries his suitcase in behind him.

48 **INT. HOTEL DANIELI - LOBBY - DAY** 48

At the reception in the spectacular lobby.

ELISE

Elise Clifton-Ward...

(turning to Frank for the
smallest moment)

...and husband.

Frank's eyes widen with astonishment. He hands her his passport.

RECEPTIONIST

Very good to have you here,
Signora.

He is a man, too: he means it.

As they are led out of the lobby toward their room, an arm with a distinctive copper bracelet hands in a room key.

Frank, uncomfortable, walks out of the room, and onto the balcony.

The view is the best that Venice has to offer. He takes out his electronic cigarette and clicks it on.

A51 **AERIAL SHOT**

A51

Demidov's Gulfstream Jet flies above the glorious Venetian isles. As we fly past it, we catch a glimpse of the generosity for which this city stands: San Mark's Square, the Church of the Salute, the Grand Canal, Giudecca, the Dogana.

The plane lands on an empty airstrip one island down.

51 **EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD**

51

The airplane taxis to a halt. The cabin door opens, the mechanical staircase folds down. Demidov exits that instant. He briefs his 5 thugs as he moves down the airfield to the boat.

DEMIDOV

(recap)

We know he will be with her. They will be staying at one of the big hotels. Keep a watch on all of them. You can kill her, you can't kill him. Until we have my money, that is.

The thugs take note. They get onto the boat that is waiting for them at the dock. One of them signals to the driver. The boat pulls out toward Venice.

CUT BACK TO:

52 **INT. DOGE'S SUITE**

52

Elise opens the door from the master bedroom. She's dressed for the evening, wearing an outfit from the closet.

You know, "magnificent" is big, as far as descriptors go, but it's not inaccurate in this case. Our eyes are unaccustomed to such elegance.

Frank tugs his coat down in back.

FRANK
You're -- ravenous.

She looks at him, puzzled.

ELISE
Do you mean ravishing?

FRANK
I do.

ELISE
You're ravenous.

FRANK
(sheepish)
I am.

53 **EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

53

A little square by the Canal off the beaten path.

Elise and Frank are seated outdoors, and are just done ordering food. She in her glorious dress, he in a fresh shirt. They hand the waiter back the menus. They each drink a red cocktail.

ELISE
Let me guess. It's a nice restaurant?

Frank smiles, doesn't mind being poked fun at.

FRANK
It is a nice restaurant.

Frank takes in her beauty, her glamorous attire.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(gently)
Who is he?

She looks up -- who do you mean?

Frank looks at her, at her dress.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hotels don't leave clothes like that. Even I know. Who is he?

This is a big question for her, and she hesitates before answering.

ELISE
Someone who used to be very
important to me.

FRANK
Used to...?

He looks at her, probingly. She looks back, straight face.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Are you meeting him in Venice?

ELISE
I hope so. But part of me hopes I
don't.

FRANK
Why?

ELISE
Because I don't like being told
what to do. I don't like being
summoned.

She is nervously twirling the Roman amulet between her fingers.

She notices he noticed, looks down at the bracelet.

ELISE (CONT'D)
The Roman God Janus. My mother gave
it to me when I was little. She
wanted it to teach me that people
have two sides. A good side, a bad
side. A past and a future. And that
we have to embrace both in someone
we love.
(a hint of cynicism,
resignation)
I tried...

Frank lets this sit.

FRANK
What is he like?

ELISE
 (as if trying to explain
 to herself)
 He's...different. From anybody I
 know.

FRANK
 Different's good...
 (ponders this for a
 moment)
 Where I'm from, the highest
 compliment they can offer a person
 is to say they're down to earth.
 "Grounded." Drives me nuts.

He looks up and sees her smiling at him. The waiter shows up
 behind her.

WAITER
 Would you like another Americano?

She doesn't look at the waiter, keeps looking at Frank.
 Seductively. The waiter is a little confused, so is Frank.
 Then, after a moment:

ELISE
 I don't know. Would I?

CUT TO:

54

INT. DOGE'S SUITE - NIGHT

54

Elise is sitting on a sofa, legs crossed, enjoying herself.
 He hands her a glass of the red drink mix he's been preparing
 on a side table. She drinks from it. She looks beautiful.
 Frank sits down on the sofa opposite and stares at her. He is
 slightly buzzed. Suddenly his eyes seem to drift past her.
 She laughs a little and turns around. Behind her is a vase
 with an impressive arrangement of wild flowers.

FRANK
 Were those flowers here when we
 checked in?

He is fully thinking the answer could be 'yes'.

But Elise's mood has changed. For in the flowers she has
 discovered an envelope. She takes it out. "AP".

She opens it and removes a large engraved card.

ELISE

It's an invitation. To a ball. Two
nights from now.

FRANK

So. You've been summoned.

ELISE

(still looking at the
card)

It appears I have.

Elise is embarrassed, annoyed and moved at the same time. To escape, she opens the door to the balcony, walks out. Draws a breath. Looks down

ELISE'S POV

Down below, she sees a gondola at a gondola stop, with a man on it who's trying to look like he's not looking. At one point, he ever so briefly holds a hand to an earpiece. Police. She smiles knowingly.

BACK TO SCENE:

Frank turns, watches her for a moment. She's standing on the balcony, the wind in her hair. A stunning silhouette.

He walks toward her.

FRANK

Can I pay you a compliment?

ELISE

Another question you need never
ask.

He turns to her, looks at her. Not demanding, not expecting, just being there.

FRANK

You're the least down to earth
person I've ever met.

She is touched by this compliment, more than she would have expected. In an impulse (?) she moves forward and kisses him, not passionately, but full of warmth, one could almost call it gratitude. The CAMERA CIRCLES around them.

90 **INT. POLICE BOAT**

90

The Interpol Policemen look at each other. The SERGEANT dials a number on his phone. While it is dialing, he hands his officer a set of keys. The officer uses it to unlock the safety bar on a rack with three precision rifles. He begins checking one of the rifles.

ITALIAN INTERPOL SERGEANT

(heavy Italian accent)

Commander Acheson? Two armed men are chasing the American from yesterday. Shots have been fired. Request permission to intervene.

91 **EXT. INTERPOL FIELD OFFICE, VENICE**

91

Acheson is just getting off his boat, walks into the office building next to the huge water basin he has driven through to get here.

As he strides through the building toward his office, we see that the task force's offices are just being furnished. A team of workmen are carrying boxes and furniture into the improvised cubicles.

ACHESON

Do you still have Elise?

ITALIAN INTERPOL SERGEANT

(slightly puzzled)

We still have a visual on Elise Ward, but the American is in imminent danger.

ACHESON

You mean the math teacher from Wisconsin? I'd say: not our mandate.

92 **INT. POLICE BOAT**

92

ITALIAN INTERPOL SERGEANT

(taken aback at this answer)

Sir, this man is in real peril.

97 **EXT. BALCONY**

97

He tries to open the door that leads into the building. It is locked. The windows have bars in front of them. Not a chance to escape that way.

He runs to the end of the balcony and looks down. 20 feet below him is the Venice Fruit Market with its canvas-covered roofs.

He looks back. Legs: the Russians are just climbing down onto the same balcony. He doesn't have much time.

After a moment's hesitation, he straddles the far wall of the balcony, and climbs onto the ledge.

Below, some people see him, point at him.

98 **EXT. FRUIT MARKET**

98

A fat but likeable ITALIAN STREET COP hears the commotion, and starts moving toward the gawking crowd. Finally he comes to where Frank is standing on the ledge, in his pajama bottoms.

ITALIAN STREET COP
(into his walkie-talkie,
in Italian)
Send back-up to Fruit Market. Crazy
naked tourist here. Probably
American.

99 **EXT. BALCONY**

99

Frank on the balcony takes heart and finally jumps into the canvas cover.

100 **EXT. FRUIT MARKET**

100

The drop is surprisingly soft. He looks up and sees the Russians looking down at him from the balcony. Are they going to jump, too? Frank isn't going to hang around to find out. He quickly crawls to the edge of the canvas cover, and starts clambering down.

The fat policeman moves toward him.

As Frank swings down from the bar holding the canvas top, the policeman comes very close. Landing awkwardly, he knocks into the fat policeman and sends him stumbling toward the canal. Neither Frank nor the policeman can believe it, but the momentum can't be stopped and the policeman falls into the water.

The fat cop curses, sputtering and snorting. Frank is incredibly apologetic.

FRANK
(calling down into the
water)
I am so sorry. LO SIENTO!

The cop doesn't even hear him. He is angrily trying to reach the embankment, is keeping his walkie-talkie above the water, and shouts into it.

ITALIAN STREET COP
(breathless, in Italian,
into walkie-talkie)
Send back-up now! Have been
attacked.

Frank looks back for a second, and sees that the Russians are just getting ready to climb over the balustrade and go after him.

So he lets the cop swim back to shore on his own and runs off, through the fruit market, running past angry shoppers... right into a wall of blue uniforms: two muscular, tall policemen glaring down at him. The back-up has arrived.

CUT TO:

101

INT. VENICE POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

101

Close on the back of a well-kempt man walking down a corridor. In his right hand, he carries a coffee cup, in his left, a pad and a pencil. The tools of the trade for:

INSPECTOR LOMBARDI (45) of the Venice Police.

He walks through a string of busy, ancient Venetian offices, until he reaches his own.

102

INT. LOMBARDI'S OFFICE

102

There, a younger officer is standing next to Frank, who is sitting, handcuffed, on his chair. He is no longer in his pajama bottoms, but is now wearing an old Italian policeman's uniform, stripped of the insignia. The dark blue uniform with the red stripe down the side looks bizarre and stylish at the same time.

The younger officer salutes Lombardi. Lombardi waves him away. He leaves.

Lombardi studies Frank carefully.

Finally, Lombardi sits down, places the coffee cup on the table, and after a moment's thought, pushes it over to Frank's side.

LOMBARDI

(in English)

I think you need more than I.

Frank drinks awkwardly with his cuffed hands.

Lombardi takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, pulls one out.

LOMBARDI (CONT'D)

(offering to Frank)

You smoke?

Frank shakes his head. Not very convincingly. Lombardi smiles. He knows Frank is not telling the truth. He lights his own cigarette, places it on a cylindrical metallic ashtray, letting it smolder. He never touches it again.

He starts writing without asking any questions. He finishes writing and looks up.

LOMBARDI (CONT'D)

Now. You wish to report a murder.

FRANK

No-no-no. Some people tried to kill me.

LOMBARDI

I was told you were reporting a murder.

FRANK
Attempted murder.

Lombardi closes his note-pad.

LOMBARDI
That's not so serious.

FRANK
Not when you downgrade it from
murder. When you upgrade it from
room service it's very serious.

LOMBARDI
So is assaulting a police officer.

FRANK
That was an accident.

LOMBARDI
The officer feels differently.

Long beat.

FRANK
I think maybe I should be talking
to someone with more authority.

LOMBARDI
That would be me.

FRANK
Someone... not Italian. The Embassy
or Interpol.

LOMBARDI
(laughing)
Interpol.

FRANK
I'm an American citizen.

LOMBARDI
What does that mean?

FRANK
I'm involved in something here.
Something that started in Paris. No
offense but this is not a...
local issue.

LOMBARDI

What is it you think you're
involved in?

FRANK

I met a woman on the train from
Paris.

Lombardi opens his pad.

LOMBARDI

This is already good.

FRANK

She took me to her hotel.

Lombardi nods, impressed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No, no... she is involved with
another man. I think she loves him.

LOMBARDI

I am sorry to hear that.

FRANK

This man, whatever his story is,
some people are obviously trying to
kill him.

LOMBARDI

How do you know this?

FRANK

Because they tried to kill me.

LOMBARDI

('I'm not quite
following')
They tried to kill you...

FRANK

Because they must have thought I
was him.

LOMBARDI

Are you taking any medication?

FRANK

Do I look like I'm taking medication?

Lombardi looks at the unshaven man in old policeman's clothes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No. I'm not on medication.

Lombardi closes the pad again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have to believe me-

Lombardi looks at him hard and long.

LOMBARDI

I like you, Mr. Tupelo, but surely you understand how strange this all sounds.

Frank does. Lombardi thinks about what he wants to do. He pushes down on the cylindrical ashtray, thereby making the plate spin. The cigarette and ashes disappear in the cylinder without a trace. He picks up his pad.

LOMBARDI (CONT'D)

Come with me.

They walk together through the corridors, until they reach... a holding cell. With a regretful glance, he locks Frank in.

LOMBARDI (CONT'D)

(apologizing, through the bars)

It is only until I check-eh some facts.

Lombardi leaves. Frank stays behind, face to face with a very weird looking fellow prisoner who looks at him with an unreadable expression.

FRANK

Hi.

TIME CUT:

103 **INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

103

The door opens slowly, a crack of light spilling across Franks body. His fellow prisoner is sleeping. We sense trouble... But it is only Lombardi.

LOMBARDI

(whispering)

Your facts checked out. We have to leave.

FRANK

I don't understand.

LOMBARDI

(whispering, intensely,
quickly)

The man you talked about is called Alexander Pearce. He stole big money from the Russian mafia. They have come to Venice to find him. They think you are him. They have placed a... -come si dice?- ...a bounty on your head. You are not safe here.

He helps Frank to his feet. Lombardi takes out a pair of handcuffs.

LOMBARDI (CONT'D)

(regretfully)

This has to look right.

Frank reluctantly lets Lombardi put the cuffs on.

104 **EXT. LOMBARDI'S BOAT - NIGHT**

104

C/U ON FRANK'S HANDS

cuffed to a rail on the side of the moving boat.

105 **EXT. CANALS**

105

Lombardi pilots Frank through a few dark, foggy canals.

Finally, they arrive at a dark square. Lombardi ties the boat to a jetty and gets off.

LOMBARDI

Wait here for a moment.

As if Frank had a choice.

Lombardi goes out onto the square, lights a cigarette, waits for something. Frank is confused.

Suddenly, first as dark shadows, then ever clearer, out of the mist come 3 of the Russian mobsters. Lombardi is expecting them: He is selling Frank to the Russians!

In the distance of the canal, we see the light of another boat approaching from the same direction they came from.

Lombardi is haggling with the Russians about the money.

The boat approaching is a regular taxi boat. In it a hooded driver. Before the driver passes Frank, the Russians and Lombardi stop debating and look up quietly to see if Frank is attempting anything stupid. It looks like he isn't.

But as the boat moves past him, Frank can see for a flash of a second that it's Elise under the hood.

As she passes, she silently hands him the end of a rope, but keeps moving. Lombardi and the Russians don't see it.

Frank ties the cord the only place he can: to the rail he's cuffed to, near the back of the boat.

The Russians and Lombardi, thinking the taxi boat has passed, get back to negotiating.

The line now connecting the two boats unspools and after a few moments goes taught, pulling the boat away from the jetty!

The sound makes the Russians turn.

In that moment, Elise revs the motor, the force pulling the line off the wooden pole. Frank's boat spins around, and is now being dragged, backside first, and slightly sideways!

Frank tries to control the boat by handling the steering wheel with his foot (he can't reach it otherwise).

The Russians rush up to a bridge, pull their guns and begin FIRING at Elise. Each SHOT gives a TRIPLE SALVE. Elise's WINDSCREEN SHATTERS. But she ducks down, and the raised rear cabin of her taxi boat protects her from the bullets.

Elise takes a corner, and disappears from the Russians' line of fire. And their orders clearly state that they cannot shoot Frank.

Since Frank's steering is impaired by the awkward position at which he is being towed, he cannot rejoice for too long. His boat doesn't take the turn as smoothly as Elise's: it SLAMS against a wall as it is pulled into the next canal.

Lombardi, not wanting to get involved any further, slips away with his money, never to be seen again.

Since they cannot follow on foot (no sidewalks), the Russians run off into a street.

107

EXT. CANAL

107

We pick up Elise coming around a corner onto a canal that does have a sidewalk. CAMERA is in front of her, looking back at Frank. Since his boat is being dragged back first, it is lower in the water at the backside. So it's filling up with water at an alarming speed.

FRANK

(shouting to Elise)

I think we've lost them!

(re: handcuffs)

Let's try and get me out of these!

ELISE

(calling back)

We need to get to the big waters first.

Suddenly we see the Russians running behind them on the sidewalk. Elise and Frank don't see them yet. We want to call out to them, warn them. But then Frank hears their STEPS. And turns around... Terrified realization!

FRANK

Elise!!

Demidov's Man #1 is the fastest of the group. He runs at a slightly faster speed than Elise's boat, running past Franks's boat, running up to Elise. He FIRES at her, as do the others, but she ducks behind the cabin and the side wall of the boat, protecting herself from the bullets. She is going as fast as she can, and has started turning into another canal, to her right, to get away.

When Demidov's Man #1 sees that the boat is veering off, he - pistol in hand- leaps onto a parked boat that is standing at the turn between him and Elise and skips off it onto Elise's boat.

Seeing this from the corner of her eye, she spins the wheel for a sharp right turn, so when he lunges, he does not make it onto the inside of her boat, but hangs onto the side of the boat, less than a foot away from Elise, his legs dragging in the water. He begins climbing into the boat.

Frank watches from behind in terror, chained, frustrated there is nothing he can do to help.

Elise tries to pry off the thug's hands holding on to the side of the boat. But when she does so, the Russian grabs for her arm, pulling her toward him! She only just about manages to break free and retreat back toward the steering wheel.

She looks around, desperate, for anything that she can use as a weapon. Finally she pulls the lifesaver from under the steering wheel, lifts it with fierce determination and smashes it down on the thug's hands. After a few blows, he has to let go, and falls into the water.

But being in the water doesn't distract him from his determination to kill. He stays afloat by paddling with one arm, while he aims the pistol at Elise. He has a clear view of her now! But Frank, seeing this, spins the wheel to the side with his foot, thereby steering his boat in the direction of the back of the thug's head. It slams against him before he can shoot. Demidov's Man #1 sinks.

108

EXT. STREET

108

The two remaining Russians, #2 and #3, split up to cover more ground.

Demidov's Man #3 runs along a narrow alley, parallel to the canal, looking down the side alleys that dead end into the canal. Nothing on alley one. He runs on. Looks.

Nothing on alley two. He runs on. On the third alleyway, he sees the end of Elise's boat just pass under a bridge right to left.

He sprints down the road and runs up onto the bridge. Elise's boat is already quite far away, of course, but the Russian reaches the bridge just in time to jump down and land on the last part of Frank's boat (which is the front tip of the boat, since it is backside first).

109

EXT. CANAL

109

By steering with his legs left and right and left and right, Frank makes the boat wobble, making it impossible for the thug to aim his gun properly at Elise. But he still moves continually closer to Frank.

Elise looks back and sees Demidov's Man #3 has almost reached Frank. She puts her boat into reverse gear, making it stop and then backing into Frank's boat at a considerable speed, SLAMMING against it! This indeed knocks the Russian off his feet, and makes him lose his gun, which falls into the canal, but it also throws him much closer to Frank...

The Russian doesn't lose a beat, and grabs Frank, who tries to kick him away. But Frank is hopeless at this, plus he is handicapped by the handcuffs, so soon Demidov's Man #3 has caught his leg and begins viciously twisting his foot.

Elise realizes the situation she has put Frank in, and quickly changes the gear to full throttle forward. However, when the line goes taut this time, the traction is so strong that it tears Frank's rail out of its setting.

Frank gets pulled overboard along with the rail, to which the handcuffs are still attached. The Russian holds on tight to Frank's leg and is dragged overboard, too.

In the water, Frank tries to kick off the thug. He finally succeeds, but his troubles are not over yet: He is being dragged by Elise facedown through the water, and can't move up the rope because of his handcuffs.

Elise suddenly understands that Frank is drowning, stops the boat and pulls him in.

Elise and Frank escape into the wide waters of the lagoon.

Thug 3 swims to the shore, defeated.

110

INT. CASINO - DAWN

110

Two Russian thugs, one wet, one dry, walk through the game room in the Venice Casino. Just off it is Demidov's private library. They are let in by yet another thug who is guarding the door. Demidov is just being fitted for a new suit by his Italian tailor. The whole scene plays in Russian.

DEMIDOV'S MAN #3

We tried everything, Boris
Sergeyevich. But he got away. He...

The millisecond Demidov interrupts him, the thug stops speaking:

DEMIDOV

(calmly)
So I heard, so I heard...

The tailor wants to leave but Demidov shakes his head in a calmly reassuring way.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

(very calmly to his Man
#3)
I worked very hard for years so I
would not have to do dirty work any
more.
(very gently, like a
prophet of peace)
No more chasing traitors, nor more
killing.

He turns to a mirror and ties his tie with great precision, to see how it goes with the suit they are building.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Now - I have people like you to do
these things.

He walks toward the tailor's dummy on which his suit was just hanging.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Except that you don't!

With surprising swiftness and agility, he grabs the tailor's dummy and again and again smashes it down on the wet thug until we must presume he is dead. The other looks on in muted horror.

Demidov calms himself almost as quickly as he lost his temper. He drops the dummy and steps back to the mirror, a spot of blood on the cuff of his beautiful handmade shirt.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)
(authentically annoyed)
Now look what you did.

111 **EXT. ELISE'S BOAT - NIGHT** 111

A moon and starlit night. The boat rocks safely in the wide and open sea. The skyline of Venice a hint in the distance.

112 **INT. ELISE'S BOAT - NIGHT** 112

Elise and Frank are in the cabin, which basically consists of one large bed. The curtains are drawn. Frank is wearing Elise's pilot pea coat and some trousers that look like they belonged to whomever Elise got the boat from.

She is working on opening his handcuffs with a piece of wire. One side is already open. She is working on the other. She pulls the wire back out of the lock, bends it into a new shape, reinserts it.

FRANK
(admiring, but also
suspicious)
How did you learn to do that?

She just smiles. He is troubled by the implications of her silence.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(only half-joking)
Where's the owner of this boat? At
the bottom of a canal?

ELISE
Sitting in a cafe, with a pocketful
of Euros.

He knows she is telling the truth.

FRANK
Why is everybody trying to get me?

She hesitates a moment before answering, then decides to come clean. She looks him in the eye.

ELISE

It's because I kissed you.

This is what Frank had feared/expected.

FRANK

Do I look that much like him?...
Like Alexander Pearce...

Elise realizes he has understood a few things.

ELISE

I'm sorry I got you involved in
this.

It is a real apology.

FRANK

Why are you involved?

She is reluctant to answer. But the time has come for
honesty.

ELISE

I'm in love with him.

FRANK

Really? I'm not.

ELISE

I didn't think he would let it go
this far. I didn't think he would
let Demidov get to you.

FRANK

Demidov? Is that the man Pearce
stole from?

ELISE

(nods)

"The Scorpion of Novosibirsk"
Presidents are afraid of him.
Alexander used to work for him.
Demidov made a fortune out of the
change-over in Russia. Invested it
in arms and drugs. Had all his
competitors killed - professional
and private.

(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)

He once bragged to Alexander that he had every man killed that his wife slept with before she met him.

Frank ponders this.

FRANK

What did Mrs. Demidov say about that?

ELISE

Not much. When he saw how many there'd been, he killed her, too.

FRANK

What made Pearce think he could take him on?

ELISE

Alexander doesn't accept the natural boundaries.

FRANK

Which is why you love him.

She doesn't answer. Looks back down, tries harder to open the lock. And so: the second handcuff POPS open. Frank is free. But he doesn't change his position. He holds his gaze on her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't regret it, you know.

Now Elise doesn't know what he means.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Kissing you.

He looks into her eyes. She looks back. They are drifting in the middle of nowhere on a comfortable bed. He gets closer to her, wants to kiss her. Her expression seems to say that she might be open for that and more.

But suddenly, she regains her composure, gets up and walks out of the cabin to the wheel.

113

EXT. ELISE'S BOAT - DAWN

113

She revs up the engine and speeds the boat across the lagoon. The sun is coming up. Frank comes out after her.

FRANK
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

But the ROAR of the boat is so deafening that she hears nothing, but she also doesn't want to hear.

114 **EXT. AIRPORT PIER - DAWN**

114

She slows down the motor, as she brings the boat up alongside the pier. She turns off the engine.

FRANK
(confused)
The airport? Where are we going?

Elise puts on her jacket.

ELISE
You'll see.

She points toward one of the wooden poles.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Tie us off, would you?

Frank hops out of the boat and stands by a post and turns to catch the rope. She is holding a bag in her hands instead and passes it over to him.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Hold this for me, will you.

But before she can give him the rope, she revs up the engine and the boat pulls away from the pier.

FRANK
Elise- ELISE. What are you doing?

ELISE
I wish we'd met in another life,
Frank.

FRANK
Elise, WAIT-

ELISE
I'm sorry. Take the next flight
back to America. You'll find what
you need in the bag. Be safe.

FRANK
 ELISE, LISTEN TO ME, YOU DON'T HAVE
 TO DO THIS. I'M--

But she accelerates and the engine ROARS, drowning him out. She turns her back, speeds toward the rising sun over Venice.

Frank watches her go, frustrated.

Finally, he looks in the bag. There are 10 thousand Euro in cash, and his passport that she brought him from the Danieli Hotel. He smiles sadly when he sees she also packed him his electronic cigarette.

We return to Elise. For the first time her eyes betray a softness. A sadness. She wants to turn back, to look at Frank one last time. But she won't let herself.

Frank looks after her, longingly. Then finally turns and walks toward the airport.

115 **EXT. CANALS - DAY** 115

Elise pilots the boat through the glory of Venice. Pensive, but resolved.

116 **INT. AIRPORT - DAY** 116

Frank walks into the airport with his little bag. He looks at the departures board: plenty of flights for the US. That doesn't seem to make him very happy, though. He lets his gaze wander through the airport. It settles on an elegant gentlemen's tailor shop. In the window something catches Frank's eye: a display mannequin wearing a very smart white evening jacket.

117 **EXT. ARSENALE - DAY** 117

Elise drives right up to the Military Police Area, where a two-armed barrier protects unauthorized boats from entering. Elise turns to the uniformed policeman in the sentry box, set on a platform in the water.

ELISE
 Agent Elise Clifton-Ward, ID Number
 MFS 98495.G

The policeman enters it in his computer and a second later has opened the barrier. Elise drives in.

She steers the boat through an impressive basin and up to an ancient brick and steel building.

She parks the boat and walks in.

118 **INT. INTERPOL FIELD OFFICE - VENICE**

118

As Elise enters the building, past their glass offices, the agents who have been surveilling her are stunned to see her walk by in person. Some rise from their seats and cannot believe it. She ignores them and walks up the stairs to Acheson's office, clearly recognizable as the boss'.

119 **INT. INTERPOL FIELD OFFICE - ACHESON'S OFFICE**

119

Elise enters. Acheson is already standing.

ACHESON

Well, you sure have blown your cover now.

ELISE

(ignoring him, matter-of-factly)

I'm ready to give you Pearce.

Acheson motions for his two secretaries to leave the room, which they do. He closes the door behind them, turns to Elise. He is excited and outraged, sarcastic and seductive all at once.

ACHESON

You're ready to give us Pearce?!
Didn't you come to Venice to lead us to him?

She doesn't answer.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

Allow me to ask, just out of curiosity: why now? A whole year you live with him in Moscow, and don't get us so much as a decent photograph. And now...

He looks at her carefully. She doesn't look back, as if she knows that he can look too deep into her soul.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

Wait... don't tell me it's because of that tourist.

He looks at her and sees that he is right.

ELISE

It's gone too far. I want to put an end to this before someone gets killed.

ACHESON

I wish I could understand your choice of men. A fugitive thief, a provincial nobody...

He's not getting any visible reaction from her, and it's driving him even more mad.

ELISE

Do you want Pearce or not?

Acheson knows better than to strain her pride any further.

ACHESON

When will you deliver him?

ELISE

I'm meeting him at a ball tonight.

Acheson looks at her, probing.

ACHESON

And you won't have second thoughts...

But he knows this is the kind of question Elise doesn't dignify with an answer.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

Will you wear a wire?

Elise nods, slowly.

Acheson shakes his head, marveling.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

There's no accounting for taste.

A122 **AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT**

A122

Venice at night. The spires stretching downwards, moving through the frame. The canal glitters below us, elegant boats moving through water to the landing of the most beautiful palazzo of them all.

122 **EXT. DOGE'S PALACE - LANDING DOCK - NIGHT**

122

Elise, dressed in a black and amber sequined dress with long gloves, arrives in a wood-paneled limousine boat on the landing dock of the Doge's Palace. She is greeted with great respect by the event organizer behind his elegant wooden lectern. He doesn't even look at the invitation that she holds out for him. She walks through the portal into the courtyard.

123 **INT. DOGE'S PALACE - NIGHT**

123

The most glamorous black tie affair imaginable. Large lanterns strung across the ancient quad. The high society of Venice -as handsome-looking and elegant as they come. But no one can touch Elise -a vision straight out of a Veronese painting.

An orchestra consisting of twelve cellists are playing a ROMANTIC TUNE from a raised stage.

While Elise looks around, searching for Pearce, men look at her in admiration, women look at her in fear and envy. It is not much fun for a beautiful single woman to be alone at a party... An attractive man of 40 breaks away from a group and approaches her.

Above her, watching from a balustraded terrace, is Acheson, wearing an earpiece that allows him to hear everything she says. His eyes narrow as the man below walks towards Elise. Raising his sleeve to his mouth, he hisses into a concealed microphone:

ACHESON

Who is this man?

Below, the stranger has reached Elise.

MAN

Where have you been? I thought you'd never get here.

This is astonishing. She stares at him. How tall is he? Could his head be Pearce's head? His eyes Pearce's eyes?

ELISE

Really?

MAN

Certainly.

ELISE

How could you be so sure I was coming?

MAN

I just knew it.

ELISE

But how?

MAN

Fate wouldn't bring me to an evening like this with no reason. As soon as you walked in, I knew what that reason was.

He smiles. Clearly this approach has worked in the past.

MAN (CONT'D)

(very confident, going for the kill)

No?

ELISE

(not without humour, but very determined)

No.

She turns and walks off, leaving him standing there, a little embarrassed, a little impressed.

Up on the terrace, the earpiece speaks into Acheson's ear.

VOICE

Count Filippo Gaggia. Landowner. Big reputation as a swordsman.

ACHESON

Well, he won't be duelling tonight.

He jokes but there is a bitter edge to his humour.

Elise breathes out a little sigh of exhaustion. And moves away to one of the cocktail tables. She accepts one of the champagne flutes the waiters are passing around on trays. She quickly drinks the whole glass, all the while looking in all directions for Pearce.

When she sets her champagne glass back down on the cocktail table, she sees an envelope lying there. It has the familiar AP on the reverse. Her heart stops. She takes the envelope and looks around, wildly. A man, even more elegant than the others, and wearing that same copper bracelet we saw before, is moving away through the crowds. She doesn't see his face. But we see it is The Englishman....

ELISE

Wait!...

The Englishman pauses and might almost turn. Elise hurries forward.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Alexander!

On the terrace, Acheson is almost physically struck by the sound of the name in his ear. In a flash, he takes in the envelope she holds.

ACHESON

(excited, into his sleeve
mike)

PEARCE!!! HE'S HERE. HE LEFT HER
THAT ENVELOPE. PULL UP THE FOOTAGE.
WE HAVE HIS FACE!

In the courtyard, Elise is pushing through the crowd, after the mystery man. He is still just within vision and it seems that she may catch him after all, when, suddenly, a man steps out and blocks her path.

ELISE

Frank!...

It is Frank. A smart Frank in a splendid white dinner jacket (and it does take her breath away for a fraction of a second when she sees him), but still Frank, and he is keeping her from finally getting to Alexander.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Frank... you shouldn't... I
can't... I'm sorry

He doesn't move. Elise tries to get past him, but by the time she has, the man with the bracelet has disappeared into the sea of black and white...

Elise is a little desperate now.

But not as desperate as Acheson.

ACHESON

(into sleeve mike)

I can't believe it. I CANNOT
BELIEVE IT!! OK, get that moron out
of here! Now! This second!

Elise turns toward Frank. The cellists start playing the intro to a waltz, and suddenly Elise and Frank realize they have walked into the middle of the dance floor. The couples around them are starting the formal waltz bows; there is no time to escape. They have to play along, entwine in a dancing embrace. The WALTZ begins. They are wonderful together. And they both feel it.

ELISE

Oh Frank... Frank, you shouldn't be
here.

FRANK

No, Elise, this is the one place on
earth I should be.

Acheson watches from above as they spin.

Silently. For Frank is looking at Elise. And Elise is looking at him.

ELISE

How did you get in here?

FRANK

I told the bouncer you were my
wife, and I wanted to keep an eye
on you. Italians are big on that
kind of thing.

ELISE

Frank... leave.

FRANK
 (lovingly ignoring her)
 Do you like the suit? You paid for
 it.

Frank launches into a speech that he has obviously been
 preparing this for a while.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I've been thinking about your
 friend Pearce and his plan. And so
 far I'm thinking it hasn't worked
 out the way he planned it.

ELISE
 No?

FRANK
 No. Take the Russian guy.

ELISE
 Demidov.

FRANK
 Demidov. I don't believe Pearce was
 prepared for him being here, for
 that whole chase.

ELISE
 Will you please leave?

This only makes him look at her tenderly.

FRANK
 You're worried about me, aren't
 you?

ELISE
 Yes.

FRANK
 And I'm worried about you.

ELISE
 Frank -

FRANK
 And I'm not leaving without you.

They have reached the limits of the dance floor. She steps off it, and faces him, looks at him with tenderness, then makes a decision. Something in her face. She takes a deep breath.

ELISE

You were part of a plan, Frank. You were useful. That's all. What did you think --I saw you on the train and my heart stopped?

She turns around and walks away from Frank, standing there, stunned.

We see Elise's face from the front, Frank in the BG. We can read on her face how much it took out of her to say this.

In that moment, silently and swiftly, a man walks across the court and grabs Frank under the arm, pulling him into the shadow of the colonnades. Before Frank can react, another man who had been hiding behind a column punches him hard in the stomach. Frank doubles over, unable to breathe. They drag Frank to a back entrance. It is over in a moment.

Unaware of what is happening, Elise glances up at Acheson, who looks down at her coldly. Now, she turns around. There is no trace of Frank. He has vanished. To her, this can only be because she has hurt him so much. With a slight sigh, she takes the envelope from her bag and opens it. There is no note, just a key and an address: "Fondamenta San Giacomo 23. Tonight."

She looks at it for a little bit, walks to the entrance.

ACHESON

(to himself, angry)

What does it say, what does it say?

Acheson on his balustrade is very upset. He walks quickly around the balustrade until he is above the entrance. He stares down at her threateningly.

They have a quick exchange of glances. But she walks to the boat entrance.

The boat with her driver pulls up. She climbs in.

ELISE
 (casually)
 Fondamenta San Giacomo twenty
 three.

125 **INT. DOGE'S PALACE - NIGHT**

125

Acheson is just running down the steps toward the exit, when this reaches him over his earpiece. He is relieved, joyful. He slows his steps. In his exuberance he even politely greets an Italian couple coming toward him. When he has passed them

ACHESON
 (quietly, intensely,
 systematically, into his
 sleeve mike)
 OK, we have the address. I'm going
 after her on the boat. Get me
 snipers on all surrounding roofs.
 And if you get a visual on Pearce
 first, call.

126 **EXT. DOGE'S PALACE - LANDING DOCK - NIGHT**

126

Elise's boat pulls away along the Canal Grande. As we PAN with it, we see another boat that is moored next to a neighboring building. Suddenly its lights come on, threateningly. It pulls into the canal, after her. We recognize it: it is Demidov's boat.

Acheson arrives on the landing of the boat entrance. To pick him up, the surveillance boat drives by the dock. In one fluid motion, he hops on, it doesn't even have to stop. He greets his driver and walks down the small flight of stairs into the cabin.

127 **INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT**

127

There, between the surveillance equipment, flanked by the Interpol Sergeant and one of the officers, handcuffed to a chair, is a man with a black bag over his head -Frank. Acheson looks at the figure for a moment, a hint of a smile on his face.

Acheson winks at his colleagues 'this will be fun'. He walks up to Frank, gives his chair a spin, and sends him turning in circles. From underneath the hood we hear muffled cries.

When the chair stops spinning. Acheson pulls the bag off his head. Frank is disoriented by the sudden light. Acheson looks him straight in the eye.

FRANK

(panicked)

Who are you? Where am I? Where are we going?

ACHESON

I don't know, Alexander - where are you going?

FRANK

I am not Alexander Pearce!! I'm Frank Tupelo, I am an American citizen... I...I have rights.

ACHESON

I don't care what you call yourself these days, you have no rights whatsoever... until you pay us those 744 million in taxes!!

FRANK

(has never even heard of such a sum)
744 million...?

ACHESON

744 million.

In that moment, another officer comes down the stairs.

ITALIAN INTERPOL OFFICER

Looks like someone else is following our target.

Acheson walks up on deck, looks. Takes a pair of binoculars, looks through, sees the Russian figures.

ACHESON

(not without respect)

Boris Demidov... that should be fun. Keep going, but give them some space. Make sure they don't see us. And have the office send us an interpreter.

We suddenly get a sense that Acheson actually enjoys the craziness of his job.

He returns under deck.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

(resuming his game, almost singing this)

Look, asshole. I know everything about you. I even how much you paid for this face. 24 million dollars, transferred to a Brazilian surgeon from a numbered Swiss account operated out of Russia. So far I couldn't prove any of this, but you know what? Now I don't have to. Now I just lock you in a box in a cellar until you tell me exactly where the money is.

When it looks like Frank is about to start crying, Acheson unlocks his handcuffs in one experienced movement.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

We know you are not Alexander Pearce. But you are some idiot who almost wrecked an 8 million pound sterling sting operation. Again. So you're staying with us until this is all over. Clear?

He has however freed only one hand, leaves one of the cuffs attached, and now locks the other one to a rail, so Frank has one hand free to operate.

FRANK

You can't do this. I haven't done anything. I shouldn't be here...

ACHESON

You shouldn't be here? Well you know...

(doing a pretty good impression of Frank's loving stupor)

I feel it's the one place on earth where you should be.

Frank isn't enjoying this.

ACHESON (CONT'D)
 How was your night on the boat?
 She's quite something, isn't she?

Frank glares.

The driver pops his head in.

ITALIAN COP
 Target's about two hundred yards
 away from destination. We're
 matching speed.

ACHESON
 Give her room. We don't want to
 scare Pearce off again.

Acheson smiles.

128 **EXT. FONDAMENTA SAN GIACOMO - NIGHT**

128

Elise's boat arrives at the jetty in front of the broad sidewalk of the Giudecca. As he maneuvers, the driver points at a white classical palazzo, where on the main floor the windows toward the canal are lit.

DRIVER
 É questo.

She looks at it, impressed. He helps her off the boat.

ELISE
 (in Italian)
 Thank you. I don't need you any
 more tonight. Buona notte.

She hands him a folded-up tip. He thanks her and drives off. She goes right up to the front entrance. It is open. She goes in.

129 **INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

129

With some anxiety and trepidation, she stands in front of the door, key in hand. Finally, she inserts it and opens the door. She steps inside.

130

INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT

130

The entrance is a wide, hall-like space with columns dividing the sections. Spotlit classical statues line the length of the room. On the far end is a wall of large windows overlooking the Giudecca canal, and a living area, with fabrics from the times of the silk road. The walls are decorated with frescoes that are even more glorious for being slightly faded. The entire apartment is a paradise of calm, civilization and sophistication.

The door opens and Elise enters. She is amazed at the beauty. Pearce built this for the future they were supposed to have together, and she can sense it.

In that moment, smoothly, silently, behind her, Demidov walks in through the door. And behind him his 3 remaining thugs. Only when the last one closes the heavy door with a THUD does she become aware of their presence. The CAMERA TRAVELS AROUND her, menace on all sides.

Demidov does not even look at her. He is impressed by the apartment, too.

DEMIDOV

Magnificent.

(to Elise)

I've never understood the love of people. Things? Yes. Money? Yes. But people? They lie, they get old, they die. And always take more pleasure than they give.

(looking around)

Now this... This is a thing worth dying for.

Elise says nothing, but she could almost agree.

131

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

131

Black-clad men with precision weapons taking position on the rooftops surrounding the building.

The large bay windows afford THREE SNIPERS an unobstructed view of Demidov and his men.

The luxurious apartment is suddenly a kill-box.

An Italian Interpol Sniper plugs a cable into the scope of his impressive precision rifle and when he does--

132 **INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT**

132

A monitor on the boat comes to life. Then two more monitors come on, providing Acheson with multiple views of what he's previously only been hearing.

CLOSE ON: Frank. He sees Elise standing there, surrounded by menacing Russians, helpless.

FRANK

When are you going in?

ACHESON

You're welcome to stay and watch if you don't open your mouth again.

133 **INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT**

133

Demidov looks at the note from Pearce, then at the opulent surroundings, walking toward the living room.

Demidov is a naturally curious man. He looks at every little object, every painting with an expert eye.

DEMIDOV

He has good taste, our Sasha Pearce.

One of Demidov's men has taken Elise's arm quite roughly and walks her down the same path.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

You know, Alexander... he was like a son for me.

Elise did not know that he felt this way.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Yes, I loved him, that brilliant, playful, disrespectful little fucker.

They have reached the living room. Demidov makes a gallant 'please be seated' gesture. And his thug complies by forcing Elise down onto the sofa with very little gallantry.

Demidov sits down opposite her -a perfect gentleman in surroundings that suit him. His men stay standing around him and Elise.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

I sometimes thought he and I were two of a kind. I liked that I never knew what he was going to do next.

Demidov laughs at what must be a memory of something they experienced together.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Until one day I didn't like what he did next... You know, in most legal systems, a man sleeps with my wife, I kill him and her, they let me go free. Crime of Passion, it is called. In my legal system, if a man steals from me, I kill him, I kill his wife, his children, his mother, his family doctor. For this man has taken from me something for which I have paid an infinite price -my soul.

One of his men laughs, thinking it was a joke

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

(laughs too)

It is something these idiots will never understand.

He looks around.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

It doesn't look as if he is coming. He must care more about himself than about you after all.

He gets up and walks over to her. As if following some bizarre protocol, the thug pulls Elise up from her sofa, so she is standing, too.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)

Where is my money?

ELISE

I don't know... I haven't seen Alexander in-

WHACK - he slaps her hard enough to drive her to the floor.

134 **INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT** 134

Frank jumps up in shock, as far as he can, with his one hand handcuffed to the chair.

FRANK
You have to do something!!

VOICE
Permission to fire?

Acheson grabs a radio.

135 **EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT** 135

A Sniper beads in on Demidov's Man #2's forehead.

ACHESON (V.O.)
Hold fire. Repeat, hold fire. Not
until Pearce shows himself.

The sniper keeps the camera-rifle aimed at the window but closes his eyes, disgusted.

DEMIDOV (V.O. PRELAP)
You are a smart girl, Elise.

136 **INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT** 136

Demidov grabs Elise by the hair and hauls her to her feet. He brings her face very close to his.

DEMIDOV
Be smart. Where is my money?

ELISE
Boris Sergeyevich-- if I knew, I
would tell you.

He drops her back on the sofa.

DEMIDOV
If you don't tell me, I will kill
you.

ELISE

If you kill me, you will still have
to look by yourself.

Demidov sniggers, turns to his thugs. They begin conferring
in Russian.

137

INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

137

Russian spills out of the speaker. Acheson is frustrated he
cannot understand what they are saying.

FRANK

You have to go in.

Acheson waves to him to be quiet, keeps looking at the
monitors.

FRANK (CONT'D)

They are going to kill her.

ACHESON

She can handle herself.

FRANK

What?!

ACHESON

(impatient)

She can handle herself. She is one
of us.

Frank is stunned.

ACHESON (CONT'D)

We recruited her straight out of
Oxford, sent her to Russia to find
Pearce. She's a good agent. Her
only problem is she falls in love
with any man she's around for
longer than a train ride.

(bitter)

Until she meets the next one.

While Frank takes this in, Acheson's frustration over the
Russian conversation he cannot understand is ever growing.

A skinny intellectual arrives onto the boat from land.

INTERPRETER

Commander Acheson, I am the inter--

Acheson spins around, indicating the speakers

ACHESON

(interrupting him, with
ferocity)

Go, go! GO!

INTERPRETER

(listens for a moment,
then the tortured
intellectual that he is)

If you could provide me with some
context...

Acheson looks like he's going to strangle him, so the
interpreter begins immediately.

INTERPRETER (CONT'D)

She really doesn't seem... to know
where it is... We should go... We
give it... five more minutes... If
Pearce doesn't show... We kill the
woman and go.

Acheson watches and listens.

Demidov's Man #4 has his back to the window. In plain view of
the snipers he pulls a gun from the back of his jacket,
keeping it hidden from Elise.

VOICE

Permission to engage.

ACHESON

Negative.

Frank can't help himself.

FRANK

Come on!

ACHESON

Not one. More. Word.

Frank bites his tongue in frustration, looking around for a
sympathetic face. All the cops feel for Elise, but none of
them will challenge Acheson's authority.

ACHESON (CONT'D)
 (focuses intensely on the
 monitor, smiles, squints)
 You know, he does look a little
 like you--

He turns to Frank, but Frank's gone, leaving an open handcuff
 dangling. Acheson looks around wildly.

ACHESON (CONT'D)
 Wha- Where the hell...? NO!!

145 **EXT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT** 145

CLOSE ON: Frank moving up the stairs, making a little climb
 over a ledge to an open window...

146 **INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT** 146

Elise is on her knees, staring at the two rows of buttons, a
 pistol to the back of her head.

ELISE
 I don't know it... I don't know
 it...

But she only hears the gun being cocked and enters a
 sequence, one number after the other. You can tell she is
 making this up. She doesn't even know how many digits to
 enter, and hesitantly adds one more, then another. She is
 startled by a BUZZ and a solid red light that indicate she
 got it wrong. After a few seconds it goes back to neutral.

DEMIDOV
 He would not have left it for you
 if he didn't think you could open
 it... You may try one more time.

ELISE
 I don't know it, I swear to you...

FRANK (O.S.)
 That's enough.

Everyone turns except Elise. She just closes her eyes and
 sighs, but not from relief:

ELISE
 Oh my God...

CLOSE ON: Frank, trying hard to hold himself together, hands shaking, voice uncertain.

FRANK

Let her go and I'll open the safe.

ELISE

Frank, what the hell?

FRANK

I've got this, Elise. Just... Just let me handle it.

(to Demidov)

I'll say it again. Let her go. And I'll open the safe.

DEMIDOV

Who the hell are you?

FRANK

Who the- I'm Alexander Pearce.

DEMIDOV'S MAN #2

(to Demidov)

This was the man in the hotel.

ELISE

He's not Alexander Pearce.

FRANK

Elise.

ELISE

What the hell are you doing?

147 INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

147

ACHESON

What the hell is he doing?

VOICE

Permission to engage target.

ACHESON

Shut the hell up.

148 INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT

148

Demidov studies Frank's face, taking a step closer to him.

DEMIDOV
Is that you, Sasha? Truly?

FRANK
Truly.

DEMIDOV
Go like this:

Demidov curls his lips back, showing all of his teeth. Frank does the same thing. It's almost funny.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)
Alexander had crooked teeth,
stained from smoking.

FRANK
Braces, electronic cigarettes.

DEMIDOV
Alexander had a higher forehead.

FRANK
Had a migraine for two weeks from
the remodel.

DEMIDOV
(to his translator)
He sounds different

#5 translates.

FRANK
Voice chip implant.

DEMIDOV
No, no, it's the way he speaks.

#5 translates.

ELISE
(triumphant)
Yes, Alexander was English. You
see, this guy is American.

Oh.

FRANK
 (English accent)
 I've gotten so used to this
 American accent. But I can still do
 my old English one.

It does sound very wobbly.

ELISE
 (to Frank)
 That's pathetic!
 (to Demidov)
 He's not Alexander Pearce. He's a
 tourist.

The translator translates.

DEMIDOV
 (confused)
 A tourist...

ELISE
 Yes, someone I happened to sit next
 to on a train.

Demidov looks a dangerous mixture of suspicious and confused.

FRANK
 (to Demidov, still English
 accent)
 OK. Alright. How would a tourist
 know that you killed every man your
 wife ever slept with?

Thug #5 translates with some trepidation. This is obviously a
 touchy subject.

Demidov gives him a stern look.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Huh? How would I know about that if
 I'm not Alexander Pearce?

Elise shakes her head, exasperated.

ELISE
 I TOLD HIM THAT!

#5 translates

DEMIDOV
You told a tourist?

FRANK
Now why would she do that? It's
absurd.

Demidov, confused but focused, considers all this.

DEMIDOV
There is one simple way to be sure.

For an awkward moment, no one knows what Demidov is going to suggest. He gestures to the safe.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)
Open it.

FRANK
I made you a deal... When she's
gone. When I know she's safe.

DEMIDOV
(suddenly, surprisingly,
in English)
I make you better deal.

He picks up a fire poker.

DEMIDOV (CONT'D)
Open safe... now... and I will not
beat her to death while you watch.

FRANK
I... see.

Elise sighs.

ELISE
Now you see.

DEMIDOV
Open it.

When he realizes, he has no other choice, Frank moves over to the safe, terror in his face.

It all happens in SLOW MOTION. Frank raises his hand to the combination. The thugs around him with pistols cocked. Demidov looking on with an intensity we haven't seen, even in him. Frank looks to Elise.

She looks desperate, convinced that these are the last seconds she has of Frank alive. She mouths to him: "I love you"

149 **INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT**

149

Acheson stares at the monitor, radio in hand.

ITALIAN INTERPOL SERGEANT

Sir.

ACHESON

Pearce is coming. He won't give her up. Not now.

ITALIAN INTERPOL SERGEANT

Sir...

VOICE

We must engage.

Acheson goes to answer, hesitates. He studies the monitor, looking desperately for a figure to emerge.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Permission. To. ENGAGE. Sir.

INTERPRETER

(chiming in -it takes him
a lot of courage)

Sir.

150 **INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT**

150

Frank in SLOW MOTION is punching in numbers. We know that a red flash on the safe display will mean Elise's and his death. Frank has closed his eyes. When she sees that, Elise closes her eyes, too, awaiting death. Demidov is ready to kill.

151 **INT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT**

151

Here, suddenly everyone is silent, too.

ACHESON

No... He's coming. He has to co-

And a hand reaches in, snatching the radio from Acheson. He looks up with a start to find:

JONES (INTO RADIO)
This is Chief Inspector Jones.
Permission to engage. Fire at will.

152 **EXT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - NIGHT**

152

Still in SLOW MOTION, as Frank is punching in the last numbers, behind them, the windows explode in a cloud of light and glass that moves toward them. We RAMP BACK to normal speed, and suddenly, Demidov and his three men drop down OUT OF FRAME, dead in a fraction of a second. The key pad light flashes red (this would have been their death).

Frank grabs Elise and covers her from the spray of glass with his back. They are the only ones left standing and alive.

A moment later, COPS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES storm into the apartment, guns drawn.

At the tail end comes Acheson and Jones. Acheson approaches Elise. Jones walks along the shattered bay windows, looking down at the dead Russians. He shakes his head.

As Acheson approaches, she gives him a look of such disdain it stops even him in his tracks. She reaches into her bra, rips out the wire and throws it at his feet.

She turns to find Jones standing there, a surprisingly compassionate look in his eyes.

JONES
Are you all right?

Elise nods.

JONES (CONT'D)
Agent Ward... Your suspension is lifted.

ELISE
Thank you, sir.

JONES
And you're terminated, effective immediately.

ELISE
Thank you, sir.

Jones turns to Acheson. This is it. Then on Jones' radio:

VOICE
WE'VE GOT HIM. WE'VE GOT ALEXANDER
PEARCE.

No one was expecting that. Acheson fumbles for his radio.

ACHESON
WHERE?

VOICE
Dorsoduro 1397. Three hundred yards
south of your location along the
canal.

Acheson, Jones and every cop with a pulse runs out of the building and down the stairs.

A moment later, the apartment is empty. Silent.

Shattered glass, dead bodies, Frank... And Elise.

They stare at one another for a long moment.

FRANK
So you love me?

Heavy pause.

ELISE
I think I do.

FRANK
And how do you feel about Alexander
Pearce these days?

Heavy pause.

ELISE
I love him too, unfortunately.

It's almost as if he's not unhappy to hear this.

FRANK
(steady, almost bouncy)
I may have a solution for you.

He turns toward the safe and with dizzying speed enters a combination into the digital keypad. The light switches to "green" -open. And he pulls the handle to open the door.

INSIDE WE SEE:

Twenty books of bankers checks, from various banks. He takes them and puts them into a bag

Elise is flabbergasted. He looks up:

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (with a by now pretty
 perfect British accent)
 Are you with me this time?

153

EXT. DORSODURO 1397 - CANAL - NIGHT

153

Jones and Acheson and their accompanying troops jog up the place of arrest. Here, under a street light, a few local Italian cops and some Interpol agents are holding their prisoner "Alexander Pearce", who of course is none other than The Englishman.

Our friend is surprisingly calm. He is handcuffed and is still wearing his tuxedo.

THE ENGLISHMAN
 (repeating to Jones what
 he's said 100 times to
 the others)
 I am just a tourist.
 (he turns to Acheson and
 repeats to him)
 I'm just a tourist.

Italian Officer #3 makes an apologetic gesture to Jones.

Acheson wants to take The Englishman's passport from Interpol Officer #3, but Jones extends his hand, and the officer has to give it to him instead. Jones studies the document.

THE ENGLISHMAN (CONT'D)
 He said I'd probably get arrested
 at some point.

ACHESON
 What?

THE ENGLISHMAN

But that you'd have to let me go free. Because you'd have nothing on me.

JONES

Who?

THE ENGLISHMAN

The man who sends me these text messages.

He nods toward the cell phone that Interpol Officer #3 is holding. Jones takes it from him and scrolls through some text messages that explain when the Englishman is to be where. Acheson glances over his shoulders.

ACHESON

So a man you've never met sends you money to just show up somewhere.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Well, not just anywhere.

To show what he means, he points around him at the omnipresent splendor of Venice.

Acheson is angry. Jones shakes his head.

Off their reaction, an explosion.

154

INT. PEARCE'S PALAZZO - DAWN

154

The door to the safe blows open. AN EXPLOSIVES EXPERT enters holding a detonator.

EXPLOSIVES EXPERT

CLEAR.

Acheson and Jones enter, waving away the smoke.

Jones reaches into the still-smoking safe and pulls out the only thing inside.

A check sits there.

Jones looks at it. It is a check for 744 million dollars exactly. Jones pockets it, puts it in the outside pocket of his dinner jacket.

JONES

Inspector Acheson, the operation is now officially terminated. I'll expect your report Monday.

He turns and walks for the door.

ACHESON

Sir?

JONES

(knows what he is going to say)

We have our money, Acheson.

ACHESON

(almost pleading)

But we don't have Pearce. He's a criminal wanted in 14 countries.

Jones has reached the door, turns around one more time.

JONES

But what is it he did, really? He stole money from a gangster.

(glancing at Demidov's remains)

A dead gangster. And he has good taste in women. I can't say I don't wish him well.

And with that, Jones is gone.

Acheson's world is spinning in front of his eyes. He walks to the blown out windows, sees a little boat traveling in the distance. On it, Frank and Elise. He knows something is wrong. He knows it has to do with them. He knows he will never find out.

155

EXT. ELISE'S BOAT - DAWN

155

Elise looks at Alexander Pearce as he drives the boat toward the sunrise over the lagoon. He glances over.

ALEXANDER

What?

ELISE

Twenty million dollars worth of
plastic surgery and that's the face
you choose?

ALEXANDER

You don't like it?

ELISE

It'll do.

He smiles. Leans over. They kiss.

THE END