

SCRIPT TITLE

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**"GHOST AND THE SHADOW"**

OVER CREDITS:

EXT. EAST CHINA SEA - NIGHT

The calm surface... suddenly, marred by air bubbles.  
Building to a hellish boil, and WHOOSH! --

An ancient shipwreck surfaces on giant 'air pillows'.

PAN TO: a modern salvaging ship, and deep in the horizon, the  
neon skyline of Hong Kong.

EXT. RECOVERY SHIP DECK - NIGHT

The wreck sits there like some prehistoric beast. Workers  
recover artifacts crusted with time, laying them out.

ANGLE ON - A LARGE METAL CHEST

A HISS of vacuum as the lid is pried off and... a FAT STONE  
BUDDHA grins up at us.

LATER

On its side, the Buddha is being cut open. A gloved hand  
reaches inside a cavity to find AN ANCIENT ENVELOPE...

An almost *religious* awe grips on the Archeologist holding it.

INT. RECOVERY SHIP CABIN - DAY

A Chinese Gangster opens a briefcase full of cash and is  
given the envelope in return. Grins and a handshake, before  
the Gangster calmly pulls a gun and shoots the Archeologist.

He puts the envelope in the briefcase and heads out.

EXT. RECOVER SHIP - DAY

The Chinese Gangster departs on a motorboat, leaving behind a  
ship-full of bodies in twisted repose.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Soaring birds... flee as a hulking A380 appears and lands in  
the heat-shimmer of Paris' Charles De Gaulle airport.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE ARRIVALS TERMINAL - DAY

The Chinese Gangster knocks THREE TIMES on the door to the 'FAMILY BATHROOM'. It's opened from the inside. He enters.

INT. FAMILY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A Big Frenchman tosses the Chinese Gangster a pouch full of diamonds in return for the envelope. Both nod - deal done - then the Frenchman unloads a silenced 9mm into the Gangster.

The Chinese Gangster is knocked back and sags on the toilet.

The Frenchman departs, hanging a "CLOSED" sign on the door.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE ARRIVALS TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

The jovial Frenchman heads out when there is SCREAMING behind him. He turns: catching two slugs in the chest from the Chinese Gangster, staggering after him, leaking blood.

The Frenchman goes down, crawling. The Chinese Gangster buckles, firing wildly as he dies.

Pandemonium. Gendarmes come running. The Frenchman flops onto his back and the world FLARES OUT...

END CREDITS

INT. LONG ISLAND GARAGE - DAY

The stinging glare of a hi-arc plasma cutter, burning through steel. PULL BACK to reveal --

BOB "THE SHADOW" EAVES, (41), in welding goggles, and we reveal it's not a car he's working on, but an impressive Diebold safe. He sings along to The Stones' "Shattered" on a radio.

SHADOW

*Don't you know the crime rate's  
going up, up, up, up, UP...*

He swigs a little Pabst Blue Ribbon. Grabs a sledgehammer.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

*To live in this town you must be  
tough, tough, tough, tough...*

Lays into the safe. Sweat flies. The damn thing finally yields and he does a little Mick jig.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
*Go ahead, bite the big apple!*

He throws the safe door open... and freezes!

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
 (low)  
*Don't mind the maggots!*

THE SAFE

Full of old VHS porn! It must be some kind of trick. He goes through the tapes... Wax My Ass, Jurassic Pork, Debbie Does Dallas... and, no, it's just stale porn.

Shadow sags, dirty, sweating. Some off-screen throat clearing makes him whirl...

A Huge blonde man who looks like he could shit a Hummer stands there. We'll call him RUTGER (30s). A beat, then --

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
 I don't know where you're from, pal, but we have laws against trespassing.

RUTGER  
 (German accent)  
 Where I am from, we have laws against breaking into safes.

SHADOW  
 Was just helpin' out a buddy who lost his keys.

Rutger grins.

RUTGER  
 Mr. Rausch is waiting.

SHADOW  
 Who?

EXT. GHOST'S GARAGE - LONG ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Amidst the rust, a shiny silver Maybach idles by the curb. Rutger opens the car door. Shadow eyes the dark interior where the silhouette of a mysterious man waits...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

POV: BLINK! BLINK! The room, blurry in the fog of hangover... which lifts to reveal: a .45 automatic, and behind it a jittery Chris Tucker clone.

GUNMAN

Top of the mornin', muhfuggah --

We meet the man at the business-end of the gun, DANNY "THE GHOST" WADE, (late-thirties). He groans, groggy from a late night of unsuccessful gambling and successful drinking.

GHOST

Aww, Jeeesus --

He manages to sit...

GHOST (CONT'D)

Awwwww, sweet titty-fuckin',  
Christ!

And he tries to piece together 'last night'.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Where's that red head?

GUNMAN

I look like 'lost & found' to you?

GHOST

Not so loud. Put some coffee on.

Indignant, the Gunman waves his weapon in Ghost's face.

GUNMAN

See this, Fuck-O? It's called a  
gun.

Ghost focuses on the gun now, tilted sideways, 'gang style'.

GHOST

That what that is? Couldn't tell  
by the way you're holding it.

And in a move so quick it defies physics, Ghost snatches the gun and points it at the Gunman, who stands there wondering what just happened.

GHOST (CONT'D)

(rising, groggy)  
Wanna be taken seriously, learn to  
hold it properly. Straight up!

The intruder raises his hands, but Ghost tosses the gun back to him and waddles to the bathroom.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Get some coffee on.

And he takes a leak, his back to the Gunman, who regroups.

GUNMAN  
G-Lo wants his money. Here -- now!  
Or you're a dead man.

Ghost looks back over his shoulder, smiles.

GHOST  
Dead man? I owe too much for that.

Ghost puts everything away, and turns...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Borrow a little money, it's your  
problem. Borrow a lot, it's the  
bank's problem...

The door is suddenly kicked in and Rutger, now accessorized with a Mossberg 12-gauge, enters.

RUTGER  
(to the first Gunman)  
Faahk off --!

And the huge 12-gauge suggests it's an excellent idea. The initial Gunman, apoplectic, stomps out.

RUTGER (CONT'D)  
(to Ghost)  
Mr. Rausch is waiting.

GHOST  
Ah, great.  
(then)  
Who's Mr. Rausch?

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

Ghost, barefoot and in his boxers, is led to the idling Maybach and climbs in.

INT. MAYBACH - CONTINUOUS

Ghost settles into the plush leather beside impeccable MR. WILHELM RAUSCH, of undeterminable age. His face is terribly wrinkled, but the pale blue eyes sparkle with intelligence.

MR. RAUSCH

You couldn't put your trousers on?

GHOST

Red-head took 'em. Long story.

Mr. Rausch's eyes dance with amusement.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Do I, uh, owe you money?

MR. RAUSCH

I'm here to give you money.

Eh? Rausch lowers the smoked-glass partition to the front, where Shadow is sitting. Ghost's eyes flare.

GHOST

What the fuck is this?!

SHADOW

Wonderful to see you again too.

MR. RAUSCH

I have a job for you two.

GHOST

You have a nice day.

He goes to exit, but Rausch puts a manicured hand on him.

MR. RAUSCH

I pay you one million dollars each.

Ghost pauses.

MR. RAUSCH (CONT'D)

It's simple: break into Interpol's evidence room in Paris, retrieve a little envelope and collect your reward. What is less simple: it must be done very quickly. It requires *improvisation*, your great speciality I'm told.

SHADOW

And I told you, we don't need him.

GHOST

(laughs)  
He couldn't tie his shoelaces  
without me?

SHADOW

Who's wearing the pants, smart guy?

They trade stink-eyes.

MR. RAUSCH

It has also been made clear to me  
that together you make fire, but  
apart you are just... hot air. So  
my question: can you put aside your  
history for three days and do this?

It hangs there...

INT. PLAZA PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The remnants of meals and coffee cups. Ghost and Shadow pour  
over schematics of the Paris Interpol office. They've been  
at it for awhile. Ghost looks over, studying --

Mr. Rausch, who is staring out the panoramic windows at his  
God's eye view the world. The city-glow dazzling his eyes.  
His thin, wrinkled hands on his silver-knobbed cane.

GHOST

What do you know about Goebbles  
there?

SHADOW

He's good for the dough.

GHOST

Good enough, I guess.

Rutger enters, hands Mr. Rausch a phone and they leave the  
room. Shadow tosses his plans on the table.

SHADOW

It's like Fort Knox this place.  
There's no way to soft-shoe in.

GHOST

It's simple. We'll do a Trojan  
Horse.

SHADOW

No, no. No more of your 'ready,  
fire, aim'. I'm gonna call this.



GHOST

I get us in, you get us out. Like always.

SHADOW

You mean: you fuck it all up and I have to fix it -- like always.

Ghost chuckles.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

While you've been losing your pants, I pulled off eight primo gigs, including that Merchant's caper.

GHOST

You call that a gig? I heard you nearly blew yourself to Jersey.

SHADOW

Yeah? What jobs have you pulled?

GHOST

I went straight, remember?

SHADOW

You went unemployed.

Ghost rises. Shadow rises.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

We gonna do this again?

GHOST

I don't know, you gonna apologize?

SHADOW

Fine. I'm sorry I called you a washed-up shill, who owes money all over God's green earth...

GHOST

Accepted.

SHADOW

Your turn.

GHOST

What? What did I do?

Shadow just stares.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Aww, Christ! Sofia? You're still  
 sore about Sofia?

Shadow's eyes darken.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Come on, that was an unhealthy  
 relationship and you know it. I  
 set you both free. Hell -- I want  
 a 'thank you'.

He gets a punch. And like that, they're duking it out.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Cease! The Man's behind you.

He points over Shadow's shoulder.

SHADOW  
 Yeah, I'm gonna fall for that.

GHOST  
 (puts down his dukes)  
 Seriously. He looks pissed.

Shadow turns: Mr. Rausch is there, looking pissed -- but it  
 doesn't stop Ghost from throwing that sucker punch...

Which Shadow senses and whirls, throwing his own punch and --  
 CRACK! Both connect -- landing on their asses -- clicking  
 jaws.

MR. RAUSCH  
 This was a mistake.

GHOST  
 This? -- this is just our process.  
 (smiles)  
 We're ready.

Ghost and Shadow regard one another -- 'to be continued...'

INT. AIR FRANCE 747 - FLYING - DAY

Ghost in his complimentary slippers, settled into luxury like  
 a pig in merde.

GHOST  
 Good to be back in first class.

He looks at Shadow wearing his eye-mask, plugged into his  
 headphones, shutting Ghost out completely.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
We had some good times in Europe.

Crickets.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
So we're not going to talk? Okay.  
Fine. I don't need to talk.

He drains his champagne, goes for Shadow's untouched glass -  
SWISH! -- like lightning Shadow grabs his hand -- blindly!

Shadow moves his champagne further away. He doesn't want it,  
but he'll be damned if Ghost is going to drink it.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Sourpuss.

Ghost eyes his watch, shifts... sitting still and silent is  
torture. He cranes, gazing about; behind him is a gorgeous  
Asian woman -- all alone. How the hell did he miss that?

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Konnichiwa.

She looks at him, and in Oxford English --

ASIAN WOMAN  
Are you Japanese?

GHOST  
Ah, you speak English.

ASIAN WOMAN  
And Cantonese, Mandarin, Mongolian,  
but not Japanese.

GHOST  
An amazing coincidence, because  
neither do I.

He grins. She smiles. He extends a hand.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Jim. Jim Beam.

ASIAN WOMAN  
Jade. Jade Baijiu.

She removes her sunglasses, and we see the reason for her  
name: her eyes are deep green. Exotic lady. And her  
stunning legs are not lost on a connoisseur like Ghost.

GHOST  
Pleasure.

TIME CUT TO:

Ghost, sitting next to Jade now, both laughing and well-oiled. He coaxes her feet into Air France slippers.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
You have sensationally strong legs,  
so... you must be a ballerina?

JADE  
Close.

GHOST  
I give up. What takes you to  
Paris?

JADE  
You don't want to know.

GHOST  
Now I really do.

She lingers, enigmatic, then leans close.

JADE  
I'm going there to kill a ghost...

He sobers and she with him.

JADE (CONT'D)  
... unless said ghost will accept  
my proposition.

He recovers.

GHOST  
I'm guessing it has nothing to do  
with joining the 30,000 mile club?

JADE  
What?

GHOST  
Never mind. Continue.

JADE  
I'm 'guessing' Mr. Rausch offered  
two million for your services.

GHOST  
Close.

JADE

You'll never collect. He'll double cross you. That's his nature.

GHOST

And what's your nature?

JADE

My people are prepared to offer you two and a half. Up front.

GHOST

I like your people. And you have prettier feet than Mr. Rausch.

JADE

Do we have a deal?

GHOST

As a courtesy I'll have to run it past my junior associate. He's weak-willed and greedy, so I don't see a problem. How do I reach you?

Like magic a card appears in her hand. He takes it, and as if on cue --

The seat-belts sign GONGS, warning of imminent descent.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE IMMIGRATION - MORNING

Ghost and Shadow in separate lines. Ghost, steps up to the counter and hands his passport over.

GHOST

Bonjour.

The surly Officer logs Ghost's passport -- stamps it as if were a roach -- and practically spits --

OFFICER

Enjoy Paris, Mr. Murgatroyd.

Ghost reaches for his passport when a HANDCUFF snaps around his wrist, and there is --

HENRI BRASSE (40s), grinning like all of Christmas. An Interpol ID is clipped to his jacket-pocket.

HENRI

Welcome to France, Ghost.

He relishes Ghost's stunned look, then cuffs his other hand.

GHOST

(fuck!)

Thank you, Henri. You look great.

HENRI

I am great. Very great.

He leads Ghost to where a simmering Shadow, also cuffed, is crowded by other Interpol agents. He admires that view.

HENRI (CONT'D)

The Ghost and the Shadow back together.

(slaps their cheeks)

I thought you were estranged. Something about a woman, no?

Shadow's eyes narrow. Ghost shakes his head at Henri, 'don't go there.' Henri hands his phone to an Agent, fixes his hair and poses heroically with his catch.

HENRI (CONT'D)

For my mother. Say fromage!

A picture is taken.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Excellent. Come, I have arranged special accommodations for you.

Ghost sees Jade watching and throws her a c'est la vie shrug.

INT. INTERPOL BLACK MARIA - DRIVING - DAY

Ghost and Shadow, shackled to the bench. Across from them, Henri removes a small bottle of Champagne from his jacket.

HENRI

I keep this in my desk since 2003 for this occasion.

GHOST

Why so small?

HENRI

Because they demoted me for missing you in Monaco. But now I am a hero.

He pops the bottle and drinks. Savoring the moment.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Other than my divorce, this may be the happiest day of my life.

SHADOW  
Thrilled for you. But... how'd you  
know we were comin'?

HENRI  
The name on Ghost's passport. You  
used it once long ago to enter  
Spain. I had it flagged.

SHADOW  
(to Ghost)  
You-recycled-a-name?!

Shadow lunges for Ghost, but alas, the shackles.

HENRI  
Tiny mistakes catch big criminals.

GHOST  
Criminals? You got the wrong guys,  
we're just thieves. Good thieves.

HENRI  
No more, amis. No more.

SHADOW  
(to Ghost)  
I'm going to kill you. I am going  
to fucken kill you.

HENRI  
After you confess to the Regent  
diamond, the Monet -- everything.

He takes another swig of that glorious champagne.

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - LYONS - DAY

A sprawling modern glass-and-steel fortress.

INT. HOLDING CELL - INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ghost and Shadow are shackled to the bench. Two stoic  
Interpol Agents stand by the door watching them.

GHOST  
I really gotta pee. You know, pipi?

The Agents don't flinch. Just stand there. Indomitable.

INT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - DAY

Henri, practically dancing as he carries two fat case files, and boards --

AN ELEVATOR

Swiping his ID card to light up the panel. He rides to --

THE BASEMENT

Swipes his card to gain access to the holding-room wing. A Guard lets him through a barred door, and --

He strides briskly down the rows, stopping at --

CELL 21

Swipes his card and the door THUNKS! open. Voila! --

The Two Stoic Agents exactly where they were, and as Henri enters -- a HANDCUFF snaps around his wrist and he realizes:

-- The two uniformed Agents standing are Ghost and Shadow.

-- The two criminals, out cold on the bench sans their clothes, are his trusted agents.

Henri, frozen, as Ghost cuffs his other hand.

GHOST

Tiny mistakes free big thieves.

Exploding in French profanity too ripe to print, Henri is shackled to his agents. They take his ID, his phone.

GHOST (CONT'D)

(clapping Henri's cheek)

No hard feelings. It's all in the game, as they say.

HENRI

I will kill you. I swear it on my mother's name. My father's grave.

Henri screaming for the Guard is cut off by the closing door, and what follows is quick:

-- A pre-cut photo with sticky-backing of a smiling Ghost is placed over Henri's scowling face on the ID.

-- The boys exit the wing, waving to the bored Guard.



-- Swipe Henri's card on the elevator and board as if they invented the Interpol, nodding to a group of Agents inside.

-- Cross a cubicle maze with its frantic chatter of keyboards and Agents, hot in the grips of criminal obsession.

-- Are briefly waylaid by a throng celebrating some division Chief's birthday party, and they sing-along to Joyeux Anniversaire.

-- Down a set of stairs, passing a hot Female Agent on her way up holding a salad. Ghost stops, Shadow yanks him along.

EVIDENCE ROOM COUNTER

Bullet-proof glass, cameras. The boys arrive, Ghost slipping a pre-filled Evidence Request and Henri's ID under the glass.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

(in French)

It will take awhile. You can wait or come back.

Ghost smiles, he doesn't speak French.

GHOST

(thick French accent)

Anglaise, please. Our *Hamerican* agent here suspects we are keeping secrets.

SHADOW

Hey, trust, but verify, Frenchie.

They trade scowls. The Officer looks down his nose at Shadow and says something disparaging in French that makes him howl. Ghost throws his head back and roars, conspiratorial. As the Officer departs --

SHADOW (CONT'D)

What the hell was that about?

Ghost shrugs, 'haven't a clue'.

CUT TO:

CELL 21

The Guard hears pounding -- decides to open the door and gets blasted by Henri screaming --

HENRI  
 (in French)  
*You let them out, you imbecile!  
 Get me a phone! A bolt cutter.*

CUT TO:

EVIDENCE ROOM

A WALL CLOCK TICKS LOUDLY. Shadow drums his fingers.

SHADOW  
 What's he doing in there, grouting?

GHOST  
 Relax.

SHADOW  
 Don't tell me to 'relax'. You told me that in Louisville.

GHOST  
 Exactly.

SHADOW  
 Exactly what?! I ended up in the clink!

GHOST  
 If you'd chilled out, you'd have walked out with me.

SHADOW  
 ME 'NOT RELAXING' WAS THE ONLY REASON YOU GOT TO WALK OUT!

GHOST  
 Easy-easy, you're developing spots.

SHADOW  
 Don't ease me! If he's not out in thirty seconds, we're goin' in.

GHOST  
 Fine.  
 (low)  
 If you relax.

CUT TO:

CELL 21

Henri screaming into a phone as the Guard works a bolt cutter.

HENRI  
 (in French)  
 Imbecile! I am lieutenant Henri  
 Brasse, seal the gates!

The last chain is cut and he tears off like Greyhound.

EVIDENCE COUNTER

Shadow, about to blow a gasket, when the Officer returns, holding THE ENVELOPE sealed in plastic. Yes! No --!

The son-of-a-bitch stops to answer a RINGING PHONE. Uh-oh.

Ghost and Shadow weighing their options. So close...

Ah, the call isn't about them, because the Officer starts looking something up on the computer. Something complicated.

TICK... TOCK... TICK... TOCK...

Ghost and Shadow, blue-balled. Staring daggers.

The Officer looking bored, taking his sweet fucking time.

The GRINDING of Shadow's teeth building... and he explodes just as the Officer hangs up -- choking down that rage and turning it into the tightest smile in history.

SHADOW  
 Merci!

A subtle tug of war between the boys for the envelope, which Ghost wins and as they start out --

SMASH CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

Henri busting out of an elevator, sprinting along a corridor.

CUT TO:

UNDER GROUND PARKING GARAGE

Ghost hot-wiring a nice Mercedes almost as quickly as if he had the keys. They hop in, peel out.

INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Shadow navigating out of the Interpol's underground garage. Ghost next to him, game-faced.

They emerge into daylight, and ahead a small line of cars stuck behind the 'sealed' gate.

GHOST  
What's the hold up...?

SHADOW  
Shiiiiit!

THEIR POV: Henri running along the driveway towards the guard booth ahead.

Shadow stamps the gas, races into the oncoming lane... and clips Henri, sending him sprawling onto the grass. In a flash, Shadow is out of the car and...

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

... dives on Henri. Ghost moves in, just as Guards from the booth come running, weapons drawn.

HENRI  
ARREST THESE MEN!

Shadow pops Henri on the chin and he wallows, dazed.

SHADOW  
(to the Guards)  
This man's our prisoner. He broke free of his shackles.

The Guard sees the busted shackles on Henri.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Gimme your handcuffs.

The Guard complies and Shadow cuffs a struggling Henri.

HENRI  
I am Henri Barasse, I ordered --

Shadow stuffs Henri's tie in his mouth.

SHADOW  
Enough outta you!  
(to the Guards)  
That is Henri Barasse.

He points to Ghost, who proudly flashes his ID. Henri writhes and screams through a mouth-full of Paisley tie.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

(re: Henri)

Keep him here. His accomplice jumped the fence. We're going after, open the gate!

GHOST

Alle! Alle!

They dart back to the Mercedes. One befuddled Guard secures Henri as the other bolts to open the gate.

The Mercedes races to the front of the line and out...

INT. ST. MICHEL - PARIS - EVENING

Ah, the romantic Seine. Ghost and Shadow in a quiet alcove, waiting for a canalboat. Ghost checks the time.

SHADOW (O.S.)

God's phone number?

Ghost looks at Shadow, who is puzzling over the mysterious envelope still sealed in 'evidence plastic'. It's obviously ancient with a crimson blotch from its violent travels.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

The Colonel's secret recipe?

GHOST

Stop. Put it away!

SHADOW

It's driving me nuts. What is this thing?

GHOST

What do we care?

SHADOW

If he's paying us two, it's worth four. And with two interested parties, maybe five.

Their eyes lock, a little glint... which Ghost shakes off.

GHOST

We made a deal, shook hands on it.

SHADOW  
We're thieves!

GHOST  
We never broke our word.

SHADOW  
And what do we have to show for it?

GHOST  
We can still hold our heads high.  
Violate your own code and who knows  
where you end up?

Shadow fingers the envelope, its mystery pulling on him.

SHADOW  
We make a copy and sell it to both  
of them -- the Asian and the  
German. Everyone's a winner.  
That's honorable.

Ghost just laughs... which irks Shadow.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
You know, we should have been  
retired long ago -- we coulda been  
legends -- if it wasn't for your  
moronic sense of chivalry.

GHOST  
Look at the bright side, come  
sunset, we'll be rid of each other  
for good.

SHADOW  
Let's hope.

They give each other their backs.

GHOST  
Here it comes... is he alone?

They gaze at the canal-boat, Mr. Rausch standing in the front  
by himself in the mostly empty boat. Ghost and Shadow board.

INT. CANALBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Their eyes flick over the passengers. No Rutger, just a  
Romantic Couple. They go to Mr. Rausch, perched with his  
cane and grinning like a devil. A briefcase at his feet.

MR. RAUSCH

Why the last minute change? We could have done this in the hotel over a glass of champagne.

GHOST

This is more romantic.

MR. RAUSCH

If you say so. Shall we sit?

They pass the couple making out, to grab a bench in the back.

ANGLE ON - A SMALL DARK CAR

Following along on the street beside the boat.

BENCH

Mr. Rausch hands them the briefcase. Ghost cracks it, and it's full of Andrew Jacksons in neat 10K bricks.

Shadow, a bit demure, hands the envelope to Mr. Rausch.

MR. RAUSCH (CONT'D)

You didn't open it?

SHADOW

As you can see, the evidence seal is still intact.

Mr. Rausch checks the seal, and stares religiously at the envelope.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Mind telling us what it is?

Mr. Rausch just smiles, enigmatic.

MR. RAUSCH

Nothing you would understand. Enjoy your romantic cruise.

He rises with a nod and moves forward, speaking to the captain about putting ashore at the next dock.

GHOST

Well, that's that.

They both grab for the briefcase, a little tug of war.

GHOST (CONT'D)

You think I'd try to ditch you?

SHADOW

In a New York heartbeat.

GHOST

See, if you're thinking I'd do that, you must be thinking of doin' it to me.

SHADOW

Shit, look behind you --

GHOST

Yeah, I'm gonna fall for that.

SHADOW

Seriously...

There is an audible CLICK! Ghost turns: the amorous couple are on their feet, the man levelling a freshly cocked 9mm. He points to the briefcase, beckons, 'hand it over'.

Ghost and Shadow look at Mr. Rausch, who offers a little smile, then gives them their back.

GHOST

Double-crossing bastard!

SHADOW

(through his teeth)

Least we have our honor, right?

As they hand the suitcase over, the gun man pitches into Ghost's arms, spitting blood. He's been knifed in the back!

THUMP! A figure drops from the bridge they're passing under and lands in the boat, soft as a cat. Jade!

MR. RAUSCH

Kill her!

The Amorous Woman lunges with a knife -- Jade kicks, breaking the woman's arm -- spins the other way in a perfect hook-kick -- dropping her instantly, and --

A silenced pistol magically appears in Jade's hand, trained directly on Ghost's heart. His hands shoot up.

GHOST

I was gonna call you.

JADE

WHERE IS IT?



Ghost points. Jade whirls, and there is Mr. Rausch, his cane raised -- POP! -- it fires a single bullet --

Knocking Jade over the gunwale into the dark water.

ANGLE ON - RUTGER

Out of the black car he's been following in -- levelling a suppressed Steyr machine gun -- he fires on --

GHOST AND SHADOW

Seats are chewed to shit around them. But they have the metal briefcase -- which saves their lives from a bullet -- before they vault overboard into the murky Seine.

MR. RAUSCH

Screams at the boat captain, who veers to a little dock and Rutger comes running, helping his *leiter* to dry land.

MR. RAUSCH

(in German)

I have it! Go!

They scramble to Rutger's car and peel off.

GHOST AND SHADOW

Sputtering as they're swept along with the detritus. Shadow flops and gurgles. He never got around to learn swimming, certainly not while holding a briefcase full of cash that's filling with water, and he --

SLIPS BENEATH THE SURFACE

Being pulled down by the briefcase... until he finally, and very painfully, lets it go.

ABOVE SURFACE

Ghost grabs a sputtering Shadow and does the backward 'lifesaving swim', holding onto him.

SHADOW

What'd I tell you?! Stupid, dim-witted, idiot.

Shadow reaches back, squeezing his hands around Ghost's throat.

GHOST

(choking)

CUD... ID... OUD...

Ghost slips under pulling Shadow with him. Drowning, Shadow comes to grips with the flaw in his plan, and releases.

They break the surface, sputtering and gasping.

EXT. SEINE - SAME TIME

A soaking figure climbs out of the river. Jade.

She pulls off her shirt -- blood streams from a nasty bullet-hole in her flank. It doesn't seem to faze her.

She rubs her hands together very quickly, as if building a static-charge, then holds them just above the wound...

The flow of blood mysteriously ebbs... and ceases completely!

EXT. BRIDGE - SEINE - SAME TIME

Ghost and Shadow have shimmied up onto some bridge pylons, and here they sit, dripping, among the rats of Paris.

Shadow reaches inside his soggy jacket, relieved to find a little scroll rolled up in a plastic bag.

GHOST

What's that?

SHADOW

Whaddya think it is?

It's what was inside the envelope they stole.

GHOST

Shit! You didn't?

SHADOW

Of course I did. Fool!

GHOST

You lying, two-timing, conniving, beautiful, sack-of-shit!

SHADOW

You're welcome.

Ghost roars.

GHOST

I'd pay to see his face right now.

INT. RUTGER'S CAR - IDLING - SAME TIME

Mr. Rausch's face, a cold, frozen mask... as he stares at the envelope he has just opened. Very empty! His eyes slowly lift, murderous.

MR. RAUSCH

Find them!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARBELLA - SPAIN - DAY

Rolls Royces, loaded with some Sheik's hundred best friends, glide past. One Rolls pulls to the curb and a well-fed, Westernized Arab gets out. HAMID, (50s), purveyor of things stolen worldwide.

EXT. HAMID'S SEASIDE VILLA/PATIO - MINUTES LATER

Hamid steps out with a gun, pointing it at the two louts sunbathing and eating dates in his expensive deck chairs.

GHOST

Eyyy, Hamid. Come on in.

Shadow and Ghost rise, and now Hamid sees who it is.

HAMID

By the damp balls of Christ -- ?

SHADOW

So you still remember us?

HAMID

How can I forget? The only two thieves in the world with the lowest criminal cunning and the highest moral standards.

He tucks away the gun and gives them the Arab hug.

HAMID (CONT'D)

Nice of you to invite me into my own home.

GHOST

Don't mention it. Have a date.

There's a whimper; Hamid sees his Butler tied up and gagged.

SHADOW

He was very persistent denying us  
your hospitality.

Hamid unties his Butler.

HAMID

Antonio, bring me the King Louis  
from the special cellar.

The Butler pats down his ruffled hair and snaps to. Hamid  
sits with the boys, grinning.

HAMID (CONT'D)

I thought you two had split up?  
Something about a woman, no?

Shadow chews teeth. Ghost shakes his head, 'don't go there'.

HAMID (CONT'D)

Ah, never mind. How is business?

GHOST

Lately, quite brisk. Hence we need  
your help.

Shadow removes the little scroll and splays it out on the  
table. At last, the mysterious contents of the envelope:

A PIECE OF ANCIENT PAPER WITH A CIRCLE OF STRANGE SYMBOLS

SHADOW

You have any idea what that is?

Hamid reacts as if was the severed head of his favorite wife.

GHOST

You, uh... okay?

HAMID

I am just remembering I have a  
prior engagement with King Fahdad.  
I'll find you a hotel and we'll --

Ghost and Shadow put some calming hands on him.

SHADOW

Easy, friend, you're breaking into  
a flop sweat.

HAMID

You bring a... a plague into my  
house and expect me to... what?

Shadow and Ghost look at each other. Plague?

GHOST  
Just tell us what we have here.

HAMID  
Then you leave -- right away -- and never tell a soul you were here.

They nod. Deal.

INT. HAMID'S VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

Full of ancient artifacts. Hamid locks the front door, pulls curtains, quivering with paranoia. Over this --

HAMID  
You have no idea? Honestly?

They don't, making him laugh.

HAMID (CONT'D)  
Who built the greatest Empire in history?

SHADOW  
Genghis Khan?

HAMID  
Genghis Khan. They buried him in secret, killed everyone who might reveal his tomb -- except one head monk. The map he made 800 years ago, was rumored to have resurfaced a week ago in Hong Kong.

A-ha! Shadow sees the angle now.

SHADOW  
The greatest emperor in history... they'd have buried him with a mountain of gold, right?

HAMID  
Likely, but that is not the prize everyone is after.

Oh?

HAMID (CONT'D)  
The real prize is the greatest artifact in history -- the Spear of Destiny.

GHOST

Wow! That sounds... underwhelming.

Hamid pads the line of ancient books and pulls one, opening it to: Fra Angelico's haunting fresco of Jesus being lanced on the cross by the Roman Longinus' spear.

SHADOW

The spear that killed Christ?  
(laughs)  
Really?

HAMID

It's said: 'whoever wields the spear has the power to bend the destiny of the world to their will'.

Shadow can't help but laugh.

SHADOW

It's a tiger dick.

HAMID

Come again?

SHADOW

Some folks believe if you eat tiger dick your wang gets bigger.

GHOST

You've tried this?

HAMID

Whether you believe in the spear's power or not, is inconsequential. It's priceless. But consider this: Charlemagne had it, won 47 battles. The Visquots who sacked Rome had it. The last man to have the spear was Genghis Khan -- only the greatest conqueror in history.

Hamid pushes the book to them, 'read for yourself'.

SHADOW

A treasure map to the greatest score in history. That's got to be worth a sweet song.

GHOST

(to Hamid)  
Make us an offer.

HAMID

Not a chance, *sadiqi*. I treasure life. Besides, you opened the envelope, so how do I know it's not a fake? There have been many. Hitler thought he had the real map twice.

Ghost laughs. Hamid looks at him, 'what's funny?'

GHOST

I thought you said Hitler.

HAMID

It's the reason he invaded Russia and Africa when he did.

It hangs there.

GHOST

Maybe we just sell it back to the original two bidders after all.

HAMID

You'll have the same problem. They will want to know if you doctored the map, whether you made copies. How can they ever know for sure without torturing you?

Say what?!

HAMID (CONT'D)

You see, when you opened that envelope, you cursed yourself. They'll never stop looking for you, and their power is vast.

GHOST

See what you've done!

SHADOW

I do and you're welcome.  
(getting infected)  
If it's the greatest score in history, we should be the ones pulling it. We keep Khan's gold, and sell them the spear. Curse solved. Everyone wins.

GHOST

Funny, I was just thinking that.

SHADOW

Of course you were. How do we decipher the map?

HAMID

Simple. You need the Star of Asia.

GHOST

Ah, great.

(then)

What is it?

HAMID

A 200 karat sapphire Khan carried with him. Hitler managed to secure it in 1943, so in all likelihood it was sent with other artifacts for safe-keeping in Austria.

Hamid licks his lips, seeing his own angle here.

HAMID (CONT'D)

I could find out exactly where and advise you on how to use it... for an anonymous, tiny percentage of the back end.

He grins like a jackal. They grin.

INT./ EXT. ALI BABA SUITE - VILLA PALACE HOTEL - SPAIN - DAY

Shadow, 'gringo incognito' in a cap and sunglasses, enters the plush suite, following LAUGHTER out to the patio where --

Ghost entertains a hot tub full of lanky, beautiful women.

GHOST

Eyyy, there he is. Say hello the Aussie national volleyball team. The "A" squad.

Shadow stands there, grinding teeth.

GHOST (CONT'D)

(to the women)

I'll be right back.

Ghost trails Shadow inside.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Why the long face?



SHADOW

What is your understanding of the term "lay low?"

GHOST

Hey, I haven't left the room once. I'm lower than a snake's ballsack here.

SHADOW

Interpol's got our face plastered on every TV from here to scratch-my-ass, and you're cavorting in a hot tub full of people who can peg us.

GHOST

(grins)  
I'm hoping they peg us. Christ, look at them.

SHADOW

You know, there's something really wrong with you.

GHOST

I think there's something wrong with you. Why do you hate fun?

He pokes Ghost in the chest with a finger.

SHADOW

You're not gonna get me killed. Fuck up and I will throw you under the bus, pal. Without a second thought. Remember that.

Ghost is about to say 'easy', but Shadow cocks a fist.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Go ahead, say it.

Ghost just shakes his head, sadly. Shadow tosses a thick file on the table.

GHOST

From Hamid?

Ghost picks up the file and flips through it.

GHOST (CONT'D)

This is where Star of Asia is?

PHOTO: a huge castle perched in the alps.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
In the fucking Disney castle?

Ghost laughs.

SHADOW  
Yeah, hysterical, till you check  
out the security system.

Ghost flips pages of complex blue-prints and schematics, his  
levity turning to outrage.

GHOST  
What's wrong with these people?

SHADOW  
They're paranoid, or hordin' some  
real precious shit in there. Or  
both.

Ghost keeps flipping, scratching his head.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
While you ponder a way in, I'll  
fall on my sword and entertain our  
guests.

He strides outside, strips to his tiger-stripe undies and  
climbs into the hot tub with the women.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
G'day, ladies. My slow-witted  
assistant had to call his doctor.  
Nothing a heavy dose cephalosporin  
can't cure -- they hope.

He settles in, grinning.

CUT TO:

Henri Brasse, and he's grinning. Because as we PULL BACK...

REVEAL: INT. INTERPOL INTELLIGENCE ROOM - PARIS - DAY

A monitor, freeze-framed on Ghost and Shadow boarding a  
train.

AGENT  
(in French)  
*Would they be so stupid as to  
expose themselves like that?*

HENRI  
 (in French)  
*Not stupidity, arrogance.*

Vibrating with excitement, he tears off.

EXT. LAKE COMO - ITALY - EARLY EVENING

A dark-haired, British beauty, ANNA (30), opens a door of a nice middle-class home to find a smiling Ghost and Shadow.

GHOST  
 Hi.

She slams the door. They look at each other. The door is yanked open again. They try their smile again.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Hi.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Anna, exhausted, bounces a colicky eight month old twin, while the other somersaults around Shadow's feet.

GHOST  
 You look fantastic.

ANNA  
 Liar.

GHOST  
 Seriously, not a day different than London, and that was in, what, '03. Just before you and Cue Ball started dating, right?

She looks closer at him, a memory dawning.

ANNA  
 You proposed to me.

GHOST  
 (shit, I did?)

ANNA  
 These...  
 (re: kids)  
 ... could've been yours.

GHOST  
 Yeah... pity.

SHADOW  
So, is Cue Ball around?

ANNA  
Why? Want him to steal something?

SHADOW  
We'd just like to pick his brain.

ANNA  
So would I. With an ice-pick.

A beat as she seizes them up, then --

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Wait here. I'll get him.

She hands Ghost the colicky baby -- which he accepts as if it were grenade with the pin pulled -- and she's out the door, leaving Ghost with his protest stuck in his open craw.

The twin looks up at Shadow with a one-tooth grin...

SHADOW  
(flat)  
Cute.

... then bites his shin. On Shadow's scream --

CUT TO:

THREE HOURS LATER

Dark now. Ghost bounces that fussy baby, gazing out the window after Anna, pissed. Shadow paces, spit-up on his shirt, pissed.

Shadow smells something now, sniffs the baby in his arms. Dookie. Meets Ghost's eyes. Terror.

NURSERY - MINUTES LATER

Ghost and Shadow, shoulder-to-shoulder, changing a diaper. Concentrating as if this was complex safecracking.

GHOST  
Okay, remove it.

They cringe.

SHADOW  
Oh, God.

Ghost ferries the hazardous diaper to the trash.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Squirming!

GHOST  
Firm hand!  
(rushing in)  
Quick, cover that nozzle.

SHADOW  
No, Velcro out. Out!

GHOST  
Trying!

Crisis averted. They exhale and share a look of cautious optimism.

CUT TO:

Shadow easing the baby into his crib like nitro-glycerine. The baby fidgets. No, dammitt! Shadow frozen. Ghost frozen. Then Shadow steals for the door. They exhale, watching their handiwork, as taxing as any job they've done.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Ever wonder what we might have become if we'd been raised in a nice crib with a family and all?

SHADOW  
Hey, I always knew my mama cared.

GHOST  
She left you on the church-steps in a duffel bag.

SHADOW  
Yeah, but it was a Prada bag.

The sound of a DOOR opening.

CUT TO:

Anna, returning from a bar tipsy and jovial... till she sees the two stone-faced men.

GHOST  
What kind of mother leaves her kids with strangers?!

ANNA

Strangers? We've fucked -- in the parking lot of a church! Besides, Cue Ball always said you were the straightest crooks in the world.

SHADOW

Where. Is. Cue-Ball?

ANNA

Doing five on the Italians.

GHOST

He's in the clink?!

SHADOW

We've been played for baby sitters!

ANNA

I haven't had a day off in moons. Gettin a bloody shower in is like climbing Everest. You owe me that.

SHADOW

Owe you?! For what?

ANNA

Opening my house to criminals. You'll stay the night, tomorrow you can pick my brain. Everything that cunt Cue Ball knows, I know.

They're skeptical. Her hands go to her hips.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Try me -- fucking chauvinists!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Anna pours over the Austrian castle schematics, her feet in Ghost's lap -- being massaged. Shadow pushes the twins on a swing.

ANNA

A little firmer on the arches.

Ghost complies, looks at Shadow. How the fuck did we end up here?!

Anna spots something now in the castle photo, leans close.

ECU - PHOTO: on the wrought-iron gates of the castle is that symbol: the dagger with the drop of blood.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You fuckers!

She springs up, freaked. Paces.

SHADOW

Care to elaborate?

ANNA

That's the Legion of Scion  
clubhouse you're going to hit!

GHOST

No kidding.

(then)

Who?

ANNA

The German Illuminati is who. Even  
the bloody Sicilians are terrified  
of them? They're into black magic,  
occult shit.

SHADOW

We're not looking for their hand in  
marriage, we're just gonna rob 'em.

ANNA

Full of piss and vinegar, how  
novel. One Lung Curran, Oysters  
Malloy, Horseface -- all dead or  
locked up -- and they were better  
than you.

GHOST

Obviously not.

She regards him a beat, then --

ANNA

I like you Ghost, maybe more than a  
little -- but you're dinosaurs.  
The world's gone digital. Buy a  
computer and learn to hack. It's  
safer, pays better.

GHOST

Yeah, but where's the fun in that?

SHADOW

Besides we take pride in working  
for a living.

ANNA

I'll chisel it on your tombstones.

GHOST

How about you just find us a crack  
in that alarm system.

ANNA

There is no way to soft-shoe in.  
It's a two-barrier set up: virtual  
trip wires, biometrics, stereo-  
camera identification.

Off their look --

ANNA (CONT'D)

If you find a way into the castle  
and to that mainframe, I could  
build you a jammer. It would drop  
the security system for like...  
twenty minutes. Best I can do.

It hangs there.

GHOST

We'll take it.

SHADOW

And you take these.

Shadow holds out the twins.

ANNA

I'll need my hands if I'm going to  
build you that jammer, won't I?

The grind teeth.

EXT. COMO TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Playground of the rich and famous. Ancient streets, dripping  
history. We FIND:

Jade, in a little rental Fiat, keeping a close eye ahead on --

Rutger and another thick-necked Aryan, incongruously stuffed  
into another rental Fiat. They in turn are watching --

Henri, a pack of armed Agents in tow, canvassing the  
neighborhood, showing residents photos of Ghost and Shadow,  
and getting a lot of shaking heads.

NEW ANGLE - AT A CORNER



Henri turns, bumping into a man.

HENRI

Pardon.

MAN

Scusi.

Henri goes to show the man his 'wanted' photos, only to realize he doesn't need to -- the man is Ghost!

HENRI

MERDE!

He grabs for his gun -- Shadow, behind him, locks his arm.

SHADOW

You don't need a gun with us,  
Henri.

GHOST

Guns show a lack of creativity.

Henri goes to shout -- Ghost clamps his mouth. And they move away from the corner like three really close pals.

SHADOW

We actually like you, you know.

A gun kisses the back of Shadow's head. One of Henri's men. They release Henri, who grins so hard he twitches.

HENRI

Love you too.

He's about to cuff them when, inexplicably the Agent next to Henri is flung off his feet through the glass storefront.

CHU! CHU! Another Agent goes down. Silenced guns.

SHADOW

SHOOT HIM, HENRI!

What? Who? He sees RUTGER now and fires. It's like a starting pistol -- CITIZENS SCREAM and scatter.

Ghost and Shadow duck for cover behind a car as bullets fly.

Like the fucking Terminator, Rutger keeps coming. His Aryan pal, flanking him, is suddenly shot and he reels around --

Jade! -- turning the gunfight into a proper clusterfuck. Rutger covers, pouring fire on Jade and Henri.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Henri, watch your flank! HENRI!

He looks at them, fires a shot right at them. Misses.

GHOST  
HEY --!

Fuck this, they make a run for it, and for a second every gun is spitting bullets their way, before they cut into --

A BOUTIQUE

Racing to the rear, through the changing rooms where they surprise someone's Trophy Wife slipping out of a million-Lira cocktail dress. Ghost stops dead...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Bonjourno --

... before Shadow yanks him along, out the back door into --

AN ALLEYWAY

Dead end!

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Well done!

Wait -- a staircase to an apartment building. Up they go.

CUT TO:

TOP FLOOR APARTMENT

Ghost and Shadow duck inside, catching their breath. They're out of shape. Past their prime. Rattled.

GHOST  
Nice to be popular.

SHADOW  
We're running!

GHOST  
What?

SHADOW  
We've never run.

Bad omen.

GHOST  
Just get us out of here.

CUT TO:

ROOF

Ghost and Shadow, like a couple of Western desperados across the slanted roofs...

STREET BELOW

Jade reloading, sees two running shadows projected on the street and looks up -- glimpses the boys running.

She breaks cover, spring-boards off a street-cafe table to grab the wrought-iron balcony above. And up towards the roof she goes, balcony-to-balcony -- beautiful and frightening.

RUTGER

Realizes the game has moved as he sees Jade up on the roof. He takes off, following along the street.

HENRI

Follows on the other side of the street, calling for backup.

CUT TO:

ROOF

Ghost and Shadow, halted by an eight-foot gap between buildings. And back there is Jade, coming like a tiger.

GHOST  
(we're screwed)  
We can make that.

SHADOW  
(not a chance)  
Of course we can.

They take runway speed... sailing across the gap. Shadow just making it. Ghost, left dangling from the roof ledge.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Well done!

He goes to pull him up when the tile breaks and Ghost drops several feet... grabbing onto an electrical wire. It holds.

GHOST  
Well done!

He shimmies along -- for a balcony he can drop down to.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Rendezvous at The Tremezzo.

SHADOW  
You have the map!

GHOST  
You think I planned this?

Yes. A bullet from Jade snaps past. Fuck it!

SHADOW  
You better be there.

The wire jerks under Ghost's weight. Uh-oh. His eyes flash to the wire-anchor in the mortar -- it's bending!

GHOST'S POV - BELOW: a wrought iron fence.

GHOST  
(shiiit)

He hurries. SNAP! -- there goes his lifeline -- but only one side, and he does a George of the Jungle...

...right through a large, lovely window below.

INT. LOWER APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Ghost careens across a stove, clipping bubbling pots that send shit all up the walls and --

He comes to rest on the floor. Slaps at the flames on his shirt and checks himself. Ah, it's not blood, just tomato sauce. God has a way of smiling on Ghost.

Then he notices a formidable enemy staring at him: Big Italian Mama, in the carnage of her culinary temple.

GHOST  
Scusi.

She grabs her best knife and Ghost is running again -- out the back-door -- Italian Mama in screaming pursuit.

CUT TO:

JADE

Reaching the gap, spots Ghost vanishing down the alley below. She dives, grabbing the broken wire dangling and repels down.

RUTGER

Sees Ghost hit the street up the block. He rips the driver out of a tiny Alfa Romeo convertible and flings him away.

His bulk fills the entire car, but never mind, he burns rubber, leaving Henri emptying his gun after him.

JADE

Twenty yards behind Ghost, takes aim at his legs, squeezes off a shot. CLICK! Empty. She runs past the Italian Mama who is yelling after Ghost, and snatches the knife from her like a relay baton.

GHOST

Sees a Vespa moped idling as the owner kisses his girlfriend goodbye on the curb and jumps on it.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Scusi!

Jade pursues and boy is she ever something in a flat out sprint. She hears heavy RPM and whirls --

Rutger barreling down on her. She throws the knife.

WITH THE KNIFE: flashing right at Rutger, who ducks and TCHAK! -- the knife sticks in the head rest.

Rutger grins, his turn to kill her -- with the car, but --

Jade springs -- a six foot vertical leap -- somersaulting over the little Alfa -- to land perfectly on her feet.

GHOST ON THE VESPA

A big man on a tiny moped, weaving crazily through narrow, cobbled-stoned streets, being chased by --

A very big man in a very tiny car. He's almost on Ghost... who suddenly lays into a sharp turn, nearly dropping the bike.

Rutger skids past, jumps the curb and smashes through the glass doors of a --

MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

Slamming into a huge mural for The Bicycle Thief.

CUT TO:

GHOST

On his stolen 'bike', spotting Shadow, hurrying across the crosswalk. He BEEPS the tiny horn. Shadow hops on and they make their epic getaway, PUT-PUTTING ten miles an hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIENNA AIRPORT IMIGRATION - DAY

An Immigration Officer stamps a Canadian passport and looks up -- a look of pity.

OFFICER

Welcome to Austria, Mr. Guud.

Shadow, vaguely resembling the GEICO Neanderthal from steroidal swelling. He moves on, meeting --

Ghost, who resembles "Big Boy" from Dick Tracy with his swollen nose and jaw. They fall in step, scaring children.

SHADOW

You used too much juice!

GHOST

You're welcome.

SHADOW

My face is gonna fucking explode --

GHOST

Hey, I got us past the facial recognition cams. That's genius -- that's mastermind shit.

Ghost smiles at a Hot Woman. She pulls her bag closer, crept out.

SHADOW

Brilliant, we're only a little less conspicuous than werewolves.

GHOST

The cup's always 'half empty' with you.

SHADOW

Half empty?! Since we crossed paths, I've been in two gunfights, baby-sat twins, and turned into a heinous freak!

GHOST

Exactly.

SHADOW

EXACTLY WHAT --?!

GHOST

You're still alive, and on the greatest score in history. That's at least half a cup full.

They exit the terminal jawing at each other...

EXT. VIENNA AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

... and pass a Foppish Guy helping his fur-clad wife wrestle ten bags into the terminal, while screaming at her.

The boys, still arguing, step right into the guy's idling BMW M6, and drive away as if it were their constitutional right.

Mozart's Piano Concerto 9 kicks in and we go to...

EXT. AUSTRIAN ALPS - AERIAL - DAY

Racing up the breathtaking foothills with their glittering lakes, emerald pastures, and postcard-perfect cows...

Up the basalt peaks, like an endless serrated blade. It's like we've left the things of our world behind and entered some Aasgaard-realm above the clouds. We slam to a stop on --

SCHLOSS ADLER - FROM A DISTANCE

And the MUSIC strangles. It's not so much a castle as a fortress. Unreachable except for a swooning single cable-car that plunges into clouds. PAN TO:

AN ALPINE LOOKOUT

Shadow scopes the castle from the tourist telescope, his heart sinking. It really is a terrible place.

Ghost pulls up, hanging up a call with Hamid.

SHADOW

I read that Hitler was initiated up there as a young man. A sadistic ritual that left him impotent.

GHOST

Is that a selling point?

SHADOW

My *point* is, if you're not sure about this --

GHOST

Wait -- are you getting cold feet?

SHADOW

What? No. Why, are you?

GHOST

Of course not, it's just --

SHADOW

-- look, if you want to bail --

GHOST

-- I'M ALL IN! But I respect if you want to stand back --

SHADOW

-- WHY ARE YOU PUTTING THIS ON ME? You haven't found us a way in.

Ghost chews his lip.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch, you found a way in!

GHOST

In the lower courtyard, they're puttin' up a tent.

Shadow uses the telescope and indeed a tent is being erected.

GHOST (CONT'D)

It's some big yearly shindig. Lots of Scion investment wankers from around the world. Hamid thinks he can sneak us onto the guest list.

SHADOW

He can do that?



GHOST  
His resourcefulness is exceeded  
only by his greed.

SHADOW  
(flat)  
Well, that's great.

GHOST  
(even flatter)  
Yeah. Fantastic.

They stare at the castle. Shit!

GHOST (CONT'D)  
We'll have to move quick. Be a lot  
of unknowns. A lot of improv.

SHADOW  
Christ! Look, if you want to bag --

GHOST  
I-AM-IN!

SHADOW  
Well, so am I?

GHOST  
Okay, so that's settled.

SHIT!

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - CUOMO, ITLAY - DAY

Henri bounces one of the twins on his arm, Anna snatches the  
kid from him.

ANNA  
He's allergic to swine.

Henri smiles.

HENRI  
Hopefully he'll grow up with more  
brains than his mother.

ANNA  
What do you want? I'm just a  
single mother. A homemaker.

HENRI  
You're Cue Ball's wife. They did  
the KLM heist together.  
(MORE)

HENRI (CONT'D)  
I know they were here, and we'll  
find fingerprints to prove it.

ANNA  
Well, you better get on with then.

HENRI  
Thieves' pride. Pffft! Who will  
watch your bambinos while you're in  
jail?

Anna, trying for fearless and failing. He leans close...

HENRI (CONT'D)  
Be a good mama and tell me where  
they went.

Their eyes locked...

EXT. GONDOLA PARKING AREA - NEXT DAY - EVENING

A private lot full of limos and expensive cars.

Ghost and Shadow, faces still swollen, exit a 'borrowed'  
Bugatti Veyron, wearing dark suits and glasses. Their hair  
dyed Lawrence-of-Arabia blonde. Fake IDs are scanned and  
double checked.

They start for the gondola, Ghost trying to press a MAN PURSE  
on Shadow.

SHADOW  
Get that thing away from me.

GHOST  
It's part of the get up.

SHADOW  
Not wearing a fucking purse.

GHOST  
Put-it-on! You're making a scene.

He is. Shadow relents, dying a little inside.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
What are you worried about? That  
thing looks great on you.

Fuck you very much, Ghost!

GONDOLA STATION

A crowd of Scions wait to be lifted into the clouds. Almost everyone has a European man-purse. No people of color here, just pale well-fed buzzards, with thin lips and fat smiles.

Eyes study Ghost and Shadow -- and they give it right back. The Gondola arrives, door HISSING open. Scions filter on, Ghost and Shadow last. Doors close. No going back...

INT. GONDOLA - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

A wall of roiling mist obliterates the majestic view...

Ghost and Shadow keep to themselves. Ghost goes to fix Shadow's tie, but he slaps his hand away.

GHOST

That purse still rankling you?

SHADOW

I got a bad feeling.

GHOST

If you had a 'good feeling' I'd be worried.

SHADOW

These guys are into some dark shit.

GHOST

Relax, God likes us. We amuse him. When you get boring, he kills you.

SHADOW

He gets bored of everybody.

GHOST

You'd rather croak in a warm bed, clutching a bed pan?

Shadow looks at him for a beat.

SHADOW

You have an annoying habit of making sense in an absurd way.

GHOST

Thank you.

SHADOW

Welcome.

He lets Ghost fix his tie like a good 'older brother'...

OUTSIDE

The Gondola emerges from the mist and there is the castle, as if floating in the clouds.

EXT. THE LEGION OF SCION CASTLE - MINUTES LATER

They step off with the others, moving through a long stone corridor... lit by torches held by towering, muscular men of the finest Aryan stock. All in dark robes. It opens into --

THE MAIN PLAZA

Ringed by statues of nymphs and satyrs are hundreds of Scions in black suits with shiny lapel pins, drinking from crystal glasses. Old money and power. An orchestra grinds Wagner.

GHOST

(under his breath)

Jesus, where's the casket?

They burrow into the crowd. A fat man corners them momentarily, jabbering in German. Ghost throws his head back roaring, slapping the guy on the back.

What the fuck was that about? Ghost shrugs, no idea.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Into the garden and we slip away.  
Cakewalk!

They move towards the garden and practically run right into --

RUTGER! In hushed council with Mr. Rausch.

They backpedal quickly into the crowd.

SHADOW

Some cakewalk, pal!

GHOST

Relax, I planned for this. Go  
around the other side.

They go that way when a BELL TOLLS, eliciting CHEERS and robed Aryan Monks begin to sheep-dog the crowd inside.

SHADOW

I'm not going in there!

But Rutger is lingering out here with Mr. Rausch.

GHOST

We can't stay out here.

They are absorbed into the river of people heading inside.

INT. CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Chandeliers, tapestries and giant portraits of old battles with heroic Aryans defeating barbarian hordes. They are swept along on the Scion tide into --

A MAJESTIC HALL

In the center, a circular floor with occult symbols ringed with lanterns. At its nucleus, a small pit with an altar.

Ghost and Shadow are pressed together with giddy Scions.

SHADOW

Wouldn't be a plan of yours if it didn't go to shit, right?

Rutger passes and takes a seat some rows ahead, and the heavy doors are shut by the Guards. Lights dim. Silence falls...

Mr. Rausch inexplicably appears in the center pit, as if he sprung out of the Earth itself. He enters a spotlight. Pale eyes sparkling with evil intelligence.

MR. RAUSCH

Welcome Scions... in a world growing fractured by religion, dwindling resources and the politics of profit, we are reminded about the importance of unity. The power of will, of sacrifice towards a shared goal. Behold what is possible with unity...

He sweeps his hand, and the floor is taken by several Monks, who disrobe to reveal powerful physiques. They lock together like human Lego, creating structures that defy gravity.

The crowd ooohs and ahhs. Shadow eyes his watch.

ON THE FLOOR

A white dove is tethered to the center. The Monks encircle it, holding hands... and descend into trance, thrumming with energy. It builds... the Monks' eyes rolling white and --

The dove squawks, fluttering in terror before it's pinned on its side by an unseen force. It kicks twice and dies...

The crowd goes nuts and the boys move for the exit, stopped short by the abrupt silence as Mr. Rausch retakes the floor.

MASTER

In our history, there has been one overriding ambition: true mystical power, old as time itself. A power to usher in the new world order we have all dreamt of.

He lets that sink in, then --

MASTER (CONT'D)

We are very close, Scions, closer than in centuries. Standing in our way are two minor... hindrances --

Ghost and Shadow's photos appear on a forty foot screen.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Two pernicious thieves who have stolen from us. We must use every resource to find them. They will be caught, and shown the full meaning of suffering.

Clenched, Ghost and Shadow absorb their newfound fame.

It dawns on the Gangly Guy beside Shadow that he's seen these 'thieves' before. His eyes travel to Shadow, mouth opening --

Shadow chops him in the throat. The man hooks over, gagging. Shadow quickly escorts him up the aisle, like a concerned Scion helping his over-imbibed brother. Ghost follows, shaking his head.

GHOST

Schnapps.

The commotion makes heads turn, including Rutger's.

Mr. Rausch, seeing nothing beyond the stage lights launches back in and people direct their attention there. Except --

Rutger, who turns back, something tripping his sixth sense.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - SCHLOSS ADLER - MOMENTS LATER

Shadow ties up the cold-cocked Gangly Guy and notices a cool gold figurine on the shelf. Looks valuable. And look how nicely it fits in his man-purse. Ghost steps out into --

THE CORRIDOR

MAN'S VOICE  
Meine Herre?

Ghost turns: a barrel-chested Guard approaches.

GHOST  
Guten haben.

His punch connects perfectly with the Guard's chin and it does nothing, except surprise the hulk. A quick follow-up kick to the balls elicits the same stunning disregard.

The Guard grabs Ghost by the throat, lifting him off his feet with Herculean vibes. No worries, out of the closet comes --

Shadow, drilling a punch to the side of the Guard's head. And like that, both boys are dangling by their necks, strangling.

The Guard grins... until Shadow slugs him across the dome with his gold-weighted man-purse. The hulk's eyes flicker... and down he goes!

Ghost rubbing his throat, looks at their saving grace -- Shadow's purse.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
What did I tell ya?

INT. CENTRAL SECURITY ROOM - TWO MINUTES LATER

A fantastic security set-up, in front of which a Skinny Guard dozes in his chair. He bats his eyes, which flare wide --

HIS POV: a fist coming at him. WHACK! The world reels...

Shadow ties up the Guard as Ghost pulls out ANNA'S JAMMER DEVICE. A nifty plug-in, like a Mase-Hamilton interface.

GHOST  
Here goes nothin'...

He plugs it into the mainframe and, wow... nothing happens.

SHADOW  
Shouldn't something be happening?

GHOST  
I'm sure it'll be fine.

SHADOW  
Why the hell did we trust her?

GHOST  
Because she's still in love with  
me.

SHADOW  
We're fucked.

GHOST  
Why so negative?

SHADOW  
Because hanging around you, I've  
gotten used to disappointment.

There is a LOUD WHIRRING! Cycling images on monitors freeze.  
Lights on the control board all come on, locking up. The  
system is jammed.

They look at each other.

GHOST  
You were saying?

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rutger exits the hall and finds a Guard by the entrance.

RUTGER  
(in German)  
Three men left, where did they go?

The Guard clicks his radio, speaks in German. No answer from  
Security Central. That's weird. Rutger's eyes turn icy.

INT. SCRIPTORUM - TWO MINUTES LATER

Ghost and Shadow drop from an air duct into a massive  
repository with centuries of books and documents in the  
Scion's cause.

Large murals and tapestries of well-fed Aryans from the ages  
stare down their nose at the boys as they --

Have at an impressive door with a space-age lock, using the  
oldest tool in the profession -- the lock-pick.

Their hands work in beautiful syncopation, like two surgeons.  
The lock succumbs and they step into --

A LONG CORRIDOR



Modern linoleum and track lights, old stone walls. They pass several rooms and stop dead:

THEIR POV: a room covered entirely in white tiles. Handcuffs on chains dangle from the ceiling. A stainless-steel chair with restraints. Electrical clamps. A floor drain.

GHOST

Must be the entertainment room.

SHADOW

Let's not be the entertainment.

The door to the Scriptorium BANGS OPEN at the far end of the corridor: Rutger and a horde of huge Guards. A frozen beat, as the two factions regard each other. Then it's on --

Ghost and Shadow bust out running, triggering a frantic chase through the confusing maze of stone tunnels.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Are we lost?!

GHOST

Of course not. We're confusing them?

SHADOW

I'm confused.

They throw on the brakes at a junction. Suddenly, MONKS -- the scary ones from the hall show -- are running at them.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

They don't seem confused.

Ghost and Shadow run, down another corridor. The ECHO of murderous Scions bouncing through the maze at them.

GHOST

How do we get out of here?

SHADOW

Now you toss it in my lap?!

DARK STONE STAIRWAY

They race down, left or right? Frantic. Wait, there is --

THE VAULT

They race to the MASSIVE STEEL DOOR cranking the SPINDLE. The stairway behind fills with CLATTERING BOOTS. They get the huge door open and slip inside.

Rutger and the Guards arrive, sprinting to the vault.

Ghost and Shadow struggle, the door is like pushing a dead truck and there's not enough time!

Rutger wedges himself in the closing gap. They punch him.

GHOST  
USE YOUR PURSE!

Shadow tomahawks the Aryan hulk with his purse-mace, and at last Rutger sags away! They lower the thick steel cross-braces, sealing them in. And sink to the floor, exhausted...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Well, I got us in.

SHADOW  
You sure did. Genius. Mastermind.

He kicks the wall. Cussing.

GHOST  
One little hiccup and you go all to pieces?

Ghost rises and takes stock, walking into the vault. Motion-detector lights slam on illuminating --

#### THE LEGION BUNKER

Which is really a huge, multi-room museum of the macabre. Humidity-controlled display cases that house all manner of artifacts plundered by the Legion through the ages:

The Pentalpha Ring... the Antikythera mechanism, half-encased in rock... the dagger that killed Caesar... King Arthur's Excalibur sword... the Walter PPK Hitler used to off himself.

#### ANOTHER CHAMBER

Houses the history of weapons: from a stone knife, to Genghis Khan's bow and arrow, to Hitler's artillery -- with stacked 105mm shells and a V1 Flying Bomb. They cross into --

#### THE MAIN VAULT

Large BANK-BOXES. Gold bullion stacked in pyramids. Priceless art: Dali's Melted Clocks, Andrea Mantegna's Crucifixion of Jesus, the Mona Lisa (the real one!), and on it goes...

Ghost and Shadow stand there, utterly struck. They start laughing, building into a knee-slapping roar.

SHADOW  
Finally we hit the jackpot!

GHOST  
Set for life.

And the irony makes them convulse with laughter...

INTERCUT: EXT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Rausch, mouth a thin slash as he grips a phone. Ghost answers, still laughing his ass off. Rausch grinds teeth, waiting for Ghost to finish. He doesn't, so --

MR. RAUSCH  
I am willing to offer you a deal.

GHOST  
Your unconditional surrender?

MR. RAUSCH  
Give us the map and you won't be harmed. You have my word.

GHOST  
Your word?!  
(laughs)  
If you'd honored our deal, none of this would have happened --

MR. RAUSCH  
-- you cheated me --!

GHOST  
-- you didn't know that before you double crossed us --!

MR. RAUSCH  
-- of course I did, you are cheap, low-life thugs --

GHOST  
Thugs?! We're honorable practitioners of the second oldest profession. Look, Mr. Clit Van Tit or whatever the hell your real name is, obviously our relationship isn't working out. We should stop seeing each other.

Mr. Rausch, stock-still. Those eyes could freeze lava.

MR. RAUSCH

I will see you soon.

He hangs up and nods to Rutger, who sparks an acetylene torch and starts cutting into the vault door.

INT. VAULT - LATER

Shadow flops, exhausted from busting open the bank boxes. Splayed out: documents, diamonds, old 8mm films, but --

SHADOW

No Star of Asia. Hamid's intel was shit.

Ghost pokes through items... an ancient book depicting a red dragon with an emerald eye, gives him pause.

GHOST

Wasn't there a dragon like that on the envelope we lifted?

They have at the book, leafing through ancient Mongolian pages... to find a central cavity inside which lies --

The STAR OF ASIA! Resembling a sort of eye with its iris-like flecks of green and brown. Ghost studies it.

GHOST (CONT'D)

What if there's something to this Spear of Destiny legend?

Shadow chuckles.

GHOST (CONT'D)

There's obviously a bigger picture here, things beyond our grasp. You saw that shit upstairs -- how they croaked that dove --

SHADOW

I also saw David Blaine vanish New York once. God, you are so naive.

GHOST

Am I? I did a bit of reading...

He drags Shadow to Mantegna's painting of Jesus' crucifixion.

GHOST (CONT'D)

... see those two?

Points to the two men crucified on each side of the Jesus.

GHOST (CONT'D)

... Demas and Gestas. They were thieves.

SHADOW

No shit?

GHOST

No shit. Weird, huh?

SHADOW

Maybe a little, but so what?

GHOST

What if everything that's happened is... not a coincidence?

SHADOW

You mean... like we're on a *mission from God*?

Shadow cracks up.

GHOST

Laugh all you want, but Demas took Jesus into his heart, and became a saint. Gestas blasphemed and ended up in Hell.

SHADOW

I got news for you: we're both in Hell -- sans a paddle.

A HISSING interrupts. They cross the chamber, seeing -- the SHARP LIGHT of an Actelyene torch cutting the vault door.

GHOST

I assume you've given some thought to our exit strategy?

SHADOW

Yep. There is no way out. All we get to choose is how to die.

Ghost smiles.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Okay, why are you smiling?

GHOST

Because if you look closely at Jesus...

Points to painted Jesus, whose mournful gaze stares off...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 ... he's telling us the way out.

Ghost follows Jesus' gaze to the 105mm artillery shells stacked next to the WWII howitzer.

SHADOW  
 That's a way out, all right. Out of everything. The kill radius of that thing is like fifty meters.

GHOST  
 If we build a blast barrier using the gold bars?

SHADOW  
 Concussion will still suck our lungs out.

GHOST  
 But let's say we survived, you'd consider it a miracle, right?

Shadow rolls his eyes.

SHADOW  
 If we survive, sure. A miracle.

CUT TO:

The 105mm howitzer is aimed at the wall. They heft gold bars and everything loose in the place -- building a blast barrier around the impact point.

CUT TO:

The Acetylene torch arcing slowly across steel door... almost through. Mr. Rausch, his mouth a thin slash, waiting.

CUT TO:

Shadow runs the howitzer's firing cable over to the bank-boxes, where Ghost has opened two of the largest units (with barely enough space for a grown dog).

They crawl into their little, respective safes, Shadow in control of the firing cable.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
 Grab your kiwis and pray to Pele.

GHOST  
 Wait...!

A long beat, as Ghost thinks about (possibly) his last words.

GHOST (CONT'D)

That thing with Sofia... it was  
unfortunate.

SHADOW

Well-understated. Why'd you do it?

GHOST

It was an accident.

SHADOW

You took her out on that balcony  
and killed her. In cold blood.

GHOST

I never figured she'd fall like  
that. I swear.

SHADOW

You knew her wings were clipped.

GHOST

I thought she'd glide, not plunge.

A long beat.

GHOST (CONT'D)

It wasn't... healthy, man. You  
were in love with a parrot --

SHADOW

A PARROT?! She was a Tanimbar  
Corella cockatoo -- select breeding  
that went back to Chinese  
empresses. She had papers! Spoke  
three languages!

(then, softer)

She understood me.

GHOST

She was taking over your life!

It slowly dawns on Shadow now...

SHADOW

Were you feelin' threatened?

GHOST

Wait-what?

SHADOW

Shit! It never occurred to me.

GHOST  
The fuck are you blabbering about?

SHADOW  
Hey, whatever... apology accepted.  
And Ghost...

GHOST  
Yeah?

Shadow considers his (possibly) last words...

SHADOW  
Aww, fuck it...

GHOST  
My thoughts exactly, brother.

SHADOW  
See you on the other side.

He yanks the firing cord.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The lower Western wall of castle BLOWS OUT in an immense explosion, debris cascading over the drop down the mountain.

In the clouds of stone and mortar, rows of bank-boxes tumble down... getting wedged in nooks and crevasses. Everything settles into granitic silence...

Nothing could have survived that. LONG HOLD, then just as we BEGIN TO PULL AWAY...

SQUEEEAK! A mangled bank-box door flops open... Ghost! Bleeding from his nose and ears. Utterly shell-shocked.

An EERIE RINGING as he crawls out and realizes how blessed he really is: he's on a ledge, gazing over a nightmare scape of shattered mortar, twisted rebar, blasted steel below...

And from the heavens, a FINGER OF SEARING LIGHT points down. Ghost drops to his knees in religious sublimation, hands reaching to the light of God...

... which ebbs as the LIGHT ABOVE sweeps around, accompanied by a HACKING...

Shit! It's not God, it's a CHOPPER'S SEARCH-LIGHT.



GHOST

SHADOW?

Ghost scrambles up the cut, limping and reeling.

GHOST (CONT'D)

SHADOW?

He flips debris, getting frantic now as the chopper draws closer... but Shadow is nowhere to be found. Ghost limps away into the darkness. Alone.

MOMENTS LATER

The HELO sweeps in, whipping the air.

CLOSER - HELO: as it swivels to reveal Henri and some lantern-jawed Bundespolizei buckled in the doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HEINOUS GNOME grinning down at us. SLOWLY PULL BACK to reveal his gnome-hand clutching an enormous, red penis.

REVEAL: INT MOUNTAIN CHALET - MORNING

Ghost sits up. Pain. He's in someone's vacation home, filled with Alpen bric-a-brac, including the offending gnome.

INT. MOUNTAIN CHALET BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Ghost, juggling a cordless phone, rummages in the medicine cabinet for supplies to patch his wounds.

GHOST

You're sure?

HAMID (ON PHONE)

Of course, I'm sure. I'm Hamid Abdul Aziz. Shadow is under heavy guard. He'll survive. But tell me, who has the map and the stone?

GHOST

You're talking to him.

A little squeal escapes Hamid.

HAMID

This is good. This is very good. You do realize, Ghost, you are the only one in 800 years that has managed to put the Star and the map together. Right now you are, how do they say, 'The Shit'?

GHOST

Funny, I feel like it too.

Hamid cackles.

HAMID

Where are you? I will send a jet.

GHOST

Very charitable of you.

HAMID

Well, you have just been named Interpol's 'Most Wanted'.

GHOST

Always nice to be recognized for one's toil.

HAMID

You are a rock star. And soon you'll be richer than Mick Jagger.

GHOST

After I borrow a car, I'll tell you where I'll be.

HAMID

Wonderful and you won't do anything stupid, like try to rescue Shadow.

GHOST

Not on a cold day in Hell. We have a pact: "get nabbed, you're on your own."

HAMID

Very wise. See you soon.

Ghost hangs up, eyes dropping to the map and Star of Asia in a little baggie on the sink. The gem prisms the light through the window. So mesmerizing, so heavenly...

INT. HOSPITAL - VIENNA - EVENING

Shadow blinks awake. Eh, Gad, the pain. Head turbaned with bandages. Cuts. A sprained wing. He reaches for a glass of water but realizes he's handcuffed. Now --

Henri appears above him with an almost criminal grin. He lifts the water Shadow wants... and drinks it.

SHADOW

Man, am I glad to see you.

Henri's smile craters, he was hoping for fear, not elation.

HENRI

I'm going to throw you down a dark hole, Shadow. A very dark hole.

SHADOW

Good for you, in the meantime I assume you've got two guys outside the door, but you should have two in here, on each side of the room in case --

HENRI

DON'T-TELL-ME-HOW-TO-DO-MY-JOB!

SHADOW

Look, Henri, these Scion freaks aren't gonna let you walk out of here with me --

HENRI

I hope they take you off my hands. The things they would do to you that I cannot.

Now Shadow looks worried and finally Henri can smile again.

HENRI (CONT'D)

A dark hole, *ami*.

A KNOCK on the door.

HENRI (CONT'D)

At last! Come in!

Two Doctors enter. One old, one young.

HENRI (CONT'D)

He's awake. Lucid. Fit to travel.

DOCTOR

I will determine that, not you.

The Old Doctor examines Shadow, his hands trembling. Their eyes meet. The Old Man is terrified.

SHADOW

Henri, it's a set-up!

Huh? The Young Doctor whirls -- with a gun. Henri grabs the man's wrist. A scuffle. THUD!

HENRI

Merde!

Henri's eyes do funny things before he bounces off the floor... wearing a tranquilizer dart.

SHADOW

Way to go, Henri.

Rutger -- nose-taped, face horribly bruised from the castle blast -- enters, dragging two knocked-out Cops who used to guard the hallway. Stink-eyes all go to Shadow.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WING CORRIDOR - VIENNA - SAME TIME

Packed. Overwhelmed. A frazzled Old Doctor barks at Blonde Female Doctor to handle a Kid writhing in pain on a gurney. She hesitates, then goes to the kid and we realize --

The doctor is Jade! In blonde wig and glasses. She examines the kid, pressing on his abdomen. The Kid squirms and gasps.

Jade checks her flanks... rubs her hands vigorously and spreads them just above the Kid's stomach. Holding them there...

The Kid's face transfigures... his pain is miraculously lifted away. He looks at her, a fucking angel?!

KID

Mutter! Mutter!

The Kid's Mother hurries over. Jade beelines away... bumping into a Fellow Doctor, studying a chart.

FELLOW DOCTOR (O.S.)

Wie bitte!

Their eyes meet. A frozen moment. For the Fellow Doctor is Ghost, wearing studious glasses and a second-rate mustache.

GHOST

(fuck!)

Nice to see you again.

JADE

(motherfucker!)

Such a pleasure.

He notes her right hand is inside her coat, likely gripping a Chinese pistol. Her stare is cold as the grave. So...

GHOST

What kind of doctor are you?

JADE

Internal hemorrhage. You?

GHOST

Women's problems.

Her lips crack a millimeter.

JADE

Oh, you've got a woman problem.

(then)

Let's go somewhere quiet and discuss a cure.

But before she can lead --

GHOST

Let's not be too hasty. You need me.

JADE

I do? Enlighten me.

GHOST

My partner has the map you want. We get him out of here, you can have the goods.

JADE

Or... maybe you have the goods.

GHOST

(chuckles)

If I did, I'd be sea-side in Spain sipping sangria. Senorita.

Rutger exits the elevator down the corridor, pushing a wheel-chair with a drugged Shadow in it. The Muscular Nurse and the Young Doctor follow, all of them heading for the exit.

Ghost and Jade trail. Too many cops and civilians here to do anything. Shadow is loaded into an ambulance and it speeds off.

Ghost and Jade trade a look, then --

INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - DRIVING - DAY

Ghost drives, tailing the ambulance. Jade beside him, gun vaguely pointed in his direction. His eyes are sucked towards her beautiful legs. She catches him.

JADE  
Eyes on the target!

GHOST  
Always.  
(then)  
Who exactly do you work for?

JADE  
No one you've heard of.

GHOST  
You're very determined. They must be paying you a lot.

JADE  
They pay me nothing.

He looks at her. Intriguing.

GHOST  
So... you actually believe this Spear has special powers too?

JADE  
Don't know. Don't care. My *order* took an oath to protect Khan's tomb, and that's what we've done for a thousand years.

GHOST  
No shit? Me and Shadow kind of belong to an *order* too. Doesn't go back quite a thousand years, but our foster father, Coogan, God rest his soul, ran a home for lost kids.

(MORE)

GHOST (CONT'D)

He taught us the craft and a code to go with it.

JADE

How honorable.

GHOST

Well, strangely it is.

JADE

If your mind wasn't so small and greedy, maybe I'd try and explain the bigger picture to you.

GHOST

Small-minded, perhaps and with a weak-spot for assertive women, but not greedy. I'm happy to cut you in as a partner.

JADE

Partner?

She punches him with stunning force, and steadies the wheel as he wallows, shaking out stars. Very casually, she adds --

JADE (CONT'D)

You work for me now, and if I don't like something, I kill you.

GHOST

(feeling his jaw)  
Sounds fair.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - DUSK

Huge construction vehicles are parked here. Ghost and Jade watch from a distance as the ambulance enters a warehouse. Scions guard the entrance.

JADE

We'll wait for the dark, then slip in and kill them all.

GHOST

Whoa! Sounds like a lot of work. Besides, I'm a thief, not a ninja.

JADE

You have a better idea?

GHOST

Yeah. A simple smash & grab.  
 (she stares)  
 I do this for a living.  
 (she stares)  
 Trust me.

JADE

I wouldn't trust you with a turkey sandwich.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Shadow, strapped in his hospital bed. Rutger and another Scion tape a floor-tarp around the bed. Uh-oh.

A DOOR BOOMS somewhere, the CLICK-CLACK of shoes build... pulling a handful of Scions to attention.

SHADOW'S POV: as the rafters are replaced by Rausch's pinched face. His eyes, bleeding internally from the castle blast, have turned devil-red. He dabs at them.

RAUSCH

Tears of blood... like Jesus.

SHADOW

I've felt better myself.

RAUSCH

You will never feel better.

Rausch, very methodically, dons surgical gloves.

SHADOW

Look, you're in a helluva tight spot here, Rausch...

He says this as if he were in charge and not strapped helplessly to a bed.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

... but I see no reason this can't work out great for everyone.

A surgery apron is tied around Rausch.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

I'm willing to offer you a deal.

Rausch dons a plastic face-shield to guard against spatter.



RAUSCH

Very American of you. Here's what  
I can offer...

He whips the cover of a tray filled with chilling instruments of torture, perfected over the centuries. And Shadow plays it cool, but his speech is a tad too fast --

SHADOW

An eloquent *counter*, I'll give you that. Problem is, you can't trust what anyone says under torture. Just ask my government.

(then)

I'm the only one who can retrieve the map and stone. Make a deal, shake my hand, and you can take it to the bank. Right now.

Rausch grins.

RAUSCH

We have a long history of...  
*extracting* the truth. You're going to bare your soul as I keep you on the razor's edge of life. The pain will be so profound, you will violently beg me for the relief of death.

Shadow's mask begins to crumble, he speaks even faster.

SHADOW

You're emotional. Acting contrary to your objective. It's why your people lost the war.

RAUSCH

Our war never ended. But it will, once I have the Spear of Destiny.

Rausch looks over his torture instruments. Where to begin?

RAUSCH (CONT'D)

(to Rutger)

*Aussetzen seinen anus.*

And whatever he said, Shadow caught the operative last word, and starts to trash and kick as Rutger and another Scion unstrap his legs. And force them apart...

Rausch holds a chilling contraption, Torquemada-ancient, sharp-pronged. Christ, they're going to put that horrible thing inside Shadow! And what? Disembowel him?

Suddenly, a TINY RATTLE issues from the tray of instruments before Rausch. Just enough to catch his attention. Strange.

The RATTLING BUILDS...

And it's undeniable now. Something is happening. His eyes cut to Shadow. Is he doing this somehow?

The RATTLING BUILDS...

Instruments on the tray CHATTER MADLY.

RAUSCH (CONT'D)

*Tut er das?*

The whole goddamned place is starting to SHAKE! Rausch's eyes flick. What is happening...?

And all of Ghost's talk about divine intervention echoes back at Shadow...

SHADOW

Reckoning Day....

THE SIDE OF THE WAREHOUSE EXPLODES as 258 tons of steel burst through it with a CLAP OF DIESEL THUNDER. It's a LeTourneau L-2350, biggest earth mover in the solar system.

It ROARS directly towards Shadow's bed, scattering Rausch and minions the hell out of its 2300 horsepower charge...

It's colossal loader scoops up Shadow's bed on the fly, and continues on it's THUNDERING PATH...

... RIGHT THROUGH THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAREHOUSE and out into the night. Three seconds in all.

And it takes Rausch a full second to recover, then --

RAUSCH

SCHNAPPT SIE! SCHNAPPT SIE!

Rutger and the Scions take off in pursuit...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF VIENNA - NIGHT

The LeTourneau SHAKING THE NIGHT as it charges through the parking lot, flattening some of the Scion's vehicles as if they were made of balsa wood...

... then swerving onto a long industrial driveway, trailing Rausch's men who run flat-out firing guns.

RUTGER  
 (shouting in German)  
*Don't shoot! We need them alive.*

INSIDE THE LOADER

Shadow frees himself from his bed. Climbs up the side of the cavernous loader in his hospital gown...

... crabs along the wide loader-arms towards the cab. With a last Cirque De Solei jump he's there, and tears the cab door open. Ghost, still in his doctor's frock, smiles.

GHOST  
 How's that for a house call?

SHADOW  
 Subtle as always.

GHOST  
 You're welcome.

INT. LETOURNEAU CAB - CONTINUOUS

Shadow climbs in and sees Jade in the back of the dark cab.

GHOST  
 Shadow, Jade. Jade, Shadow.

She gives a friendly wave with the gun.

JADE  
 How did you find Nazi hospitality?

SHADOW  
 A little cloying.

He looks at Ghost, 'what the fuck is she doing here'?

JADE  
 You work for me now.

SHADOW  
 Sounds good. You're the most beautiful damsel that's come to my distress.

JADE  
 Your distress is just beginning.

She cocks the gun, but there's no time to get into it as --

AN SUV ROARS UP ON THEIR FLANK, Scions hanging off it like Apaches about to jump a stagecoach.

Ghost cuts the wheel...

INTERCUT: EXT. LETOURNEAU - SAME TIME

... as it swerves off the road onto a vast, hard-scrabble surface some Austrian Trump is turning into a mall.

The LeTourneau is handicapped in speed, but every time the quicker SUV comes in to deposit it's warriors, Ghost swerves and those 12-foot tires almost flatten the car.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE LE TOURNEAU

GHOST

They're gonna board us from behind.

(to Jade)

Maybe get out there and use that gun?

She considers, then --

JADE

(to Shadow)

You, with me!

SHADOW

I'm really not dressed for it.

He is after all still in his bare-ass hospital gown.

JADE

Maybe the sight of your *pigu* will scare them away.

She points the gun at him 'go'.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE LETOURNEAU

The Scion's SUV pulls behind, dwarfed by the colossal vehicle.

Two Muscular Scions manage to jump onto the LeTourneau's rear and pull themselves up. SHOTS RING out and a Scion tumbles away in the Loader's wake. It's --

Jade, perched on the superstructure above, hair whipping in the wind. She FIRES ON THE SECOND SCION, and --

BULLET TIME: as the .45 round streaks for the Second Scion, whose hands THRUST OUT, SEEMINGLY DEFLECTING THE BULLET AROUND HIMSELF BY MILLIMETERS.

He rolls, flicks a hooked-blade that swishes right at JADE'S THROAT, but she arches back at an impossible angle and the BLADE SWISHES PAST HER CHIN, nicking skin...

And before she can fully recover, he is on her. The gun tumbles as the two of them slam together in hand-to-hand battle, so swift and balletic it defies the laws of physics, and --

A mesmerized Shadow backpedals, heading back to the cab as --

Rutger jumps from the SUV, dangling momentarily from an engine vane next to the huge tires. He pulls himself up, works his way along the vanes towards the superstructure.

The Muscular Scion gets Jade in a choke-hold. His arm may as well be a hydraulic vice. There is no way out of it. She reaches back, placing her hands on the Scions' temples. And drives all the mysterious Chi she possesses through them.

The Scion's nose begins to fountain blood, it drips from his eyes that roll and bulge wildly like a dying steer. His grip loosens and she's free -- leg snapping out of a coiled spin to whip him across the head and he tumbles down the steel mountain and is swallowed under a massive tire.

Rutger reaches the cab, rips the door open. Empty! Huh? A shoe is wedged under the gas pedal, keeping it floored.

Jade, having recovered her gun, scrabbles towards the cab, when she spots --

Ghost and Shadow, having jumped off the loader, running the hell away into the dark. Fuck that!

About to leap off, Jade sees the SUV racing alongside to deposit two more Scions. As they jump on, she jumps off --

... landing on SUV's roof, firing a double-tap through it, taking out the Driver, at the same moment as --

Rutger realizes he's brilliantly colonized a now useless hunk of slow moving steel.

RUTGER

SHEISSE!

He jumps in the cab and turns the Loader around, and now --

GHOST AND SHADOW

The former with one shoe, running flat-out as they're pursued by the speedy SUV and THUNDERING LeTourneau.

SHADOW

You coulda been free 'n clear in Spain. What's wrong with you?

GHOST

I must be concussed from the blast.

SHADOW

Or there's just no end to your stupidity. We had a pact!

GHOST

Please, I'm embarrassed enough.

SHADOW

Don't ever think I'll do the same for you.

GHOST

Wouldn't dream of it.

Shadow glances behind and sees the SUV closing distance.

SHADOW

For the life of me, I can't figure out if we're blessed or cursed.

GHOST

We're about to find out.

And they crest the edge of the construction site and just below, as if by the grace of God --

A LITTLE CONSTRUCTION BARRACKS

With several cars parked and, praise the Lord, an idling BMW.

GHOST (CONT'D)

What'd I tell ya? God loves us!  
GOD FUCKING LOVES US!

WITH JADE'S SUV

As it flies over the little ridge and bounces down towards the BMW that's SCREECHING away.

INT. BMW - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost drives. Shadow eyes Jade's headlights, tailing them.

SHADOW  
God seems to love her too.

GHOST  
I'm not worried.  
(then)  
Figure out how to use that GPS.  
Hamid is waiting in Muggendorf.

Shadow leans forward and a BULLET rips through the seat where his head was a moment ago. He ducks deep. Ghost doesn't.

SHADOW  
Get down, stupid!

Ghost looks at him, seemingly in a state of grace.

GHOST  
Don't you get it already? We're on  
a divine mission. We couldn't die  
if we tried.

MORE BULLETS ZING! Seat stuffing flies. Shadow is curled flat in the wheel well, but Ghost sits tall in his faith.

SHADOW  
You just jinxed us!

GHOST  
Did I?

He floors the pedal, and the huge engine spools up, and as we anticipate the greatest chase ever, Ghost SLAMS THE BRAKES!

INT. JADE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Jade plows into the BMW, her vehicle folding like origami. The windshield explodes. The car is thrown...

EXT. ROADWAY - SAME TIME

Jade's car careens, settling upside down in the ditch. The BMW stops. Shadow and Ghost crane back.

GHOST  
She hit hard.

SHADOW  
Hopefully she's not okay.

Ghost exits the BMW.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing? We  
don't owe her anything?

Ghost treks back, sees Jade crawling out of the wreck.

GHOST  
You all right?

She barely manages to lift her gun...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a 'yes'?

... and she aims with shaky hands. He remains, unflappable.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
For what it's worth, you're the  
most stunning woman I've ever met.

She PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK!

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Pity.

And he heads off. Jade crawls out of the ditch... onto the roadway, seeing the fading BMW. It's over. No, never! She digs out her cracked cell phone. Dials.

VOICE ON PHONE  
(French accent)  
Bonjour, Interpol.

EXT. SMALL AIR STRIP - MUGGENDORF, AUSTRIA - MORNING

The door of a Dassault Falcon jet swings open.

HAMID  
(all teeth)  
You -- you have the salty, colossal  
balls of a king's camel.

He charges off the plane at Ghost and Shadow, kisses their left cheeks...

HAMID (CONT'D)  
You buuutiful sonsofbisches!



Kisses their right cheeks.

HAMID (CONT'D)  
You gorgeous fahking guys.

GHOST  
Easy. We don't have a *safe word*.

And he goes mute as four tall, stunning WOMEN of exotic lineage climb out of the plane (Aisha, Neema, Kaira and Omari). They all wear identical overalls, tailored by a man who worships the female form.

HAMID  
King Fahd's body guards. To make sure we reach our destination safely.

GHOST  
I admire your attention to security.

Hamid, grinning so hard it might crack his face, swings a magnanimous hand towards the aircraft. They step into the champagne luxury of the jet.

SHADOW  
Now that's more like it.

EXT. SMALL AIR STRIP - MUGGENDORF, AUSTRIA - AN HOUR LATER

A helicopter descends into frame. Henri and some Bundezipolizei hop out. He points at the stolen BMW parked off to the side, and cops have at it.

A short, comical Austrian shuffles towards Henri from the little control tower. The great, French manhunter peers down his nose as the little man spills about the recently departed Dassault Falcon, and the fugitives that abandoned the BMW.

Henri's lizard eyes pinch to the horizon and he exposes a palm. On cue, a minion places a cell-phone in it.

HENRI (INTO PHONE)  
This is Lieutenant Henri Brasse, I need a jet detained.

INT. DASSAULT FALCON - FLYING - DAY

POP! Another champagne bottle froths-over and Shadow tops of Omari and Neema's glasses. Ghost sits, drowning between gorgeous Aisha and Kaira. Hamid grins, eating jumbo shrimp.

SHADOW

This... this our Ninth Symphony.  
They're gonna tell this tale around  
camp fires, speak our names in  
seedy little bars from Hong Kong to  
Istanbul...

HAMID

Before we build any bronze statues,  
shall we see if it's real?

Ghost reaches into his sock for the map and Star of Asia, and places it on the table. The latter catches the sun through the windows, spinning fantastic patterns around the cabin.

Hamid licks his lips, wipes his hands, cracks his fingers. And the three of them gather around the table as Hamid orients the map North with the aid of a little compass.

He takes the beautiful stone, placing it in the center of the sphere with its mysterious symbols.

HAMID (CONT'D)

Neema, a mirror.

She digs out a little hand-mirror from a pocket.

HAMID (CONT'D)

Light must be directly overhead.

He angles the sun through the windows at ninety degrees. They hold their breath. Nothing. Doubt creeps in.

SHADOW

Shouldn't somethin' be happening?

Wait... the stone fills with an ethereal glow, all the light concentrating itself into three thin, perfect shafts of light, which point to separate symbols on the map:

A flying dragon. A serpent fish. An archer.

Hamid stares. A religious moment.

GHOST

What does it mean?

Hamid's eyes slowly flutter up and fix on Ghost.

HAMID

It means... I am sorry.

GHOST

Sorry? Why are you --

SHADOW (O.S.)

Partner...

Ghost turns to Shadow, who's looking at Aisha... who's looking back at him with a beautiful stainless, silenced 9mm. Behind her --

Neema and Aisha point equally stunning pistols at Ghost. A frozen moment, then --

GHOST

What the hell is this?

SHADOW

It's called a double-cross. Look it up.

Shadow lunges, grabbing Aisha's gun. She twists, elbows him in the face, knees him in the groin and drops him like a sack of shit. All guns now point at Ghost.

GHOST

Awww, come on, Hamid.

Hamid pockets the loot.

HAMID

Terribly sorry, Ghost. I can't help it. I was never good at sharing. Ask my wives.

GHOST

You're not seeing the bigger picture here, friendo --

HAMID

I'm almost fifty years-old. My whole life I've lived in the shadow of kings. Men whose intellect couldn't fill my shoes. I also need a Ninth Symphony.

GHOST

Did you hear what I said earlier? You're messing with God's will.

HAMID

Yes, that is why to please God I am going to take over your mission and spare your life.

(checks his watch)

But now I'm afraid I must ask you to leave my plane, friend...

Say what...?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Ghost and Shadow are flung out of the plane that's cruising at cloud level. Tumbling and screaming, WE GO WITH THE BOYS...

Plunging through the clouds. FWOOOM! A parachute opens above Shadow and moments later, Ghost's chute deploys.

NEW ANGLE - LOW

As Ghost and Shadow drift slowly from the heavens...

... and splash into the endless, desolate Mediterranean Sea.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - LATER

Freed of their chutes, Ghost does the backwards lifeguard swim with a sputtering Shadow.

SHADOW  
Divine mission?!

He cackles maniacally.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
God doesn't love us. He's laughing his ass off. We're cursed. We were born cursed!

Ghost says nothing. Demure.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
We're like that Greek fella who was chained to a rock and had his liver eaten every day by an eagle.

Ghost just swims.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Say something! SAY SOMETHING!

Ghost just swims.

INT. DASSAULT FALCON - FLYING - SAME TIME

A triumphant Hamid holds the Star of Mongolia to the light streaming through the window. God, how beautiful...

A Rafale (French jet-fighter) glides into view outside. By the damp balls of...?

EXT. MARSEILLES AIRPORT - HALF HOUR LATER

Hamid's parked jet is swarmed by French Police, led heroically by Henri Brasse.

The jet door opens and a perplexed Hamid is taken into custody, along with Aisha, Neema, Kaira and Omari, and the two Pilots.

HAMID

Do you know whose plane this is?

Henri bulls right past him onto the plane.

INT. DASSAULT FALCON - CONTINUOUS

His eyes flick about, noting the champagne glasses in the sink. He counts six of them. Aha! Quickly --

He checks the cockpit, the bathroom. Looks under seats, flips seat cushions. Tears everything apart, even looking inside the ice bucket in case Ghost and Shadow might somehow be hiding there. Nothing. MERDE!

And for one long minute, Henri Brasse loses his motherfuckingshit, smashing everything in sight. Then he fixes his hair and goes to the door.

HENRI

Run these imbeciles in for questioning.

EXT. MARSEILLES AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Jade, watching from a distance, eyes narrowing. No Ghost or Shadow.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN OCEAN - DUSK

On fumes, Ghost paddles them onwards... his hand hits something and he whips around:

A plastic island of debris where two currents meet. The two men look at each other...

GHOST  
Bit of a blessing, eh.

SHADOW  
Just a slower way to die.

They root through the sea-trash, fashioning a crude raft. And as they clamber up on it, Ghost becomes transfixed...

GHOST  
Very blessed!

He points: a faraway ship steams across the distance.

SHADOW  
Cursed! They'll never see us.

Unless...

GHOST  
Dry wood. Rags.

They start working together, fast, silent:

Shadow scrapes tiny wood shavings off driftwood, using the metal edge of a can. Collecting a small heap in his palm.

THE SHIP

The mighty THRUM of its engines, crossing them at 90 degrees.

GHOST

Rubbing two sticks frantically.

THE SHAVED EMBERS

Begin to glow... and catch fire!

THICK SMOKE

Billows...

THE SHIP

Steaming along... passing them. No! It starts to turn!

GHOST AND SHADOW

Hoot and hop like monkeys.

EXT. FREIGHTER SHIP DECK - A HALF-HOUR LATER

CLOSE ON - GHOST: downing a liter bottle of water...

CREWMAN (O.S.)

We dock in Marseilles tomorrow.

... his sunburned eyes slowly fix on the superstructure and THE CHINESE WRITING on it. No fucking way!

GHOST

This is a Chinese ship!

CREW

Shanghai.

Ghost looks at Shadow.

GHOST

You gonna tell me this is a coincidence?

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - TEN MINUTES LATER

ECU - A PIECE OF PAPER: a sharp pencil completes the last whorl of an intricate drawing and as we PULL BACK...

REVEAL that Shadow has reproduced, in detail, the flying dragon, serpent fish and archer symbols -- the three clues unearthed by the Star of Mongolia and map earlier.

SHADOW

Sort of like that...

And he looks at the Chinese captain, CHENG, behind the desk: salt-of-the-sea, grey streaks and weary eyes. Behind him are shelves full of books.

GHOST

See anything like it before?

He keeps staring at the symbols.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Maybe a thousand years old, give or take...

Cheng hunts down an old, worn book on his shelf.

Ghost and Shadow crane over Cheng as he leafs through the book. And at last he finds the page:

A ROUND CHART THAT CONTAINS WITHIN IT SIMILAR SYMBOLS.

SHADOW

What is it?

CHENG

(in good English)

Ancient celestial navigation chart.  
They drew the constellations as  
animals and objects to navigate by.

Ghost and Shadow trade a look.

EXT. MARSEILLES POLICE STATION - EVENING

A cussing Hamid is released and turns to Henri, leaning in  
the doorway.

HAMID

King Fahd will have your job,  
monkey. I will make sure of it.

He throws Henri the Arab fuck you and strides away.

ANGLE ON - JADE

Following in a car... and as Hamid turns the corner, she  
speeds up, about to make her move, but --

A VAN SCREECHES in front of Hamid and he's snatched off the  
street. The Van speeds away and Jade cusses, then follows...

EXT. MARSEILLES GARAGE - NIGHT

The van disappears inside and scores of heavily armed Scions  
close ranks around the entrance. Taking no chances this  
time. Jade parks down the street and watches.

INT. MARSEILLES GARAGE - NIGHT

POV: the world upside down, a jovial Rausch enters.

RAUSCH

Ah, Mr. Hamid, long time. Nice to  
see you again.

HAMID

Nice to see you too, Mr. Rausch.  
How have you been?

We now see Hamid hanging upside down from a gimbal, a rope  
around his ankles.



RAUSCH  
So-so. And you?

HAMID  
To be honest, things have been a  
bit... *up and down*.

Rausch nods, *sympatico*, then --

RAUSCH  
Maybe I can straighten *things* out.

And he peels back a sheet revealing his chilling *instruments of persuasion* on a tray.

HAMID  
(swallows heavily)  
Quite unnecessary. I have given  
your men the stone and the map.  
In fact, I was on my way to call  
you when your men graciously  
offered me a ride.

RAUSCH  
(re: map and stone)  
You intended to return this to me?

HAMID  
Of course. For a small *finders*  
*fee*, if you were so inclined.

RAUSCH  
I would've been inclined. But now  
you're quite *inclined*, obviously.

Rausch chuckles. Hamid chuckles harder -- through his sweat.

RAUSCH (CONT'D)  
And how do I know this is the real  
map, or even the only map?

HAMID  
(gravely insulted)  
Because I am Hamid Abdul Aziz. My  
word is my bond.

Rausch selects a small, stainless-steel bone-drill from his  
tray, his eyes glittering.

RAUSCH  
We shall see.

PUSH IN ON - HAMID, eyes flaring as the drill emits a chilling, high-pitched WHINE...

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

The THRUM of the ENGINES. Ghost and Shadow pour over a world map, jotting celestial markings with a pencil.

SHADOW

Damn!

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Run it again!

ON MAP: a plotted line that meanders almost through China.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

What, four times lucky? It's the entire Great Wall of China. Hamid faked us out.

GHOST

Or... Khan is buried in that Wall.

SHADOW

It's three thousand miles long!

Shadow flops on the bunk, the air finally out of him.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

I'm good and done with the character-building aspects of failure.

Ghost, still the believer, keeps staring at the map, waiting for it to speak to him...

INTERCUT: MARSEILLES HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rausch, the map and stone on the table next to him, feeds data into a computer. Location points appear on a satellite map, stretching across China and disappointing Rausch.

RUTGER

*Leiter...?*

Rausch, silent, his eyes burning...

CUT TO:

## THE FREIGHTER CABIN

Ghost, staring at the meandering wall of China on the map. Something dawns on him... he takes the pencil, shades in the Wall of China...

GHOST

Shadow!

Shadow swings off the bunk and joins him.

GHOST (CONT'D)

What does that look like?

SHADOW

... a snake?

It does, until Ghost finishes the head, and now IT'S A DRAGON. One we've seen before...

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Shit! That's --

GHOST

On the original envelope and on the cover of that book in the vault.

SHADOW

It had an emerald eye.

Shadow takes the pencil, adds AN EYE TO THE DRAGON. There!

GHOST

Are we *wanted* in China?

SHADOW

Not yet.

CUT TO:

## MARSEILLES HOTEL SUITE

Rausch takes the book (we saw Ghost and Shadow retrieve the Star of India from earlier) and holds it against the monitor. The DRAGON ON THE BOOK MATCHES EXACTLY THE WALL OF CHINA.

It's EMERALD EYE falling right at the head of the wall in Western China, up against the Gobi Desert. Rausch's thin, manicured finger, stabs the exact location...

RAUSCH

*Dort!*

FADE TO:

EXT. BEIJING INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

A Bombardier Global 100 parks and as the ground crew hooks it up, the door swings open. But it's not Rausch who exits, it's Ghost and Shadow, dressed like Corporate raiders.

GHOST

Ni hao!

GROUND CREW

Ni hao.

(checks his clipboard)

Mr. Gates?

GHOST

That's right. And Mr. Ballmer.

He hands over *borrowed* black American Express card.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Fill her up and keep her ready.

Ghost tucks a large bill in his palm and they start for the VIP terminal.

EXT. THE FORBIDDEN CITY - DAY

Tourists mill, basking in China's long, incredible history. We FIND Ghost and Shadow, waiting, impatient.

SHADOW

(checks the time)

He ain't comin'.

GHOST

Anna vouched for him. He'll be here.

SHADOW

Maybe he's been compromised. I feel like we're being watched.

GHOST

Relaaaaax, I got this.

Shadow swivels, paranoid, locks eyes with a Chinese Man who smiles.

SHADOW

Is that him?

Ghost checks the photo of their contact on his phone: a Chinese fellow with an Elvis-sized pompadour and shiny, rock-n-roll jacket.

GHOST

Probably not.

The Chinese man beelines over.

CHINESE MAN

(fluent American)

Hey, you're American?

GHOST

That's right.

SHADOW

Canadian.

Shadow grits his teeth at Ghost. The Man pumps their hands.

CHINESE MAN

What are you doing in Beijing?

GHOST

Basking in your history.

Shadow eyes the man, weary.

SHADOW

You speak pretty good American.

CHINESE MAN

I love America. I studied at Texas A&M. Go Aggies!

Shadow PUNCHES the guy on the chin. He goes jelly-fish and Ghost barely catches him before he goes down.

GHOST

The hell did you do that for?!

SHADOW

He's a plant. Aggies aren't Texas A&M, they're the Longhorns.

GHOST

No, they're not. Longhorns are the University of Texas, idiot.

SHADOW

Moron, the Aggies are... shit!

GHOST  
Yeah. Now apologize.

Shadow fluffs up the dazed Man as if he were a child.

SHADOW  
Hey, buddy, you all right?  
Mistaken identity. I figured you  
were some kind of secret agent. He-  
he. No hard feelings, eh?

The man raises his arm and barks into a mic on his cuff.

CHINESE MAN  
(in Mandarin)  
*Seize them!*

Oh, fuck, he is an agent! They drop him and see --

Two Agents close in from the flanks.

Ghost and Shadow duck into the crowds of tourists, weaving their way along as the Two Agents pursue.

GHOST  
Where's the limo?

SHADOW  
Relaaaax.

STREET

Shadow and Ghost tear down some steps and hop into their waiting limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

They rap on the smoked-glass driver's partition.

GHOST  
Let's go, Bohai. Express!

The partition lowers and there is Jade. It sucks the air out of the limo. She smiles a tiny smile through her bruises.

JADE  
Still alive, huh?

GHOST  
Well... haven't found a good enough  
reason to die yet.

JADE

Maybe we'll find one together.

SHADOW

(to Ghost)

Told you we were being watched,  
didn't I? You never listen.

JADE

Not my people. They're government  
agents, wondering why two men, who  
are not Bill Gates and Steve  
Ballmer, are in China.

GHOST

I know you probably think less of  
us, but there wasn't time for a  
better cover. We ran into Gates  
and Ballmer boarding a yacht in  
Marseilles.

JADE

Don't worry, I couldn't possibly  
think less of you.

GHOST

Thank you.

SHADOW

All right, look, cards on the  
table: Hamid stole the map and  
stone, and he's got a few days lead  
on us --

JADE

Hamid, what's left of him, is in  
two pine boxes in France.

That lands.

GHOST

Rausch...

JADE

Yes, thanks to you, he now  
possesses the location of Khan's  
tomb. And thanks to me, I was able  
to bar his official entry into  
China two days ago.

GHOST

... but he'll go around.





SHADOW

(low)

The moment they get the spear,  
they're gonna snuff us.

GHOST

Of course.

SHADOW

So... you have a plan?

GHOST

I'm thinking God has a plan.

He just smiles enigmatic, then --

GHOST (CONT'D)

(Jade)

Oy!

He points to a low section of crumbled and partially  
overgrown wall directly ahead.

GHOST (CONT'D)

The lost part of the Great Wall.

Jade studies it.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Did you know your greatest landmark  
was partially built by thieves and  
criminals? Ditto for the pyramids.

JADE

It must make you very proud.

And she gazes up the slope of the crumbled wall, that leads  
to the gaping mouth of a limestone cave. She yells something  
in Mandarin to the Three Men. They seem to concur.

GHOST

Yep, that's what I was thinking:  
great place for a tomb.

INT. LIMESTONE CAVE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Flashlights finger the darkness... the DRIP of moisture.  
Ghost, Shadow and the others steal forward. They reach what  
could once have been stairs, or maybe it's just the way time  
shaped the limestone.

They pause here, seized by the feeling they're about to cross some Rubicon. Jade waves at the Three Men, who split off and take up positions, guarding the mouth of the cave.

GHOST

Do your people like booby traps?

JADE

We didn't build the tomb.

GHOST

I guess I'll go first then...

No one complains. He starts up the *stairs...* which led to an open space, something that almost looks as if were *crafted*. The WIND through here sounds like some colossus BREATHING.

SHADOW

Hold up!

Ghost turns in direction of Shadow's flashlight. Bones. All crushed flat.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

I'm thinking some kind of counterweight deadfall.

GHOST

With a reset mechanism.

Shadow shines his flashlight about.

SHADOW

Trigger's gotta be in the floor.

GHOST

Un-huh. What would you set it for?

SHADOW

Seventy pounds. That would take care of most able humans.

Ghost bends with the flashlight studying animal tracks in the dust. He sees the large paw prints of a leopard. Measure it with his hand.

GHOST

Jungle cat with five inch paws would weigh over seventy.

SHADOW

Even anorexic.

Jade looks from one to the other: two men fully in their element.

GHOST

Here's our path then.

He starts, keeping to the leopard's tracks... one careful step after another. A snake slithers past. DRIPPING WATER ECHOES -- a dirge that seems to increase as they advance.

JADE

There's something ahead.

A dull, gleam, like an old eye, watching them from the darkness. They draw closer... and it is an eye, a giant emerald set into a snarling dragon, carved into the moldering stone. On the other side of the dragon's face, is just a dark eye socket. It is a test of sorts...

JADE (CONT'D)

*The eyes are the path to the soul.*

She reaches... Ghost stops her.

GHOST

*Those who only have eyes for riches, misses life's true treasures.*

SHADOW

Did you just make that up?

GHOST

It was written on the back of that Munch painting we *borrowed* in Oslo.

SHADOW

What's that got to do with this?

GHOST

Maybe *everything* we've ever done has to do with this...

They hesitate. Suddenly, Jade turns abruptly, staring out the mouth of the cave behind them. Her senses tuned to something out there.

SHADOW

What?

Her eyes draw back and flick to Shadow.

JADE

Hurry up!

Ghost reaches up to the empty eye socket, hesitating.

SHADOW

Go on, I'm sure it's fine.

GHOST

If there's a snake in there, I'm going to be real pissed.

He reaches in... fumbling. His expression changes. Something there. He pulls it out... an old rope.

A DEEP RUMBLE ECHOES AROUND THEM...

GHOST (CONT'D)

Shit --!

... and they leap back, throwing themselves down as heavy things SWISH about them with deadly efficiency. Dust swirls... and when it settles...

A slab in the stone floor has retreated, revealing crude stone-stairs that vanish into the subterranean depths.

EXT. LIMESTONE CAVE - SAME TIME

A leaf parts -- an ice-blue eye stares through us. The face emerges. Rausch. He looks down...

Ghost, Shadow and the others' boot prints in the dust. He turns, hand-signaling to Rutger, who grips a machine gun.

INT. KHAN'S TOMB - MOMENTS LATER

Ghost, Shadow and Jade inch down the stairs, flashlights sweeping. They arrive at the bottom, and go slack-jawed.

Skeletons, like two shimmering isoclines, form a path into the murky *cathedral*.

SHADOW

Ladies first.

JADE

Very chivalrous.

Skeletons grin at Jade as she moves deeper into the chamber. On a dais of massive stone blocks, is an ornate coffin guarded by towering terra-cotta warriors.

They pick their way to it, passing chests filled with gold figurines, bracelets, coins. Emeralds big as golf-balls.

And there are hundreds of chests, ringing Khan's resting place. Billions in treasure. Shadow drools.

JADE (CONT'D)

How does grave-robbing jibe with your *honorable thieves* spiel?

SHADOW

Easily. If more than two hundred years have passed, it's called *archeology*, not grave robbing.

Shadow picks up a massive diamond, falling into its beauty.

JADE

The spear first.

Their eyes lock. He keeps her in his sights. As does she with both men. They finally arrive at...

THE DAIS

... and circle Khan's dusty coffin. They try to open it, but it won't budge, and the reason is clear -- their hands have wiped 800 hundred years off grime from the lid, revealing it's made of gold.

SHADOW

Probably took all those dead monks to get this lid on here.

It hangs there, when GUNFIRE ECHOES from the cave above.

GHOST

Our favorite Nazi?

They listen. A blistering fire-fight erupts.

JADE

We'll have to deal with him first.

GHOST

We're lovers not fighters. We'll get this thing open and meet you up top.

She doesn't move.

SHADOW

There's only one way out, right?

The sounds of BATTLE RATCHET UP.

GHOST  
You have our word.

INT./ EXT. LIMESTONE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

The two Monks are crouched, returning fire. They set off little rockets that whizz outside and belch a thick blanket of smoke.

Inbound tracer rounds zips around the cave as Jade picks her way to the cave-mouth.

RAUSCH

Ducked safely behind a boulder, as a pall of smoke blankets the battlefield. He yells at --

Rutger, who crawls within pitching distance of the cave-mouth and lobs a grenade...

... that lands between Jade and her men. She casually strides to the grenade and throws it back.

BOOM!

INT. KHAN'S TOMB - SAME TIME

Ghost and Shadow puzzle over the sarcophagus.

SHADOW  
A little C4, a little TNT...

GHOST  
What are we, mouth-breathers? All we need is a bit of... leverage.

His eyes settle on the terra-cotta warriors and the long staffs they hold.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Are those staffs wood or iron?

SHADOW  
(checks it out)  
Wood. Useless.

Ghost's eyes settle on the *head* terra-cotta warrior standing at the head of the sarcophagus. And slowly it dawns...

... he drifts forward. The warrior gazes down at him, gripping a nine-foot staff, atop which is affixed a familiar-looking object...

Ghost works the staff loose, blows the eons of dust off the spear-tip. It's rusted and pitted. Unimpressive. Yet, it is --

THE SPEAR OF DESTINY!

Ghost and Shadow's eyes meet.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
That's it?

GHOST  
That's it...

Prickly silence.

SHADOW  
So, how does it work; close your eyes and make a wish. Rub it?

Ghost runs his fingers over the rust. Nothing happens. He closes his eyes, trying to channel it's power. Nothing. It's all terribly anti-climactic.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Tiger dick.

Ghost swishes the spear around, refusing to believe it. Still nothing happens.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Let's fill our bags with some nice trinkets and get the fuck out.

INT./ EXT. LIMESTONE CAVE - MINUTES LATER

Thick smoke wafts. Tracer rounds blip through it, bouncing around the cave with crazy sounds. Ghost and Shadow, hefting a heavy bag of treasure, emerge and pick their way ahead.

Slumped behind a boulder, one of Jade's men, badly shot up, but still fighting on fumes.

SHADOW  
Christ, how many of them?

The man shrugs.

GHOST  
Jade?

He throws his eyes... Jade, slumped on a pile of rocks. Dead from the looks of it.

The Man mumbles, hands Ghost his rifle, and dies. After a long beat --

GHOST (CONT'D)

I'm not worried. You worried?

SHADOW

Why would I be worried?

GHOST

Good. If you were worried, I'd be worried.

SHADOW

I'll get us out of here.

GHOST

Of course. Like always.

SHADOW

That's right.

GHOST

So...

SHADOW

It's simple. Obvious.

GHOST

I'm probably just tired.

SHADOW

We make like mice into that smoke and slip away.

They stare outside. Grim. How many are waiting out there?

They start, keeping to the walls. They pass the second the dead man and Ghost takes his SKS rifle.

AT THE CAVE MOUTH

They huddle. Silence. The smoke like a dense fog. Guns on the ready, they inch out. Keeping low. So far so good...

A shadow flits through the fog ahead of them, and another. Rausch's men, bounding. They freeze, a pressing silence...

More shadows at the edge of visibility creep and vanish. Still good, they move. Then, a SCION materializes right in front of them, as stunned as they are.

Both parties squirt back, opening fire and in a split second, it seems every gun in the world is firing.



Bullets THUD and ZING as Ghost and Shadow beat it back to the cave and dive for cover.

GHOST  
You're shot!

He is, bleeding from his flank.

SHADOW  
So are you.

Ghost realizes blood is roaring down his arm. The barrage of bullets never lets up, thudding and zinging around them.

GHOST  
I'm not worried.

SHADOW  
They'll run out of ammo soon.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
Yeah, no way they could've carried  
much all the way up here.

FLASH TO: a huge ammo crate is plopped down, from which Rutger and several other Scions reload to the gills. There's even an RPG.

BACK TO:

GHOST AND SHADOW

The bullets keep coming, relentless, pinning them down.

SHADOW (CONT'D)  
No way they can keep that up.

GHOST  
Something will come along.

SHADOW  
It always does.

They bleed and wait. Then, SHOUTS in the fog.

GHOST  
Are they closing on us?

SHADOW  
Nah, they know we're armed.  
They'll wait us out.

FLASH TO: Scions in the lifting fog, and there's got to be thirty of them! They're like a noose closing around the cave-mouth, with a cold, giddy Rausch quarterbacking.

BACK TO:

GHOST AND SHADOW

Growing weaker in will and body. The writing is on the wall.

GHOST

We shouldn't be cowering.

SHADOW

We're not cowering, we're strategizing.

GHOST

We should attack.

And it's clear what he's saying. Blaze of glory time.

SHADOW

Use the element of surprise?

GHOST

Exactly.

A beat.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Hey, we can hold our heads high. We pulled the greatest job there ever was.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Our Ninth Symphony.

SHADOW

No one can take that from us.

Shadow's eyes flicker. Fading. Ghost helps him up.

GHOST

I'll lead.

SHADOW

I'll lead.

Ghost is hit in the gut and thuds on his ass. Stunned he looks at the blood roaring out of him. Shadow, frozen, momentarily, then he's hit in the shoulder and spun.

Their eyes meet and it's undeniable now.

With what little strength he has left, he grabs the spear from Ghost and starts smashing it with a rock.

GHOST

What are you doing?

SHADOW

Making sure that Nazi sonofabitch doesn't get what he came for.

He hammers away. Blood trickling down his arm onto the crumpling spear-tip. Blood, rock and iron mixing.

GHOST

Shadow...

He's felt it. He looks up, a strand of hair rising on his head. Then another... STATIC ELECTRICITY ripples across him.

Ghost points... the blood from Shadow's shoulder levitates! Then drifts upwards into the darkness off the cave.

THE SPEAR TIP: tiny filaments in the iron beginning to glow... turning into bright tendrils...

... which curl heavenwards... meeting a column of energy coming down, and the AIR CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY. Suddenly, Shadow is GLOWING...

His ENERGY sparking into Ghost, lifting him off the ground, and from him to Jade and to her dead warriors -- all of them shining and levitating, like constellations.

And Shadow, in rapture as images whirl around him, all of human history flashing by, faster and faster, and --

His veins throb madly, blood-vessels spider-webbing.

The GLOW TURNS WHITE HOT and he SCREAMS, appearing to be incinerated...

RAUSCH

Ducked behind a rock, watching his men close the noose around the cave. The smoke has lifted and he's feeling good.

RUTGER

LEITER --!

A blistering light radiates from the cave, growing in intensity and Rausch screams at the top of his lungs.

RAUSCH  
*Bevegun schnell!*

Rutger and his men open fire with everything they've got, then...

THEIR WEAPONS

Disassemble in their hands, bolt for bolt, and swirl around them...

THE LIGHT

Blinding in intensity as it forms up at the cave mouth, Shadow's humanoid form at its core.

BUSHES AND TREES

Burst into flames, yet, strangely, are not consumed by the fire, and --

RUTGER AND THE SCIONS

Charge Shadow, then scream as their eyes bubble and turn milky, like spent flashbulbs, before --

SHAFTS OF LIGHT

Zip from Shadow into the men, turning them into spectacular statues of ash... which crumble with the wind and now --

RAUSCH

Runs, but in front of him --

THE GROUND CRACKS OPEN

Great, big crevasses into the depths of hell. Cut off, Rausch does the only thing he can --

Turns to the glowing *face* of God, and throws himself supine, screaming, over and over for mercy.

Shadow advances, the world on fire around him. It's as if he is the pillar around which the universe moves.

He lifts Rausch's chin with the tip of the spear, forcing him to look into his eyes...

RAUSCH (CONT'D)  
 I am at your mercy, Lord.

... at which point Shadow holds out the spear for Rausch. Take it! Rausch's eyes flicker, what is this? He accepts the spear, and God's power flows into him.

He throws his head back in rapture as the spear's energy keeps flowing into him, without stop... his hunger for power knows no limits and triumph turns to burgeoning agony...

Rausch drops the spear, but too late: he turns into a spectacular human inferno.

Shadow, dazed, regards the spear on the ground... draws his foot back and KICKS IT...!

... and the spear TUMBLES DOWN INTO A STEAMING, BOTTOMLESS CREVASSE.

Shadow looks up, the sky reeling... and then he swoons.

DISSOLVE TO:

Ghost slaps Shadow's cheeks...

GHOST  
Anyone home? Yo...

Shadow bats his eyes.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Eeeyy, buddy, that was a hell of a show.

SHADOW  
Is it over?

GHOST  
Is it over?  
(Ghost roars)  
You could say that.

Shadow sits up: two Chinese Airforce helicopters are parked, Soldiers cordoning off the area. Others pointing guns at them.

Jade and her two guys, very much alive sit on the ground, shackled.

SHADOW  
My backpack --?

GHOST  
Yeah, no, they got all that and we're probably going to jail for forever.

SHADOW  
So why the fuck are you smiling?

GHOST  
(beaming)  
I was right -- about the spear.

The Chinese soldiers yells for them to move.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
You turned into God, raised four  
people from the dead and  
incinerated a small Nazi army.  
That's like... Moses level shit.

SHADOW  
And what do I have to show for it?

GHOST  
(shaking his head)  
Cup half full, man, cup half full.

He pulls Shadow up and CLICK-CLICK! they're handcuffed and led away.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE GOBI DESERT - WEEKS LATER - DUSK

The baking heat... Ghost and Shadow, handcuffed together, stagger past, up a dune against a red orb of dying sun.

Ghost has lost his pants. Shadow has no shoes.

GHOST  
You all right?

SHADOW  
Grand.

GHOST  
Feet are killing me. Wanna swap again?

They stop, Ghost exchanging his pants for Shadow's shoes.

GHOST (CONT'D)  
You know we really need to talk about it.

SHADOW  
No.

GHOST  
What else are we gonna talk about?

SHADOW  
Nothing. Shut up.

GHOST  
If I'd held the power of God in my hands, I'd wanna share.

SHADOW  
I-don't-want-to-talk-about-it!

Ghost exhales. They move up the dune, supporting each other.

GHOST  
You know, we did save the world.

SHADOW  
Not according to the Chinese.

GHOST  
Genius is always misunderstood.

SHADOW  
That I can attest to.

GHOST  
And as long we stick together, the world is our oyster.

SHADOW  
Never liked oysters.

GHOST  
So swap *oysters* for *playground*.

They're almost reached the top of the dune...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
I actually have an incredible idea.

SHADOW  
Please don't.

GHOST  
Seriously, you'll wanna hear this.

SHADOW  
I don't wanna hear it, really.  
Never. Too old for this shit.

GHOST  
Okay, suit yourself...

They're over the dune now, out of sight, and after a few  
beats of desert silence...

SHADOW (O.S.)  
What idea...?

FADE OUT:

**THE END**