

THE BOURNE IDENTITY

by

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Based on the novel

by

ROBERT LUDDLUM

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DARKNESS. THE SOUND OF WIND AND SPRAY.

MUSIC. TITLES.

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

The darkness is actually water. A SEARCHLIGHT arcs across heavy ocean swells. Half-a-dozen flashlights -- weaker beams -- racing along what we can see is the deck of an aging FISHING TRAWLER.

FISHERMEN struggling with a gaff -- something in the water --

A HUMAN CORPSE.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT

THE BODY sprawled there. The Sailors all talking at once -- three languages going -- brave chatter to mask the presence of death --

SAILOR #1
-- Jesus, look at him --

SAILOR #2
-- what? -- you never saw a dead
man before? --

SAILOR #3
-- look, look he was shot --
(nudging the body--)

SAILOR #1
-- don't, don't do that --

SAILOR #2
-- he's dead, you think he cares? --

SAILOR #1

-- so have some respect -- it's a --
(stopping as--)

THE BODY MOVES! -- convulsing -- coughing up sea water --
the Sailors -- freaked -- jumping back -- standing there, as --

THE MAN begins to breathe.

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- NIGHT

A wreck. Too small for all the people in here right now --
SAILORS sweeping off the table -- rough hands laying THE MAN
down --

THE CAPTAIN -- brutal and impatient -- watching from the
door as --

GIANCARLO tears through the clutter -- searching for a
medical kit buried in the shambles. GIANCARLO is sixty. A
bloodshot soul.

GIANCARLO
-- it's here -- hang on -- it's
here somewhere -- give me a
minute -- get some blankets -- get
some blankets on him --
(finding the kit--)
-- here we go -- here it is --

GIANCARLO with an old trunk -- just getting it open, as --

THE CAPTAIN
Giancarlo.
(Giancarlo turns
back--)
We pick him up? Okay, we have to
pick him up. But that's as far as it
goes.

GIANCARLO
He needs a doctor.

CAPTAIN
Fuck that. He lives? He dies? I
don't care. We've wasted two hours
on this shit already. You do what
you can, but we're not going back.
(pure steel now)
You understand me?

GIANCARLO
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN
(to the rest of them)
Let's get back to work!

GIANCARLO watching them run out. Snagging a quick pull on a
pint of rum he's got stashed and --

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAWN -- TIME CUTS

Transformed into a makeshift operating room. A light swings
overhead. THE MAN layed out across the table. Sounds --
groans -- words -- snatches of them -- all in different
languages.

GIANCARLO playing doctor in a greasy kitchen apron. Cutting
away the clothes. Turning THE MAN on his side. Two bullet
wounds in the back. Probing them, judging them.

Now -- GIANCARLO with a flashlight in his teeth -- TINK --
TINK -- TINK -- bullet fragments falling into a washed-out
olive jar.

Now -- something catching GIANCARLO'S EYE -- A SCAR ON THE
MAN'S HIP -- another fragment -- exacto knife cutting in --
tweezers extracting A SMALL PLASTIC TUBE, not a bullet at
all, and as it comes free --

THE MAN'S HAND SLAMS down onto GIANCARLO'S and we SMASH CUT

INTO A --

FIRST PERSON POV -- we are staring up at --

GIANCARLO

You're awake. Can you hear me?
(we're blinking--)
You've been shot. I'm trying to help you.
(we're trying to find our voice--)
You were in the water. You've been shot. It's okay now.

THE MAN

Where am I?

GIANCARLO

(switching to English)
You're American. I thought so.
From your teeth -- the dental work --

THE MAN

Where am I?

GIANCARLO

You're on a boat. A fishing boat. Italian flag. We're out of Vietri.
(he smiles)
It's the cold that saved you. The water. The wounds are clean. I'm not a doctor, but the wounds, it looks okay. It's clean.

THE MAN

How did I get here?

GIANCARLO

You we're lost at sea. They pulled you out.
(we say nothing)
Who are you?
(still nothing)
You were shot -- two bullets -- in the back. You understand me?
(we try to nod)
Who are you?

Long dead pause.

THE MAN

I don't know.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

The Trawler plows through heavy seas.

INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAY

GIANCARLO is hunched over a desk -- tweezers and flashlight -- busy working at that strange plastic tube that came out of THE MAN's hip.

THE MAN is bandaged. He's sitting up, and it must hurt like hell, but physical pain is not the thing troubling him right now. He's staring around the room -- at his body -- at the walls -- haunted --

THE MAN

What if it doesn't come back?

GIANCARLO

(still working that tube)
I told you. You need to rest.

Silence. THE MAN can't rest. Too busy trying to make sense of all this.

THE MAN

I can read. I can read that sign on the door. I can count. I can

talk...
(focusing now--)
What are you doing?

GIANCARLO rummaging around -- finding a magnifying glass --

THE MAN
What is that?

INSERT -- MAGNIFIED POV -- a slip of plastic from the tube -- written there -- 000-7-17-12-0-14-26. GEMEINSCHAFT BANK, ZURICH.

GIANCARLO
It came from your hip. Under the skin.
(turning back--)
You have a bank in Zurich.
(waiting)
You remember Zurich?

THE MAN
No.

GIANCARLO staring at him now. Different suddenly. Suspicious.

GIANCARLO
Look, I'm just on this boat, okay?
I'm an engineer. Whatever this is,
it's not for me to be involved, okay?

THE MAN
I don't remember Zurich.

GIANCARLO pulls his pint. Takes a hit.

GIANCARLO
(offering the bottle--)
You drink rum?

THE MAN
I don't know.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT

THE MAN stands at the rail, staring out to sea. So lost. He turns to head inside -- there, a surfcasting rod propped against a locker.

THE MAN picks up the rod -- flips the bail -- traps the line -- now he's casting far out into the darkness. And for the first time, he smiles.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT

A ratty old espresso machine. THE MAN standing there, staring at the thing like it's a test. Then his hands begin to move -- trying to pack a grind -- trying to fit it in -- turning on the steam and --

The whole thing explodes.

EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- DAY

THE MAN alone doing chin-ups on the deck rail. He's still bandaged and the wounds must hurt like hell, but he's pushing himself. Using the pain -- bathing in it -- maybe even hoping that it will hold some answer for him.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT

A chess board. Wooden pieces jumbled in a box. THE MAN hesitates -- takes a black knight from the box -- lingers for a moment -- and then places it on the board. He's off and running. He knows this. Placing pieces faster and faster -- still setting it up, as we --

INT. FISHING BOAT HEAD -- NIGHT

One of the ugliest bathrooms on the planet. THE MAN

standing before a pitted, tarnished, cataract of a mirror.
Staring at himself.

And then he speaks.

THE MAN
(in perfect French)
(I don't know who I am. Do you
know who I am? Do have any idea
who I am?)

And then he stops. Blinks. Wipes away the perspiration
just beading on his forehead.

THE MAN
(in perfect Dutch)
(Tell me who I am. If you know who
I am, please stop fucking around
and tell me.)

No answer. Just that face. His face. Who am I?

And what else is inside there?

EXT. FISHING BOAT -- DAY

SAILORS hauling in the nets. THE MAN -- still bandaged, but
healing -- working beside them. Earning his keep. Getting
healthy.

EXT. ITALIAN COASTLINE -- DAWN

A small, colorful fishing village. The trawler motoring in.

INT. THE FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- SAME TIME

THE MAN buttoning up borrowed clothes. GIANCARLO pulling
some cash from his pocket --

GIANCARLO
(offering the money)
It's not much, but it should get
you to Switzerland.

THE MAN
I won't forget this.

GIANCARLO gives him a look. Shakes his head, and --

INT. POKEY ITALIAN TRAIN STATION -- DAY

The ticket window. THE MAN and a TICKET AGENT.

TICKET AGENT
Una sola via?

THE MAN
Si. One way. Una sola via.

EXT. TGV -- DAY

A HELICOPTER SHOT -- a bullet train speeds through snow-
capped Alps. We move in on a window -- and staring out is...

INT. TGV TRAIN -- DAY

...THE MAN. People all around him -- families --
businessmen -- normal people going about their lives. THE
MAN turns back to the window, but he's not watching the
scenery -- he's looking at his reflection. So lost. His
face suddenly plunged into darkness as the train bombs into
a tunnel...

EXT. TRAIN -- NIGHT

...and out of the darkness into night and the HELICOPTER
SHOT, as the train races toward ZURICH.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A VIDEO MONITOR -- FULL FRAME -- meet WOMBOSI. He's an

African ex-dictator, think Idi Amin crossed with Mobutu. He's in some sort of throne room. And he's angry. Bodyguards and a translator hovering nervously around him. What this is, is NEWS FOOTAGE -- an interview conducted by a German TV station.

WOMBOSI

(he speaks english)
...no, no, no -- the time is not right, my enemies are too strong. I'm telling you to wait for this, you understand? I'm telling you this, and I'm making a warning to all those peoples out there that think that my powers have become so weak that they can play with me as they wish. You will see -- I will tell you when the evidence is clear. Then you will have a story. My old friends will hear about themselves.
(stopping, freezing
on that image, and--)

MARSHALL, a CIA bigwig has the remote control. And the floor.

MARSHALL

That's Nykwana Wombosi speaking in Paris the day before yesterday. I'm sure most of you have a passing knowledge of Mr. Wombosi. Some of you on the African desks have worked with him over the years. Some of you very closely...

TWELVE CIA MANDARINS sitting around the table like kids in detention. We will tour the faces as MARSHALL continues, but the guy we're interested in is named WARD ABBOTT. Picture a sawier, slicker John Poindexter.

MARSHALL

...He was an irritation before he took power. He was a problem when he was in power. And he's been a disaster for us in exile.
(the tape--)
Wombosi likes to send us messages through the European media. This is an interview we pulled down from a local German television station in Dresden. We've been getting these little broadsides every couple of months. He knows this -- he knows that -- he's writing a book about the Agency's history in Africa -- he's going to name names. It's basically a shakedown...

ABBOTT'S FACE says this is news to him. HIS HANDS suggest otherwise.

MARSHALL

This interview -- and I'll make the tape available for anyone who wants it -- he goes on to claim that he has just survived an assassination attempt. He says it's us. He says he's got proof.
(beat)
The overwhelming negative ramifications of this should be obvious.
(hard and dry)
The Director wants to know if there is any possible shred of truth in this accusation.

Long pause. No hands go up.

INT. ZURICH TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

THE MAN wandering through the terminal. Passing A PIZZA

PLACE closing up for the night.

THE MAN checks his funds. Just enough for one cold slice.

EXT. ZURICH STREETS -- NIGHT

THE MAN walking aimlessly.

EXT. ZURICH PARK -- NIGHT

THE MAN trying to get comfortable on a bench. It's chilly but this will have to do until morning.

Just settling in, when --

ZURICH COP #1 (OS)
(authority German)
(Can't you read the signs?)

THE MAN turns. TWO ZURICH COPS coming toward him.

ZURICH COP #2
(On your feet. Let's go. Right now.)

THE MAN makes his feet. They're on top of him now.

ZURICH COP #1
(The park is closed. There's no sleeping in the park.)

ZURICH COP #2
(Let's see some identification.)

THE MAN not sure what to do. Eyes moving. Mouth shut.

ZURICH COP #1
(Come on. Your papers. Let's go.)

THE MAN
I've lost them. I've.
(German now)
(My papers. They are lost.)

ZURICH COP #1
(not sympathetic)
(Okay. Let's go. Put your hands up.)

ZURICH COP #2
(pulling his nightstick)
(-- come on -- hands up -- up --)

THE MAN raising his hand slowly -- ZURICH COP #1 reaching up to pat him down --

THE MAN
-- look, I'm just trying to sleep
okay? --
(German again)
(-- I just need to sleep --)

ZURICH COP #2 has heard enough -- giving a sharp poke with the nightstick -- into THE MAN's back -- and that's the last thing he'll remember because --

THE MAN is in motion.

A single turn -- spinning -- catching COP #2 completely off guard -- the heel of his hand driving up into the guy's throat and --

COP #1 -- behind him -- trying to reach for his pistol, but THE MAN -- still turning -- all his weight moving in a single fluid attack -- a sweeping kick and --

COP #1 -- he's falling -- catching the bench -- trying to fight back but -- THE MAN -- like a machine -- just unbelievably fast -- three jackhammer punches -- down-down-down and -- COP #1 -- head slammed into the bench -- blood spraying from his nose -- he's out cold and --

COP #2 -- writhing on the ground -- gasping for air --

struggling with his holster -- THE MAN -- his foot --
down -- like a vise -- onto COP #2's arm -- shattering the
bone -- COP #2 starting to scream, and then silenced because --

THE MAN -- he's got the pistol -- so fucking fast -- he's
got it right up against COP #2's forehead -- right on the
edge of pulling the trigger -- he is, he's gonna shoot him --

ZURICH COP #2
(gasping, pleading)
(-- no -- please God no -- please
don't -- please no -- my Go--)
(stopping as--)

THE MAN slams the gun against his temple and --

This fight is over.

THE MAN standing there. In the silence. Two unconscious
cops at his feet. Blood on his pants. What just happened?
How did he do this? And there's THE GUN in his hand. And
God, it just feels so natural -- checking it -- stripping it
down -- holding it -- aiming it -- like this is something
he's done a million times before...

This is something he definitely knows how to do.

And then he stops cold. Throwing down the gun. Running off
into the darkness --

INT. TREADSTONE -- DAY

A deep, inner office. An ops office. Operations. Unlabeled
and anonymous. A backwater project center hidden deep
within the Langley facility. Utilitarian. Several rooms
linked like a suite.

Small staff. SEVERAL TECHNICIANS. One or two for
communications. A couple for research. People are at their
posts. And it's all quiet. But they are busy. Quietly
urgent. This is a place under siege.

ZORN is the number two here. Brilliant bloodless lapdog.
He's coming through the suite. Coming through quickly.
Heading toward the boss's little office at the back --

TED CONKLIN. Ivy League Ollie North. Buttoned down.
Square jaw. Everything tucked away. But there's tension in
the air. Work on the desk. Cot in the corner.

CONKLIN
(looking up)
What?

ZORN
Abbott wants to talk.

CONKLIN
Tell him we're busy.

ZORN
I tried.

INT. CIA COMMISSARY -- NIGHT

ABBOTT with coffee. CONKLIN not lingering.

ABBOTT
Storm clouds are gathering, Ted.
It looks like rain and I don't have
a thing to wear.

CONKLIN
I don't know what we're talking about.

ABBOTT
We're talking about Marseille.
We're talking about Nykwana Wombosi.
And I'm asking you if this abortion
in Marseille has anything to do
with Treadstone.

(silence)
Was this Treadstone?

CONKLIN
You're asking me a direct question?

ABBOTT
Yes.

CONKLIN
I thought you were never going to do that.

Silence. Pressure drop.

ABBOTT
They're putting together an agency oversight committee. They're going to look through everyone's budgets. Treadstone is a rather sizable line item in my ledger.
(beat)
What am I going to do about that?

CONKLIN
You'd want to make that go away. You'd want to remind them that Treadstone is a training organization. That it's all theoretical. You'd want to sign off on that.

ABBOTT
And what if I couldn't do that?

CONKLIN
Then I'd have to explain Treadstone. And you'd have to explain how you let me get this far.
(silence)
Doesn't sound like much of a Plan-B, does it?
(Abbott staring)
We'll clean up the field. You clean up your budgets.

EXT. ZURICH -- DAY

Morning in the financial district. Upscale. Uptight.

GEMEINSCHAFT BANK just one of many elegant fortresses on this street. Everything just now opening for business. TWO GUARDS unlocking the front door and --

THE MAN across the street. Tucked in the shadows. Checking for cops and trouble. Looks clear. He's walking and --

INT. BANK RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Ornate, formidable and tech at the same time.

RECEPTIONIST
(Can I help you?)

THE MAN standing before her. Looking very out of place.

THE MAN
I'm here about a numbered account.

THE RECEPTIONIST nods. Pulls a pen and bank card.

RECEPTIONIST
(instant English)
If you'll just enter your account number here I'll direct you to the appropriate officer.

THE MAN takes the pen, as we --

INT. BANK SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY

A BIO-METRIC SCANNER. A piece of ultra-tech amidst the Baroque. TWO SERIOUS BANK GUARDS manning the equipment.

THE MAN standing there, staring down at this machine. Something ominously decisive about this. What if it's him? What if it's not?

BANK GUARD #1
(they've been waiting)
(Your hand, sir...)

THE MAN focuses. Here we go -- BANK GUARD #2 guiding his open palm onto the mirrored scanning surface.

THE MAN catching his reflection for a moment before a wave of white light passes beneath his hand and now --

INT. BANK HALLWAY -- DAY

THE MAN being led by A THIRD GUARD to a special elevator.

INT. DEEPER INSIDE THE BANK -- DAY

Elevator doors open. THE MAN steps out. MR. APFEL -- anal Zurich banker -- waiting there.

APFEL
Good morning, sir. I assume you're here about your box.

THE MAN
...yes...
(what now?)
The box.

APFEL nods. Gestures down the corridor --

INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT VIEWING ROOM -- DAY

Sterile and kind of odd. But total privacy. THE MAN sitting there, as A DEPOSIT GUARD places a large SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX before him. THE GUARD leaves the room. Closing the door behind him.

THE MAN is alone. And there it is, right in front of him. This is it. Here are the answers. He lifts the lid.

THE BOX. There's a shallow tray on top. In this tray: a beat-up passport in the name of Jason Bourne. A French driver's license with a Parisian address. Credit cards for Jason Bourne.

THE MAN. Holding these objects close -- as if by holding them he might absorb their essence. Forcing himself to believe. This is him. His picture. There it is. He's Jason Bourne.

BOURNE
My name is Jason Bourne.
(sounds good)
Hi, I'm Jason. Jason Bourne.
Jason Bourne, nice to meet you.

BACK TO -- THE BOX -- the shallow tray on top. There's Kleenex. Several sets of contact lenses. A knife. A comb. Three sticks of gum. A ring. A pair of sunglasses. A Rolex.

BOURNE setting these things aside. Lifting the top tray. Staring into THE DEEP BOTTOM TRAY and --

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. Close to a million dollars. There's A GUN. A very good gun. Several clips of ammo. And...

FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Crisp. Brand new. All with his photo inside. Five different names. Three different Countries. Each one of these pristine passports clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:
NATIONALITY:
PLACE OF ISSUE:
SIGNATURE SAMPLE:

And a bar code.
Two Dutch passports. A French. A South African. A Belgian.
And...

There's one piece of card stock still with the paper clip in place. And no passport. This card reads:

NAME: John Michael Kane
NATIONALITY: U.S.A.
PLACE OF ISSUE: Paris, France
There's a signature sample.
And a bar code.
But no passport. This one is missing.

BOURNE sitting there. Trying to push his confusion away.

BOURNE
Bourne. My name is Jason Bourne.
I live at 121, Rue de la Jardin, Paris.

But there's something hollow about this. He came looking for one identity and now he's faced with six. The money... The gun...

Suddenly, it's all fucked up.

BOURNE into gear. Looking around the room -- there -- there's a pile of red canvas burn bags in the corner. BOURNE grabbing one -- stuffing everything into it -- everything except...

The gun. He doesn't want the gun. No guns.

INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT OUTER AREA -- DAY

BOURNE is done. Handing the box back to THE DEPOSIT GUARD --

BOURNE
(I'm trying to think how long it's been since I was here.)

DEPOSIT GUARD
(I'm not sure. Must be three weeks.)

EXT. STREETS OF ZURICH -- DAY -- VARIOUS SHOTS

BOURNE exits the bank. The red bag full to its limit. He's walking briskly now. Looking for a taxi. Nothing in sight.

BOURNE crossing the street. Shit, there's A COP on the corner -- turn -- change pace -- make it look natural --

BOURNE around a corner. And it's looking good for a moment -- but only a moment -- TWO MORE COPS walking a beat -- walking this way -- turn -- cut -- cross the street --

BOURNE heading down a boulevard. Trying to look small. Pulse starting to race. Fighting the paranoia. Where the hell is a cab? Turning back fast as A SIREN starts bleeding in from behind him --

It's just an ambulance.

BOURNE turning back. Forcing himself to focus. And fuck -- there's A METER MAID, and she's stopped writing up a ticket -- she's staring at him and --

BOURNE trying not to panic -- don't run -- smile -- stay small -- get to the corner -- scan the options -- but --

THE METER MAID -- she's watching him go and she's pulling her radio and --

BOURNE hitting this next corner -- banging a right -- forcing himself not to run -- glancing back and --

THERE'S ANOTHER COP -- but this one is jogging --
searching -- he's got his radio out and --

FINALLY TO --

BOURNE bailing on the street -- disappearing into --

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY COMPOUND -- DAY

Big gates. Speed barricades. SEVERAL U.S. MARINES standing guard near a gate house. An American flag. Lots of people coming and going. BOURNE playing it as normal as possible as he heads for the entrance.

INT. U.S. CONSULATE ZURICH -- VISA ROOM -- DAY

The passport and visa office. Big room. No windows. Unpleasant on purpose. Two lines: A short one for U.S. Citizens, a marathon for everyone else. CONSULATE CLERKS stationed in open cubicles along the back wall. And it's a zoo. American tourists who've lost their passports. Foreigners looking for visas. Asylum seekers. Everyone here has a problem.

BOURNE on the U.S. line. Standing there trying to think. What's he gonna say? What can he say? With the cops outside, and the incident in the park, then the bank...

MARIE (O.S.)

-- no, this is not my current address. It was my current address two days ago when I started standing in line outside --

A NEARBY CUBICLE. Meet MARIE KREUTZ. German. Big energy. Real beauty hidden beneath the armor. And armor it is, because this is a warrior in full, crisis battlemode.

MARIE

-- and so now I lost my apartment, I have no address, and I have no visa, and you keep telling me how much help you cannot give me!

A CONSULATE CLERK caught in her headlights.

CLERK

Miss Kreutz, please... I'm gonna have to ask you to keep your voice down.

MARIE

All the papers -- all the papers they asked for -- I brought all the papers --

CLERK

Miss Kreutz, excuse me, but you entered into a fraudulent marriage in an effort to circumvent the immigration laws of the United States --

MARIE

You only know that because I told you!

(she's incredulous)

Ask the case officer -- find his name -- it's on the papers -- I told him all this myself! --

(tearing through the papers now--)

CLERK

-- it's not the source of the information that's important here --

MARIE

-- I paid this fucking guy -- I paid him four thousand dollars --

my last four thousand dollars to
marry me, okay? -- I told this to
the case officer last week...
(she's found it--)
...here -- Mr. Thomas. I told Mr.
Thomas I didn't know this guy was
already married -- I admitted this!

CLERK
-- Miss Kreutz, please --

MARIE
-- I'm the one that got ripped
off! -- not you -- not the United
States government -- me -- I'm the
one being ripped off!

CLERK
So now you're asking for a student
visa?

That shuts her up. Yes. Today she's a student.

INT. CIA OFFICE COMPLEX -- NIGHT (BUT SAME TIME)

Motion -- CONKLIN racing down a staircase -- ZORN chasing
after --

CONKLIN
-- and they're sure it's him? --

ZORN
-- he accessed the account --

CONKLIN
-- but it was him --

ZORN
-- yes, sir, it's confirmed --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE -- VISA ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE on line. Fear meter rising by the minute.

BOURNE'S POV

Scanning the room -- the perimeter -- the people -- A
TURKISH MAN almost in tears as he tries to explain his case
to a DESK CLERK -- TWO AMERICAN BACKPACKERS that have lost
their passports -- MARIE still in the midst of her madness --
A SECURITY CAMERA high on the wall capturing everything --
lots of data -- too much going on and --

MAN ON LINE (OS)
(from behind him)
You're up.

BOURNE comes to. Shit. It's his turn.

A WOMAN CLERK waving him forward. BOURNE trying to think --
what the fuck is he doing? -- what's he gonna say? -- now
he's at the window, and if he was looking for a friendly
face, he came to the wrong place --

WOMAN CLERK
(cold shit)
You're a U.S. Citizen?

BOURNE
Yes.
(pause)
I mean, I think so. Yes. Yes...

WOMAN CLERK
Well, either you are, or you aren't.

BOURNE
Right.

WOMAN CLERK
You have your passport?

BOURNE
I have a passport. I've got...
(the bag there, but...)
Actually, it's a little complicated.

WOMAN CLERK
Do you have your passport, sir?

BOURNE
Look, maybe I should just...

WOMAN CLERK
Sir, you waited on line.

BOURNE
Yeah, I know...

But he's already bailing, walking away from the woman, the window, the room -- he's out of here --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY -- DAY

BOURNE on the move -- hustling back toward the lobby -- trying to snag a view out to the street -- there's a window just ahead and --

BOURNE'S WINDOW POV -- ZURICH COPS -- outside -- on the street -- half-a-dozen of them lingering around the entry gate and --

BOURNE stalled for a moment -- options dwindling -- he can't go back to the passport office -- he can't go out the front and --

The lobby looks tough -- there are two other points of entry into the main building, but they're both guarded by MARINES and METAL DETECTORS --

As he gets closer -- it gets worse --

A ZURICH POLICE INSPECTOR near the door, in deep conversation with TWO MARINES and THE EMBASSY SECURITY OFFICER and --

BOURNE trying to burrow through the human traffic -- trying to get to THE LARGER OF THE TWO ENTRY GATES -- this one the farthest from the front door and the passport office corridor, and it's the most crowded -- A COUPLE PEOPLE lined up here -- waiting for one of THE THREE MARINES STAFFING THIS POST to check their bags and pass them through a metal detector and --

SECURITY CHIEF (OS)
-- stop! -- stop right there! --

BOURNE turns back -- as does everyone else in the lobby --

SECURITY CHIEF
(from across the lobby)
-- YOU -- red bag -- the red bag --
stop right there! -- hands up! --

BOURNE glancing back -- ONE OF THE GATE MARINES BEHIND HIM -- the guy's raising his M-16 --

GUN MARINE
-- you heard him -- let's move
it! -- down -- let's go! --

BOURNE nodding -- total compliance -- starting to drop -- but only starting, because now --

He's swinging the backpack and --

THE GUN MARINE -- nailed -- blind-sided -- no chance and --

BOURNE -- all motion -- all forward -- all perfect -- vaulting the metal detector even as he pulls ONE OF THE PEOPLE ON LINE around to shield his back and --

ANOTHER GATE MARINE -- right there -- trying to grab him --

making his move -- BOURNE -- almost an afterthought -- his boot -- like a knife -- out of nowhere -- SNAP! -- the guy's arm just shattered and --

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- freaking out -- TWO MARINES WITH HIM -- they're raising their weapons and there's people in the lobby and --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- no -- no -- hold your fire! --

BOURNE -- landing hard on THE GUN MARINE -- rolling away from the gate -- into the building now -- coming up with the backpack and --

SOMEONE SCREAMING
-- he's got a gun! -- he's got a gun! --

And he does -- BOURNE with the M-16! -- coming up with it -- coming up on the move -- swinging it around as he searches for an escape route and THE GUN -- it's like a magic wand of hysteria --

PEOPLE IN THE LOBBY -- SCREAMING -- diving away -- everyone dropping for cover and --

BOURNE -- bailing -- on the run -- sprinting down a hallway -- tossing away the M-16 as he sprints into the building --

THE SECURITY CHIEF
(frantic on his radio
now--)
-- red! -- red! -- red! -- code
red! -- South side entrance! --
male -- five-ten, brown hair -- black
jacket -- red bag --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY

Quiet for a second -- offices on either side of a carpeted hallway -- BUREAUCRAT-TYPES doing their thing, when suddenly --

BUREAUCRAT #1
Excuse me? Can I help you?
(but backing up as he
says it, because--)

Here comes BOURNE -- coming fast -- and he definitely does not belong back here --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY/SECURITY GATE -- DAY

Panic -- people fleeing the lobby -- MORE MARINES hustling in from outside and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIRE STAIRWELL -- DAY

Door flies open -- BOURNE bombing in -- shit! -- it's a dead end -- no way out but up the stairs --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY

SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE MARINES -- sidearms drawn -- jogging past the INNER OFFICES -- running beside them, a frantic guy in a suit --

DEPUTY DCM
-- what're you talking about? --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- we're evacuating the building --

DEPUTY DCM
-- we're in the middle of a trade meeting! --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- call the code! -- I want everyone out! --

DEPUTY DCM
-- you gotta give me more to go on --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- he's running from the cops, he's
got a bag filled with God knows
what, he's in the building and I
don't know where! --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY

BOURNE climbing fast -- two -- three -- stairs at a time --
racing up as a SECURITY ALARM STARTS SCREAMING -- bleet --
bleet -- bleet --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH-FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

THE ALARM ringing everywhere -- TRADE CONFERENCEES -- sixty
confused and frightened people -- spilling out into the
corridor --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR KITCHENETTE -- DAY

A NEW DOOR flying open -- it's BOURNE -- ready for anything,
but there's nothing -- he's in a butler's prep area off the
main conference room -- momentum stalled for a moment --
nothing in here but tableclothes and silverware and coffee
cups and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY

THREE MARINES -- armed and stoked -- staring up the
stairs -- leapfrogging -- point-to-point assault procedure --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN STAIRS -- DAY

Carpeted and grand -- SECURITY CHIEF with FIVE MARINES
NOW -- charging up -- pushing past THE PEOPLE trying to come
down and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

Completely clogged now -- PANICKED TRADE PEOPLE all over --
EMBASSY TYPES -- trying to herd them toward the main
stairs -- everyone talking at once -- THAT ALARM STILL
BLARING and --

VOICE (OS)
-- no! -- the other way! -- take
the backstairs! -- the backstairs! --
he's on the other side -- there's a
bomb! --

And as the crowd reacts -- as they mob back away from the
main stairway -- we see -- holy shit, the guy yelling was
BOURNE --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWELL -- DAY

THE ASSAULT MARINES -- still climbing -- weapons out --
clean and fast -- one more flight to go -- ready for
anything -- completely freaking out as the door above them
on the fifth floor flies open and --

LEAD MARINE
-- HALT! -- STOP WHERE YOU ARE! --

MARINE GUNS swinging up -- trigger fingers tense and --

IT'S TRADE PEOPLE! and now THEY'RE SCREAMING and this
combined with THE ALARM and THE MARINES YELLING FOR THEM TO
GET DOWN and ALL OF IT ECHOING THROUGH THE STAIRWELL and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE -- he's CLOSING A DOOR behind him -- he's jamming A
CHAIR -- wedging it in tight so the door won't open and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- HIS MARINES -- coming from the main stairs -- weapons drawn -- fighting their way through the pandemonium and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE scanning for options -- the room is huge -- empty now -- the massive conference table covered with the meeting papers left behind -- windows along one wall and --

BOURNE rushes to the window staring down and --

BOURNE'S WINDOW POV

Fifty feet below there's a courtyard -- it's a sheer drop -- completely fucked and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

SECURITY CHIEF -- TWO MARINES -- just outside THE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR -- trying it -- it won't budge and --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- blow it -- shoot it open! --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

THE DOOR -- shattering -- eaten up by GUNFIRE! -- TAT-TAT-TAT-TATTAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! and --

WHAM! HERE THEY COME -- through the door -- guns -- eyes -- adrenaline -- everything ready and --

THE ROOM IS EMPTY!

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY

BOURNE -- dangling fifty-feet above the stone courtyard! -- he's gone out the window! -- hanging there -- hanging with one hand -- one hand clutching the corner of a ledge and --

INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Utter confusion -- SECURITY CHIEF -- FIVE -- SIX -- SEVEN ARMED MARINES all piling in -- ready to rock but there's no one to shoot -- no target --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- check the closets! -- get those
back doors covered -- there's a
kitchen back there -- go! -- go! -- go!

TWO MARINES -- scanning the windows -- looking down and --

MARINE POV -- all clear -- no way he went down there and --

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY

BOURNE still hanging there -- looking down -- up -- there's no choice -- he has to go down --

BOURNE finding a toehold below him -- reaching -- touching down -- it gives way -- crumbling and --

BOURNE hesitates. Does he know how to do this or not? Stalled for a moment, then...

BOURNE starts climbing down. And this is all one shot. No cutaway. No cheating.

We are watching a master at work...

Handhold to a drain pipe. Swinging to a better ledge.

Dropping to an air-conditioner. Grabbing a window frame just before the air-conditioner gives way. Teetering there. Now he's on the fourth floor.

Below, there's an open window on the third floor. Struggling to keep his balance, he reaches behind him to shift the weight of the bag, and as he does --

THE RED BAG falls. Thump. Into the courtyard. Forget the open window. Now he's got to go all the way.

Timing his next move and --

He's pushing off -- reaching -- there's another drainpipe and he's snagged it -- he's got a dragline now -- starting to fall -- straining to hold the pipe -- slowing his descent -- the drainpipe pulling away from it's housing and --

BOURNE letting go -- just before he falls backward -- one last grab -- catching a gutter -- holding it just long enough to slow his fall and --

Letting go for the last fifteen feet and --

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY

A DOZEN MARINES -- pumped-up and listening to --

SECURITY
-- we're gonna go room by room
until we find him -- so let's get
teamed up --

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY NEAR THE U.S. CONSULATE -- DAY

MARIE storming away. Pissed-off -- broke -- illegal -- ruined and --

MARIE
(German)
(Motherfucking sonsofbitches!)
(a new problem--)

A LITTLE RED CAR. A beat-to-shit Euro car. A shitty little red car angled in beside a dumpster with a big red Zurich parking ticket on the windshield.

MARIE grabbing the ticket -- tearing it up -- tearing the shit out of it -- blind with misfortune -- throwing the pieces on the ground and stomping on them and then --

MARIE
(looking up--)
(What are you looking at?)

BOURNE standing across the car -- on the passenger side --

BOURNE
I need a ride.

MARIE
(What?)

BOURNE
I need a ride out of here.

MARIE
Oh, Jesus...
(backing away and--)

BOURNE
Please. I don't want to scare you.

MARIE
It's a little late for that.

BOURNE
I've got a situation here and --

MARIE
Get the fuck away from my car.

BOURNE
I'll give you ten thousand dollars
to drive me to Paris.

MARIE
Great. You know what? I'll give

you ten gazillion dollars to get
the fuck away from me before I
start screaming my head off.

BOURNE

You don't want the police any more
than I do.

BOURNE tosses cash -- a stack of hundreds -- across the car
into her hands -- she catches it. Looks at it.

MARIE

Jesus...

BOURNE

Get me out of here. Please.

MARIE looking at him. At the money. Back at him, and --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

VIDEO PLAYBACK -- FULL FRAME -- fast forward -- a speeding
blur of images from a surveillance camera outside the Zurich
bank -- it's two days worth of footage -- they're scanning
for Bourne's arrival and --

CONKLIN

go -- keep going -- go...wait --
stop -- you went past it --

COM TECH #1 working the console. Freezing the image.
Punching it up. There it is -- BOURNE leaving the bank with
the red bag.

CONKLIN

(staring at the monitor)
It's him. My God, it's really him...

ZORN the phones across the room. COM TECH #2 at his console --

COM TECH #2

-- we got a cross-ref ready to go
here, sir, we're running hotel,
airline, train, and medical
variables, anything else you'd like?

CONKLIN

No...
(still staring at Bourne)
Go ahead. Run it.
(coming to--)
Let's get a map, let's get a grid
map on Zurich.

ZORN

(holding the phone)
Sir...

CONKLIN up from the console. ZORN waiting for him --

CONKLIN

What?

ZORN

Zurich police are looking for an
American with a red bag. Apparently
he put two cops in the hospital
last night.

Silence. Like the floor just fell away. So heavy.

CONKLIN

What the fuck is he doing?

ZORN

Maybe it's a game. Maybe he's
trying to send us a message.

CONKLIN

It doesn't matter now. We've just
got to be the first ones there.

(decision time)
Get everybody up. I want them all
activated.

ZORN
All of them?

A moment between them. CONKLIN all steel here now.

CONKLIN
You heard me.

COM TECH #2
(from the console--)
Sir, the cross-ref is coming up cold...

CONKLIN breaks away -- back to the console and --

EXT. BARCELONA RESIDENTIAL BOULEVARD -- DAY

Establishing shot. A grand house. PIANO MUSIC over this --
someone butchering a piece by Haydn and --

INT. BARCELONA GRAND HOUSE MUSIC ROOM -- DAY

Meet THE PROFESSOR. He's a piano teacher. Late fifties.
Deceptively fit. He's sitting here, listening to a NINE-
YEAR-OLD STUDENT struggle through the music.

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

INT. HAMBURG CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A boring, marathon business meeting. FIFTEEN MIDDLE
MANAGERS are trapped around a German sales presentation.
Meet MANHEIM. Bald. Fifty. He looks dumb and piggy.
Anything but. Sitting here --

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

EXT. A ROMAN CAF+ -- DAY

Meet CASTEL. He's thirty-five. Slender. Clean-cut. Easy
to miss. He's here alone. Reading the paper. Sipping
espresso.

And then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum --

EXT. A ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH -- DAY

The little red car parked. MARIE pacing around. BOURNE
poring over a map spread out over the hood.

MARIE
So what's in Paris?

BOURNE
I want to go home.

MARIE
For twenty thousand dollars.

BOURNE looks back from the map.

BOURNE
I said ten thousand.

MARIE
You have blood on your pants.

BOURNE
Okay.
(beat)
Twenty thousand. Ten now. Ten there.

MARIE
No. No, that was too easy --
(pacing away--)

BOURNE
Wait up --

(after her now--)
-- just wait up --

MARIE
-- get the fuck out of here -- all
this money, this crazy offer, I
mean give me a fucking break with
this, this is --
(stopping because--)

BOURNE just grabbed her. Both of them shocked that he's
done this. He immediately pulls back.

BOURNE
Look, I want a ride to Paris.
(wide open now)
That's all I want. I swear.

MARIE
You swear?
(cold here)
That's great. I feel so much
better now.

BOURNE
I don't want anything but a ride.
All I want to do is go home.

Silence now. She looks back. Measuring him.

MARIE
You could buy a car for twenty
grand. You could buy this car.

BOURNE
I don't want to go alone. I want
you to drive me to Paris. Like
we're a couple. Like we're a
couple and we're travelling
together. That's all we're doing.

MARIE
And I don't get hurt. I get twenty
thousand dollars and I don't get hurt.

BOURNE
I won't hurt you.

MARIE
What if I say no?

BOURNE
Then I'll find another ride.

EXT. ROME STREET -- DAY

CASTEL through the streets on a motorcycle. Whipping to a
stop -- stepping off the bike in front of --

U-STORE-IT STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE ELEVATOR -- DAY

CASTEL and THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR -- rising slowly through
the dark warehouse and --

INT. CASTEL'S STORAGE UNIT -- DAY

Darkness -- a key turning -- door opening -- light goes on
to reveal CASTEL standing there and we're in --

CASTEL'S STORAGE UNIT. What's in here? Like nothing. Like
a stack of old newspapers in the corner. Some mildewed
books piled along one wall. Some shitty plastic chairs.

QUICK TIME CUTS

CASTEL working fast. Closing the door. Moving to the pile
of books. Taking the top book off. Opening it.

INSIDE THE BOX -- a timer. A small bomb. A booby-trap.

An LED light stops flashing as CASTEL'S HANDS code in his password and --

CASTEL moving to the newspapers stacked in the corner. Pulling away the top pile and --

A METAL LOCK BOX. Hidden here. CASTEL pulling it out. Opening it. An empty tray on top and --

CASTEL taking off his watch. Taking off his rings. Taking out his wallet. His Spanish passport. Emptying his pockets. All of this goes into the empty tray and --

CASTEL lifting away this top tray -- setting it aside and --

THE METAL LOCK BOX -- there's more -- a much larger bottom compartment -- and it's deja-vu all over again -- we're looking at the identical contents we saw Bourne find in the Zurich safe-deposit box.

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. A GUN. A very good gun. A dozen clips of ammo. And FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Brand new. All with his photo. Five different names. Four different countries. Each one of these pristine clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:

NATIONALITY:

PLACE OF ISSUE:

SIGNATURE SAMPLE:

A BAR CODE:

Two Italian. Two Spanish. A Portuguese.

CASTEL going for the Portuguese passport and --

EXT. ALPS HELICOPTER SHOT -- DAY

The little red car driving through The Alps.

INT. THE RED CAR -- DUSK

BOURNE staring out the window. MARIE driving. Long silence until --

MARIE

Just so you know, if you're gonna burn me on the money, you might as well kill me.

(Bourne looks over)

I was supposed to have this car back three days ago. It's not my car.

BOURNE

I know that.

MARIE staring at him -- glancing back to the road -- just in time -- almost rear-ending a slow moving truck --

MARIE

Shit --

(trying to settle)

Can I tell you how much you're freaking me out? Okay? Because you are -- you're completely freaking me out.

BOURNE

I'm sorry. Really. What do you want me to do?

MARIE

I don't know. Smile. Sneeze. Something. You've got a bag full of money and a ride to Paris. Fuck it, I don't know...

(the radio)

What kind of music do you like?

BOURNE
I don't know.

MARIE
What does that mean?

BOURNE
Listen to what you want.

MARIE
(out of nowhere)
Who pays twenty thousand dollars
for a ride to Paris?

There it is. And she wants an answer --

BOURNE
I don't know. I don't know who I am.

MARIE
Yeah, well, welcome to the club.

BOURNE
No. No, I mean, I really don't
know who I am. I can't remember
anything earlier than two weeks ago.
(it's not flying)
I'm serious.

MARIE
What? Like amnesia?

BOURNE
Look, go ahead...put the radio on...

MARIE
Amnesia?
(total incredulity)
You're saying you don't remember
anything that happened before two
weeks ago?

BOURNE
That's what I'm saying.

MARIE
(German)
(Give me a fucking break.)

BOURNE staring at her. She's furious. She's downshifting --
she's accelerating -- pulling out to pass the truck on a
blind turn, as we --

EXT. ZURICH BANK -- DAY/DUSK

APFEL emerges from the bank. Leaving work. Turns the
corner into a quiet side street and --

Up ahead, here comes another guy in a suit. It's MANHEIM
walking toward us, deep into a cell phone conversation.
Barely noticing Apfel as they get closer and --

As they pass -- MANHEIM -- it's completely out of the
blue -- he's jabbing the cellphone down into Apfel's
shoulder and --

APFEL -- no clue -- already clutching at the coronary
exploding in his chest -- dead before his body hits the
street and --

MANHEIM -- still walking -- he's never broken stride -- and
as he goes he's fiddling with the cellphone and --

INSERT -- THE CELLPHONE -- MANHEIM'S HANDS working to
retract a syringe into the device and --

MANHEIM striding away. Disappearing into Zurich...

INT. PARIS MORGUE -- NIGHT

Not the best morgue in town. Cold tile. A wall of freezers.

Death lighting. Now add some color. Meet NYKWANA WOMBOSI in the flesh.

Meet HIS ENTOURAGE -- eight or ten of his thirty children -- two of his wives -- three of his bodyguards -- the whole crew spread out in this horrible basement room. THE WIVES are chatting. THE KIDS are playing, fighting and eating candy.

THE BODYGUARDS -- three of them here -- are white. These guys are French/Corsican mercs. Not quite the A-Team. The guy in charge of this ugly little unit is named DEAUVAGE. Into it. Too into it.

TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS hanging back. THE MORGUE BOSS -- who's clearly suffering this for a bribe -- moves to one of the freezer lockers...

MORGUE BOSS
(French)
(Okay, Monsieur Kane...number 121...)

And he pulls open FREEZER #121. And thank God we can't see it, because whatever's inside there is clearly horrible. THE MORGUE BOSS barely takes a glance, standing back as quickly as possible.

DEAUVAGE -- lead bodyguard -- moves to clear a zone for his boss --

WOMBOSI
Get the fuck out of my way --
(pushing Deauvage
aside--)

WOMBOSI moves to the freezer box. Stares down. As if it were nothing. He's seen -- he's made -- much, much worse. And now he reaches down into the box -- hands on -- literally feeling around this dead, awful corpse with his bare hands -- feeling around for something -- feeling and feeling and not finding --

WOMBOSI
(turning to Deauvage--)
It's not him.

DEAUVAGE looking pale as WOMBOSI slams shut the freezer.

WOMBOSI
(quiet hard fury)
So who's crazy now?

EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT

A MINI-MOTORCADE driving towards Neuilly. Two security cars. A van full of kids and mothers. And one big Mercedes stretch.

INT. THE MERCEDES STRETCH LIMO -- NIGHT

WOMBOSI alone in the back. Looking haunted.

INT. TRUCKSTOP CAF+ -- NIGHT

It's a weird spot. Open all night. But Euro-style. Quiet tonight. A few Alpen-truckers chowing down. A local or two at the bar and --

BOURNE AND MARIE at a back table. Drinking coffee. He's got the red bag open. All the passports -- the personal junk -- the money -- all the shit from the Zurich bank box -- he's been showing it to her --

And he's got her attention now.

MARIE
And you have no idea -- not a
clue -- what came before that?

BOURNE
No.

MARIE

When you think of it, before the ship -- before you wake up on the ship, what do you see?

BOURNE
Nothing. It's just not there.

MARIE
Well, this is great.
(she sits back)
I'm sick of myself and you have no idea who you are.

BOURNE
I kept trying things, I thought if I could find all the things I could do, I could --

MARIE
-- you could put it together --

BOURNE
-- which was okay for a while, I was okay with it...
(hesitating now)
But then -- there's all these other things -- all these other things I know how to do -- and this -- this stuff from the bank and...
(suddenly flat out--)
I think something bad happened.

MARIE
What are you talking about?

BOURNE
I don't know.

MARIE
Sounds like you were in an accident or something.

BOURNE
I was shot twice in the back.

MARIE
Okay, so you're a victim.

BOURNE
There was a gun. Who has a safe deposit box with a gun and all this money and all these passports?

MARIE
Lots of people have guns. You're American. Americans love guns.

BOURNE
I fought my way out of an embassy. I climbed down a fifty-foot wall -- I went out the window and I was doing it -- I just did it. I knew how to do it.

MARIE
People do amazing things when they're scared.

BOURNE
Why do I? -- I come in here -- instinctively -- first thing I do -- I'm looking for the exit -- I'm catching the sightlines -- I know I can't sit with my back to the door --

MARIE
You're paranoid. You were shot. It's natural.

She's not listening. He leans in. Flat out now.

BOURNE

I can tell you the license plate numbers of all three cars out front. I can tell you that the waitress is left-handed and the guy at the counter weighs two-hundred and fifteen pounds and knows how to handle himself. I know that the best, first place to look for a gun is the cab of that grey truck outside. I know that at this altitude I can run flat out for half a mile before I lose my edge. I knew that you were my first, best option out of Zurich? How do I know all that? How can I know all that and not know who I am? How is that possible?

Long dead pause.

MARIE

God, you're not kidding, are you?

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- DAY

BOURNE'S FACE -- a video image frozen on A COMPUTER SCREEN -- it's Bourne looking at the camera -- Bourne looking up at the camera in the consulate passport office and --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

HALF A DOZEN COMPUTER MONITORS -- and lots of shots of Bourne -- twenty angles -- twenty different locations -- twenty candid perspectives of Bourne and his mad scramble through the consulate --

CONKLIN and RESEARCH TECH #1 poring over these surveillance tapes downloaded from Zurich --

CONKLIN

And that's the best angle of the courtyard?

RESEARCH TECH #1

That's the only angle.

CONKLIN

What do they have on the streets? The area. They must have something.

RESEARCH TECH #1

Hang on...
(typing away--)

CONKLIN rubbing at the tension in his temples as ZORN enters --

CONKLIN

What?

ZORN

Abbott. He knows about the embassy. He's coming down for a show and tell.

CONKLIN

That'll solve all our problems.

RESEARCH TECH #1

(he's hit paydirt)
Sir...

CONKLIN

(turning back--)
What's that?

RESEARCH TECH #1

It's an angle of the street -- some sort of alleyway -- you can just...

CONKLIN
Enhance it.

INSERT -- THE MONITOR -- as the image enlarges to fill the screen. And there's Bourne. And the little red car. And Marie.

CONKLIN (OS)
Who the hell is that?

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL -- NIGHT

A drone barn. Practically on the runway.

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

One of those rooms. Just a plain functional box. MANHEIM laying on the bed. Fully dressed. Suit and tie. Just laying there, staring at the ceiling. Who knows how long he's been like this.

Just waiting.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND -- A gun. A knife. His e-phone pager. His fresh credentials. And a photo of Jason Bourne.

INT. WOMBOSI'S PARIS COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Quick orientation: Picture a heavily-walled palace just off the Bois Du Boulogne. But once inside you could be back in Brazzaville. It's just a buffet of oddness. Home to fifty children and nine wives. The decor blends money and nouveau riche materialism with a hard, back-home tribal esthetic. It's a visual treat. Not condescending or stupid, but flat-out strange and menacing.

It's late. And the palace is dark and sleepy now, but carry all that through this next series of quick shots --

WOMBOSI HOUSE SECURITY STATION

Just inside the door. BODYGUARD #1 slouched before a bank of SECURITY MONITORS.

WOMBOSI MAIN HALLWAY

Littered with toys. Children's crap everywhere. BODYGUARD #3. Snoozing on a Louis Quatorze chair draped with African cloth.

WOMBOSI THRONE ROOM DOORS

DEAUVAGE -- head bodyguard -- posted outside this imposing set of doors. He's trying to stay awake. Reading a spy thriller.

FINALLY TO

WOMBOSI'S THRONE ROOM

And there he is -- the emperor himself -- WOMBOSI on his throne. Except the room is dark and empty. And he's sitting there by himself. A king without a country.

Sitting there. With a gun in his lap. Drinking hard from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Stewing.

EXT. FRENCH ROADSIDE -- DAWN

Beautiful morning. The red car parked along the road. BOURNE alone in the passenger seat. Deep asleep. Nestled there.

And then, he wakes suddenly. Starts. Freaked for a moment. Instantly feeling for the red bag. There it is in his lap. He looks around and --

MARIE sitting away from the car. She's got a loaf of bread. A soda. Smoking a butt. Same clothes, but her make-up's

been washed away. Clean. Simple. Gorgeous.

BOURNE steps out. Morning legs.

MARIE
I needed a break.

BOURNE
Where are we?

MARIE
We're about an hour away.

BOURNE
I can't believe I slept.

MARIE
You were tired. Here...
(bread and soda--)
For twenty-thousand I like to throw
in breakfast.
(he takes it)
So what do you dream about?

BOURNE
I dream I'm asleep. I dream that
I'm asleep and I can't wake up.
(he takes a hit from
her smoke and
coughs--)
I don't think I smoke.

Another silence. She's watching him.

MARIE
You ever think maybe you have a family?

BOURNE
I thought about it. I don't know.

She looks away. Was she hoping for another answer?

MARIE
I guess it's like Christmas every
day for you, huh?

INT. TREADSTONE CONKLIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

MARIE'S FACE -- A PASSPORT PHOTO -- she's eighteen -- she's smiling -- really alive and fresh and --

CONKLIN behind his desk. ABBOTT staring grimly at the picture --

ABBOTT
Who is she?

ZORN
Marie Helene Kreutz. She's twenty-six. Born outside Munich. Father was a welder. He died in '91. We don't have the mother. There might be a step-sister, we're trying to track that down.
(apologetic)
It's tough. She's a wanderer. She pops up on the grid here and there but...I mean, the last time she paid an electric bill in Europe was '94. No taxes. No steady employer. She's got three arrests. Two shoplifting cases, one in Spain, one in Germany. And she actually did three months in an Italian detention center for credit card fraud.

ABBOTT
No political affiliations?

CONKLIN
She's a gypsy. If it's a cover,

it's a great one.

ABBOTT
I'm assuming we're exploring that possibility.

CONKLIN
We're exploring every possibility.
(tighter by the moment)
We are in pursuit. How much more do you want me to tell you?

ABBOTT
Pursuit would indicate that you know exactly where he is.

CONKLIN
No. Pursuit ends when we know exactly where he is.

ABBOTT
Yes, well, I think we need some fresh eyes on this problem. I'm bringing in some people from upstairs.

CONKLIN hesitates. Inside he's screaming.

CONKLIN
We've been down here for two weeks banging our heads against the wall. We've been sleeping down here. We just got our first lead fourteen hours ago, and now? -- now that we finally have something to work with -- you want to bring planning personnel down here?
(real steam)
I'd rethink that.

ABBOTT
I want a second opinion.

CONKLIN
This is an operations desk.

ABBOTT
I'm not asking.

EXT. PARIS STREET NEAR BOURNE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

THE LITTLE RED CAR cruising through town.

INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR -- DAY

MARIE driving. BOURNE checking building numbers as they pass --

BOURNE
Slow down. No, don't stop. Just...

MARIE
(looking over)
That's it? Is that it?

AN APARTMENT BUILDING. Big building. Elegant but cold.

BOURNE
Four-fifty. That's the address...

MARIE
Looks familiar?

BOURNE
No.
(staring back as they pass--)
No. Go around. Keep going...

MARIE pulling up -- turning a corner -- watching him as she does. But he's pre-occupied -- eyes scanning -- taking it all in --

MARIE
Where?

BOURNE
Yeah. Pull in here. Park it.

MARIE angles into an alleyway. Cuts the engine.

MARIE
So this is it, right?

BOURNE
I guess.

Dead pause. She's waiting. He's still scanning the street.

MARIE
I should go.

BOURNE
I don't remember any of this.

MARIE
Jason...

He turns back. She's staring at him.

BOURNE
Sorry. The money, right?

Before she can say anything, he's digging in the backpack. He pulls out another stack of hundreds. Hands it over. She takes it. It's not what she wanted, but she's used to being disappointed. Fighting it.

MARIE
Okay, so...

BOURNE
Thanks for the ride.

MARIE
Anytime.

Silence. That moment. He focuses. Getting it.

BOURNE
Look, I don't know what's up there.

MARIE
You got me pretty fucking curious.

BOURNE
Look, you could come up. Or you could wait if you want. I could go check it out. You could wait.

MARIE
Nah...
(hide the pain)
With you, I mean, you'd probably just forget about me, right?

BOURNE
How could I forget about you?
(he smiles)
You're the only person I know.

MARIE smiles. We've never seen it before. Worth waiting for.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER -- NIGHT

BOURNE and MARIE standing at the directory. Five apartments. One per floor. Five names. A buzzer. An intercom. There it is.

J. Bourne.

BOURNE presses the buzzer. After a moment, he presses again. Nothing.

MARIE

I guess you're not home.

BOURNE checking the door. How to pop it open? Just about to get into it, when --

CONCIERGE (OS)
(from the shadows
inside--)
(Monsieur Bourne...I'm coming...)

THE CONCIERGE is sixty. Plump and proper.

CONCIERGE
(opening the door--)
(Mr. Bourne, there you are -- I was
wondering -- I haven't seen you --)

BOURNE
(Here I am.)

THE CONCIERGE looking at BOURNE like maybe she's never seen him look like this before. And she's looking at MARIE like here's the reason her tenant looks like such shit.

BOURNE
(he tries a smile)
(I seem to have lost my key.)

THE CONCIERGE nods. Instant chilly disapproval.

CONCIERGE
(I've been ringing your bell. It's
good you were away. We had some
trouble with the hot water. It's
been repaired.)

BOURNE
(Great. We could use a shower.)
(they look like
shit--)
(It was a long drive.)

THE CONCIERGE steps aside and --

INT. PARIS APARTMENT FIFTH FLOOR LANDING -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE at the apartment threshold. He has a key now.

Turning it. And the door opens...

Nothing...

No bombs. No wife and kids. No one.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY

A huge, rambling flat. Large entry hallway. Large rooms beyond that. It's obviously expensive. But cold. Completely impersonal. No photographs. No mementoes. No human history.

WE'RE MOVING NOW

THE LIVING ROOM

BOURNE and MARIE exploring.

MARIE
It's big.

BOURNE silent. Struggling to get a feel for the place.

MARIE (CONT'D)
This is like a real apartment.
(she likes it)
This is really yours?

BOURNE
I guess so.

MARIE taking it in fast. BOURNE seems paralyzed. Trying to soak it all in. Willing himself home. Touching things as he passes. As if a texture, a smell -- something will become familiar. He's deep into this as we go to --

THE BEDROOM

MARIE in the doorway. Checking it out. It's so clean and simple. But it's not the decor she's most interested in...

MARIE opening an armoire...

Nothing but men's clothes. No competition. She's feeling better by the moment as we go to --

THE KITCHEN

Like a stage set. Lots of props and no sign of food. BOURNE picking up a frying pan.

 BOURNE
This is my frying pan.
 (and then--)
This is my spoon.
 (trying harder)
I'm Jason Bourne and this is my
kitchen.

THE MASTER BATHROOM

MARIE still on the prowl. Mirror city. Big tub. One toothbrush.

AN OFFICE STUDY

There's a desk. Chair. Phone. Basic. BOURNE with a folder in his hand. Staring at the bookshelves. Binders, reference materials and hardbound volumes -- all of it about maritime law. Ship schedules. Registry catalogs. All about boats.

 MARIE
This is your office?
 (from the doorway)
God, you live like a monk...

 BOURNE
All this stuff -- it's all about
boats.
 (looking up)
I think I'm in the shipping business.

 MARIE
See. It's starting to come back,
yeah?
 (he sort of nods)
You mind if I take a bath?

 BOURNE
Go ahead.

MARIE backs out. BOURNE alone again. Standing there for a moment. Dealing with it.

And then he sits down in a chair.

BOURNE sitting there. Staring. The room, the desk -- it's all so devoid of personality. And then, something catches his eye and --

INSERT -- THE DESK TOP -- a faint silhouette through the dust and grime. Outlines of where a computer used to sit.

BOURNE reaching suddenly under the desk. Bingo. Pulling out a retractable computer keyboard tray. But it's empty. No keyboard. Now he's really confused and --

INSERT -- A PHONE/ANSWERING MACHINE -- BOURNE pressing the playback button and --

PHONE MACHINE
"You have no messages."

BOURNE leaving that for a moment -- about to anyway -- and then he turns back -- new idea -- pressing for the speaker phone -- and then hitting redial and --

THE PHONE stars dialing...

RINGING and...

OPERATOR/PHONE
Bonjour, Hotel Marboeuf...

BOURNE quick grabbing the receiver. Taking it off speakerphone and --

BOURNE
...yes -- oui -- uh...

OPERATOR/PHONE
(Yes, sir. Hotel Marboeuf, Paris.
How can I direct your call?)

BOURNE
Paris?

OPERATOR/PHONE
Yes, sir...
(switching to English,
thinking that's his
problem--)
How can I help you?

BOURNE
Yes, I'm...I'm looking for Mr.
Jason Bourne.

OPERATOR/PHONE
One moment, please...
(a long pause, and
then--)
I'm afraid, I have no one by that
name registered, sir.

BOURNE
D'accord... Merci.
(about to hang up--)
Un moment -- un moment --

OPERATOR/PHONE
-- sir? --

BOURNE
-- hang on -- I need you to check
another name for me -- hang on --
un moment, s'il vous plait --

BOURNE grabbing the backpack -- tearing through it -- where is it? -- where is it? -- shit and money falling out and --

There it is -- from the safe-deposit box -- that piece of card stock -- the one with no passport attached to it --

BOURNE (CONT'D)
(reading it)
Kane. Do you have Mr. John Michael
Kane?

OPERATOR/PHONE
One moment, sir.

BOURNE waiting. And then there's muzak -- holding music and --

THE MASTER BATHROOM

Water running in the tub. MARIE pulling off her boots.
Checking the temperature.

THE OFFICE STUDY

Bourne still on hold. And then --

MANAGER/PHONE
(a new voice suddenly)
Bonjour? Monsieur? Allo...

BOURNE
Yes, I'm here...

MANAGER/PHONE
You call about Monsieur Kane? John
Michael Kane?

BOURNE
Yes. Is he there?

MANAGER/PHONE
You are a friend of his?

BOURNE
Yes.

MANAGER/PHONE
I have some very bad news for you,
sir. I'm terrible sorry to have to
tell you this, but Monsieur Kane
has passed away almost two weeks ago...

Silence. BOURNE is rocked. But the Manager, it's natural,
he interprets the silence as grief...

MANAGER/PHONE
There was an accident. On the
motorway. Apparently, he was
killed instantly. Really, I'm
terrible sorry to be the one to
tell you this...

BOURNE
...I understand...

MANAGER/PHONE
...we actually, we were unaware for
several days that this had happened.
When they came for his things, it
was made known for us, you see?

BOURNE
Who? Who came?

MANAGER/PHONE
His brother. You know his brother?

BOURNE
Right. Yes. Of course.

MANAGER/PHONE
It's very bad this. Terrible sad.
Such a young man.

BOURNE
Do you -- his brother -- do you
have a phone number?

MANAGER/PHONE
I think not...
(quick French to
someone in the office
there--)
No, I'm sorry. It was very sudden.
He was here very briefly.

BOURNE just hands up the phone. Just like that. Not even
goodbye. Standing there frozen. Stunned. John Michael
Kane is dead. And he had the passport.

Suddenly, everything's changed. They shouldn't be here.
This is bad. Danger.

THE MASTER BATHROOM

MARIE playing with her hair in the mirror. Checking the water --

MARIE
(calling out to him--)
She wasn't kidding about the water.
It's freezing.

THE OFFICE

BOURNE frozen there. On alert. He forces a smile. Decoy mood.

BOURNE
Hang on. I'll check the kitchen...
(moving out of the
office--)
Maybe it takes a while to get all
the way upstairs.

THE KITCHEN

BOURNE moving to the sink. He's smiling. Upbeat. But it's an act. His eyes are everywhere. Turning on the water. But ignoring it. What he's really doing is searching out a weapon. Pulling A KNIFE very quietly from behind the stove. Holding it. Feels pretty comfortable. Hiding it down by his side. On the move again, now --

BOURNE
Yeah, it's cold in here, too...
(calling to her as he
goes--)
Let's give it another minute.

BOURNE like we've ever seen him. Like an animal. Every sound -- every breeze -- everything carries information.

Standing still. Taking it all in.

Real quick layout -- there's big windows along one wall that face out to the street below. The hallway to the bedroom and bath feeds into the living room from one side. There is a large frosted airshaft window along that hallway wall. Simple furniture.

MARIE
(suddenly--)
-- omigod! --
(she's behind him--)
-- what're you? -- no -- no --

MARIE backing away -- completely freaked -- BOURNE standing there with the knife in his hand and --

BOURNE
-- no -- Marie -- no! -- it's not
like that --

MARIE
-- please -- Jason -- omigod --

BOURNE
-- quiet -- quiet --

MARIE -- frightened -- confused -- paralyzed for a moment --

BOURNE glancing back -- a curtain fluttering behind him -- motioning for MARIE to get down -- do it -- now -- down!

MARIE hesitating and --

BOURNE -- what's he doing? -- he's unscrewing a lightbulb from a lamp beside him and --

MARIE about to say something -- he shakes her off --

BOURNE -- knife in one hand -- lightbulb in the other -- putting his foot on a chair in front of him and --

MARIE
...what are you doing?...

BOURNE waving her to shut up -- crawl -- now -- back up --
get under the window -- go! --

MARIE -- he seems so sure -- it's weird, but she's doing
it -- she's under that frosted window -- down below the
sill -- looking back -- what the fuck is he doing now? --

BOURNE -- the lightbulb -- he's tossing it across the
room -- over her head -- into that frosted window and --

As she ducks down --

As it SHATTERS --

EVERYTHING STARTS HAPPENING AT ONCE

PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT! -- silenced automatic
weapons fire -- raking into the apartment and --

THE FROSTED WINDOW peppered with holes and --

MARIE on the floor as THE WINDOW SHATTERS above her and --

CASTEL -- he's in the airshaft! -- hanging from an abseil
rope -- but off guard -- FIRING BLIND -- strafing the
apartment and --

BOURNE kicking that chair across the room and --

CASTEL reacting -- instinct -- moving target --

THE CHAIR just strafed to shit and --

BOURNE rolling away and --

CASTEL -- he's coming in -- last pieces of window frame
CRASHING AWAY as he swings into the apartment and --

MARIE -- right below him -- shit raining down as he flies in
and --

BOURNE throwing the knife and --

CASTEL -- turning -- too late -- the knife catching him in
the neck and --

BOURNE -- in motion -- attacking and --

CASTEL -- knife impaled in his neck -- clawing for it with
one hand -- trying to get off a shot and --

APARTMENT WALL -- PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT!-PHFT! -- gunfire
tearing wildly around the room and --

BOURNE -- full-stop -- kicking the gun -- kicking it up --
ROUNDS TEARING ACROSS THE CEILING and --

MARIE -- SCREAMING NOW -- trying to crawl away and --

CASTEL -- no chance -- off balance -- BOURNE -- his open
palm driving up into CASTEL'S JAW -- the body wants to fall
backward, but BOURNE has the guy's arm in his free hand --
jerking it like rope -- tearing it from it's socket and --

THE GUN CLATTERING FREE across the floor and --

BOURNE -- his knee -- like a piston -- hard into CASTEL'S
GUT -- and then down -- his foot -- down into CASTEL'S KNEE,
shattering it and --

CASTEL is on the floor -- stunned -- wiped -- knife pouring
blood from his neck -- arm hanging like a rag doll -- bone
torn through his pant leg above the knee and --

MARIE
omigod -- omigod -- what're you
doing? -- what're you doing? --
(incoherent fear and
confusion, German and
English and--)

-- what is he? -- what've you? --
omigod -- what is this? --

BOURNE ignoring her -- grabbing the guy's backpack --

MARIE (CONT'D)
-- what're you doing? -- Jason,
please, tell me what's happening!

BOURNE
Open it --
(tossing Castel's
backpack behind him--)
-- do it -- what's he got in there?

CASTEL -- eyes wild -- tries to make his feet --

BOURNE (CONT'D)
Who are you?
(kicking him down--)
-- who are you?

CASTEL -- crablike against a wall -- bloody hands leaving a
mess as he struggles to get to his feet --

BOURNE
-- who are you? -- tell me who you
are -- who sent you? --
(bearing down)
-- what is this about? -- YOU'VE
GOT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! --

CASTEL -- staring back -- eyes wild -- mouth shut -- his
expression -- is it terror or pure steel? --

BOURNE (CONT'D)
WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

MARIE
(suddenly from behind)
...omigod, no...

MARIE -- the guy's backpack -- something in her hand -- and
as freaked out as she was a moment ago -- this is worse --

BOURNE
What? -- what? --
(attention split--)
-- what is it?

MARIE
...this is my picture... he's got
my picture --
(holding it up, in
horror--)
-- this is me -- this is Zurich --
this...this...this is yesterday --

BOURNE
-- just --

MARIE
-- where does this come from? --
(to Castel)
How do you have my picture?

BOURNE
Marie, just --
(waving her back--)
-- just stay there! -- just --

MARIE
-- he's got my picture! -- this is
yesterday! -- this is me! --
(out of control now--)
-- where did you get my picture? --

BOURNE
-- let me do this, okay? --

MARIE

-- do what? -- what are you
doing? -- he's got my picture --
(just apoplectic--)
-- he's -- my God -- look at him --
he's bleeding to death -- my
picture -- look! -- he was trying
to kill us! -- omigod --

Now there's KNOCKING AT THE DOOR and --

THE CONCIERGE
(muffled but urgent)
(Mister Bourne! Mister Bourne!
What's going on? Is everything all
right in there? --)
(and she keeps
banging and--)

MARIE is past the point of rationality and CASTEL is
bleeding and shaking and BOURNE is trying to think and it's
just impossible and --

Suddenly -- CASTEL is moving! -- and fast -- it's
superhuman -- unbelievable -- just enough spring in his good
leg and --

BOURNE bracing himself but --

CASTEL isn't attacking! -- he's running away -- he's
crossing the living room -- but there's nowhere to go --
absolutely nowhere -- except --

THE WINDOW

CASTEL hurling himself into the glass and --

EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

WINDOW SHATTERING! -- CASTEL -- in a cloud of broken
glass -- sixty feet above the street --

Falling and falling and...

IMPACT! -- landing on the roof of a parked car and --

INT. THE PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY

THE APARTMENT -- BOURNE in motion -- five things at once --
checking the window -- kicking the gun away -- grabbing the
red bag -- grabbing what he can -- no time to spare and --

THE CONCIERGE
(still outside the
door--)
(--I'm calling the police, Mr.
Bourne -- you give me no choice --
I'm calling them right away! --)

BOURNE
-- your shoes -- Marie! -- where? --
where are your shoes? -- Marie --

MARIE standing there in utter shock -- paralyzed -- the
picture in her hand -- the broken glass -- all of what just
happened --

MARIE
He's dead isn't he?

BOURNE
Marie -- look at me -- there's no
time for this --

MARIE
He went out the window -- why? --
why would someone do that?

BOURNE
-- we can't stay here -- I can't
stay here -- it's not safe here --

MARIE
He came to kill us.

BOURNE
-- we can go -- I can get us out of
here -- but we have to go now --

MARIE
You knew he was coming.

BOURNE
No.

MARIE
I trusted you.

BOURNE
You're wrong. I didn't know.

MARIE
I don't trust anybody and I trusted
you!

BOURNE
I didn't know this would happen.

MARIE
He had my picture! He knew I was
here! He came here to kill us!

BOURNE
And where is he now?
(that gets her quiet)
You believe what you want, but I'm
telling you the truth -- I never
would have brought you here if I
thought it was dangerous.

MARIE
(totally overwhelmed)
Oh, Jesus...

BOURNE
You stay -- if you want, you
stay -- it's okay -- it's better --
maybe it's better -- I don't
know --
(starting to back
away--)
But I can't stay here. I can't.

MARIE
But the police --

BOURNE
-- there's no time --

MARIE
-- we'll explain it --

BOURNE
-- how? --

MARIE
-- there's two of us -- we'll tell
them -- we'll just --

BOURNE
-- forget it --

MARIE
-- we'll tell them what happened --

BOURNE
I don't know what happened!
(huge here)
I don't know who he is! I don't
know what he wants! I don't even
know who I am! The only thing I
know is that if I stay here, I'm
never gonna find out!

BOURNE -- that's it -- grabbing the backpack -- pulling it on -- just about to make his move --

She's standing there. Just utterly swamped. Lost.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

(she turns back, he's waiting--)

I can get us out of here. I know it. Then we can think. Then we can work it out. We'll explain it then. Once we're safe.

(rock solid)

I can protect you.

EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A CROWD is gathered around CASTEL'S BODY. Rubberneckers and people pointing up to the broken window -- THE CONCIERGE running out to the street and getting the news and THE SOUND OF SIRENS bleeding in from the distance and --

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND

THE LITTLE RED CAR pulling out of the alley. Turning away from the scene. Disappearing into the streets of Paris --

INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- DAY

THRONE ROOM DOORS flying open -- WOMBOSI exploding out into the hallway --

WOMBOSI

-- No! -- I say, no! -- they go this far -- out a body in the grave -- another body! -- no! -- this isn't over -- these people are not finished -- nothing will make them finish until they have Wombosi! -- the real Wombosi -- until I'm the one in the box! --

SIX KIDS -- TWO WIVES -- THREE BODYGUARDS -- all startled by this steamrolling mass of energy and paranoia --

WOMBOSI

-- what are you doing? --
(bearing down on Bodyguard #2--)
-- sleeping? --
(to Deauvage--)
-- he's sleeping! -- this man is sleeping at his post! --
(kicking the chair out from under him--)
-- I've had men killed for this! --
(but he's still moving--)
-- you think these people? -- these people who come for me -- you think they sleep? -- they never sleep! -- they spend all the day -- all the night -- all time thinking about how to put Wombosi in that box! --
(he's just gonna keep going, and we're into--)

A MASSIVE ONE-TAKE TRACKING SHOT

DEAUVAGE on his feet -- racing to follow -- KIDS scattering out of the way -- THE WIVES completely unfazed and --

WOMBOSI

-- there is no box for Wombosi! -- they don't have a box that can hold me! -- I know these people -- I know they never sleep! -- I know they never stop! -- they never stop

until the knife is at their
throat! --
(suddenly distracted--)
-- what is the window? -- this
window is open! -- who leaves this
open! --
(before Deauvage can
possibly respond--)
-- this is a war, you fool! -- you
think these people are like you? --
you think this is stupid people? --
careless people? -- these people
see an open window, they reach in
with a big hand and grab your heart
until you die! --
(still rolling as--)

WE'RE HEADING DOWN TO THE POOL

WOMBOSI
-- and it won't just be me! -- they
don't just want Wombosi now! --
they want my babies -- they want my
children! -- and I say no! --
(grabbing Deauvage--)
-- you leave that window open again,
you better pray they kill me --
(something's caught
his ear in the
distance and now he's
trying to get there--)
-- everything changes here now! --
everyone is a soldier here now! --
this is a fortress now! Are we
clear with this?

DEAUVAGE
Yes, sir. All clear.

WOMBOSI stops to look at DEAUVAGE. In the background, we
can hear A CHILD CRYING by the pool --

WOMBOSI
This man is out there. Kane is out
there. And they pretend he's dead.
That means he's coming back.

WOMBOSI moving quickly now and WE'RE STILL TRACKING --
taking him into --

THE POOL AREA

FORTY KIDS going nuts in the water. ONE KID crying.
WOMBOSI like a shot -- picking the kid up -- drying his
tears -- making a funny face -- getting a smile as --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE stash the red bag in a locker.

INT. CIA PSYCHOACOUSTICS LAB -- DAY

AN ELECTRONICS CONSOLE. Super-tech. Meters -- LEDs --
wave-form analyzers -- audio spectrum filters -- all of this
gear dancing and responding to every nuance of --

BOURNE'S VOICE -- OVER SPEAKERS -- we're listening to a
recording of the call he made from the apartment to the
Hotel Marbeouf Paris --

BOURNE/TAPE
"Okay. Merci."
(pause)
"Un moment -- un moment --"

OPERATOR/TAPE
"-- sir? --"

BOURNE/TAPE
"-- hang on -- I need you to check
another name for me -- hang on --"

un moment, s'il vous plait --"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A secret studio buried deep in the Langley facility.
Equipment up the ass. Five people in this darkened room: AN
ENGINEER working the board. CONKLIN looking sour. ZORN in
the shadows. ABBOTT sitting there waiting for analysis from --

MRS. DOYLE. She's late sixties. A long-time spy shrink.
An eminence. A diamond-hard, seen-it-all intelligence.

BOURNE/TAPE
"Kane. John Michael Kane."

OPERATOR/TAPE
"One moment, sir."

MRS. DOYLE nods to THE ENGINEER. She's heard enough.

MRS. DOYLE
He's not lying. He's very highly
stressed, but he's not lying. He's
confused. He's aggressively
searching for a way out of the
chaos. This conversation, the
video from the consulate -- the
body language, vocal pattern --
it's my sense he's really lost here.
(beat)
I think he snapped.

CONKLIN
Is that a medical term?

She turns. Battle lines drawn.

MRS. DOYLE
You want clinical terminology?
It's called, "conversation
hysteria."
(to Abbott now--)
I don't know exactly how you train
these people. I'm not sure I want
to know. I'll take a guess there's
some extremely rigorous behavior
modification going on here.

Silence. The idea dangling for a moment.

ABBOTT
Let's assume that's true.

MRS. DOYLE
You can only wind people so tight.
Even machines break down.

CONKLIN
This unit has an unblemished record
of success.

MRS. DOYLE
Then I guess I'm in the wrong meeting.

EXT. BELLVILLE CAR PARK -- DUSK

BOURNE and MARIE stashing the red car.

INT. CIA HALLWAY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY

ABBOTT and CONKLIN walk and talk. They want to get loud,
but they can't. Too many people passing by --

CONKLIN
That was two hours -- two hours to
get a second opinion -- and nothing
changes. He's loose. He's out of
control. It's very clear what
needs to happen.
(point blank)
I have work to do.

ABBOTT

What if he is working for someone else? What if he turned?

CONKLIN

Turn? To who? Where does he turn? What does he have to offer? He's got nothing. He's a killer. He's a piece of equipment for crissake. Where's he gonna turn?

EXT. HOTEL DE LA PRIX -- NIGHT

Funky. Out of the way. Cash and carry. No-questions-asked kind of flop. Our establishing shot somehow includes THE PROPRIETOR and HIS DOG.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM -- NIGHT

HAIR DYE washing down a rusted drain. It's MARIE alone in this crappy little bathroom. Jeans and bra. All of it soaking wet.

A new hair color.

A MIRROR. There she is. Her turn to stare at herself and wonder.

And then she smells something. Smoke...

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

It's a shitty little room. BOURNE sitting on the bed. And the smoke is coming from...

HIS PASSPORT -- the Jason Bourne passport -- on fire. BOURNE holding it as it burns away. Bourne's face -- melting -- bubbling -- finally disappearing, -- BOURNE letting go just before it burns his fingers and --

BOURNE sits back. And there's MARIE standing there. And she's holding out her passport --

He looks at her. Big moment.

BOURNE

No.

(he won't do it)

You know who you are. You know what that's worth? That's everything.

(pause)

I can't live like this. I can't do anything until I know who I am.

Believe me, you don't want what I have.

He looks away. Silence. And then, she touches him. His shoulder.

BOURNE almost recoils. Almost. He doesn't know what to do. Doesn't know how to react.

MARIE in front of him now -- she's taking his hand -- and he hesitates -- looking at her -- is this happening? -- she's taking his hand -- moving it down her body -- staring at him -- both of them silent -- his hand -- her skin -- his mind racing -- he wants this -- wants it in every way -- but it's overwhelming -- when was the last time something like this happened? -- he can't remember -- he doesn't care -- he's pulling her toward him -- and they're kissing -- and you know the rest...

INT. CDG AIRPORT -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR arriving in Paris. Coming through the terminal as his pager goes off -- never even stopping as he reads and --

.....

HOTEL SEQUENCE -- SKETCHED ONLY

HOTEL MARBOEUF PARIS. This is the place that answered the phone when Bourne hit redial in his apartment. This is the place that John Michael Kane was staying when he "died."

And so begins, the investigation...

Now, since the presence of danger -- ie Wombosi's guys and/or Treadstone -- is still up in the air, and since this scene could either play very quickly or very long, and since we're not exactly sure where we stand with page count -- this scene is not finished.

The rules of the scene, however, seem to be thus: Bourne would have to be very nervous about being recognized. If he was Kane and Kane stayed here, he's not the guy to do whatever "social engineering" needs doing.

Long version? Bourne sets the table and Marie gets the goods. Somehow there's a threat from Treadstone or Wombosi.

Fast version? It's all results -- we see them execute a plan rather than work it up. MARIE is already in the hotel. In a hotel uniform? Posing as a guest? In any case, she looks very much different than we've ever seen her before.

She gets close to the office. Hides. Waits. BOURNE calls the desk from a pay phone. Asks for something. We see that some sort of improvised booby-trap has been set inside the hotel to start a fire. In the confusion -- MARIE -- very bravely -- gets into the office. We do a quick cut outside to Bourne waiting and --

.....

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL MARBOEUF -- DAY

Walk and talk. BOURNE and MARIE leaving the hotel fast. He's on alert -- always on alert now -- making sure they're not being watched. And she's excited and pumped -- she did it! -- she's got the hotel record in hand --

MARIE
You stayed there five times in the past six months. But I didn't have time -- I could only get the bill from the last stay -- you were there for two days. Some room service -- there's half a dozen phone calls here so that's someth--

BOURNE
(cutting her off)
Who paid the bill?

MARIE
It's a company... MPG Capital.

INT. AN EMPTY OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

Vacancy wasteland. Dead phone lines hanging. Carpet pulled up. Completely stripped out. BOURNE and MARIE standing there staring.

MARIE
This can't be it.

She turns around -- and what's he doing? -- BOURNE with a piece of paper and pencil -- or something/anything resourceful and handy -- maybe it's carpet lint -- maybe it's breaking the glass on the door and holding it up to the light -- or a rubbing -- anyway, he's doing something ingenious with the glass door --

And as he's doing this, we're hearing --

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
(British, female)
Destin Navigational, can I help you?

BOURNE'S VOICE (OVER)
Hey, how are you. I'm trying to
reach Richard? Is he there.

We're watching the MPG LOGO emerge and seeing BOURNE and
MARIE react, as we hear --

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
I'm afraid there's no Richard here.
(continuing into--)

INT./EXT. SHITBAG PARISIAN PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

BOURNE on the pay phone. MARIE behind him at the bar. He's
got a pad and paper. This is all business.

BOURNE
Well, where are you? Where am I
calling?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
This is an answering service, sir.
The company's located in Southampton,
but--

BOURNE
-- this is a tire dealership, right?

TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)
No sir, this is a navigational
chart registry. I'm afraid you
have the wrong number.

Dial tone. BOURNE making a note. And as he does --

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number two --

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(French, male, hassled)
(Marseille-Tropez Marina, how can I
help you?)

BOURNE
(Hey, so this is the Marina, right?)

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(Yes, sir. Can I help you?)

BOURNE
(he's got the number)
(This is the one in Marseille, right?)

NEW VOICE (OVER)
(Last time I looked.)

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number three --

OPERATOR RECORDING (OVER)
(The number you have dialed has
been disconnected. If you think
you've reached this message in
error--)

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- last call --

RECORDED VOICE (OVER)
"You've reached the office of Simon
Rawlins at Alliance Security
Maritime Division. Paris office
hours are from nine a.m. to six p.m.
If this is an emergency, please
call our twenty-four hour help line
at..."

BOURNE hangs up. Scribbles down the number. Backing away
and --

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT

CONKLIN and the RESEARCH TECHS jamming on the console --

CONKLIN
-- let's check that Interpol window
again --

RESEARCH TECH #1
-- I'm on it --

CONKLIN
-- I want that red car -- the
girl -- we gotta get lucky here --

RESEARCH TECH #2
Sir.
(Conklin turns--)
I've got a code here from NSA --
they're not gonna give us Keyhole
satellite clearance unless we have
sign-off from upstairs.

CONKLIN turns and --

ABBOTT
No.
(sitting there tensely)
We can't risk it.

CONKLIN
Our last sighting was forty-eight
hours ago. Even if they stayed in
the car, the grid is huge.
(please)
This is it. He's trained --
conditioned -- they're built to
disappear. You give him another
day to run and we may never find him.

ABBOTT
This doesn't go upstairs.

CONKLIN left hanging. ABBOTT clear on this one.

EXT. EST. SHOT -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY

Monolithic tech. Reflection city.

INT. ELEVATOR -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY

BOURNE dressed for success. Suit. Cleaned up good.
Catching his reflection in the elevator's mirrored ceiling.
Nerves on edge.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY -- DAY

ALLIANCE SECURITY MARITIME DIVISION. Glossy posters of
yachts, tankers and luxury sailboats. BOURNE standing there.
Sucking it up. God knows what he's walking into here and --

INT. ALLIANCE SECURITY -- DAY

A SECRETARY leading BOURNE through a suite of offices and
into --

INT. PETER RAWLINS' OFFICE -- DAY

Meet RAWLINS. He's a young, jolly Brit -- pink and
overfed -- and quite shocked to see...

RAWLINS
Mr. Kane...
(hastily tidying up)
Come right in...please...have a seat.

BOURNE
Thanks.

BOURNE just trying to feel his way through this...

RAWLINS
Well...
(really thrown)
I must admit, when my assistant

told me you were here I was,
really -- I was quite -- I was
surprised.

BOURNE
Really.

RAWLINS
We thought you were gone for good.

BOURNE
Did you?

RAWLINS
Well, I mean it's a tough business,
isn't it? Cutthroat.

A long awkward beat. Neither of them sure where to go.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)
(finally)
Look, our bid -- it was
competitive -- but definitely at
the high end of competitive -- when
we didn't hear back from you, we
did some re-analysis of the numbers,
and honestly, we'd really like a
chance to do a bit better.
(pitching now)
I'm assuming you're still in the
market. It's the same vessel?

BOURNE
Yes.

RAWLINS
We just picked up a job quite like
the one we were bidding for you.
Gorgeous boat, hundred-and-seventy-
five-foot pleasure cruiser. I
think we learned a few things that
might allow us to make our proposal
for your job, as I said, a bit more
competitive.

BOURNE
Okay.

Another beat. Rawlins holding back until now...

RAWLINS
Was it the break-in?

BOURNE
Excuse me?

RAWLINS
We also thought we hadn't heard
from you -- we've had a bit of a
publicity nightmare, people have
been talking.
(the meat)
Our offices were broken into --
vandalism mostly -- shortly after
we last spoke.

BOURNE
I hadn't heard.

RAWLINS smiles. Reset. Sales mode.

RAWLINS
Let me get you a new copy of the
proposal.

BOURNE
That'd be great.

INT. A CAFÉ NEAR LA DEFENSE -- DAY

BOURNE entering. And there's MARIE in the back working a

payphone -- waving for him to sit -- she's onto something.

BOURNE sits. Pulls out the Alliance Security Brochures and literature. Flipping through it. Boats. Water. He's getting closer. Pictures of yachts and various security blurbs and a list of references for huge yachts -- jobs they've done in the past...

MARIE

I found it.
(standing there)
It took six calls.
(she's creeped out)
I found Kane. I found the body.

BOURNE

Let's go --
(already standing--)
We got to get away from this phone.

INT. PARIS MORGUE FRONT DESK -- NIGHT

THE TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS watching BOURNE put down a hundred dollar bill. MARIE standing a little off -- she will not be comfortable in the morgue.

ATTENDANT #1

(picking up the cash)
(What was the name again?)

BOURNE

Kane. John Michael Kane.

ATTENDANT #2

(It's number 121.)

BOURNE

(I want to see the body.)

ATTENDANT #1

(Our boss could come back. We're not supposed to.)

BOURNE pulling out another hundred and --

MORGUE FREEZER ROOM

It's showtime. MARIE back by the door. BOURNE right on it. ATTENDANT #1 pulling open the freezer and...

BOURNE sags. ATTENDANT #1 looking baffled.

MARIE

What?

INSERT -- FREEZER #121 -- it's empty.

MORGUE BOSS (OS)

(from behind them--)
(What the hell's going on here?)

Here comes the boss back from his break -- a little drunk?

ATTENDANT #1

(This guy, he came to see the American, but the body, it's missing.)

MORGUE BOSS

(They came last night. His brother.)

ATTENDANT #2

(It's not in the book.)

MORGUE BOSS

(Who are these people?)
(now English to Bourne)
Who are you? What's going on here?

BOURNE

Where did this body go?

MORGUE BOSS
I said, someone came last night --
(big attitude now)
Look, this isn't a carnival --
people call and they make an
appointment and they follow the
rules -- everyone signs in and
out -- this is a serious place --
serious work -- it's not just to
come in whenever you like --

BOURNE
(like a shot)
Shit, we didn't sign in.

MORGUE BOSS
So get the hell out of here.

BOURNE
Fine. But I'd like to sign in. In
fact, I insist on it. Where's the
book? I gotta sign in --
(off and running
now--)

Everybody following -- all of them confused -- and into --

FRONT DESK AREA

BOURNE there first -- all forward motion here -- balls out --

BOURNE
Is this it? --
(the book)
-- this is it, right? --

MORGUE BOSS
-- slow down -- you can't just take
the book like that --

BOURNE
-- don't sweat it, I have a pen --
no problem -- just let me find the
page --
(then quick to Marie)
-- honey, why don't you wait for me
outside, okay? --

MARIE trying to take the hint, but she's curious what he's
doing --

MORGUE BOSS
-- we have rules here, this is a
very serious place -- I'm the one
who decides who gets in here, okay? --

BOURNE
-- what do I? -- I put the name of
the person I came to see? --

MORGUE BOSS
-- this is serious business down
here and we cannot have people
coming and going --

BOURNE
-- here we go -- I found it --

But he's not writing -- he's ripping -- tearing the page out
of the book --

MORGUE BOSS
(-- what are you? -- what are you
doing? -- you crazy fuck -- you
ripped the book! -- you stupid
fucki--)
(no chance to finish
this, because--)

BOURNE just slammed him against the wall. Hard. Like a
tractor hit him. And fast.

And that shuts up the room.

THE TWO ATTENDANTS rushing to help their boss --

BOURNE grabbing MARIE and pulling her out the door --

EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT

Moments after the morgue. BOURNE striding away. MARIE struggling to keep up. And BOURNE is different now -- zoning in -- he's close -- he's hardening --

MARIE
What are you doing? --
(he's scaring her)
-- Jason -- stop -- talk to me...

BOURNE ignoring her -- ripping through the Alliance Security brochures -- scanning them as he walks --

MARIE
-- I don't know what you're doing
and you're scaring me -- what are
you looking for? -- what just
happened in there? --

BOURNE
Nykwana Wombosi.
(he stops, holding up
the brochure--)

MARIE
What is that?

BOURNE
It's a name. Mr. Wombosi owns a
thirty million dollar yacht. He's
the proud owner of an Alliance
Security package.
(handing her the
brochure--)
He also paid a visit to the morgue
to see John Michael Kane.
(the ripped-out
page--)

MARIE
What does that mean?
(but he's walking
again--)
Jason, what does that mean?
(she's trying to
catch up, but he's
walking really fast--)
Jason, please...who is he?

BOURNE
I don't know.
(he's not turning
back again--)

MARIE
So what are we doing?

BOURNE
Go back to the hotel.

MARIE just stops. Reeling.

BOURNE walking away. Into Paris night and --

INT. CONKLIN'S TREADSTONE OFFICE -- DAY/NIGHT?

ABBOTT alone here. On the phone. Looking up to see --

ZORN
They found him. They found Bourne.

ABBOTT jumps off the call. Eyes never leaving ZORN.

ABBOTT
Where?

ZORN
You better come in.

EXT. L'ETOILE -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR -- A MOTORCYCLE -- screaming through traffic
and --

INT. WOMBOSI'S SECURITY ROOM -- NIGHT

VIDEO MONITOR -- there's BOURNE -- staring up and --

DEAUVAGE
(Jesus fuck, what is this?)

INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT

VIDEO MONITOR -- different angle -- more clandestine -- but
same deal -- there's BOURNE just standing there and --

ABBOTT
Omigod.

EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT

BOURNE live. On the street. Bathed in a streetlight.
Staring up at a security camera.

Total hero moment.

I'm here. I'm waiting. I know you're watching.

EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT

Confusion to say the least -- WOMBOSI -- pistol in hand --
moving as fast as he can through the clutter -- KIDS
scattering as he follows DEAUVAGE -- racing for THE SECURITY
ROOM --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT

CONKLIN -- ZORN -- ABBOTT -- THE TECHS -- everyone plugged
into the tension here --

CONKLIN
-- how long? --

COMM TECH #1
-- minutes -- he's close --

EXT. NEULLY STREETS -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR on the speeding cycle -- closing in fast and --

EXT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND -- NIGHT

BOURNE standing there as the FRONT GATE opens. The moment.
The big deep breath. He's walking in --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

Uglier by the second -- desperation madness --

ABBOTT
-- he went inside! --

CONKLIN
(to Abbott)
-- if we can get a clean shot --

ABBOTT
-- inside the house? --

CONKLIN
-- that's what they're trained
for -- just a surgical strike.

ABBOTT

Forget it.

CONKLIN
What do you want to do?

ABBOTT
We don't know what we're into!

CONKLIN
We're in the shitter, man! Pick your poison. Maybe he's in there to finish the job. Maybe he's working for Wombosi. Maybe they want to go on TV together. Every possibility sucks -- we've got to move!

INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- NIGHT

DEAUVAGE and BODYGUARD #1 giving BOURNE a serious pat down.

BOURNE
Is he here?

DEAUVAGE doesn't answer -- spinning BOURNE around -- they're really going over him --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT

CONKLIN on his feet -- ABBOTT beet red -- this is getting loud --

CONKLIN
You don't have the stones for this. You people come down here and wink and whisper and we send these guys out and get it done. And you're clear. And the guys upstairs get what they want. And the whole bunch of you are so stuffed on deniability it's coming out of your ears.
(gauntlet)
Well, you know what? You're here now. What do you want to do?

ABBOTT just shaking his head no.

And CONKLIN snaps -- suddenly he's over the console -- there's the button -- and he's pressing it and --

EXT. NEUILLY ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR in position -- roof of the house next door --
hum -- hum -- hum --

It's the E-PHONE PAGER -- he's just been activated and --

INT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND HALLWAY -- NIGHT

BOURNE being marched toward the throne room doors --
DEAUVAGE and BODYGUARD #1 flanking him -- KIDS and WIVES
staring as he passes -- the way you'd look at a prisoner on
the way to the gallows --

THE BIG DOORS thrown open wide and --

WOMBOSI on the throne.

WOMBOSI
Come in.
(an imperial gesture)
Please...

BOURNE steps up to the plate.

WOMBOSI
Did you bring investment advice for me tonight? It was tax shelters, wasn't it? Swiss debenture-swaps.

BOURNE

MPG Capital.

WOMBOSI

I think investment advice from a
dead man, it's a bad idea.

(beat)

How does it feel to be dead?

BOURNE

It's a lot more stressful than I
thought.

KIDS have started sneaking into the room -- DEAUVAGE is
trying to scoot them out but --

WOMBOSI

-- no -- no, let them in! -- let
them in.

(to the kids)

Come in -- on y va -- come in...

(to Bourne)

I think everyone wants to see the
dead man.

BOURNE watching the kids -- they are all staring --

WOMBOSI

What do you do?

(on his feet now--)

You get an appointment with me?

You make sure it's on the boat?

You come visit me -- you pitch me
this bullshit investment package.

You drink my water -- eat my
bread -- play with my children --

and what? -- two nights later you
come back and you put this death --

(slamming something

down onto the

throne--)

-- you put this in my engine room!

There is A BOMB on the throne now.

WOMBOSI

So this is a different kind of
meeting.

(steam building)

Maybe now we talk some truth, okay?

One dead man to another.

BOURNE -- caught off guard as -- WOMBOSI suddenly rips away
his jacket -- so hard that he tears straight through to the
shirt --

BOURNE'S BACK -- bare -- two bullet scars -- still raw --

WOMBOSI

You see this?

(calling to Deauvage--)

I told you my shot was better!

DEAUVAGE

(He went in the water -- how did he
live?)

WOMBOSI

No, no no...

(and he means this--)

This is a strong killer. This is a
crazy strong killer. Oh, yeah...

(circling)

To make a killer that looks like
you? This young? This face?

(he means this)

It's bloody fucking amazing.

BOURNE imploding -- this news -- the kids staring at him --
the bomb -- it's all getting loud around him --

BOURNE

Who do you think sent me?

WOMBOSI

I know who sent you. I don't know why.

(this could get physical at any moment now--)

I learned many, many things from the CIA. Many things. I learned the way they think.

(beat)

Was the bomb on my boat supposed to go off or not?

BOURNE distracted by the kids -- these faces -- it's...

WOMBOSI

You didn't set the bomb. Why?

BOURNE not sure -- about any of it --

WOMBOSI

Was this a game or a fuck up?

BOURNE

I don't know.

WOMBOSI

Get the kids out!

He doesn't have to say it twice -- they know the drill -- they're gone.

WOMBOSI

And the door.

DEAUVAGE closing the doors and as he does --

THE PROFESSOR ATTACKS...

.....

THIS SCENE HAS NOT BEEN WRITTEN

It's a shootout.

The Professor is infinitely more talented at this than the bodyguards.

Bourne needs to get out of there -- without looking wimpy --

No children are harmed.

As the Professor rallies -- he will shoot Wombosi -- he will find Bourne's jacket left on the floor (in which later he will find a clue leading him to Belleville) and last but hardly least, he will take a parting shot at the bomb still sitting there on the throne.

There will be a huge, trailer-worthy explosion.

This might not want to be very long. There is an extensive action sequence just around the corner.

So Bourne escapes. Physically he's just weary. Emotionally he's fucked.

All of that happens and we cut to --

.....

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

CONKLIN flipping out -- THE PROFESSOR is not responding --

CONKLIN

-- code him again -- punch it in --

COM TECH #1

-- he's not responding --

CONKLIN
-- the paging unit must be damaged --

COM TECH #2
-- we just ran a remote diagnostic,
sir, it's not the unit --

ABBOTT looks like he might puke. ZORN watching his career
burn to the ground around him.

ABBOTT
What are you doing?

CONKLIN grabbing shit -- like a madman --

CONKLIN
I'm going to Paris.

ABBOTT
No you're not. You're not going
anywhere. I'm shutting this down.

CONKLIN
You're not doing shit. You're so
scared you can't even think.

ABBOTT
You just blew up a house in Paris!
This program is over. Call it off.

CONKLIN
I can't call it off. He's not
responding. Get out of my way.

CONKLIN splits and --

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

It's really late. BOURNE enters the room. MARIE in the
corner. Smoked out. Cried out. Lived out.

Silence. Not a word.

His shirt is torn to shit. He scraped-up -- blood here and
there. He moves past her into --

THE BATHROOM

His hands shaking as he tries to wash them. He bags it.

THE ROOM

BOURNE comes out. And there's a long silence until --

MARIE
It doesn't matter who you were
before. It's who you want to be.
That's all that matters.
(is he listening?)
We have this money. We have what
we have. I had nothing before and
now, I don't know, maybe I have
more, maybe it's nothing, but...
(he looks over)
I say we leave here. We leave this
place. We go until we can't go
anymore.

BOURNE
You could do that?

MARIE
Yes. That's who I want to be.

BOURNE nods. Turns off the light. Takes her hand. And
they lay in bed. Just laying there.

INT. PARIS SOMEWHERE -- NIGHT

THE PROFESSOR cooping somewhere. Tending to his wounds.

Ignoring his pager. He's slipped off the grid.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN

BOURNE and MARIE packing up to hit the road. Together.

.....

DOUG'S ROUGH DRAFT OF THE BIG ACTION SEQUENCE

INT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- LOBBY -- DAY

MARIE dropping off the key. Hope hangs in the air --

CLERK
xxxxxxx...

MARIE
xxxxxxx

BOURNE enters. He's got the black duffel. Car keys.

BOURNE
xxxxxxx.

MARIE
xxxxxxx

And now they're headed for the door. Something doesn't feel right for BOURNE -- and then he notices --

BOURNE
Stop where you are.

MARIE
What?

Bourne turns back to the CLERK.

BOURNE
Where's the dog?

CLERK
My husband's out looking for him.

BOURNE
He run away often?

CLERK
That old beast? Miss his breakfast?
Not a chance.
(returning to cleaning)
It's always something, right?

Suddenly -- just like that -- everything's different --

BOURNE
Get in the basement.

CLERK
What?

BOURNE
(to Marie)
Get everyone down in the basement.

Now MARIE doesn't need a second warning --

CLERK
What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE
You're in danger. All of you. I
have no time to explain.

CLERK
Wait a minute --

BOURNE
I'm sorry.

-- those words -- the way he said it -- she's grabbing her purse, clearing out of the room. Slamming the door behind her -- click -- it's locked.

MARIE

Jason...

No answer -- too busy -- reaching under the check-in desk, coming up with -- A SHOT GUN, an old one, but nonetheless a gun --

MARIE (CONT'D)

Who is it? Who's out there?

And now BOURNE is moving, pulling open a drawer. A box of shells. Filling his pockets.

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

MARIE

xxxxxxx

BOURNE

I won't let that happen.

And he is moving down the small hallway. Away from the front door -- towards the back door under the stairs.

EXT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- COURTYARD -- DAY

THE HOTEL BACK DOOR -- kicked open -- BOURNE coming out of the house -- coming hard -- and --

The small courtyard is empty -- but now the ALARM is going off -- and BOURNE turns back to MARIE -- races to grab her as --

RATATATAT -- The FRONT DOOR -- WINDOWS -- ARE SHREDED and -- here comes the PROFESSOR.

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

MARIE

xxxxxxx

And now they are running, across this little courtyard. To a wall -- BOURNE is up, on it -- reaching down for MARIE -- grabbing her -- swinging her over the wall as --

BAM!!! The PROFESSOR SHOOTS.

BOURNE

Go!

MARIE takes off running. BOURNE leans over the wall, FIRES BACK TWICE -- RATATAT -- The WALL IS SHREDED. BOURNE takes off running -- reloading on the fly.

Rounds a bend, is chambering two rounds when he sees -- a WOMAN is in her kitchen -- staring at him -- no time to explain -- he turns back --

The PROFESSOR is just vaulting over the wall. BOURNE FIRES TWICE -- BAM! BAM! But the spray is too wide from this distance. Windows are shattered to both sides of him but -- the PROFESSOR stumbles but keeps going -- blood on his face now -- RATATAT --

BOURNE has to move. Reloading his almost useless gun. Reaching MARIE -- facing a choice and they climb a wall -- FLOWER POTS EXPLODE around them but they make it -- now --

RUNNING IN A LABYRINTH -- right -- then left -- through a small staircase. LEAPING a wall -- landing on a STEEP ROOF -- sliding, falling, crashing to the ground in --

A SMALL COURTYARD -- steep walls on all sides. But there's a large window -- and it's open. And they step through and find themselves --

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

They close the window behind them -- catch their breath --

MARIE
Did we lose them?

BOURNE shakes his head. Tucks the gun under his coat.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Who is it?

BOURNE
We have to keep moving.

And now he is opening the door -- they step into --

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

STARTLED KITCHEN WORKERS stare as BOURNE and MARIE calmly walk out of the bathroom and head towards the front door of the empty restaurant. Quiet.

And then they open the door to the street and --

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- COMMERCIAL STREET -- DAY

The first thing we notice is noise. The street is burgeoning with life. The second thing we notice are SIRENS. POLICE CARS approaching. BOURNE and MARIE head down the street, blending in.

Up ahead -- TWO POLICE CARS snaking through traffic. BOURNE steers them off this crowded street.

BOURNE
xxxxxxx

MARIE
xxxxxxx

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- QUIET STREET -- DAY

And BOURNE and MARIE are hurrying down this street when -- BAM -- The PROFESSOR comes out of a building -- across and down the street. No time to hide -- he's seen them -- he's FIRING.

BOURNE tackles MARIE to the ground behind a car. RATATAT -- The PROFESSOR is literally shredding it. And now BOURNE is moving --

MARIE
What are you doing?

And BOURNE is on the offensive. BAM! BAM! Moving towards the PROFESSOR who is ducking behind cars on the other side.

They are shredding the street -- FIRING ruthlessly at each other and -- NOW THE POLICE ARE HERE -- BLOCKING both ends of the street. GUNS are drawn -- BOURNE's vulnerable on two flanks. The COPS are YELLING. And now --

THE PROFESSOR BLASTS the COPS -- And now things have changed.

THREE WAY FIREFIGHT and BOURNE grabs MARIE and they dive into --

INT. SMALL EPICERIE -- DAY

And the PROFESSOR shreds the store as BOURNE attempts to fire back. SHIT flying everywhere in here -- hard to see and -- The PROFESSOR is advancing on them -- cops are no match for his fire power. They move to the back -- kick open a door --

INT. HIGHWALLED COURTYARD -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE cross this small courtyard, the PROFESSOR is right on their heels. CRASH through a door -- and now

they are in --

INT. SMALL SWEATSHOP -- DAY

COUPLE of ASIAN WOMEN sewing in here. One MAN in charge -- and BOURNE and MARIE charging through -- the MAN about to say something -- but now the PROFESSOR is on their tail and --

INT. SMALL AFRICAN SHOP -- DAY

Making god knows what in here -- vats of something. Small grouping of workers -- BOURNE shutting the door behind him -- it's shredded with BULLET HOLES. BOURNE and MARIE racing to the next door as -- BAM -- the PROFESSOR kicks the door open -- BOURNE about to fire -- but there is a WOMAN right behind the PROFESSOR! Can't do it -- turns to run as -- RATATATAT --

The PROFESSOR FIRES as BOURNE and MARIE dive into --

INT. LIVE POULTRY SHOP -- DAY

And now CHICKEN feathers are flying everywhere -- the glass at the front of the door is shattering. BOURNE and MARIE make it through the gauntlet.

EXT. BELLEVILLE -- STREET -- DAY

And BOURNE and MARIE are running. And he is reaching into his pocket -- fishing around -- and just as he pulls out the car keys -- we recognize this as the street they parked their car on and --

BY MARIE'S CAR

BOURNE unlocks the door -- pops MARIE's open. And --

THERE'S A COP -- yelling at them and -- BOURNE hits the gas -- they fly out of their parking space -- BAM!! The COP fires, shattering their windshield and there -- up ahead -- THE PROFESSOR coming out -- about to FIRE -- BOURNE aims for him -- forces him to dive out of the way and --

ONE QUICK MOVE around a TRUCK and they are free.

INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR

BOURNE and MARIE looking back nervously -- so far all over --

ON THE STREET

The PROFESSOR looking around. PEOPLE staring at him -- covered in blood -- the COP racing up -- yelling -- not yelling for long because the PROFESSOR is firing at him and --

Now the PROFESSOR is moving -- not running -- just a swift walk and now he's past the truck -- and --

A MOTORCYCLIST comes flying down the street -- oblivious -- going way too fast for these streets and -- the PROFESSOR swings his gun stock like a bat -- takes him out -- clean and smooth -- bike crashing to the ground and --

The PROFESSOR grabs the bike and takes off -- SHOOTING at TWO POLICE CARS just racing to the scene and we are into --

EXT. BELLEVILLE BLVD -- DAY

HIGH SPEED CAR CHASE. And BOURNE better do some fancy driving because here comes the PROFESSOR -- and he's a lot faster -- much better armed.

INT. MARIE'S CAR

BOURNE driving. MARIE looking back -- seeing the PROFESSOR gain on them --

MARIE

xxxxxxx

BOURNE

xxxxxxx

And -- THE PROFESSOR FIRES -- SHREDS the back off their car --

MARIE

Give me the gun --

And now she's got his shotgun, leaning out the window.

BOURNE

Wait 'till he's close.

BOURNE swerves, up on the sidewalk back onto the street -- slaloms through the traffic -- racing towards an intersection and --

IN THE INTERSECTION

CARS coming the other way, BOURNE just makes it through -- the PROFESSOR tries to squeeze through -- skidding and --

CRACK! The PROFESSOR hits the front of a car sideways on his bike -- he is THROWN clear through the intersection, right into the windshield of an oncoming car and --

He gets up, grabs his gun and works his way towards his bike and now we see --

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND PARIS -- DAY

COPS are mobilizing -- swarming into this area and --

BACK TO THE CAR CHASE --

BOURNE and MARIE pick up a few cops on their tail -- shed all of them -- the last car goes into an EXPLOSIVE FLIP -- the PROFESSOR is now right behind them. And now we are into --

CRAZY CAR CHASE WITH COPS RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL

BOURNE, MARIE and the PROFESSOR leave a trail of totaled cars that the cops have to try and navigate through -- finally saying fuck it and hitting a few cars themselves and now we are into --

CAR CHASE THROUGH NARROW STREETS

MARIE'S CAR and the MOTORCYCLE can pass where the police cars cannot. BOURNE may be able to shed the cops, but not the PROFESSOR. And now one quick move and they are --

EXT. QUAI -- DAY

Racing against traffic up the Seine. Past the Louvre. COPS pursuing on the other side of the river. BOURNE and the PROFESSOR leaving behind a trail of carnage. And now --

The PROFESSOR is pulling up along side them -- one lane over. Both swerving to avoid oncoming cars and --

MARIE FIRES -- TWICE -- TAKES out a few windshields. The PROFESSOR fires at the same time -- MARIE'S CAR DOOR -- GONE -- she's totally exposed but --

THE PROFESSOR -- his BIKE is SPOUTING GAS -- one of the pellets nailed his tank.

BOURNE AND MARIE --

MARIE

xxxxxxx

THE PROFESSOR -- No problem -- he's unwrapping a piece of duct tape from the barrel of his gun -- two seconds and the hole is patched and -- BOURNE AND MARIE -- the side of the car is completely gone -- the PROFESSOR is gaining -- across the river dozens of police cars are racing alongside. Many more can be seen on their side -- a road block ahead -- running out of options and --

BOURNE turns hard -- crashes over the sidewalk and flies

down a side street. A POLICE CAR pulls out behind them -- the PROFESSOR can't stop -- skidding hard, turning the bike sideways, skidding out -- sliding across the ground and BAMMM!!! SMASHING into a GLASS PHONE BOOTH which shatters.

And he's up -- lifting up his bike and --

BOURNE AND MARIE

SIX POLICE CARS on their tail -- more joining. Every street they look down has POLICE CARS racing in parallel. Running out of options and in the background --

THE PROFESSOR is back in the game -- passing the police cars and up ahead --

THE ROAD IS BLOCKED. POLICE ROAD BLOCK -- cops with guns. Gotta act quick and -- BOURNE turns hard left -- there's a metro staircase -- only way out and --

THEY BOUNCE down the stairs. CRASH through the doors down below.

THE FIRST POLICE CAR -- no way he's following. SLAMMING on his brakes. SKIDDING to a halt -- SKIDDING sideways -- gonna stop in time -- just at the edge of the steps and then --

THE SECOND POLICE CAR isn't braking -- T-BONES the first car -- BAM!!! -- sends it rolling sideways down the steps until it crashes to a halt at the bottom -- upside down.

THE PROFESSOR -- he's turning -- heading for a different set of stairs. BOURNE AND MARIE -- crashing through the turnstiles -- people diving out of their way and --

AT THE STAIRCASE -- THE WINDOW of the POLICE CAR is kicked out and -- TWO VERY ANGRY COPS emerge -- pull their guns out -- head into the station. BOURNE and MARIE's world just got a lot more dangerous and --

THE PROFESSOR is racing down the other staircase -- an up escalator -- people diving out of the way as --

BOURNE and MARIE slalom through the station -- suddenly -- there's the PROFESSOR -- parallel corridor -- metal barricades keep them separated. PROFESSOR FIRING.

UP AHEAD -- a horizon line -- BOURNE guns it -- a steep staircase and -- THEY FLY down the steps -- landing on --

THE METRO PLATFORM

The PROFESSOR lands on the other side -- both racing down the platform -- PROFESSOR tearing up the wall behind them and -- HERE COMES A TRAIN -- on BOURNE and MARIE's side -- travelling the opposite way -- temporary refuge. Not for long -- there's no way out on this end of the platform. They skid to a halt -- just as --

THE TRAIN DOORS OPEN -- STARTLED STRAPHANGERS stare at BOURNE and MARIE as they stop onto the platform -- take off running.

THE PROFESSOR has to turn his bike around. He's quick -- but it gives BOURNE and MARIE a two second head start.

BOURNE AND MARIE almost at the other end of the platform -- gunfire ripping up the windows behind them. Gonna go for the steps -- but here come --

THE ANGRY COPS -- remember them? -- the ones who took the ride down the steps -- they're firing now and --

BOURNE AND MARIE turn back -- the PROFESSOR is firing and there is only one option --

INT. METRO CAR -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE into the conductor booth. People diving off the train as BOURNE hits the YELLOW BUTTON and -- the TRAIN STARTS ROLLING -- doors still open -- they disappear

into the protection of the tunnel walls -- then BOURNE hits the button to close the doors and -- THE PROFESSOR -- watching the trains accelerate out of the station -- and now he's racing his bike down the platform -- opposite the motion of the train and -- here comes the end of the train and --

THE PROFESSOR throws his bike into a skidding 180 and skids off the platform all in one move -- landing hard on the tracks but facing the right direction and now he's accelerating towards the train -- just as an oncoming train is racing into the station and --

HE LEAPS onto the back of the train in the nick of time. His GUN CLATTERS to the tracks.

IN THE LAST METRO CAR

The window is shattered and the PROFESSOR lets himself in -- wind whipping through his hair from the shattered windows. And --

IN THE FIRST METRO CAR

BOURNE and MARIE finally getting a breather. BOURNE keeps looking back -- nothing -- the train is deserted. Finally --

MARIE
xxxxxxx

BOURNE
xxxxxxx

MARIE
xxxxxxx

BOURNE
xxxxxxx

And ahead -- daylight -- the train tracks go above ground and as the train hits daylight -- we see the PROFESSOR directly behind BOURNE on the other side of the glass and --

CRASH! The PROFESSOR grabs BOURNE through the glass, ramming his head into the metal as --

BOURNE grabs the knob, swings the door open and CRUSHES the PROFESSOR -- CRUSHES him again and now he is free and --

BOURNE turns, pulls up the shotgun and -- the PROFESSOR kicks it out of his hands -- it clatters to the ground and now we have a beat -- THE TRAIN CAR races across the Bir Hakeim bridge -- all of Paris laid out behind them. BOURNE and the PROFESSOR squaring off -- both looking at the gun -- realizing there's no chance for either one of them to get it and --

A BRUTAL RUTHLESS FIGHT breaks out. BOURNE's motivated -- the PROFESSOR's crazy -- makes it a pretty even match. Looks like it could go on for a little while when suddenly --

BAM!!! The PROFESSOR drops to the ground -- behind him -- MARIE wields the shot gun.

MARIE
xxxxxxx

BOURNE
xxxxxxx

And BOURNE takes the gun from her -- standing there -- reloading -- both barrels -- raising the gun -- aiming it --

.....

INT. MOVING METRO CAR -- DAY

THE PROFESSOR sitting there. Like a dummy. Like a puppet that's been propped up. He's fucked -- his whole side ravaged with shot -- his arm shredded -- hand barely there -- blood flowing fast --

BOURNE
Who else is coming?

THE PROFESSOR staring up at the gun. Stunned. Doomed.
Mouth dry. Eyes struggling to make sense of the chaos.

BOURNE
I won't ask again.

PROFESSOR
I work alone. Like you...
(confused beat)
...we always work alone.

BOURNE
What do you mean?

PROFESSOR
Who are you? Rome? Paris?
(Bourne is just
staring--)
Treadstone...both of us...I was
warned but...

BOURNE
Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
...which one are you?...

BOURNE lowering the weapon -- head swimming --

BOURNE
Paris. I live in Paris...

PROFESSOR
...headaches...you have that...I
get such bad headaches...

BOURNE
Yes.

PROFESSOR
...it's a problem...

He's losing blood fast -- things inside him seizing up --

BOURNE
Treadstone.

PROFESSOR
...or in a car...when it's
dark...something with the
headlights...
(circuits exploding)
...pills, right? Treadstone had
those pills...

BOURNE
What is Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
...what did you do?...you must've
really fucked up...

BOURNE
I think so.

PROFESSOR
...someone said caffeine -- for a
headache...doesn't seem...

BOURNE
What do they want me to do?

PROFESSOR
...they won't let you go...

BOURNE
Why?

THE PROFESSOR -- coughing -- a spasm -- helpless --

PROFESSOR
Look at this...
(all the blood--)
...least you have a woman....

And he's gone. Like that. Sitting there. And BOURNE looks paralyzed too. Kneeling there. Stalled out.

MARIE
Jason...

BOURNE doesn't answer -- can't, because there's this sound -- this pulsing hum -- BOURNE reaching into THE PROFESSOR'S POCKET and --

INSERT -- THE E-PHONE PAGER -- covered in blood -- hum -- hum -- hum -- BOURNE'S HAND wiping at the blood that covers the display --

BOURNE staring at it. Very familiar to him.

MARIE
We've got to go.

INT. METRO CAR -- DAY

BOURNE and MARIE racing back through the cars -- away from the scene of the crime and --

EXT. ABOVE-GROUND METRO PLATFORM -- DAY

THE SHATTERED TRAIN pulling into the station -- doors opening -- SCREAMS ECHOING through the station from up the platform and --

BOURNE and MARIE getting off the last car and --

EXT. STREET/ALLEY NEAR THE PLATFORM -- DAY

Two minutes later. BOURNE and MARIE -- exhausted -- beat -- Everything all at once --

BOURNE
Take this.

She turns. He's holding the locker key.

BOURNE
Take it.

But she doesn't move.

MARIE
And that's it?

BOURNE
If you're lucky.
(it's hanging there)
Take it.
(beat)
There's enough in there to make a life. Any life. Just get out now.
Get low. Stay low.
(beat)
Take it.

She takes it. Staring at him. Simply refusing to cry.

MARIE
What was I thinking, right?

BOURNE
I can't protect you anymore.

MARIE
What about you?

BOURNE

I'm gonna find the end of this.
(beat)
I can't protect you.

MARIE takes one last look. And she's running --

BOURNE hangs there a moment -- listening to her go -- and then he pulls out THE E-PHONE PAGER. And it's pulsing like crazy.

BOURNE flips open the shell. There's a keypad in there.
Holding it. Like a missing organ.

INT. THE ZURICH AIRPORT MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Remember MANHEIM? He's still there waiting. And his pager goes off, and --

INT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT

A safehouse -- CONKLIN filling a burn bag -- racing -- everything's going --

EXT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT

CONKLIN done with the dirty work -- out into the street --
As he's about to leave -- he hears a sound -- a familiar sound -- hum -- hum -- hum --
He cross the street -- looks down to the Quai below --
Holy shit -- there's one of his E-PHONE PAGERS --
He goes down -- picks it up --
And now --

BOURNE
What did you do to me?

CONKLIN wheels around. There he is. Right behind him.

CONKLIN
What did I do? What've you done?
Do you have any idea? Any
conception? What you've destroyed?
Do you have any idea how much time
and work -- how many people have
their lives wrapped up in this?

So now you know.

BOURNE
Are you Treadstone?

CONKLIN
Am I Treadstone? Me?
(peering at him
closely now--)
What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE showing nothing -- or is he trying too hard not to?

BOURNE
What did you do to me?

CONKLIN
What did I do? I spent thirty
million dollars on you. I spent
three years finding you -- four
years training you --
(incredulous)
What did I do?
(staring now)
What in the name of God have you
been doing, Jason?

BOURNE
I don't know.

CONKLIN
They're right about you, aren't
they? You're fried.
(on it now)
You really don't know what's going
on, do you?

BOURNE
I know you've been trying to kill me.

CONKLIN
Of course. We had to try. We
didn't know what was wrong.
(warming to this--)
We didn't know you were in trouble.

BOURNE
So now you know.

CONKLIN
So it's time to go home.

BOURNE
That's all I get?

CONKLIN
We'll make you better. We can put
the pieces back. We can do that.

BOURNE
I don't think so.

CONKLIN
We have to go home, Jason.

BOURNE
Jason Bourne is dead.

CONKLIN
There never was a Jason Bourne.
(that gets him)
You have to come with me. It's the
only way. We can give it back to
you...

BOURNE
Keep it.
(and he's walking--)

CONKLIN
Jason...
(trying to follow--)
They can't let you go...

BOURNE
That'll be their second worst mistake.

And with that, BOURNE scrambles up a wall -- like it's
nothing -- CONKLIN just left there -- on the Quai -- in the
dark --

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT

BOURNE walking away -- faster and faster --

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE NEARBY -- NIGHT

MANHEIM -- A CAR PARKED IN THE DARKNESS -- sitting alone
with his briefcase. Opening it. There's his gun.

BOURNE -- walking -- deeper into the darkness and --

MANHEIM -- in the dark car -- loading the weapon -- calm --
steady -- methodical and --

BOURNE -- walking and --

MANHEIM -- stepping out of the car -- closing the door
quietly -- deep in the shadows and --

BOURNE -- still coming -- the darkest part of the path just ahead and --

MANHEIM -- raising the gun and --

THE CAMERA SPINS TO HIS TARGET AND --

IT'S CONKLIN! -- just climbing back up from the Quai --

MANHEIM -- the gun -- phfft -- phfft -- phfft --

CONKLIN -- three holes -- head -- heart -- gut -- his body dropping like a stone beside his car.

MANHEIM walks over. Looks down. Point blank -- phfft -- that makes it four and --

INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT

ABBOTT and ZORN alone in the dark. As a red light begins pulsing on the console.

That red light means Conklin's dead.

After a moment, ZORN moves to the console and shuts the light off.

EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT

BOURNE still walking. And he's just gonna keep on going, as we --

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CIA OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

MARSHALL at the head of the table. A cadre of INTEL HONCHOS.

ABBOTT (O.S.)
The Treadstone project has actually already been terminated. It was designed primarily as a sort of advanced game program...

ABBOTT in the hot seat. ZORN right there beside him.

ABBOTT
...We'd hoped it might build into a good training platform, but quite honestly, for a strictly theoretical exercise, we thought it was far too expensive. The cost-benefit ratio was just too high. It's been all but decommissioned at this point.

MARSHALL
All right, what's next?

ZORN handing ABBOTT the next hundred pages.

ABBOTT
Okay, this is Blackbriar. Blackbriar is a joint, DOD, communications program that we really feel has good traction to it.

ABBOTT is just gonna go on and on and on.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD -- DAY

Gorgeous Summer day. A SCOOTER RENTAL SHACK near the beach.

SIX MONTHS LATER

MARIE coming out of the shack with two helmets. Handing them to A HAPPY COUPLE waiting there on their scooters.

THE HAPPY COUPLE rides off.

MARIE turns back and --

There's BOURNE. A new look. A smile.

MARIE
Can I help you?

BOURNE
This your store?

MARIE
Yes.

BOURNE
Think I could rent a scooter?

MARIE
You have ID?

BOURNE
Not really.

Beat. He smiles.

MARIE
It's not a problem.

Her turn to smile. And we...

FADE OUT

THE END