

LONDON

Screenplay by

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From the short story by Jo Nesbø

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"LONDON"

Use your imagination, everything isn't as it seems.

WHEN WE FIND OURSELVES ON AN AIRPLANE.

INT. AIRPLANE, TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT - EVENING

And we see a WOMAN in her late thirties, a modern woman in all the right respects, including combed and tailored, topped by a distinctive red beret, somebody seemingly sure of herself settling into her business class seat. But don't be misled by her tailoring, her sense of being so put together, she has all the not-so-subtle fidgeting and mannerisms of a charismatic neurotic. Somebody who has embraced her neuroses as to have them become affectations of something she wears as a uniqueness about her, "an artist," although when stripped naked of her success she is just another neurotic desperate for the peace of control over her universe. But much more about her to come...At this moment she is busily settling into her seat, doing the little things people do to make their seat, like the show "Alone," building their shelter from the storm, making the seat her sanctuary; putting up the invisible shell from any potential seat-mates, intruders. In short, making it for these next seven hours her home.

And like any good Hitchcock, or Billy Wilder movie, the first thing we really hear is a MAN'S VOICE. Sunny, innocent enough, even a little bit fumbling like a Cary Grant, that begins our journey simply with:

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
I think this is my seat.

She blinks away the fantasy that she would have the seat to herself. And we see a MAN in his early forties wearing an overcoat putting his book bag on the aisle seat next to hers. A handsome rough hewn man who doesn't smile very often, but when he does it is earned and makes us want to know him. Putting his rolling bag up...

THE MAN
(a rare smile)
I always forget, is it wheels out or
wheels in?

She thinly smiles but doesn't say anything as if fair warning she won't be spending much time talking with him. A Flight Attendant asks if she can take his coat:

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(realizing)

I never remember I have it on.

(charming)

I'm so used to it I could climb into bed and get under the covers still wearing it and sleep like a baby...

He surprises us with an appreciative ironic laugh, giving her the coat...He sits down, getting settled, and tells the Woman beside him, unabashed...

THE MAN (CONT'D)

I was involved with a woman once, a doctor, she was so immersed in thinking about her work she would put her blouse on backwards.

(that rare smile)

You couldn't tell if she was coming or going...

Despite herself, the Woman smiles.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(introducing himself)

I'm Mackensie.

It's hard to know if it's his first or last name.

THE WOMAN

(finding herself engaged)

Do people call you Mac?

MACKENSIE

Actually, "Doc." I'm crazy about the movie "Marathon Man." I've watched it like a hundred times... I know it pretty much word for word. Dustin Hoffman's brother, played by Roy Scheider, was CIA, everything was a secret...I was eleven when I first saw it and I loved secrets. Still do I suppose. He was named Doc, it stuck. The villain was an old Nazi portrayed by Sir Laurence Olivier...he asks him, "Well...can I trust you?" Doc says, "You never could. You only had to." The old Nazi says, "We're talking about my safety." Doc answers him, "May I be candid?" The old Nazi nods yes...and Doc says, "I couldn't give a fuck about you...!"

Which has Mackensie and her laughing. In spite of himself, she is charmed by him.

THE WOMAN

I'm Joanna. My father was in love with Audrey Hepburn who was Joanna Wallace in "Two for the Road." I think he hoped it would give me a sunny disposition. I'm not sure it worked out altogether...

Mackensie reaches, sweetly...

MACKENSIE

Good to meet you, "Sunny."

She smiles and shakes his hand. She settles back, the plane starting to make its way to the runway.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

(looking around)

We would have never imagined shaking hands a year ago.

JOANNA

Or taking an airplane.

MACKENSIE

Or breathing again...Where were you?

JOANNA

I have a place in Woodstock. The only people I saw were Amazon drivers, my gardener, pool man and one of my two children, Iris, waiting to go back to college. Which never came that year. Her boyfriend and her did exhaust the marijuana supply. You?

MACKENSIE

I took a trip. I bought an RV, an old Airstream, and traveled from one park to another for the first six months. Do you know they have park hosts?

JOANNA

I don't camp much. We went glamping in the Tetons one time, stayed in yurts when the kids were small... cots with pedic mattresses and Sundance blankets, that's as close as I get to sleeping on the ground.

MACKENSIE

The hosts get to live for free and take care of the campground. They are a step above homeless. An old rusted trailer, a dented red ATV and chopped wood they sell to campers in their yard. But it's I suppose as close as you can get, when penniless, to being free. I sat one night with the hostess and her female partner. They seemed as happy as they could be.

(a beat, without affect)

I read last month how the hostess had been found stabbed to death in their trailer.

JOANNA

Oh my God!

MACKENSIE

They found her partner, the bloody knife beside her, sitting next to her lover's body...and she said to the Forest Ranger... "I wish it were ten minutes ago..."

JOANNA

(looks at him)

That's chilling.

MACKENSIE

(cold)

People can be chilling.

She looks at him, there is something else about him, that has her instincts sense caution, but she lets it go...

The AIRPLANE is poised at the end of the runway, the engines picking up speed sending them hurtling down the runway. He sees she is nervously clenching her fist. He kindly puts his hand over hers to alleviate the anxiety...She grimaces a smile of appreciation...He moves his hand as quickly as he put it there not to appear forward...They safely take off...She exhales...

JOANNA

I never believe it will actually get into the air...and stay there...It takes a good deal of magical thinking...

MACKENSIE

That's a nice way to say it...We put our trust in fate.

JOANNA

Accident or design, the age old
question. God or man?

MACKENSIE

I don't trust man, and I'm not so sure
about God.

JOANNA

(looks at him)

That sounds very lonely.

She's found some truth about him. He looks momentarily away.
His moment reflecting on this, too close to home, is short
lived...but what he does say...

MACKENSIE

(by way of an answer)

That woman, the doctor, I had known
was a gerontologist, took care of old
people. She told me about a woman who
was a patient she had to tell had
onset Alzheimer's. The woman thought
about it and asked her, "If I lose my
memory, did I ever exist?"

It gives her pause for thought...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

I've thought about that long and hard
and haven't come up with an answer.
It's a mystery.

JOANNA

Maybe there isn't an answer. Maybe no
answer is the right answer. Everything
isn't knowable.

MACKENSIE

(that rare smile)

We're quite different, you and I. I
need to have conclusion. I need to
come to an end.

JOANNA

(looks at him)

That sounds ominous. What do you do,
Mr. Mackensie?

MACKENSIE

Nothing very extraordinary. I'm an
adjustor.

JOANNA
A chiropractor?

MACKENSIE
(laughs)
God no. I'm not deft enough to crack a back...
(a small smile)
I would just break it...I'm a claim adjustor. I come quite a bit to London. Our main office is here.
(after a beat)
I make sure everything is taken care of, neat and tidy. That people get what they deserve. Nothing more. Nothing less. Just what they are entitled to.

JOANNA
That sounds malevolent.

MACKENSIE
I'm the mildest man you will ever meet. Some people say I am so nondescript they can't remember me. Gray, you know, is a color.

JOANNA
I don't believe that. (and observant) You have, for instance, distinctly hazel eyes. Your fingernails are perfectly cut. You don't miss a place shaving. Not a hair awry. I think for all you say you try to blend in, to be forgotten, you are quite distinctive...
(sniffs)
Even your cologne is a healthy musk.

She looks at him.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I think you are more than meets the eye.

He doesn't say anything. A Flight Attendant asks them about drinks. They both settle on Diet Cokes.

MACKENSIE
You too?

JOANNA
Me too?

MACKENSIE

I thought maybe you were in the
program.

JOANNA

I was...I am...You?

MACKENSIE

Twenty plus years. Dry as a bone.

JOANNA

Seven. Struggling still.

MACKENSIE

(smiles)

I'll keep an eye on you.

JOANNA

(smiles)

I'll keep an eye on you.

They lapse into quiet. After some moments:

MACKENSIE

What kind of work do you do?

JOANNA

I'm a mystery novelist.

MACKENSIE

(impressed)

A novelist. How do you come up with
your ideas? From your life?

JOANNA

Every character's the writer in
disguise.

MACKENSIE

Have you written anything I would
know?

JOANNA

I write novels mostly about women in
distress. My last was called "Girl
Downstairs."

MACKENSIE

You wrote that? I read that in one
sitting on a plane from Amsterdam to
South Africa.

JOANNA

What did you think?

MACKENSIE

You surprised me. I wasn't ready for
the daughter being her mother the
whole time.

JOANNA

(nods)

My books are full of surprises, I
hope. I can write about it, but I'm
not as good with surprises in my
everyday life.

MACKENSIE

I try to eliminate all elements of
surprise. I can handle things
efficiently then.

JOANNA

That was a fiction I borrowed from a
true crime story. It came from a
French woman, Jeanne Calment, who
claimed she was the oldest woman in
the world. She died at one hundred and
twenty-three years old. Everyone
hailed her. Imagine of all the
billions of people that lived and died
she was the very oldest ever known. It
turns out, like everything, it might
not have been true. It was discovered,
to avoid paying inheritance tax, they
said her daughter had died when it was
actually her. Her daughter continued
the charade for another 70 years.

MACKENSIE

Not to be cynical, but I think larceny
is a small part of everyone's soul.
Whether it's a little bottle of
perfume you pocket at a department
store, or getting your kid into
college where they aren't qualified,
or living your life under false
pretenses...And if you get away with
it...

JOANNA

(honestly)

I have done some things I wish I
hadn't done.

MACKENSIE

(a smile)

I won't ask.

JOANNA
(smiles)
I wouldn't answer.

MACKENSIE
Before I mind my business. Are you writing anything new?

JOANNA
I don't know what I'm writing yet.
Just thinking about it.

The Flight Attendant asks if they want refills.

MACKENSIE
(asks Joanna)
It's just the "two" of us alone here...I won't say a word if you wouldn't...One small cocktail? Between friends?

JOANNA
(smiles, tempted)
You are bad.

She hesitates.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I guess I've got nothing to lose.

MACKENSIE
(his smile)
Maybe neither of us do.

JOANNA
(to the Attendant)
Gin and tonic with a slice of lime.

MACKENSIE
Two.

The Flight Attendant leaves.

JOANNA
(anticipating)
It's been so long I can already feel a tingling in my mouth of expectation in the back of my throat how good it tastes.
(fairly blushes, hoarse)
That didn't sound right.

He laughs at the taste "entendre." The Attendant returns with their drinks. They both look at them.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(reassessing, laughs)
This is a really bad idea?

MACKENSIE
Really bad.

JOANNA
That's why it's so tempting.

She smiles, enjoying the temptation.

MACKENSIE
(toasting)
To forbidden fruit.

JOANNA
Forbidden fruit.

She clinks his glass. They drink. Both of them cough, not used to the taste anymore. Their eyes meet and hold. Joanna looks away, obviously upset. She hesitates, then:

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Can I tell you something personal?

He listens avidly. And she says, startling...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I'm going to kill myself.

A beat, Mackensie looks at her, not sure if it's a bad joke.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Well, I'm not going to kill myself.
I've already done it.

MACKENSIE
(confused)
How do you mean?

JOANNA
Well, it's not me who's killing
myself, it's them.

MACKENSIE
(completely confused)
Them?

JOANNA
(literal)
I signed an agreement... (looks at
watch) four hours ago. Just before
boarding the plane.

MACKENSIE
Agreement?

JOANNA
With an agency. A place where they offer unique services, a place you can hire someone who in essence puts you out of your misery; quickly, quietly, and painlessly. It's called "London."

MACKENSIE
(trying to make sense of it)
You mean, like assisted suicide?

JOANNA
Yes, only with more assistance. The difference is they kill you in such a way that it doesn't really look like suicide.

He looks at her as if questioning her stability.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I know it sounds like I'm crazy.

MACKENSIE
(wry)
It's not normal conversation between strangers on a plane.

And even she laughs.

JOANNA
(intimate, whispers)
This has to be just between us, because there is a confidentiality clause in the contract, so I'm not actually supposed to talk to anyone about it.

MACKENSIE
Who would I tell?

JOANNA
It's just...so intolerably lonely. And like you said, you are a stranger after all.

MACKENSIE
(despite his skepticism,
willing to talk)
Is this what you still want to do?

JOANNA

(quiet)

I do. The contract is non-reversible.
I'll be killed within three weeks.

MACKENSIE

(a smile, not taking it
particularly seriously)

Is that business days?

JOANNA

(not smiling, deadly
serious)

Twenty one days. (looking at her
watch) Actually twenty and a half now.
I'm flying without a parachute.
(beat)

You're sitting next to a corpse.

She laughs at the dark absurdity, raises her glass to toast
him.

MACKENSIE

(trying to deflect, wry)

I might be old fashioned but I thought
murder was against the law.

After a moment of hesitation, despite his reluctance...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

(toasts her)

Between strangers. I'll buy it.

She clinks his glass.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

They're eating dinner now. One drink has become three.

MACKENSIE

Do you know how it will happen?

JOANNA

You're not told. Only that there are
countless ways, and that it will
happen within three weeks of the
contract being signed. We're not given
any examples either, because that way
we would, consciously or not, avoid
certain situations. All I was told is
that it will be completely painless,
and that I really won't see it coming.

MACKENSIE

I see.

JOANNA

Then why do you look as if you don't
see?

MACKENSIE

I'm naturally skeptical and this is
beyond comprehending. I guess I
probably need an explanation for why
you want to kill yourself.

JOANNA

(a private beat, and she
simply says...)

Danny boy. (a deep remembrance) He was
just over from Ireland. He came with a
friend of mine to a reading I was
doing at the Y. His voice was lilting.
For three years he made me feel like I
was the only person to exist. We went
everywhere...

MACKENSIE

What did he do?

JOANNA

He was a playwright. Irish theatre. We
would sit and write together in bed. I
told him all of my ideas and he was
always the best critic and the most
ardent fan. My muse. We went and saw a
play of his at the four hundred year
old Abbey Theatre in Dublin. He stayed
to say goodbye to the cast...the
theatre by that time had closed...we
were leaving...the stage was empty...
He kissed me...we made love right
there on the stage floor of the set of
a Dublin pub...

And perhaps we see a glimpse of that, Joanna with a long
haired Irish playwright making love on the stage floor.

Her eyes are filled with tears...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

We stayed for two weeks in a house in
the country in Derry...I had never
been so happy...

MACKENSIE

What changed?

JOANNA

I saw a text. The whole time he had another family...He went home and never came back...

MACKENSIE

I'm sure that broke your heart. But it made you want to hurt yourself permanently?

JOANNA

(she nods, quietly...)

It did...it does...

(after a beat)

I was married twice before. As I said I'm no Audrey Hepburn, I'm not happy that easily. Things didn't work out. As much for them as for me. I'm not a love addict. But I believe you can find somebody who is perfect for you. Only for you. He was mine. I have had a very difficult time without him. It felt like the end of something, a door closing, forever. That I would never find somebody I loved and nobody would love me that way ever again. It got to the point I was seeing my shrink daily. I literally couldn't breathe. They say time heals all wounds. I gave it time. But my heart wouldn't heal. It crushed me day and night. The most terrible deep ache. I thought more and more about doing something rash. I even stood on the Brooklyn Bridge. But I chickened out.

And she starts to cry.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

It's too much for me.

MACKENSIE

(genuinely empathetic)

I wish I could give you peace.

JOANNA

(a wan smile)

Got a gun?

MACKENSIE

(his smile)

I'm unarmed.

She looks at him, taken with him for a moment...

JOANNA

You seem like a kind man. Do you have anybody?

MACKENSIE

I did. She passed away five years ago. April 12th. A Tuesday. She was complaining about a pain in her back for months...when they finally did a scan it turned out she had liver cancer...she died nine months later...

JOANNA

I'm so sorry...

MACKENSIE

She was my northern star. For a long time I had nothing to live for. I was so lost and alone I thought the unthinkable at every bridge and tall building and subway stop.

JOANNA

What changed that?

MACKENSIE

A friend of a friend recommended me for a job opportunity. I found my calling.

JOANNA

What was that?

MACKENSIE

As mundane as it might seem, bringing closure for people. It's honest work. It's given me purpose.

He's quiet...she looks at him...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Your playwright would probably call it a curtain call.

And there's something deadly honest about the way he says that.

JOANNA

You are quite different. You seem to be one person and then another. I can't pin down who you are. One side of you is charming. The other is unsettling.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The plane completely darkened, people sleeping. Joanna and Mackensie sitting in the dark.

MACKENSIE
So at most you have twenty-one days to live.

JOANNA
(nods)
Soon just twenty and a half.

MACKENSIE
And what do you intend to do with them?

JOANNA
Do what I've never done before. Talk and drink with strangers. Experience new things I would never have experienced.

She looks at him.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Be brave.

She empties her glass with a long swallow. They share a long look.

MACKENSIE
I guess if you don't have anything left to lose, bravery would probably be a good place to start.

He looks at her.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
How do I know this isn't all just an idea of yours for your book?

JOANNA
(a private smile)
You don't.

Mackensie gets up from his seat.

MACKENSIE
Excuse me...

She watches him, his strong figure, make his way up the dark aisle to the restroom. She looks down the aisle after him.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Finished, he's washing his hands. There's a soft knock on the door. He opens it...and Joanna is there. She slides inside, closing and locking the door. She fervently pushes against him. She hikes up her skirt, she fumbles to undo his belt. He lets her at first, then pulls back, hesitant.

JOANNA
(stopping)
What is it? Are you afraid?

MACKENSIE
(a beat, then, sheepishly)
Yes. Women who take sexual initiative
intimidate me.

Which makes Joanna metaphorically embarrassed. She straightens herself...

JOANNA
It isn't really my style either.

She starts to leave.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

He takes her shoulder and surprising her, tenderly kisses her. And now there is a real intimacy in this closed bathroom inside an airplane.

MACKENSIE
(taken with her)
Are you going on anywhere or are you
staying in London?

JOANNA
I don't know why, but I was going to
Reykjavik. It sounded adventurous.

MACKENSIE
(without affect)
It does...

She looks at him.

JOANNA
Do you want me to go?

He doesn't say anything.

MACKENSIE

What if we fall for each other? I've just met you and I would lose you.

They just look at each other when there's a knock on the door. They open the door and the Flight Attendant, seeing both of them:

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

One at a time, please.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The dark plane. Under blankets, they have laid their seats flat like a king sized bed...the arm rest all that's between them...They lay in the darkness...she has raised her shade...The moon bathing them; its white light on them through her window...

JOANNA

I rarely can sleep in the best of circumstances.

MACKENSIE

We would make a miserable couple. I can sleep through anything.

JOANNA

They say that's a sign of somebody without a conscience.

He looks at her in the moonlight...He conjectures...

MACKENSIE

(whispers)

Isn't there something we can do? Can't we buy you out of this contract?

JOANNA

It's unbreakable.

MACKENSIE

Do you still think you've made the right choice?

JOANNA

(unsure)

I don't really know. I'm like Hamlet, a doubter. Maybe the kingdom of death is worse than the vale of tears.

MACKENSIE
(foolish)
We can make a run for it.

JOANNA
Running away...that sounds so
enchanting...where would we go?

MACKENSIE
(imagining)
I would take you to Poets' Corner at
Westminster Abbey, where Yeats and
Keats and Darwin lie...

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT

Christopher Wren's empty magical and elegant 10th Century church, built through him by the hand of God. Mackensie and Joanna stand looking at the names of the great poets and artists...looking down at their feet metaphorically standing on them...

JOANNA
Yeats proposed to his lover, an actress Maude Gonne, five times in twenty-five years. She would never leave her husband. He bought a Norman tower and rebuilt it on his country house to her memory. He wrote..."When you are old and gray and full of sleep, and nodding by the fire, take down this book, and slowly read, and dream of the soft look your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep..."

MACKENSIE (OVER)
We could take the Chunnel to Paris...

INT. THE CHUNNEL TRAIN - NIGHT

The lights going by as they sit together racing through the tunnel under the sea...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

She has closed her eyes, drifting...imagining...

MACKENSIE
We could take the Metro...

INT. THE METRO - DAY

Riding the Metro.

MACKENSIE (OVER)
Go down into the tunnels below
Paris...

INT. THE PARIS TUNNELS - NIGHT

They walk through the tunnels...where people are living all kinds of lives under the city in encampments...someone singing...someone dancing...someone laughing...someone crying...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
The Paris opera...

INT. THE PARIS OPERA - NIGHT

They watch a heartbreakng ballet.

MACKENSIE (OVER)
Watch the sunrise over Montmarthe.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP, PARIS - DAYBREAK

Sitting on a hotel suite's roof terrace eating bread and cheese...

INT. HOTEL ROOM, PARIS - DAYBREAK

Making love in the first light on a bed in a hotel suite...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

He's quiet, feeling foolish.

MACKENSIE
I don't know what got into me. I'm not usually so talkative. I grew up with a stutter...I was taught to swallow anything that I didn't need to say...

JOANNA
Don't stop. It's so wonderful. I'm falling asleep...

Joanna takes a pill box out of her purse...takes up a pill...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Ambien...mother's little helper...

She swallows the pill without any water...She crawls further under the blanket, burrowing...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(murmurs)
Tell me what else we would do...?

MACKENSIE
(after a beat)
Maybe we'll go to Marrakech...walk in the desert...

EXT. THE DESERT, MARRAKECH - DAY

We see that...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

MACKENSIE
Or in a hotel on the Amalfi coast...

EXT. THE AMALFI COAST - DAY

We see that with its eternal light on the Mediterranean...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

And we see he has quieted...Upset, near tears...

MACKENSIE
My wife and I stayed at the Santa Caterina...We found a piece of Roman glass...

We see a blue piece of Roman glass they have found among the rocks on the Mediterranean shore...

He's silent with his thoughts...

JOANNA
(her eyes closed,
imagining...)
Please don't stop...

Gathering his composure...

MACKENSIE

The fourteenth century moorish castle,
Castel dos Mouros, in the town of
Sintra in Portugal...

EXT. CASTEL DOS MOUROS, PORTUGAL - DAY

We see them on the narrow path precariously walking along the ancient castle's fortress wall...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

MACKENSIE

Or off of Africa...the Isle of Lemu...

EXT. THE ISLE OF LEMU

We see them floating together in the coral turquoise African sea...

IN THE DARK PLANE...

MACKENSIE

(passionately)

It wouldn't matter where we went or what we did if we had each other...

He looks over at her...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

If I could give you a fantasy for three weeks I would.

JOANNA

I would go for that.

And embracing that thought she gives him a small satisfied smile...Closing her eyes...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(murmurs)

Tell me more.

MACKENSIE

Walking along a river in Vietnam...
Seeing the tigers in India... Sleeping under the stars in the Himalayas...

Her eyes are shutting for good...



MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

You're the writer, I'm sure you could
imagine it better than I ever could...

She looks at him once more as if being certain to remember
him...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams...

And breathing regularly, she is peacefully asleep...He's
quiet, lying in the dark, Joanna asleep beside him. We look
at her, head on the pillow, bathed in the darkness...

And we come TRACKING along the aisle of people in various
positions asleep...and we arrive at Mackensie laying side by
side with Joanna in the darkened plane...Joanna sleeping.
He's still. He looks at her figure...her cheek out of the
cover...He lays quietly for some moments in the dark,
listening to her rhythmic breathing...He fingers a ring on
his hand...and opal...He looks at her, he hesitates, a long
moment's indecision...But he has a job to do and he lightly
pushes the opal; it slides away...under it we see a small
amount of powder...He takes out a sewing needle from his
pocket...he licks it, hesitates again, and then judicious
like an expert chemist puts it into the powder...The powder
sticking to the needle's wet end...He looks over at her still
figure...And ever so lightly he brings the needle to the
crevice in her neck behind her earlobe...He starts to stick
the needle into the crevice, just enough to draw a small
pearl of blood, and seems about to go deeper...when he stops.
And making a fateful decision, he withdraws the needle and
stows it away...and all that's left is the smallest pearl
drop of BLOOD where the needle had been...as small as a
teardrop... And as he quickly dabs the blood away with his
little finger...Joanna left to sleep, having felt
nothing...As Roy Orbison sang: "In dreams..."

INT. AIRPLANE, LONDON - MORNING

Great activity; people getting their things to disembark. We
see Mackensie shaking Joanna, trying to wake her from a deep
sleep...She stirs, groggy...

MACKENSIE

(quickly)

Time to go.

She shakes herself, coming awake...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

Her Apple type watch "BINGS"...She looks at it...

JOANNA
Twenty days left...

It's sobering, she comes fully awake...weighing her options,
confused...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(what she's going to
do...)
I'm not sure...I don't know...

MACKENSIE
When you do...if you decide to...

He puts a slip of paper in her hand...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I'll leave you a key.

He rushes out of the airplane. She opens the paper: which
just says: "Connaught."

INT. BAGGAGE HALL - DAY

An African DRIVER meeting him with a sign, simply: "London."

THE DRIVER
Hello, sir, welcome back. How was your
trip over?

MACKENSIE
(that smile)
I got drunk and slept most of the way.

The Driver laughs. As they come outside:

EXT. HEATHROW - DAY

It's pissing rain as only it can in London.

THE DRIVER
I'm afraid we've had a bit of rain,
over a week...

And as he holds up an umbrella for him, walking through the
rain toward a waiting car...

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)
How long are you to stay in London
this time?

MACKENSIE
It'll be quick.

THE DRIVER
Mind your step...

Opening the car door for him...

THE DRIVER (CONT'D)
You're staying at the usual I trust?

MACKENSIE
(shakes "yes")
The usual, the Berkeley.

As the Driver lowers his umbrella and Mackensie gets into the car...

INT. HEATHROW, LONDON - DAY

We see Joanna in the main hall looking at the giant departure screens. She can see the flight to "Reykjavik" is leaving in less than an hour. She looks at her watch, making a decision. A Man bumps into her. She virtually jumps out of her skin. He apologizes and moves off. She looks over at other people all around her...any one of them could be her appointed killer.

EXT. THE BERKELEY HOTEL - DAY

Rain falling on the staid old hotel...We see Mackensie with the help of the African driver exit the car. The Driver carrying his bags walking him under his umbrella to the hotel. They say goodbye, Mackensie taking his bags going inside. The Driver coming back to the car. Taking up his phone, calling someone...As he gets back into the car and drives off...Some few moments...and we see Mackensie, carrying his bags, coming right back out of the Hotel. He gets into a waiting taxi.

INT. TAXI, LONDON - DAY

MACKENSIE
The Connaught, please...

INT. HEATHROW, MAIN HALL - DAY

The main hall with the giant departure screens. We see that the flight to "Reykjavik" is blinking, "Boarding." We look for Joanna and see she is gone.

EXT. THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL, LONDON - DAY

The elegant Hotel in the rain.

INT. MACKENSIE'S ROOM, CONNAUGHT, SHOWER - AFTERNOON

We see Mackensie under a hot shower...the steam fogging the glass...And the shower door suddenly opens and Joanna, naked, having plainly made her decision, comes in with him. She stops him from saying anything with a kiss...and as they blindly throw themselves into each other, gratefully holding onto each other as if a port in the storm...and as they ardently make love in the hotel shower...

INT. MACKENSIE'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dressed in her red beret and coat, Joanna comes into the living room. Mackensie, dressed again in his suit and his overcoat, is sitting in an overstuffed easy chair. He leans his hands on his thighs like a prizefighter, and he says, forthright...

MACKENSIE
(simply)
I am an assassin.

She stops. He looks up.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I had come to keep your "appointment."
It was arranged for me to sit next to
you.

Before she can say anything...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I have peacefully ended nine other
people's lives. Some of them were
terminal...another had a child that
had died...most had such grave
depression...and now you...

He pauses, quiet...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I pride myself on doing what I am
paid to do and doing it better than
anyone else...I always finish a
job...I've never had that happen to me
before...I've learned not to feel
anything...they teach you that...
(MORE)

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Your instinct as a human being is if you shoot somebody to reach to help them up...Unless you are a sociopath, you have to learn how to swallow your emotions...and shoot them again and again until they are dead...But I couldn't...

JOANNA

Why?

MACKENSIE

I don't know...something about you...I felt something I hadn't felt in a long time. I can't even describe it. It was just a feeling. I didn't want to be apart from you. I wanted to follow our story... where do we go, how do we end up?

She's still, unsure.

JOANNA

You are very good at what you do. In the most lovely way you gave me the possibility of intimacy, connection, romance, and hope. It was what I needed. And with such skill, you are very seductive. "Call me Doc." The self-conscious inarticulateness, the stutter. How "you hadn't felt that way in a long time." Your wife, your "northern star." Did you even have a wife?

He doesn't answer her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

So am I just a three week mercy fuck?

MACKENSIE

Mercy would have been killing you on that plane.

JOANNA

What if you don't like me? What if you discover when we've run away to Barcelona or Cape Town or who knows where that I don't match up to your expectations?

MACKENSIE

Or I don't match yours...



JOANNA

What if you regret you didn't kill me?

MACKENSIE

(being him)

I could always kill you.

She's quiet knowing that is just so. He gets up and goes to the window...looking outside...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

(concerned)

The penalty for not finishing the job
is they send somebody to complete what
you had contracted for, and for me,
now being a liability, end my career.

JOANNA

(looking outside)

How will they find us?

His phone RINGS. He looks down at his phone...it just says "LONDON."

MACKENSIE

They already have.

INT. A LONDON TAXI - DAY

Rain running down the windows. Mackensie and Joanna in the back of the hansom cab are embroiled in a heated discussion:

MACKENSIE

-- They won't allow that to happen!

JOANNA

(adamant)

I have to try...

And before he can object any further she jumps out of the Taxi...

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Rain falling. And we see they are parked in front of a nondescript brick building with a few windows and a single name over the doorbell, "London." She looks up very aware of the security camera looking down on her. She buzzes. A moment and the door sounds opening. She looks for a moment back at the Taxi in the rain, Mackensie in the window...She hesitates and goes inside...

INT. THE LONDON AGENCY - NIGHT

She climbs up a staircase to a small reception area. Cameras are visible everywhere. Nobody seems to be there, but most immediately a door opens and a YOUNG MAN in an expensive tailored suit answers. Before she can say anything:

THE TAILORED YOUNG MAN
Ms. Dunlap. Please follow me.

He takes her behind the reception door inside. A hallway with some few doors all of which are closed and always seem to be closed. He takes her to a corner office, knocks once, a VOICE is heard, and he shows her in. Where a tall Man in an unremarkable suit, a man with very little affect, is standing at his desk greeting her without a hint there is a person inside him, metaphorically an invisible man...

THE INVISIBLE MAN
So nice to meet you. I've read all your books. "Girl Up A Tree" was my favorite. The way she got her revenge with her husband was so deserved, and felt so real. The way you described the curved spike of the fire poker hitting him clean in the forehead... How you said it made such a little mark for the force that was applied and then seemed to open up his forehead like a puckered fruit. (marvels at the sound of...) "Puckered fruit." You do have quite an imagination, quite a way with words, Ms. Dunlap. (without a pause) How can I help you? What seems to be the problem?

JOANNA
I've had a change of heart. I want to cancel my contract.

He furrows his brow.

THE INVISIBLE MAN
That is not usual for us. Not usual at all.

JOANNA
(simply)
I wasn't thinking clearly when I signed the agreement...

THE INVISIBLE MAN

We understand how upsetting this all must be. The job wasn't done well, not well at all. He was one of our very best. We can only think he forgot himself and became somehow personally involved. I'm afraid we can't let that happen. He will have to be removed from the assignment of course, and we will fulfill our obligations. I understand we still have just short of three weeks...

JOANNA

I don't want it to happen anymore...

THE INVISIBLE MAN

(frowning)

I understand...I assume you are well aware of the terms of our contract...Of course once you signed it, it was may I say, "executed."

JOANNA

I completely understand what I agreed to...I'm not here about the money, I want the contract voided...there won't be any need for it anymore...

The phone rings. He gets it. He listens. He says...

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Excellent.

He hangs up.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (CONT'D)

That was my manager. He said, despite our agreement, in this rare instance we can make the contract null and void. (personally) He is quite a fan of yours also and I think he selfishly wants to read more...

(standing, ending...)

I'm glad we could come to a satisfying conclusion. These things can become rather messy. It will be taken care of, removed from the books...thank you for coming...

But something, her story training pokes her intuition...

JOANNA
(skeptical)
Just like that?

THE INVISIBLE MAN
We don't believe in unnecessarily
prolonging things.

He opens the door, showing her out...

THE INVISIBLE MAN (CONT'D)
I'll be looking for your next book.

JOANNA
(throws off)
Maybe you'll be in it...

And for the first and probably last time he smiles, a toothy smile of someone who is sure of the eventuality of all things...and he says something all too familiar to us in another context, but here most chilling...

THE INVISIBLE MAN
(his final words)
Be safe...

His smile goes as quickly as it's come. The door closing after her. She moves back along the closed doors hallway, starting for the stairs...when she sees a Security Guard has come to stand by the front door waiting at the bottom of the stairs with an open umbrella for her. He offers her an accommodating hand, even that seeming malevolent...

SECURITY GUARD
Mind your step on the stairs, they
could be wet...

And as she goes past him out the door...

EXT. TAXI, ANOTHER STREET - DAY

The Taxi parked on another street in the rain, Joanna and Mackensie in the back.

INT. TAXI - DAY

She looks at her watch...

JOANNA
(looking)
...twenty days...

They're quiet, looking out at the rain.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Twenty more days. What happens if they haven't killed me, they haven't fulfilled the contract and I manage to live for the twenty-one days, the three weeks?

MACKENSIE

That would make the contract null and void.

It gives her a moment's satisfaction at the possibility.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

(simply, spoiling that)

It's never happened.

EXT. A SUBURBAN LONDON ROW HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

We see a neighborhood of one after another of small old traditional suburban faux brick English row houses...we already know what each looks like inside; the carpet color, the wallpaper, the linoleum floor in the kitchen, the clock that looks like a cat with its wagging tail keeping time...

When we see an overweight fastidiously dressed MAN in his early sixties carrying a large wrapped gift get out of a chauffeured car. With his hat and finely tailored suit, that despite his size fits like a well made glove, he looks like a barrister or an MP, or a latter day version of Alec Guinness in "The Ladykillers," elegant, graceful, and deadly. We will come to know him as MR. LIME.

He goes up the steps to the row house. The door is open, welcoming...

INT. SUBURBAN ROW HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

He comes quietly inside...so quiet that women busy in the kitchen don't notice him...He goes out a patio door...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROW HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

...where various families are sitting around a small backyard...children playing at a birthday party...He silently stands apart holding his gift...when a little Boy comes cautiously over to him...The Boy stops, intimidated by him...

THE LITTLE BOY
 (shyly)
 Grandpa.

The Man takes the Boy's little arm bringing him closer, but not quite to him...as near as he gets to touching someone much less hugging someone...He gives him the gift...The Boy looks if it is alright to open it...

MR. LIME
 Yes, certainly, open it...

The Boy opens it...It's a large stuffed horse...the Boy is delighted...rubbing its mane...

THE LITTLE BOY
 (turning)
 Mummy, look what Grandfather brought me...

A harried Woman looks over...The Boy returns to his Grandfather, but he's already, like the end of the day, disappearing as quietly as he came...

And we hear Mackensie's VOICE, OVER.

MACKENSIE (OVER)
 You're going to go to a quiet bar by the Thames known as the White Lion.

INT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna in the back of the hansom cab on their way somewhere...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
 Have a drink by yourself...

INT. THE WHITE LION - NIGHT

And we see Joanna sitting virtually alone at the bar in a quiet lonely pub having a drink...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
 When you pay, leave a note with your bill that you intend to kill yourself by jumping from a bridge. And leave right away.

Joanna writing a "suicide" note on a paper napkin, folding it, leaving it with her bill and her payment under her empty glass...Getting up and leaving the bar right away...



MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
Go to the Vauxhall Bridge...

EXT. THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE, OVER THE THAMES - NIGHT

We see Joanna coming along the distinctive bridge over the Thames, stopping, looking down at the water...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
Wait until nobody else is in sight...

The Bridge road emptying, becoming quiet...Joanna on the dark street looking down at the dark water, nobody else around...

MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
It is high enough to break your neck
and if that doesn't kill you the
freezing water will...I disposed of a
difficult subject there once...I had
tried to kill him in the most
painless, efficient of ways...

And WE SEE IN RAPID MACABRE SUCCESSION:

THE TUBE

MACKENSIE WALKING BY A MAN STANDING HOLDING ONTO A STRAP ON THE TUBE, STUMBLING INTO HIM WHERE WE SEE HIM QUICKLY INJECT HIM WITH THE SMALL BUT DEADLY SEWING NEEDLE IN THE HAND...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
A small prick, a toxin much like I was
going to give you...

AND AS THE MAN IS UNAWARE WHAT HAPPENED BUT A "BEE STING," AND RUBS THE SITE, WHILE MACKENSIE GETS OFF THE TRAIN...

MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
For whatever reason it didn't work...

HYDE PARK

THE MAN TAKING IN THE SUN LAYING ASLEEP ON THE LAWN IN HYDE PARK...MACKENSIE WALKING OVER...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
You would be surprised what a common
handkerchief can do...

...BENDING DOWN AND COVERING HIS FACE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF,
COVERING HIS NOSE AND HIS MOUTH UNTIL HE STOPS BREATHING...
AND WALKING OFF...

MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
And for some reason that didn't work
either...

STARBUCKS

THE MAN IN A STARBUCKS ENJOYING A CUP OF COFFEE AS HEAD DOWN
HE READS A BOOK...WHEN WE SEE MACKENSIE WALKING BY AND DEFT,
WITHOUT AN UNNECESSARY MOVEMENT, PUTS SOMETHING INTO HIS
COFFEE AND WALKS ON...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
I gave him enough to kill a horse but
that didn't do it either...I had run
out of options...so that finally...

EXT. THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE - ANOTHER NIGHT

THE MAN STANDING ON THE BRIDGE LOOKING OUT AT THE WATER. WE
SEE A BIKE RIDER APPROACHING HIM. AS HE COMES CLOSER WE SEE
IT'S MACKENSIE. HE STOPS, GETS OFF HIS BIKE, GOES TO STAND
SOME SLIGHT DISTANCE FGROM THE MAN LOOKING OUT AT THE WATER.

MACKENSIE
Lovely evening.

The Man nods...Mackensie comes closer...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(motions across the way at
a building, his smile)
That's where James Bond has his
office...Where his Majesty's Secret
Service, MI-6, is.

The Man looks over at the distinctive building.

MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
I'd had enough.

...and Mackensie, having had enough, picks the man up under
the arms and simply throws him over the railing...Mackensie
getting on his bike riding off accompanied by a resonant
sound somewhere between a splash and a splat.

INT. (MOVING) HANSOM CAB - NIGHT

She looks at him remembering if she needed a reminder just who he is.

MACKENSIE
(his smile)
I'm kidding!!

(Maybe he is, maybe he isn't)...but she chooses as we do to be on the side of the better part of angels and she laughs on our behalf a hoarse laugh, appreciative...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(going on)
What you will do...

EXT. THE VAUXHALL BRIDGE, LONDON - NIGHT

Joanna on the dark quiet Bridge over the Thames...

MACKENSIE (OVER)
When there is no one else in sight,
you will leave your shoes on the
bridge...and walk away...

And we see Joanna, doing as planned, once the bridge is empty, taking off her shoes and leaving them on the bridge by the railing, and walking away...

INT. THE WHITE LION BAR BY THE THAMES - NIGHT

We see the Bartender reading the "suicide" note on the napkin she had left...and going to the phone, dialing...

EXT. THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL - NIGHT

When we see Mr. Lime coming out of a taxi, putting on his hat, going into the Hotel.

INT. THE CONNAUGHT - NIGHT

We see the elevator arrow coming to a stop on a particular floor. We see Mr. Lime getting out. He crosses to a room. He lightly knocks. Quiet. He knocks again. Nothing. Using a pass key he goes inside.

INT. MACKENSIE'S ROOM, CONNAUGHT - NIGHT

He looks around the room. He goes into the bedroom...the made bed...into the bathroom...the discarded towels...Strands of Joanna's hair in the sink...He goes into the living room. He looks at the slightly sunken form on the overstuffed chair cushion where Mackensie had sat. He meticulously fluffs the pillow bringing it back to shape. He sits down on the couch content to wait. He takes up the phone.

MR. LIME
Room service.

EXT. THE THAMES - NIGHT, LATER

When we see Joanna's shoes she left on the bridge circled with chalk and protected by crime scene tape. And now we see Police are collected on the bridge over the Thames, a HELICOPTER circling, a Police craft in the water, where two divers are in the water searching...

WHEN WE SEE A PAIR OF WOMAN'S BOOTS COMING ALONG A STREET.

EXT. A LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Where we see Joanna, wearing boots now, carrying her suitcase, Mackensie beside her, carrying his, hurrying along a London street...

INT. CONNAUGHT, MACKENSIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We see Mr. Lime sitting at a room service table, wearing a bib and consuming a lobster. His phone rings. He answers without saying anything. He listens. He hangs up. He gets up, taking off his bib, straightening himself. He takes a last roll, buttering it...puts his hat on and goes out.

INT. CORRIDOR, CONNAUGHT - NIGHT

He patiently waits for the elevator. It arrives. He goes into the elevator. As he stands with his hat on, finishes the buttered bread in one bite, the elevator door closes and he is gone.

EXT. THE THAMES - NIGHT

The Police scene on the bridge and in the water.



And we see Mr. Lime with his distinctive hat coming out of the dark, crossing the bridge arriving at the scene...He says something to a plainclothes officer...they seem to know each other... The Detective shows him the "suicide note," protected in an evidence baggie...He motions at their feet on the bridge... And Mr. Lime, spreading a handkerchief on the pavement and kneeling on it so as not to get his pants dirty, kneels to look at Joanna's shoes left there...He comes to his feet, retrieves his handkerchief, folds it neatly back up and puts it inside his coat pocket. He looks at the activity on the water...And as he turns and looks off down the street into the night not believing for an instance anybody has killed themselves there this evening...

INT. TAXI, LONDON - NIGHT

A Taxi moving quickly with Mackensie and Joanna through London...they're both quiet, their lives upended...and Joanna sees the magnificent edifice of Westminster Abbey.

JOANNA

You said we'd go to Poets' Corner.

MACKENSIE

(beat, to Driver)

Stay here...

He pulls over...Mackensie helps Joanna out...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Hurry.

They rush to the towering church's doors...It's closed...Two machine gun wielding Guards.

JOANNA

It's closed.

Mackensie goes to the door talking to a Guard...taking out his wallet showing something to him...The Guard opens the gates...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(hurries to Mackensie)

How did you?

He opens his wallet showing her a small pin with a distinctive letter "L" for "London," and an angel figure for either an "angel of death" or an "angel of mercy."

MACKENSIE

It can open or (chilling)...close doors.

INT. WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT

They come inside...it's empty, dead quiet...She looks at the roof, awestruck by the majesty...their feet echoing...on the ancient stone floor...

JOANNA
(in a reverential whisper)
Kings and Queens have been coronated
here since 1066...

She looks at the timeless "Coronation Chair."

MACKENSIE
I promised you...

She turns and he's come to "Poets' Corner..." The gravestones of the people who talked to God.

JOANNA
Imagine being buried here for eternity
with the greatest writers of the
written word...

MACKENSIE
(his smile)
I can arrange it...

She manages a smile...but she is still in the glory of the eternal church...the poets' graves at their feet...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
My father said sometimes you have to
stand on someone else's shoulders to
be tall enough to see the sky.

She's touched...and for letting her experience this...Looking at him, this man she chose to put her life in his hands...near tears...she says simply...

JOANNA
Thank you...

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The Taxi driving off, Mackensie and Joanna, luggage in hand, running down the street to a TRAIN STATION.

INT. ST. PANCRAS TRAIN STATION, LONDON - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna, with their luggage, running through the terminal and along a waiting train. Getting on board.



INT. THE CHANNEL TRAIN - NIGHT

They find their seats as the train pulls out of the station.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Next stop, Paris.

JOANNA
Why Paris?

MACKENSIE
You haven't lived if you haven't
shared Paris with someone you... (he
hesitates) care about...

JOANNA
You sure know how to melt a heart...

(But) she isn't convinced...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
How am I to trust you?

He doesn't say anything...they ride in silence...and her
watch makes its familiar distinctive "BING."

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Nineteen days.

...And choosing to believe in him she puts her head on his
shoulder...He puts his arm around her...And as they race in
the dark under the sea...

INT. PARIS GARE DU NORD STATION - MORNING

The train having reached its berth. People streaming off.
Mackensie and Joanna carrying their luggage moving with the
crowd going into the terminal. A WOMAN stops Joanna, causing
her to start...

THE WOMAN
(in French)
I'm so sorry. Could you tell me where
you got these boots? They are quite
attractive.

JOANNA
(in fluent French)
Thank you. (she looks at the boot
label) I got them at Barney's in New
York...

The Woman thanks her and moves along...

MACKENSIE
(cautioning her...)
Don't stop for anyone whatever the
reason...

She nods properly chastised...as they move with the people...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
You speak French fluently?

JOANNA
My mother taught French in high
school. We always spoke at home. She
tried me at ballet. It wasn't
pretty...I had three left feet...

He smiles, moving her quickly along with the crowd...

And we see from ON HIGH, all of the people pouring out of the station. When somebody catches our eye. And we see Mr. Lime in his distinctive hat is standing on a balcony overlooking the crowd of people as they go out. He looks at his cell phone where a Security Camera surveillance video is playing with a time stamp of Joanna and Mackensie getting on the train in London...Mr. Lime standing on the balcony overlooking the station looking for Joanna and Mackensie. As the people go by below him...Mackensie and Joanna move among the crowd approaching the main terminal...Mr. Lime above them up ahead...When Mackensie suddenly stops, kneeling as if to tie a shoe...Joanna waiting...but this isn't an accident...he waits until the crowd has all but disappeared...and standing, taking her arm:

MACKENSIE
I wasn't thinking...crowds are
deadly...

And he leads her to an Emergency Exit and despite the warning "ALARM WILL SOUND," he quickly takes her out the door...The ALARM sounding after them...While Mr. Lime, from his grand perch, watches what is left of the people coming off the train leaving the terminal. The terminal emptying. And as he stands on the balcony the terminal emptied and all that's left is the sound of the Emergency Exit ALARM going off...He looks across the empty station at the Emergency Exit door that hasn't fully closed after them, a shaft of daylight streaming in where they had gone out.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS - DAY

We see Joanna and Mackensie coming through the timeless cemetery...going past "Moliere's" gravestone, "Chopin," "Abelard and Heloise," "Oscar Wilde..."

JOANNA

(mentioning)

Wilde said, "We are all in the gutter,
but some of us are looking at the
stars..."

And "Proust..."

JOANNA (CONT'D)

"The real voyage of discovery consists
not in seeking new lands but seeing
with new eyes."

MACKENSIE

(taken with her)

You make everything an adventure.

She doesn't say anything...He comes by "Jim Morrison's" grave
with an array of bouquets.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

He said, (his smile) (and he sings)
"Love me two times, love me two times
baby...One for tomorrow and once for
today..."

She laughs, forgetting for a moment their situation, enjoying
him...As they move through the cemetery...

JOANNA

(despite everything)

Why are we here?

He turns to another row and comes to stand over a small
gravemarker. She comes alongside him. The gravemarker says,
"Nora Weathers," "1977-2017," "She sleeps in the laps of the
Gods."

MACKENSIE

She wanted to be buried here. We came
to Paris for the last month of her
life. There wasn't a moment we wasted.

Joanna is quiet.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Nora, this is Joanna. I wanted you to
meet her.

Joanna is moved by that...

JOANNA

I'm sorry I didn't ever know you,
Nora.

MACKENSIE

She knew you in a sense. She liked
your books. I can still see her curled
like a cat on a window seat with your
book in her hand, her brow furrowed
with concern for the story, reading...

JOANNA

(as if reassuring her)
He still loves you.

And after a moment...remains jaundiced...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

How do I know any of this is true,
this isn't some random grave?

He doesn't say anything...

MACKENSIE

(pure him)

Does it matter?

She's quiet. And wanting to believe him she takes his arm...

JOANNA

I've never been to the Eiffel Tower.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

Mackensie once again, the Tower being closed, talking to some guards, showing them his pin.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The two of them in the glass elevator going up the glorious steel structure.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Standing on the observation deck looking at the world at their feet...

MACKENSIE

You are a lot like Audrey Hepburn. But
I think more in Breakfast at
Tiffany's.

(and more talks than
sings...as romantic as
you can get)

"Moon river...

(MORE)

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
Two drifters, off to see the world,
There's such a lot of world to see
We're after the same rainbow's end,
waitin' 'round the bend, My
huckleberry friend, moon river, and
me."

She looks at him, taken with him, and says...

JOANNA
You bastard.

A breeze threatens Joanna's beret to blow away...Mackensie stops it, his hand gently on her head...She looks up at him...and again, moved, simply says for everything...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

INT. FOUR STAR FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We see Mr. Lime alone eating a many course Michelin meal at an elegant French restaurant. His phone buzzes. He looks and sees he's been sent a Security Camera PHOTOGRAPH of Mackensie and Joanna going into a French hotel. As he frowns at his meal being interrupted and wipes his mouth with his napkin...

INT. FRENCH HOTEL, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanna and Mackensie asleep together in bed. He awakens to the sound of a VOICE outside speaking French. He wakes Joanna.

MACKENSIE
How do you say in French, "I won't be long?"

JOANNA
(waking)
Je ne serai pas longue...

MACKENSIE
He used the wrong word and said, "Je ne serai pas 'bientot'..." "I won't be 'shortly'..."

There's the sound of the Man's VOICE again, saying something else...

JOANNA
French isn't his natural language.

He hurries to the window...and he sees Mr. Lime in his distinctive hat coming into the Hotel.

MACKENSIE

They sent somebody... (pulling her up)
Throw on your clothes...we have to
go...

They both throw their clothes on...she grabs up her book bag...while still putting on their clothes he hurries her out of the room...

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They see the elevator ARROW coming to their floor. He hurries her to the stairs where he can see two flights below them Mr. Lime in his distinctive hat coming up the stairs...He pulls her to where a cart is in the door of a room being serviced.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Housekeeper starts with a fright. He motions her to be quiet. She's terrified. He takes her cell phone from her pocket...he moves her into the bathroom...he breaks apart the bathroom phone, motions her to be quiet again...and closes the door on her. He goes to the door looking out the EYEHOLE. He can see through the EYEHOLE Mr. Lime moving along the corridor to their room.

MACKENSIE

That would be Mr. Lime. He is the last person you will want to see; because he will be the last person you will see...

Mr. Lime puts on some kid gloves. He takes off his shoes. He uses a card key silently opening their room door. As he goes without a sound inside...

INT. NEARBY ROOM - NIGHT

MACKENSIE

(at EYEHOLE quickly)
We have to disappear...

And as he takes her out of the room...



GUNSMITHING

INT. MACKENSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The dark room. Mr. Lime, for some reason takes out a pen, silently clicking it at his side while in his stocking feet he pads silently across the carpet into the dark BEDROOM. He raises the innocuous looking pen and in a motion folds it at an angle to reveal a tiny trigger, turning it into a miniature .22 pistol with the smallest of silencers called a "Stinger Pen," it defines small but deadly...as deadly as the cattle truncheon the killer, Javier Bardem, carried in "No Country for Old Men." And without a moment's hesitation he fires into the bed...the dwarf pistol spitting bullets...the bed, the mattress, in spasms of fire, literally smoldering... But coming closer he sees it's empty, the vicious tiny and efficient pen gun in hand, standing in the dark room over their empty bed. He hears a car door closing. He goes to the window looking outside. He sees Joanna and Mackensie getting into a Taxi and being driven away. He says to himself the license number...he takes up his phone...texts the taxi number to someone...pushes send...He goes into the living room. He turns the pistol back into a pen putting it neatly back where it belongs in his pocket. He takes up the Hotel phone. And as his dinner was interrupted:

MR. LIME
Room service.

They answer.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
To start, onion soup, with extra
cheese...

WHEN SUDDENLY THERE IS A BURST OF SUNLIGHT.

EXT. A FRENCH COUNTRY ROAD ON THE WAY TO CHANTILLY - MORNING

And we see a modern rental PEUGEOT (what else) coming along a French country road.

INT. PEUGEOT - MORNING

Joanna is driving, she looks in the rear view mirror where she sees Mackensie is seemingly asleep laying across the back seat. She looks at him for some moments thinking how she got herself into this situation. She looks away, still in the thought, driving. When we see Mackensie isn't as asleep as he seems. And he suddenly sits up, putting his hands around her throat...and silently and swiftly breaks her neck...the car rolling to a stop...



When we see she is still driving, looking again in the rear view at him asleep in the back seat, his murderous hands on her neck all in her head. And she sees he's come awake looking in the rear view at her.

JOANNA

I imagined you weren't really asleep.
That you strangled me...

MACKENSIE

You've written too many books.

He climbs into the front seat.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Why would I want to hurt you?

JOANNA

You seem to have made a way of life of it.

MACKENSIE

(trying to reassure her)
In my other life.

She doesn't say anything. And as she drives with an assassin as her companion, running away...

EXT. FRENCH FARMHOUSE ROAD, CHANTILLY - DAY

They drive up an overgrown road to an old two story French farmhouse. The house in disrepair from disuse...a barn... fields fallow...They get out...

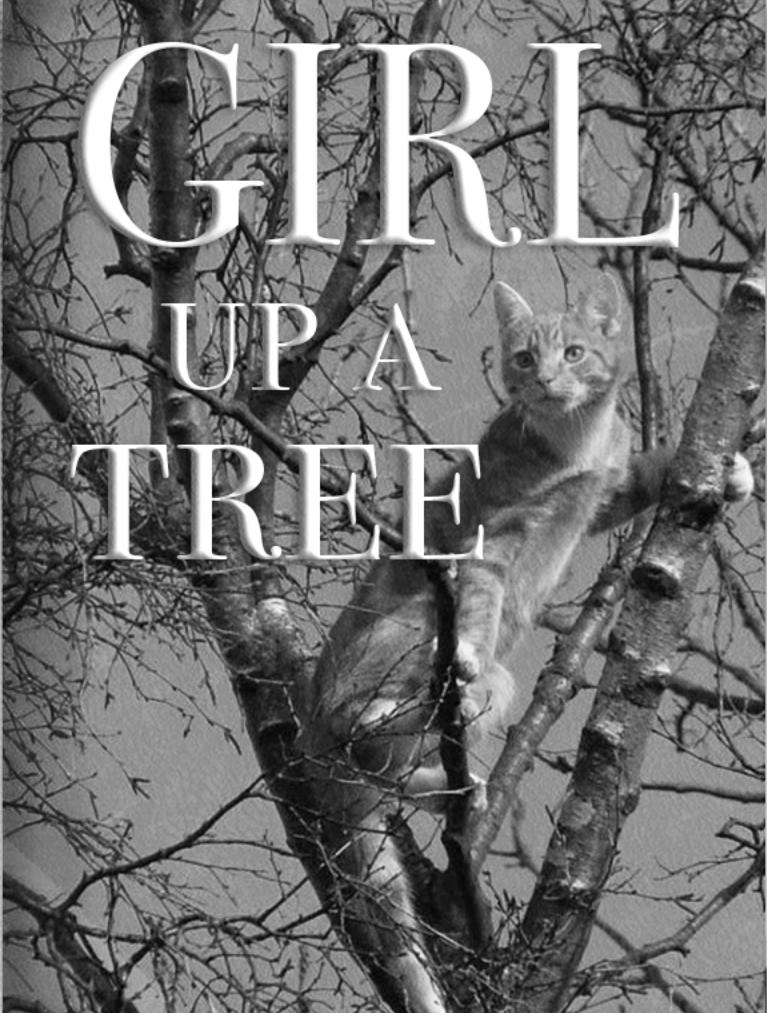
MACKENSIE

It belongs to my sister from her divorce...she hasn't been here in years. It's a bad memory for her...

They stand looking at the old forgotten house...

INT. FRENCH FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - DAY

They come inside. It is as unused and in as much disrepair as the exterior...as if somebody had just up and left all their things and never returned...They walk through the house...the various dusty and unused rooms...suddenly three CATS living there as startled by them as they are go racing by them out a broken window...



GIRL UP A TREE

JOANNA DUNLAP

AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF GIRL, ALONE



JOANNA
(shivers)
(says the French word) "Chattes." Cats
frighten me.

MACKENSIE
Didn't you have a cat on the cover of
one of your books?

JOANNA
Very good. "Girl Up A Tree" had a cat
stuck up a tree, representing a woman
in trouble on the cover.

It leaves an unsettling feeling as they continue through the
empty house...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

They've come back outside, looking at the grounds...an empty swimming pool, forlorn rusted chaises with rotted cushions... They go into the BARN...where there is still a vintage late 60s wine colored CITROEN CONVERTIBLE...the key right where it was left...he starts it...after some tries it kicks over...he shows her how its front compression humorously raises and lowers its front end...

MACKENSIE
Do you want to try driving it?

JOANNA
I don't know how to drive a manual
shift.

EXT. FRENCH FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - DAY

Joanna behind the wheel of the Citroen, Mackensie beside her...Joanna fitting and starting, killing the motor, jerking and braking, trying to learn using the clutch how to drive the stick. As she lurches through an overgrown field the car nearly disappearing in the tall grass...and in a final paroxysm the car coming to a sudden quit as if it had given up...They laugh at the absurdity of it. They look at each other, the circumstances, this choice they've made. He hungrily kisses her. And as they fuck in the old wine colored convertible Citroen in the middle of the overgrown field...

EXT. FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - NIGHT

The farmhouse lit against the dark countryside. There's the sound of a TYPEWRITER.



INT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A bottle of wine is on a table...and Joanna having found an old typewriter is typing on a piece of paper...some few pages she's already done in a beginning pile...

JOANNA

The "e" and the "t" is broken.

MACKENSIE (OVER)

Try to write without using them.

She smiles at the impossibility of that.

JOANNA

(enthusiastic)

I have a book idea in mind...I haven't had that in quite awhile.

Enjoying the classic nature of the typewriter...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(as she types)

It makes me feel like a real writer...

A CAT comes in the window walking across her typewriter. She starts, chasing it away. The cat racing back out. She settles going back to writing. There's a sound of him on the stairs.

MACKENSIE (OVER)

(suddenly)

Don't move!

She turns and sees he has found an old but deadly looking shotgun. And he's leveling it at her...

JOANNA

Please don't point that at me...

He raises it, to demonstrate...

MACKENSIE

Don't worry, it's empty...

He pulls the trigger and the gun EXPLODES with a deafening roar blowing a hole in the ceiling.

EXT./INT. CENTRE GEORGES POMPIDOU MUSEUM RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The distinctive Centre building. We see Mr. Lime through a window, sitting at a window, in their most elegant of restaurants, eating steak fritte, surrounded by the great art in the Pompidou Centre. His phone sounds. He opens a text.

There's a SECURITY PHOTOGRAPH OF MACKENSIE WITH JOANNA DRIVING THE PEUGEOT OUT OF A RENTAL AGENCY. He shuts his phone, and getting up...

INT. FRENCH FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - LATE AT NIGHT

Mackensie asleep in bed. He senses Joanna isn't there. He comes down the stairs.

JOANNA

I couldn't sleep...it's too quiet...

(after a beat)

Do you think they'll find us here?

He doesn't say anything which is her answer. When ABRUPTLY the farmhouse DOOR BURSTS OPEN. They virtually jump up. And they see two armed GENDARMES have come bursting through the door. They motion them not to move.

GENDARME

(French)

What are you doing here?! The neighbors are saying the house is supposed to be empty.

JOANNA

He wants to know what we are doing here?

MACKENSIE

(calmly)

Tell them it's my sister's house...
Carol Watson...

She tells them. The Gendarmes confer...One goes outside...He returns...confirms...

GENDARME

(French)

It is owned by the Watsons...How long do you plan to stay?

He glances to Joanna...

MACKENSIE

(in French)

Not long.

They accept that, leaving...They're quiet, well aware they are on borrowed time. And if they needed a reminder her watch "DINGS."

JOANNA
Eighteen days.

EXT. CHANTILLY - DAY

We see the Peugeot parked on a street in the beautiful and timeless Chantilly. Joanna getting out of the car, her hair stuffed up under a broad brimmed farm sun hat as best as possible hiding her face. She crosses into a Boulangerie.

INT. BAKERY, CHANTILLY - DAY

It's empty. A young woman baker in an apron who is very, what is the best word, fetching? (In French seduisante, enticing), different than attractive, someone by her secretive demeanor makes you want to know much more about her. In her late twenties with a number of curious tattoos that on her pale skin make you drawn to want to touch them; who has a constant enigmatic smile as if waiting to be surprised, is taking some bread out of the oven. Seeing Joanna, and there is an immediate glint she is attracted to her...

THE WOMAN
(in French, subtitles)
There is nothing like the taste of
fresh bread the moment it comes out of
the oven.

And without being asked she tears off a piece, literally putting it into Joanna's mouth.

JOANNA
(fending with, in French,
subtitles)
It's hot...

And they will exclusively speak in French with subtitles:

THE WOMAN
(a laugh)
Of course, you know just what you are
getting. It is supposed to awaken your
senses.

JOANNA
(laughs)
It did that.

They smile at one another.

THE WOMAN
I'm Lilou.

JOANNA
(English)
A lily.

Lilou shows her a tattoo of just that on her shoulder.

LILOU
My birth name was Charlotte...they
wanted a boy to name Charles. I picked
Lilou when I was five. It stayed.

JOANNA
I'm Joanna.

Lilou shakes her hand.

LILOU
Are you here just visiting or staying
for awhile?

JOANNA
Staying for a short while.

LILOU
(smart)
Are you the couple staying at the
Watsons'?

Joanna nods...

JOANNA
(protective)
We don't want --

LILOU
I understand...He must be special.
(smiles)
I can be trusted.

Joanna doesn't say anything.

LILOU (CONT'D)
That was such a sad story.

JOANNA
Sad story?

LILOU
The Watsons. Her husband's cancer. And
ending like that so... (searches for
the word) "softly." They were quite in
love. He told me he didn't want her to
have to suffer through his death so he
went away for the end...

JOANNA
(shaken)
Yes, it's just terrible.

LILOU
The house has been empty for such a long time. She loved sunflowers, she had a beautiful field of sunflowers. What do you folks do?

JOANNA
I work for an interior design magazine. My friend sells international real estate.

LILOU
(knowingly)
New Yorkers.

JOANNA
(her smile)
We're easy to spot.

LILOU
Excuse me.

She buttons an open button on Joanna's blouse.

LILOU (CONT'D)
(smiles)
You came undone.

She smooths her blouse down for her. Joanna isn't used to women touching her, but doesn't dislike how it feels.

JOANNA
(remembering her purpose)
I would like a loaf of bread...and where can I get some small groceries?

Putting it in a bag Lilou gives her the fresh loaf of bread.

LILOU
(her smile)
This I made for you.

JOANNA
I couldn't,

LILOU
(her way, a seductive smile)
You have no choice.

INT. A FRENCH RESTAURANT, PARIS - DAY

Mr. Lime eating a fancy omelet in a famous French breakfast restaurant with a chicken motif, chicken figurines, chicken drawings and paintings...chickens everywhere...His phone "Dings." He looks at a text where there is a SECURITY CAMERA PHOTOGRAPH of Joanna getting out of the Peugeot on the Chantilly Street. He expands it to see it says "Chantilly," on a store behind her. As he finishes his omelet among all the chickens:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Joanna coming into the farmhouse with the bread and a couple of bags of groceries. He comes to help her...

MACKENSIE

How did you do? Was anybody interested
who you were?

JOANNA

(turns on him, furious)
Do you even have a sister?!

He doesn't say anything.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(livid at his lying)
The people who own this...you killed
her husband!

He doesn't say anything again...she slaps him...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Don't fucking lie to me anymore...!

He grabs her, holding her arms...

MACKENSIE

She is in St. Louis...I knew she would
never return here...

JOANNA

(needs to know)
How did you kill him?

MACKENSIE

In the immortal Sagrada Familia church
in Barcelona. He went to visit the
Church designed by God through his
architect Gaudi, for a last time. His
wife was taking a tour of the church.
He was alone. He was crying.

(MORE)



MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I offered him compassion. I hugged him
and held him.

INT. THE SAGRADA FAMILIA, BARCELONA - DAY

We see Mackensie compassionately hugging a dying man in a pew
in the immortal church.

MACKENSIE (OVER)
I gave him a nasal spray that is
painless and immediate...

AND WE SEE HIM QUICKLY SEND A SPRAY UP THE MAN'S NOSE...THE
MAN FOLDING OVER...MACKENSIE, DESPITE THE THRONGS OF PEOPLE
UNAWARE OF THE UNFOLDING STORY, LYING HIM PEACEFULLY ON THE
CHURCH BENCH, SILENTLY LEAVING...THE SACRED UMBER LIGHT
COMING THROUGH THE STAINED GLASS ONTO THE MAN LYING ON THE
BENCH AMONG ALL THE TOURISTS ALONE WITH HIS GOD.

INT. FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - DAY

She looks at him...A man apart...in many ways quicksilver,
unattainable...and her watch "BINGS"...

JOANNA
(ominous)
Seventeen days.

And despite how unattainable he is...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
There is fresh bread.

EXT. A ROAD IN FRANCE - NIGHT

We see Mr. Lime sitting in an immaculate most modern Mercedes
in a Crepes Restaurant parking lot, eating a strawberry
crepe.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - NIGHT

The lights on in the old Farmhouse. The sound of Joanna
TYPING.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Joanna busy writing. Mackensie making a fire.

MACKENSIE

What's it about?

JOANNA

A woman in distress.

MACKENSIE

Your books are always about women in distress.

JOANNA

Either you write what you know or what scares you. This is both.

MACKENSIE

Is it about our situation, about us?

She doesn't say anything.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

How does it end?

Before she can answer him there's a startling KNOCK on the door. They both go still. Mackensie takes up the poker, goes to the door. He hesitates and poker ready answers the door. And LILOU, hands full with a fresh loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, a small bag of groceries, and a bouquet of sunflowers is standing there.

LILOU

(in French, subtitles)

I'm Lilou. I met Joanna today. I wanted to welcome you.

MACKENSIE

My French is very poor.

JOANNA

She wanted to welcome us.

There's an awkward moment...while he helps her in.

MACKENSIE

(to Joanna, a hint of anger)

You didn't mention you met someone?

JOANNA

She owns the bakery.

Mackensie nods but is far from fine with it...

LILOU

My English is not so very good... How
do you say it, I am always one word
before the other...?

But as all French women who don't speak English it is
delightful...

MACKENSIE

(charmed)

You say the wrong word...

LILOU

That is it...Can I put this
somewhere...?

Joanna comes to help her put her things down...

LILOU (CONT'D)

(in French, subtitles)

I'm sorry not to have called but there
is no more a phone here. I thought
maybe you wouldn't mind some company.

JOANNA

(in French, subtitles)

It's nice to have you.

Mackensie understanding the tone and enough French.

MACKENSIE

(despite everything)

Make yourself at home.

LILOU

What is this, "Make yourself at home?"

JOANNA

(smiles, in French,
subtitles)

Our home is your home...

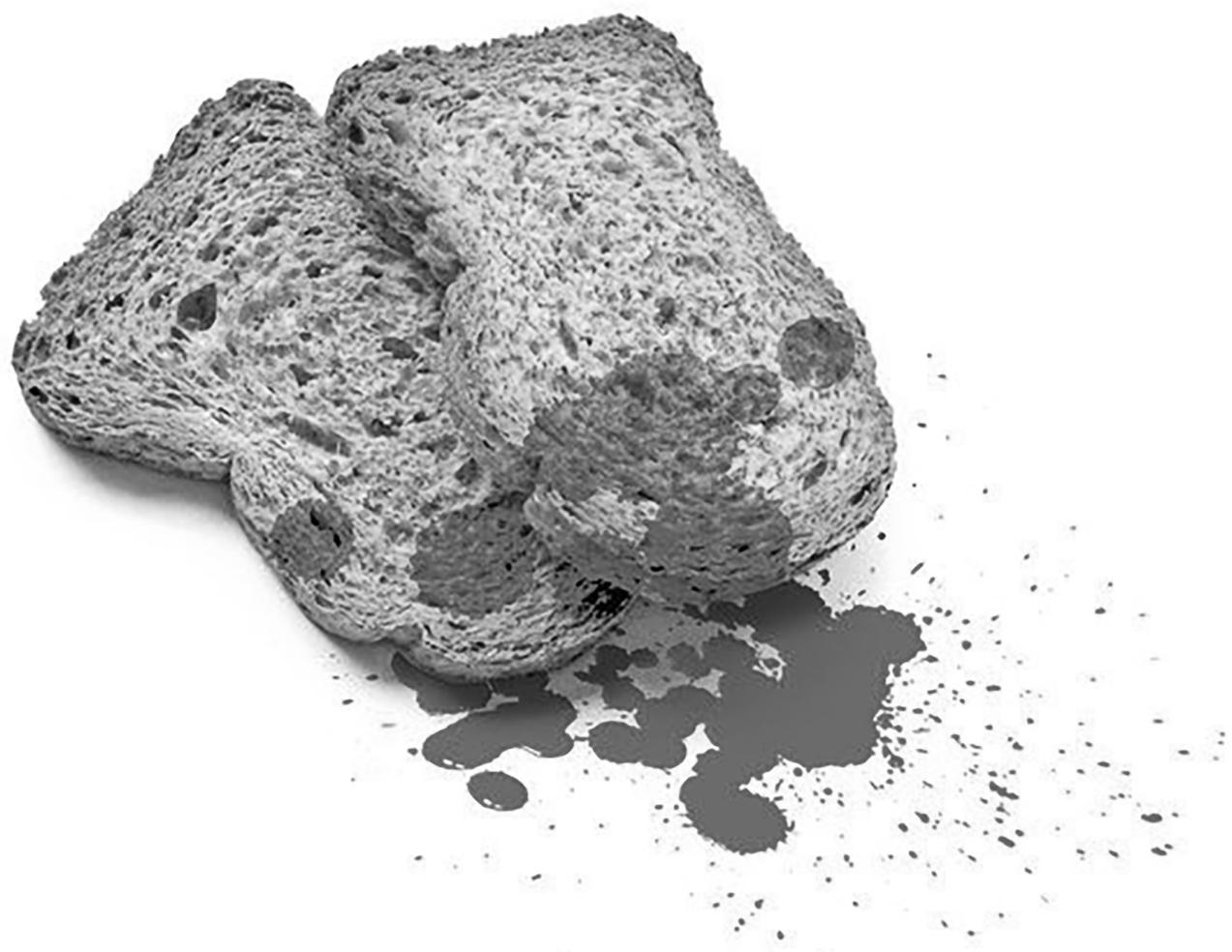
Lilou smiles her fetching smile.

LILOU

(in French, subtitles)

Have you eaten? I have some special
moules.

As he looks at Joanna.



EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD IN FRANCE - NIGHT

The Mercedes going by.

INT. MR. LIME'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Mr. Lime listening to oddly blues music driving along a French country road...a sign saying "Chantilly, 10 km."

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A radio is playing music. Lilou and Joanna drinking wine, making dinner...the two of them enjoying cooking together... Lilou seductively puts an appetizer to taste in Joanna's mouth...They laugh...When a stray CAT jumps in the window onto the counter eating an appetizer...Joanna starts...

JOANNA
(French, subtitles)
Cats terrify me...

Lilou latches onto her, holding her, comforting her...

LILOU
(French, subtitles)
They terrify me too...

Mackensie chases the cat...The women laugh at their fears... they go back to making the dinner enjoying each other's company...Mackensie, forgotten, standing drinking some wine, looks closer at Lilou as she and Joanna happily cook together, something about her catches him...he "puts" it away...and trying to be helpful, he cuts the bread. He slices his finger...his finger bleeding onto the bread, his blood seeping into the bread turning it a malevolent doughy red...

JOANNA
That's not good...

Lilou says something in French...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
She said you are jealous...

Joanna laughs at the insanity of it all. As she takes his hand, putting his finger under the faucet, blood running on the white porcelain sink...Something is rotten in the state of Denmark children...

INT. FRENCH FARMHOUSE, CHANTILLY - NIGHT

They're eating bowls of moules...the mussels...seeped in butter and garlic...Lilou sopping up the sauce in some bread...putting it seductively into Joanna's mouth...Joanna does the same with her...Lilou gets up to bring them some more wine...

MACKENSIE

(to Joanna, well aware)

Is this what you want?

JOANNA

Want?

MACKENSIE

Don't play naive. She is a lesbian and very interested in you.

JOANNA

I like her. I'm not a lesbian.

MACKENSIE

(nods)

Would it interest you?

JOANNA

(a beat)

I've never done it before. I told you, if this is it, I want to try everything. You agreed to that.

He nods, he did.

MACKENSIE

I still have feelings.

JOANNA

I'm sorry. It isn't about your feelings.

They look at each other. Lilou comes back filling their wine glasses, and feeling she's interrupted something...

LILOU

(not understanding)

Is something (meaning wrong) right?

JOANNA

No. It's just right.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Mackensie standing just off the porch watching two cats drink from a bowl of milk he has brought them; the sky blanketed with stars in the unknowable night. And we hear the soft sounds of the women from an upstairs window...As he walks off, dealing with his feelings...

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mackensie alone in bed in their dark room...and we see Joanna climbing into bed with him...There's the SOUND of the farmhouse door closing, Lilou leaving. Mackensie and Joanna in bed laying back to back.

JOANNA

You are not allowed to ask. This was just mine.

He nods. They're quiet. After some moments:

MACKENSIE

There is something about her I don't trust. (what he saw) Did you notice for someone who is afraid of cats she has a tattoo of one.

JOANNA

(dismisses it, smiles)
You are jealous.

His silence gives him away, he is jealous, and how much he has grown to care about her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(and sensitive to him)

Would you like to make love?

MACKENSIE

(without us seeing, but we can imagine his smile...)

Oui.

EXT. CHANTILLY - LATE NIGHT

We can see Lilou getting out of her car coming home. She goes into her boulangerie.

INT. LILOU'S BOULANGERIE - LATE NIGHT

She goes upstairs to her apartment over the bakery. She unlocks the door, goes inside.

INT. LILOU'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

She stops. And Mr. Lime, sitting in a living room chair, his deadly pen in his hand, but being used as a pen now, is writing something in a tiny notebook he keeps, waiting for her.

LILOU
(calmly but forceful, and
without fear...)
Excuse me?

MR. LIME
(busy writing)
I'm Mr. Lime. I understand we will be
working together.

He finishes what he is writing and puts his tiny notebook back inside his coat pocket and capping the pen puts it into his shirt pocket. And a cat of hers jumps onto his lap. He quietly strokes it. If we had any doubts about her we don't have any, anymore.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
I don't usually work with anyone else.

He sees some folders, even a copy of Joanna's book, "Girl Up A Tree," with the cat stuck up the tree on the cover.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
You've done your homework.

She doesn't say anything. He stands out of the chair, the cat running off. He barely looks at Lilou. Buttons his coat.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
This should be over rather quickly.

Finishing the buttons...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
Is there anything open late that might
have something worth eating?

INT. LILOU'S APARTMENT - LATE AT NIGHT

Lilou stands at the window looking outside, watching Mr. Lime in his distinctive hat crossing the street in the misty night air and walking off along the block.

EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Mackensie is standing by the Peugeot as Joanna prepares to drive off.

MACKENSIE

I don't think you are being very smart.

JOANNA

I'm just getting some bread...

He gives her a look...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(truthful)

She captured something of me...

He nods, trying to accept that...

MACKENSIE

(his last admonition)

If something goes wrong, get to Chantilly...

And concerned, he watches her drive away.

EXT. THE BAKERY, CHANTILLY - MORNING

Joanna, unsuspecting, buoyant, taken with her, hurries into the street to see her.

INT. LILOU'S BOULANGERIE - MORNING

Some people are getting their daily bread, a large old hearth type bread oven cooking racks of bread...Lilou sees Joanna, gives her a secret smile. She hurries through the customers. The moment the shop is empty she turns the sign to Closed, "Fermee." And the two of them alone fall into each other's arms, kissing. Lilou takes her by the hand, going out of the shop and holding hands up the stairs.

INT. LILOU'S APARTMENT - MORNING

They lay onto the bed passionately kissing. Lilou turns her over onto her stomach, kissing Joanna's neck, her back... Joanna in the throes of passion when she sees a cat's dish of milk under a nearby table. And everything seems terribly wrong. She stiffens.

LILOU
(kissing her, French,
subtitles)
Do I do something wrong?

JOANNA
(French, subtitles)
No. I need to use the water closet.

She goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, LILOU'S - MORNING

She looks around her...She tries to open the window, it's stuck.

LILOU (OVER)
(French, subtitles)
Is everything alright?

JOANNA
Oui.

She sees a razor. She takes the blade out...secrets in her hand...She comes out of the bathroom.

LILOU
Would you want to take a shower?

JOANNA
I'm not feeling very well...I need to go back and lay down...I'm sure I'll be better later...I'll come back...

Lilou nods. Joanna starts out the door...when Lilou sees the cat's milk bowl and realizes her "cover" is blown...And as Joanna is on her way out...Lilou suddenly grabs her around the neck, pulling her back inside, closing the door...Joanna fingers the razor blade slicing at her arms...Lilou grabs up a hammer...and despite being cut up hits Joanna with the hammer in the chest, knocking her down...and straddling her is about to crush her skull when the door bursts open and Mackensie is there...he pulls Lilou off of her...Lilou hitting him with the hammer knocking him backwards...Joanna scrambles to her feet...



MACKENSIE
(trying to fend Lilou off;
to Joanna, says again)
Go to Chantilly...! You'll be safe
there...

Joanna hesitates but listening to him scrambles out the door running down the stairs...Lilou and Mackensie wrestling for the hammer, literally bursting out the door...Lilou far tougher than one would imagine, hammering at him, the two going over, Mackensie trying to fend her off as they roll down the stairs...She manages to get to her feet, running into the bakery shop. He comes after her...she grabs up a deadly bread knife...she literally sinks it into his upper chest by his shoulder...he manages to keep his balance, her hand on the knife trying to bury it deeper into him, him trying to fight her off...when he manages to gather the last bit of his strength and rushing her literally pushes her into the bread oven...slamming the hearth's metal door...I don't want to sicken you by the obvious sounds she makes but assume whatever she yells is in French. He extricates the knife.

He stumbles out of the shop leaving a trail of blood...

EXT. CHANTILLY TOWN - DAY

He moves as best he can along the street, the trail of blood following him...people afraid giving him wide shrift...as he stumbles to the Citroen...starts the car and races away...

INT. THE CITROEN, ON THE ROAD - DAY

Driving with his one good arm...a pool of blood on the floor at his feet...

EXT. THE FRENCH ROAD - DAY

The wine colored car racing along the road.

INT. THE CITROEN - DAY

Up ahead he sees a particular sign that says "Chantilly." He pulls into a parking lot crowded with cars. He gets out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

There is the muffled sound of something being announced. He makes his way toward the entrance.

And as he gets closer we realize that this is, the stables built in 1720 in the reign of Louis XV, and the racecourse from the 1850s, THE ELEGANT AND BEAUTIFUL GRANDSTAND AND CHANTILLY RACETRACK.

EXT. CHANTILLY RACETRACK - DAY

He comes outside onto the apron of the crowded racetrack. A race is running. He takes an escalator upstairs. He looks from the second deck down on the track looking for Joanna....As he moves along the stands looking for her...

EXT. CHANTILLY RACETRACK - DAY

We see Mr. Lime approaching the entrance. And we see on his phone is a Security Camera photograph of Joanna going into the track.

EXT. CHANTILLY RACETRACK - DAY

When we see Joanna, down on the apron among the crowd, looking everywhere for Mackensie.

EXT. GRANDSTAND, RACETRACK - DAY

Mackensie, drops of blood at his feet, looking for Joanna.

EXT. THIRD LEVEL, GRANDSTAND, RACETRACK - DAY

Mr. Lime, looking through small but powerful binoculars down at the people. WE SEE what he sees, moving across the people's faces, looking for Joanna. And then, we see her through his binoculars. He stops. He takes his eye away. Joanna down below him on the apron in the middle of the crowd. He gets on an escalator going down.

EXT. RACETRACK - DAY

Joanna looking all around...

EXT. THE RACETRACK - DAY

And Mackensie sees her...he moves as quickly as he can to the escalator...he looks around him...and he sees just behind him on the escalator above him is Mr. Lime. He pushes past people hurrying down the escalator. Mr. Lime sees him.

He pushes past people on his own...Mackensie reaches the apron...he goes running for Joanna...Mr. Lime, taking out his pen, reconfiguring the pen into its deadly pistol, coming steadily after them...Mackensie makes it to her and without a moment's hesitation grabs her...moving her through the crowd...Another RACE has begun...the crowd caught up in the race...while they hurry through the crowd, Mr. Lime just after them...He stops, fingering the lethal trigger, aiming it...he has them clear in his sights running from him...He fires...the pistol's retort a deadly sneeze in the sound of the crowd...He's come up just short, the bullets ricochetting off the concrete after them...They look back...He aims to fire again...When Mackensie suddenly ducks with her under a railing...and they literally run onto the TRACK...

EXT. THE TRACK, CHANTILLY - DAY

The horses thundering down toward the finish line...They run across the track...Mackensie pulling her right into the path of the oncoming horses, causing chaos, jockeys fighting to avoid them...While they just make it through the equine gauntlet...Mr. Lime watching them get to the other side...Where we are running with them into a large open grass field...and as they just keep on running, and running, and running away...

WHEN WE SEE A SMALL COMMUTER PLANE SUDDENLY LANDING.

EXT. A PLANE LANDING IN CORSICA - DAY

A small plane landing at FIGARI, SUD CORSE, the small bump of an Airfield on the Mediterranean Island.

EXT. FIGARI, SUD CORSE AIRFIELD, CORSICA - DAY

The plane taxiing to a stop. Some fourteen people, Joanna and Mackensie among them, coming down the stairs of a small plane, going into the tired terminal.

INT. THE TERMINAL, FIGARI AIRPORT, CORSICA - DAY

Nothing much more than a gate with a small waiting area and one large customs room. Mackensie is well aware of the Security Cameras as they go into the customs hall. They come through customs.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(Italian, subtitles)
Purpose of your visit?

JOANNA
(Italian, subtitles)
Holiday...

MACKENSIE
(impressed)
What don't you speak?

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(Italian, subtitles)
How long are you planning to be with us?

MACKENSIE
Two weeks.

She looks at him as if to say, "We are?" As he stamps their passports:

EXT. BONIFACIO, CORSICA - DAY

They carry their luggage up a hill of the small town overlooking the sea.

INT. A SMALL CORSICAN HOTEL - DAY

They check into a small hotel.

INT. SMALL HOTEL, THEIR ROOM - DAY

Mackensie, his shirt off, his shoulder heavily bandaged, is standing on their small patio looking out at the sea. She comes outside beside him.

MACKENSIE
If we can disappear for two and a half weeks it will be over. The two things they do are either enforce their contracts, or honor them...

JOANNA
How many people who have changed their minds have -- ?

He doesn't answer her which is the answer...And as if on cue her watch "BINGS."

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(ominous)
Sixteen days.
(after a beat)
(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Disappear for two weeks? How do we do
that?

EXT. BONIFACIO, HARBOR, CORSICA - DAY

The busy harbor. Signs advertising: "Boats For Charter,
Daily, Weekly..." And we see Mackensie with Joanna on the
deck of a solid SAILBOAT...Mackensie talking to a Captain...
they shake hands...the Captain going into the wheelhouse...

MACKENSIE
You know how to sail?

JOANNA
I wrote about it once.

As she shakes "no":

MACKENSIE
That makes two of us.

She hesitates...and as he smiles his smile he is playing with
her...

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN, CORSICA - DAY

And we see that once the SAILBOAT is out of the harbor,
Mackensie, an adept sailor, is busy setting the sails...the
boat taking on wind picking up speed, going out to sea.
Joanna watching him, graceful, athletic, moving around the
boat, maneuvering the ropes, the sails, between handling the
wheel, keeping their course...

She looks over at Mackensie at the wheel...

JOANNA
Where'd you learn to sail?

MACKENSIE
After my wife died I spent six months
alone on the sea.

She looks at him...

JOANNA
How do I know that's true?

MACKENSIE
Does it really matter? As long as I
can get us from here to there...





She continues to wonder just who she has signed on with...a loving husband or an assassin or both?

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(throwing her a rope)
Hold onto this until I yell...

She holds the rope as he raises another sail...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
Let it go!

She lets the rope go and as a large sail unfurls, the sailboat cutting through the water; Joanna breathing the air, wind blowing across her...She embraces herself, no matter the circumstances, feeling for the first time in quite a long time, alive...

EXT. A COVE, CORSICA - DAY

The sailboat anchored in a secluded island cove...Joanna and Mackensie bobbing in the deep blue Mediterranean...She swims over to him. As he pushes back her wet hair and they hold onto each other in the water, knowing all they have is each other...hungrily, almost fearfully, kissing...

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

We see from a distance Mackensie rowing Joanna in a wooden dinghy to a small island...

EXT. AN ISLAND OFF CORSICA - DAY

They walk along a goat path on an abandoned island...

JOANNA
...It was said Cleopatra secretly met with Mark Antony here...

She motions...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Their boats were on either side of the island...She came up one way...he came the other...

And from Joanna as an author's point of view WE SEE:

CLEOPATRA IN ALL HER GLORY, BUT JUST A WOMAN HERE, AND MARK ANTONY, THE RELUCTANT WARRIOR, HAVING COME UP SEPARATE PATHS ONTO THE ISLAND, THE STAR CROSSED LOVERS SEEING EACH OTHER, COMING TOGETHER...WALKING A GOAT TRAIL, TALKING... DESPITE THE WORLD ON THEIR SHOULDERS JUST MORTALS ON THIS COIL...

TIME LAPSE to Joanna and Mackensie tracing their steps coming to the aged remaining foundation of a wall...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

This is a fort Alexander the Great
built three thousand years ago...

She sits down her back against the remains of a wall...
Mackensie sits beside her...A breeze, like time calling,
blows across them...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(taken, like a spell)

Just imagine they may have sat right
here...touched these stones...It's
hard to fathom but it wasn't a story,
they were real, flesh and
blood...Maybe they laughed about
something...maybe they talked about
whatever their dreams were...He gave
her as a wedding gift what is now the
entire Middle East.

He smiles at the enormity of that. She's quiet...The timeless
breeze ruffles their clothing...

MACKENSIE

What are your dreams?

JOANNA

I thought I had run out...I didn't
think anything was possible anymore...

(she looks at him, for
better or worse)

Then I met you.

They're still...He doesn't look at her but he says...

MACKENSIE

I love you.

She turns on him.

JOANNA

Don't say that! I don't believe you. I
don't believe you about anything. You
don't know me.

And the impact of Lilou and her death, the tenuous circumstances they are in, under the gun, she starts to cry, releasing her emotions...She hangs her head...He puts his arm around her, comforting...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

As a writer you're supposed to be able to live in someone else's shoes...
(ironic) I'm just another of my characters, a woman in distress...

MACKENSIE

You're far more real than that...

And as they sit where Cleopatra and Mark Antony once did, a different kind of world on their shoulders...in this movie called "London."

EXT. FIGARI, SUD CORSE, AIRPORT, CORSICA - DAY

We see a plane disembarking. People coming down the commuter plane's mobile stairs. And among them, wearing a white linen suit and a Mediterranean style straw hat, is the ineffable ever-present shadow of Mr. Lime.

EXT. THE SAILBOAT IN THE COVE - NIGHT

The sky an incredible array of stars. Joanna and Mackensie sitting on the deck, Mackensie showing her a map book.

MACKENSIE

We're here...

Charting their course...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

There are at least twelve stops we can make in coves like this, around the island, away from people, and not be found for the remaining time...

JOANNA

I know nobody has...but...What if we actually run out the clock...we somehow make it...? What happens when we don't need to escape?

MACKENSIE

I try to stay with what's in front of me. I haven't made long range plans for a very long time.

She's quiet.

JOANNA
Can you see us together?

MACKENSIE
We are together.

JOANNA
I mean after this?

MACKENSIE
(a small smile)
I'll leave it to you to write the
ending.

JOANNA
Sometimes you just don't know until
the end.

They look at each other, neither sure of what is going to be...And as if God wanted them to consider other things, it starts to rain...a sudden downpour...they are completely soaked...and as they laugh, running inside for cover...

THERE IS A MAN SINGING OPERA.

INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT, BONIFACIO, CORSICA - NIGHT

A small restaurant known for its pasta and clams. Mr. Lime alone at a table having vongole and pasta, a bottle of wine, bon appetit! And a waiter, another thing the restaurant is known for, its singing waiters, is singing OPERA. There is a small crowded bar. A group of young people in their late twenties, crew from various boats, in their shorts and t-shirts and sandals, talking too loud, drinking and laughing. Amongst them, but separate, a particularly handsome couple, a very fit and handsome man, reminiscent and as good looking as say Tom Cruise, and an equally fit and attractive woman, come there for the sea, are having drinks, eating octopus. There is a burst of noise from the young people. Mr. Lime, his meal, his peace interrupted, unhappily looks over. His eyes meet Tom Cruise and the young woman's...it's brief, the young people, along with Mr. Lime, looking away. As he returns to his clams and pasta with the opera:

EXT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

The boat in the cove in the rain squall.



INT. THE SAILBOAT, BERTH - NIGHT

And Joanna and Mackensie, the rain sounding on the portholes, making love on their boat. There is the familiar "BING" stopping them.

JOANNA
Fifteen days.

And as they go back to where they left off with, if possible, even more urgency:

INT. LIME'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Lime in his linen suit having some fresh strawberries. There's a light knock on the door. He doesn't bother to get up but just makes a sound that it's open. An African Woman, an obvious professional, comes in. When we see some money has already been left on a nearby table. Without further conversation, or ado, he unbuttons his fly. She starts to undress. He shakes no. She kneels to him. As he bites into a strawberry, and I hate to do this but I have no choice not to, and some of the strawberry's juice runs down his chin...

WHEN WE SEE THEIR SAILBOAT CUTTING THROUGH THE WATER.

EXT. THEIR SAILBOAT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

A pristine day. The boat moving through the water...He's got Joanna handling the wheel, enjoying the adventure, while Mackensie is up a mast, swaying under his weight, releasing a rope to free a smaller jib...He suddenly stops, seeing something on the water...He comes scampering down the mast...Coming to her...He motions...she looks where he is pointing...There is a sailboat on its side, swamped...heads bobbing in the water...He grabs the wheel making their way to them...Getting there he sees a sailboat is capsized, and sinking...a Man and a Woman, neither of them in life vests, in the water...Hurrying, taking off his shirt...

MACKENSIE
(telling her)
Hold its course to make a circle...

JOANNA
I can't -- !

MACKENSIE
You can...!

And he jumps with his trousers on into the water...

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

...as he swims to the people in the water, in distress, by the capsized boat...We now see they are the YOUNG COUPLE FROM THE BAR. The Tom Cruise and his partner. She is seemingly unconscious, a nasty gash on her forehead, bleeding...He is struggling to keep her head above water...trying to keep her from going under...Mackensie, reaching them, grabs her from further going under, keeping her afloat...And holding onto her, the young man swimming alongside him, he swims her to their boat...

MACKENSIE
(yells to Joanna)
Drop that sail...

Joanna manages to figure out how to untie the sail...the sail coming down...the boat gone dead in the water...She reaches to help the young Man onto the boat...Mackensie struggling to get the woman out of the water...onto the boat...

EXT. SAILBOAT, THE SEA - DAY

Once the young woman's safely aboard...she's motionless... Mackensie bends, giving her mouth to mouth...she begins coughing, gasping for air...he sits back, catching his breath, exhausted...The Young Man comforts his partner... Joanna comes with a blanket for her, wrapping her in it while she sits on the deck regaining her composure...

CODY
(finding his breath)
We don't have much experience...I never sailed before...Millie sailed when she was younger...We decided to try to take a sailboat, take an adventure...what do you call it, bareboating? We tried to make a turn and then sail took in too much wind and the boat suddenly capsized...Millie cracked her head open on what are those things...those things you put ropes around...?

MACKENSIE
A cleat...

CODY
(somewhat hysterical,
talking a mile a minute)
(MORE)

CODY (CONT'D)
...and we were thrown into the
water...Millie was stone-cold out...I
did everything I could to keep her
head out of the water...If you hadn't
shown up I couldn't have held her much
longer...she would have drowned...

And as if to emphasize things, they can see their CAPSIZED
SAILBOAT taking on water and going, with a finality, dead
under.

CODY (CONT'D)
I didn't take the insurance...

MACKENSIE
(pure Mackensie)
That's not good...

JOANNA
(kneeling by Millie)
Are you alright?

She nods.

MILLIE
Scared the fuck out of me...I'm eating
breakfast and next thing I know I'm in
the water...

JOANNA
Come lay down...

She helps Millie up and taking her down below...

CODY
Jesus, I'm so glad you came
along...this coast...I guess you can
go a long time without seeing anybody
else...

Mackensie doesn't say anything.

CODY (CONT'D)
(rueful)
We should have never done this...

He sees...

CODY (CONT'D)
I don't know why, I managed to grab my
backpack...
(calming)
Americans too?

MACKENSIE
(nods)
We're on a holiday...

CODY
I'm sorry we got in the way...

Mackensie nods...there's something that isn't sitting well with him...some instinct...

CODY (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
The next village is just about five miles from here...if you didn't mind us spending the night...and drop us off tomorrow?

MACKENSIE
Of course...

CODY
(gets up...grabs his backpack)
I should check on her...I'm Cody...

MACKENSIE
(a beat)
Russel, Cook...

CODY
What's her name?

MACKENSIE
April.

Cody starts to the stairs to go down below...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(off hand)
Hey, could you lower the halyard...?

Without a moment's thought Cody lowers the halyard and goes below...

EXT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Cody and Millie are sitting with Joanna at the table on the deck having some wine...When Mackensie comes up from below...

MACKENSIE
You comfortable down there...I left some towels.

CODY

I can't thank you enough, you both are
so generous...

MACKENSIE

I didn't know if you needed this?

He gives him his backpack...Cody thanks him...Mackensie sits down with them...pours himself a glass of wine...

MILLIE

You take things for granted and it can
be swept away in an instance...It's so
good to be alive...!

They reach in toasting that...When suddenly Mackensie literally HANDCUFFS Cody and Millie's wrists together! Joanna starts...

MACKENSIE

They were in their backpack...Along
with this...

He shows her a familiar STINGER PISTOL PEN.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

He said he didn't know how to sail but
he knew right away how to lower a
halyard! They're "London."

(to the Girl)

You're good at "drowning."

Neither of them say anything.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

When we were sleeping they would have
handcuffed us...taken us up on the
deck...

AND WE SEE JUST THAT, CODY POINTING THE PISTOL, JOANNA AND MACKENSIE, EACH WITH THEIR HANDS CUFFED BEHIND THEM, BEING TAKEN UP ONTO THE DECK...AND WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION CODY AND MILLIE KICK THEM IN THE BACKS, SHOVING THEM BOTH OVER THE RAIL AND INTO THE WATER...

INT./EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

THEY HIT THE WATER...GOING IMMEDIATELY UNDER...HANDS
HANDCUFFED BEHIND THEM, FRANTICALLY STRUGGLING, UNABLE TO
STAY AFLOAT...DROWNING AND FLOATING DOWN INTO THE DARK SEA...

THE LAST THING WE SEE IS FROM UNDER THE WATER CODY AND MILLIE'S FACES LOOKING DOWN FROM THE BOAT INTO THEIR WATERY GRAVE...AND RAISING THE SAILS AND EXPERTLY SAILING THE SAILBOAT AWAY...

EXT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Cody, despite being handcuffed, and despite his boyish handsomeness, the monster in him comes roaring out, he suddenly violently lurches, trying to get at Mackensie... Mackensie taking the wine bottle and without a moment's hesitation, hits Cory across the head...knocking him senseless...

INT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

As we see Mackensie putting Cody and Millie, handcuffed separately now, into a boat closet...Cody, coming around... but before he can say anything Mackensie closes and latches the door on them...

MACKENSIE
(pure him)
Sleep well...

EXT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Mackensie comes back up onto the deck...Joanna, upset, arms protectively folded across her chest, pacing, pacing... Mackensie holds her, comforting her...

MACKENSIE
(and knowing)
We're going to have company...

He hasn't finished his thought when there's suddenly the blinding LIGHT from a very bright torch shone on them...so bright they have to block the light with their hands and can't see who's shining the light...There's an all too familiar VOICE...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
I should have known they wouldn't be
smart enough...these young people
London sends are fairly useless...

And now we see it's Mr. Lime on a Zodiac raft, with a crewman, in a ship's uniform, driving the raft...And we can see in the moonlight a sizable BOAT, its running lights on, is bobbing in the mouth of the cove.

MR. LIME
(his smile, showing his
hands, he is unarmed)
Permission to come aboard, Captain.

MACKENSIE
(unsmiling)
Help yourself.

Mr. Lime reaches out for a hand...Mackensie hesitates but oddly respectful gives him his hand helping him onto the sailboat.

MR. LIME
Where have you put them?

MACKENSIE
They're resting.

Mr. Lime smiles.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
Good to see you again, Archie.

MR. LIME
And you dear boy. Doc, where are your manners?

MACKENSIE
Joanna, Archie Lime.

MR. LIME
Good to meet you Ms. Dunlap. I particularly liked "Girl, Alone."

JOANNA
(instinctive)
That was my first.

MR. LIME
The funeral scene when they are burying her in the bronze casket but we know she is quite alive.

Joanna's quiet.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
I certainly knew what it felt like not to be able to breathe...

They're quiet. At loggerheads.

MACKENSIE
What do you intend to do, Archie?

MR. LIME

I remember all too well when the shoe
was on the other foot...when I had
that particular problem with Mrs.
Cunningham...When I forgot
myself...let myself get wobbly and
soft...

Mackensie is quiet...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

How you gave me a day of grace...a
head start...it was very sporting of
you, Doc...you could have ended things
but you let time elapse for both of
us...

MACKENSIE

You couldn't have foreseen the weather
making the road impassible...and you
seemed to be enjoying your meal with
her so...

MR. LIME

She was particularly charming...

MACKENSIE

Whatever happened to her, given the
second chance she had?

MR. LIME

(a beat)

I'm afraid Mrs. Cunningham met an
unfortunate accident...she somehow
left a train while it was moving...

Joanna's chilled, still...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

I'm sure we see things quite
similarly, Doc...we have committed to
doing what we do best...and no matter,
what may come, finishing what we
started...

Joanna looks at Mackensie...He doesn't say anything...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

(gracious)

Before this gets ugly, please, make
your way...You have a day ahead of
me...use it well...Then, we will be...
(and even it sounds malevolent) "Even
Steven..."



EXT. THE SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna are in the DINGHY, pushing off...

MR. LIME

The next village is just two coves
away...You should be there in no
time...

Mackensie looks at him, and starts to row them away...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

I understand there is a lovely little
restaurant there that serves freshly
grown artichokes in a wine and garlic
butter...

Mackensie rowing them away from the boat...And Joanna's watch
"Bings."

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

(well aware...)

Two weeks, exactly fourteen days...

And Mackensie rows them further away...Mr. Lime standing on
their sailboat deck watching them go...calling out to them...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

Bon Voyage!

EXT. THE SEA - NIGHT

Their dinghy at a distance now...Mackensie rowing...they can
see Mr. Lime climbing back onto the Zodiac...the raft
motoring back toward the large Boat at the mouth of the
cove...when suddenly the sailboat bursts into flame, the
sailboat on fire...Mr. Lime having started the boat ablaze...
and we can either be macabre and see the Young Man and his
partner trapped in the closet and see the horrible fate that
awaits them...or we can just as well watch from Mackensie's
and Joanna's point of view the sailboat in the dark on the
water engulfed by the conflagration and leave to the
imagination what awaits them...Mr. Lime on the Zodiac on his
way back to the waiting boat...and Mackensie rowing them
further and further away in the light of a Mediterranean
moon. And as if it's an old movie from the twenties, nineteen
twenties that is, we CLOSE THE CAMERA IRIS the way they did
to show the end of a particular chapter...our iris closing on
their rowboat, the sailboat on fire, and the moon.





THE CAMERA'S IRIS OPENS AS WE SEE A YOUNG BOY, NO MORE THAN NINE, RUNNING UP A STEEP NARROW COBBLED STREET THAT'S FLANKED BY ANCIENT STONE BUILDINGS...AS HE RUNS UP THE OLD STREET... RUNNING FOR ALL HIS MIGHT...JOANNA'S WATCH "BINGS..."

JOANNA'S VOICE (OVER)
 Thirteen days left... (and "Bings"
 again) Twelve days... (and again)
 Eleven days (and finally, "Bing,") Ten
 days left...

When the little Boy comes to a gate at a forlorn looking old stone house with a rocky front yard...HE RINGS A BELL...

Some moments and a Woman in a full hijab, a black burka, and a niqab covering all but her eyes comes to open the gate. The Boy follows her into the old stone house. And we stop to see just where we are from the top of the hill...Overlooking the Mount of Olives, the Dome of the Rock with its Golden Dome, the Tower of David, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre...It could only be...

"Jerusalem."

INT. OLD STONE HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - DAY

The Woman says something to the Boy in Arabic along with giving him a list...

THE WOMAN
 (Arabic, subtitles)
 Don't forget the eggs this time...

He nods yes and immediately goes running back out...A moment and Mackensie comes down the stairs...the Woman in the full burka pulls back her head covering...and we see it's Joanna.

Looking around we see they have been here for some time without leaving...dirty dishes in the sink and the most recent ones still on the table...the trash all but filled... everything we can see is well lived in...her computer on a table in the living room open to a new chapter in her book she is writing...As she looks out the window watching the Boy running back down the narrow street:

EXT. A LONDON SUBURB - NIGHT

A neighborhood of small well-kept "Victorian" style cottages one after the other the very same.

INT. A SUBURBAN COTTAGE - NIGHT

A WOMAN in her late sixties trying to stay younger than she is, but despite her imagined blonde hair, a rouge or three, she is fighting a losing battle and she knows it, and fighting the fight is drinking her third daily wine...And now we see Mr. Lime, some years younger than her, still quite in love with her, busy cooking an elaborate meal featuring veal...

MR. LIME

What temperature would you like it,
(and he calls her, always has...)
Mommy? They say just into well done
but still in its juice has the most
taste.

MR. LIME'S WIFE

I'll trust you Daddy.

When the doorbell RINGS.

MR. LIME
Stay put, sweetheart.

He goes to see who it is. Opening the door, a very plain man trying to look comfortable in outdoor wear is there...A car idling at the curb with a Woman and a Boy and Girl inside...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
Oh look, it's Henry dear.

HENRY
Hello, Celia...

CELIA
(any excuse)
Do you have time for a wine? We can
start a fresh bottle.

HENRY
We're on our way to Potato's cello
recital.

CELIA
How lovely.

HENRY
(to Mr. Lime, his purpose,
sotto voce...)
Those friends seemed to have gone and
disappeared...not a sight of them
neither hide nor hare...
(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)
they seem to have learned how to avoid
the many eyes...they were last seen on
a ferry to Cyprus...

MR. LIME
(nods, not worried, sure)
They'll turn up in due time...

HENRY
What is it, ten days left...?

MR. LIME
(looking)
Almost nine to be precise...
(unconcerned)
Give little Potato my best
wishes...and tell her when playing
doubles to remember to play
ponticello...

HENRY
I will...Have a good evening...

And he turns going back down the path to his car...Mr. Lime
going back inside...

MR. LIME
How would music suit, darling?

CELIA
That would be lovely.

He turns on the radio, something forgettable...and as he goes
back to his cooking a doting husband and kindly family man, a
killer by any other name...

EXT. THEIR HOUSE ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING JERUSALEM -
NIGHTFALL

The old stone house...And minarets around Jerusalem start
calling the faithful to evening prayer.

INT. THEIR JERUSALEM HOUSE - NIGHTFALL

Joanna busy writing on her computer...Mackensie looking
outside...

MACKENSIE
You want to get some air?

She nods, getting up. Fixing her hijab they go outside.

EXT. JERUSALEM HOUSE - NIGHTFALL

The sounds of the muezzins calling...They cross the rocky yard to an old stone minaret that's on their property...

INT. MINARET - NIGHTFALL

They climb the narrow stairs to the top...coming out onto a platform...they stop to look out over Jerusalem. The Muezzins talking to one another...She studies him...

JOANNA

(knowing)

Even if we can beat the clock...get away...you are still going to finish your job, aren't you?

MACKENSIE

Why do you say that?

JOANNA

He threw the woman off a train, rather than change his life.

MACKENSIE

What else can I do to show you how I love you? I can't imagine what it would be like without you.

She looks at him, unable to give herself completely to him...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Why can't you take me for who I am?

JOANNA

Because I don't know who you are. I can only take you for who you appear to be.

MACKENSIE

There is nothing I can do to convince you.

JOANNA

(simply)

Time will tell.

And chilled by the coming of the night air she cradles her arms across her chest. When their Muezzin sounds playing from a loudspeaker above them on the Minaret, answering the other calls to prayer...The sound among all the unseen others echoing across Jerusalem. And they hear VOICES from a yard of a house a half block away from them.

And when the Muezzin's calls have stopped they can see an Arab wedding ceremony is beginning in the yard of the nearby house. They watch the unheard ceremony.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(ruminating)
Each of the times I got married I thought it was forever.

MACKENSIE
You're supposed to feel that way. Why get married otherwise?

JOANNA
You were so devoted to her? I only felt devotion the one time to the wrong man. It's a hard price to pay.

MACKENSIE
She was always there for me.

JOANNA
Were you always there for her?

He shakes "no."

MACKENSIE
I was always trying to find myself.

He starts to say something, but stops...

JOANNA
(intuitive)
You found yourself doing this, didn't you?

MACKENSIE
(honest)
It gave me a purpose.

He shrugs.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I could be anyone I wanted to be... a surgeon or a pilot or a gambler or a boxer...but I always knew who I was.

JOANNA
That isn't exactly encouraging...

He looks at her...

MACKENSIE

Maybe other things are becoming more important...?

JOANNA

(quiet)

I would like to believe that...

When there is the sudden sound of MUSIC...a band is playing at the wedding...people enjoying dancing...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(smiles...)

I never danced at a wedding...even my own...I was always the girl with two left feet...

They watch the people down in the yard of the house dancing a traditional dance...He purposefully starts down the steps of the minaret...without looking back, expecting her to follow:

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

EXT. THE EAST JERUSALEM STREET - NIGHTFALL

And we see Mackensie, despite her protestations, hidden in her burka, hurrying Joanna along the street...They come to the wedding house...people overflowing standing around outside the house in the street drinking and celebrating... people coming and going...and without letting her have a moment to flee he takes her into the house...

INT. EAST JERUSALEM ARAB HOME - NIGHTFALL

It's filled with people, nobody paying any attention to them, just more guests...He takes her outside to the back of the house...

EXT. THE EAST JERUSALEM ARAB HOME - NIGHTFALL

Lights have come on...the people pressed together happily dancing to the band...And Mackensie takes her by the arm laughing, dancing with her like the others in some wild abandonment...she resists at first but throwing caution to the wind joins in, kicking up her legs like the rest of them...both of them laughing and dancing, cathartic...when the music takes a turn, and it becomes a sweet reverie... modern music...people dancing together...And her watch, if they have forgotten, "Bing..."

JOANNA
Nine days...

Mackensie and Joanna look at each other and familiarly, even intimately smile all they have shared...and coming together, Mackensie holds her...dancing with her to the Beatles in Arabic, "The Long and Winding Road..." And they kiss...as best as I can tell you how much they truly care about each other...if even only for now...WHEN SUDDENLY A DRUNK MAN COMES CAREENING INTO THEM, KNOCKING THEM OVER...JOANNA GOING DOWN HARD...MACKENSIE UNABLE TO BREAK HER FALL...HER ARM TAKING THE BRUNT OF THE FORCE...Joanna, in great pain...He immediately grabs her up...He runs her back through the house...out onto the street...He sees a waiting taxi...runs her to the cab...putting her inside...getting in with her... and as they race off...

INT. AN ARAB HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mackensie in the waiting room of a busy hospital waiting for word on Joanna. While a WOMAN in her forties, well kept, but not rich, waiting for someone, sits some chairs across from him...Mackensie's aware she has been looking at him, carefully...

THE WOMAN
I know you from somewhere?

MACKENSIE
I'm sorry?

THE WOMAN
I recognize you. I can't put my finger on where I know you from?

MACKENSIE
I don't think so. I have one of those familiar faces.

He turns to disengage.

THE WOMAN
(realizes)
The church. At the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona.

MACKENSIE
Excuse me?

THE WOMAN
You were sitting by my husband in a pew in the church. You must have been the last person to see him alive.

He computes this very quickly and his response is...

MACKENSIE

I was there...There was a man I spoke to briefly...Something happened to him?

THE WOMAN

He was resting from our tour. He was dying of cancer. Unfortunately his heart gave out there.

MACKENSIE

How dreadful. I'm so sorry.

THE WOMAN

It was quick they say and peaceful.
(needing the connection)
Do you remember what you talked about?
You were his last conversation.

MACKENSIE

We didn't talk much...I remember he looked up and told me...

THE MAN SITTING WITH MACKENSIE IN THE CHURCH...

THE MAN

The church will never be finished...They will always keep building until it reaches God.

As they look up at the ceiling building its way to heaven...

INT. THE HOSPITAL, ISRAEL - NIGHT

MACKENSIE

I'm sorry about his dying. He seemed like a gentle man.

THE WOMAN

I'm Carol Watson, I'm from Buffalo...My close friend Andy is being seen to, we're on a Holy Land tour...He is a homicide detective there. He's a diabetic. He forgot to bring enough insulin.

MACKENSIE

I hope things get better.
(a beat, and generously,
fictionally)
(MORE)

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I forgot...but he did say he was
married and what a lucky man he was to
have you.

She's terribly moved by that. And having told her that, and not wanting it to go any further, he nods and goes to find another seat.

And just then Joanna...in a wheel chair, wearing her burka, is being wheeled out with her arm in a sling and a cast...

JOANNA
I broke my arm...I told you, never
dance with me, I have two left feet...

He looks at her sympathetically...

MACKENSIE
(very aware, quietly)
We're too public...

He wheels her out of the hospital...

EXT. THE HOSPITAL, ISRAEL - NIGHT

They wait for a Cab. When suddenly the Woman comes hurrying out, taking his PICTURE on her phone. He moves away but too late...

CAROL WATSON
(to Joanna)
I'm sorry to trouble you...you seem to
have enough troubles. Your friend...

JOANNA
(smart)
My brother...

CAROL WATSON
He was the last person my husband
saw... (to Mackensie, meaning the
photograph) I want to remember
you...You're my only connection left
to him...Could I see you again?

MACKENSIE
(thinking quickly)
I'm leaving tomorrow...My sister
teaches at an Arab school here...

And a husky Man in his late forties, uncomfortable in casual clothing, comes beside her...showing her he's gotten his insulin supplies...

CAROL WATSON

This is my friend Andy. This man was
with Gregory at the very end.

ANDY

Good to meet you.

Mackensie nods. A Taxi arrives...He helps Joanna inside...

MACKENSIE

(to Carol, meaning her
life)

Good luck with everything...

INT. THE TAXI - DAY

Driving away...

MACKENSIE

She was a client's wife...I gave her
husband some peace in the church in
Barcelona...

Joanna is quiet, and as she looks back at the woman...

JOANNA

(quietly says,
questioning, always
questioning)

Peace?

...Wondering what "peace" looks like...

WHEN WE SEE A FACEBOOK PAGE..."IN MEMORY." A PAGE DEVOTED TO GREGORY WATSON, THE MAN WHO MET HIS MAKER AT THE CHURCH. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS FULL LIFE...FAMILY, WORK AND LOVE...AND A NEWLY TAKEN PHOTOGRAPH OF MACKENSIE, CAPTIONED, "JERUSALEM," and..."The last person to talk with Gregory on his way to heaven."

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

And WE SEE Mr. Lime is looking at Carol's FACEBOOK PAGE with Mackensie's photograph on an IPAD. And we see he's in First Class on a crowded plane, a number of men wearing yarmulkes, on its way to Israel. As a Flight Attendant brings him a meal...

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You ordered the special meal...

He nods...and as he puts a napkin on his lap, settling into what he enjoys most, to eat...

INT. THEIR STONE HOUSE IN JERUSALEM - DAY

Joanna, in some pain, is sitting on a couch. Mackensie quietly looking out the window.

MACKENSIE
(urgent)
We need to leave. That woman, that photograph, worries me.

And as if to add to their dilemma...her watch, "Bing..."

JOANNA
(concerned)
Eight days...

And just then the BELL sounds from the gate. Mackensie motions her to stay there...he looks outside...the little Arab Boy at the gate...

EXT. THE WAILING WALL, THE OLD CITY, JERUSALEM - DAY

Carol and Andy along with her tour group at the Wailing Wall...people praying leaving their most heartfelt prayers in notes they put into the chinks in the ancient temple wall...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Mrs. Watson.

She turns...and we see Mr. Lime, wearing a yarmulke, coming to her. He shows her an alleged identification in his wallet.

MR. LIME
Alan Franklin, American Embassy...
Security...

And he's flattened his accent to sound completely American.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
Can I have a word...? It won't be a moment...

ANDY
What's this all about?

MR. LIME
Embassy business.

ANDY
(showing his badge)
I'm a policeman.

MR. LIME
(nods...)
I'm afraid we're not in Buffalo.
(it isn't a question)
Please excuse us.

He walks Carol some feet away.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to disturb you. Did you take
this photograph?

He showers her Mackensie's photograph from her Facebook Page.

CAROL WATSON
Yes.

MR. LIME
Where was that?

CAROL WATSON
A hospital in East Jerusalem. His
sister had broken her arm. My
friend... (motioning, meaning Andy)
needed additional insulin. I
recognized him from the Church where
my husband died.

MR. LIME
(most interested)
Did he say where he was staying?

CAROL WATSON
No, just that he was leaving...He was
very kind to my late husband.
(realizing)
I don't even know his name.

MR. LIME
He calls himself Mackensie. He is
wanted for murder.

CAROL WATSON
(blanches...)
Murder?

EXT. AN ARAB COFFEE AND HOOKAH SHOP, OLD CITY - DAY

Mr. Lime having some bitter coffee sitting with Carol at a small round table among a number of tables on a narrow street in the Old City. Andy, ever present for her, sits nearby...
Mr. Lime is telling her...

MR. LIME

He works for an organization that gives people an opportunity to end their lives painfully and peacefully.

CAROL WATSON

(struck)

Something like that exists?

MR. LIME

Yes, it most certainly exists. I think anything you want badly enough and can afford nowadays, exists.

CAROL WATSON

(digesting it, upset)

My husband promised me he wouldn't suffer...Now I know what he meant...

MR. LIME

Mackensie is, despite the appearance of being a merciful man, a stone killer. We got a notice from Interpol he was seen here and to bring him in. You have no idea where he or his "sister" might be?

She shakes no. He nods. He's gotten all she has to give...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

(finishes coffee, getting up)

You've been very helpful. (and pure Lime, morose) Enjoy your stay.

And with that, and without looking back, he leaves...

INT. THEIR STONE HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - DAY

Mackensie is hanging up the phone.

MACKENSIE

The next flight is 8:00...

He looks at his watch...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
We should leave at five...just enough
time to be last on the plane...

INT. A TAXI COMPANY OFFICE, EAST JERUSALEM - DAY

We see Mr. Lime is in a cluttered office looking at taxi logs...A Palestinian Man who has been going over the logs in Arabic with him...

PALESTINIAN MAN
(reads...)
...9:49 P.M., two passengers...a man
and an injured women to Makassed
Hospital on Mount of Olives.

INT. THEIR STONE HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - LATE IN THE DAY

Mackensie and Joanna finishing packing, getting ready to go...When the Muezzin starts its call echoing through Jerusalem...

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE WEDDING HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - LATE IN THE DAY

The eternal muezzin calling out across Jerusalem...And we see Mr. Lime, along with a thin Man in a yarmulke, coming outside of the wedding house...

THE MAN
She said someone got hurt
dancing...they didn't know them...

Mr. Lime, as the muezzin calls, stops to stand in the street looking at the houses around them, sensing they're near...

INT. THEIR STONE HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - LATE IN THE DAY

Mackensie hanging up the phone.

MACKENSIE
It's on the way...

And if Mackensie had bothered to look up we can just see Mr. Lime standing on the street outside of the wedding house a few houses away below them...

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE WEDDING HOUSE, EAST JERUSALEM - LATE IN THE DAY

The muezzin still calling...Mr. Lime is about to leave, starting to go back to a car the Israeli Man is getting in to drive them...When he sees THE LITTLE BOY with their bag of groceries running up the street...Lime, quickly reasoning...

MR. LIME
(to the Israeli man,
motioning...)
Stop him!

The Israeli Man goes running after the Boy...and before he can reach their stone house, just a bit further up the hill, the Israeli Man pulls him up. Mr. Lime comes to meet them.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
Ask him who the groceries are for,
where is he going...?

The Israeli Man asks the Boy in Arabic. The Boy, fearful, answers him.

THE ISRAELI MAN
He said a couple in that house...

He motions at their house.

MR. LIME
(a beat)
Tell him not to say anything...or you will kill his father.

The Israeli Man tells him what he was told and the Boy runs off with the groceries to bring to them. Mr. Lime looks around him. The muezzin still SOUNDING. And we see a Taxi coming by them, going to their house.

INT. THEIR STONE HOUSE - LATE IN THE DAY

The sound of the BELL, Mackensie seeing the little Boy leaving the grocery bag at the door and racing back off...And seeing the Taxi has arrived...

MACKENSIE
It's here...

He takes up their bags...and with Joanna in her burka, start out of the house, met by the blast of the urgent SOUND of the muezzin calling.

EXT. A MINARET, EAST JERUSALEM - LATE IN THE DAY

Where we see Mr. Lime and the Israeli Man have come out onto the balcony of a nearby Minaret. The Israeli Man is busy sighting a SNIPER RIFLE, looking down at the yard of their house. We see them come out the door.

EXT. THEIR STONE HOUSE, OVERLOOKING JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

The Taxi waiting...Joanna and Mackensie coming across the yard...

EXT. THE MINARET - END OF THE DAY

He has Joanna in his sights...Mackensie right beside her...He starts to squeeze the trigger to put an end to all of this...

EXT. THEIR YARD, EAST JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

Joanna and Mackensie a moment from their fate...when the MUEZZIN, FINISHED WITH ITS CALL, goes DEAD SILENT...Mackensie instinctively looks toward the Minaret and sees the Israeli Man with the rifle...Mackensie immediately tackles Joanna down just as the bullet intended for her screams by...He drags her instantly behind the heavy gate...bullets riddling the gate...Mackensie manages to open the gate and pulls her, bullets skipping in the street, into the back of the Taxi...

EXT./INT. TAXI, STREET, EAST JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

The Taxi driver has fled, the Taxi idling...Mackensie pushes Joanna down onto the floor, and crawls into the front seat... sitting below the window he throws the car into gear and pushes the accelerator with his hand...the Cab racing blindly forward...bullets blowing out the windows...the Taxi running over a curb, scraping across a wall...and racing down the hill while bullets chase them...Mackensie scrambles to sit up, and taking the wheel, driving, careens down the street...

EXT. THE MINARET, EAST JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

The Israeli Man comes running out, getting into his car...Mr. Lime coming out shortly behind him...the car reaching him... Mr. Lime getting in...and as they pursue the wayward Taxi...





EXT. THE WALLS OF THE OLD CITY OF JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

The sun in its last gasps umber on the Holy City. They reach the walls of the thousands of years Old City...the entrances barricaded against cars...He abruptly stops the car... reaching to help her out...He helps her to run toward the Old City...running by some Israeli Soldiers down the way patrolling with their Uzis...Running with her through a gate into the Old Holy City. When we see not far behind them the Israeli Man and Mr. Lime quickly getting out of their car... The Israeli Man hurrying over to hurriedly talk, gesticulating, to the ISRAELI SOLDIERS...Who, quick to react, along with the Israeli Man, go running into the Old City after them...Mr. Lime, not one to run, it isn't dignified, and knowing the race goes not to the swift but the steady... goes methodically through the gate after them...

INT. THE OLD CITY, JERUSALEM - END OF DAY

The last of the light burnishes the narrow cobbled streets and the stone walls. Mackensie and Joanna running through the crowded souks, and bazaars, the Arab and Israeli markets, some in ancient tunnels, others on the narrow stone streets. Mackensie holding her good arm, moving her through the chaos of the ancient city. Running through the incongruous ancient markets, our assassin and his unlikely soulmate trying to dash for freedom. The Soldiers, along with the Israeli Man gaining on them...racing after them through the endless marketplace. And some distance behind them, Mr. Lime, steadily making his way...

Mackensie and Joanna reach another gate, running back out of the city...The Soldiers and the Israeli Man now shortly behind them...He blindly runs Joanna up some stairs crowded with Arabs going somewhere...The Israeli Police and the Israeli Man just behind them...

EXT. DOME OF THE ROCK - LAST OF THE DAY

They come out onto an open stone plaza as large as three football fields spread out before the eternal golden dome of the Arab MOSQUE, the Dome of the Rock. And as far as the eye can see are the prone figures of fervent Muslims, maybe five thousand people in neat rows, all on their hands and knees in supplication, bowing and raising their heads on prayer mats, in prayer. The Soldiers and the Israeli Man nearly upon them; Mackensie takes Joanna, moving her into the mass of the endless penitents...The Soldiers must stop, not allowed to go into this holy place...And when we look again we've lost sight of them, Mackensie and Joanna having disappeared somewhere amongst the ardent followers...Mr. Lime arrives. He stops looking out at the sea of thousands in prayer;



and among them, I would say infidels, but more appropriately strangers, welcome in this place of God. And as the sun, if on cue, goes down for the day, the last gasp of its light...

WHEN WE SEE FROM HIGH ABOVE, FROM A CEILING'S VANTAGE POINT, MACKENSIE AND JOANNA GOING THROUGH A CROWDED SECURITY LINE AT AN AIRPORT.

INT. BEN GURION AIRPORT, TEL AVIV - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna making their way in the SECURITY LINE...When we see the familiar appearance of the indomitable Mr. Lime coming into the line not far behind them...Mackensie instinctively turns and sees him...Mr. Lime, without any concern for others in line, making his way toward them... Mackensie and Joanna moving quickly through the metal detectors...Mackensie is stopped, made to go back...Mr. Lime coming for them...going into his pocket, taking out his pen...Mackensie goes back through the metal detector... stopped again...this time taken aside to be patted and frisked...All the while Mr. Lime, his pen in hand, is almost to them...when Joanna, needing to stop him, suddenly starts to scream...

JOANNA
(pointing at Mr. Lime)
He's got a gun....!!

And it becomes complete chaos, many ducking for cover, others running...Soldiers plowing into the fray...to encircle Mr. Lime...while Mackensie and Joanna in the chaos, run through security and up an escalator...

MR. LIME
(holding it up, showing
them)
It's just a pen...

He clicks it to show it is harmless...And if they need more proof, he writes on his notepad, tearing it off...showing them, it's only a pen, having written, smartly, "Shalom."
(Peace.)

INT. TERMINAL, BEN GURION AIRPORT - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna running through the terminal to the gate...the plane has all but boarded...they show their boarding passes and run down the ramp for the plane...Mr. Lime, nearing the gate, steadily coming after them...They go onto the plane...Mr. Lime reaches the gate just as the door to the plane is being closed after them...He goes down the ramp...

A GATE AGENT
I'm afraid the door's closed...

He shows her a boarding pass...

A GATE AGENT (CONT'D)
Once it's closed, it's closed.

He's still...

INT. THE AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna settled into their seats. Mackensie looks out the window. The Plane starting to taxi away. He can see standing at the terminal window looking out at the plane is Mr. Lime.

INT. TERMINAL, BEN GURION - NIGHT

Mr. Lime looking out the window at the airplane at Mackensie in the plane's window.

INT. THE AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Mackensie, as the plane moves away, looking at Mr. Lime in the terminal window. And Mr. Lime, never one to be daunted, does just what Mr. Lime would do, waves a small, almost dear, "goodbye," as in "not for long." When we hear the familiar, "Bing."

JOANNA
One week. Seven days.

WHEN WE SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEACEFUL STREAMS RUNNING THROUGH GREEN HILLSIDES. AND WE SEE A CAR COMING ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD.

"County Donegal." "Ireland."

INT. THE CAR - DAY

Mackensie driving. Joanna sitting up front with him.

JOANNA
Why won't you tell me where we are going and why? I never wanted to come to Ireland ever again. I hired you to kill me so I wouldn't have to even think about it. This is cruel.



MACKENSIE
You will thank me.

She's quiet. They turn off onto a smaller country road, that goes into the hills. Sheep become plentiful. Small sheep farms, and traditional Irish cottages.

JOANNA
(remembering)
He spoke Gaelic.

She says something in Gaelic.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
"I love you, not for never, but forever."

She starts to cry.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Why didn't you do what you were paid to do? You have made it all come back. I can't bear it. I can't live with it.

He doesn't say anything. They come to a dirt road that goes down onto a sheep farm. He parks the car on a hillside above the farm. He gets out. She hesitates and gets out.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE, SHEEP FARM - DAY

Sheep fill the top of the hill...dogs barking and a shepherd tending them. There's the sound of VOICES down at the small farmhouse. And they can see a WOMAN, buttoning a coat, coming out...and after a moment a MAN in his late thirties wearing a peacoat and a flat Irish cap comes out behind her. He looks like what he is, a playwright.

JOANNA
(stops)
It's him. Danny boy. Why did you do this to me?

He's quiet. They watch the Irish Playwright walking up the road with his wife. They stop at where their road turns off from the country road, standing talking. Some moments and there's the sound of a Bus. And coming around the bend, stopping at the farmhouse road, is a small school bus. Two children, two Girls, jump out. The Bus driving off. Danny and his wife and his children, very happy to see each other... they go back down the road to their farmhouse, a particularly close knit family, the girls chattering away...then running the rest of the way to the house...

Danny and his wife wearing their good feelings about the way things are like clothing, going back to the house...he stops for a moment to kiss her and they follow the girls inside... And they are gone just like that, the only sounds the sheep and the dogs as the shepherd walks the flock further up the hill. Joanna's still. She looks at him. And she says, truly grateful...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you...I wouldn't want him not to have that happiness... (and as hard as it is to say...) He did the right thing.

She looks at him. An Irish breeze ruffles at their clothing.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(and she says from the bottom of her heart)

I love you.

MACKENSIE

(smiles)

Don't say that.

JOANNA

(her smile)

I did.

She looks at him.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

You keep your promises. Mean it or not. You make me glad to be alive.

And unsaid is, "what else could anybody want?" And as they stand on the green hillside in "County Donegal."

INT. IRISH HOTEL, GALWAY - NIGHT

We see them at the desk checking into a small hotel in the coastal town of Galway. Turning from the desk, starting for the stairs, he stops at a small gift shop.

MACKENSIE

I need some toothpaste...

He goes inside...He gets a toothpaste going to the counter when he sees a rack of paperbacks and a particular book catches his attention. A copy of "Girl, Alone." Joanna's first book, which has on the cover a casket in a grave.

GIRL ALONE



JOANNA DUNLAP

INT. THEIR HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We PAN across the book on a nightstand to Joanna and Mackensie making love in the small top floor room where the ceiling angles to meet the floor; and one can see out the window the River Corrib meeting the Atlantic Ocean.

When they've finished, laying in the dark, Joanna holding him...

JOANNA

Where do we go from here?

And his silence in the dark tells us he doesn't know...

INT. THEIR SMALL ROOM, NIGHT - LATER

Joanna is asleep...Mackensie unable to sleep is reading her book...There's the startling RING of the phone...Joanna awakened...Mackensie grabs it...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
A Mr. Lime is calling from London.

MACKENSIE

Tell him I'm not answering.

He hangs up.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(the obvious)
He found us.

She's quiet, trying to go back to sleep. He goes back to her book, the casket in the grave on the cover. He puts it down, thinking...Something substantial crosses his mind. He takes up the phone.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I'd like to make a plane reservation.

WHEN SUDDENLY WE SEE A PLANE LANDING.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - EVENING

We see them getting off of a plane. Where we see a sign on the wall, "WELCOME TO BUFFALO."

JOANNA

You still haven't said yet why we're coming here?

And he still doesn't. And as they get on the escalator on their way down the street...

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET, BUFFALO, NEW YORK - NIGHT

We see a Taxi coming through a neat leafy neighborhood with small but comfortable houses. It comes to a stop in front of a house. They get out...They go to the door...RINGING the BELL. A moment and the door opens. And the widow CAROL WATSON, answers the door, startled to see him and her there. We can see inside the solid looking man ANDY, the Homicide Detective, is sitting at the kitchen table, the two of them having dinner.

INT. CAROL WATSON'S HOME - NIGHT

We see a portrait photograph of Carol and her late husband Gregory over a mantle. Carol and Andy with Mackensie and Joanna sitting in a plain simply decorated living room. Mackensie is telling them:

MACKENSIE
She needs to be kept safe for six days.

Carol and Andy are both quiet, having heard their story, not knowing what to think.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
I'm done with this. I'd like to turn myself in. I thought of you.

Andy is quiet.

ANDY
I can't arrest you without someone making a charge, without evidence...It's more like a book, a murder mystery, a thriller, than having any actuality.

MACKENSIE
It must seem that way, but it is deadly real. I am sure Mr. Lime is on his way to Buffalo right now. Nobody has ever escaped their contract.

Carol looks at the portrait of her and her husband.

CAROL WATSON

I wouldn't press charges...you gave him what he wanted...a peaceful ending. I wouldn't think anybody would...a person's last wish is sacred...

And giving them her answer...getting up...

CAROL WATSON (CONT'D)

I'll make up your room...

INT. GUEST ROOM, THE HOUSE IN BUFFALO - NIGHT

Joanna, having come from the bathroom, in a nightgown Carol had loaned her, comes back into the room. Mackensie is still dressed...and putting on his coat...he tells her...

MACKENSIE

I'm going...

JOANNA

What do you mean, you're going?

MACKENSIE

I've done all I can for you. You will be safe here for the time that's left. You aren't safe with me.

She moves to stop him...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

When the time, the remaining days have come and gone, go somewhere nobody can find you. (and still the hint of menace...) Not even men.

He takes her shoulders.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

Start over. Be whoever you want to be. What do writers call it, create a pseudonym for yourself, another you who has a rich and full life of romance and adventure. I'm sure you will meet someone who will be good to you. You deserve somebody who is.

And with that he turns to go...

JOANNA

Mackensie...

And she holds him...

MACKENSIE
(like Bogart)
You never know, kid, maybe we'll run
into each other again. That's what
happens with lost souls.

And turning he goes out the door...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(motioning, protectively)
And lock it...

And he's gone...She looks out the window...a Taxi is
waiting...she sees Mackensie cross from the house, get into
the Taxi...and he's gone. Her watch goes off, "BING."

JOANNA
(says to herself)
Five more days.

INT. A BUFFALO CHAIN HOTEL - NIGHT

Mackensie, unable to sleep, sitting alone in the sad lounge
in a chain hotel's bar having a drink...thinking about what
comes next...He takes the paperback copy of her book out of
his coat pocket...He finds his place, near the end,
reading...He reads something that has him go back a page and
read it again...He stops to think about something...as he
sits alone at the bar his reflection in the bar mirror, a man
without a home.

INT. BUFFALO AIRPORT - MORNING

Where we see Mr. Lime getting off of a plane, coming to
America. As he starts into the terminal...

MACKENSIE
Archie.

He turns. Mackensie who has been sitting waiting for him,
gets up.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
It was the only flight from London.
Can we talk?

MR. LIME
(no surprise)
I'm starving.

INT. A BUFFALO DINER - MORNING

A working class diner. Mr. Lime and Mackensie are sitting in a booth. Mr. Lime relishing a plate of three eggs, five pieces of bacon, hash browns, corn bread and soaked in gravy.

MR. LIME
(enjoying)
Americans know the value of a good breakfast.

He looks at him.

MACKENSIE
(after a beat)
She's where "London" can't hurt her.

MR. LIME
You know that isn't possible.
(and wise)
You didn't come to see me to talk me out of this. You've decided to finish the job yourself as it was meant to be done. I'm sorry it's come to that, but that's the right decision.

MACKENSIE
I'm in love with her.

MR. LIME
Of course you are. You will be in love with someone else again.

MACKENSIE
I suppose so. What is this job's hold on me?

MR. LIME
People come and go...but the only thing we have is our self respect. I'm sorry it has come to this. You've given her the best time of her life.

MACKENSIE
(nods, certain)
I'll do it.

He gets up.

MR. LIME
Let me know when and where.

Mackensie turns to go...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)

It will be the way it's supposed to be. She won't know what hit her. She said it herself in her book, "Girl Up A Tree." (he smiles his smile) "There are many ways to skin a cat."

(...and noticing)

I see you're reading her first.

And Mackensie remembers he has her paperback book, "Girl Alone," with the casket on the cover in his pocket. He takes it out, and without any fanfare tosses it in a trash can...

MACKENSIE

(meaning the book, the
extended assignment)

I'm done with it...

And heads out the door.

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE, BUFFALO - MORNING

The phone's RINGING. Carol comes to get it.

CAROL WATSON

Yes, of course... (calling) Joanna...

Joanna comes to get the phone.

CAROL WATSON (CONT'D)

It's Mackensie...

Joanna takes up the phone...Carol goes into the other room...

MACKENSIE (OVER)

Can you meet me right away? I really
need to say goodbye.

He tells her where...

JOANNA

I'm coming...

MACKENSIE (OVER)

Is Andy around?

JOANNA

(turns)

Andy?

And as Andy, putting on his gun, getting ready for work,
comes out of the bedroom...



WE SUDDENLY SEE THE BREATHTAKING SIGHT OF THE NIAGARA FALLS THUNDERING AS THEY DROP BELOW.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS, EXCURSION BOAT - DAY

We see Mackensie and Joanna putting on their bright red rain ponchos as they wait to board the Maid of the Mist Niagara Falls EXCURSION BOAT. Arms protectively across her chest she seems tremendously nervous.

MACKENSIE

Are you okay?

JOANNA

I don't like all the noise and the power of the falls...It scares me to death...

MACKENSIE

I'll take care of you...I thought it was a glorious way to end things for us.

JOANNA

(a wan smile)

You have a way of putting things.

He puts his arm around her.

MACKENSIE

You're very brave.

JOANNA

That's a familiar woman's refrain.
When don't I have to be brave?

The people, all in their red ponchos, start getting onto the boat. As they follow them aboard...

EXT. MAID OF THE MIST EXCURSION BOAT, NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO - DAY

Joanna and Mackensie on the crowded boat of newlyweds celebrating seeing the mighty Falls. Mackensie, his arm around her, the two of them getting wet from the falls' spray...

MACKENSIE

(above the roar)

We got married here. Took this very boat.

He goes into his pocket. He gives her a child's girl's ring.

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
The next best thing.

He puts the ring on her finger. Touched, she puts her head on his shoulder. The boat approaches even closer to the falls...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
Let's get a better look.

They push their way to the back of the boat as it swings around coming precariously close to the falls. Everyone presses forward to the railing to get as close as they can... Mackensie and Joanna at the front of the people at the railing...As the boat swings as close as possible under the roaring falls he grabs her, holding her, romantically kissing her, goodbye...There's a crush of people where we lose sight of Mackensie and Joanna in all the red ponchos for a brief moment...until out of all the red we hear a SHOUT...

MACKENSIE (OVER) (CONT'D)
Woman overboard...!!!

People press close to him...Mackensie searching the water for sight of her...A Deckhand comes running...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
She was looking over the railing and
she just went in!

Everybody scrambles to look if they can see her...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(to the Deckhand)
For gods sake, do something!

But it is obvious there is nothing that can be done...she is gone! Mackensie left to look at the falls and the deep dark water without blinking an eye.

EXT. MAID OF THE MIST EXCURSION BOAT, DOCK - LATER IN THE DAY

The boat emptied...Mackensie talking to some Policemen.

A POLICEMAN
There's a rescue boat searching...

MACKENSIE
Has anyone ever survived...?

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Not in that particular area...

And we see it's ANDY arriving.

ANDY
My God, what happened?

MACKENSIE
We were just looking at the falls and
she went over. She must have
tripped...

ANDY
(a beat)
I'm sorry but I have to ask. Do you
think she wanted to take her life?

MACKENSIE
God no, nothing like that. She had
everything to live for.

EXT. MAID OF THE MIST EXCURSION BOAT, DOCK - NIGHTFALL

Mackensie coming off the boat. Starting for a line of Taxi
Cabs...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Mackensie...

He turns...The ever present Mr. Lime is standing there.

MR. LIME
Easier than you thought?

MACKENSIE
(nods)
Easier than I thought. It would be
just what she wanted, unexpected and
quick and painless.

He nods.

MR. LIME
Well done.

He starts to walk away.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
You will let me know if they find her
body, won't you?

And he walks off. Mackensie stands for a moment in the
falling light looking at the falls...looking at the boat...
and crosses to get into a Taxi...and he's driven away.



We stay for some more time...the Captain and his Crew closing up the boat, leaving for the night...The lonely boat sitting at the empty dock...When we see a FIGURE coming out of a boat closet in a familiar red rain slicker...and there's the sound of the distinctive "BING."

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - MORNING

A boggy bay at the bottom in sight of the falls...a figure in their red poncho lying half out of the water in the weeds...

And now we see Andy is already there, the very first to arrive...Another Policeman coming along with a FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER...The Policeman going to examine the body.

ANDY

(stopping him)

You don't need to. I took care of it.
I started a report. Simple drowning.

The Policeman is glad not to have to be bothered. The Photographer taking PHOTOGRAPHS of the body of the well known drowned author Joanna Dunlap.

WHEN WE SEE THE RESULTS OF THE PHOTOGRAPH IN A BUFFALO NEWSPAPER: "Author Drowns At Falls." "Joanna Elizabeth Dunlap, award winning mystery writer, accidentally fell from the Maid of the Mist excursion boat to her death at Niagara Falls..."

EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK CEMETERY - END OF THE DAY

An old timeless and endless hillside cemetery with the city in the distant background. Where we see Joanna's casket, reminiscent of her book cover, being lowered into a grave. A small number of people, Manhattan book types, along with Andy and Carol, watching the casket being lowered. And as Mackensie is first to throw dirt on her grave...And while others do...we see at the end of the line the last to dig a shovel of dirt and throw it on her grave, verifying his job is through, is Mr. Lime.

As the people get in their cars and leave, Mackensie is last to go. He takes one final look, and crossing to his car leaves...We linger on the gravesite...A BULLDOZER COMES TO PUSH DIRT ON TOP OF THE CASKET...FILLING THE HOLE...When we hear the distinctive "BING" of Joanna's watch. Which has us DISSOLVE TO:



INT. JOANNA'S GRAVE - LATE IN THE DAY

The buried CASKET. And we further DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - DAY

Where we see Joanna is lying in her casket, not advised for the claustrophobic, with an oxygen mask over her nose and mouth and an oxygen tank nearby. Her oxygen mask rising and falling with each breath of life, despite being buried alive.

INT. A BROOKLYN RESTAURANT, FUNERAL RECEPTION - NIGHT

A memorial reception. Poster boards are displayed around the room with photographs of Joanna's various book covers with their titles, along with a number of stunning photographs of Joanna...

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

Joanna, literally buried alive, breathing with the oxygen tank...But we can see the oxygen level is falling...

INT. THE BROOKLYN FUNERAL RECEPTION FOR JOANNA - NIGHT

When we see Mackensie bringing Mr. Lime a plate of food.

MR. LIME

That's awfully nice of you.

MACKENSIE

I thought you might like the chicken...

Mr. Lime, never one to pass up a meal, eats his food...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)

I have a plane to catch.

MR. LIME

I thought I'd stay another day and have a meal at Le Bernadin.

(satisfied)

I've filled my end of the bargain.

Mackensie nods.

MACKENSIE

We both have.

MR. LIME
(appreciating)
The chicken is quite good. (and) We
will probably never see each other
again. You are a deserving adversary.

Mackensie nods his respect... "And you, Mr. Lime." And as he starts out of the Restaurant...coming by Andy and Carol...

MACKENSIE
Thank you for everything...

He shakes Andy's hand and embraces Carol...and as he hurries out...

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

Joanna's rhythmic breathing. But the oxygen supply starting to become exhausted.

INT. TAXI, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Mackensie in the back of the cab looking at his watch.

MACKENSIE
(to the Driver, concerned)
Can you go any quicker?

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

The sound of the oxygen delivery has begun to labor. As Joanna breathes in and out, in and out...

INT. TAXI, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The cab turning a corner. When SUDDENLY a car running a light careens into them, sending the Cab skidding across the intersection...Mackensie, despite his seat belt, bounced around. He finds his balance...shaken, he struggles to open the door...he climbs out...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

He moves along the street as fast as he is able to go...Just ahead is the CEMETERY...

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

The oxygen has dissipated to a hissing sound...Joanna starting to gasp for air...

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY - NIGHT

Mackensie, in some pain, making his way across the cemetery.

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

The hissing sound of the oxygen suddenly stops. Joanna breathing the last of it...

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Mackensie has managed to make it to her gravesite. He takes up a shovel, starting to dig the fresh dirt...

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

The oxygen tank has gone dead still. Joanna pulls off the oxygen mask gasping for whatever air is trapped in the casket.

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVESITE - NIGHT

Mackensie digging as fast as he can.

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

She struggles to breathe whatever last bit of air there is...

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVESITE - NIGHT

His shovel hits the casket...he pushes the dirt away...

INT. JOANNA'S CASKET - NIGHT

She's stopped breathing...

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVESITE - NIGHT

He struggles to open the casket...Joanna lying still...and she suddenly takes in a huge breath of air and comes completely awake, deeply breathing in the saving air... Mackensie grabs her up...pulling her out...kneeling with her, letting her breathe in the precious air...

JOANNA
(finding her breath)
What took you so fucking long?

MACKENSIE
(him, wry)
Talk about your woman in distress!

And she starts to laugh, cathartic, at the absurdity of it all...Mackensie sharing the cathartic laughter with her...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
(for everything)
Shit!

And they keep laughing, glad to be together, glad to be alive...When they hear a distinctive CLICKING SOUND...And they see Mr. Lime, clicking his deadly pen as he does, has come to the gravesite.

MR. LIME
(had realized)
I read the same book you did...

He takes out an old paperback copy of her book, "Girl Alone."

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
(reading the end)
"He pulled her out of her casket, holding her as she struggled to catch her breath. And she said, 'What took you so long?' Which he planned to make up to her in every way he could. He said, 'You have to make me a promise.' She looked at his rough face. He said to her, 'You can never go away again.' She didn't say anything...she couldn't make that promise. No woman could."

He shuts the book. They're dead quiet. When her watch sounds, "Bing."

JOANNA
(to Mr. Lime)
That's all of it. You've run out of time.

MR. LIME
I'm afraid that's on London time.
We're on New York time now.

He turns the pen into the lethal weapon that it is.

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
(meaning the open grave)
You saved me the trouble of having to
find someone to bury you two...

He points the pistol fingering the small trigger about to
kill them...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
Safe travels...

When for some reason he loses his footing slightly
stumbling...He tries to find his balance...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
(confused by it)
I've lost my balance...

He goes down on his knees...He doesn't understand what's
happening to him...

MR. LIME (CONT'D)
What's happening to me?

He tries to get back up but his legs won't support him and he
sits heavily back down. He's not doing well, not doing well
at all.

MACKENSIE
(simply)
You shouldn't have eaten the chicken.

And he tosses him the empty deadly nasal spray bottle...

MACKENSIE (CONT'D)
Archie. Didn't your mother ever tell
you to watch what you eat?

Mr. Lime seems to want to say something but losing his battle
with consciousness pitches over onto his stomach like a
beached whale. It's dead still. They don't move taking a
moment to appreciate the exquisite ending together. And as
they silently celebrate, sharing a well earned smile of
triumph...



EXT. THE BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Mackensie and Joanna finishing putting Mr. Lime into the casket. Closing the lid on him.

EXT. THE BROOKLYN CEMETERY, JOANNA'S GRAVE - NIGHT

And we see them from a distance walking away from the grave, walking down the hill past the endless grave markers leaving it all behind.

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAYBREAK

The glorious Bridge. And we see Joanna and Mackensie walking over the bridge back to the City inexorably together. We linger for a moment on their disappearing into the distance with the wonderful feeling anything is possible.

And it seems we should end there...but wait...

WHEN WE FIND OURSELVES ON AN AIRPLANE AGAIN.

INT. A FLIGHT TO LONDON - NIGHT

Joanna settling into her seat. And the first thing we hear is the MAN'S VOICE, self effacing like Cary Grant, that began our journey:

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
I think this is my seat.

And we see Mackensie with his bags and in his overcoat smiling at her, taking his seat, right back where we metaphorically started. But this time she says...

JOANNA
(smiling)
I saved it just for you...

And so happy to be together...

JOANNA (CONT'D)
(joyfully)
We made it.

MACKENSIE
(equally, his smile)
We did!

INT. THE PLANE, NIGHT - LATER

Joanna and Mackensie sitting together in the dark plane...

MACKENSIE

(whispering in the dark)

This time we can go anyplace we ever
dreamed of. We can take all the time
or as little as we want because we
have each other.

JOANNA

And you can be yourself. No more
"London."

MACKENSIE

(nods yes)

No more "London."

She puts her head on his shoulder.

JOANNA

It sounds too good to be true.

She starts to close her eyes...

JOANNA (CONT'D)

You gave me the best time of my life.

MACKENSIE

Sweet dreams...

She looks at Mackensie once more as if being certain to
remember him...She gives him a small last contented smile,
and breathing regularly she is safely, peacefully, and
blissfully asleep...

WHEN DAYLIGHT SUDDENLY POURS IN.

INT. THE AIRPLANE - MORNING

The plane landed, arriving at the GATE. The familiar chime
that it's safe to get up. Great activity, people gathering
their stuff, getting ready to go. Mackensie gets up getting
his things, shrugging on his overcoat. Surprisingly, he
starts to make his way off the plane for some reason without
her...Before he departs he stops and looks back at Joanna.
And here you have it.

We see she is still lying in her seat with her head just out
of the blanket, eyes closed, motionless. Joanna seemingly at
peace, having "lived" the life she so badly wanted, filled
with romance and adventure.



But now may I say, "dead to the world." Mackensie takes a last look at her, and his work done, gets off. The plane empties. Joanna still hasn't moved. A Flight Attendant trying to rouse her, to no avail. She goes for help.

INT. LONDON HEATHROW - MORNING

Mackensie, his job complete, moving through the busy terminal...

INT. THE AIRPLANE - MORNING

Joanna completely alone, lying in her seat on the empty plane. And just to put a button on things, as ironic as can be, we hear one of the most romantic movie songs ever sung, "Moon River," playing over..."Moon River, wider than a mile, I'm crossing you in style some day. Oh, dream maker, you heart breaker, wherever you're going I'm going your way..."

INT. LONDON HEATHROW - MORNING

The unforgettable Mackensie, accompanied by the song, moving through the terminal. "Two drifters, off to see the world..."

INT. THE AIRPLANE - MORNING

Joanna, still in her seat. "There's such a lot of world to see." Or may I say she is where "being dead" is only another day at the office for "London." "We're after the same rainbow's end..."

INT. LONDON HEATHROW - MORNING

Mackensie moving off, but before he goes he turns to look back at us. He smiles, shrugs as if to say... "All good things must come to an end."

And as he goes on about his way moving through the terminal...and I have the distinct feeling we haven't seen the last of him...But for now... "Waiting round the bend..."

INT. THE AIRPLANE - MORNING

Joanna lying in her seat. "My huckleberry friend..." Her arm almost gracefully falls. Where we can see her watch on her wrist as it goes off for a final time, "Bing." "Moon River, and me..."