
THE BOURNE IDENTITY

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Novel: Robert Ludlum

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FIRST OF ALL

WATER -- the Mediterranean -- roiling with bad weather. Cold, gray fog. Heavy chop. Whitecaps. The sudden roar of diesel engines struggling over the wind and --

A CARGO SHIP PLOUGHS INTO FRAME. THE AVENTURA. An aged, ugly working vessel. Floating rust.

CUT TO

TWO SAILORS ON DECK. One African. One Sicilian. Rugged, beaten lifers dressed in filthy work clothes. They're up near the bow, tucked in behind a container. They're smoking hash -- trying to -- fighting the wind --

AFRICA gets his hit. SICILY pulls the pipe away.

AFRICA moves to the rail. Holding the smoke. Exhaling into the wind. Standing there -- staring out over the water -- until, suddenly --

AFRICA
-- dites donc! -- dites donc! --
(calling back to
his partner--)
-- amigo! -- vite! -- vite! --

BECAUSE WAY OUT THERE

THERE'S SOMETHING FLOATING. Wreckage. A chunk of orange kapok ballast bobbing up and down.

But something more...

Is that a body?

CUT TO

AFRICA running across the deck -- sprinting for the bridge -- yelling as he goes -- yelling for help and --

CUT TO

THAT CHUNK OF KAPOK. Rolling with the chop. And yes, it is A BODY. Naked. Drained. Sprawled facedown, clutching the float with paralyzed rigor...

A dead body.

1

AND NOW THE CAMERA FINDS

A LIFE BOAT. Pulling close. FOUR SAILORS -- pissed-off, grizzled salts -- working the oars. A YOUNG ALGERIAN DECK OFFICER standing at the bow with a grappling hook. This is a shit detail. Nobody happy to be here and --

CUT TO

THE BODY -- rough hands pulling it into the lifeboat -- landing it hard onto the deck -- the body sprawled out -- facedown -- naked --

All the sailors talking at once -- three languages going -- brave nervous chatter to mask the presence of death --

SAILOR #1

-- Jesus, look at him --

SAILOR #2

-- what? -- you never saw a dead man before? --

SAILOR #3

-- at least we got here before the seagulls started in on him --

SAILOR #4

-- look, look, he was shot --
(nudging the body
with his boot--)

SAILOR #2

-- don't, don't do like that --

SAILOR #4

-- he's dead -- you think he cares? --

SAILOR #2

-- so have some respect --

DECK OFFICER

-- both of you -- enough -- ge--
(never finishing,
because--)

THE BODY JUST MOVED! -- a lurch -- an involuntary spasm of life -- THE SAILORS -- off guard -- completely freaked -- SAILOR #4 -- falling back -- into the water, as we --

CUT TO

SHIP'S CORRIDOR -- motion -- TWO SAILORS hauling THE BODY -- coming fast through the narrow bowels of the Aventura -- dim light from bare bulbs -- all is rusted -- dripping -- mildewed -- the smell practically visible --

Behind them, THE CAPTAIN. He's fifty. Greek. Forty years at sea. Not happy about any of it.

CUT TO

THE BODY. Laid out on a cot. Comatose. Cold. Stiff. Motionless beneath a thin, stained blanket. But the eyes -- there's something flickering beneath the lids...

We will now call him THE MAN.

WE'RE IN

THE SHIP'S CARGO OFFICE. A small airless wreck of a room. Papers and bottles and porn magazines strewn about -- and the mess only getting worse as --

CARGO OFFICER FEENEY tears through the clutter -- searching for a medical kit buried under the shambles. FEENEY is sixty. Irish. A played-out, bloodshot face. Shaky hands.

FEENEY

-- it's here -- hang on -- it's here
somewhere -- give us a minute --

THE CAPTAIN standing there. Steely and impatient. Behind him, SEVERAL CURIOUS SAILORS watching from the door --

FEENEY

-- get some blankets -- get some
more blankets on him --
(finding the kit--)
-- here we go -- here it is --

FEENEY with a large first-aid kit -- an old trunk -- getting it open -- pulling out a stethoscope as --

CAPTAIN

(to the sailors--)
-- out! -- all of you -- back to
work! -- go on! -- back to work!

THE SAILORS disappear. FEENEY kneeling beside THE MAN -- fumbling with the scope -- searching for a heartbeat -- nothing -- nothing, and then --

FEENEY

-- it's faint -- it's very faint --
but, bloody hell...

(turning back--)

He's alive. Jesus, he's alive...

But if FEENEY is looking for an upbeat reaction, he's come
to the wrong place --

CAPTAIN

You listen to me. We pick him up.
Okay, we have to pick him up. But
that's as far as it goes.

FEENEY

He needs a doctor.

CAPTAIN

Do what you can.

FEENEY

That's not a hell of a lot.

THE CAPTAIN slams shut the door. Now they're alone.

CAPTAIN

The ship is overweight. We're late.
We're illegal. He lives? He dies?
I don't care. You do what you can.
But we don't stop. We don't radio.
We waste two hours on this shit
already.

(stone cold)

You understand me?

FEENEY

Yes, sir.

THE CAPTAIN walks. FEENEY pulls a pint of rum from his desk.
A quick pull to steady his hand. Another to steady his heart.
Staring down at THE MAN, as we --

CUT TO

A VIDEO MONITOR -- FULL FRAME -- NEWS FOOTAGE IN PROGRESS --
we're looking at a very animated, very angry, African ex-
dictator. This is GEORGE WAMBOSI. Cross Idi Amin and Mobuto.
He's holding an impromptu press conference in the driveway of
his palace in exile in Marseille. Lots of security. Lots of
press and cameras and --

WAMBOSI

-- sending peoples to kill me in my house, in France, with my wives and babies in the house and I say this to my old friends, I say this for all the peoples who make threats against me and try to say for me to how I should be talking -- you know what I say? Maybe yes! Maybe now is the time I should tell my whole story! -- the real story! -- tell everyone! Maybe now I write my true story for everyone to see! Tell the world about all my old friends! --
(stopping, freezing on that image, as we--)

REVERSE TO FIND

CIA OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM. MARSHALL, a CIA bigwig has the floor.

MARSHALL

He's saying it us. He's saying we tried to take him out.

SIX CIA MANDARINS sitting around the table like kids in detention. The guy we're interested in is named WARD ABBOTT. Picture a savvier, slicker John Poindexter.

MARSHALL

The Director wants to know if there is any possible shred of truth in that accusation.

Long pause. No hands go up.

CUT TO

THE SHIP'S CARGO CABIN. Night. FEENEY at his desk writing a letter. Working the bottle.

THE MAN (OS)

Where am I?

FEENEY whips around. THE MAN sitting up. Staring.

FEENEY

Jesus...

THE MAN

Where am I?

FEENEY

You're in hell, my boy. You're on a leaking thirty-thousand-ton shit barge headed for Tripoli.

(he smiles)

Who are you? What's yer name?

(silence)

Come on then, I've been standing over you four days straight, I got a right to know who I've been working for...

(dead air)

You're one tough bastard, that's for sure. Shot twice. Stabbed. God knows what else. There was more salt water in ya than blood fer crissake...

THE MAN

How did I get here?

FEENEY

It's the cold saved you. The water. They pulled you out.

(no reaction)

You're on a ship, lad. They pulled you out of the water. You were lost at sea.

(still nothing)

Who the hell are you then?

Long dead pause.

THE MAN

I don't know.

CUT TO

TREADSTONE. CIA HEADQUARTERS. A deep, inner office. An ops office. Operations. Unlabeled. Non-specific. A backwater project center hidden deep within the Langely facility. Stripped down. Utilitarian. Several rooms linked like a suite.

Very small staff. TWO TECHNICIANS. One for encrypted communications. One for research. These two people are at their posts.. And it's all quiet.

But they are busy. Quietly urgent. This is a place under siege.

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

CUT TO

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

CONKLIN

(looking up)

What?

ZORN

Abbott wants to talk.

CONKLIN

Tell him we're busy.

ZORN

I tried.

CUT TO

CIA COMMISSARY. ABBOTT with lunch. CONKLIN not eating.

ABBOTT

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

CONKLIN

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

ABBOTT

I'm talking about Marseille. Mr. George Wambosi. I'm asking you if Marseille -- this little abortion in Marseille -- I'm asking you if I need an umbrella.

(silence)

Was this Treadstone?

CONKLIN

You're asking me a direct question?

ABBOTT

Yes.

CONKLIN

I thought you were never going to do that.

Silence. Pressure drop.

ABBOTT

They're putting together an agency oversight committee. That means they go down the list. Treadstone is a line item in my budget. And a sizable one at that. They're going to ask questions. Very direct questions.

(beat)

What am I going to do about that?

CONKLIN

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

ABBOTT

And what if I couldn't do that?

CONKLIN

Then I'd have to explain Treadstone. And you'd have to explain how you let me get this far.

(silence)

Doesn't sound like much of a Plan-B, does it?

(Abbott staring)

We'll clean up the field. You clean up the records.

CUT TO

THE AVENTURA rolling in rough dark sea.

CUT TO

SHIP'S PASSAGEWAY. THE MAN coming through slowly. He's wearing borrowed clothes. Easing himself along. Working through the pain. Determined.

FEENEY

(coming toward him)

Where the hell you think you're off to?

THE MAN

I need air.

FEENEY

Fuck that. You need to rest.

FEENEY moves to help him. THE MAN waves him off.

THE MAN

(in perfect French)

(I can speak French. You hear this? Listen to me. It feels completely natural.)

(now perfect Italian)

(Or maybe you like Italian better? Because I can do Italian too. Are you hearing this?)

(back to English)

It's like it's just there -- it's inside me. Like I can turn it on and off. Like it's waiting.

(lost)

What does that mean?

CUT TO

SHIP'S GALLEY. Two minutes later. A just godawful place to eat. FEENEY and THE MAN alone here at a table.

THE MAN

...I keep trying things. To see if I know how to do them. That maybe I'll remember -- that maybe I'll do something and then I'll remember. See, I'm right-handed. I can read. I can write. I can add and subtract. Now these languages...

FEENEY puts a hand out to stop him. Something to say.

FEENEY

You're a yank. Bet my life on it. How do I know that? Your teeth. I've pulled plenty of teeth in my time. The work you've had done -- they only do that in the States. So there's that, but...

(hesitating now
before--)

Look, my boy, I saved your life. You know that.

THE MAN

Yes.

FEENEY fills his tea cup with rum.

FEENEY

Someone saves your life. There's a debt there.

(he drinks)

You owe me.

THE MAN

I have nothing.

FEENEY

If. If it turned out that you had something. If you did.

THE MAN says nothing. FEENEY reaching into his pocket now. Pulling out a tiny little strip of rolled up plastic.

FEENEY

It was in yer hip. Under the skin. Tucked in there.

THE MAN

What is it?

FEENEY

It's some kind of microfilm. It's to a bank. A bank in Zurich.

(donning his glasses)

See, here...

(holding it to the light--)

These numbers. That's an account. That's a Swiss numbered account.

THE MAN

This was under my skin?

FEENEY

I don't know what kind of game you were into, my boy. Maybe you're still playing it, I don't know. But if there's pot of gold here, then...

(beat)

Don't forget what I've done for you.

THE MAN still staring at the microfilm, as we --

CUT TO

TRIPOLI. Day. The Aventura off-loading cargo. The crew -- a rogues gallery of faces and nationalities -- working the containers and cranes and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE MAN helping out on deck. Still hobbling. But he's stronger. And stoic. And it feels good to be in the air.

CUT TO

THE SHIP'S DECK. Night. The Aventura sailing in the moonlight. THE MAN out here alone. Doing pull-ups on an overhanging piece of scaffold. Getting stronger.

CUT TO

LOWER DECK HEAD. One of the ugliest bathrooms you've ever seen. THE MAN standing there at this cataract of a mirror. Staring at himself.

This face.

Who am I?

CUT TO

BARCELONA HARBOR. THE AVENTURA pulling toward the docks.

CUT TO

SHIP'S CARGO CABIN. THE MAN pulling his few possessions together. FEENEY watching him.

FEENEY

I have six hundred francs.

(The Man turns)

Take it. It'll get you to Zurich.

(a piece of paper)

That's my address -- my mail drop in Belfast. If you get lucky.

CUT TO

A SHIPPING CONTAINER. Hoisted by a dock crane. Rising from the deck of the Aventura -- swinging out over the busy Barcelona dock and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE MAN perched atop the container -- hitching a ride --
ready to jump and -- timing it and --

THE MAN hits the ground walking. Just perfect. Blending
instantly into the scene, as we --

CUT TO

THE BARCELONA TRAIN STATION. Grande terminale.

CAMERA FINDS

A TICKET COUNTER. THE MAN and a TICKET AGENT.

THE MAN

Zurich, por favor. Quanto questa?

AGENT

Una sola via ida ey regreso?

THE MAN

One way. Una sola via.

CUT TO

BARCELONA TRAIN STATION SHOP. THE MAN at the cashier.
Bankroll looking thin as he pays for a t-shirt, toothbrush,
and A CHEAP PINK POKEMON BACKPACK.

CUT TO

TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM. Encrypted transmission
equipment. CONKLIN, ZORN and A TECHNICIAN --

CONKLIN

Still nothing? No word?

ZORN

Negative.

CONKLIN

They've gone back over everything?
Every dead drop? Every transmission?

ZORN

Everything.

CONKLIN looking fucked. Horns of a big dilemma

CONKLIN
I can't wait much longer. Tell Paris
to activate. I want everyone up and
running. They've got twelve hours.

CUT TO

TRAIN TO ZURICH. Speeding up the Spanish coastline.

INSIDE

THE TRAIN DINING CAR. THE MAN sitting there over a cup of
coffee. It's empty just now. Just him and THE WAITER.

After a moment, THE WAITER leaves.

THE MAN watches him go. Stands. Moving now to the little
bar area. Something he wants to do. What is it?

AN ESPRESSO MACHINE. THE MAN standing there. Another test.
Does he know how to do this?

And yes, he does. His hands doing the work. Taking the
cup. The dials. Knowing this. Pressing the right button.
Watching himself do this, as we --

CUT TO

MADRID. A GRAND BOULEVARD. A GRAND HOUSE. OVER THIS --
PIANO MUSIC -- someone butchering a piece by Haydn, as we --

CUT TO

A MUSIC ROOM. Meet THE PROFESSOR. He's a piano teacher.
Vaguely hip. Pushing 60. Deceptively fit. He's sitting
here, listening to A NINE-YEAR-OLD STUDENT struggle through
the music.

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

CUT TO

A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. Night. THE MAN sitting here watching
the world roll by out the window.

Across the aisle -- A WOMAN diapering her BABY.

THE MAN standing now. Stretching. Smiling at the woman as he passes up the aisle and --

THE MAN passing between cars.

Stopping here now that he's alone. In his hands, A DIAPER he's just stolen from the woman. Staring at it. Trying to figure it out. But it's hopeless. No idea how it works. Back, front?

Tossing the diaper, as we --

CUT TO

ATHENS. A CAFE NEAR THE ACROPOLIS. A GROUP OF STUDENTS -- vagabonds -- sitting around over beer and cigarettes and coffee and --

THE CAMERA FEATURES

THE BACKPACKER. That's what we'll call him. Twenty-three. Tanned and funky. Patches and piercings. Lighting a smoke for one of the girls...

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

CUT TO

A TRAIN COMPARTMENT. TWO OLD MEN playing speed chess. THE MAN sitting nearby, watching. Staring.

Checkmate. The game is over.

OLD MAN #1
(turning to The Man)
Vous jouez?

THE MAN not sure. Not sure what to say.

THE MAN
Non. Non, merci.

THE OLD MEN start setting up for a rematch. THE MAN catching his reflection on the window. So lost.

CUT TO

HAMBURG. A CONFERENCE ROOM. A boring, marathon business meeting. FIFTEEN MIDDLE MANAGERS and MARKETING DRONES trapped around a German sales presentation.

THE CAMERA FINDS

MANHEIM. Bald. Hefty. Fifty. He looks dumb and piggy. Anything but. Sitting here taking notes.

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

CUT TO

ZURICH TRAIN STATION. Night. THE MAN wandering through the terminal. Passing a PIZZA PLACE closing up for the night.

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

CUT TO

ZURICH STREETS. Night. THE MAN walking aimlessly.

CUT TO

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

Just settling in, when --

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

THE MAN turns. TWO ZURICH COPS coming toward him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MAN raising his hands slowly -- ZURICH COP #1 reaching for the pink backpack --

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

ZURICH COP #2 has heard enough -- giving a sharp poke with the nightstick -- into THE MAN's back --

And that's the last thing he'll remember because --

THE MAN is in motion.

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

COP #1 -- behind him -- trying to react -- trying to reach for his pistol but --

THE MAN -- still turning -- all his weight moving in a single fluid attack -- a sweeping kick and --

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

COP #2 -- writhing on the ground -- gasping for air -- struggling with his holster and -- THE MAN -- his foot --

down -- like a vise -- onto COP #2's arm -- shattering the bone and -- COP #2 starting to scream, and then silenced because --

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

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

THE MAN slams the gun against his temple and --

This fight is over.

THE MAN standing there. In the silence. Two unconscious cops at his feet. Blood on his pants. What just happened? How did he do this?

And there's THE GUN in his hand. And God, it just feels so natural -- checking it -- stripping it down -- holding it -- aiming it -- like this is something he's done a million times before...

This is something he definitely knows how to do.

And then he stops cold. Throwing down the gun. Grabbing his pink backpack. Starting to run, as we --

CUT TO

ZURICH. Morning. The financial district. Super upscale. Super uptight.

THE CAMERA FINDS

BIRCHESBANK ZURICH. One of many elegant fortresses on this street. Everything just now opening for business. TWO GUARDS unlocking the front door and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

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

CUT TO

BANK RECEPTION AREA. Cold and clean. Impenetrable.

RECEPTIONIST
(Can I help you?)

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

THE MAN
I'm here about a numbered account.

THE RECEPTIONIST nods. Pulls a pen and bank card.

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

THE MAN takes the pen, as we --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE BANK -- A SECURITY STATION -- A BIOMETRIC SCANNER
-- THE MAN standing here, flanked by TWO BANK GUARDS, as a
wave of bright white light passes across his OPEN HAND --
green lights confirming his identity, as we --

CUT TO

DEEPER INSIDE THE BANK. THE MAN being led by ANOTHER GUARD
to a special elevator.

CUT TO

DEEPER INSIDE THE BANK. Elevator doors open. THE MAN steps
out. MR. APFEL waiting there. He's an anal Zurich banker.

APFEL
Mr. Bourne. Good morning. I assume
you're here about your box.
(beat)
Mr. Bourne?

THE MAN hesitates. Is that his name? Bourne?

THE MAN
Yes. The box.

CUT TO

SAFE DEPOSIT VIEWING ROOM. A large white room. White desk. Great light. Total privacy. A birthing room.

THE MAN sitting there. A DEPOSIT GUARD placing a large SAFETY-DEPOSIT BOX before him and then leaving the room. Closing the door behind him.

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

BOURNE

My name is Jason Bourne.

(his voice echoing
 in this room--)

Hi. I'm Jason. Jason Bourne.

Jason Bourne, nice to meet you.

BACK TO

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

And a knot of crumpled papers -- actually it's photographs -- four wrinkled pictures -- one a surveillance photo -- another one a face torn from what was obviously a group shot -- an elderly woman trying to shield her face -- another; some fat black guy smiling -- but it's junk -- all crumpled and shitty...

ANGLE ON

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

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. Close to a million dollars.

A GUN. A very good gun. Several clips of ammo.

And...

FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Crisp. Brand new. All with his photo inside. Five different names. Three different Countries

Each one of these pristine passports clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:
PLACE OF ISSUE:
SIGNATURE SAMPLE:
And a bar code:

Two U.S. passports. An Italian. A South African. A Belgian.

And...

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

NAME: Jean Michel Daloit
PLACE OF ISSUE: Paris, France.
There's a signature sample.
And a bar code.

But no passport. This one is missing.

ANGLE ON

BOURNE. Trying to push his confusion away.

BOURNE

Bourne. Jason Bourne. My name is Jason Bourne. I live at 450 Via Delmonte, Genoa, Italy.

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

The money...

The gun...

Shit.

BOURNE suddenly into gear. Stuffing everything into the backpack. All of it.

Everything except...

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

CUT TO

SAFE DEPOSIT OUTER HALLWAY. Minutes later. BOURNE is done. Handing the box back to THE DEPOSIT GUARD who smiles and --

BOURNE

(French)

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

DEPOSIT GUARD

(I don't know. Must be three weeks. Unless you've been here since and I missed you. I'm off Fridays.)

CUT TO

STREETS OF ZURICH. Minutes later. BOURNE exits the bank. The pink backpack full to it's limit. Walking briskly now. Looking for a taxi.

There. Up the street. There's a stand.

Crossing. And shit, there's A COP on the corner -- we'll call him ZURICH COP #3 -- and he seems be looking this way -- is he watching Bourne or watching everything?

BOURNE picking up the pace. Almost to the cab stand and --

CUT TO

ZURICH COP #3 pulling his radio and --

CUT TO

ZURICH TAXI -- CAB DRIVER turning as BOURNE clambers in --

BOURNE

(in German)

(Hello. How you doing?)

DRIVER
(ice cold)
(Where are you going?)

BOURNE
(Drive. Just drive.)

THE DRIVER looks him over. Utter Swiss disdain.

DRIVER
(I'm off duty. I'm just going
off. You'll have to get out.)

BOURNE
You can't be off duty...
(German again)
(You're in a taxi stand.)

DRIVER
(I'm saying I'm off-duty. Out.
Get out. You must get out.)

BOURNE looks back through the rear windshield.

HIS POV

ZURICH COP #3 now he's talking to ZURICH COP #4 and --

BACK TO

BOURNE -- jumping out of the cab -- on the street -- walking
fast now -- heading for the corner and --

CUT TO

ZURICH COP #4 in pursuit now and --

CUT TO

BOURNE hustling along now -- eyes everywhere -- trying to
hide the bulging pink backpack which is tough and --

CUT TO

THE CAB DRIVER -- out of the taxi now -- pointing down the
street -- ZURICH COP #4 taking his lead and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- he's on this fancy block of large houses -- about
to cross the street when --

HE SEES

ANOTHER COP -- shit, there's TWO OF THEM! -- and they're coming from the other direction and --

CUT TO

ZURICH COP #4 starts jogging and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- he's cornered -- looking around fast -- turning back suddenly -- back the way he came and --

CUT TO

ZURICH COP #4 -- hitting the corner -- looking around -- where did Bourne go? -- no sign of him and --

CUT TO

ZURICH COP #5 fighting traffic to cross the street and --

CUT TO

A BIG GATED COMPOUND. One of the mansions on this block. TWO U.S. MARINES standing guard. A gate house. An American flag. A sign:

U.S. CONSULATE

People coming and going -- lots of traffic -- visa applicants -- consulate visitors -- and there goes BOURNE -- disappearing into the building and --

CUT TO

THE ZURICH COPS -- on the street -- suddenly, there's five -- six -- eight of them -- none of them quite sure where Bourne has gone -- even so, they're not allowed on consulate property so for the moment they're stymied.

CUT TO

CIA HALLWAY. CONKLIN and ZORN. In a hurry. Walking and talking. Pumped up on good news.

CONKLIN

Zurich. Incredible. Who gets to Zurich first?

ZORN

Paris is checking the schedules.

CONKLIN

I was just about to close up shop.
I mean it. One more call from these
assholes upstairs and I was gonna
roll the thing up.

ZORN

I had that feeling.

They're at the blank Treadstone door. Zorn coding them in.

CONKLIN

Let's get into it.

CUT TO

U.S. CONSULATE ZURICH. PASSPORT AND VISA OFFICE. Big room.
No windows. Unpleasant on purpose. There's a line to speak
with one of the SIX CONSULATE CLERKS who are stationed in
open cubicles along the back wall.

BOURNE is on line. And it's a zoo. American tourists who've
lost their passports. Foreigners looking for visas. Asylum
seekers. Everyone here has a problem.

BOURNE is stressed. Confused. Cornered. Trying to think.
And he's running out of time -- the line just keeps moving
forward. As we hear:

MARIE (OS)

-- what you're doing, see, you're
just obsessing over the details of
this thing to the point where you're
like completely missing the big
picture --

(continuing as--)

THE CAMERA FINDS

A NEARBY CUBICLE. Meet MARIE PURCELL. Ex-pat American.
Twenty-six. Green hair. Matching wardrobe. Big energy.
Real beauty hidden beneath all the armor. And armor it is,
because this is a warrior in full, crisis battlemode.

A CONSULATE CLERK caught in her headlights.

MARIE

-- when I married Uffie --

CLERK

-- Mr. Ufland --

MARIE

-- see, to me that was it -- as far as I'm concerned, I'm Mrs. Ufland, I'm married --

CLERK

-- yes, but the Swiss -- they've clearly -- they've vacated the whole marriage -- they're saying that --

MARIE

-- I know what they're saying -- they're saying there was this other marriage -- some prior marriage -- but what I don't get is how that affects me so radically here --

CLERK

-- Ms. Purcell, if I --

MARIE

(steamrolling)

-- you've gotta know, this was as much of a shock -- more -- this prior thing, I mean this was definitely more of a shock to me than it was to the goddam Swiss government.

CLERK

Be that as it may...

MARIE

Can I be like completely honest with you? Because I'm really, I'm at the end of my rope with this. I can be honest, right?

CLERK

I don't know.

MARIE

Listen, I paid him four thousand dollars, okay? My last four thousand dollars. I paid Uffie to marry me. I'm being honest here. Ask yourself, would I do that? -- why would I do that, if I wasn't serious about it? That was every cent I had! How is it that he lies and I'm the one that suffers?

CLERK

Miss Purcell, you're the one with the immigration problem...

MARIE

He totally fucking burned me! He took my money -- he totally lied to me and then this bitch -- this prior bitch -- she's the one who starts calling everyone and making all this noise, okay?

ANGLE ON

BOURNE on line. And it just keeps moving forward. And there's no time to think. And he's listening to MARIE. And the clock on the wall keeps ticking. And there's kids running around. And he's starting to sweat and --

ANGLE ON

THAT NEARBY CUBICLE.

CLERK

-- you're aware that the maximum stay in Europe on a visitor's visa is six months? --

MARIE

-- see, I had another guy that was willing to marry me, okay? -- he was ready to roll --

CLERK

-- Miss Purcell you've been in Europe for six years --

MARIE

-- I could be married in two weeks, I swear it -- I just, I need an extension -- I need to raise some money, which is totally feasible if I can find Uffie and, hey, the Swiss, gimme a break, they don't really want to go through the whole deportation process -- it's bad for them, for you, for me -- it's just this huge mess for everyone -- see you can be the hero here -- you could save everyone a tremendous quantity of time here just by giving me an extension...

CLERK

I don't see that happening.

MARIE

Then what the fuck do I do?

CLERK

You can start by watching your language.

ANGLE ON

A DIFFERENT CUBICLE. A WOMAN CLERK waving forward the next person in line --

That person is BOURNE. No turning back. Coming forward. Standing there. Still unsure --

WOMAN CLERK

There's a chair...

BOURNE nods. Sits. Tries to smile.

BOURNE

Hi.

WOMAN CLERK

Hello.

(waiting)

Do you have a current passport?

BOURNE

Yes. Yes, I do.

BOURNE finds his Jason Bourne passport. Hands it over. She glances at it. And as this next bit plays, she's going to slip his passport through a bar-code scanner. Nothing ominous about this at all. Routine shit.

CLERK

How can I help you, Mr. Bourne?

(getting impatient)

Mr. Bourne?

BOURNE

Yes.

CLERK

Is there a problem?

BOURNE

I think so. I'm not quite sure.

CLERK

You waited on line.

BOURNE

I have a situation -- that I'm not really sure about and...

CLERK

What kind of a situation?

BOURNE

Right. Okay...

(beat)

I'm trying to think of the best way to explain it.

By now, WE CAN SEE -- the computer has started flashing something -- something ominous -- and the Clerk is now just totally shining him on.

CLERK

Are you here on business, or is this a vacation?

BOURNE

I don't know.

(she's staring)

This passport -- see I'm not even sure -- I'm not sure that's me.

CLERK

Sure looks like you...

BOURNE

I know. I have six passports. They all look like me.

CLERK

Do you have a doctor in the area, Mr. Bourne?

BOURNE

It's not a joke. You think this is a joke? It's not.

CLERK

Do you know how you got here today?

BOURNE

I came to Zurich. To go to a bank.

CLERK

It's a great town for banks.

BOURNE

Look, there was a problem with the police, okay? It was a mistake, but it happened. Obviously, this passport, I'm an American citizen, right? So, like I said...

CLERK

Tell you what. Sit tight. Let me see if I can find someone who can help you.

She stands. She's taking his passport into the back. BOURNE watching her go. Not feeling good about this. Looking up and --

There's a SECURITY CAMERA pointed right at him and --

THAT CLOCK on the wall and --

A BABY STARTS CRYING in the background and --

BOURNE is starting to sweat, looking around, and then --

HE SEES

A REFLECTION -- there's a one-way mirror behind the cubicle -- and from this angle he can see a reflection of THE CLERK'S COMPUTER SCREEN -- and it's flashing this message --

-- DETAIN -- DETAIN -- DETAIN --

REVERSE TO

BOURNE -- standing now -- standing because he can't sit anymore -- looking around and --

CUT TO

A CONSULATE CORRIDOR. Backstage area. THE WOMAN CLERK walking quickly with Bourne's passport --

INTO

THE CONSULATE SECURITY STATION. TWO ARMED MARINES staring at DOZENS OF VIDEO MONITORS. A CIVILIAN SECURITY CHIEF reading the paper and --

CLERK

Jerry...

(the Security Chief turns back--)

I got a live one in my booth. You better take a look at this...

SECURITY CHIEF

Where you working?

CLERK

Station two.

SECURITY CHIEF
(to the Marines)
Bring up number two...

ANGLE ON

MONITOR NUMBER TWO. The cubicle is empty. Empty chair.
Bourne is gone.

CUT TO

CONSULATE CORRIDOR -- BOURNE on the move -- walking back
toward the lobby -- moving smartly -- trying to snag a view
out to the street -- there's a window just ahead and --

WINDOW POV

ZURICH COPS -- outside -- on the street -- half-a-dozen of
them lingering around the entry gate and --

CUT TO

THE PASSPORT OFFICE -- SECURITY CHIEF on the move -- looking
for Bourne -- TWO ARMED MARINES right behind him -- pushing
their way through the people on line and --

CUT TO

CONSULATE LOBBY -- BOURNE stalled for a moment -- options
dwindling -- he can't go back to the passport office -- he
can't go out the front -- there are two other points of entry
into the main building, but they're both guarded by MARINES
and METAL DETECTORS and --

CUT TO

CONSULATE CORRIDOR -- SECURITY CHIEF and HIS TWO MARINES --
in pursuit -- on their way toward the lobby --

SECURITY CHIEF
(radioing as he walks--)
-- male, approximately five-ten,
brown hair -- beard -- black jacket
-- pink backpack --
(turning back now as--)

MARINE #1
(breaking in--)
Sir, we've got a posse of local cops
out by the front gate...

SECURITY CHIEF hesitates -- glancing out the window and --

CUT TO

CONSULATE LOBBY -- BOURNE -- he's made a choice -- sort of -- he's easing toward THE LARGER OF THE TWO ENTRY GATES -- this one the farthest from the front door and the passport office corridor, and it's the most crowded -- MAYBE A DOZEN PEOPLE lined up here -- waiting for one of THE THREE MARINES STAFFING THIS POST to check their bags and pass them through a metal detector and --

VOICE (OS)

-- stop! -- stop right there! --

BOURNE just beside the metal detector -- turns back -- as does everyone else in the lobby --

SECURITY CHIEF

(from across the lobby--)

-- you -- backpack -- pink backpack!
-- stop right there! -- hands up! --

BOURNE does it -- stops -- raises his hands -- THE CROWD smelling danger instantly and --

SECURITY CHIEF

(to the gate Marines--)

-- get him down -- I want him on the floor -- let's go! --

(to the Two Marines
who've come with him--)

-- check the lobby -- everyone --

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

GUN MARINE

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

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

He's swinging the backpack and --

CUT TO

THE GUN MARINE -- nailed -- blindsided -- no chance and --

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

ANOTHER GATE MARINE -- right there -- trying to grab him -- making his move -- BOURNE -- almost an afterthought -- his boot -- like a knife -- out of nowhere -- SNAP! -- the guy's arm just shattered and --

CUT TO

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

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

CUT TO

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

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

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

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

BOURNE -- on the run -- sprinting down a hallway -- deeper into the building -- who knows where it goes and --

CUT TO

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- frantic on his radio now --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- red! -- red! -- red! -- code red!
South side entrance! --

CUT TO

CONSULATE GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- offices on either side of a carpeted hallway -- BUREAUCRAT TYPES doing their thing -- unaware of what's happening and --

BUREAUCRAT #1

Excuse me?
 (down the hall)
 Excuse me, can I help y--
 (diving for cover as--)

BOURNE comes charging by, waving the M-16 and --

CUT TO

SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE ARMED MARINES -- in pursuit -- rushing through the ENTRY GATE -- heading for the corridor and --

CUT TO

A FIRE STAIRWELL -- a dead-end space -- BOURNE bombs in through a door -- there -- in front of him -- ANOTHER DOOR -- FIRE EXIT -- it's the door to the backstairs and --

It's fucking locked!

CUT TO

GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE MARINES -- and now TWO INTEL TYPES pulling sidearms joining the chase -- rushing past the offices -- search and chase and --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- split! -- we split! --
 (to the Intel types--)
 -- one of you stays! -- cover the flank! -- one of you check the back stairs! --
 (to the Marines--)
 -- you -- you -- stay with me! --

CUT TO

THE FIRE STAIRWELL -- INTEL GUY #1 -- kicking open the door from the corridor -- weapon ready and --

There's nobody here!

INTEL GUY #1 checking the FIRE EXIT DOOR -- it's locked -- he's pulling his keys and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE -- fifteen feet above -- wedged in among the ceiling pipes over the door and --

HIS POV BELOW

INTEL GUY #1 -- working fast -- unlocking the door -- doing a quick check -- looking up the empty back stairs and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- dropping -- swinging the rifle as he falls --

CUT TO

INTEL GUY #1 -- turning -- just enough to take the blow in his back -- his pistol clattering across the floor -- staggering through the door and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- trying to rally -- trying to make his feet and --

CUT TO

INTEL GUY #1 -- he's through the door -- into the stairwell -- trying to slam the door shut behind him and --

CUT TO

THE DOOR -- clank! -- won't close -- THE M-16 -- THE BARREL jammed in there at the last second from the other side and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- other side of the door -- exploding -- total, all-out impact against the door and --

CUT TO

INTEL GUY #2 -- inside -- thrown off his feet by the force of Bourne's attack -- the door catching him hard -- slamming him back into a wall and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- inside the stairwell -- no gun now -- just total motion -- one hand closing the door behind him -- using that -- pushing off -- INTEL GUY #1 with no idea what hit him -- a roundhouse kick like steel against his jaw and --

CUT TO

GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE MARINES coming past more INNER OFFICES -- running along beside them, a frantic guy in a suit -- THE DEPUTY DCM --

DEPUTY DCM

-- what're you talking about? --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- we're evacuating the building --

DEPUTY DCM

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

SECURITY CHIEF

-- call the code! -- I want everyone
-- the whole building -- we need to
evacuate! --

DEPUTY DCM

-- one guy -- you don't know where
he is -- this could be anything! --
you gotta give me more than that to
go on! --

SECURITY CHIEF

-- he's got an M-16 -- he's got a
backpack filled with God knows what,
and I don't know where he is! --

CUT TO

BACK STAIRWAY -- BOURNE climbing fast -- two -- three --
stairs at a time -- racing up -- and now, A SECURITY ALARM
STARTS CHIRPING -- beep -- beep -- beep -- as we --

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- consulate conference area --
INTERNATIONAL TRADE COMMISSIONERS -- SIXTY CONFUSED PEOPLE
just pulled out of their meeting -- eight languages going
-- all of them flooding out toward us -- beep -- beep --
beep -- THE ALARM STILL CHIRPING AWAY and --

CUT TO

A NEW DOOR flying open -- it's BOURNE -- he's reached the
top floor -- ready for anything, but there's nothing -- he's
in A SERVICE AREA -- a janitor's closet -- garbage cans --
and TWO DOORS ON EITHER SIDE and --

CUT TO

THE FIRE STAIRWELL -- FIRST FLOOR -- THREE NEW MARINES --
armed and stoked -- starting up the stairs -- leapfrogging
-- point-to-point assault procedure -- beep -- beep --

CUT TO

TOP FLOOR SERVICE AREA -- BOURNE -- THERE'S A DOOR -- he's got a mop handle -- he's poised -- psyching up -- ready for anything -- plunging through and --

INTO

A TOP FLOOR KITCHENETTE -- a butler's prep-area off the main conference room -- BOURNE -- his momentum stalled -- no one to fight -- nothing in here but tablecloths and silverware and coffee and Danish and --

CUT TO

THE CONSULATE MAIN STAIRS -- carpeted -- grand -- SECURITY CHIEF with FIVE MARINES NOW -- all of them charging up -- pushing past the PEOPLE who are coming down and --

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- completely clogged now -- confused TRADE PEOPLE all over the place -- SEVERAL EMBASSY TYPES trying to herd them toward the main stairs -- people all talking at once and THE ALARM STILL CHIRPING and --

VOICE (OS)

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

HOLY SHIT

IT'S BOURNE! -- wearing an apron -- cook's whites -- he's got a tablecloth wrapped over the backpack -- telling people not to go out the front -- TRADE PEOPLE -- hearing it -- turning -- stopping -- some not sure -- it's pandemonium up here and --

CUT TO

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

LEAD MARINE

-- HALT! -- STOP WHERE YOU ARE! --

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

THERE'S THE TARGET

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

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- now it's just fucking chaos -- these TRADE PEOPLE don't know where to go -- flipping out -- like a frightened herd -- recoiling from the backstairs -- turning back and now --

BEHIND THEM

THE SECURITY CHIEF -- HIS MARINES -- weapons drawn -- just now topping THE FRONT STAIRS --

SECURITY CHIEF
-- everybody down! -- down! --

CUT TO

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

HE'S IN

THE TRADE CONFERENCE ROOM -- big -- empty -- the table -- there's windows along one wall and --

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- outside the room -- SECURITY CHIEF -- HIS MARINES -- BACKSTAIR MARINES -- all of them converging -- TRADE PEOPLE yelling and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- alone in the CONFERENCE ROOM -- at THE WINDOW -- staring down and --

FIFTY FEET BELOW

THERE'S A COURTYARD -- sheer drop -- completely fucked and --

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- SECURITY CHIEF -- TWO MARINES -- just outside THE CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR -- trying it -- it won't budge -- trying harder -- still nothing and --

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

CUT TO

INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM -- THE DOOR -- shattering --
eaten up by GUNFIRE! -- TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! and --

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

THE ROOM IS EMPTY!

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

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

SECURITY CHIEF

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

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

THEY SEE

NOTHING -- all clear -- no way he went down there and --

CUT TO

OUTSIDE -- BOURNE -- hanging from the ledge -- looking down
-- up -- there's no choice -- he has to go down.

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

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

BOURNE starts climbing down.

And this is all one shot. No cutaway. No cheating.

We are watching a master at work...

Handhold to a drain pipe. Swinging to better ledge.

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

Down below, there's an open window on the third floor. Struggling to keep his balance, he reaches behind him to pull free the tablecloth he had wrapped around the backpack.

As he does, the backpack falls. Thump. Into the courtyard. Forget the open window. Now he's got to go all the way.

He's holding the tablecloth. Timing his next move and --

He's pushing off -- reaching -- there's another drainpipe and he's snagged it -- just long enough to pull the tablecloth around -- he's got a dragline now -- starting to fall -- yanking the cloth tight around the pipe -- straining -- slowing his descent -- the drainpipe pulling away from it's housing and --

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

Letting go for the last fifteen feet and --

He's in the courtyard!

CUT TO

AN ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE CONSULATE. MARIE storming away. Green hair shaking in fury and disgust as she goes. She's just super pissed-off -- broke -- illegal -- ruined and --

MARIE

Merde and merde encore...
(a new problem--)

UP AHEAD

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

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

MARIE

(looking up--)
Ques'que vous faite?

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

BOURNE
I need a ride.

MARIE
Comment?

BOURNE
I need a ride out of here.

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

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

MARIE
It's a little late for that.

BOURNE
I've got a situation here, I just...

The consulate alarm chirping faintly in the distance.

MARIE
Get the fuck away from my car.

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

MARIE
Great. You know what? I'll give
you ten gazillion dollars to get the
fuck away from me before I start
screaming my head off.

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

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

MARIE
Jesus...

BOURNE
Get me out of here.

MARIE looking at him. At the money. Back at him, as we --

CUT TO

ZURICH AIRPORT TERMINAL. Day. MANHEIM -- remember him? -- he's the guy we saw trapped in the Hamburg business meeting when his pager went off -- he's striding through the arrival terminal. Reading his pager as he walks and --

CUT TO

MANHEIM -- moments later -- coming out of the terminal -- as he goes -- in the crowd -- someone hands him a suitcase. A blink of an eye. Like it never happened.

MANHEIM just keeps going, as we --

CUT TO

OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH. The little red car parked. BOURNE and MARIE with a map spread out over the hood.

MARIE

Italy's kind of general. You want to tell me where?

BOURNE

Genoa.

(the map)

Straight down.

MARIE

You want to tell me why?

BOURNE

I want to go home.

MARIE

For twenty grand.

BOURNE

I said ten grand.

MARIE

Look, you've got a Pokemon backpack filled with cash. You've got blood on your pants and it sure doesn't look like you cut yourself shaving. Excuse me if I'm a little nervous about the whole situation.

BOURNE

Okay. Twenty thousand. Ten now. Ten there.

MARIE

That was too easy.

(beat)

You are -- you're a freak, right?
You're a psycho -- I'm here with a
psycho freak killer.

BOURNE

I want a ride to Genoa. That's all
I want. I swear.

MARIE

Oh, fuck that...

(disgusted)

You swear? You swear? Everyone
who's ever burned me has sworn not
to do exactly what they did right
before they did it.

(really worked up)

Do not swear. Don't. No swearing.
You got it?

BOURNE nods. Watching her try and settle.

BOURNE

I don't want anything but a ride.

(wide open)

All I want to do is go home.

Silence now. She looks back. Measuring him.

MARIE

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

BOURNE

You don't own this car.

MARIE

How do you know that?

BOURNE

Look, I want you to drive me to Genoa.
Like we're a couple. Like we're an
American couple and we're travelling
together. That's all we're doing.

MARIE

And I don't get hurt. I get twenty
grand and I don't get hurt. We're
in total agreement about that.

BOURNE

I won't hurt you.

MARIE

Promise.

BOURNE

You just told me not to do that.

MARIE

No, that was swearing. Swearing is out. Promising is different.

BOURNE

Okay. I promise.

She's looks away. Still not convinced, as we --

CUT TO

PARIS STREET. Day. THE PROFESSOR -- remember him? -- he's the guy we saw giving a piano lesson in Madrid. Well, here he is in Paris walking quickly. Where's he going?

THE CAMERA FINDS

A U-STORE-IT STORAGE WAREHOUSE up the street and --

CUT TO

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR -- we're inside -- THE PROFESSOR and THE KID who's operating it -- rising slowly through the dark warehouse and --

CUT TO

DARKNESS -- a key turning -- door opening -- light goes on THE PROFESSOR standing there and --

WE'RE IN

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

QUICK TIME CUTS

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

INSIDE THE BOOK -- a timer. A small bomb. A booby-trap. An LED light stops flashing as THE PROFESSOR'S HANDS code in his password and --

THE PROFESSOR moving now to the newspapers stacked in the corner. Pulling away the top pile and --

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

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

THE PROFESSOR lifting away this top tray -- setting it aside and --

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

First of all...

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of hundreds. Lots of them. AND THERE'S A GUN. A very good gun. A dozen clips of ammo.

And...

FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Brand new. All with his photo. Five different names. Four different Countries

Each one of these pristine passports clipped to a piece of card stock that says:

NAME:
PLACE OF ISSUE:
SIGNATURE SAMPLE:
A BAR CODE:

Two Spanish. One French. A Belgian. A Portuguese.

THE PROFESSOR making his choice -- going for the Portuguese passport, as we --

CUT TO

A ZURICH CAFE. Crowded for lunch. MR. APFEL -- the Zurich banker -- at a table with several colleagues. Standing now, excusing himself and --

CUT TO

CAFE MENS ROOM. Moments later. MR. APFEL enters. Moves to the urinal. Standing there, as one of the stalls opens behind him and --

MANHEIM comes out. Moving to the sink. Washing his hands. They're alone. MANHEIM checking his hair. Reaching into his pocket for his comb.

But it's not a comb. It's a syringe!

MANHEIM -- just like that -- before APFEL can even turn back -- he's jamming the thing -- just perfect -- down -- down into the banker's shoulder and --

MR. APFEL -- no clue -- already clutching at the coronary explosion in his chest -- already falling -- grabbing at the urinal -- dead before he hits the floor and --

MANHEIM pocketing the syringe. Checking his hair. And he's outta here, as we --

CUT TO

THE SIMPLON PASS. Sunset. A famous mountain road between Switzerland and Italy. THE RED CAR speeding along and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR. BOURNE shotgun. MARIE driving and --

MARIE

(non-stop chatter)

...which was fine with me, I was ready, because, I mean, really, after six months in Amsterdam, you're not sure if you've been there for twenty minutes or twenty years, if you know what I mean. So I was like completely ready to get into something regular and steady, so then I went -- I took the last money I had -- I went in with some friends, we took over this surf shop outside Biarritz, which was, really, it was just amazing for about three months until it turned out this prick that had fronted us the lease, was completely shining everyone on and...

(suddenly, she just stops--)

BOURNE

What?

MARIE

What do you mean, what? Listen to me. I've been speedtalking for like sixty kilometers.

(get a grip)

I talk when I'm nervous. Like this, I mean. I must be really fucking nervous.

(moment of panic)

What if I can't stop? I have to stop. I'm gonna stop.

(resolved)

I'm gonna shut up now.

BOURNE

No. Don't do that. It's okay.

(she looks over)

I haven't talked to anybody in a long time.

MARIE

We're not talking. I'm talking. You've said like ten fucking words since we left Zurich.

BOURNE

I know, but you -- listening to you -- it's relaxing. I've had this headache -- this constant thing in my head -- and for the first time it's kind of moving to the background.

(he smiles)

So really. I mean it. If you feel like it. You can talk.

She looks at him. Back to the road. Back to him.

MARIE

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

(beat)

I start to get this good feeling from you, like maybe you're okay, you know? Like maybe you're not some homicidal Godknowswhat, okay? And like, I want to believe you, I'm really trying. But then you say these things -- I gotta be honest here, you're completely freaking me out.

BOURNE

I'm sorry. I am. Really. What can I do?

MARIE

I don't know. Smile. Interact. Sneeze. Something. You've got a bag full of money and a ride to Genoa. Enjoy it.

(the radio)

What kind of music do you like?

BOURNE

I don't know.

MARIE

Okay. Great. See, this is what I mean...

BOURNE

I'm sorry.

MARIE

You said that about eighteen times. It's the only thing you've said.

BOURNE

I'm sorry.

MARIE

(suddenly out of nowhere--)

Who pays twenty thousand dollars for a ride to Genoa?

There it is. And she wants an answer --

BOURNE

I don't know. I don't know who I am. Where I'm going. None of it.

MARIE

Yeah, well, welcome to the club.

BOURNE

No. No, I mean, I really don't know who I am. I can't remember anything earlier than two weeks ago.

MARIE

Lucky you.

BOURNE

I'm serious.

MARIE
What? Like amnesia?

BOURNE
Yes.

MARIE
Amnesia...
(total incredulity)
Oh, bullshit. Amnesia? Give me a
fucking break. You're telling me
you remember the word amnesia and
have no idea where you'd been until
two weeks ago?

BOURNE
Yes.

MARIE
Do I look defective to you? Do I?
If this is a come on, or some kind of
scam, then you know what? -- bring it
on -- get to it, okay? But please,
spare me the bullshit...
(he's silent)
Amnesia. You. Right...

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

CUT TO

STREETS OF ROME. Sunset. THE BACKPACKER -- remember him?
-- he's the vagabond kid we saw in Athens -- now he's here.
And he's on a Vespa. Tearing through traffic, as we --

CUT TO

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

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

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

WE'RE IN

TREADSTONE. CONKLIN, ZORN, and a TECHNICIAN poring over these surveillance tapes downloaded from Zurich.

CONKLIN

And that's the best angle of the courtyard?

TECHNICIAN

That's the only angle.

CONKLIN

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

TECHNICIAN

Hang on...
(typing away--)

CONKLIN rubbing at the tension in his temples. ZORN pulling something from the printer --

ZORN

Here's the next bit...
(reading a transcript)
He says to her, "That's what I'm trying to get a grip on here."
Then he says, "This passport -- see I'm not even sure -- I'm not sure that's me." And she says, "Sure looks like you..." And he says, "I know. I have six passports. They all look like me."

CONKLIN

What the fuck does that mean?
(total exasperation)
Parse that for me. What is it?
Is it a message? Is it a game?
Is he fucking with us? Is he warning us? Is it a threat?:

ZORN

What if he's working for someone else. What if he turned?

CONKLIN

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

THE TECHNICIAN just hit paydirt. Turning back --

TECHNICIAN

Sir...

CONKLIN

What?

(looking down)

What's that?

TECHNICIAN

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

ZORN

Enhance it.

ANGLE ON

THE MONITOR. As this new image enlarges to fill the screen. There's Bourne. And the little red car. And Marie.

CONKLIN (OS)

Who the hell is that?

CUT TO

A TRUCKSTOP CAFE. Night. High in the Simplon Pass.

CUT TO

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

AT A BACK TABLE

BOURNE AND MARIE. Drinking coffee. He's got the pink backpack open. All the passports -- the personal junk -- the money -- all the shit from the Zurich bank box -- he's been showing it to her.

And he's got her attention now.

MARIE

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

BOURNE

No.

MARIE

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

BOURNE

Nothing. It's just not there.

MARIE

Well, this is great...

(she sits back)

I'm sick of myself and you have no idea who you are.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

-- you could put it together --

BOURNE

-- which was okay for a while, I was okay with it...

(hesitating now)

But then -- there's all these other things -- all these other things I know how to do -- and this -- this stuff from the bank and...

(suddenly flat out--)

I think something bad happened.

MARIE

What are you talking about?

BOURNE

That maybe something bad happened. Something really bad.

(beat)

I don't know. It's just a feeling.

MARIE

Look, I know all about bad, okay? If you're worried about it, you're not so bad. Sounds like you were in an accident or something.

BOURNE

No. I was shot and stabbed.

MARIE

Okay, so you're a victim.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

Lots of people have guns.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

Look, people do amazing things when they're scared.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

-- you're paranoid -- you were shot and stabbed. It's natural.

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

BOURNE

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

Long dead pause.

MARIE

God, you're not kidding, are you?

CUT TO

ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL. Night. Grim. Anonymous. Typical.

CUT TO

ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM. One of those rooms. Just a plain functional box.

MANHEIM laying on the bed. Fully dressed. Suit and tie. Just laying there, staring at the ceiling. Who knows how long he's been like this.

Just waiting.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND. A gun. A knife. His pager. His fresh credentials.

And a photo of Jason Bourne.

CUT TO

THE ITALIAN ALPS. A mountain vista road. Dawn. The best dawn ever. Just gorgeous. And clean. And clear.

ANGLE ON

THE RED CAR. Parked. BOURNE alone in the passenger seat. Deep asleep. Nestled there.

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

THE CAMERA FINDS

MARIE sitting away from the car. She's got a loaf of bread. A soda. Smoking a butt. The hair is still green. It's the same clothes, but her make-up's been washed away. And what an improvement. God, she's really cute.

BOURNE steps out. Morning legs.

MARIE

I needed a break.

BOURNE

Where are we?

MARIE

We're in Italy. We're about an hour away.

BOURNE
I can't believe I slept.

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

BOURNE
I dream I'm asleep. I dream that
I'm asleep and I can't wake up.

They're quiet a moment. He takes a hit from her cigarette.

BOURNE
(coughing--)
I don't think I smoke.

Another silence. She's watching him.

MARIE
You ever think maybe you have a
family?

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

She looks away. Was she hoping for another answer?

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

CUT TO

TREADSTONE. CONKLIN in his office with ZORN and ABBOTT.
Tension palpable.

CONKLIN
We're in pursuit. How much more do
you want to know?

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

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

ABBOTT

I think we need some fresh eyes on this problem. I'm bringing in a few people from upstairs.

CONKLIN

(bristling)

Zorn, will you give us a moment...

ZORN nods. Closes the door behind him.

CONKLIN

I've been down here for two weeks banging my head against the wall. We've been sleeping down here. We've been down here waiting and thinking and running scenarios and pulling our chains and we've been doing it all by ourselves.

(quiet fury)

And now? Now, I finally get something to work with, and you want to bring planning personnel down here?

(real steam)

I'd rethink that.

ABBOTT

Get the transcripts and Zurich video set-up. Get it all together. I want another opinion.

CONKLIN

This is an operations desk.

ABBOTT

It's a small team. And I'm not asking.

ABBOTT stands. Exits. CONKLIN left there alone. Stifling the urge to scream, as we --

CUT TO

TREADSTONE OUTER OFFICE. Moments later. ABBOTT on his way out. ZORN coding open the door for him.

ABBOTT

(looking around)

Get some more chairs down here.

ZORN

Yes, sir.

ABBOTT about to leave, hesitates.

ABBOTT
You better remind him that he's not
a one-man band. This building is
full of locked doors.

ZORN
I'll pass that on.

ABBOTT
Do that.

ABBOTT walks. ZORN watching him go, as we --

CUT TO

GENOA. Day. THE LITTLE RED CAR cruising through town.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR. MARIE driving. BOURNE checking the
building numbers.

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

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

ACROSS THE STREET

AN APARTMENT BUILDING. Big building. Faded elegance.

BOURNE (OS)
Four-fifty. That's the address...

BACK TO

INSIDE THE CAR.

MARIE
Ring any bells?

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

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

MARIE

Where?

BOURNE

Yeah. Pull in here. Park it.

MARIE angles into an alleyway. Cuts the engine.

MARIE

So this is it, right?

BOURNE

I guess.

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

MARIE

I should go.

BOURNE

I don't remember any of this.

MARIE

Jason...

He turns back. She's staring at him.

BOURNE

Sorry. The money, right?

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

MARIE

Okay, so...

BOURNE

Thanks for the ride.

MARIE

Anytime.

Silence. That moment. He focuses. Getting it.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

You got me pretty fucking curious.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

Nah...

(hide the pain)

With you, I mean, you'd probably just forget about me, right?

BOURNE

How could I forget about you?

(he smiles)

You're the only person I know.

MARIE smiles. For real. And we've never seen it before. But man, was it worth waiting for.

CUT TO

AN APARTMENT BUILDING DIRECTORY. Five apartments. One per floor. Five names. A buzzer. An intercom.

There it is. Bourne.

BOURNE'S FINGER presses the buzzer, and we --

PULL BACK TO FIND

BOURNE AND MARIE standing there in the foyer. It's a good old building. Grand and funky. Luxe for Genoa.

After a moment, he presses again. Nothing.

MARIE

I guess you're not home.

BOURNE knows he can figure this out. Checking the door. How to pop it open? Just about to get into it, when --

CONCIERGE (OS)

(from the shadows inside--)

-- signore -- signore Bourne -- uno momento...

Here comes THE CONCIERGE. She's sixty. Plump and proper. Rushing to open the door and --

CONCIERGE
(chattering Italian)
(-- mister Bourne, mister Bourne,
there you are -- I was wondering --
I haven't seen you--)

The doors are open now. And THE CONCIERGE is there with them. And she's looking at BOURNE like maybe she's never seen him look like this before. And she's looking at MARIE like here's the reason her tenant looks like such shit.

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

THE CONCIERGE nods. Instant chilly disapproval.

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

BOURNE
(Great. We could use a shower.)
(just realizing how
shitty they look--)
It was a long drive.

THE CONCIERGE steps aside. Because she has to. And we --

CUT TO

FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT LANDING. BOURNE and MARIE at the apartment threshold. He has a key now. Turning it.

And the door opens...

Nothing...

No bombs.

No wife and kids.

AND WE ENTER

THE APARTMENT. It's huge. Rambling. High ceilings. Large entry hallway. Large rooms beyond that. It's tasteful. And yet completely impersonal. No photographs. No mementoes. No human history.

WE'RE MOVING NOW

THE LIVING ROOM. BOURNE and MARIE exploring.

MARIE

Wow. It's big.

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

MARIE

This is like a real apartment.

(she likes it)

This is yours?

BOURNE

I guess so.

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

CUT TO

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

MARIE opening an armoire...

Nothing but men's clothes. No competition. She's feeling better by the moment and --

CUT TO

THE KITCHEN. Pleasant and well-stocked. BOURNE picking up a frying pan.

BOURNE

This is my frying pan.

(and then--)

This is my spoon.

(trying harder)

I'm Jason Bourne and this is my kitchen.

CUT TO

THE MASTER BATHROOM. Old marble. Big tub. One toothbrush. MARIE still on the prowl, and --

CUT TO

A HALLWAY. BOURNE wandering through and --

CUT TO

THE DINING ROOM. MARIE wandering through and --

CUT TO

BOOKSHELVES. Packed with binders, reference materials, and hardbound volumes. All of it about maritime law. Ship schedules. Registry catalogs. All about boats.

WE'RE IN

AN OFFICE STUDY. Desk. Chair. Phone. BOURNE standing here with a folder in his hand...

MARIE

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

BOURNE

I think I'm in the shipping business.
All this stuff -- and this was on
the desk...

(the folder)

These are contracts. I guess I'm
leasing containers. Like shipping
containers.

(reading them--)

Flowers. Antiques. Here's one for
tile...

(looking up)

I'm in the shipping business.

MARIE

See. It's starting to coming back.
One step at a time, right?

(he sort of nods)

You mind if I take a bath?

BOURNE

Go ahead.

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

And then he sits down in a chair.

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

PHONE MACHINE

"You have no messages."

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

THE PHONE starts dialing...

RINGING and...

OPERATOR/PHONE

Bonjour, Grand Hotel Marseille...

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

BOURNE

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

OPERATOR/PHONE

(Yes, sir. Grand Hotel Marseille.
How can I direct your call?)

BOURNE

Marseille?

OPERATOR/PHONE

Yes, sir...

(switching to English,
thinking that's his
problem--)
How can I help you?

BOURNE

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

OPERATOR/PHONE

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

BOURNE

Okay. Merci.
(about to hang up--)
Un moment -- un moment --

OPERATOR/PHONE

-- sir? --

BOURNE

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

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

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

BOURNE

(reading it)
Daloit. Do you have a Jean Michel
Daloit?

OPERATOR/PHONE

One moment, sir.

BOURNE waiting. And now there's muzak -- holding music --

MANAGER/PHONE

(a new voice suddenly)
Bonjour? Monsieur? Allo...

BOURNE

Yes, I'm here...

MANAGER/PHONE

You call about Monsieur Daloit.
Jean Michel Daloit?

BOURNE

Yes. Is he there?

MANAGER/PHONE
You are a friend of his?

BOURNE
Yes.

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

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

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

BOURNE
...Jesus, I...

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

BOURNE
Who? Who came?

MANAGER/PHONE
His brother. You know his brother?

BOURNE
Right. Yes. Of course.

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

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

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

BOURNE
When was this?

MANAGER/PHONE
The accident. I think was, what?
(office voice again--)
Oui, the twenty first.

BOURNE just hangs up the phone. Just like that. Not even
goodbye. Standing there frozen. Stunned.

Jean Michel Daloit is dead. And he had the passport...

Suddenly, everything's changed.

They shouldn't be here. This is bad. Danger.

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

THE OFFICE. BOURNE still frozen there. On alert.

MARIE (OS)
(from the bathroom)
She wasn't kidding about the water.
This thing is freezing.

BOURNE forces a smile. Happy face. Decoy mood.

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

MARIE (OS)
The pressure's good, it's just...

MOVING INTO

THE KITCHEN. BOURNE moving to the sink. He's smiling.
Upbeat. But it's an act. His eyes are everywhere.

Turning on the water. But ignoring it.

What he's really doing is searching out a weapon. Pulling
A KNIFE very quietly from behind the stove. Holding it.

Feels pretty comfortable. Hiding it down by his side.
On the move again, now --

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

MARIE (OS)
What a drag.

INTO THE LIVING ROOM

BOURNE like we've never seen him. Like an animal. Every
sound -- every breeze -- everything carries information.

Standing still. Taking it all in.

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

MARIE
(coming down the
hallway--)
I was so psyched for a hot bath...
(seeing him)
What are you--?
(stopping as--)

BOURNE motions for silence.

MARIE
...is that a knife?....

BOURNE
(dead whisper)
-- quiet --

BOURNE glancing back -- a curtain fluttering behind him.
He motions for MARIE to get down. Down.

MARIE hesitating and --

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

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

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

MARIE
...whatever this is, it's totally
ridiculous, okay...

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

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

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

As she ducks down --

As it SHATTERS --

EVERYTHING STARTS HAPPENING AT ONCE

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

THE FROSTED WINDOW peppered with holes and --

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

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

BOURNE kicking that chair across the room and --

THE BACKPACKER reacting -- instinct -- moving target --

THE CHAIR just strafed to shit and --

BOURNE rolling away and --

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

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

BOURNE throwing the knife and --

THE BACKPACKER -- turning -- too late -- the knife catching him in the neck and --

BOURNE -- in motion -- attacking and --

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

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

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

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

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

THE GUN CLATTERING FREE across the floor and --

BOURNE -- his knee -- like a piston -- hard -- up into the BACKPACKER'S GUT -- and then down -- his foot -- down into THE BACKPACKER'S KNEE shattering it and --

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

MARIE

-- omigod -- omigod -- what're you doing? -- what're you doing? --
(incoherent fear
and confusion--)
-- what is he? -- what've you? --
omigod -- what is this? --

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

MARIE

-- what're you doing? -- Jason,
please, tell me what's happening!

BOURNE

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

THE BACKPACKER -- eyes wild -- tries to take his feet --

BOURNE

who are you?

(kicking him down--)

-- who are you?

A new problem -- THE CONCIERGE -- NEIGHBORS -- VOICES --
panicked, angry Italian -- flooding in from below --

ITALIAN VOICES (OS)

(-- what's going on up there? -- what

in the name of God are you doing? --

we're calling the police! -- they're

coming now! -- call the police! --)

(continuing, over

and over and--)

THE BACKPACKER -- crabbles against a wall -- bloody hands
leaving a mess as he struggles to get to his feet --

BOURNE

-- who are you? -- tell me who you

are -- who sent you? --

(bearing down)

-- what is this about? -- YOU'VE GOT

TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! --

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

BOURNE

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

MARIE

(suddenly from behind)

...omigod, no...

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

BOURNE

what? what?

(attention split--)

-- what is it?

MARIE

...this is my picture...he's got my

picture --

(holding it up,

in horror--)

-- this is me -- this is Zurich

this...this...this is yesterday --

BOURNE -- there's too much going on -- POLICE SIRENS start
bleeding in from the distance and --

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

THE BACKPACKER -- he's shaking -- blood seeping down --

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

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

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

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

And THE SIRENS ARE GETTING CLOSER and THE CONCERGE IS
STILL SCREAMING and MARIE is past the point of rationally
and THE BACKPACKER is bleeding and shaking and BOURNE is
trying to think and it's just impossible and --

suddenly -- THE BACKPACKER is moving! -- and fast -- it's
superhuman -- unbelievable -- somehow this guy has enough
spring in his good leg and --

BOURNE bracing himself but --

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

THE WINDOW

THE BACKPACKER hurling himself into the glass and --

CUT TO

OUTSIDE -- WINDOW SHATTERING! -- THE BACKPACKER -- in a cloud of broken glass -- sixty feet above the street --

Falling and falling and...

Here comes THE FIRST GENOA SQUAD CAR -- skidding up in front of the building and --

THE BACKPACKER -- THE SQUAD CAR ROOF -- IMPACT!

CUT TO

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

BOURNE

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

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

MARIE

He's dead isn't he?

BOURNE

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

MARIE

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

BOURNE

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

MARIE

He came to kill us.

BOURNE

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

MARIE

You knew he was coming.

BOURNE

No.

MARIE

I trusted you.

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

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

BOURNE
I didn't know this would happen.

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

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

SIRENS -- two -- three -- four of them -- closing in and --

MARIE
Oh, Jesus...

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

MARIE
But the police --

BOURNE
-- there's no time --

MARIE
-- we'll explain it --

BOURNE
-- how? --

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

BOURNE
-- forget it --

MARIE

-- we'll tell them what happened --

BOURNE

I don't know what happened!

(huge here)

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

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

He stops. Looks back.

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

BOURNE

Come with me.

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

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

(rock solid)

I can protect you.

CUT TO

THE BUILDING ENTRANCE -- GENOA POLICE -- rushing in from
the street -- SIRENS -- THE CONCIERGE -- NEIGHBORS -- it's
high Italian opera down here and --

CUT TO

THE FIRE ESCAPE -- motion -- BOURNE and MARIE running --
running down -- down the back of the building and --

CUT TO

THE APARTMENT STAIRWELL -- COPS racing up and --

CUT TO

THE FIRE ESCAPE -- BOURNE AND MARIE racing down and --

CUT TO

THE APARTMENT DOOR -- kicked open -- COPS swarming and --

CUT TO

THE ALLEYWAY -- THE RED CAR -- there -- BOURNE and MARIE sprinting for it -- she's got barefeet -- he's all but carrying her this last bit and --

CUT TO

APARTMENT WINDOW -- high above -- TWO GENOA COPS -- leaning out the broken airshaft window --

GENOA COPS
(screaming down--)
(-- STOP! -- STOP RIGHT THERE! --
STOP WHERE YOU ARE! -- THEY'RE IN
THE STREET! -- IN THE BACK! --)

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- BOURNE jumping behind the wheel -- MARIE piling in the other side and --

CUT TO

THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING -- it's a madhouse -- SQUAD CARS still arriving -- THE DEAD BACKPACKER -- TRAFFIC -- and now COPS starting running toward the alley and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- moving -- BOURNE in gear -- picking up speed -- looking very handy at this all of a sudden and --

BOURNE
-- down -- get your head down! --

MARIE
-- why? -- what're you -- what're
you doing? --

CUT TO

THE ALLEYWAY -- THE RED CAR -- picking up speed -- COPS running in from the street and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE -- no way he's stopping and --

CUT TO

COPS diving out of the way -- into garbage -- doorways -- anywhere -- THE RED CAR sizzling past and --

CUT TO

THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING -- THE RED CAR squirting out --
into THE STREET -- WILD GUNFIRE FROM THE ALLEYWAY! --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- THE REAR WINDOW -- shattering! --

MARIE
-- they're shooting! -- they're
shooting at us! --

BOURNE
-- I told you -- get down! --

BOURNE -- wild -- left -- right -- through the traffic --

MARIE
-- they're everywhere! --

Suddenly -- he's downshifting -- accelerating -- slamming
the brakes -- turning the wheel and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- pulling a circus 180 -- perfect -- total
evasion -- threading the traffic and --

CUT TO

GENOA SQUAD CARS -- five of them -- squealing to life --
ripping out in pursuit and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- sharp turns -- away from the big boulevard
-- down -- pulling down into the narrow ancient streets of
the old city and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- speeding and bouncing and turning --
BOURNE like a machine -- MARIE in just utter confusion --

MARIE
-- how do you -- how do you know
how to do this? --

BOURNE
-- I don't know -- I told you,
I don't know --

MARIE
-- oh shit -- look out! --

UP AHEAD

FIFTY YARDS -- THE STREET ENDS -- TWO GENOA SQUAD CARS
skidding in -- blocking the exit and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- a mindblowing move -- braking hard -- no
room -- turning sideways -- wrong -- sparks flying -- front
and back bumpers scraping the narrow walls of this medieval
passageway and --

Into a dead, sideways stop -- except it's been timed --
perfectly -- because there's this REALLY, REALLY NARROW
STREET -- dead in front of them now and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE downshifting -- everything
rattling as he picks up speed down this impossibly narrow
little street -- leaning on THE HORN now and --

CUT TO

THE REALLY NARROW STREET -- PEOPLE -- people up ahead --
HEARING THE HORN -- the car -- turning -- diving back out
of the way -- grabbing their kids -- clearing a path and --

CUT TO

ANOTHER COBBLESTONE STREET -- GENOA SQUAD CARS racing to cut
off the exit -- shit flying and RADIOS CHATTERING and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- clattering -- rattling and --

BOURNE

-- hang on --
(downshifting and--)

CUT TO

THE REALLY NARROW STREET -- up ahead -- it's not a street
anymore -- STAIRS! -- coming too fast to stop and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- airborne -- hang time -- slamming down --
barely holding together and --

INTO

THE PIAZZA SAN MATTEO -- Gothic church -- Gothic plaza --
THE RED CAR skidding across the cobblestones and --

MARIE
-- this is saving me? -- you call
this saving me? --

BOURNE
-- we're getting out of here --

CUT TO

THE CORSO -- big street along the water -- THREE GENOA
SQUAD CARS -- racing into the chase -- docks -- fishing
boats -- everything just a blur as it passes and --

ONE MOMENT LATER

THE RED CAR -- skidding into THE CORSO -- so fast -- but
fuck! -- he's behind THE THREE SQUAD CARS and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE swinging the wheel and --

CUT TO

ANOTHER STREET -- RED CAR suddenly on it -- this one takes
you away from the water -- up -- up a hill -- a major hill
-- like a twelfth-century San Francisco and --

CUT TO

THE CORSO -- mayhem -- THREE GENOA SQUAD CARS -- trying
to stop -- turn -- chase -- all at once -- FOUR MORE SQUAD
CARS speeding in from behind -- out of control -- two of
them kiss -- its a collision! -- THREE SQUAD CARS tangled --
spinning out of control across the docks and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE leaning on the pedal -- but
the hill is steep -- the car rattling and --

MARIE
(eyes out the back--)
-- they're coming! --

CUT TO

GENOA SQUAD CARS -- faster -- TWO OF THEM -- in pursuit and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- climbing that huge hill -- weaving through traffic -- red lights -- THE BACK BUMPER -- barely hanging on -- SPARKS FLYING -- as it drags along the street and --

CUT TO

THE TWO GENOA SQUAD CARS -- gaining fast -- A COP leaning out of the lead car -- he's got a gun -- trying -- trying for a shot -- BLAM! -- BLAM! --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE steeling for something --

MARIE

(she can see it too--)

-- what -- what're you doing? --

BOURNE doesn't answer -- jerking the wheel and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- popping hard -- up onto the sidewalk and --

CUT TO

THE BACK BUMPER -- that's it -- flying off and --

CUT TO

THE GENOA SQUAD CARS -- the one in front -- swerving -- trying to -- no time -- THE BUMPER -- like shrapnel -- slamming into the squad car windshield and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- BOURNE -- braking hard -- cutting the wheel -- another circus move -- skidding -- weaving between TWO DELIVERY TRUCKS and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- squibbing out -- impossible -- through the traffic and --

CUT TO

GENOA SQUAD CAR -- can't cut it -- slamming hard -- INTO THE DELIVERY TRUCKS and --

CUT TO

A STEEP SIDE-STREET -- THE RED CAR -- in the clear now for a moment -- climbing and climbing and --

CUT TO

FOUR MORE GENOA SQUAD CARS -- speeding past the wreckage of the TWO SQUAD CARS we've just seen destroyed and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE RED CAR -- racing toward the summit of this steep side-street --

BOURNE
(as he drives--)
-- get the backpack -- everything --
grab what you can --

MARIE starts scrambling for shit and --

CUT TO

THE FOUR GENOA SQUAD CARS -- just now -- skidding out onto the steep side street and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- skidding to a dead stop -- MARIE -- her door flying open -- diving out -- sprinting for an alleyway --
BOURNE -- same time -- out his side and --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A REALLY FUCKING STEEP HILL -- RED CAR perched -- pointing down -- like a ski run -- it's wide open to THE DOCKS and THE WATER below and --

BOURNE -- slamming his door -- pushing THE RED CAR and --

There it goes...

Down the hill and...

Bumping and rolling and picking up speed and --

CUT TO

FOUR GENOA SQUAD CARS -- screaming around the corner -- there's the RED CAR -- way down the hill -- and they're racing after it and --

CUT TO

BOURNE AND MARIE -- on foot -- running through a narrow little passageway and --

CUT TO

THE RED CAR -- down -- down -- down -- picking up speed as it flies across THE CORSO and --

OVER THE DOCKS and --

IN THE AIR -- out over THE PIER and --

SPLASH! -- into the water, as we --

CUT TO

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

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

BOURNE/TAPE

"Okay. Merci."

(pause)

"Un moment -- un moment -- "

OPERATOR/TAPE

"-- sir? -- "

BOURNE/TAPE

"-- hang on -- I need you to check another name for me -- hang on -- un moment, s'il vous plait --"
(a long pause, as we--)

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A CIA ACOUSTICS LAB. A secret studio buried deep in the Langely facility. Equipment up the ass. Best and most of everything. Five people present in this darkened room:

AN ENGINEER working the board. CONKLIN looking sour. ZORN in the shadows. ABBOTT sitting there waiting for analysis from --

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

BOURNE/TAPE
 "Daloit. Jean Michel Daloit."

OPERATOR/TAPE
 "One moment, sir."

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

MRS. DOYLE
 He's not lying. He's very highly stressed, but he's not lying. He's confused. He's aggressively searching for a way out of the chaos. This conversation, the interview with the clerk in the consulate in Zurich -- my sense is that he's really lost here. I've seen it before.

(beat)
 I think he snapped.

CONKLIN
 Is that a medical term?

She turns. Battle lines drawn.

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

Silence. The idea dangling for a moment.

ABBOTT
 Let's assume that's true.

MRS. DOYLE
 You can only wind people so tight.

CONKLIN
 He's the best operations man I've ever seen.

MRS. DOYLE
 Exactly. So you left him alone. Too much pressure. Too much time to think. You let him get too far out there.

CONKLIN

That's what makes them so good.

MRS. DOYLE

They're human. Even machines break down.

CONKLIN

This unit has an unblemished record of success.

MRS. DOYLE

Then I guess I'm in the wrong meeting.

ABBOTT

Okay. Enough.

(taking over--)

Conclusion? Suggestions?

MRS. DOYLE

I don't know what's at stake here.
I don't want to know. But I don't
think it's a game. I don't think
he's working for anybody but himself.
Whoever that is.

(she stands, she's

ready to leave--)

If you can bring him in, I'd like
very much to talk with him.

MRS. DOYLE nods goodbye. And walks. Door closing as --

CONKLIN

This is great. We've been here for
two hours. We've got a new opinion
and nothing changes.

(no time for this)

He's loose. He's out of control.
He knows too much. It's very clear
what needs to happen.

(to Abbott)

I have work to do.

CUT TO

THE GRANDE CORNICHE. Sunset. The high road cut into the
cliffs that run above the Riviera. A MOTORCYCLE speeding
along. BOURNE driving. MARIE on back. Sheer stone above.
Sea far below. Italy getting smaller in their rearview
mirror. Into the sunset, as we --

CUT TO

GARE DE LYON. PARIS. Night. Huge, busy train station.
THE PROFESSOR sitting on a bench. Staring.

Just sitting and staring. Who knows how long?

His pager starts pulsing. He pulls it. Reads it.

CUT TO

INTERMARCHE. Night. A French suburban super store. Huge.
Fluorescent. Empty. It's almost closing time.

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE AND MARIE. Moving quickly through the cosmetics
aisles. She's got a scarf covering her hair. He's wearing
a baseball cap. He's got a cart -- grabbing stuff, left
and right -- grabbing stuff like he knows what to get.

CUT TO

A CHEAP FRENCH MOTEL. Night. Way off the beaten path.

CUT TO

A PASSPORT -- the Jason Bourne passport -- catching fire.
Held above a candle flame. Pages starting to burn.
And the picture -- Bourne's face -- melting -- bubbling
-- finally disappearing, and --

WE'RE IN

A MOTEL ROOM. As lousy as the outside. Cardboard walls.
Bad light. Insane decor. BOURNE still holding the passport
even as it burns away in his hand.

MARIE (OS)

Has it been ten minutes?

There she is in the bathroom doorway. Soaking t-shirt.
Barefeet. Hair lathered with thick white foam and --

CUT TO

GREEN HAIR DYE washing down a rusted drain and --

WE'RE IN

THE MOTEL BATHROOM. Minutes later. BOURNE helping MARIE rinse out her hair over the sink. Space is tight. Barely room for two. Wet and funky. Cosmetic products strewn all over the place and --

TIME CUTS

MARIE -- towel turban on her head -- measuring bleach into a plastic cup --

BOURNE -- shirt off -- rubbing lather in his hair --

MARIE -- at the mirror -- stripped to her bra -- plucking her eyebrows --

BOURNE -- with the shit in his hair -- at the mirror -- shaving -- MARIE trying to squeeze past him --

MARIE helping BOURNE rinse out his hair --

BOURNE -- he's gone blonde -- sitting on the toilet -- MARIE with scissors -- cutting his hair -- circling him -- trying to -- there's no room --

THEIR FEET -- their bare feet -- mingling -- touching -- pulling away -- the floor covered with water and hair --

MARIE -- she's gone brunette -- blow drying her hair -- completely transformed -- she's just stunning --

BOURNE -- at the mirror -- trimming his sideburns -- like we've never seen him -- blonde -- hair cut short -- clean-shaven --

MARIE -- rubbing tanning cream onto her thigh -- testing it -- BOURNE behind her -- trying some on his shoulder -- swapping brands now -- handing them off and --

FINALLY TO

MARIE AND BOURNE -- finished now -- their faces -- in the mirror -- two entirely different people --

BOURNE

(behind her--)

I remember you...

MARIE

Yeah...

(she smiles)

The face is familiar, but...

BOURNE

John. My name is John.

MARIE

Hello, John.

They're so close -- eyes locked in the mirror -- and she's taking his hand -- bringing it up to her breast -- and he hesitates -- looking at her -- is this happening? -- she's taking his hand -- moving it down her body -- staring at him -- both of them silent -- his hand -- her skin -- his mind racing -- he wants this -- wants it in every way -- but it's overwhelming -- when was the last time something like this happened? -- he can't remember -- he doesn't care -- he's pulling her toward him -- and they're kissing -- and they're shifting -- and shit is starting to fall off the sink and there's no room and everything's wet but there's no stopping now -- everything falling away except this -- this room -- this moment -- this -- right now, and then --

MARIE pulls back. Looks at him. Breathless.

MARIE

I think we found something else you can do.

BOURNE pulls her toward him. Imagine the rest.

CUT TO

THE GRAND HOTEL MARSEILLE. Morning. The street entrance. People going in and out. Taxis. The usual.

THE CAMERA FINDS

A CAFE ACROSS THE STREET. A sleek couple lingering over cafe au lait and croissant. BOURNE and MARIE completely transformed. New look. New clothes. New everything. The pink backpack is gone. Replaced by A BLACK LEATHER DUFFEL.

They've been sitting here a while.

MARIE

(flat, by rote)

Fifteen minutes. If you're not back I go to the newsstand behind the bank. If I think something's wrong, I get out fast. I take a cab around the block. I change cabs in front of the hotel. I go to the park on Rue Destine. Third payphone.

BOURNE
Two-two-three-four-one-five.
(waiting)
Say it.

MARIE
I know the number.

BOURNE
You gonna be okay?

MARIE
I don't know. It's a little early
for me. I usually don't do much
espionage work before lunch.

BOURNE pushes THE BLACK DUFFEL under her chair.

BOURNE
You hang onto the bag.

MARIE
You're kidding.

BOURNE
You trusted me, right?

MARIE
Yeah, and look what happened.

BOURNE
Be careful.

BOURNE leans across the table. They kiss. He stands.

MARIE
You be careful.

CUT TO

HOTEL LOBBY. Minutes later. Large, old world elegance.
Front desk. Offices behind that. Potted palms. Elevator
banks. Guests checking in. Checking out. Bellmen running
bags. A normal day in an active hotel.

BOURNE just coming in. Like he belongs. Taking it in.
Eyes working. Senses charged.

LUGGAGE stacked near the door. BOURNE -- as he passes --
reaching down -- almost imperceptibly -- snagging something
from one of the bags and --

CUT TO

THE FRONT DESK. Busy. ONE OF THE DESK CLERKS answering a ringing phone --

DESK CLERK
(all in French)
(Front desk, how can I help you?)

ACROSS THE LOBBY

BOURNE on a house phone -- in his hand, A PAPER TAG -- the thing he grabbed off the bags on his way in -- reading it --

BOURNE
(Yes. I'm calling for Monsieur Tremoille. He was in room four-fifteen. I'm afraid we're going to require another copy of the bill immediately, if it's possible...)

BACK TO

DESK CLERK
(jotting the info--)
(Of course, sir, I'll have it here for you in five minutes.)

THE DESK CLERK -- on the move now -- walking the length of the desk -- into a little backstage area and ----

CUT TO

BOURNE -- following him -- through the lobby -- looking for an angle -- rounding a corner that looks like it's the right direction -- there's A GIFT SHOP and TOURIST KIOSK and --

THERE IT IS

THE RECORDS OFFICE. Through a windowed door. A small room. A warren of files and fax machines. THE FRONT DESK CLERK is in there talking to a woman, THE RECORDS CLERK and --

CUT TO

THE CAFE ACROSS THE STREET. A WAITER carrying a tray -- weaving his way through the tables outside -- passing MARIE who's still sitting as we left her and --

HOLY SHIT

THE PROFESSOR! -- he's sitting there -- two tables away.
Satchel at his feet. Pager on the table. Eyes on the hotel.

CUT TO

A HOTEL LOBBY MEN'S ROOM. BOURNE in a stall. Alone here. And he's working -- fast -- he's got A METAL GARBAGE CAN -- he's filling it -- jamming it -- full of toilet paper --

Now he's got A MATCHBOOK -- hands working fast -- folding -- tearing -- shaping -- doing something they've done before -- he's making A FUSE --

Now he's placing THE GARBAGE CAN on the toilet seat -- he's centering it -- he's looking up and --

A SMOKE DETECTOR -- directly above --

Now he's lighting a match and --

CUT TO

THE HOTEL RECORDS OFFICE. We're inside now. THE RECORDS CLERK going about her business, when -- THE FIRE ALARM BEGINS TO SOUND -- A BIG CLANGING BELL -- it's really fucking LOUD and INVASIVE and she's standing up and --

CUT TO

THE CAFE ACROSS THE STREET. MARIE still there at the table. Still waiting. Looking up as THE SOUND OF THE FIRE ALARM BELL begins drifting in from across the street and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE PROFESSOR -- two tables away -- he's hearing it too --

CUT TO

THE HOTEL LOBBY -- instant confusion -- THE CLANGING BELL going nuts -- GUESTS running around -- HOTEL STAFF trying to rush into action and --

DESK MANAGER

(trying to take charge)

(-- everyone please! -- if we just go out to the street! -- there's no reason to panic! --)

(continuing, as we--)

CUT TO

THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR -- A BELLMAN pulling it open -- SMOKE -- thick black smoke just pouring out and --

CUT TO

THE HOTEL ENTRANCE -- FIRE ALARM STILL CLANGING -- people -- guests -- staff -- flooding out into the street and --

ACROSS THE STREET

THE CAFE -- MARIE not sure what to do -- stay? -- go? -- what does this mean? -- throwing some money on the table -- grabbing the black duffel bag -- looking up and --

TEN FEET AWAY

THE PROFESSOR -- satchel in hand -- walking briskly across the street -- he's heading toward the hotel and --

BACK TO

MARIE -- frozen for a moment -- something instinctive -- who is that? -- why's he doing that? --

CUT TO

THE HOTEL RECORD OFFICE -- empty -- people clearing out -- smoke wafting -- FIRE ALARM STILL CLANGING and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE -- hand wrapped in newspaper -- GLASS SHATTERING -- barely audible -- as he punches through the window of the records room door --

CUT TO

THE LOBBY -- THE MANAGER -- ASSISTANTS -- STAFF -- all of them trying to usher people out toward the street and THE ELEVATORS OPENING up and more confused guests coming out --

THE MANAGER

(-- no -- not the elevators! --
turn the elevators off! -- I told
you to turn them off! --)

CUT TO

THE STREET OUTSIDE -- MARIE on the move -- she's following
THE PROFESSOR -- he's still heading toward THE HOTEL -- and he's unzipping his satchel as he goes -- one hand pulling something -- something metallic -- a gun -- out of the satchel -- tucking it into his belt and --

MARIE -- she's seen it -- fuck -- what was that? -- is she being crazy? -- what should she do? -- no time to think --

CUT TO

THE RECORDS ROOM -- BOURNE tearing through the files --

CUT TO

THE HOTEL ENTRANCE -- THE PROFESSOR trying to push his way into the hotel through the clot of people massed outside -- fighting the tide -- he wants in, everyone else wants out -- suddenly, from behind him --

A VOICE (OS)

Gerard! Gerard!

THE PROFESSOR -- a hand on his shoulder -- wheeling around --

MARIE

(perfect French--)

(-- Gerard, I was so worried I--)

(stopping just
as suddenly--)

(Oh, please -- I'm -- excuse me --
I thought you were my husband -- I'm
terribly sorry -- please --)

THE PROFESSOR -- off balance -- forward motion interrupted -- who? -- what is this? -- no chance to follow-up, because --

MARIE

(moving off fast--)

-- Gerard! -- Gerard! --

THE PROFESSOR -- watching her go -- hesitating -- turning back toward the hotel entrance, except now --

HOTEL SECURITY

(-- stand back, sir -- please --)

PROFESSOR

(-- my family -- they're inside--)

HOTEL SECURITY

(-- I'm sorry -- you'll have to stay
back--)

THE PROFESSOR stymied -- FIRE TRUCKS SCREAMING onto the scene -- he's looking for another way in, but --

CUT TO

HOTEL KITCHEN -- BOURNE with the files in hand -- striding through the empty kitchen and --

CUT TO

STREET BESIDE THE HOTEL -- BOURNE popping out the back of the building -- HOTEL WORKERS gathered here -- BOURNE like a shot -- away from the crowd -- down the street and --

CUT TO

A NEWSSTAND. Bank in the background. MARIE waiting at the rendezvous. She's nervous. She checks her watch. Checks the black duffel bag. Looking behind her -- jumping --

BOURNE

(standing right there)

You made it.

MARIE

God, you scared the shit out of me.

BOURNE

What?

MARIE

Someone -- I don't know -- not for sure -- but there was a guy -- when the alarm went off --

(fear rush)

-- this guy -- everyone else was trying to get out of there and he was trying to get in -- something about him -- he wasn't a cop -- he definitely wasn't a cop -- I was right behind him -- he had a gun -- I think he had a gun.

(big beat)

Jason, he saw my face.

BOURNE takes her arm. Takes the duffel. Brisk and cool.

BOURNE

Walk with me.

MARIE

Was it there? Was it worth it?

CUT TO

A MARSEILLE TAXI. Pulling through traffic and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE TAXI. BOURNE and MARIE in back. He's got the pilfered hotel records in hand --

BOURNE

Jean Michel Daloit stayed there
three times in the past four months.

(scanning the bill--)

My last visit was for a week. I did
laundry. Couple drinks at the bar.
Room service breakfast everyday...
same thing...fruit and tea and...

(stopping now)

Except the last day -- my last day
I order a huge breakfast -- steak,
eggs, bacon...look at this...

(as she does)

I was Jean Michel Daloit. What the
hell was I doing?

CUT TO

THE MARSEILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY. Big, old rundown biblioteque.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE LIBRARY. Musty and cavernous. Echoey. Several
sour, neglected librarians working here and there.

THE CAMERA FINDS

A SECLUDED TABLE. BOURNE and MARIE alone with a stack of
local recent newspapers. Turning pages -- scanning --

BOURNE

-- that's the twenty-first -- it's
not gonna be in there, he said it
happened on the twenty-first --

MARIE

What do you have?

BOURNE

The twenty-second -- there's nothing
in here -- lemme see this one...

(another one--)

...this is the twenty third...

Both of them flipping pages -- scanning quickly -- and then, suddenly, he stops -- staring --

MARIE

You found it? Is it? Read it.

BOURNE

Parisian Dies In Fiery Accident.

(tough going--)

Traffic on the N-51 was halted for close to an hour Wednesday night as police and rescue units worked to retrieve the burned wreckage of a car that had crashed through a guardrail above Aubagne. Yesterday, the driver, the car's sole occupant was identified as Jean Michel Daloit, 35 years old, of Paris. A police preliminary investigation indicates the vehicle was travelling in excess of two hundred kilometers an hour at the time of the accident.

He stops. Stiff. Pushes the paper away.

MARIE

That's it? That can't be it.

BOURNE

It is.

MARIE

Who -- who was in the car? If it wasn't you, who was it?

(the question just hanging there--)

Who could do that? How could they do that? Jason...

(he's silent, out of words--)

...oh, shit...this is just...this is too heavy...

Everything goes quiet. Both of them in shock. After a moment, MARIE starts slowly gathering the papers that are spread across the table. What else is there to do?

BOURNE just sitting there. Trying to focus. Trying to get it together.. And then --

BOURNE

Stop.

BOURNE reaching across -- grabbing one of the papers --
something's caught his eye -- front page -- a headline --

MARIE
What? What're you doing?

BOURNE
That guy...

BOURNE -- already -- he's pulling out the BLACK DUFFEL BAG
-- tearing it open -- tearing through it --

MARIE picking up the newspaper and --

ANGLE ON

THE NEWSPAPER. There it is, on the front page -- a photo of George Wambosi -- remember him? -- he's the African dictator in exile we saw on video at the CIA headquarters. The photograph is doubly memorable, because it's taken in the driveway of his mansion during the same impromptu press conference we saw on the tape --

ANGLE ON

BOURNE -- from the duffel bag -- from deep in his bag -- pulling out a knot of crumpled papers -- those photographs -- those four wrinkled pictures that were buried in the safe deposit box in Zurich -- spreading them out and --

One of them is George Wambosi.

BOURNE
That's him. I have his picture.

MARIE lowers the paper. And something's wrong. A minor chord settling over the table now and --

BOURNE
What?
(she's gone cold)
Marie...

MARIE
What do I win?

BOURNE
What're you talking about?

MARIE
For being first. What do I get?
What's the prize for figuring this out?

BOURNE

Who is he?

MARIE

He's the guy you tried to kill.

(freefall)

You're a killer. You're some kind of killer spy.

(anger replacing
confusion now--)

This phony life -- the apartment in Genoa. You go to Zurich. You dump all that. You grab one of your passports. You become Jean Michel Daloit. You come here...

(the newspaper
headline--)

Someone tried to kill him. Someone broke into his house and tried to kill him. That was you.

BOURNE

I don't remember.

MARIE

Really...

(like ice now)

Well, I guess it's a good thing I'm here.

(reading)

"Mr. Wombosi's bodyguards claim the assailant was shot and wounded during a chase that ran through the mansion's gardens and into the streets of the city."

She's staring at him. Playing it back. This is who she's been with. Slept with. All of it.

BOURNE

Marie...

MARIE

Don't.

BOURNE

Just...

(reaching for her--)

MARIE

DON'T!

Her voice like a bomb in this room -- just huge -- echoing everywhere -- heads turning from every corner and --

BOURNE

Okay. Okay...
(shaky here)
Get a grip. We can't -- we can't
do this, okay?

MARIE

We? I don't think so...
(grabbing her bag--)
The only thing we had in common was
that neither one of us knew who you
were. I think we're past that now.

THE LIBRARIAN -- rushing out from behind her desk --

LIBRARIAN

(calling over--)
(This is outrageous! This is place
of reflection. This is a library!)

MARIE on her feet -- wheeling on the old crone --

MARIE

(perfect gutter French)
(Why don't you mind your own fucking
business?)

THE LIBRARIAN just scarlet now -- apoplectic --

BOURNE

You've got to stop.
(quiet and tense)
You've got to try. This isn't good.

MARIE on her feet now -- she wants out of here --

MARIE

You know what? I've been with drug
dealers and bicycle thieves, I lived
with people who cheated on me and
people who stole my stuff -- people
who lied to me for the fun of it!
But this? You take the fucking cake.
You're the coup de fucking grace!

She's walking -- he's trying to keep up -- THE LIBRARIAN --
she's mobilized -- already on the phone --

BOURNE

(to the librarian)
(I'm really sorry -- we're leaving
right now -- very sorry --)

CUT TO

THE STREET OUTSIDE. MARIE explodes out the door -- she's walking --

BOURNE

-- Marie --

MARIE

-- get away from me --

BOURNE

(grabbing her--)

-- you've gotta stop a minute --

She pulls away so hard her bag rips -- shit falling on the sidewalk and --

MARIE

-- don't you touch me! -- you touch me again and I'll fucking scream my head off! --

(scrambling to pick up her stuff--)

BOURNE just drowning here -- concern -- confusion -- looking around and --

BACK UP THE STREET

A GENDARME ambling toward the library. THE HEAD LIBRARIAN standing on the steps -- chattering away -- pointing after them and --

BACK TO

MARIE jamming stuff back into her bag -- going too fast -- fucking it up -- just a total mess --

BOURNE

-- Marie, please -- please listen to me -- it's not safe. Nothing here is safe. This car accident -- the guy you saw at the hotel -- we shouldn't be here -- it's not safe.

MARIE

What's not safe is being with you!

BOURNE

We've got to get out of here.

MARIE

Or what? What are you gonna do?
Kill me? Is that what's next?

That cuts it. BOURNE steps back. In every possible way. Not another word. He's walking. Walking fast.

MARIE standing there. Still fucking with stuff coming out of her bag -- so furious -- so out of her mind, she's barely watching him go.

ANGLE ON

THE CORNER. As BOURNE hits it. He's gone and --

ANGLE ON

MARIE no time to think or settle or anything, because --

GENDARME

Excusez moi, mademoiselle...
(here he comes--)

MARIE

Oh, give me a fucking break...

Probably not the best opening. This guy's a frumpy beat cop, but still...

GENDARME

(There's a problem here?)

MARIE

(I have no problem. No problems at all. I'm problem free at the moment, thank you very much.)

THE LIBRARIAN

(calling down)
(These Americans -- they think they can behave the way they do at home!)

MARIE

(She's the one with the problem.)

THE GENDARME nods. Smiles. But now he's kneeling down --

GENDARME

(Is this yours?)

He's holding ten thousand dollars in his hand. A perfect stack of hundreds that's fallen out of her purse.

MARIE

(Is it mine? The money?)

THE GENDARME is still smiling. But different.

GENDARME
(It's not yours?)

MARIE
(No. I mean, yes -- it's mine. It
must've fallen out of my bag...)

But he's not giving it back. Not just yet. HIS RADIO
CRACKLING and he's pulling it from his belt and --

MARIE
(...really, thank you...so much...
God, if I'd lost this...)

GENDARME
(radio chatter)
(Ten-four this Zone Nine. Yes, I
copy that. Is there a mobile unit
in the area? Could you check?)

MARIE in instant despair -- this is gonna get ugly -- not
sure whether to cry or scream or give up and then --

THE CAMERA FINDS

A CAR pulling up right across the street. A stolen car.
A getaway car. BOURNE at the wheel.

BACK TO

THE GENDARME all smiles -- waiting for the radio dispatcher
to respond and --

THE GENDARME
(Perhaps I could take a look at your
identification?)

MARIE nodding -- flustered -- eyes drifting --

OVER TO

THE GETAWAY CAR. BOURNE popping open the passenger door --
staring at her -- are you coming or not?

BACK TO

THE GENDARME -- his radio crackling with DISPATCH CHATTER
-- too loud -- staticky -- he's trying to adjust it -- and
in that moment of distraction --

MARIE is off and running and --

THE GENDARME caught completely off-guard -- money in one hand
-- radio in the other and --

MARIE diving into THE GETAWAY CAR and --

BOURNE dropping into gear and --

THE GENDARME screaming for them to stop -- struggling to unstrap his weapon -- radio falling and --

THE GETAWAY CAR -- peeling the fuck out -- in reverse! --

THE GENDARME completely thrown -- still trying to figure it out as --

THE GETAWAY CAR screams away around a corner and gone.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE GETAWAY CAR. A minute later. BOURNE driving fast but legal. Eyes everywhere. MARIE won't even look at him. It's very cold in here.

BOURNE

(finally)

Where do you want to go?

MARIE

North. Get on the A-4.

He looks over at her. She's staring straight ahead.

BOURNE

I would never hurt you. Never.

MARIE

If you're gonna talk, I'll get out at the corner.

BOURNE zips it. Pulling onto the highway on-ramp and --

CUT TO

MARIE'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PHOTO. Six years and a lifetime ago. Farmer's daughter. Baby fat. Farmgirl fresh.

ZORN (OS)

Marie Pamela Purcell. She grew up on a dairy farm in East Otto, New York. Three days after high school she was on a plane to Dublin. That's six years ago...

WE'RE IN

TREADSTONE. CONKLIN'S OFFICE. The picture on his desk.

ZORN

It's tough. She's been living off the grid pretty much the whole time. Her passport pops up half-a-dozen times, there's the list...

(slim pickings)

Zurich we've covered. There's a 1998 shoplifting warrant in Milan.

(discouraged)

We have some tax forms she filed in '98. That was Belgium.

ZORN looks bummed. CONKLIN thinking. Working.

CONKLIN

I want her family's phone records. I want them back six years. The farm. The parents. If there's brothers, sisters, Granny -- I want calls to Europe. Every call.

ZORN already on it, as we --

CUT TO

A BACKROAD IN NORTHERN PROVENCE. Late afternoon. Just simply gorgeous. The calcified white stone cliffs of the Dentelles rising over vineyards and orchards. It's after harvest -- off season. Quiet. THE GETAWAY CAR cruising through the deserted countryside.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE CAR. BOURNE driving. MARIE telling him where.

MARIE

Up here. The gate. Make a right.

BOURNE

Any other roads out of here?

MARIE

Farm trails.

(the scenery)

God, it hasn't changed at all...

BOURNE slowing the car. Hesitating to make the turn.

BOURNE

How do you know he still owns it?

MARIE

Eamon always had money. He'd never sell it.

CUT TO

THE PERFECT STONE FARMHOUSE. There, in a stand of old oak, a large, roughhewn mas. A long private road brings you in through an orchard and then finishes in a large graveled driveway at the front of the house.

Vineyards stretch in three directions around the property. Old-growth vines rolling with landscape, rising toward the sharp hillsides of the jagged white stone cliffs stacked up in the distance.

To the south -- above the driveway and front of the house -- the cliffs themselves encroach too steeply for anything to grow. A dramatic bluff of jagged, white crumbling stone catches the late afternoon sun, reflecting it back down on the house below.

BOURNE and MARIE getting out of the getaway car. It's so quiet. No cars. No people. Shutters pulled tight.

MARIE

He's only here in the summer.

BOURNE doesn't answer. Too busy taking it all in. Like an animal. Perimeters. Terrain. Sightlines. The cliff above. The vineyards all around. Sun. Wind. Anything...

CUT TO

THE FRONT DOOR. MARIE fishing around the jam for a key. The flower pot. Under the mat. Nothing.

BOURNE moves past her. Shoulders the door. It pops and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. Hippie chic. Happy family clutter. Good old rugs. Some decent art. Lived-in funky furniture. MARIE standing in the living room. Taking the place in. She hasn't been back here in years. Memories. Nostalgia.

BOURNE on the prowl -- eyes everywhere and --

HE'S MOVING INTO

THE KITCHEN. And something's off -- plates on the table -- fruit on the counter -- a half-eaten baguette...

BOURNE
(hand on the stove--)
Marie...

MARIE (OS)
What?

BOURNE doesn't answer -- eyes suddenly out the window and --

MARIE
(just entering--)
What?

BOURNE
(the window)
We've got company...

WINDOW POV

A VAN pulling into the drive --

MARIE (OS) .
Oh, shit...

CUT TO

THE DRIVEWAY. Moments later. And here's a very awkward reunion. EAMON is forty. He's a Brit. He and Marie had a thing years ago. One glorious season. But they haven't spoken in a long time. He's married now. And he's a dad.

We've got EAMON climbing out of the van wondering who the fuck is here. We've got his dog -- a HUGE WHITE ALSATIAN -- barking like crazy inside the car. We've got ALAIN, his three year-old son, and CLAUDIA, his six-year-old step-daughter, squabbling in the backseat and --

We've got MARIE coming out the front door, with the biggest, full-of-shit-happy-to-see you-smile she can muster --

MARIE
Eamon! -- it's you! -- omigod...

EAMON standing there. Clueless confusion transforming into nightmare dread before our eyes --

MARIE

-- it's me! -- Eamon it's me, it's Marie...look at you...

She stops. EAMON just standing there. There's this dead moment. Even the dog stops barking.

MARIE

There's a real good reason for this.

EAMON

There bloody well better be.

BOURNE steps out of the house. Standing there.

MARIE

We were driving. We were just down the road...

(beat)

...Jason - that's Jason -- we were just down the road.

(getting smaller)

I really needed a place to crash.

EAMON

This is fucking brilliant, Marie.

CLAUDIA

(from the car--)

Daddy?

EAMON

(calling back--)

Hang on -- just hang on --

MARIE

I never thought you'd be here.

EAMON

Why would I be here? It's only my bloody house, right?

MARIE

It was just gonna be one night.

CLAUDIA

(insistent now)

Daddy... Alain has to pee!

MARIE

(looking past him--)

Is that Claudia? Little Claudia?

God, she's huge... And the boy?

Is that your boy? Omigod...

EAMON

Jesus, Marie...

(he's reeling)

I just took Ramona to the station.
You have any idea how lucky you are
she's not here? Fuck that, how
lucky I am.

CLAUDIA

Daddy!

EAMON

Yes! -- get out! -- come on...

BOURNE still in the doorway. THE KIDS -- THE DOG -- all
scrambling out of the van. EAMON and MARIE deadlocked --

MARIE

Look, I thought it would be okay.
I was wrong.

EAMON

I guess some things never change.

CUT TO

TREADSTONE RESEARCH ROOM. TWO WORKERS huddled over laptops
and paperwork. CONKLIN getting an update from --

ZORN

These are all the calls to Europe.
There's a lot of them. We were
gonna scan them and do it on the
machine, but it's actually faster
to break them down by hand.

CONKLIN

How long?

ZORN

Maybe an hour.

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE YARD. Early evening. BOURNE playing on a
tire swing with CLAUDIA and ALAIN. They're pushing him --
trying to -- laughing and --

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN. EAMON and MARIE cooking. Watching them out the window --

EAMON
What's he do for a living?

MARIE
He used to be in shipping.

EAMON
He's good for you? You're happy?

MARIE
You know me. I try too hard.

EAMON nods. He knows.

CUT TO

A WALL MAP OF EUROPE. Pushpins scattered all over. Dublin, Biarritz, Oslo, Cherbourg, Positano, Berlin...

CONKLIN pulling out pins one-by-one as --

CONKLIN
We took her family's phone records and collated the international calls. This gave us a European residency pattern going back six years...

WE'RE IN

THE TREADSTONE RESEARCH ROOM. ABBOTT and ZORN watching CONKLIN pull those pins out as he continues --

CONKLIN
...they were in Marseille at two p.m. They have a stolen car. They can't fly. The train is too dangerous. He knows better than to go anywhere we might track him.
(one pin left--)
This is our best guess.

ABBOTT
What is that?

CONKLIN
She spent four months there in '97. Closest town is Gigondas. It's a little over an hour from Marseille.

ABBOTT

What are you suggesting?

CONKLIN

I have a man in Marseille. I want Paris to put him on the road.

ABBOTT

(the map)

Based on this?

CONKLIN

You have a better idea?

ABBOTT

So far you've given me nothing but a trail of collateral damage from Zurich to Marseille. I don't think I could do much worse.

CONKLIN

You want a sure thing?

(stone cold)

I'll tell you what you do. You go upstairs. Book a satellite fly-by. Book a conference room. Get a lot of people involved. I promise you -- absolute guarantee -- by the time you're done running this up the flagpole, Bourne will gone.

(beat)

They're trained -- conditioned -- they're built to disappear. You give him a week to run and we may never find him.

ABBOTT

(the map)

But this? This is crazy...

CONKLIN

No. This is how it's done. This is what we do. You make your next, best, first choice and you run at it until it comes up cold and then you move on.

(that last pushpin--)

Right now, this is our next, best option.

ABBOTT on the horns of that, as we --

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM. Night. Odd happy family meal. Loose. Good food. Troubles on hold. The kids -- the dog -- all having fun. EAMON opening another bottle of wine. MARIE trying to sparkle. BOURNE looking almost alive.

ALAIN
(to Bourne)
Are you afraid of alligators?

BOURNE
Yes.

EAMON
Alain is obsessed with alligators.

CLAUDIA
(to Marie)
Do you know what that means?

MARIE
Obsessed?

EAMON
And Claudia's obsessed with her vocabulary.

CLAUDIA
(to Marie)
Do you know what nocturnal means?

ALAIN
(to Bourne)
-- even little alligators? You're even scared of those?

BOURNE
Even more.

ALAIN
More than a big one? Why?

BOURNE
They're harder to see.

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE. Ominous POV. Looking down from the bluff that hangs over the property. The driveway. The cars. Front of the house. All stretched out below. Lights on. So perfect. So vulnerable.

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE GUEST ROOM. Night. MARIE bolts awake. Startled. She looks around. It's three a.m. She's alone. There's a sofa across the room -- an improvised bed -- nothing but sheets and pillow. Bourne is gone.

CUT TO

THE FARMHOUSE HALLWAY. MARIE coming through the darkness. She's got a fire poker -- a weapon -- holding it ready -- something's off -- something's definitely wrong -- she can feel it -- she's ready -- ready for anything -- suddenly, she stops cold --

THERE

IN THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM -- BOURNE -- his back to us -- to her -- standing over the sleeping kids and --

MARIE

Jason...

(she's terrified)
for the kids--)

My God... What are you doing?

He doesn't move -- suddenly -- a burst of protective fury -- she's whipping him around and --

MARIE

-- you bastard! -- leave them alo--
(stopping because--)

He looks shattered. His eyes are red. Was he crying?

BOURNE

...I don't want to know who I am
anymore. I don't want to know.
I don't want to know who I am or
what I did -- I don't want to know
anything anymore...

MARIE

Oh God, Jason...

BOURNE

...the kids...I couldn't sleep,
I was worried...I came to check...
(so lost here)
...I don't want to know who I am
anymore. I don't want to know.
I don't care anymore.

MARIE opens her arms. Gathers him in. And she's rocked too -- rocked to see him like this --

MARIE
It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.
We're gonna go back to bed. Come
on, come with me...

BOURNE pulls back. Something to say. But stronger now.

BOURNE
I don't want anything else, Marie.
I don't care about what happened.
(a plea)
We have this money. We can hide.
I know how to hide. I want to start
over. I want to start with you.
Could we do that? Is there any
chance we could do that?

MARIE hesitates. Pulls him to her. Holding him, as we --

CUT TO

A CIA ATRIUM. Night. Quiet this late. ABBOTT descending on an escalator. Waiting for him at the bottom is --

ZORN
They're at the house.

ABBOTT
You're sure.

ZORN
It's confirmed.

ABBOTT
Tell Conklin I'll be downstairs in
five minutes.

ZORN
I'm afraid he's gone. He left for
Paris. Over an hour ago.

ABBOTT
I hope you're kidding.

ZORN
I'm not much of a comedian, sir.

ABBOTT stunned. Silent. Steaming.

ABBOTT
Get him on the line. Now.

ZORN
I've been trying. He seems to have
turned off his phone at the moment.
(beat)
He did leave a message...
(a note)
His words, not mine...

ABBOTT
Read it.

ZORN
"Tell Abbott, it's time someone
strapped on a set and got this done."

ABBOTT like steel here. Like ice. Everything about him
hardening before our eyes, as we --

CUT TO

FARMHOUSE KITCHEN. Early morning. EAMON in a robe and
slippers, pouring himself coffee. He's hungover.

MARIE enters. Showered. Dressed. Ready to go.

EAMON
Christ, you were up early...
(his heavy head)
Bless you for making coffee.

MARIE
It's the least we can do.

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

EAMON
One night. You weren't kidding.

MARIE
For a change.

CLAUDIA and ALAIN -- still in their pajamas -- come scrambling
in from outside --

CLAUDIA
He's not out there either.

EAMON
And you looked by the car?

CLAUDIA
He's not anywhere.

EAMON
All right, let me get dressed...

BOURNE
Who?

EAMON
Goddam dog is missing.

BOURNE
That happen a lot?

EAMON
That old beast? Miss his breakfast?
Not a chance.
(downing his coffee)
It's always something, right?

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

BOURNE
Get in the basement.

EAMON
What?

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

MARIE doesn't need a second warning --

EAMON
What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE
You're in danger. All of you.
I don't have time to explain.

EAMON
Wait a minute --

MARIE
-- Eamon --

EAMON
(wheeling on her)
-- what the hell have you done?

BOURNE

It's not her. It's me. It's me
they're after.

(pure steel)

You need to get out of sight and
in the basement as quickly as you
possibly can.

EAMON staring at him -- at MARIE -- they're serious --

CLAUDIA

Daddy...

BOURNE

I'm sorry.

EAMON blanches -- those two words -- the way he said it --

CUT TO

THE BASEMENT DOOR flying open -- EAMON rushing THE KIDS
down the rickety stairs and --

CUT TO

THE KITCHEN -- BOURNE -- in motion -- there's a cabinet --
he's tearing it open -- pulling down AN OLD SHOTGUN -- an
ancient, double-barrelled farm gun --

MARIE

Jason...

No answer -- too busy -- pulling down SHELLS -- boxes of
shotgun shells -- stuffing his pockets --

MARIE

Who is it? Who's out there?

-- he's checking windows -- front -- back -- side --

MARIE

We should never -- we should never
have come --

(starting to freak)

-- I could never forgive myself --

(is he listening?)

Jason, these children...

BOURNE chambering two rounds, looks up --

BOURNE

I won't let that happen.

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

TELESCOPIC POV -- crosshairs trained down on the driveway and the front door and --

THERE HE IS

THE PROFESSOR cradling a SNIPER RIFLE -- tucked in that stone bluff above the house -- pulling his eye from the scope -- something's wrong -- he's got no shot at the backyard and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- walking tall -- into the backyard -- steady -- methodical -- raising the gun and --

AN OLD FARM SHED -- thirty yards away -- PROPANE TANKS -- dozens of them -- stacked alongside and --

BOOM! -- shotgun -- both barrels and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- turning and --

CUT TO

THE PROPANE TANKS -- total explosion -- KAAAABOOOMMM!!!! -- THE FARM SHED just splintering off the screen and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- looking down -- to his right -- a mushroom cloud of smoke and debris -- what the hell? -- where's the target? -- where's the fucking target? --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- on the move -- new direction -- like a machine -- nothing but balls and this antique shotgun and --

CUT TO

MARIE -- AT THE WINDOW -- watching him -- watching him walk away behind the house -- watching him reload as he goes -- watching and realizing that he's putting it all on the line for her and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- scanning below -- searching for a target -- there -- to the left -- behind the house -- swinging the rifle and --

TELESCOPIC POV -- BOURNE -- too late -- no shot -- he's disappeared into a stand of trees and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- walking -- through the trees -- heading for the high vineyards and --

THERE -- as he passes -- in the dirt -- THE DOG -- dead -- throat cut -- white fur soaked with blood and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- on the move -- he's bailing on the sniper position -- scrambling down over the rocks -- hauling the rifle and his satchel and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- through the vineyard -- striding between thick rows of old-growth vine -- like a freight train -- like he doesn't care if he lives or dies and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- still on the rocks -- clambering down -- hustling -- rushing down toward the vineyard below and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- no hesitation -- there's a gap in the vines -- he's turning -- new angle -- still coming and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- he's down -- in the vineyard -- crouched there -- waiting -- scanning and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- as he walks -- raising the gun skyward -- BOOM! --

CUT TO

BIRDS -- hundreds of them gleaning the harvested field -- spooked by the blast -- taking flight and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- eyes skyward -- BIRDS -- suddenly they're everywhere -- chaotic flocks circling overhead and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- walking -- reloading -- watching -- watching the birds -- watching them settle back down to the vineyard -- watching where they don't come down and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- pulse rising -- he's dumping the rifle -- digging in his satchel for A PISTOL and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- another gap in the vines -- another change in direction and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- with the pistol -- mobile now -- running -- keeping low -- sprinting along an old stone wall and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- shotgun cradled -- same pace -- still coming and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- in the vineyard -- sprinting -- looking back -- unsure -- spooked -- dropping -- rolling and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- another gap -- another direction -- tacking -- still coming and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- false alarm -- back on his feet -- but he's winded and he's thinking too much and --

CUT TO

A BIRD -- suddenly behind him -- a pheasant -- flushed -- taking flight and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- wheeling -- firing -- BLAM! --

CUT TO

THE PHEASANT -- drilled -- one shot -- falling and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- hearing -- knowing -- he's close now and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- off and running and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- through the vines -- crashing through -- firing on the fly -- BLAM! --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- hit! -- from behind -- buckshot -- he's staggered -- stumbling -- wheeling around -- the pistol -- ready -- searching and --

There's nothing there -- no one -- no target and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- new path -- same rhythm -- still going and --

CUT TO

THE PROFESSOR -- he's hurt -- bleeding -- off balance -- a shadow -- swinging the pistol and --

BLAM!!!

THE PROFESSOR -- blown back -- close range -- his arm -- his whole side -- the pistol flying away and --

FINALLY TO

BOURNE standing there -- reloading -- both barrels -- raising the gun -- aiming it --

BOURNE

Who else is here?

THE PROFESSOR sitting there in the dirt. Like a dummy. Like a puppet that's been propped up. He's fucked -- his whole side ravaged with shot -- his arm shredded -- hand barely there -- blood flowing fast into the soil and --

BOURNE

Who else is here with you?

THE PROFESSOR staring up at the gun. Stunned. Doomed.
Mouth dry. Eyes struggling to make sense of the chaos.

BOURNE
I won't ask again.

PROFESSOR
I work alone. Like you...
(confused beat)
...we always work alone.

BOURNE
What do you mean?

PROFESSOR
Who are you? Athens? Genoa?
(Bourne is just
staring--)
Treadstone...both of us...I was
warned but...

BOURNE
Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
...which one?...

BOURNE lowering the weapon -- head swimming --

BOURNE
Genoa. I live in Genoa.

PROFESSOR
...headaches...you have that?...I
get such bad headaches...

BOURNE
Yes.

PROFESSOR
...it's a problem...

He's losing blood fast -- things inside him seizing up --

BOURNE
Treadstone.

PROFESSOR
...or in a car...when it's dark...
something with the headlights...
(circuits exploding)
...pills, right? Paris had those
pills...

BOURNE
What is Treadstone?

PROFESSOR
 ...what did you do?...you must've
 really fucked up...

BOURNE
 I don't know.

PROFESSOR
 ...someone said caffeine -- for a
 headache...doesn't seem...

BOURNE
I don't know what I did.

PROFESSOR
 ...Paris says pills...

BOURNE
 Is Treadstone in Paris?

THE PROFESSOR -- coughing -- a spasm -- helpless --

PROFESSOR
 Look at this...
 (all the blood)
 ...how it happens...what they make
 you give...I can't remember...before
 was what...all this...
 (another spasm)
 ...not so bad...outside...sky...
 (then this weird
 frozen smile--)
 Better maybe.

And he's gone. Like that. Sitting there. And BOURNE
 looks paralyzed too. Kneeling there. Stalled out.

And silence.

And then, this sound -- this hum -- this pulsing hum --
 BOURNE reaching into THE PROFESSOR'S POCKET and --

PULLING OUT

HIS PAGER -- covered in blood -- hum -- hum -- hum --
 BOURNE'S HAND wiping at the blood that covers the display
 -- this message flashing over and over:

-- statu 911 -- repondrez 44-49-97-29 --

ANGLE ON

BOURNE with this in his hand. And the blood at his feet.
And the Professor's dead eyes staring back at him, as we --

CUT TO

EAMON'S VAN -- motion -- doors flying open -- CLAUDIA --
ALAIN -- piling in -- EAMON throwing shit in after them --

WE'RE IN

THE FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY -- it's all just happened -- farm
shed still burning and smoldering in the background and --

EAMON
I'm not waiting --

MARIE
-- just --

EAMON
-- I'm not waiting!

BOURNE coming out of the house -- coming fast -- he's got
the black duffel in one hand and The Professor's satchel
in the other. He's got the pistol tucked into his belt --
he's coming straight for MARIE and he's all business --

BOURNE
Take it.
(the duffel)
I took out thirty grand. The rest
is yours.

But she doesn't move.

MARIE
And that's it?

BOURNE
That's all I've got.

MARIE
That's not what I meant.

BOURNE
You want me to say I'm sorry again?

MARIE
Not that either.

BOURNE

There's enough in here to make a life. You get out now. Get low. Stay low.

EAMON

(from the van--)

I'm outta here, Marie!

BOURNE

Get in the van, Marie.

MARIE

Right.

(simply refusing
to cry--)

I mean, what was I thinking, right?

BOURNE

I can't protect you anymore.

EAMON -- the van engine starting -- revving --

MARIE

I'm coming!

BOURNE

Take the money. Make a life.

MARIE

And what about you?

BOURNE

I'm gonna end this.

MARIE takes the bag. And one last look.

And she's running --

EAMON barely waiting till she's in the door before he's peeling out -- gravel flying -- the van fishtailing out into the driveway --

Dust rising as it speeds off through the vineyard and --

FINALLY TO

BOURNE alone. Pistol in his belt. Blood on his boots. Work to do. And the whole day in front of him.

CUT TO

ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM. Day. MANHEIM. Remember?
Exactly as we left him. Laying on the bed. Fully dressed.
Suit and tie. Laying there, staring at the ceiling.

Just waiting.

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

CUT TO

PARIS. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. Sunset. BOURNE climbing
up from the Metro. Up into the street. Satchel in hand.

CUT TO

AIRPLANE CABIN. Night flight. MANHEIM in Business Class.
Same suit. Same expression.

CUT TO

PARIS. A LEFT BANK CAFE. Night. Near the Sorbonne.
A busy student hangout. HALF-A DOZEN CYBERKIDS outside
jabbering over coffee and laptops. Looking up as --

BOURNE looms over them. He drops a hundred dollar bill
on the table. He reaches down -- there's a pen -- a paper
tablecloth -- he writes --

44-49-97-29

BOURNE

J'ai besoin de l'adresse.

SIX HANDS grabbing for the money, as we --

CUT TO

A PARISIAN TOWNHOUSE. Night. We're looking down at the
back of the building from a rooftop across a courtyard.
It's a four-story house. At first glance, it's quite the
same as the buildings all around it. Then you notice the
fortified back wall. The glint of razor wire across the
rear terrace. The extra satellite dish tucked in beside the
chimney. There are lights on here and there through the
place. And curtains drawn, except --

THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOWS

A WOMAN -- she's thirty -- petite -- attractive -- she's on a mobile phone -- pacing a third-floor hallway -- appearing -- disappearing -- and she's clearly stressed -- smoking -- pacing -- talking and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE TOWNHOUSE. The woman -- her name is NICOLETTE -- she's American -- one last thing, up close, the phone she's using looks a lot more complex than standard issue --

NICOLETTE

-- they were covering Spain, Malta, Morocco...right...all local police radio traffic that looks...yes... no, for Northern Europe we need an authorized directive...because... that's just how they do it up there ...our search pattern is Source Protect only, so...everything runs through here...our encryption shift is on the half hour, so...I don't care, wake him the fuck up, we gotta find this guy, it's priority one.

She's clicking off the phone -- checking her watch -- taking a desperate drag on the cigarette, before starting --

UP THE STAIRS

NICOLETTE

Okay, they're on it --
 (calling up as she
 climbs--)
 -- don't ask me how, but I got us a complete, one-way window on all Interpol signal traffic, so--
 (stopping as she
 tops the stairs--)

What?

CONKLIN standing there in a doorway. He's holding up a piece of paper. He's super-tense and extremely pissed-off.

CONKLIN

Why is this still here?

NICOLETTE

I don't know, what is it?

CONKLIN

It's a medication request. From May! This should've been destroyed months ago.

NICOLETTE

So put it in now.

CONKLIN

That's not the point.

She grabs the paper -- ripping it out of his hand -- pushing past him --

INTO

AN ATTIC OFFICE. TREADSTONE, PARIS. High-tech dispatch unit. A garret room filled with gear. Floor to ceiling racks of it. Paperwork stacked for disposal. TWO PAPER SHREDDERS grinding away, burn bags full to the brim --

NICOLETTE dropping the paper in question into the shredder.

CONKLIN

I'm starting to wonder what the hell else is floating around here.

NICOLETTE

Look, I'm not the problem, okay?

(suddenly, the
machine--)

Oh, shit...

CONKLIN

What?

ONE OF THE PAPER SHREDDERS just jammed up --

NICOLETTE

Did you take the staple out?

CONKLIN

You ripped it out of my hand.

NICOLETTE

Goddammit...

So now she's got to fix the shredder. He's standing there, trying to help, and then --

Beep.

CONKLIN

What was that?

NICOLETTE rushing to A WALL-MOUNTED SECURITY CONSOLE.

NICOLETTE
Basement window --
(glancing back)
-- it's the security system.

CONKLIN
Who does it call?

NICOLETTE
Me. Here.
(punching at the
keypad--)
It's a dedicated system...

Beep.

CONKLIN
What's that?

NICOLETTE
No. It's --
(confused)
-- something's messed up -- that's
the first floor -- that's a motion
detector -- .

CONKLIN
Has it done this before?

NICOLETTE
-- no, but that's not the --
(still fucking
with it--)

Beep.

CONKLIN
(over her shoulder)
-- second floor window rear --

Beep.

NICOLETTE
-- entry motion front? ---

CONKLIN
(backing away)
-- where's your field box? --

NICOLETTE
-- wait a minute --

CONKLIN

What?

NICOLETTE

-- the system just -- it's down --
the whole thing's dead --

CONKLIN

-- where's your field box!

NICOLETTE comes to -- pointing back -- there -- under the desk
-- CONKLIN diving down there and --

NICOLETTE

-- if it went down, maybe it was
just -- maybe it was just fritzing
out before it shut down --

CONKLIN up from the field box -- he's got a submachine gun in
his hand -- A HECKLER MP5 -- grabbing for clips and --

NICOLETTE

-- cmigod --

CONKLIN

(looking back)
-- what're you doing?

NICOLETTE -- the phone -- the landline -- on her desk --

NICOLETTE

-- dead -- the phones are dead --
(and as she
says it--)

The power goes out.

Suddenly, the house is dark.

And quiet.

NICOLETTE

Is it him?

CONKLIN

Shut up.

NICOLETTE

(real fear)
It's Bourne, isn't it?

CONKLIN waving her quiet -- slamming ammo into THE HECKLER
-- moving now through the office and --

STEPPING OUT ONTO

THE TOP FLOOR LANDING. CONKLIN in the dark -- stairs below him -- skylight above -- office behind him -- poised here -- waiting -- listening and --

SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM

LIGHT! -- NICOLETTE with A CANDLE there on the desk --

CONKLIN
(turning, whispering)
What're you doing? --

NICOLETTE
(searching the desk)
-- my mobil -- I can't find it --

CONKLIN
-- who're you gonna call?

NICOLETTE stops. Watching by candlelight -- listening and --

CONKLIN -- over the stairwell -- he's a soldier -- HECKLER moving like his eyes -- pointing down -- scouring the shadows below -- angling for a target -- on edge -- waiting and --

Suddenly -- A SOUND! -- above --

CONKLIN -- swinging -- target -- instant reaction -- BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP! --

THE SKYLIGHT -- shattered -- reinforced glass torn to shit -- shards -- fragments -- pieces -- falling -- falling everywhere -- tinkling down -- over the stairs -- some of it falling all the way down through the stairwell, and then...

Silence.

CONKLIN waiting -- straining -- listening -- NICOLETTE behind him now -- near the door, when --

BOURNE (OS)
You move, you die.

Oh, shit -- freeze -- he's behind them!

CONKLIN
Bourne?

BOURNE (OS)
Gun down.

CONKLIN lets THE HECKLER drop to the floor --

BOURNE (OS)

Turn.

BOURNE -- there he is -- in THE OFFICE -- in the shadows --
with THE PISTOL -- curtains blowing through the open attic
window behind him --

We've got NICOLETTE by the desk. CONKLIN at the door.
Heckler somewhere on the floor. That one candle burning.

CONKLIN

Okay.

(staring daggers)

So what do you want?

BOURNE

Treadstone.

CONKLIN

Better take a quick look. There's
not much left.

BOURNE

Are you Treadstone?

CONKLIN

Am I Treadstone? Me?

(peering at him
closely now--)

What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE showing nothing -- or is he trying too hard not to?

NICOLETTE

Jason, it's me. It's Nicky.

(forced calm)

You know my voice. I know you do.

We've spoken before, right?

CONKLIN

Oh, fuck that...

(to Nicky)

He's standing here with a gun on us
for crissake!

(to Bourne)

What's the deal, Jason? Huh?

We used to be on the same side.

BOURNE

Whose side is that?

CONKLIN

Whose side?

(incredulous)

Are you kidding? Jason Bourne is U.S. Government property. We've got thirty million dollars invested in you. You're our pride and joy. Four years of training. Five years of flawless performance.

(staring at him)

What in the name of God have you been doing?

BOURNE

I don't know.

CONKLIN

They're right about you, aren't they? You're fried.

(on it now)

You snapped.

(bearing down)

Do you know what you've done? Do you have any idea? Any conception? What you've destroyed? Do you have any idea how much time and work -- how many people have their lives wrapped up in this?

BOURNE

Tell me what I've done.

CONKLIN

Tell you what you've done? What you've done? You've only ruined everything. You've only blown the most successful wet operation in the fucking hemisphere! Years of work -- research -- training -- funding -- all blown -- all of it -- just gone in three weeks!

BOURNE

You've been trying to kill me.

CONKLIN

Kill you?

(just getting bigger)

That's your job! All we've been trying to do is find out what the hell you've been up to.

(focused now)

What happened in Marseille? What happened?

BOURNE -- his hand -- the gun -- it's steady -- but his eyes -- is he getting to him? --

CONKLIN

You pulled off a flawless incursion. Textbook. It was perfect! You get into the architect's office -- you get plans to the house. You break into the security company -- perfect exfil -- out of their office -- undetected! -- you have the codes...

BOURNE -- he's reeling -- can't hide it -- can't fight it --

CONKLIN

...You get on the grounds. Past the dogs. Past the guards -- you climb -- you have twenty seconds to climb forty feet and you do it! -- and you hang there -- you hang there on the side of the building for three days! -- three days you're up there! You piss into a bag. It's cold -- you hang there -- it rains! -- you hang there! -- three days! -- it was perfect...

BOURNE -- he's there -- he's putting him there --

CONKLIN

...and now you move -- you're in the house! -- past the bodyguards -- -- into the bedroom! -- you're in the goddam bedroom! -- you're there -- there's the objective -- there's Wombosi -- he's asleep! -- you're standing there over his bed with a gun and you don't pull the trigger! (total power) Why, goddamit? -- Why? -- Why don't you finish the job?

BOURNE

The baby...

(there it is)

There's a baby's in the bed.

(beat)

There's a baby sleeping in the bed.

He's lost.

Standing there. All of it flooding back. Body sagging.

Pistol drifting down to his side. But there's no chance to deal with it, because --

ALL AT ONCE

NICOLETTE -- in motion -- kicking and --

BOURNE -- surprised -- off guard -- can't cover up -- taking a wicked shot to the ribs and --

CONKLIN -- frantic -- dropping to the floor -- searching for THE HECKLER and --

BOURNE -- stunned -- trying to rally but --

NICOLETTE -- she's awesome -- elbow -- hard into Bourne's ribs -- two-hand chop across his arm and --

BOURNE'S PISTOL -- flying out of his hand -- clattering away but --

BOURNE -- rallying -- shoulder -- driving -- hard and --

NICOLETTE -- up -- off her feet -- crashing back -- over the desk and --

THE CANDLE -- papers -- everything -- falling -- now -- for a moment -- it's really dark and --

CONKLIN -- on the floor -- feeling around -- where's the THE HECKLER? -- grabbing it but --

BOURNE -- kicking and --

CONKLIN -- slammed back against the door jam -- stunned and --

NICOLETTE -- A LAMP -- first thing she could grab -- she's swinging it and --

BOURNE -- feinting right -- lamp crashing past him and --

SUDDENLY -- FLAMES! -- the candle -- the paper shredder -- WHOOSH! -- totally instant bonfire and --

CONKLIN -- staggered -- but there's THE HECKLER and --

BOURNE -- kicking and --

THE FLAMING PAPER SHREDDER -- rocketing across the floor -- hitting the door jam -- hitting CONKLIN! -- burning shit spilling everywhere and --

BOURNE -- his gun -- there it is -- scrambling for it on the floor and --

NICOLETTE -- a rack of equipment -- reaching up -- she's pulling the whole wall of gear down onto BOURNE and --

CRASH!!! -- chaos -- fire -- smoke -- confusion -- everything amped-up by this wall of falling shit and --

CONKLIN -- out of the office -- backing toward the stairs -- smoke and flaming debris shooting out the door and --

HE STARTS FIRING!

CONKLIN -- THE HECKLER -- BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-
BAP! -- he's firing wild -- blindly -- back into the office -- BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP! -- trying to kill anything -- everything -- that's in there -- CONKLIN backing down the stairs -- slipping on the broken glass -- firing as he retreats -- BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP! -- Bourne -- Nicolette -- doesn't matter -- kill it all -- BAP!-BAP!-BAP!-BAP! -- rounds pouring in -- smoke pouring out and --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE OFFICE -- it's blazing now -- ROUNDS POURING IN -- smoke and flame just everywhere -- NICOLETTE -- she's dead -- shot -- body sprawled there in the inferno and --

CUT TO

THE STAIRS -- CONKLIN -- out of ammo -- slamming home a fresh clip -- starting to cough on the smoke -- it's too thick -- they must be dead -- both of them -- they have to be -- turning now -- enough of this -- and he's running --

DOWN TO

THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING -- it's dark -- and smoky -- but CONKLIN needs something --

RUNNING THROUGH

THE THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONKLIN dashing into one of the rooms -- grabbing his overnight bag and --

RUNNING BACK TO

THE STAIRWAY -- CONKLIN -- THE HECKLER -- his bag -- the fire raging above -- smoke churning -- pouring up through the shattered skylight -- CONKLIN -- his eyes -- they sting

-- he can barely see -- forcing himself to keep the weapon pointed up -- covering his flank -- ready for anything as he starts to back down the stairs --

But not ready for this.

BOURNE is below him.

BOURNE pulling CONKLIN back off his feet like a rag doll -- one arm around his throat -- the other slamming his gun hand down so hard against the bannister that the wood cracks --

THE HECKLER FALLING FREE -- crashing down the last thirty feet of stairwell to the marble foyer below and --

CONKLIN barely knows what hit him --

BOURNE

(in his ear)

I don't want to be on your side.

CONKLIN'S BODY -- launched -- hurtling -- CRASHING DOWN TO THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING AND --

BOURNE coming down after him -- and now we see that he's been wounded -- gunshot through his shoulder -- clothes burned and smoking -- but there is absolutely no evidence of what must be serious pain --

CONKLIN -- just laying there -- fucked --

BOURNE on him --lifting him from the floor and --

CONKLIN'S BODY -- falling -- tumbling -- CRASHING DOWN THE LAST FLIGHT OF STAIRS AND --

BOURNE coming down after him -- steady and relentless and --

FINALLY TO

THE GROUND FLOOR FOYER. CONKLIN -- laying there -- just a wreck -- squirming -- struggling lamely to his knees -- no threat at this point whatsoever and --

BOURNE -- he's got THE HECKLER -- checking it -- drilling it -- this is a gun he obviously knows well -- lowering the barrel down to CONKLIN'S BLOODIED FACE.

Holding it there.

CONKLIN braced for the worst.

BOURNE

Jason Bourne is dead.

(beat)

Do you hear me?

(Conklin nods)

You're gonna go tell them Jason Bourne is dead. That he's out of this. That he's walking. You're gonna tell them what happens if they try to bring him back. You're my errand boy, you understand?

(pressing it)

Do you understand?

CONKLIN

...yeth...yeth, I unnestan...

There's shit starting to fall from the fire above -- ash and embers -- flaming debris -- FIRE SIRENS STARTING TO BLEED IN FROM THE FAR DISTANCE and --

BOURNE

Tell them if I even feel somebody behind me, there is no measure to how fast and hard I will bring this fight to your doorstep.

(beat)

Tell them I'm their worst nightmare now. Tell them I have everything you put inside me -- everything you did to me -- everything I ever learned -- all of it -- tell them what that means.

(pulling ammo from

Conklin's pocket--)

Except now?

(standing)

I'm on my own side now.

CONKLIN struggling to his knees -- coughing -- hobbled -- watching BOURNE grab a coat off the rack by the door and --

CUT TO

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE TOWNHOUSE. BOURNE walks out of the building. The stolen raincoat covering his bad shoulder and the Heckler.

Walking off into the night.

As the flames dance. And the neighborhood lights begin to come on. And the sirens are almost upon us.

CLOSE ON

BOURNE'S FACE. As he walks. Close enough to see the pain he's so good at hiding. Close enough to see the resolve that's going to hold him together. Close enough to see that something fundamental has changed for him. He knows who is and what he's been through. It's all there.

CUT TO

PARIS -- THE CHAMPS DU MAR -- BOURNE walking into the dark parade ground gardens -- Invalides lit up behind him -- The Eiffel Tower in the far distance at the end of the esplanade and --

CUT TO

MANHEIM -- A CAR PARKED IN THE DARKNESS -- sitting alone with his briefcase. Opening it. There's his gun.

CUT TO

BOURNE -- walking -- deeper into the park -- deeper into the darkness and --

CUT TO

MANHEIM -- in the dark car -- loading the weapon -- calm -- steady -- methodical and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- walking and --

CUT TO

MANHEIM -- stepping out of the car -- closing the door quietly -- deep in the shadows and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- still coming -- the darkest part of the park just ahead and --

CUT TO

MANHEIM -- raising the gun and --

THE CAMERA SPINS TO HIS TARGET

IT'S CONKLIN!

CONKLIN hobbling toward us -- making his escape -- down the dark street -- looking up -- a moment -- recognition --

Too late.

MANHEIM -- the gun -- phfft -- phfft -- phfft --

CONKLIN -- three holes -- head -- heart -- gut -- his body dropping like a stone.

MANHEIM walks over. Looks down. Point blank -- phfft -- that makes it four and --

CUT TO

PARIS. BOURNE still walking. And he's just gonna keep on going, as we --

CUT TO

CIA OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM. MARSHALL, CIA bigwig, is at the head of the table. He's surrounded by a cadre of INTEL HONCHOS.

ABBOTT (OS)

The Treadstone project has actually already been terminated. It was designed primarily as a sort of advanced game program...

THE CAMERA FINDS

ABBOTT in the hot seat. ZORN right there beside him.

ABBOTT

...We'd hoped it might build into a good training platform, but quite honestly, for a strictly theoretical exercise, we thought it was far too expensive. The cost-benefit ratio was just too high. It's all but decommissioned at this point.

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MARSHALL
All right, what's next?

ZORN handing ABBOTT the next hundred pages.

ABBOTT
Okay, this is Blackbriar. Blackbriar
is a joint, DOD, communications
program that we really feel has good
traction to it...

ABBOTT is just gonna go on and on and on...

CUT TO

CAPRI. Gorgeous Summer day. A SCOOTER RENTAL SHACK with
the Mediterranean off in the distance.

SIX MONTHS LATER

MARIE coming out of the shack with two helmets. Handing
them to A HAPPY COUPLE waiting there on their scooters.

THE HAPPY COUPLE rides off.

MARIE turns back and --

There's BOURNE. A new look. A big smile.

BOURNE
I remember you...

MARIE
Yeah...
(she smiles)
The face is familiar, but...

BOURNE
David. My name's David.

MARIE
Hello, David.

And that's it.

THE END