

11.09.09

CASH MONEY DOLLARS

by  
NEVELDINE/TAYLOR

United Talent Agency  
9560 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 500  
Beverly Hills, Ca 90212-2401  
310.273.6700

EXT. MID-SIZED AMERICAN CITY - NOW

MUSIC: the opening BASSLINE of BULLET BOYS "For The Love of Money"- the track kicks in HARD as we follow:

A ONE-DOLLAR BILL floats gracefully over a city sidewalk - in 3D...

The crisp dollar hangs in the air, *so close you want to reach out and grab it* - past trees, telephone poles, and over mailboxes. It's George Washington's own mini-magic carpet.

It passes a street sign - MAIN STREET - and then moves over into the center of the road... the bill flips up over cars as they drive by, then drops to the pavement - only to get stuck in a muck puddle with gum wrappers and tinfoil...

SPLOOOOSH! A BIG ASS TRUCK crushes it into the black muck-

OPENING CREDIT MONTAGE.

*Money money money money - money!  
Some people got to have it  
Some people really need it  
Listen to me y'all, do things, do things, do bad things  
Talk about cash money - dollar bills*

*For the love of money  
People will steal from their mother  
For the love of money  
People will rob their own brother  
For the love of money  
People can't even walk the street  
Because they never know who in the world they're gonna beat  
For that lean, mean - mean green  
Almighty dollar!*

America rocked by an economy at the brink, coast to coast:

Unemployment lines, going out of business signs... empty office buildings... over-filled car dealerships like dust graveyards; balloons deflated, dragging on the ground in the wind.

NEWS BROADCASTS, FLASH/CLICKING from channel to channel:

TALKING HEAD 1

The current economic turmoil is affecting everyone...

TALKING HEAD 2

The stock market roller coaster is taking investors on a wild ride...

A BROKER on the floor of the NYSE heaves up his breakfast.

TALKING HEAD 3

In a scene right out of America's  
Dumbest Criminals, an armed man  
stole a cash register from a  
Muskegon store today - only to find  
it was empty.

Storefronts large and small: *EVERYTHING MUST GO, HALF OFF,  
SAVE UP TO 99%!*

TV: The crazy MAD MONEY guy on CNBC is going ballistic,  
shouting down a group of talking heads:

JIM CRAMER

*I don't care what anyone says, it's  
all about-*

SLAM TITLES:

CASH  
MONEY  
DOLLARS

Each word pushes in over a FREEZE FRAME IMAGE - our first  
glimpse of our HEROS:

*CASH - a YOUNG DUDE - slick, super charismatic - tossing a  
pile of hundred dollar bills with a wiseass grin.*

*MONEY - a hot, BADASS CHICK in black pointing a .45*

*DOLLARS - super-imposing BLACK MAN with a cowboy hat, holding  
out a gold star.*

FLASH/CLICK:

The LA FREEWAYS, SPEED-RAMPED to a thousand miles per hour -  
flowing like blood capillaries...

TITLE: LOS ANGELES

a FREEWAY OFF-RAMP BEGGAR holds up a cardboard sign:

"Will work for \$\$\$ - got any?"

END MONTAGE.

INT. OFFICE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

MARK RENTON - 26-31, good looking; shifty - makes himself at home in the plush, high rent office. *He's CASH from the opening titles.*

RENTON looks around, unimpressed; there is an antique paperweight on the desk - a circus clown balancing plates and balls - it looks expensive. RENTON flicks the plates with his finger, setting them spinning. *First thing out of his face:*

RENTON

I'm not cheap.

The man on the business end of the desk is LESLIE DAVID - 50s; well-groomed and manicured, the picture of money and taste.

LESLIE DAVID

Would you at all mind not doing that?

(RENTON shrugs, leans back)

You were recommended, Mr. Renton, because you're a clever boy, thorough, not squeamish when it comes to the bloody stuff, and completely unburdened by any ethical code whatsoever. Now given that money is no object - do you want the job, or not?

RENTON sizes him up. Pauses for drama, then:

MARK RENTON

I want it. So, uh... tell me about this boyfriend of yours.

LESLIE DAVID

His name is Roger Wallace; Deputy Attorney General for the United States Department of Justice.

RENTON is either not impressed or not sure who/what that means.

LESLIE DAVID (CONT'D)

I believe he is in some sort of danger.

MARK RENTON

Danger?

LESLIE DAVID

He's been moody, paranoid, distracted. Late night meetings, phone calls from untraceable numbers...

(off RENTON'S reaction)

Oh, I know how it sounds. Maybe I'm just stupid enough to believe that if he were in love with someone else I'd know it.

MARK RENTON

Yeah, maybe.

LESLIE DAVID slides an envelope across the desk. RENTON pulls out a 5x7 print of ROGER WALLACE. WALLACE appears a good match for LD - same age, build, measure of refinement.

LESLIE DAVID

This is Roger.

MARK RENTON

You said he started acting funny three weeks ago.

LESLIE DAVID

That's correct.

MARK RENTON

Did you ask him about it?

LESLIE DAVID

In Roger's line of work much of what he deals with is *extremely* classified... I've learned not to pry. But in this case, I get a distinct feeling that there's something he may be trying to protect me from.

RENTON folds the photo and tucks it into his shirt pocket. Shrugs.

MARK RENTON

Well we'll just have to get to the bottom of this shady little business, won't we? I'm going to need a week in advance - better make that two weeks - plus expenses-

LESLIE DAVID

(cutting him off)

There's one other thing Renton - no one at the Department of Justice knows about "us."

(beat)

You see - I was an anti-war radical, prosecuted in the late 60s... before I fell in line and became a good little capitalist. At his level of security clearance just associating with someone like me could cost him everything...

RENTON leans in, conspiratorially.

MARK RENTON

Leslie. My man. *Discretion* is the stock I trade.

LESLIE DAVID narrows his eyes - *is this kid for real?*

MARK RENTON (CONT'D)

You can trust me.

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC:

Animated 3-dimensional FACEBOOK layout - it's RENTON'S HOMEPAGE! (*Like pretty much everyone else these days, RENTON is obsessed with FACEBOOK and TWITTER and updates his pages compulsively*).

The virtual CAMERA flies around the page, picking out details:

MARK RENTON, *private investigator*

Networks: *Los Angeles, CA*

Relationship Status: *it's complicated*

Favorite Quotations:

*Got my mind on my money and my money on my mind - Snoop Dogg*

We FLASH UP to the STATUS UPDATE headline - *what's on your mind?* As RENTON updates his STATUS we will see the words appear ABOVE HIS HEAD IN THE REAL WORLD, floating above him in 3D.

[NOTE: throughout the movie RENTON'S FACEBOOK updates will appear this way as he types, cluing us in to what he's thinking.]

RENTON types...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

RENTON is walking to his car with an extra bounce to his step. His STATUS appears above his head as he walks:

MARK RENTON IS READY TO CLOCK SOME CASH MONEY DOLLARS.

He walks past the high priced rides parked in LESLIE DAVID'S building - Bentley, Benz, BMW, Porsche... finally arriving at his car: a beat down Toyota Corolla. The passenger window is taped up with plastic and someone has keyed ASSHOLE into the drivers' door - by the looks of it months ago.

RENTON finishes typing, spins his iPhone in his hand like a magician with the Ace of Spades, slips it into his pocket and gets in.

INT. RENTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He is about to start it up when a *pair of hands from the back seat shoot out and pull a PLASTIC BAG OVER HIS FACE!*

RENTON struggles, clawing at the hands; the bag is pulled tight - he can't breathe! The man in the back seat is BLACK and STRONG.

The passenger door opens. A well dressed BLACK MAN sits down. He speaks with a soft Cockney accent like the *Geiko* GEKKO.

LONDON JOHN

Mr. Renton.

RENTON is suffocating. LONDON JOHN pulls a nasty looking KNIFE out of his coat pocket and puts it to RENTON'S FACE... from through the clear plastic RENTON can see the shape of the blade glinting - this is NOT GOOD.

LONDON JOHN (CONT'D)

Behave.

He makes a perfect slice in the plastic along RENTON'S open mouth; air rushes in - RENTON gasps, chest heaving.

LONDON JOHN (CONT'D)

You know what you are, Renton? A loser. Some people were put on this planet to win, some were put here to lose.

(MORE)

LONDON JOHN (CONT'D)  
 And that's what makes it so truly  
 unfortunate that we find ourselves  
 in this situation, because losers  
 are exactly the sort of blokes what  
 should never, ever gamble. It's  
 like a man who can't swim diving  
 for pearls.

RENTON  
 I can even up London... Just...  
 (swallows)  
 ... booked a job... got this Silly  
 Willy on the hook for four grand  
*minimum.*

LONDON JOHN  
 That's good Renton. Very good.

He reaches down, pulls a yellow envelope out of RENTON'S  
 pocket. Fresh bills inside.

LONDON JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Advance?

RENTON  
 London... I *need* that...

LONDON JOHN snaps a little, backhands RENTON in the mouth.  
 RENTON spits blood.

LONDON JOHN  
 What you *need* is to follow this -  
 (holds up the ENVELOPE  
 before sipping it into  
 his coat pocket)  
 - *down payment* with the remainder  
 of the considerable sum you owe.  
 Simple, yes?

The man in the back seat tightens his grip, pressing RENTON'S  
 head hard into the head rest. RENTON claws at the iron  
 fingers; manages an AFFIRMATIVE.

LONDON JOHN nods to the man in back. He lets go; they get out  
 of the car, slamming the doors behind them.

RENTON pulls the plastic off of his head, slumps in the seat-

*LONDON JOHN'S blade slices through the plastic* in the  
 passenger side window; he pokes his face through.

LONDON JOHN (CONT'D)  
 TTYS.

They leave. RENTON breathes hard, heart pounding. He slams his fist on the dashboard... Starts it up and floors the pedal...

... but he has it in REVERSE. He backs into a parked BENTLEY; the alarm goes off - RENTON checks the rear view mirror - *shit!*

He drives down a level to the EXIT and pulls up to the PARKING ATTENDANT. The CAR ALARM echoes in the distance.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Validation?

RENTON checks his pockets; he obviously completely spaced.

RENTON  
I don't think I have my ticket...  
look, can I- ?

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Lost ticket pays the maximum. It's  
going to be twenty four dollars.

RENTON stares at the ATTENDANT with cold murder in his eyes; then slumps back in his seat. He just can't catch a break.

INT. MYA'S APT - DAY

CLOSE UP: TV SCREEN.

CNN. Footage of DIGNITARIES arguing in the UN.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)  
The showdown over Uzbekistan's  
suspected weapons program turned  
hostile in the United Nations  
today, as US Representatives  
demanded that inspectors be allowed  
into a recently discovered  
underground facility that's purpose  
has remained a mystery.

Murky green SATELLITE VIDEO shows trucks moving in and out of a vaguely defined compound.

US AMBASSADOR  
What are you manufacturing? What's  
down there? The world has a right  
to know!

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

Uzbek spokespersons continued to deny that the facility, shown in this Pentagon satellite footage, is involved in the manufacture of WMDs.

MYA - 25, some kind of yummy Latina/Asian mix - is draped over the couch like a throw pillow in a T-shirt and underwear. It's hot as hell in the small apartment and there's no AC - she's dewy with perspiration, a plastic fan plugged in and blowing in her face; eating strawberry ice cream out of the carton.

She talks to the TV.

MYA  
(skeptical)  
Yeah right.

There are GOVERNMENT and ECONOMICS TEXTBOOKS all over the room - several are lying OPEN on the couch. She is obviously STUDYING FOR SOMETHING.

RENTON bangs the door open; walks right past her.

MYA (CONT'D)  
Renton?

He ignores her, heads for the bathroom.

MYA (CONT'D)  
Renton. Did you get the job Renton?

She gets up and follows him.

On TV, an UZBEK AMBASSADOR is denying everything.

UZBEK AMBASSADOR  
Is NOT weapons! Inspect United States nukes!

RENTON closes the bathroom door behind him and locks it. He slumps over the sink and runs the water; splashes his face and spits blood into the sink.

MYA  
(from behind the door)  
Renton the gas called. They said we're two months over. Same for the internet, only it's three months.  
(MORE)

MYA (CONT'D)

And OMG, the Chinese delegates just walked out of the G20 summit cause they said the EU is targeting their exports with protectionist policies - *again...*

RENTON puts his face down into the sink and *turns up the water*, trying to BLOCK OUT THE NOISE...

MYA (CONT'D)

Renton! Renton I'm hungry. You wanna go to CPK Renton?  
(raps on the door)  
Baby are you OK? *Did you get the job??*

RENTON presses his eyes shut; the rushing water becomes a ROAR...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST TEXAS DESERT - DAY

TITLE: WEST TEXAS

Scorched, cracked earth... brown weeds... red dust... broken rocks and cactus... buzzing flies molest a dead carcass; this is some hot, God forsaken territory.

A low square building, nondescript, warehouse doors and windows blacked out with tar paper. No roads lead to it, just tire tracks.

SURROUNDED: a half dozen Texas State Trooper cars - Ford muscle, black walls, burnt orange Texas map on the doors - skid into a scattered circle around the building. Dust clouds drift. Troopers in mirrored aviators with shotguns take position... no movement from inside. TENSE.

An ENGINE *revs-*

Then:

A HUMMER H3T BLASTS THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE DOORS and past the troopers! It clips the grill of one of the cars, spinning it like a pinwheel, and breaks for the open desert.

The TROOPERS scramble, rip into pursuit...

As the TROOPERS take up the chase - behind them, in the distance, the building DETONATES! Huge FIREBALL, black SMOKE COLUMN rising as the vehicles slam across the desert *right at us*.

In the H3T: two ARABS, young; manicured facial hair, sunglasses, track suits. The driver is steely efficient, dripping sweat in the brutal heat.

They go evasive on the hard terrain; the HUMMER eats it up but the TROOPERS' muscle cars can't handle it.

*The CAMERA blasts through the desert, INCHES FROM THE SKIDDING WHEELS - we are not watching the chase, WE'RE IN IT.*

The HUMMER breaks hard right; a TROOPER spins out... they take a jagged ledge; the rocks rip up the TROOPERS' undercarriages, puncturing radiators. The COPS are blinded by steam and dust; they are being OUTDRIVEN...

Then:

From over a ridge, SIX MEN on HORSEBACK! They come hard, charging the H3T. COWBOY HATS, shotguns, shades.

These are the TEXAS RANGERS.

Up front: BILL BENJAMIN, 40s, AFRICAN-AMERICAN - *DOLLARS from the opening montage* - this is a man you NEVER WANT TO FUCK WITH.

The HORSES bust ass across the terrain, outmaneuvering the HUMMER and surrounding it from all sides, keeping pace...

The ARABS can't shake them; they panic. The passenger takes out a MICRO-UZI, hangs out the window and UNLOADS A CLIP - hitting air and dirt: the RANGERS fall in behind the HUMMER, denying him an angle.

*The CAMERA flies around the HUMMER and through the windows, slamming us into the guts of the chase - the dirt, the sweat, the spent bullet casings, as -*

- BILL BENJAMIN falls in along the driver side, levels his SHOTGUN and BLOWS OUT THE FRONT RIGHT TIRE!

The H3T loses control, swerves to miss a broken boulder and goes into a BARREL ROLL - *the RANGERS keep pace*, riding hard along with the HUMMER as it tumbles ass-over, throwing up a massive dust cloud...

... and finally comes to rest, upside down, wheels spinning.

The DRIVER crawls from the wreck as BENJAMIN dismounts and walks over, shotgun pointed at the man's head. Another RANGER, JOEL COTTON, mid 20s, 6 foot something, rugged and handsome, hunkers down to check the passenger side. He makes AVIATOR MIRROR CONTACT with BENJAMIN and shakes his head - UZI ARAB is in transit to his maker.

The surviving man stumbles on his hands and knees and FACE PLANTS into a snarl of CACTUS - *ouch*. BENJAMIN presses the barrel to his head; the man starts to PRAY - unintelligible FARSI, fast as the LEGALESE at the back end of a car commercial. BENJAMIN doesn't take to this.

BILL BENJAMIN

This is God's country, son.

He hunkers down next to the praying man.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Now what you boys been gettin up to, out here in the middle of nuthin?

(knowing he wont get an answer)

Hmm?

Then: a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL blows by in the breeze.

BENJAMIN catches it with his thumb and middle finger, looks it over. One edge is burned, blackened. Another comes. The RANGERS look around.

A wind is kicking up. There are GREEN BILLS everywhere, blowing in from the east like leaves. BENJAMIN looks into the wind - the black smoke plume rises in the distance. The ARAB is still stammering praise.

TRACK SUIT

Mulalalalala. Hamdi, hamdi, mulahhhh...

COTTON pulls a few bills off his shirt and looks down at the ARAB.

JOEL COTTON

God damn, these sumbitches know how to pray.

BENJAMIN pulls out a cellphone - big luncker of a thing - dials. The BILLS encircle BILL.

BILL BENJAMIN

Get me the Secret Service. New York City.

We SNAP to a wide, spectacular overhead of the sun scorched desert as the CASH moves across the terrain toward the EAST...

EXT. NY PORT - NOON

Statue Of Liberty in the distance; RACK FOCUS to the NY docks.

TITLE: NEW YORK CITY

A PORT AUTHORITY FLAG blows in the wind beneath the stars and stripes; a pigeon SQUAWKS - does a fly-by... WHOOSH PAN with the wind-

SPLAT!

A deposit of pigeon crap smacks the right arm of KATE GOLD'S black jacket. KATE - 30, sexy but not trying to be - is dressed all in black; SECRET SERVICE, government issue. She's *MONEY* in the opening titles.

KATE

Awesome.

She tries to wipe the mess off her sleeve without much success.

The lower docks are closed off with POLICE TAPE. Civilians crowd in for a peek; she pushes through, goes under the tape.

A water-bloated DEAD BODY is being fished out of the black water; NYPD has the area on lockdown. KATE flashes her badge - a COP has a closer look at it, perplexed.

KATE (CONT'D)

Who's heading this thing up?

He points to a small group of COPS smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee outside an OFFICE TRAILER. She walks over.

KATE (CONT'D)

Special Agent Gold - Secret Service. You in charge?

LIEUTENANT SOTOS - in shirtsleeves with a shoulder holster, looks her badge over.

SOTOS

That's right.  
(Incredulous)  
*Secret Service?*

KATE

Can we step inside?

SOTOS shares a grin with the other men; shrugs. He leads her in.

INT. TRAILER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An ASIAN Port Authority PENCIL PUSHER is inside.

SOTOS

You. Out.

The PENCIL PUSHER leaves, squeezing past the other COPS as they follow KATE through the door.

SOTOS (CONT'D)

(to KATE)

Aren't you guys supposed to be -  
you know, protecting the president  
or something?

KATE'S response is practiced.

KATE

The Secret Service was established  
in 1865 by President Lincoln as a  
division of the Treasury Department  
charged with the prevention and  
investigation of counterfeiting.

(to one of the COPS)

Coffee.

SOTOS

Counterfeiting? No shit.

KATE

It was over thirty years later,  
after the assassination of  
McKinley, that the Service took on  
the additional duty of protecting  
the President.

The COP brings her a white Styrofoam cup, steaming.

COFFEE COP

I knew that.

SOTOS rolls his eyes. The COP offers her creamer; she shakes it off without eye contact.

KATE

In 2003 we were reassigned to the  
Department of Homeland Security.

SOTOS

(sarcastic)

Fascinating.

KATE

Terrorists like money. They don't care if it's real or not. So the counterfeit business has become the terrorist business. In other words -  
 (she takes one sip from the cup and hands it off to the nearest COP)  
 This isn't coffee.  
 (continuing)  
 - my job is to make sure there are no more big ass smoking holes where buildings used to be. You get it?

SOTOS

Yeah, alright.

She's gotten their attention.

KATE

We have reason to believe that a large shipment of counterfeit currency arrived at this port on a freightliner bound from Pakistan less than 48 hours ago.  
 (beat)  
 Who's the dead guy?

SOTOS

So far he's no one. Unidentified.

KATE nods.

KATE

Let's take a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY DOCKS - MORNING

KATE and SOTOS walk and talk.

SOTOS

Your shipment came in right here, port 47. The manifest showed over 400 tons of cargo -  
 (he looks over a copy of the MANIFEST)  
 T-shirts. Cargo inspected and signed off by a Port Security Officer Mike Kinderman.  
 (he looks up at KATE)  
 T-shirts of mass destruction?

KATE

Where's the cargo?

SOTOS

Unloaded. Gonzo. If you wanted to stop this shipment you're a little late.

He takes a call. KATE looks over the rows of massive shipping containers, stacked by giant cranes. Trucks move in and out. Needle in a haystack.

SOTOS clicks off; his mood has changed.

KATE

What is it?

SOTOS gestures toward the crime scene as the BODY is loaded onto an ambulance; the doors slam shut.

SOTOS

Just got an identification on the floater. Kinderman, Port Security. The one who signed off on your 400 tons. Someone opened his neck up for him.

INT. SECRET SERVICE, NEW YORK - DAY

Secret Service operations - an entire upper level of a highrise, modern - desks, floor to ceiling window offices - all open glass with a 360 view of Manhattan.

KATE slams a massive stack of printouts onto a researcher's desk.

KATE

I need every truck that passed through New York Port Authority in the last 48 hours traced and tracked.

The RESEARCHER looks at the stack; very much NOT excited about the prospect.

RESEARCHER

This is a lot of trees you just killed. You know we're trying to go green, Kate.

An office PAGE comes up to KATE with a memo sheet, interrupting.

PAGE

Agent Gold, you have a message to call back from a Bill Benjamin with the Texas Rangers out of Austin. Not the baseball team, I asked.

KATE

Regarding?

PAGE

Something about a robbery at the mint in Fort Worth, couple months ago - I dunno, it was like talking to Yosemite Sam.

KATE takes the MEMO and looks it over -

BILL BENJAMIN, TX RANGERS  
Re: STOLEN PLATES, FT WORTH MINT

- and turns her attention back to the RESEARCHER. She points to the stack of papers from the docks.

KATE

This is a priority.

KATE spots DOUG PYLE - 50s, HEAD OF THE DIVISION, Dockers and tie... he is walking and talking with another man.

KATE (CONT'D)

Pyle!

She pushes through milling agents and staff toward him. He goes on walking and talking - maybe if he ignores her she will go away. Not a chance - she catches up.

KATE (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

Pyle, I need to talk to you. We have a situation-

PYLE

Fine. In my office.

She follows him in...

INT. PYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PYLE'S office overlooks a canyon of grey skyscrapers. He moves around a large desk overloaded with paper and plops into his chair. KATE stands near the door.

KATE

You're aware that I've been tracking a large shipment of counterfeit currency originating somewhere in the Middle East-

PYLE

The Pakistan boat.

KATE

Yes.

PYLE

How much cash are we looking at?

KATE

Not sure. But it could be a very big number - maybe the biggest we've seen. I also have reason to believe there's a connection between this shipment and a large scale terrorist attack-

PYLE

Woah, woah, woah- hold on. This is the closest to threat level green we've ever been. We got a guy in the White House called Iraq Hussein Osama. Didn't you get the memo? The bad guys love us now.

KATE

You need to take this seriously Pyle.

PYLE

(suspicious)

Terrorist attack. Who are you talking to, Kate? What's your source for all this?

KATE

(beat; deliberating)

I can't tell you that right now. I just know it's important that we find this shipment.

PYLE

Oh, you *know* this.

PYLE looks her over.

PYLE (CONT'D)

Look. Put together a report with everything you've got up to this point, have it on my desk first thing tomorrow morning.

KATE

A report?

PYLE

If something major really does go down the last thing we need is a trail of blame leading back to this department. We go on record, let somebody else drop the ball.

KATE

Unbelievable.

PYLE

Look, If I had the resources to chase down every lead that comes across my desk I would do it. Our funding has been chopped like everyone else's.

(he sifts through papers,  
drops a stack in the  
trash)

Best I can do til you get me something concrete.

KATE

(icy)

I'd like to give you something concrete.

PYLE grins; bring it on.

PYLE

Drinks later?

She rolls her eyes. From behind her, a desk jockey calls out.

STAFFER (O.S.)

Agent Gold!

She sticks her head out of the office; PYLE enjoys the view.

KATE

Yes?

STAFFER

Got a call from a Lieutenant Sotos,  
NYPD - says it's urgent.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - AFTERNOON

TITLE: SANTA MONICA

Waves CRASH. Seagulls dive for french fries.

RENTON is on the pier, in SUNGLASSES, low profile; blending in with the crowd. He is watching:

ROGER WALLACE - who is dressed like a tourist: Cuban shirt, sunglasses, bad hat; BRIEFCASE. WALLACE has just parked his black FORD on the pier and is looking around nervously... waiting for someone?

RENTON pulls out his iPhone, appears to check it but is really snapping photos of WALLACE. WALLACE sees someone; heads toward them. RENTON follows WALLACE'S look -

Two YOUNG MIDDLE EASTERN MEN - 20s, manicured beards, wearing LAKER WARMUPS, BLUTOOTH headsets - are milling with the crowd. TWINS but not identical. One of them is holding a BRIEFCASE exactly like WALLACE'S. RENTON snaps a few pictures-

- then moves through the crowd toward WALLACE'S CAR.

He checks that nobody is watching, then...

... pulls a small, magnetic device from his pocket - a TRANSMITTER. He crouches behind WALLACE'S car and slips it under the wheel well; it CLICKS into place.

The MIDDLE EASTERN MEN are on the move; WALLACE follows... RENTON moves back into the crowd to get a better look. He cuts thru a VIDEO ARCADE that opens into the sunlight on all sides.

WALLACE meets the MEN. WALLACE looks around nervously; RENTON watches from behind arcade machines as they exchange the IDENTICAL BRIEFCASES. His iPhone rings. He answers.

RENTON

Yeah.

WALLACE heads back to his car.

CABLE (O.S.)

*This is Charter Cable calling to remind you that your account is three months overdue. If we do not receive payment within 48 hours...*

Beside RENTON, a LITTLE BOY is attempting to grab a STUFFED PIG from a pile of toys in the CRANE AND CLAW machine. He can't get it. The BOY begins to cry.

RENTON flips his iPhone the finger and hangs up on Charter Cable. He looks up to see that the MIDDLE EASTERN MEN are *looking his direction*; the LITTLE BOY has drawn their attention. He is bawling his head off, banging on the controls.

RENTON

(frustrated)

Here, kid.

RENTON takes the controls; he makes a grab for the PIG but the claws slip loose. He tries again - no luck. The KID cries louder; his mother drags him away.

The MIDDLE EASTERN MEN take off. RENTON'S pocket buzzes; he pulls out his iPhone:

The GPS TRACKER he slipped under WALLACE'S CAR has ACTIVATED. WALLACE is on the move. From the ARCADE RENTON looks up to see WALLACE'S CAR pulling out. RENTON looks back at the APP DISPLAY - we see a blinking ICON leaving the pier.

RENTON (CONT'D)

(satisfied)

Bingo.

He pockets the phone - then looks back at the STUFFED PIG behind the glass.

God damned thing. It's looking him right in the eye, smiling stupidly. He drops in another quarter.

Grabs at it - nope. He drops another quarter. The claws slip loose; *the PIG is taunting him!* No matter how hard he tries it's not going to happen. It's that prize we are all reaching for but can never quite get.

He SNAPS; SLAMS THE GLASS with his fist. Looks around... everyone is staring at him. Even the LITTLE BOY has stopped crying.

PULL BACK over the tops of the arcade machines, which become the tops of buildings...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Title card: NEW YORK, HELL'S KITCHEN

UNMARKED CARS move into position, surrounding a beat down, pre-war brownstone. COPS in FLAK VESTS communicate quietly over low profile headset MICS. SHARPSHOOTERS on adjacent rooftops keep watch on the windows with high powered scopes.

Bums and street kids peer into the dark tinted windows of a nondescript MAINTENANCE VAN that pulls up to the corner, suspicious.

The CAMERA goes where their eyes can't, zooming through the black glass -

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT SOTOS, KATE GOLD, a second COP from the docks and a SURVEILLANCE TECH are in the back of the van, which is a cluttered but functional snarl of monitors and gear.

The TECH clicks off a series of still images on an LCD - a freight truck leaving the docks; a zoom-in on a license plate; a noisy close-up of the bearded driver.

SOTOS

We got a positive plate on one of your freight trucks from a hidden surveillance camera the night of the shipment. This is the only one we've been able to trace.

KATE

Who owns the building?

SOTOS

That's the best part - the building is leased by some Saudi sand jockey corporation to a *Mah-mood something I can't pronounce* - turns out we've had the dude on a watch list since 9-11.

KATE is checking over her handgun, making sure she's locked and loaded.

SOTOS (CONT'D)  
Use that much?

KATE  
Don't worry about me.

KATE efficiently shoulder holsters the weapon. She is flushed with adrenaline.

SOTOS test-taps the TALK button on his headset. KATE picks up the fuzz on the WALKIE clipped to her belt.

SOTOS  
Any idea what we can expect in there?

KATE smiles.

KATE  
I'm as curious as you.

She opens the back door of the van and steps out into the sun.

SOTOS  
(into his headset)  
*Alright people, Let's roll.*

CUT TO:

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN BUILDING - DAY

BLACK BOOTS kick in doors - SWAT GUYS crash into the ground floor.

It is a GARAGE/WAREHOUSE level - the FREIGHT TRUCK from the picture is parked; stacks of boxes - and work tables with wires/electronic parts scattered around - is it a bomb factory?

A HALF DOZEN MIDDLE EASTERN DUDES, taken by surprise, go for weapons - a GUN BATTLE fires up.

KATE moves in - she sees one of the guys grab a RED BACKPACK from the bomb table and goes for the stairs; she looks after him, bullets flying around her.

She follows BACKPACK MAN up; he turns and pops a shot - she sticks to the wall, heart pounding, gun drawn - then keeps going...

The SWAT GUYS have the bad guys pinned down behind a wall of containers; they charge around the corner -

The dudes are huddled around a BOMB, PRAYING. *Beep - beep - beeeeeeep -*

SOTOS

Get the hell out of here!

They book for the doorway as-

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

*The BOMB takes out most of the lower floor.* SWAT GUYS dive for cover as fire and debris rain down behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN BUILDING, UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

KATE is ROCKED OFF HER FEET by the blast. The floor beneath her starts to crack and crumble...

She takes a flight of stairs and sees BACKPACK MAN climbing out a third level window...

The floor begins to collapse - she has no choice - she bolts after him!

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN BUILDING, FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

BACKPACK MAN takes a crazy leap to the fire escape of the adjacent building! He makes it; busts through the window and into an apartment.

KATE looks down/looks back - *the building is collapsing!*

She gathers herself and makes a leap for it -

- her feet miss the fire escape but she is able to grab the rusty rails; she swings into the wall *hard* - CRUNCH. It would be easy to black out, to let go, but she fights it; she drags herself up and over the railing and thru the window.

From street level SOTOS and the COPS saw it all; they can't believe it - this chick is BADASS.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She chases BACKPACK MAN down the stairwell, breakneck. Thru the windows we see the building they *just came from* COLLAPSING, following them down from floor to floor...

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN, STREET - CONTINUOUS

The BUILDING COMES DOWN! SOTOS and the COPS are pushing back onlookers; panic everywhere - screaming; cars slamming on brakes and colliding.

BACKPACK MAN hits the sidewalk and takes off down the street, slamming people out of the way... a massive dust cloud billows behind -

KATE runs out of the dust cloud at *full speed*.

BACKPACK MAN straps the backpack TO HIS CHEST, straps backwards around his shoulder blades. He is heading deeper into the crowds and traffic.

KATE is running hard; *We are moving the CAMERA with her at breakneck speed, slamming through pedestrians...* she is trying to get an angle to take a shot - but there's too many people.

BACKPACK is heading for TIMES SQUARE.

A COP sees the chase approaching him; steps up to block BACKPACK MAN'S way -

COP  
Hold it right there motherf-

BACKPACK MAN brings up a .45 and shoots the COP point blank! The COP drops like a stone.

KATE snatches the WALKIE from her belt and shouts into it while she runs, eyes darting between BACKPACK MAN and the streets around her.

KATE  
(into the WALKIE)  
We have a man down on 44th between  
9th and 10th! Repeat - man down!  
Gunman on foot heading East toward  
Times Square-

A BIKE MESSENGER just misses KATE. BACKPACK MAN slams into a couple in his way, knocking them over; he spins around, staggering for balance - in the split second KATE sees:

A pair of WIRES run from the inside of the BACKPACK to a small device in the MAN'S left hand... a trigger? He turns and takes off - KATE jumps over the fallen people and keeps going.

KATE (CONT'D)  
 (into the WALKIE)  
 I think he's wired! We gotta clear  
 the streets!

BACKPACK MAN crosses 9th avenue with KATE close behind... He cuts down to 43 street and swerves in and out of vendors & taxis. They cross 8th Avenue. KATE looks up ahead - TIMES SQUARE - thousands of people packed in the area.

TIME SLOWS DOWN. Just heartbeats and the distant, disconnected voices of the innocent; like ghosts. She pulls up her gun, can't get a shot.

They close in on TIMES SQUARE. BACKPACK MAN runs towards a massive group of children on a school trip.

KATE (CONT'D)  
 NO!!!

She focuses, out of time... no margin for error - FIRES:

BOOOOOM. BOOOOOM!!!

The shots whistle past scattering pedestrians like cruise missiles and smack into BACKPACK MAN'S back - his grip tightens on the trigger -

FOOOOM!

The backpack *EXPLODES-*

- but NOT with fire and shrapnel... instead, it's as though A THOUSAND BIRDS have been released over Times Square - *fluttering paper, whirling in the cross drafts...*

It's MONEY.

KATE catches up to the fallen man; heart slamming, gasping for breath. She levels her gun at his head but he's not moving. She looks around-

*It's like a dream.* The MONEY flutters and falls like cherry blossoms in a Japanese movie. People are grabbing at it, pulling bills out of the air.

*NOTE: in 3D the CASH will FILL THE THEATER AUDITORIUM, floating tantalizingly in front of the viewer.*

KATE picks one up: it is a crisp new HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL... stained with drops of BACKPACK MAN'S BLOOD. She rubs her thumb along Ben Franklin's face, feeling the texture of it.

From STRAIGHT OVERHEAD, *looking down*, we RISE UP through the fluttering bills - KATE standing over the dead man, surrounded by chaos... the CAMERA WOOSH-ZOOMS up into the clouds, resolving into-

A SATELLITE MAP of the United States. As we track WEST, *fast*, it becomes a GPS-style graphic map - the MAP from the TRACKER APP on RENTON'S PHONE! We flash across the country to LA, CALIFORNIA, and then WOOSH-ZOOM down, into-

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK/NIGHT

We drop down from the GPS MAP back down into the REAL WORLD over DOWNTOWN L.A. - through the rooftop of a tall building...

FLASH DOWN through twenty floors to the PARKING GARAGE, where ROGER WALLACE'S sedan is parked. The CAMERA flashes through metal to the car's undercarriage, where RENTON'S GPS TRANSMITTER is blinking BLUE...

FLASH/ZOOM UP nine floors to:

A CORRIDOR - a pair of THUGS are standing guard by a door down the hall; FLOOR INDICATOR lights on a nearby elevator show a car coming UP: 7, 8, 9, 10...

A MAINTENANCE MAN in a navy blue uniform - name tag: GOMEZ - glances down at the two MEN, takes notice of the approaching elevator, pockets an iPhone - and ducks into an adjacent:

SERVICE CORRIDOR. Reveal the MAINTENANCE MAN is none other than RENTON.

He drops a toolbox onto the concrete floor, crouches down - fishes out a small LISTENING DEVICE - he sticks the tiny microphone to the drywall with acoustical putty... a wire runs to a handheld receiver... he puts on headphones and *tunes it in...*

We follow the target, FLASHING THROUGH THE WALL...

CUT TO:

INT. GUTTED OFFICE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

We pass through drywall, exposed wiring and girders, into an office level under construction. No furniture; exposed fluorescent lighting... floor-to-ceiling view of the Los Angeles night skyline.

ROGER WALLACE is there, facing a half dozen MIDDLE EASTERN guys in TRACK SUITS and SPORTS WARMUPS. We recognize the TWINS from the pier, in WHITE LAKERS WARMUPS: AMIN and IMAN.

A bead of sweat trickles down WALLACE'S forehead. No one is smiling.

ROGER WALLACE  
Where is he?

AMIN  
He's coming. Relax.

WALLACE gives him the stink eye. Then sits down in a stray chair. The silence stretches.

AMIN (CONT'D)  
(conversational)  
You know, your lifestyle is against God.

ROGER WALLACE  
I'm done talking to you people. I want whoever's in charge of this. Or I'm done. Understand?

AMIN laughs good-naturedly.

AMIN  
You are not done...

A far door opens, letting in a shaft of light and three men.

Two bodyguards flank a distinguished, light-skinned Syrian - 40. No beard; well dressed. TEDDY SHALEED.

WALLACE gets up to face him; seems taken aback.

ROGER WALLACE  
I know you. You're Teddy Shaleed.

SHALEED speaks with a heavy Syrian accent. Not crude - his words are like honey.

SHALEED  
Roger Wallace. I'm flattered.

ROGER WALLACE  
How the hell did you get into the  
US? You're wanted in 12 countries.

SHALEED  
(teasing him)  
Isn't that what we all want, Mr.  
Wallace? To be wanted?

ROGER WALLACE  
If I'd have known you were  
involved...

SHALEED  
Then what? What then? You would've  
refused? You would've declined to  
accept these generous payments?

He gestures to a briefcase held by one of his bodyguards;  
steps forward to confront WALLACE face to face.

SHALEED (CONT'D)  
Would you have gone forward to your  
superiors and made them aware of  
*your personal associations...*  
thereby saving us the trouble?

WALLACE glares at him with ice daggers.

ROGER WALLACE  
I want to know what you're doing. I  
want to know what I'm a part of.

SHALEED  
(quietly)  
This is not your concern Mr.  
Wallace.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

RENTON fine-tunes the receiver, straining to hear.

SHALEED (O.C.)  
In four days it will all be over.  
You will be a very rich man, and  
your secrets will be safe.

CUT TO:

INT. GUTTED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SHALEED is right in WALLACE'S face.

SHALEED

... and all you have to do, my  
friend - is nothing.

ROGER WALLACE

I won't be responsible for whatever  
it is you're-

SHALEED pulls a gun smoothly - puts one hand gently around  
the back of WALLACE'S neck, holding him - and points the gun  
a quarter inch from WALLACE'S EYEBALL.

SHALEED

The time to die for your  
convictions was months ago, Mr.  
Wallace. When you were first  
contacted. At least then there  
would've been a purpose. Now that  
we've come so far down the road;  
and you've already been of such  
great service to us...

(shakes his head)

At this point - here, now - to take  
a bullet for your country would  
be... forgive me:

(perfectly mimics a Texas  
accent)

just plain stupid.

He brings down the gun. WALLACE allows himself to breathe.

SHALEED (CONT'D)

What will happen cannot be stopped.  
It's too late. Why sacrifice  
yourself for no reason?

He pats WALLACE on the back like a favorite pet.

SHALEED (CONT'D)

Do nothing. *Take the money...* and  
do nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

RENTON shrugs.

RENTON  
 (whispers to himself)  
 Can't argue with that. Take the  
 money, Wallace.

CUT TO:

INT. GUTTED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WALLACE drops his head; looks to the ground, ashamed. The bodyguard kicks the briefcase to WALLACE'S feet; AMIN smirks. The MEN turn to go, leaving ROGER WALLACE alone in the gutted space.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

RENTON  
 (to himself)  
 Good man.

CLICK.

BEARD (O.C.)  
 (from behind him)  
 You.

A gun is pressed to the back of RENTON'S neck. RENTON puts his hands up, turns slowly. One of SHALEED'S MEN, BEARDED, has come up on him. The MAN gestures toward RENTON'S device.

BEARD (CONT'D)  
 (Arabic)  
 <What's that?>

RENTON shrugs... then-

- lightning quick, RENTON slaps away BEARD'S gun hand and HEAD BUTTS HIM to the bridge of the nose! The dude drops instantly, out cold.

It's so sudden and so incredibly badass that even RENTON seems surprised. He starts to *whoop* but chokes it, not wanting to draw attention. Instead he whips out his iPhone and starts typing. Over his head:

MARK RENTON JUST WENT JASON BOURNE ON SOME SUCKA!!!!

He pockets his phone and the listening device, then crouches down and whispers to the unconscious man.

RENTON

See now that's what you get, mess  
with the wrong dude.  
(looks around; the  
corridor is clear)  
You and me are gonna have a little  
convo when you wake up.

BEARD groans; his eyes open to slits... from his POV we see  
RENTON barely come into focus... RENTON looks around, winds  
up-

- and SLAMS HIS FIST in the CAMERA'S FACE.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. A DARK PLACE - TIME INDETERMINATE

Black. Distant voices echo through.

EDGAR (O.C.)

Dude, you messed homeboy up.

RENTON (O.C.)

Almost broke my hand on his face.

PACO (O.C.)

He's waking up, eh.

Slits of light appear, flared out; blinding. The slits slam  
shut.

*SMACK!*

EDGAR

Wake up, bitch!

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

The CAMERA'S eyes open, letting the light flood in -  
fluorescent tubes; shop fixtures. Shapes start to appear,  
come into FOCUS - faces, looking down at us:

RENTON; and TWO young, overweight, tattooed, badass Mexican  
GANGBANGERS - PACO and EDGAR.

RENTON

Good morning, sweetheart.

RENTON is holding a white metal, wired remote control - he  
hits a button with his thumb:

CH-CHUNGGG! BEARD is jerked downward. We jump out wide to reveal:

A greasy, down and dirty auto body shop - East L.A. Work-in-progress low rider restorations half covered by tarps. Walls lined with TOOLS and auto parts.

BEARD is tied to a HYDRAULIC LIFT, arms straight out like BRAVEHEART. The LIFT slams down hard onto the CONCRETE FLOOR, rattling his teeth. BEARD starts to THRASH AGAINST HIS RESTRAINTS and shout out a stream of incomprehensible nonsense.

PACO bitch-slaps him across the cheek and stuffs an oily shop rag into his mouth to shut him up.

RENTON (CONT'D)

E, drop some Islam on this asshole.

EDGAR gets down in BEARD'S ear and starts talking to him in *fluent Arabic*.

PACO

Trip on homeboy when he does that.

RENTON

Only Muslim Mexican in Los Angeles.

EDGAR'S words seem to calm BEARD down a little - he stops struggling. EDGAR pulls the rag out of BEARD'S mouth; BEARD starts to stammer back at him in Arabic.

EDGAR

(listening)

Yeah, yeah. Uh huh.

(looks up at RENTON)

Dude says we're infidels, and we will die in the stinking wombs of our mothers.

RENTON looks to PACO.

RENTON

Does that even make sense?

PACO

Why he gotta bring my moms into it?

RENTON

I don't think he's ready to talk yet.

PACO fires up a DRILL and revs it - that *high dentist-drill whine*, blood curdling - this is not going to be pretty.

RENTON picks up his TOOLBOX and slams it down on metal work-shelf; a rack full of nasty-looking DRILLS and SHARP TOOLS clatters.

RENTON pulls a TASER out of the TOOLBOX and kneels next to BEARD. He holds it up to BEARD'S face and tap-triggers it, showing him the crackling ARC.

RENTON (CONT'D)

You know what this is? Wanna guess where it's going?

BEARD starts to rattle off at EDGAR, chest heaving, sweat dripping down his face.

EDGAR

He says we can torture him all we want, he'll tell us nothing.

RENTON looks BEARD in the eye. BEARD glares back, defiant.

RENTON

Yeah. You know, he probably won't. Alright, enough playing around. Let's get serious.

He looks to PACO; nods. PACO tosses the DRILL, goes over to the big corrugated sliding doors to the garage. BEARD follows him with his eyes the whole way, breathing shallow - waiting to see *what the hell is in store for him*.

PACO throws open the door:

Two LOW RIDER GIRLS - young, sexy, a little plump; with tons of makeup, two-tone dyed hair, skimpy tops and skin-tight DAISY DUKES - come walking in. BEARD'S eyes go WIDE.

The GIRLS walk past RENTON and the others - one of the GIRLS gives RENTON a flirtatious wink as they pass. RENTON gestures to EDGAR and PACO: *let's go*.

The GIRLS get down on all fours next to BEARD and start playing with his hair, tickling his chest. One of them STRADDLES HIM.

LOW RIDER GIRL

Mmm baby, you kinda hot.

BEARD, eyes popping, starts to PRAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The guys step outside into the punishing L.A. sun and close the door behind them. EDGAR nods toward the door, indicating BEARD.

EDGAR

So what's up with this fool?

RENTON

That's what I'm trying to find out.

PACO

I don't like it, Renton. These Islamic Guantanamo homies is no joke. You don't wanna mess with that mess.

RENTON

A job's a job, Pac. Money's not gonna make itself - am I right?

EDGAR

Tell 'im.

They start in on WU-TANG CLAN - this is a thing for them.

RENTON

Cash Rules Everything Around Me -

The WORDS appear in GRAPHICS as they drop the chorus.

PACO AND EDGAR

C.R.E.A.M.!!

RENTON

Get the money -

EDGAR

Dolla dolla bills y'all!

They break up, pounding fists.

RENTON

Come on boys - this is Renton. You know what I'm about. The day I stop hustling you can dig a hole for me.

The door opens; one of the LOW RIDER GIRLS sticks her head out, giggling; NODS. EDGAR nods to RENTON: *lets do this.*

They follow her back...

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY, CONTINUOUS

BEARD is a DIFFERENT GUY. He looks like he's having the best day of his life, and would very much like to KEEP IT GOING.

One of the girls BLOWS IN BEARD'S EAR as EDGAR talks in his other. BEARD nods enthusiastically. EDGAR looks up at RENTON.

EDGAR  
Let's do 'dis.

RENTON  
That's better.  
(he hunkers down next to  
him)  
Ask him why they're shaking down  
Wallace.

EDGAR and BEARD exchange Arabic.

EDGAR  
He says Wallace was protecting the  
shipment.

RENTON  
Shipment, huh? So where is it?

BEARD blabs to EDGAR.

EDGAR  
Long Beach. Docks. Came in  
yesterday, moving out tomorrow...  
praise Allah.

RENTON  
And once it's gone they have no  
more use for Wallace.

The BEARD blabs.

EDGAR  
Correct.

The BEARD blabs some more - this with added urgency.

RENTON  
What'd he say?

EDGAR  
Oh.  
(gestures toward the CHICA  
blowing in his ear)  
He wants to marry Sad Girl.

RENTON considers what they have learned as BEARD'S attention wanders back to the ladies. An idea pops into RENTON'S head - he narrows his eyes.

RENTON

This shipment... Is it valuable?

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY - DAY

Smoggy, hazy afternoon in Irvine. The United States of Generica. Focus in on an anonymous OFFICE PARK.

A TITLE READS:

CIA RESEARCH FACILITY, IRVINE CALIFORNIA

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

Cubicles and white dry-erase boards. A wall of LCD screens updates feeds from around the world. A half dozen PENCIL PUSHERS and CYBER DRONES sitting around.

ISAAK CLOCKMAN - 40, glasses, nerd forever, has his feet up on a table, holding court. He's clearly THE MAN.

CLOCKMAN

Please. I have a 108-satellite geosynchronous array plus 3 dozen sun-synchronous trollers and a network of 2000 kilometer low surveillance orbiters capable of hunter-gathering *and* compiling between 10 and 20 petabytes of raw data *per second*, all synced up and meta-resolved using software *that I wrote*, thank you... So I think if Megan Fox were still hooking up with that douchebag from 90210 I would know it.

His BLACKBERRY buzzes. He checks it - KATE GOLD. With what looks like *a yearbook photo of her?*

CLOCKMAN'S whole demeanor changes; he turns red, yanks his feet off the desk and hurries out of the room into...

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOCKMAN'S office - NO JOKE. Dark and super high-tech; computer keyboards illuminated with black light, wall sized PROJECTION MONITORS.

CLOCKMAN sits down, runs his hand through his hair and pops a Listerine strip before answering.

CLOCKMAN

Kate.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

KATE is behind her desk, going through printouts. Closed blinds, artificial light.

KATE

Damn it, Clockman.

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CUT/SPLIT-SCREEN between the two offices.

CLOCKMAN

I was just... you know, CIA stuff.  
So um, this is your *personal* phone?

KATE

Listen, your information checked out - but too late. By the time I got there the cargo was spread halfway across the Eastern Seaboard.

CLOCKMAN

Ahh, bummer.

KATE

What about the other boat?

CLOCKMAN

Second cargo ship, identical manifest leaving 24 hours later from the same port in Pakistan, only this one bound for Long Beach-

CLOCKMAN sifts through a jumble of handwritten notes; switches to the computer screen, touch typing inhumanly fast - then looks right under his nose and finds what he's looking for on a Post-it stuck to the top of the screen.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)

Here we go. Looks like our delivery is due to arrive... oh. Yesterday.

KATE

(losing patience)

*Clockman*. What happened to the shipment?

CLOCKMAN

So I passed what I had upstairs, standard procedure - the D.O.J. stepped in and claimed jurisdiction, personal orders of -  
(punches keys)  
-oh, a bigshot: Roger Wallace.

KATE

Department of Justice? I don't get it.

CLOCKMAN

(conspiratorial)

It's odd, a lot of things are odd... we're intercepting crazy wide net chatter pointing to a major terrorist strike on U.S. soil - I got data spikes in New York, L.A., Texas... set to go down July 4-

KATE

That's three days.  
(does a mental REWIND)  
Did you say Texas?

CLOCKMAN

- but no one has any idea what form said strike will take. I connected your counterfeit currency influx with the projected terror incident not through any logic but just by way of an algorithm.

KATE sifts across her desk, comes up with the BILL BENJAMIN MEMO:

BILL BENJAMIN, TX RANGERS  
Re: STOLEN PLATES, FT WORTH

KATE

(distracted)

*Clockman*, what the hell are you talking about?

CLOCKMAN

The computer found it. Data mining arrays correlating Patriot Act surveillance from billions of cell phone calls, emails, txt messages, Google searches and web hits every day...

(sexy)

Raw, hard, brute force number crunching...

KATE

So the computer tells you there's a connection, but it's up to us to figure out what it is... wait a minute- you sent me your cell number, I never sent you mine.

CLOCKMAN

(confused)

OK...

KATE

So how does my name show up on your personal cell when I dial it?

CLOCKMAN

(embarrassed)

I, uh-

CUT TO:

INT. KATE'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

KATE

Are you cyber-stalking me Clockman?

PYLE (O.S.)

Who's Cockman?

KATE looks up, surprised; PYLE is standing in the doorway to her office. Nosy. Sleazy. She clicks off the call, hanging up on CLOCKMAN.

PYLE (CONT'D)

Your secret contact?

KATE grabs the BENJAMIN MEMO off the desk and -

KATE

I have to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

KATE pushes out the front of the Secret Service building into the sun. The streets are full of people. Her ear is to her phone.

KATE

Bill Benjamin? Kate Gold, United States Secret Service.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS, DESERT - DAY

BILL BENJAMIN and a group of RANGERS and STATE TROOPERS are at an apparent CRIME SCENE - nothing but blue sky and scorched terrain as far as the eye can see.

BILL BENJAMIN

Bout time y'all called us back. Thought y'might like to know what we've been diggin up down here.

Behind BILL as he speaks FORENSICS INVESTIGATORS are shoveling bodies out of the dirt.

KATE

You said in your message that the mint in Forth Worth was robbed.

BILL BENJAMIN

Yes ma'am, bout 6 months back. Kinda story that don't like publicity - but it happened. Whoever it was didn't take any money. They stole the printing plates right off the presses. Hundred dollar imprints.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

KATE stops at a HOT DOG CART, phone pressed to her ear - points out a dog, deli mustard. The VENDOR gets to it.

BILL BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Then just a few weeks back we start to run across notes we think mighta been minted using them very same plates. And I'll be God damned if we didn't trace em back, turn up a rock and find some Al Queda under it.

KATE

*Al Queda?*

The Sri Lankan VENDOR does a double take; KATE peels a bill out of her wallet and hands it to him.

BILL BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Yes ma'am. Right here in Texas.

She turns away, cups the phone for privacy.

KATE

What makes you believe they're Al Queda?

BILL BENJAMIN

(like this is the dumbest  
question he's heard all  
day)

The sumbitches are Middle Eastern.

KATE

Mr. Benjamin...

She notices the VENDOR holding the bill she handed him up to the light, checking if it's real; realizes she handed him the HUNDRED she picked up from the EXPLODED BACKPACK by mistake. She snatches it out of his hand, shakes her head - and hands him a FIVE from her bag instead.

BILL BENJAMIN (O.S.)

Listen ma'am, I ain't presumin to tell y'all how to do your business up there in New York. Just thought I'd give you a heads up. Cause it seems to me that if someone is printing bills using genuine U.S. Mint printing plates, then that money ain't exactly counterfeit.

KATE lets this sink in; she looks at the blood-stained HUNDRED in her hand.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It's the real deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT

Rows of massive shipping containers behind barbed wire, chain link. Sodium vapor light. A massive CRANE with a CLAW sits dormant like a sleeping mantis.

Two MEN in leather jackets and slacks are GUARDING THE ENTRANCE to a fenced off area full of containers - they are obviously SHALEED'S CREW. Smoking.

A SEDAN filled with more of the same is parked down the street. The DRIVER, bearded, wears a Bluetooth - it blinks on and off in the dark. Two men in front, two in back.

A LOOKOUT MAN stands guard overlooking the area - slacks, Members only, Uzi. It's quiet.

Then:

A big ass 62 CHEVY IMPALA LOWRIDER comes cruising by, SLOW - GANGSTA RAP MUSIC POUNDING. EDGAR looks out from the passenger seat, dead eyes, scary.

They cruise by the entrance; slow down in front of the two GUARDS for a *long look* - then keep going.

One of the GUARDS gets on his phone and makes a call; the SEDAN receives - they start up and follow the IMPALA.

Meanwhile -

The LOOKOUT MAN hears something; turns just in time to see an ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT swinging directly for his face - the RAP MUSIC CUTS OUT for a beat...

PLINK!

He's down. RAP MUSIC KICKS BACK IN. RENTON checks the vantage point. He grabs the unconscious man's UZI; then notices the control booth for the BIG CRANE and CLAW is directly below.

He JIMMIES the LOCK and steps in; looks over the controls - flips a few switches and presses the POWER BUTTON.

The booth hums to life - the CRANE is LIVE.

This is awesome. RENTON is like a kid playing; he loves this shit. He grabs the controls and starts maneuvering the CRANE...

There is a HUGE CLAW on the end of the cable. As RENTON works the controls the thing starts to *swing across the DOCK YARD!*

The CLAW swings over the GUARDS - WOOOOOOOF - almost silent underneath the MUSIC. They don't notice.

EXT. SIDE STREET, LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, SIMULTANEOUS

The 62 IMPALA slows down, stops. The SEDAN, following, stops behind it 20 feet back.

A silent beat - then: the IMPALA starts to slowly REVERSE toward the SEDAN.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

RENTON is getting the hang of it. It's like the CRANE AND CLAW MACHINE at the PIER ARCADE! He fiddles with the controls. Up, down, left, right... RENTON pulls a trigger - suddenly the CLAW free-falls...

RENTON

Oops.

CLANK!!!

The CLAW SLAMS DOWN on the CONTAINER directly behind the two GUARDS, scaring the hell out of them - they spin around...

EXT. SIDE STREET, LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, SIMULTANEOUS

The guys in the SEDAN hear the noise too; the DRIVER puts it into REVERSE-

- and SLAMS into the GRILLE of a BEAT DOWN TOYOTA PICKUP that has quietly pulled up behind it! The RAP MUSIC BUILDS...

A bunch of MEXICANS get out of the TRUCK, pissed off and yelling in SPANISH - PACO is one of them. SHALEED'S MEN get out and start yelling back in FARSI... a total CLUSTERFUCK.

The IMPALA backs right up to the SEDAN, blocking it in. EDGAR and three more GANGBANGERS get out and start SHOUTING EVERYONE DOWN.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

RENTON LIFTS the CONTAINER up into the air!! He starts to swing it around, out of control.

The GUARDS duck as the GIANT METAL BOX swoops low over their heads, spinning - one of them gets up as it passes; he spots RENTON in the CONTROL BOOTH, pulls his gun; *but doesn't notice as the thing comes spinning back behind him-*

SMACK! He turns at the last second; the CONTAINER HITS HIM DEAD ON and *BATS HIM 60 FEET through the air like a RAGDOLL;*

he flies into a distant CONTAINER and BOUNCES OFF, another 20 feet - and disappears into the night.

The other GUARD gets a bead on RENTON - pops off a few shots. The glass splinters around RENTON. He SLAMS his palm on the RELEASE BUTTON -

The SPINNING CONTAINER is released from the GIANT CLAW - it falls straight down; the shadow falls on GUARD #2-

BOOM. It hits the ground hard, squashing the GUARD like the WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST. His CELLPHONE goes skittering across the pavement - it's all that's left of him.

With the IMPACT, the DOOR OF THE CONTAINER BUSTS OPEN and swings apart.

EXT. SIDE STREET, LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, SIMULTANEOUS

SHALEED'S MEN hear the shots, the BOOM. They've had enough. They pull their GUNS-

But the MEXICANS PULL MORE. SHALEED'S MEN are staring down EIGHT BARRELS. They drop their weapons, put their hands up.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

RENTON makes his way down to the CONTAINER. He picks up the squashed GUARD'S CELLPHONE - some cheesy GOLD euro thing - pockets it; pulls a flashlight and looks inside.

He swings the door open and BUNDLES POUR OUT at his feet. *The entire container is filled - floor to ceiling - with stacked bundles of COLD HARD CASH.*

He peels off a couple of BILLS: CRISP, FRESH HUNDREDS.

RENTON'S eyes go wide. He tries to do the mental math; this is A LOT of cash.

He pulls out his iPhone and types in a quick STATUS UPDATE, which appears in the night sky over a wide shot of the docks:

MARK RENTON says FINDERS KEEPERS.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET SERVICE FIRING RANGE - DAY

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM!

KATE brings down her handgun, flips the wall switch; the TARGET glides toward her, the black outline of a man with a tight grouping of holes in the chest.

Her phone is buzzing. She packs up, drops her earmuffs at the counter and speed dials.

KATE

Gold.

(beat)

Yes, I asked for it yesterday.

(beat)

*What?*

(pissed off)

Who authorized that?

CUT TO:

INT. PYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

KATE slams into PYLE'S office, interrupting him. Two MEN are in the office with him.

KATE

*Where's my research, Pyle?*

PYLE

Settle down. Everything you requested has been passed along to the appropriate parties.

KATE

(blowing up)

*Appropriate parties? What the hell-*

PYLE

I'm going to have to ask you to take a breath on this investigation Kate.

This blindsides her.

KATE

What does that mean? A breath.

PYLE

Take one.

She does; attempts to gather herself.

PYLE (CONT'D)

There are twenty-two separate agencies that comprise the US Department of Homeland Security. *We are just one of these agencies.* We deal with money. Not bombs. Not bio-warfare. Not weapons of mass destruction in any way, shape or form. We do money. That's it. Understand?

He has her attention.

PYLE (CONT'D)

Now I spoke today with the Department of Justice - Roger Wallace, Deputy Attorney General out of Los Angeles. He was very interested in the groundwork you've done. And he is going to follow up on it personally.

KATE

I want to talk to him.

PYLE

Why? No. If the DOJ wants this bust let it come out of their budget.

KATE shakes her head, disgusted.

KATE

Amazing.

PYLE

(sarcastic)  
Thank you.

KATE

You've really got the game figured out Pyle. Push pencils and cover your ass-

PYLE

(icy)  
You're excused.

KATE stares him down; but there's nothing left to say. She turns and leaves. PYLE and the other men roll their eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOCKMAN is researching; images flash by on the giant PROJECTOR SCREEN:

Black and white, 1920s - a man in a top hat pushes what appears to be a wheelbarrow full of money... an antique printed note, GERMAN, reads 50 MILLIONEN...

CLOCKMAN'S phone buzzes. He rushes to answer:

KATE (O.S.)  
Clockman. I'm coming to Los Angeles.

CLOCKMAN  
(flustered)  
OK.

KATE (O.S.)  
I want you to find me Roger Wallace.

Reprise "*For The Love of Money.*" Music continues over...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

RENTON pulls out onto Sunset Boulevard in a BRAND NEW JET BLACK TESLA ROADSTER.

He is soaking it up, whistling at girls... This is the life.

RENTON'S FACEBOOK status update floats above his head, trailing off behind the car as he drives:

RENTON SAYS ANYONE WHO THINKS MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH.

EXT. MYA'S APT - DAY

RENTON pulls up, parks. Grabs a Louis Vuitton bag out of the back and heads up the stairs...

INT. MYA'S APT - DAY, CONTINUOUS

... BANGS open the door. The TV is running - CSPAN: the dryest economic conference in the world, and MYA is jamming it like iTunes.

MYA (O.S.)

*Renton?*

RENTON goes to the bedroom doorway - MYA is on the bed, in her underwear as usual, taking notes on a stack of books - he tosses the Louis V to her.

RENTON

Picked this up for you.

MYA

Oh my God!

(starts checking the tags,  
the detailing)

Is this real?

RENTON

You said you needed a new bag.

He goes to the kitchen. Opens the fridge, pulls out a jug of orange juice; a bottle of cheap vodka from the shelf; a glass from the sink-

MYA

*This is real!*

She bounces off the bed, hugging the bag, into the kitchen and throws her arms around him; RENTON spills juice all over his shirt.

MYA (CONT'D)

Renton I love it!

RENTON

Damn it Mya!

He turns to face her; she looks him in the eyeballs. She sees something she doesn't like.

MYA

Wait a minute. Did you steal this?

RENTON

Yeah, right. I stole it.

He breaks eye contact, starts trying to clean the juice off his shirt.

MYA

Where did you get the money for  
this Renton?

RENTON  
 (snapping, defensive)  
 What the hell do you care?

MYA  
 What's that supposed to mean?  
 (grabs his chin to bring  
 his eyes back to hers)  
 What did you do?

He swats her hand away.

RENTON  
 You want to know what I *didn't* do?  
 I didn't sit around all day with my  
 ass on that couch watching cable. I  
 didn't do that.

MYA  
*What?*

He pushes away from her, grabs his half-assembled drink and stomps into the living room. RENTON is playing the *transferring-guilt-and-insecurity-to-anger* game.

She throws the bag at him, clocking him in the back of the head! He spills the drink.

MYA (CONT'D)  
 I don't want this.

RENTON  
 Fine.

RENTON tries to sip the drink but there is barely a splash left; he throws the glass against the wall, busting it.

MYA  
 You think I can't make my own money? You were the one that told me I should go back to school and get my degree. We had a plan - remember? We're supposed to believe in each other Renton.

RENTON  
 Yeah, some plan.

He picks up the BAG and goes into the bedroom; starts grabbing his things out of a pile of clothes on a chair and shoving them into it. MYA follows him.

MYA

Why won't you answer me Renton?  
*What did you do?*

RENTON blows up.

RENTON

I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO!

He pulls out his wallet, grabs a stack of hundred dollar bills.

RENTON (CONT'D)

*I'm out there everyday with my ass  
 on the line - with people that  
 wanna put a bullet in my head or  
 shove a knife in my face - cause  
 that's what you gotta do in this  
 town to make the money.*

*(shows her the bills)*

*You know - this green stuff that  
 you care about so much?*

He crumples the bills and THROWS THEM AT HER.

RENTON (CONT'D)

*So just take it. Shut up and take  
 it.*

MYA goes ballistic. She picks up a lamp and throws it at RENTON'S head.

MYA

*Don't you throw money at me!! What  
 gives you the right to throw money  
 at me??*

He takes the bag and shoves past her; she comes after him.

MYA (CONT'D)

*You think all I care about is money  
 but it's YOU that don't believe in  
 anything Renton!*

RENTON waves her off, SLAMS OUT THE DOOR. She yells a parting shot as he bails down the stairs, trying to tune her out.

MYA (CONT'D)

*You could have all the money in the  
 world and you'd still be broke!*

CUT TO:

INT. SHALEED'S SUITE, THOMPSON HOTEL - DAY

NOISY DIGITAL IMAGE: a SURVEILLANCE CAM shows RENTON in front of the busted shipping container, night at the Long Beach docks. He is typing into his iPhone. A running TIMESTAMP shows the exact time the video was taken.

TEDDY SHALEED is watching the video on his laptop in a high dollar, sun-drenched penthouse hotel suite.

SHALEED  
What's he doing?

AMIN (O.S.)  
(on speakerphone)  
You may not believe it - he is updating his Facebook.

SHALEED  
Are you joking?

AMIN appears on videoconference. He is transmitting from what appears to be an industrial basement level. Behind him, a small group of HACKERS are set up on laptops.

AMIN  
We are already isolating his account based on the exact time and origin of the post... give us one hour, we will know everything about this moron. His name, his address, everyone he knows and where to find them.

SHALEED  
Alright.

SHALEED turns his attention to his ROOM SERVICE. He forks up a luscious square of *foie gras*, pushes it through a drizzled reduction and slurps it up - savoring it, taking his time.

Finally he turns back to AMIN; wipes his lips with a finger.

SHALEED (CONT'D)  
Recovering the money is not a primary concern - it's a small fraction of the total delivery - more important is what he knows.

AMIN  
Understood.

SHALEED

Locate him, question him, then cut his idiot head off. He obviously has no use for it. And the same for anyone he may have talked to.

AMIN

Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENTWOOD - NIGHT

A private, automated gate whispers open - ROGER WALLACE pulls into the parking area of a high dollar CONDO.

He steps out - pauses while locking the door. Is someone there? He's paranoid, jumpy.

Takes his briefcase and heads to-

INT. LESLIE DAVID'S CONDO - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

He opens the door and switches on the light.

LESLIE DAVID is standing by the bar area; RENTON is kicking back on a leather recliner sipping a Heineken. The decor is clean, ultra-modern, expensive.

ROGER WALLACE

(surprised)

Leslie.

LESLIE DAVID

Roger.

ROGER WALLACE

(eyeballing RENTON,  
nervous)

Who's this?

LESLIE DAVID

It's the man who's been following you.

RENTON

(RENTON waves, friendly)

Hey, nothing personal.

ROGER WALLACE

Following me? I don't-

LESLIE DAVID  
I know what's going on, Roger.

WALLACE puts down his briefcase, exhales deeply.

ROGER WALLACE  
God damn it.

LESLIE walks over to him; WALLACE avoids eye contact.

LESLIE DAVID  
Look at me.

ROGER WALLACE  
I didn't want to involve you...

LESLIE DAVID  
How can I not be involved? What affects you affects me.

WALLACE looks up at LESLIE with wet eyes.

ROGER WALLACE  
I'm so scared, Leslie.

LESLIE gently touches ROGER'S arm, pulling him in. RENTON squirms in his seat, uncomfortable.

RENTON  
Umm, I'm all paid up, so...  
(pushes a YELLOW ENVELOPE  
toward them across the  
coffee table)  
Photos, audio, video - it's all  
here.

LESLIE DAVID  
(calm)  
You can leave.

RENTON takes a last hit of Heineken, heads for the door. He stops.

RENTON  
For what it's worth - you're  
running with some bad ponies,  
Wallace. I'm just saying: I don't  
think happily ever after is an  
option with these guys.  
(claps LESLIE DAVID on the  
shoulder)  
Glad you two are straight anyhow.  
(oops)  
I mean-

LESLIE DAVID gets it, nods.

LESLIE DAVID  
Thank you for your help, Mr.  
Renton.

WALLACE and LESLIE DAVID embrace as RENTON EXITS.

EXT. BRENTWOOD STREET - NIGHT

RENTON hits the bricks. He is walking down the sidewalk toward an area with shops and restaurants. The light from LESLIE DAVID'S second floor CONDO is behind him.

He pulls out his iPhone:

MARK RENTON PUTS ANOTHER CASE TO BED-

*BBOOMMMMMMM!!!!*

The side of the building is ripped open by a FIREBALL.

RENTON hits the ground, flaming debris landing all around him. He looks back.

RENTON  
What the hell-?

RENTON scrambles to his feet, starts running. He hustles to the main street, where people are running out to gawk and panic. Slows to a walk, heart jack-hammering.

RENTON notices a DARK SEDAN, parked down the street - a SILHOUETTE with a burning cigarette is behind the wheel. Calm in the chaos. His iPhone buzzes.

He ducks around a corner and checks it: incoming call, unknown number.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Who's this?

The voice on the other end has a familiar accent - AMIN.

AMIN (O.S.)  
Why are you running? We waited  
until you left.

RENTON  
How do you have my number?

AMIN (O.S.)  
 We know everything about you Mr.  
 Renton. We want to talk to you.

RENTON clicks off, freaked. The phone buzzes immediately -  
 this time a TEXT:

SHOULD WE TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS INSTEAD?

RENTON'S fear turns to REALIZATION.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYA'S APT - NIGHT

RENTON skids up to MYA'S BUILDING in the JET BLACK TESLA. He  
 jumps out and RUNS.

INT. MYA'S APT - NIGHT

The TV is playing in the dark. CNN:

CNN REPORTER  
*Pressure is rising over the  
 Uzbekistan standoff, with US  
 diplomats threatening retaliatory  
 sanctions should inspectors not be  
 allowed to enter the suspected  
 weapons facility...*

BANG BANG BANG BANG!! It sounds like someone is trying to  
 break the door off it's hinges.

MYA stirs, rolls over and falls off the bed. Wood floor.  
 THUMP.

MYA  
 OW!

She stumbles to the door, swings it open. She is wearing a  
 BABY TEE, panties, and randomly - a big pair of fur UGGS.

RENTON  
 (looking her over)  
 Wow. I know you don't wanna see me.  
 But we gotta go.

MYA  
 What are you doing here?

RENTON  
 I'm putting you on a plane.

MYA

*What?*

She reaches for the light switch; RENTON grabs her wrist before she can flip it.

RENTON

You wanted to know what I did for the money?

She looks into his eyes; it all clicks into place.

MYA

Oh my God, Renton - are we in trouble?

RENTON

We need to leave now.

MYA

Can I get my things?

RENTON

You need your ID.

She disappears inside the apartment, then comes running back holding a beat up LEOPARD PRINT BAG.

RENTON (CONT'D)

Come on.

RENTON grabs her arm and pulls her out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYA'S BUILDING, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

RENTON is dragging MYA stumbling toward the car - *he stops cold*. Pushes her toward the building and presses their backs to the stucco wall, half obscured by bushes.

One of SHALEED'S MEN walks by them, inches away. The MAN feels their eyes, turns-

RENTON grabs him and takes him to the ground. MYA looks around, spots a big ceramic JESUS statue in front of a ground floor apartment.

The MAN struggles to his feet and *knees RENTON in the groin*, doubling him over - he reaches under his coat, pulls out a sick-looking BLACK GRAPHITE KNIFE.

RENTON grabs the MAN'S arm, yanks him around-

- straight into the path of MYA, who is swinging the JESUS like MANNY RAMIREZ straight at his FACE! JESUS stares at us serenely, coming straight at the LENS-

*CRUNCH.* The MAN is *knocked off his feet*, rubber-legged. He crumples. They make a run for the TESLA CONVERTIBLE.

Another MAN comes out of the DRIVER SIDE of a parked LEXUS. He pulls a gun and starts to run straight at them... RENTON and MYA are running toward the rear of the TESLA; the GUNMAN toward the front.

RENTON gets there first. He hops in and GUNS IT. MYA bails into the passenger seat.

BANG! BANG! *The windshield splinters...*

RENTON skids out, burning rubber, and *slams into the GUNMAN* - who rolls across the hood, over their heads, and off the back of the car into the street.

INT. TESLA - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

MYA

Is this your car?

RENTON

Hot, right? It's electric.

MYA

Uh, yeah. Tesla Roadster, AC induction air-cooled full electric motor, variable frequency drive? George Clooney and Leo have this.

RENTON gives her a sideways look.

RENTON

Really? *Leo*?

MYA

Don't look at me like I'm not pissed at you Renton.

RENTON checks the mirror, swerves onto the FREEWAY.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

RENTON swings the TESLA into LAX DEPARTURES.

They pull up to the curb at VIRGIN AMERICA. RENTON cuts off a minivan, setting off a chain reaction of honks and yelling.

He leaves the engine running, jumps out. Pulls MYA onto the curb.

MYA is still in her underwear. Everyone is looking at her.

MYA  
(to the nearest GAWKER)  
*What?*

RENTON goes into his pocket, pulls out a stack of cash.

MYA (CONT'D)  
Damn.  
(getting it)  
Wait - you're not coming with me?

RENTON  
You need to be as far away from me  
as possible.

He presses the money into her hand and starts to pull her toward the sliding doors into the TERMINAL. AIRPORT SECURITY shouts them down, starts to push toward them through the crowd.

AIRPORT SECURITY  
*Hey! You can't leave this here!*

RENTON  
(to MYA)  
You can buy some clothes, they have shops. And a first class ticket wherever you want to go. I don't care where it is but make sure it's leaving *now*. I want you in the air in 20 minutes. Understand?

AIRPORT SECURITY  
*Move this thing right now!*

RENTON sees that MYA has a couple of fat TEXTBOOKS sticking out of her bag. She must've grabbed them before she ran out.

RENTON  
You brought your books?

MYA'S eyes are wet. She nods.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
(tender)  
Good girl.

MYA  
Don't die, Renton.

RENTON

OK I won't.

He kisses her forehead - SMACKS HER BUTT to snap her out of it.

RENTON (CONT'D)

Get outta here.

MYA

I never flew first class before.

RENTON smiles - strokes her face and heads back to the TESLA. SECURITY is NOT HAPPY. *Yeah, yeah. Relax.*

Getting into the car, he spots a DARK SEDAN, idling a few lanes back. Doesn't look much like a drop off. RENTON gets in and JAMS OUT OF THERE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF INGLEWOOD - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

RENTON hits SEPULVEDA, checks the mirror - the SEDAN is following. He picks up speed, zips around a few cars. The SEDAN keeps up.

RENTON hangs a HARD RIGHT and accelerates. He's going to try to shake them.

The SEDAN comes around the corner, tires burning, cutting off traffic.

RENTON puts the pedal down; *it's a chase*. The SEDAN starts to charge hard. It looks like the big V8 is going to run down the TESLA electric when-

SIRENS. A POLICE CRUISER comes up behind the SEDAN.

RENTON loves it. He slows down as the SEDAN pulls over; makes sure they have a good view, and FLIPS THEM OFF.

RENTON

(grinning)

You guys suck.

BAPBAPBAPBAPBAPBAP!!!

RENTON loses his grin.

TWO MEN have gotten out of the SEDAN and are *MOWING DOWN THE COPS WITH LIGHTWEIGHT MACHINE GUNS!*

RENTON'S eyes go WIDE. He SLAMS DOWN on the pedal and gets the hell out of there.

He takes a hot turn, cuts down an alley, emerges into traffic; slices through and down another street... slows up at a red, heart slamming. He turns around to check the back window - no sign of anyone following him.

But COMING INTO FOCUS:

The SEDAN has pulled up RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM-

BAPBAPBAPBAPBAPBAP!!!

The FRONT END of the TESLA is SHREDED WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE. TIRES BLOWN. Window DISINTEGRATED. IMAN and another of SHALEED'S MEN are emptying UZIs into the car.

RENTON ducks for cover and slams his foot on the gas - the trashed Tesla lurches forward, taking the men by surprise - the 2nd MAN slips and RENTON runs over his foot! He drops his gun and falls to the pavement, hollering and grabbing his ankle. IMAN jumps out of the way.

RENTON crashes into the driver side of the SEDAN - the SEDAN'S airbag deploys. RENTON'S TOOLBOX, in the back seat, tips over. RENTON digs through it as IMAN stalks toward the Tesla.

RENTON stumbles out of the passenger side of the Tesla, keeping the two cars between him and IMAN, and makes a run for it. IMAN is too close - he puts a couple of rounds into the pavement at RENTON'S feet - RENTON freezes, turns.

IMAN puts the barrel to RENTON'S face and shoves him backwards against the railing of an OVERPASS; night traffic cruises by below.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
OK fine, let's talk.

IMAN  
No more talk, asshole. You drop shipper on my cousin-

FLASH TO:

The massive SHIPPING CONTAINER drops from the claw crane -  
*SLAMMM!!!*

BACK TO:

RENTON  
Dude, sorry about that-

IMAN

You drive car into my car. You  
steal my cashmoneydollars-

IMAN presses the UZI into RENTON'S cheek.

RENTON

You're not going to pull that  
trigger.

IMAN

Oh really?

RENTON

Number one - you don't want to get  
skull juice all over those fly  
limited edition Nike's you got on.

IMAN grins.

IMAN

I wash them.

RENTON

Number two - I've got a Taser aimed  
*right at your balls.*

IMAN loses the grin - he looks down: RENTON'S not lying.

RENTON grabs IMAN'S wrist, pushing the gun out of his face -  
and at the same time *triggers the TASER*, jamming it hard into  
IMAN'S crotch - *TICKTICKTICKTICK!*

IMAN drops to hit knees, convulsing, mouth open but not much  
to say-

RENTON jumps over the side of the OVERPASS!

He lands awkward, turning an ankle - starts to hop away...  
TRAFFIC skids to avoid him - he's blinded by HEADLIGHTS; and  
then:

A 2009 NISSAN SENTRA comes OFFROADING down the graded  
shoulder into the middle of the road, slamming to a stop  
right in front of him.

KATE GOLD steps out of the driver's seat. She's holding a  
GUN, and does NOT look happy.

KATE

You. In the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - NIGHT

The NISSAN SENTRA comes in hard - well, as hard as it can - skids out in the dirt. ENTERPRISE RENTAL plates.

KATE gets out of the driver side, RENTON the other. This is the area where RENTON found the money - only now it's empty. Cleaned out.

KATE is clearly frustrated; too late again.

RENTON

It was all here - had to be, I don't know, 40-50 containers. The big ones.

KATE

You only opened one.

RENTON

That's right.

KATE

What did you do with the money?

RENTON

(lame)

You kidding me? I didn't touch it. I mean, obviously this was some way shady business...

KATE stares him down.

KATE

I've been following you all night Renton. That's a nice car they shot up back there.

RENTON caves.

RENTON

I took a little. Hell with these guys-

KATE

A federal offense Renton. You realize I could put ten years hard time on you right now. Not to mention I fly 3000 miles to find Roger Wallace - he meets you and five minutes later he's a black stain on the wall.

RENTON  
 (nervous)  
 Look, I was gonna report this to  
 the proper authorities.

KATE  
 Forget it. Tell me about the men.

RENTON swallows.

RENTON  
 Dot Indians. They dress like Goose-  
 and-Bull D-bag Persians - Night at  
 the Roxbury.

KATE  
*Huh?*

RENTON  
 The two guys that met Wallace in  
 Santa Monica looked like brothers.  
 They wore Laker warmups. Couple of  
 tools. They weren't here last  
 night. Maybe six, seven assholes  
 guarding the cash.

KATE  
 Was this one of them?

She kicks a flattened, blood-caked SHOE in the dirt.

RENTON  
 He, uhh...  
 (pointing up)  
 the thing... it... *oh-*

He pulls out the GOLD CELL PHONE that belonged to the  
 FLATTENED MAN.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
 I picked this up - it's his phone.

KATE snatches it out of his hand.

KATE  
*Jesus, how long have you had this?*

RENTON  
 Thought it might be useful - you  
 know, to the proper authorities...

She opens it fast - punches some keys.

KATE

It's dead.

RENTON

Dude. I took the battery out so they couldn't track me.

KATE looks up - relieved. Gives him a little credit.

KATE

That's smart.

She pockets the phone. Looks around the yard - for anything.

KATE (CONT'D)

The brothers - they were the ones shaking down Wallace?

RENTON

Well, there was another guy. Big Cheese - I didn't see him, I just heard his voice.

KATE

You get a name?

RENTON shakes his head, trying to recall.

RENTON

Wallace knew him.

KATE

(pressing)

You had to have recorded the meeting.

RENTON

I gave everything to Wallace's BF - I mean, normally I would keep a copy just in case - you know, leverage - but I didn't want *anything* to connect me with these dudes... trouble, I can handle it - but *this-*

KATE

Renton. *Focus.*

He does.

RENTON

(shrugs)

Funny name. American. Like, Freddie...

KATE freezes. She's like a feral cat that just smelled a Rottweiler.

KATE  
(quietly)  
*Shaleed.*

RENTON snaps his fingers.

RENTON  
Shaleed, yeah. Teddy Shaleed.

KATE turns away, walks across the yard. She's boiling. Somewhere else. RENTON watches her back - uncomfortable. Long beat - finally:

RENTON (CONT'D)  
The call log of that phone - you know anyone that can GPS a cell number?

KATE turns slowly. Her eyes are red, wet with emotion - on fire. Beyond intense. She locks onto him.

KATE  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOCKMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BANG BANG BANG. DING DONG.....

An eyeball presses to the SPY HOLE. Fingers scramble for the door knob, the locks. The door swings open six inches - CRUNCH - it catches on the chain.

CLOCKMAN  
(breathless)  
Oh my God.

*Did he say that out loud?*

KATE  
Clockman.

CLOCKMAN  
Kate.

KATE  
We meet at last. Can I come in?

Greatest moment of his life?

CLOCKMAN

*Oh, yes.*

KATE

The chain?

CLOCKMAN undoes it, opens the door; flips the lights.

The apartment is a mess; collectible toys in boxes, stacks of magazines and newspapers. Clothes, towels. Open boxes of computer parts. CLOCKMAN is wearing a T-shirt and tightie-whities.

KATE steps in - RENTON behind her.

KATE (CONT'D)

This is Renton - he's a detective.

RENTON

Yo.

Buzz-kill.

CLOCKMAN

*A detective?*

CLOCKMAN is a nervous wreck.

KATE

Listen Clockman - Roger Wallace is dead. Renton was investigating him when it happened.

CLOCKMAN

Wow.

RENTON makes himself at home, checks the fridge. Medicine bottles, a dozen identical jars of JIF peanut butter, a dozen identical jars of purple grape jelly, eight loafs of Wonder Bread, and twenty four individual size cartons of 1% milk.

RENTON

Wow.

KATE hands CLOCKMAN the GOLD PHONE.

KATE

I need everything off this phone: names, numbers, text; who he called and when and where they are now - you probably want to put some pants on.

CLOCKMAN looks down - his life is sucking.

CLOCKMAN

Sorry.

RENTON

Hey man, you think I can crash on your couch?

CLOCKMAN

OK.

KATE

And Clockman - we need to be careful. If we can see them they can see us. Understand?

CLOCKMAN

(automatic)

I'll pull the data from the memory chip, I don't even need to power it up.

KATE nods, pleased.

KATE

Pants.

OH YEAH. CLOCKMAN hustles to his room, passing RENTON, who is lying on the couch. RENTON watches him go, shaking his head.

RENTON

I don't like this.

KATE

Who asked you?

RENTON tunes her out; closes his eyes.

KATE leans back against the wall. Her mind seems to drift a thousand miles away...

A WHITE NOISE is building behind her eyeballs, drowning out everything-

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - MORNING

The WHITE NOISE becomes the sound of a SOUTHWEST AIRLINES JET landing.

CUT WIDE - the AIRPORT is baking in sun and haze, a spectacular morning. JOHN WAYNE in BRONZE stands sentry out front.

TITLE CARD: JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT, the O.C.

Passengers unload, kiss goodbye, drag luggage. AIRPORT SECURITY COPS lean against the wall. COFFEE, DONUTS.  
*Harmless.*

INT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

The TERMINAL is like a giant tunnel cut by shafts of white sun - high, arching ceiling, marble; futuristic scoop lights and big glass walls. Busy with passengers.

IMAN leans against a wall at a news stand, chewing a plastic swizzle stick and reading a PLAYBOY. He is wearing a Bluetooth and SUNGLASSES. An ASIAN LADY in a uniform vest is running the stand.

ASIAN LADY

You read, you buy. You read you buy.

He looks at her above the rims of his shades with less regard than one would give an insect - gives her a LONG look... then closes the PLAYBOY, puts it back on display, covering up a copy of NEWSWEEK (COVER STORY: *SHOWDOWN*, with a picture of the UZBEKS sword rattling). Walks off, passing:

RENTON, who is blending inconspicuously, dicking with his iPhone. RENTON puts an earbud into his ear and talks quietly.

RENTON

Uday on the move.

Across the terminal KATE GOLD is watching AMIN, who has several of SHALEED'S MEN in a loose huddle and seems to be giving them careful instructions. She is dressed casual - shorts, Nikes and a black wife beater. BACKPACK over her shoulder.

Her hair hides a BLUETOOTH MIC of her own.

KATE

(quiet)

I got Qusay.

The MEN hustle off. IMAN shows up, nodding to AMIN. AMIN seems irritated.

AMIN

Where did you go?

IMAN shrugs - *what the hell?* They head toward a SIDE DOOR. As they walk IMAN pulls out his cellphone and speed dials-

RENTON slides up next to KATE - he has his iPhone out, shows her:

The GPS is locked in on IMAN'S phone. We see him moving through a detail overhead map of the AIRPORT.

RENTON

Your boy Clockman's not bad.  
 (nods toward AMIN)  
 That phone is the last number  
 homeboy at the shipyard called  
 before he turned into a flatbread.  
 As long as he's in service range we  
 can track him.

KATE

Let's go.

They follow.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT, TARMAC - MORNING, CONTINUOUS

The TWINS get into an electric AIRPORT CART and zip over to a HANGAR with GUARDED DOORS.

Inside, a massive CARGO JET is parked, being loaded up by a dozen of SHALEED'S MEN.

TWO HYDRAULIC LIFT TRUCKS - each carrying a full size SHIPPING CONTAINER - are unloading. The first is done - the built-in LIFT brings the empty shipping container down as the TRUCK begins to pull away, making room for the next truck.

A LEARJET 35 is parked to the side of the CARGO PLANE - sleek, immaculate. The PILOT stands by.

KATE and RENTON watch from a distance. RENTON is using a small MONOCULAR to spy.

KATE

Let me see.

She takes the MONOCULAR, zoom/focuses in. AMIN jumps off of the CART and immediately starts shouting everyone down, directing traffic - he wants this all to move FASTER.

RENTON

No sign of this Shaleed cat?

KATE

No... Wait.

A BLACK LIMO is coming in from the far end of the TARMAC.  
KATE *tenses up*.

RENTON  
What is it?

The big HANGAR DOORS start to *slide open*, letting the LEARJET taxi out. The LIMO pulls up next to it and TEDDY SHALEED gets out, followed by two BODYGUARDS. Black suit, tailored. Ray Bans.

KATE shoves the MONOCULAR into RENTON'S hand and goes into her BACKPACK. Pulls out a .38 and cocks it.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Oh boy.

KATE scans the area. She pulls out her phone; speed dials.

KATE  
Clockman.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOCKMAN picks up FAST.

CLOCKMAN  
Kate.

KATE (O.C.)  
I don't care what you have to do  
but I need backup down here - and  
*now*.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT, TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

TEDDY SHALEED walks over to the TWINS. DEATH in HUGO BOSS.

SHALEED  
This jet should've been loaded an  
hour ago.

IMAN  
(sneering at the men  
working)  
They are like dogs in the sun.

AMIN

Half an hour more. We already have clearance to take off.

SHALEED

And the rest of the shipment?

AMIN

All in transit - minus, of course, the amount that was stolen - Nevada, Utah, the Pacific Coast from San Diego to the Canadian Border, Wyoming... in 48 hours we will have trucks in North Dakota and planes landing in Chicago, Detroit...

SHALEED

Then the Southwest incursion becomes our highest priority.  
(again breaking from his Syrian accent - Southern twang)  
We're headin' to Texas, boys.

IMAN scans the TARMAC - almost like he can feel eyes on them - and catches a glimpse of KATE and RENTON standing near the TERMINAL door, watching them. They don't look right. He covers his mouth, walkie talkie dials and whispers into his cell phone.

Across the TARMAC:

KATE spots a LUGGAGE TRUCK nearby. MEN moving bags from the truck bed onto carts.

KATE

We've gotta move. *Come on...*

She starts to head toward the truck but two more of SHALEED'S MEN come out of the door behind them, hands in their coat pockets - Bluetooths and shades. They don't look happy.

SHALEED THUG

(heavy accent)

*Yo man. What are you doing?*

They spot KATE'S GUN and start to pull theirs - KATE shoves RENTON toward the truck-

KATE

GO!

She levels off on the nearest THUG and *nails him with two shots* - CHEST and SHOULDER, knocking him into the other man. They make a run for the LUGGAGE TRUCK.

BANG! BANG!

SHALEED and the TWINS hear the shots. The BODYGUARDS hustle SHALEED toward the LEARJET. The TWINS follow, pulling out guns.

AMIN shouts to the MEN.

AMIN

*Forget the last truck! Get this plane out of here now!*

The BIG FREIGHT DOORS of the CARGO JET start to close - the TRUCKS back away - everyone scrambling to get the bird in the air.

KATE jumps in the DRIVER SIDE of the LUGGAGE TRUCK - RENTON ducks around the back. Bullets snap and whistle by his head. He jumps in with the luggage as the AIRPORT WORKERS hit the deck.

KATE puts it in gear and *FLOORS IT*.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - SIMULTANEOUS

FIRE ALARMS go off through the TERMINAL. People make for the EXITS. TWO SECURITY GUARDS toss their coffee - one gets on his WALKIE.

WALKIE SECURITY

Copy that.  
(turns to his PARTNER)  
They're saying it's a bomb in the building.

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

CLOCKMAN is speaking into a tiny USB MICROPHONE hooked into his COMPUTER - we can see on the screen that his VOICE is being FILTERED and the transmission source scrambled - *untraceable*.

CLOCKMAN

(COMPUTER-ALTERED voice)  
*In ten minutes - everyone dies.*

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT, TARMAC - SIMULTANEOUS

KATE drives straight at the thug shooting at them, SLAMS the breaks and pulls it hard right - the truck burns an arc, swinging it's ass toward the SHOOTER...

RENTON, in back, grabs onto the door to keep from flying out - a slab of luggage flies out past him - *blasting into the GUNMAN and knocking him off his feet.*

She AIMS THE TRUCK straight at the LEARJET, which has begun to TAXI DOWN THE RUNWAY... SHALEED and AMIN are already inside - IMAN is in the doorway with a MINI-UZI, hanging out as the boarding stairs retract...

The BIG CARGO JET is moving too...

The back door swings back, sending RENTON flying into the luggage in the bed of the truck.

KATE would clearly *ram the TRUCK straight into the LEARJET* if she could but there's no angle - the JET is already on a takeoff path and *picking up speed* - she is CHASING-

She is coming up on the ass of the LEARJET, giving it everything the truck has but not enough - she puts her arm out the window and starts blasting left-handed.

IMAN hangs out, loving it - he fires back, blowing out the window and front tires with the UZI-

RENTON looks out the back door of the truck - his eyes go wide:

The BIG CARGO PLANE is *RIGHT BEHIND THEM, COMING FAST* - *ready to lift off!!*

RENTON

Uh oh.

He bails out the back onto the Tarmac. Suitcases tumble out and break open, covering him with underwear. *The RETRACTING WHEELS of the plane pass right over his head-*

KATE slams the steering wheel, furious - the LEARJET is escaping - IMAN grins, shuts the door as the JET lifts off-

BANG!

The RETRACTING WHEELS of the CARGO JET clip the back of the LUGGAGE TRUCK, lifting the back end off the ground!! *KATE looks in the rear view mirror-*

She bails out the door as the TRUCK is *FLIPPED ASS-OVER LIKE A SUPERBOWL COIN TOSS*.

She rolls onto her back and unloads the rest of her clip into the belly of the CARGO PLANE as it passes over her - no effect. BOTH PLANES are GONE.

RENTON runs over, out of breath.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Jesus, are you alright?

An AIRPORT SECURITY CAR comes charging up, SIRENS SPINNING. Skids to a stop.

KATE gets to her feet - looks across the Tarmac to see the last HYDRAULIC LIFT TRUCK getting away - *still loaded...*

She comes up on the AIRPORT SECURITY CAR, .38 in one hand and pulling her Secret Service badge with the other.

KATE  
*Secret Service! Get out!*

RENTON  
Wow.

The RENT-A-COPS stumble out of the vehicle, hands up. She gets in the DRIVER SIDE. RENTON sidesteps past the other COP to get into the PASSENGER SIDE.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Sorry, man - she's...

Makes the LOCO gesture with his finger. They PEEL OUT.

The HYDRAULIC TRUCK picks up speed - *smashes through chainlink* and off the Tarmac. KATE is driving hard in pursuit.

The TRUCK blasts through the PARKING AREA and onto MACARTHUR BLVD. - nothing JOHN WAYNE can do about it. The back doors of the TRUCK are swinging open - two of SHALEED'S MEN are in the back, with all the CARGO.

EXT. STREETS OF IRVINE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

KATE snaps a new clip into the .38.

KATE  
*Take the wheel.*

RENTON grabs the wheel - KATE puts her *whole torso out the window* and starts blasting the back of the TRUCK. RENTON scoots over toward the driver's seat, works his leg down to the pedal, grabbing her by the waist to keep her from falling out.

In back of the TRUCK one of the MEN pulls out a grenade and pulls the pin-

BANG! BANG!

He is knocked back by KATE'S gunfire. The other MAN watches helplessly as the grenade HOT POTATOES out of the man's hand and *lands on the floor of the container-*

BOOM!!!

The back of the CONTAINER BLOWS OPEN - the two MEN come flying like RAGDOLLS out the back and over the car - RENTON drives through the FIREBALL as KATE shields her face from the flame and debris. He pulls her in - over his lap - and DUMPS HER in the PASSENGER SEAT. They've switched places.

RENTON

*I'm driving.*

Paper hits the window, blocking their view of the road - RENTON hits the windshield wipers-

*MONEY is blowing out the back of the truck!!* Like a JET-TRAIL of BUTTERFLIES.

The TRAFFIC behind them is driving through the money, people reaching out the windows to grab it out of the air. PEOPLE on the sidewalk are scooping up bills and RUNNING DOWN THE STREET after the TRUCK for MORE!

The TRUCK is plowing through traffic like a BATTERING RAM, RENTON dodging the wrecks. It swings onto JAMBOREE ROAD, headed towards the coast.

MONEY continues to snow from the back of the TRUCK - it's the PIED PIPER EFFECT - the more there is, the more followers the chase picks up - it's turning into a CONVOY. POLICE CARS converge but they can't even get in with all the traffic CHASING THE CHASE!

The TRUCK blows through a roadblock - RENTON swerves up onto the sidewalk, dodging it and keeping hot on the TRUCK'S tail.

The TRUCK slams through a wall of HEDGES and into-

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH COUNTRY CLUB - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The TRUCK is bashing its way across the manicured GOLF COURSE... RENTON right behind, getting AIR off of the hills!!

Down the links, a RICH DOUCHEBAG is standing in the middle of the course, yelling into his Blackberry like CHRISTIAN BALE discussing cinematography while a small group of other RICH GUYS waits for him to PUTT. He is oblivious to the ONCOMING VEHICLES.

RICH DOUCHEBAG  
(red faced)  
I don't give a damn! Make the deal!  
*This isn't personal! It's  
BUSINESS!!*

The TRUCK swings a hard turn to avoid the GOLF CART right behind him - a QUARTER-TON PALETTE OF CASH BUNDLES goes flying out of the back-

*The last sight his eyeballs see is the wall of MONEY heading straight for him-*

CRUNCH!

RENTON  
(that had to hurt)  
*Ewwwwwww!*

EXT. STREETS OF IRVINE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

The CHASE smashes through fencing and onto PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - a FLEET OF CARS falls in behind them, FOLLOWING THE MONEY...

RENTON COMES UP HARD on the DRIVER'S SIDE of the TRUCK - KATE unloads a clip. The TRUCK rips a hard RIGHT down HELIOTROPE, heading straight for the OCEAN. In addition to the CARS CHASING there are dozens of people running full bore down the sidewalk trying to keep up, pushing each other out of the way, grabbing the bills that are still flying from the back of the TRUCK.

OCEAN AVENUE cuts DIAGONAL straight ahead - then trees, park benches - then the PACIFIC OCEAN.

BANG! BANG!

KATE BLOWS OUT the BACK TIRES of the TRUCK. They pull around to the side - she BLOWS OUT the FRONT LEFT.

The TRUCK JACK-KNIFES-

BOOM! Onto it's side - *sliding*, throwing up sparks and hundred dollar bills... Park benchers dive out of the way - the TRUCK slides into the benches, BLOWING THEM TO SPLINTERS-

And ROLLS OVER THE EDGE - *down a cliff* -

BOOOOOSHSHHHHHH!!! Into the ocean.

RENTON skids to a stop, tires smoking. TRAFFIC screeches in behind him, fenders bumping, airbags deploying. A RUSH OF PEOPLE go tearing past them...

and start JUMPING INTO THE OCEAN AFTER THE TRUCK! They're like LEMMINGS.

RENTON and KATE walk to the cliff's edge and look down on the circus. People are floating in the surf, stuffing bills into their shirts, diving after it, fighting over it.

KATE

Jesus.

It's not the proudest of moments for humanity and we can see that RENTON is shaken by the sight -

He's a guy that has been chasing the almighty dollar as long as he can remember - *is this what it's all about?*

RENTON snaps a photo with his iPhone and sends to FACEBOOK with a status update:

MARK RENTON SAYS \$\$\$ ISN'T EVERYTHING

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

CLOCKMAN leads KATE and RENTON past the cubicles, toward his office. The PENCIL PUSHERS and CYBER DRONES gawk at them - they don't get many visitors.

RENTON

Oh, look. More of them.

INT. CLOCKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CLOCKMAN leads KATE to his desk. RENTON makes himself at home, dropping into a chair and rolling over to a computer terminal.

RENTON

Can I check my Facebook?

CLOCKMAN  
 (annoyed)  
 Fine.

KATE  
 Clockman, what do you have for me?

CLOCKMAN is temporarily disoriented by the question - he pulls it together.

CLOCKMAN  
 Well... you've got massive shipments of counterfeit cash coming into the United States. East Coast, West Coast... then moving out by air and ground. And we know - or at least we believe - that a major terror strike on American soil is imminent... one asks oneself: Self, what's the connection? Or in idiot's terms-

RENTON  
 (staring at the screen,  
 distracted)  
 What are they trying to buy?

RENTON has MYA'S FACEBOOK PAGE pulled up. Her STATUS:  
 MYA P wants to know if it was worth it.

CLOCKMAN  
 Right -  
 (idiot)  
 Thank you. So then I think: just how massive are these amounts, anyway? I mean, based on what you've recovered so far. It could be that the stockpile you found in New York, plus the 20-ton container you dropped into the ocean this morning represent just the tip of the iceberg. What if the boats coming in from Pakistan were *totally filled with cash*? Assuming that were possible-

KATE  
 (impatient)  
 What would that mean?

CLOCKMAN  
 Exactly. What would it mean? We're talking hundreds of billions of dollars.

(MORE)

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)  
 What could you possibly need all  
 that money to buy? *So then I*  
*thought this:*

RENTON looks up from the computer. All this money talk has  
 gotten his interest.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)  
 What if they're not buying  
 anything?  
 (CLOCKMAN leans back in  
 his chair)  
 What if the counterfeit money is  
 not funding a weapon - *it IS the*  
*weapon.*

Beat.

RENTON  
 I don't get it.

CLOCKMAN spins around, punches up a PROJECTION. Black and  
 white images show food lines and gutted cities, Post-WWI  
 Europe.

CLOCKMAN  
 Weimar Germany, 1921. The Germans  
 were close to bankrupt after losing  
 the first World War, and on top of  
 that they were hit with tens of  
 billions of dollars in punitive  
 reparations - part of their terms  
 of surrender.

RENTON  
 (sarcastic)  
 Oooo, slide show...

CLOCKMAN  
 The German government responded  
 with the only option they had: they  
 printed money. Lots of it.

Images of men pushing WHEELBARROWS FULL OF CASH down the  
 street, children building forts using bundles of money for  
 blocks.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)  
 The problem is, the more money  
 there is in circulation, the less  
 value it has. And prices need to  
 increase to make up for money that  
 is worth less and less - that's  
 inflation.

(MORE)

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)

In this case, with the sheer volume of paper money flooding into the system in such a short amount of time, a snowball effect was triggered - *hyperinflation*.

Men with brooms sweep money into rain gutters; angry mobs gather outside banks, police holding them back.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)

Almost overnight, the currency is worth NOTHING. Look at this-

He clicks up a new image: a WOMAN feeds money into a wood burning stove.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)

She's burning money in her stove because it's worth less than the wood she could buy with it.

KATE shakes her head, transfixed - *starting to get it*.

RENTON

That's real?

CLOCKMAN

In 1918 a gold mark and a paper mark were worth about the same - five years later you needed a *TRILLION* paper marks to buy that same piece of gold - if you could find someone to take them. Look at these bills.

A 1000 Mark note with "Eine Milliarde Mark" stamped across it in red.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)

The banks took thousand mark notes, stamped "one million" on them and sent them back out. Here's a *fifty million mark note* printed a few months later. *People were walking around with fifty million in their wallets!*

RENTON

That sounds good to me.

CLOCKMAN

Sure, but you could barely buy a loaf of bread with it.

(MORE)

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)  
We're talking about a total  
economic collapse.

KATE  
Jesus, Clockman. Could it happen  
here?

CLOCKMAN is giddy with the possibility.

CLOCKMAN  
I think it could - the economy  
right now is crazy stressed anyway -  
with the Fed printing money round  
the clock trying to stop the  
bleeding - the situation is not  
that different than what Germany  
was looking at this time last  
century... if enough cash was  
flooded into the system overnight  
it could conceivably put us into a  
freefall...

KATE  
How much would it take?

CLOCKMAN shakes his head, reeling. Punches keys.

CLOCKMAN  
I mean, the numbers would have to  
be freaking ginormous - I think a  
minimum of five hundred billion in  
cash could do it.

KATE sits down on a desk, letting the implications wash over  
her.

RENTON  
(to CLOCKMAN)  
Geekaroid, come on. If the  
terrorists want to bring us down  
why don't they just drop a nuke on  
the Superbowl?

CLOCKMAN takes a moment - something changes in his posture -  
he's SERIOUS.

CLOCKMAN  
Yeah. You know what? I had a nephew  
- Peter, 28 years old - hedge fund  
investor, very successful - first  
day in his new office overlooking  
all of Manhattan... the North  
Tower, 9-11.

RENTON  
 (sober)  
 Dude.

CLOCKMAN  
 (waving it off)  
 No. We persevered. We got through  
 it. *We're Americans.* We get knocked  
 down, we get back up.

RENTON  
 I still don't see-

CLOCKMAN  
 Now imagine the whole world out  
 there, just waiting for a sign of  
 weakness - China, the Middle East,  
 North Korea, Russia - and *America*  
*is too broke to defend itself... or*  
*anyone else.* BANKRUPT. You get what  
 I'm saying?

RENTON  
 You're saying this could knock us  
 so far down-

CLOCKMAN  
 - *that we can't get back up.* That's  
 right.

KATE is all focus.

KATE  
 Clockman, you said five hundred  
 billion.

CLOCKMAN  
 Ballpark.

KATE  
 Assuming those boats were full of  
 cash-

She pulls out the blood-stained hundred dollar bill. Hands it  
 over to CLOCKMAN, who holds it up to the light.

KATE (CONT'D)  
 - hundreds, just like this.  
 Perfect, real money - printed from  
 real US mint plates - how much  
 could they have in place so far?

CLOCKMAN seems impressed by the bill - it IS perfect. He puts  
 it down, lightning-types on his keyboard.

CLOCKMAN

(mumbling)

Based on volume... a single bill being about a gram... so a million dollars in hundreds weighs about 22 pounds - a billion, 11 tons - I'm gonna say maybe a quarter trillion.

KATE

So - half of what they need.

CLOCKMAN

I don't see 250 billion cash pushing us over the tipping point, no. It would be chaos - but we could recover.

KATE

Then the rest is either already here - or coming.

CLOCKMAN nods, considers.

CLOCKMAN

These are *huge* shipments Kate... If it were me? After everything that's gone down over the last few days I would be steering clear of the major ports.

KATE

That's right. You'd try to bring it in through Canada... or better yet-

RENTON

*Mexico*. There's no one there that couldn't be bribed with U.S. dollars - and if there's one thing these dudes have it's U.S. freaking dollars.

KATE

They could pay anybody *anything* to look the other way.

RENTON'S pocket buzzes - he pulls out his iPhone.

CLOCKMAN

That's how I would do it. Right over the border and up into Texas.

RENTON

Funny we're talking about Texas.

CLOCKMAN and KATE turn to him.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
'Cause that GPS hack we put on your  
boy Shaleed and his buddy's cheap  
ass Persian mobile just came back  
in range-

He holds up the phone display for them to see.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Wanna guess where they landed?

The CAMERA *zooms into the iPhone display* to an overhead map  
of TEXAS with a big RED STAR over EL PASO - we keep FLASH  
ZOOMING IN...

The MAP resolves to a SATELLITE VIEW, then all the way down  
to-

EXT. EL PASO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

An overhead shot of BILL BENJAMIN rolling a CIGARETTE. He  
lights it up as the CAMERA BOOMS DOWN.

BENJAMIN is wearing a COWBOY HAT and AVIATORS, standing out  
front of an ARRIVALS TERMINAL, scanning the scene.

BEHIND HIM - hidden by the crowd - the CAMERA pushes through  
and RAMPS TO SLO-MO to reveal TEDDY SHALEED and his TWO  
BODYGUARDS getting into a LIMO. AMIN and IMAN follow.

FLASH IN: IMAN takes the battery from his CELL PHONE and  
drops it into a TRASH CAN. He makes sure SHALEED and his  
BROTHER don't notice.

BENJAMIN half turns his head, smoke curling from his lips -  
sensing something. But they're gone.

WHOOSH PAN up to the BLUE SKY.

EXT. LAX - DAY

A 747 arcs over our head and touches down; CUT OUT to a WIDE  
establishing view of LAX - AIR TRAFFIC comes and goes, speed-  
ramped - like mosquitoes on flesh.

TITLE: LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY

KATE, RENTON and CLOCKMAN are RUNNING THROUGH THE DEPARTURE TERMINAL - full sprint - KATE in the lead, CLOCKMAN doing his best to keep up.

They reach AIRPORT SECURITY - a line is stretched out to the street. KATE motions for RENTON and CLOCKMAN to stay put while she speaks to SECURITY.

CLOCKMAN is sweating buckets; looks like he needs oxygen.

RENTON

You don't look so good.

CLOCKMAN nods fine, shakes it off.

On an overhead flat screen a WASHINGTON PRESS CONFERENCE is playing. People are standing around watching it.

PRESS SECRETARY

(on TV)

*Our intelligence is telling us that yes - the Uzbekistan facility is currently engaged in the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction.*

REPORTER

*Is the facility nuclear?*

PRESS SECRETARY

*That is currently unknown, but we are not ruling out any possibilities at this time...*

KATE has taken aside the HEAD OF AIRPORT SECURITY and is talking quietly in his ear, showing him her badge. CLOCKMAN nods to the TV, leans over to RENTON.

CLOCKMAN

(quietly)

Hey, you wanna know something even the President doesn't know?

RENTON

What?

CLOCKMAN

*We're gonna go in.*

RENTON points to the TV, his eyes forming a question. SATELLITE FOOTAGE of the FACILITY. CLOCKMAN nods.

CLOCKMAN (CONT'D)  
Special forces.

RENTON  
Serious?

CLOCKMAN  
Yeah - we're gonna blow it up, make it look like an accident - like the plant melted down.

RENTON  
Damn.

CLOCKMAN  
Problem solved.

KATE comes back; she's all business -

KATE  
Alright, we're good. They're boarding *right now* for Dallas/Fort Worth.  
(beat)  
Renton.

She takes his arm and pulls him aside.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to do this.

RENTON  
Do what?

KATE  
You've been a major asset to this investigation Renton - I'm grateful for that. But I'm not sure getting you involved any further-

It takes a second for RENTON to register.

RENTON  
(cutting her off)  
Wait a minute. I'm *already* involved. Kate, I *took* from these guys. *They know who I am.* They already went after my girlfriend - they have access to every contact on my Facebook. If they don't go down, where does that leave me?

KATE

I understand that you have a lot to lose.

RENTON studies her. So cold, so driven.

RENTON

You want to know what I think, Kate?

She meets his eyes.

RENTON (CONT'D)

I think you've been going it alone for a long time. You're strong, but nobody's that strong. I think you could use some backup.

(beat)

And I think we make a good team. Is that corny?

KATE laughs.

KATE

Yeah, that's corny.

Still, there's something in what he's said that got to her.

KATE (CONT'D)

Renton. This is not about chasing the money. If you're going to get on that plane it has to be for the right reasons.

RENTON has a quick FLASH of RECALL:

MYA is following him out of the APARTMENT-

MYA

*You think all I care about is money but it's YOU that don't believe in anything Renton!*

Just as quick - we are back in the TERMINAL.

RENTON

I just want to bring these D-bags down. I don't care about anything else. You can trust me.

It's the same words he gave to LESLIE DAVID in the first scene - but this time we believe him. RENTON is a different guy. She gives him a long, hard look.

KATE  
OK.

RENTON  
Alright?

KATE  
(nods, decided)  
OK.

RENTON  
(mock serious)  
So, um... do you want a little  
alone time with Clockman before we  
leave?

They look over to see CLOCKMAN watching them, expectantly.  
KATE gives RENTON the stink eye but can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWEST JET - SUNSET

The JET slices through a spectacular blood orange sunset.

INT. SOUTHWEST JET - SUNSET, CONTINUOUS

RENTON is watching KATE, who is starting to doze off. She has  
been moving 100mph for 24 hours straight. We RACK FOCUS to  
her as her eyes snap open.

KATE  
What time is it?

RENTON  
About another hour.

She rubs her neck.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
So tell me, Gold - how did you get  
into counterfeit? I thought you  
guys were supposed to be taking  
bullets for the President.

She gives him a long look, considering her answer.

KATE  
The President, yes - also foreign  
dignitaries, visiting heads of  
state... That was my training.

RENTON  
So what happened?

She takes a deep breath - unsure whether she wants to talk about it.

KATE  
Three years ago - I was assigned to protect a high ranking Saudi Defense Minister and his family... He had come to New York to speak before the United Nations. There were six of us.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT - PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK - DAY

FLASHBACK - Ramping from fast to SLO MO: the DEFENSE MINISTER, dressed to the nines and flanked by an entourage that includes a DOLCE&GABBANA-clad WIFE, makes his way through the LOBBY of the PLAZA and into the DAYLIGHT.

KATE (V.O.)  
It was a tightly coordinated effort. We had reason to believe that an attempt would be made on the Minister's life before his address.

As he walks, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS in BLACK are scanning the area, positioned at points throughout the lobby. They communicate by low profile headset WALKIES.

KATE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it wasn't going to happen on our watch.

At the curb a LIMO is waiting. KATE is positioned closest to the PICKUP POINT - she notices in her peripheral:

A WOMAN with a FIVE YEAR OLD CHILD is crossing the street...

As the DEFENSE MINISTER hits DAYLIGHT the WOMAN DROPS HER SHOPPING BAG - a CAR slows to avoid her as she goes to one knee to gather her things; the CHILD wanders ahead, oblivious - *straight into traffic-*

KATE sees it all - because she sees everything. In the FLASHBACK she calls out... *soundless*. A CAR is approaching - on a direct path to the CHILD - there is no time to do anything but REACT-

KATE runs to intercept the CHILD, leaving her position just as the DEFENSE MINISTER is approaching the waiting LIMO...

KATE reaches the CHILD; the approaching car skids to a stop...

*As the WOMAN pulls a gun from her spilled bag - and with a perfect angle, takes careful aim at the DEFENSE MINISTER'S CHEST - she pulls the trigger, TWICE - soundless...*

There's nothing KATE can do. She runs at the WOMAN but it's TOO LATE. The DEFENSE MINISTER falls into his WIFE'S ARMS - panic, silent screams...

The ASSASSIN turns, looks KATE directly in the eye, and *turns the GUN to HER OWN TEMPLE...*

SMASH TO:

INT. SOUTHWEST JET - SUNSET

KATE *flinches*, snapping out of the memory.

KATE

They targeted me - they thought, since I was a woman, that I would be weakest link - that I would let my guard down...

(beat, sober)

They were right.

RENTON can't find words.

KATE (CONT'D)

After that they decided I was better suited to investigative work - so they moved me out of the field and into an office.

RENTON

I mean... if people are gonna do something like that - what are you supposed to do?

KATE

Your job.

RENTON just chuckles, shakes his head. Too much.

RENTON

Did they ever catch the guys? I mean, you know, that put her up to it?

KATE

No. But it was no secret who was pulling the strings - he was a known operative, Syrian freelancer - implicated in a dozen similar jobs. A hired brain ready to kill for the highest bidder.

KATE is a focused ball of bitterness and anger. She turns to RENTON.

He GETS IT.

RENTON

Teddy Shaleed.

KATE

Small world, huh?

RENTON

Getting smaller all the time.

DING - the FASTEN SEAT BELTS lights blink on. *We are beginning our descent into Fort Worth...*

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 80, TEXAS - NIGHT

A MASSIVE FORD F150 rumbles down the blacktop, eating up miles.

INT. FORD F150 - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

JOEL COTTON is driving. KATE is shotgun - RENTON squeezed into the backseat.

JOEL COTTON

Mr. Benjamin wants y'all to stay with him at the ranch tonight - we'll all head down to the border in the mornin.

RENTON

(uncomfortable)

You know, a hotel is fine for me - four, five star, contemporary - good lounge. I got cash.

KATE shoots him a look.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Credit. Credit also good.

JOEL COTTON  
Mr. Benjamin insists. He seems to think quite highly of you, Miss Gold. That's *Miss* ain't it?

KATE  
Yes.

JOEL COTTON  
(flirtatious)  
Glad to hear it.

He gives her a wink; RENTON rolls his eyes. KATE actually blushes.

KATE  
We're happy to stay at the ranch tonight.

An ARMADILLO is crossing the dark road; it freezes in the HEADLIGHTS.

RENTON  
Woahwoahwoah-

CRUNCH, THUMPDUM - COTTON plows through it. No reaction.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Damn it! What was that?

At first COTTON doesn't even know what RENTON'S talking about. He nods to the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

JOEL COTTON  
What, that? Damn armadillos. Don't run em over how else are they gonna learn?  
(chuckles; to KATE:)  
You're buddy in back don't got much stomach.

RENTON looks at him like he's INSANE.

JOEL COTTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Benjamin started to explain a bit about your theory. Hell of a concept Ms. Gold.  
(shakes his head)  
Sumbitches tryin' to kill us with cash? Like drownin in whiskey.

EXT. BENJAMIN RANCH - NIGHT

COTTON pulls the truck up the drive to BENJAMIN'S property, parks it. A big single level place sprawls up the way, porchlights burning. COTTON gets out, helps KATE down from the step-up and pops the back seat forward for RENTON to stumble out.

JOEL COTTON  
See y'all bright n' early.

He tips his hat to KATE, climbs back into the truck and drives off. KATE and RENTON are standing in the middle of nowhere.

The dust settles. QUIET. Except for the crickets.

RENTON  
Are we being Punk'd?

Distant rumble of thunder; the clouds on the horizon flicker with lightning like an old fluorescent light - then:

BOOM! Gunfire echoes. BOOM! Hard to tell which direction in the dark.

KATE  
Come on.

They start to make their way toward the FARMHOUSE, when OUT OF THE DARK:

BILL BENJAMIN rides in on his HORSE, a SMOKING SHOTGUN over his shoulder. The far off lighting flickers behind him. Couple of dead COYOTES strung to the back of his saddle.

BILL BENJAMIN  
Damn coyotes.  
(ky-oats)

He dismounts. RENTON whispers to KATE.

RENTON  
How they gonna learn if you don't shoot em?

KATE  
Bill Benjamin?

BILL BENJAMIN  
Kate Gold.

BENJAMIN takes her hand. Nods to RENTON.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Texas.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST TEXAS - MORNING

The sun rises spectacularly over the West Texas landscape.

The WIND IS KICKING UP; tumbleweeds, dust devils.

An ARMADILLO approaches Highway 80 to cross - spots a roadkilled cousin - *thinks better of it*, turns and scampers off the other way.

Good thing too - because a HUGE CHEVY KODIAK PICKUP goes blazing by seconds later, heading SOUTH.

BENJAMIN and KATE ride up front; COTTON and RENTON are in back.

KATE

(to BILL)

We believe the event is targeted for tomorrow - July 4th.

BILL BENJAMIN

Stand to reason them sumbitches wanna hit us on a day like that.

(he spits a wad of chew out the window)

Well I already hollared up border security from El Paso down to Laredo - these are my boys, not them Feds - no offense.

KATE

None taken.

BILL BENJAMIN

Them Homeland Security sumbitches ain't worth half a bull's pecker.

This truck is HUGE - there's a ton of room in back. RENTON keeps to his side - dicking with his cell phone. COTTON is unzipping a black case.

JOEL COTTON

You carry a gun, Mr. Renton?

MARK RENTON  
 (shakes his head NO)  
 In my line of work the ones that  
 carry are the ones most likely to-

JOEL COTTON  
 Well you gonna carry one today.

COTTON pulls out an M1911 .45 and holds it out for RENTON.

MARK RENTON  
 Woah...

JOEL COTTON  
 Now I don't know if y'all are  
 familiar with the Colt m1911 .45  
 Caliber, but what you wanna do is  
 clock the hammer like so -

RENTON takes the gun, irritated.

MARK RENTON  
 I know how to do it.  
 (he goes through the  
 motions)  
 Mag, safety, hammer -  
 Chick chick boom.

JOEL COTTON  
 Chick chick boom?

Everyone is laughing.

BILL BENJAMIN  
 Chick chick boom.

EXT. EL PASO/JUAREZ BORDER - MORNING

MONTAGE: the EL PASO/JUAREZ border. WIND blows the dust  
 across the divide. SUN-BAKED WORKERS walk to and from over a  
 concrete bridge. Guard towers, check points. Barbed wire.  
 Pollution. Traffic backed up for a mile.

JULY 4 decorations are up around the city - the BLUSTERY  
 DESERT WIND batters the STARS AND STRIPES.

KATE, RENTON and BILL BENJAMIN walk through the heat haze  
 toward CAMERA - SLO-MO. BADASS. BENJAMIN slaps backs, shakes  
 hands, lights up a hand-rolled smoke. KATE scans the  
 situation in aviators. RENTON pulls out his iPhone and  
 updates his STATUS - the words trail off and VAPORIZE above  
 their heads as they walk:

MARK RENTON IS DOING THE BADASS MOVIE WALK

180 around to reveal: they are walking up to the BORDER SECURITY COMMAND CENTER. HELIPAD. BORDER PATROL AGENTS with rifles. A GLASS-ENCLOSED observation tower looms above.

EXT. BORDER PATROL COMMAND CENTER - DAY

They walk along an upper level overlooking the BORDER. BENJAMIN and KATE talk to a BORDER PATROL OFFICER as RENTON trails.

BILL BENJAMIN

We're pretty damn sure these boys are gonna make their move in the next 24.

BORDER PATROL

You say so I believe you Bill, but we ain't had a peep yet. We've also got an APB on your suspect Teddy Habeeb.

KATE

Shaleed.

BORDER PATROL

And his buddies. Problem is, without the towels on their heads they look pretty much like a Mexican.

MARK RENTON

(sarcastic)

Wow, racial profile much?

BORDER PATROL looks him up, unimpressed.

BORDER PATROL

Next time Taylor Swift hijacks a 747 you let me know.

(to BENJAMIN)

I don't like 'im.

BILL BENJAMIN

Ah, he's alright. City boy.

BORDER PATROL

No shit. Wait a minute-

A HELICOPTER is setting down light on the HELIPAD, blowing up dust. BORDER PATROL pulls out a WALKIE and steps aside, cupping his ear to hear.

COTTON is in the HELI'S front PASSENGER SEAT, yelling into a headset.

BORDER PATROL nods, puts away the WALKIE.

BORDER PATROL (CONT'D)  
Well whatta you know? A peep.

KATE  
What is it?

BORDER PATROL  
'Nonymous tip, buncha camel jockeys  
unloadin trucks on the East side.  
Don't look right. Already got units  
movin' in to surround.  
(gestures to the HELI)  
That's your ride.

BILL BENJAMIN  
Ms. Gold, looks like we're in  
business.  
(to BORDER PATROL)  
Room for two this trip?

BORDER PATROL nods.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
(to KATE)  
I assume you'll want to come along.  
(to RENTON)  
Sorry Mr. Renton, you're on the  
next bus.

He tips his HAT to BORDER PATROL and starts toward the HELIPAD. KATE turns to RENTON.

RENTON  
No way. I'm coming with you.

KATE  
Look, it could be a false lead.

RENTON  
I have just as much reason to wanna  
take these guys down as you do,  
Kate.

COTTON WHISTLES from the HELIPAD - LOUD enough to be heard above the blades.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
Damn, that dude can whistle.

KATE

Renton, we're playing by someone else's rules down here. I have to do this.

She starts toward the HELI - stops and turns. She'd like to find words but her eyes give her away: *this is out of your league, kid.*

RENTON is boiling inside, but he lets her off the hook.

RENTON

Forget it. Go on.

BILL BENJAMIN helps KATE hop aboard the HELI as it lifts off. COTTON gives RENTON a thumbs up; RENTON shakes his head - *are you kidding me?* - he looks over at BORDER PATROL, who is looking back at him, STONE FACED.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Both side doors of the HELI are open. KATE and BILL BENJAMIN can lean out either side and take in a 360 of El Paso. KATE is scanning the horizon - intense, driven. BILL BENJAMIN studies her.

BILL BENJAMIN

Got yourself pretty far out there on that limb, Ms. Gold.

She turns to him - something in his voice touches her.

KATE

Pretty far.

She struggles with words, breaks eye contact.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm... not supported by my agency, Benjamin - Honestly, they wish I would just disappear. If they knew I was here following up on my own they'd take my badge.

(meets his eyes)

I came to you because I didn't know where else to turn.

BILL BENJAMIN

Well hell. We got all the backup you need right here, Ms. Gold.

(MORE)

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Biggs Airfield, Fort Bliss right up  
10 miles outside town - one phone  
call I can have the 108th airborne  
raining fire.

He pats her leg, paternal.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Don't you worry - we gon' get this  
sumbitch, Kate.

EXT. STREETS OF EL PASO - DAY

RENTON stalks through town with a black cloud over his head.  
He kicks a can down the street - a little barefoot kid in  
torn clothes runs out of an alley, grabs it and runs back.

RENTON  
What did I even come out here for?

He pulls out his iPhone and checks FACEBOOK - MYA'S page. Her  
status:

MYA P knows you can't tell me where you are,  
but can you tell me you're OK?

We can see that this touches him. *What the hell is doing in  
the middle of nowhere chasing bad guys when he really just  
wants to be wherever she is?* Protecting her. Helping her  
study. Making her breakfast. Damn, what a girl.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Mya.

RENTON starts to type a response - then STOPS. Thinks about  
this... then reads again -

*you can't tell me where you are*

LIGHTBULB MOMENT: RENTON looks around - a SEEDY JOINT is to  
his left. Signs mostly in SPANISH but he knows what GIRLS  
GIRLS GIRLS means. He looks down at his iPhone.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUAREZ STAGING AREA - DAY

A CAMOFLAGED AREA built into a narrow canyon between low,  
weed covered hills... SEMI-TRUCKS lined up for a half mile in  
the dirt... covered overhead by CAMO netting, white sun  
filtering through dust in shafts.

A massive TUNNEL leads into the rocky side of a dirt hill, fluorescent overheads lighting down the length of it into obscurity. The TRUCKS are aimed at the tunnel entrance.

AMIN and IMAN are shouting down groups of men, supervising. No sign of SHALEED. IMAN slaps one of the men to the ground and spits on him as he scrambles away.

A TENT-COVERED AREA is set up with tables and computers. We recognize the same HACKERS that cracked RENTON'S FACEBOOK account. One of them calls out to IMAN in ARABIC. He stalks in and looks over the HACKER'S shoulder at the laptop screen. His eyes narrow.

The CAMERA flashes past them, over their shoulders, *into the laptop screen* in 3D - it's RENTON'S FACEBOOK PAGE!

STATUS - showing *UPDATED 2 MINUTES AGO* - reads:

MARK RENTON is kicking it in the GNARLIEST STRIP CLUB EVER -  
the TECATE CLAM in El Paso -  
waiting for the terrorists to blow up the world...

The VIRTUAL CAMERA veers off to the PHOTOS section - we see uploaded shots of RENTON in the CLUB, partying up with chubby Mexican DANCE HALL GIRLS.

An EXTERIOR SHOT of the entrance - the amateurishly painted sign shows a CHOLA in a G-String holding a beer - with RENTON giving a THUMBS UP in the foreground... it's the same place we saw him in front of earlier. A CAPTION reads:

How cool is this??

IMAN barks orders to the HACKER, furious - and storms out of the tent.

EXT. EL PASO WAREHOUSE DISTRICT + SKIES ABOVE - DAY

KATE and BILL BENJAMIN bank over the WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. BILL taps KATE'S shoulder, points to:

POLICE in SWAT GEAR and BORDER PATROL AGENTS are advancing on a large WAREHOUSE surrounded by chain link and BARBED WIRE.

KATE checks her gun; locked and loaded. Her heart is slamming-  
*THIS IS IT.*

CUT TO:

EXT. TECATE CLAM - DAY

IMAN scopes out the entrance to the place; he is not far from where RENTON was standing. A drunk local stumbles out. IMAN rubs his nuts - *maybe remembering the last time he was face to face with RENTON?* - and stalks toward the entrance.

INT. TECATE CLAM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

IMAN looks around, surly. The place is a drowsy DANCE HALL - hip hop music, GIRLS moving listlessly across a small dancefloor area with blank-faced WORKING MEN in straw COWBOY HATS hanging all over them.

An OVERWEIGHT LOCAL GIRL - too much make up, cheap LINGERIE - approaches him.

LOCAL GIRL

*Quiere bailar?*

IMAN puts his hand in her face and pushes her away. He takes a once-through, keeping his back protected and sticking to the shadows, ready to draw and ventilate. No sign of RENTON.

He heads to the EXIT.

EXT. TECATE CLAM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

As IMAN leaves RENTON watches him from a distance. IMAN takes a long look around... then glances at his watch and heads across the street.

EXT. STREETS OF EL PASO - DAY, CONTINUOUS

RENTON shades IMAN as he crosses, ducks down an alley and heads past a small group of SHALEED'S MEN into a NONDESCRIPT STRUCTURE - hand-painted signage on whitewash - a Mexican VIDEO STORE? The MEN look nervous, jittery.

RENTON slips around the side of the building, avoiding their attention - finds a beat up SIDE DOOR and tries it - *It opens.*

INT. NONDESCRIPT STRUCTURE - DAY, CONTINUOUS

Nobody inside, a few half empty racks of sun-faded VHS tapes. Cheap SHEETROCK WALLS slapped up fast. Looks like the VIDEO STORE is a front - for something.

RENTON ducks around a corner as IMAN blows by - sneaks a peek:

IMAN opens up a HIDDEN DOOR in the FLOOR and climbs down!

RENTON checks that the others are still outside - sneaks over, steals a look.

It's a CIRCULAR SHAFT, aluminum LADDER RUNGS, leading down 25 feet. IMAN drops into a fluorescent-lit lower area. Concrete floor. And the sound of RUMBLING ENGINES reverberating somewhere.

The MEN from out front bang open the front door and start to come in. RENTON makes a split second decision: he slips down the RABBIT HOLE...

INT. UNDERGROUND STAGING AREA - DAY, CONTINUOUS

... and drops cautiously onto the CONCRETE. A CORRIDOR opens up into a larger area. IMAN is already gone. RENTON creeps down the corridor and sees:

A MASSIVE UNDERGROUND STAGING AREA. All FLUORESCENT-LIT from above. A BLACK TUNNEL leads in, FOUR TUNNELS lead OUT.

FOUR 18-WHEELER SEMI-TRUCKS are IDLING, each pointed at a different tunnel. More TRUCKS are backed up into the entry tunnel, waiting to come in.

AMIN is standing by a black HUMMER H3 CONVERTIBLE - a high dollar custom job - with TEDDY SHALEED and his TWO BODYGUARDS.

SHALEED turns and advances to meet IMAN as he walks up. He does *not* look happy.

SHALEED claps a hand around the back of IMAN'S neck and flashes a gun up to his face - the same move he pulled with ROGER WALLACE. IMAN puts both arms out to the side, breathing shallow but keeping his cool. SHALEED whispers in his ear for a few seconds, eyes burning. IMAN nods quickly. SHALEED brings down the gun, lets him go and stalks back to the HUMMER.

They all get in and head out through TUNNEL #1.

The TRUCKS gear up and follow, each one heading through a different tunnel. RENTON goes into his pockets, comes up with a miniature GPS TRACKING device like the one he clipped onto ROGER WALLACE'S car. He hops down, darts through the TRUCKS -

He picks a TRUCK headed toward TUNNEL #1 and slaps the magnet onto it as it passes.

Then he presses against the wall, pulls out his iPhone and SPEED DIALS.

CUT TO:

INT. EL PASO WAREHOUSE - DAY

SWAT and BORDER PATROL storm the WAREHOUSE! MEXICAN WORKERS hit the deck, hands over their heads, or scatter for the back doors and open windows. The COPS round them up.

KATE and BILL BENJAMIN move in, guns drawn - and head straight for the pallets of SHIPPING CRATES stacked to the ceiling.

With a nod from BENJAMIN a BORDER PATROL AGENT tosses KATE a long handled AXE. She catches it, gets her feet under her and BASHES OPEN the nearest CRATE like ELIOT NESS.

T-SHIRTS spill out onto the floor. She picks one up - U.S.A. With a DOLLAR SIGN for the S.

Her phone buzzes. She pulls it out, frustrated - RENTON.

KATE

Dead end over here.

RENTON (O.S.)

Yeah, you wanna know how I know  
it's a dead end? *Cuz the rest of  
your damn bomb is driving right by  
me!*

He holds up the phone so she can hear the TRUCKS. KATE turns to BILL BENJAMIN.

KATE

*We gotta go.*

EXT. STREETS OF EL PASO - DAY, MINUTES LATER

The HELICOPTER drops to street level, sending dust and debris everywhere - people running up from all around to see.

KATE is hanging out of the RIGHT SIDE facing RENTON, one foot on the skids - RENTON runs up.

He opens the front rider door and claps JOEL COTTON on the shoulder: GET OUT.

RENTON  
Yeah man, I need that seat.

COTTON glances back to BILL BENJAMIN; BENJAMIN nods. COTTON jumps out - RENTON climbs in.

As the bird starts to lift off RENTON grabs the COWBOY HAT off of COTTON'S head.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
And this too!

He puts it on; turns his attention to the PILOT. RENTON holds up the iPhone, showing him the GPS screen. The PILOT takes a closer look - gets it. Spins away, up over the low buildings, leaving a dust tornado.

COTTON shakes his head - but he's all business. He gets on the WALKIE and starts barking orders as SIRENS approach.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

KATE puts a hand on RENTON'S shoulder. She talks in his ear over the noise of the blades.

KATE  
Looks like you're right, Renton! We make a pretty damn good team.

High praise from KATE GOLD - a proud moment for RENTON.

RENTON  
Hey, you like my hat?

BENJAMIN is yelling over the blades into a HEADSET WALKIE.

BILL BENJAMIN  
We got the big fish on a hook - but I want every one a' them tunnels rooted out and chased down! Now we gon' stop *all* of them trucks, you understand me?

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE, WEST EL PASO - DAY, CONTINUOUS

HUGE HANGAR DOORS rise up, opening the entire NORTH END of a LONG WAREHOUSE to the white sunlight.

The H3 CONVERTIBLE charges out - SHALEED in the PASSENGER SEAT, AMIN and IMAN in back.

A CONVOY of EIGHT 18-WHEEL SEMIS is rolling up hard right behind them.

The HELICOPTER comes up from the SOUTH, breaking the sun. KATE and BENJAMIN leaning out.

SHALEED spots the HELICOPTER first. AMIR and IMAN follow his eyes...

AMIN smacks the driver, getting his attention; he and IMAN pull out MACHINE GUNS. SHALEED, icy calm, grabs a WALKIE and starts delivering instructions.

The CONVOY picks up speed, changes direction - slams through fences and heads for the 10 HIGHWAY headed NORTH. The H3 falls in to one side of the LEAD SEMI, pacing it. The SEMI'S are ripping through the lazy morning traffic, ramming everything else off the road.

The PILOT brings the HELI down low, running right up along the side of the SEMI. BILL BENJAMIN levels his SHOTGUN at the space between the TRUCKS as the H3 darts by - IMAN unloads an UZI CLIP as BENJAMIN lets go with both barrels - the TRUCK shields both from the worst of it.

SHALEED calmly speaks into a WALKIE -

The SEMI veers sharp to the right, trying to RAM the HELI. The PILOT swings it away, barely missing a power pole.

RENTON

*What the hell!*

BENJAMIN motions for the PILOT to pull ahead.

The HELI swings out high in front of the CONVOY - IMAN and AMIN open up - KATE returns, cold and accurate - BULLETS ping off of the H3 - AMIN takes a shot to the shoulder and both have to duck to avoid worse.

A half dozen TEXAS STATE TROOPERS have taken up the chase, pacing the CONVOY in black muscle. SHALEED notices them coming fast in the rearview - calmly speaks again into the WALKIE.

One of SHALEED'S MEN - riding SHOTGUN in the second truck back - opens the cab door of the semi and leans out with a compact RPG. He sends a shell whistling back - it hits the front undercarriage of one of the TROOPERS and detonates-

The CAR is flipped up like a checker - *it slams into the GRILLE of the next SEMI back and goes PROPELLERING OFF THE ROAD and down a ravine.*

BENJAMIN gets on his CELLPHONE.

BILL BENJAMIN  
Hey there - Bill Benjamin.

BULLETS lick the doorway of the HELI around him, breaking glass. He barely flinches.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
We got us a little situation out here.

The TRUCKS start to RAM the TROOPERS off the road. The HELI PILOT takes a long arcing pass in front of the CONVOY, *strafing* - BENJAMIN unloads two more barrels, hitting the H3's GRILLE. STEAM contrails from the HOOD.

IMAN tracks along with the HELI, unloading an UZI clip - a line of BULLET HOLES rips the tail of the HELI.

SHALEED pulls off his RAYBANS - looks up ahead, down the highway. His eyes narrow:

A SCHOOLBUS is heading their way in the opposing lane.

He speaks carefully into the WALKIE, then barks orders at his DRIVER.

The H3 SLAMS BRAKES and SPINS 180, tires smoking - as the lead truck VEERS TO THE RIGHT and into the ONCOMING LANE!

KATE spots the SCHOOL BUS first from the passenger side of the HELI - *the BUS and the SEMI TRUCK are on a collision course.*

The moment is an eerie reminder of the assassination of the SAUDI DEFENSE MINISTER... time slows down...

KATE lunges for the PILOT-

But RENTON grabs her arm, stopping her. They make eye contact- RENTON points out the window into the NORTHERN SKY:

SIX APACHE MILITARY ASSAULT HELICOPTERS, bristling with GUNS and as BADASS as it gets - like dark BIRDS OF PREY hovering over the desert - are CHARGING UP to intercept the TRUCK.

BILL BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
That's mah boys.

The HELI PILOT banks down hard, sticking to the H3, as:

The APACHES start unloading HELLFIRE MISSILES on the 18-WHEELERS!

The first SEMI lifts off the ground in a MASSIVE FIREBALL as the missiles hit - then the next... all the way down the line. The SCHOOL BUS veers off to the shoulder - safe.

One of the explosions catches the H3, sending it rolling over an EMBANKMENT into the wind whipped desert.

The exploding trucks ERUPT WITH CASH - VOLCANIC... A MILE LONG - billions of notes, caught in the desert wind like a whirling hurricane.

A piece of shrapnel from an EXPLODING TRUCK smacks the tail of the HELI, spinning it - the windshield glass is covered with cash... PAPER NOTES are sucked into the intake vents, the ROTORS, clogging them... the HELI sputters and lurches... they are GOING DOWN!

EXT. IN THE MONEY STORM - DAY, CONTINUOUS

KATE is pitched out - she grabs a hold of the skids, the HELI taking her for a crazy spin... her grip SLIPS - *she falls twenty feet through the churning STORM OF CASH*, bounces off the dirt embankment and rolls the rest of the way down.

RENTON jumps for it - he slams into the dirt, the HELI smashing into the ground behind him, BLADES breaking off and slicing deep trenches - missing him by inches.

RENTON

*Kate!*

He stumbles to his feet to find her.

BILL BENJAMIN crawls from the downed HELI, HAT still on; he climbs on top of the wreck, black smoke pouring from the engine and starting to spark and flare up - reaches down into the PILOT'S DOOR and pulls the UNCONSCIOUS PILOT out with one strong arm. He puts the man OVER HIS SHOULDER and jumps off as-

TEDDY SHALEED limps through the blinding, fluttering bills.

*BOOM!* The HELICOPTER EXPLODES somewhere behind him. The dirt rim of the highway at the top of the embankment is roiling with fire and black smoke from the burning TRUCKS.

SHALEED trips, staggers to his knees - picks himself up and keeps going - until:

*CLICK!*

KATE is standing in front of him, a GUN pointed at his chest. He stops, hands where she can see them - peers into her face, half-silhouette in the flaring morning sun.

He *recognizes her* - smiles.

SHALEED

Ms. Gold.

KATE

You remember me.

SHALEED

(charming)

Of course. I studied your file so carefully. You're a very impressive woman. And so young - to see you like this, right now: I'm sorry that it had to be you.

KATE

You're done, Shaleed.

SHALEED

No.

He holds up a hand - *STOP* - but not to her-

*CLICK.*

AMIN has come up beside her. His left arm is useless from the bullet KATE put in it; with his right he is pointing an UZI at her head. But for SHALEED'S gesture she would be DEAD.

*CLICK!*

RENTON has the .45 leveled on AMIR.

RENTON

Pull that trigger and you got a date with the virgins.

KATE

*Renton.*

*CLICK.*

IMAN, holding himself up through sheer stubborn arrogance, dripping with sweat - is holding a FULL AUTO at hip level, pointed at RENTON'S GUT.

RENTON  
Do I know you?

Finally, the biggest CLICK - more like a KACHUNK:

BILL BENJAMIN has his DOUBLE BARRELLED leveled on IMAN'S TORSO.

BILL BENJAMIN  
This evens her up.

They are forming a PERFECT HEXAGON in the hurricane.

KATE  
You failed, Shaleed.

SHALEED shrugs, unaffected. His Syrian accent melts away - now he speaks in perfect mainstream American - his accent is pure, without regional influence.

SHALEED  
Perhaps.

KATE nods to indicate the swirling, burning money.

KATE  
You see your doomsday weapon?

SHALEED  
The money was only - how can I put it? - a detonator. The flame to light the fuse. The payload - the weapon itself... is you.

RENTON  
What's that supposed to mean?

SHALEED  
Your greed, Mr. Renton - desperate, mad, unthinking - the want that eats at the soul of this country - an empty chasm that cannot be filled, but you will never stop trying - and so you fill it with new cars and condos, with LCD flat screens and Playstations and iced caramel lattes, bottomless buffets and big box super stores, weight loss pills and anabolic steroids; home gyms, iPods and Nikes, designer clothes, designer bodies, liposuction and plastic breasts...  
(MORE)

SHALEED (CONT'D)  
 your endless devouring consumption -  
 of land, of oil, of hamburgers and  
 donuts and alcohol and nations...  
 and you won't stop until you devour  
*yourselves*. This-  
 (indicates swirling money)  
 This is just the trigger - you've  
 had the gun pointed at your own  
 head for 200 years.

His words sit there in the desert wind. Finally:

BILL BENJAMIN  
 Well, genius - there may be a  
 modicum of truth in what you say. I  
 ain't gon' deny it. But I say we're  
 still the best damn thing going.

IMAN *snarls* - tenses on the trigger-

RENTON'S eyes flash: it's NOW.

RENTON  
 Chick chick-

In a split second SHALEED whips out his gun and points it at  
 BILL BENJAMIN'S head-

*BOOM.*

KATE, BENJAMIN and RENTON FIRE THEIR GUNS at *EXACTLY THE SAME  
 TIME.*

SHALEED, AMIN and IMAN are BLOWN OFF THEIR FEET - firing, but  
 a split second too late - *each of their bullets whistles just  
 past it's target as they are THROWN BACK-*

SLO-MO: They hang there, SUSPENDED - *frozen in time* - as  
 BURNING CASH curls in the wind and the SMOKE AND SPARK bloom  
 from SIX MUZZLES.

THREE STAND, THREE FALL. The lifeless bodies thud into the  
 dirt.

RENTON goes nuts.

RENTON (CONT'D)  
*That's* what I'm talking about! How  
 else they gonna learn? *How else  
 they gon' learn you don't shoot em?*

KATE is quiet - almost stunned - totally focused on SHALEED.  
 This moment was a long time coming.

She releases a spent shell from her .45 And carefully replaces it in her shoulder holster.

BENJAMIN has a pinched wad of tobacco in his left hand; he looks around, lets a smoldering HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL fall into his right and starts ROLLING IT INTO a SMOKE.

RENTON is watching KATE.

RENTON (CONT'D)

Hey.

She snaps out of it - meets his eyes.

RENTON (CONT'D)

You did it.

It's like a thousand pound monkey just jumped off her back, caught a bus and took off.

KATE

Renton. We did it.

RENTON smiles at this; then looks around, taking in the scene.

BILL BENJAMIN makes eye contact with him - gives him a nod of acknowledgment... then lights up the smoke with a burning HUNDRED and tosses it away - he takes a LONG DRAW...

We follow the BURNING HUNDRED as it floats and darts with all the other burning HUNDREDS - tantalizingly close but disintegrating before our eyes...

From a BIRDS-EYE VIEW we pull straight up, through the money storm, out to a map view, then *past the clouds*...

BLACK.

EXT. UZBEKISTAN - NIGHT

Night desert. TITLE CARD: UZBEKISTAN.

Camouflaged SOLDIERS come out of the dark like phantoms. They are met by little resistance - a few UZBEK SOLDIERS fall to quick bursts of AUTOMATIC FIRE.

We are above ground in the WEAPONS FACILITY.

INT. UZBEKISTAN WEAPONS FACILITY - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The SOLDIERS move UNDERGROUND, down halogen-lit STAIRWELLS with brutal efficiency, taking out everyone in their way. They wear black *balaklava* facemasks, nightvision goggles. No identifying insignia.

At the bottom of the stairs they burst through SLIDING DOORS into the *deadly heart of the compound-*

It's a PRINTING PRESS.

The PRESS is running full bore, sheet after sheet of fresh minted AMERICAN CURRENCY passing through the rollers.

The SOLDIERS stop at the top of the CATWALK. A few take off their masks.

SOLDIER  
What the hell?

A MAINTENANCE TECH, taken by surprise, runs toward an ORANGE WALL-MOUNTED TELEPHONE. The SOLDIERS spot him - a quick burst of GUNFIRE and he crumples over a catwalk railing and into the presses.

Where he falls, the inked bills running through the press turn from GREEN to RED.

SOLDIER 2  
What are we supposed to do?

SOLDIER  
Orders are orders.

MUSIC: the opening riff of "*For The Love of Money*" returns - *it will continue and play through the following scenes up to CREDIT ROLL.*

The SOLDIERS fan out, planting charges - then finally pull a high tech DETONATOR CORE from a sealed case and with a series of SWITCHES and KEY ENTRIES - *activate it.*

They pull on their masks and make quick for the surface - this thing is on a TIMER. The LAST MAN OUT grabs a wad of HUNDREDS and stuffs it in his pockets.

3... 2... 1...

CUT TO:

TV FOOTAGE - TIME INDETERMINATE

*"For The Love of Money" continues...*

Satellite IMAGING shows a WHITE FLASH as the WEAPONS FACILITY is VAPORIZED.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

This satellite imagery appears to confirm initial reports that the controversial Uzbekistan nuclear weapons plant - a plant which Uzbek officials denied even existed - has melted down.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY, CONTINUOUS

CLOCKMAN is holding court over his RESEARCH GUYS, watching the reports come in on the BIG SCREEN MONITORS. He points to the broadcast, shaking his head - and seems like he might have something to say about it if his mouth wasn't stuffed with PB & J. Instead, he makes the universal JACK-OFF gesture with his free hand.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - DAY

LONDON JOHN is sitting at a booth with his muscle. RENTON is standing in front of the table - he is counting out money - in HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS - and stacking it on the table in front of LONDON JOHN.

RENTON

(friendly)

Ninety eight, ninety nine... there you go buddy: ten thousand bucks.

LONDON JOHN is not looking at the cash - just RENTON. He's stunned.

RENTON (CONT'D)

What can I say? I can't lose.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

RENTON swings his beat up Toyota Corolla with the broken window off the 101 offramp and onto the street - he's LOVING LIFE.

As he passes the OFFRAMP, we flash to the HOMELESS GUY from the opening MONTAGE. RENTON rolls down the window as he cruises by him and tosses out a TON OF CASH - it flutters down on the HOMELESS GUY like rose petals from heaven.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST LA - DAY

PACO and EDGAR are throwing a BACKYARD POOL PARTY - only the pool is completely filled with MONEY instead of water. Cerveza, Patron, GIRLS wearing next to nothing. EDGAR throws handfuls of cash in the air, making it rain.

One of the GIRLS - SAD GIRL from the BODY SHOP interrogation - walks to the back of the yard with a frosty can of BEER... she kneels beside what seems to be a DOOR IN THE GROUND - bamboo with a latch, like some kind of of RAMBO P.O.W. situation - unlatches and swings it open-

BEARD, SHALEED'S THUG, is living inside like SADAAM HUSSEIN in the rathole! His BEARD is ZZ TOP long. He squints at the daylight. She hands him the beer - he grabs it, grateful - she gives him a kiss on the cheek, lets the door drop back down and re-latches it.

A VOICEOVER comes in:

JON STEWART (V.O.)  
It's times like these that we need  
to look at our lives and re-  
evaluate everything.

CUT TO:

INT. JON STEWART SHOW - DAY

JON STEWART delivers a show-closing editorial.

JON STEWART  
All these material possessions that  
used to seem so important to us -  
the house in the hills, the new  
car, the latest gadget - all the  
trappings of a culture of excess  
that we used to think we couldn't  
possibly live without...

CUT TO:

INT. MYA'S APT - DAY

RENTON has MYA curled up in his arms, lying like spoons on her bed as the TV plays, blue light. She's watching CSPAN, content. The traffic outside the window seems a million miles away.

JON STEWART (V.O.)  
 Were they ever really the most  
 important thing? Did they ever  
 really make us happy?

RENTON'S STATUS updates above his head as we PUSH IN,  
 floating in 3D:

MARK RENTON HAS EVERYTHING HE WANTS.

MYA is holding something precious in her arms - as we PUSH IN  
 we recognize it:

It's the STUFFED PIG from the CLAW MACHINE on the pier!

RENTON nuzzles MYA'S neck, losing himself in her  
 deliciousness, as we-

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ARCADE, SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

The CLAW MACHINE...

BUSTED OPEN - *Broken glass* - and the PRIZE is GONE. We PUSH  
 IN... *slow* - and:

SMASH TO BLACK