TAKEN

BY

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OPEN TO

A home video of a five year old birthday party where BRYAN MILLS, at 32, and his wife LENORE make a big fuss over their daughter, KIM. It seems like the happiest of families, opening presents, blowing out candles, husband and wife loving with one another, and with their daughter.

The video runs to black.

The sound of a man's labored breathing replaces the images.

A light is switched on and we are in...

INT. BRYAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan at 48, looking years younger, in good shape, wakes suddenly from where he had dozed off on his couch in his small non descript, generically furnished, anonymous two bedroom apartment. The instruction manual for a Karaoke machine he was reading falls to the floor.

We realize that this was not a home movie, but a dream.

Bryan takes a moment to clear his head, looks around at his anonymous surroundings, his eyes focus on a picture of a 12 year old girl on a horse in full dressage, Kim, his daughter, grown up. He breathes out heavily, his heart hollow. He picks up the manual from the floor, looks at it.

All is not right in his world. It shows in his eyes.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bryan drives his innocuous three year old Nissan past the Hollywood sign, pulls into a modest strip mall. Parks in front of a small appliance store. Exits the car with the Karaoke manual in hand. Enters the store.

INT. SMALL APPLIANCE STORE - DAY

Bryan enters the cluttered store, which is jammed from floor to ceiling with every type of electronic gadget. He is greeted by the owner, SINGH, a turbaned Sikh.

SINGH
Mr. Mills, how are you?

BRYAN
I'm fine. How are you, Mr. Singh?

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SINGH
Very fine. I suppose you want to see it again?

BRYAN
If you don't mind.

SINGH
An educated consumer is a happy consumer. You know where it is.

Bryan walks over to a Karaoke machine.

SINGH
You know if I charged you a dollar for every time you came in to examine the machine, you'd already own it...twice over.

BRYAN
I was looking over the manual and I noticed on page seventeen there is an auto record feature, but I didn't remember seeing it...

Singh presses a button and a disc slot opens up.

SINGH
Auto record.

Bryan examines the machine along with the manual.

SINGH
Not for anything, but you know it's the one all the pros use. Mariah. Beyonce. Gwen Stefani.

BRYAN
Really?
(beat)
Who's Beyonce?

Singh looks at him.

BRYAN
Only kidding. I'll take it.

INT. PAPER SHOP - DAY

Bryan is studiously comparing a dozen different decorative wrapping papers.

CLERK
May I help you?

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BRYAN
Just want to make sure I'm picking the right one.

Keeps examining the different papers. Detail oriented is a description that fits Bryan to a T.

INT. BRYAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bryan is wrapping the Karaoke machine with a wrapping paper that reads young. Brightly colored, with balloons and confetti.

He cuts the paper precisely, makes the corners match just so. As with everything else, he is meticulous. The way he folds it is unique, using no tape.

His phone, on speaker, is ringing a number. The party on the other end answers.

VOICE
(accented)
James residence.

BRYAN
This is Bryan Mills. I'd like to speak to my daughter.

VOICE
One moment please.

Bryan picks up, expecting his daughter. He answers with a brightness in his voice...

BRYAN
Hi honey...

That fades when he realizes it is...

LENORE V.O.
It's me Bryan.

A bit of distance in her voice. Bryan stares at the picture of Kim on his desk.

BRYAN
Oh hi. How are you?

LENORE V.O.
Busy preparing.

BRYAN
Is Kim there?

LENORE V.O.
Her stylist just arrived.

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BRYAN
(disappointed)
Oh. Listen, I know the invitation calls for two, but I was going to ask if I could come over at one.

LENORE V.O.
You know, for a person who is such a stickler for details, you would think you'd read the invitation a little more closely. Two for her friends. Three for the adults.

BRYAN
I read it. I just thought maybe I could spend some one on one time with her, y'know, before things got busy.

LENORE V.O.
Bryan, you missed so many of the events in her life, what difference does an hour make?

BRYAN
(point of pride)
I've never missed a birthday.

LENORE V.O.
I'll alert the media.
(pause)
Sorry. That wasn't necessary. I'm just in the middle of a lot here. The flowers came and they're the wrong pink. The DJ is stuck in traffic...

BRYAN
I'll see you at three.

Bryan hangs up, feels shut out. He looks at his watch.

INT. CAR - DAY

The clock on the dashboard reads one minute to three.

PULL BACK TO

Bryan. Sitting in his Nissan, watching the clock, closely. When the clock hits exactly three PM, he puts the car in gear, looks through the windshield, at a walled compound, where a line of Mercedes, Bentleys, Ferraris, Porsches, are passing the security at the gate of...

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EXT. JAMES MANSION - DAY

Bryan surrenders his car to a valet in the courtyard of the magnificent mansion, removes the wrapped karaoke machine from the back seat of his car, follows the rest of the adults toward the front door.

Everyone else is dressed designer, Bryan is strictly off the department store rack.

INT. JAMES MANSION - DAY

Bryan enters to a scene out of Homes of the Rich and Famous, complete with the adult cast of characters.

Beyond, through the French doors, in the vast grounds that stretch to the ocean, a no-expense-spared party is in full swing. An endless buffet attended by a dozen wait staff is set up under an expansive tent. On a dance floor laid over the lawn, teenagers hold sway, dancing, flirting, junior versions of their parents.

Off to the side, people line up to leave their gifts, which are neatly organized into a small mountain by a maid.

Bryan ignores the line when he sees KIM in the back yard. Not the twelve year old in the picture on his desk, but a young woman of seventeen. Tall, beautiful, full of life. A golden girl, who carries privilege easily, surrounded by friends, amidst a swirl of waiters, and photographers, videographers.

EXT. BACKYARD - JAMES MANSION - DAY

Bryan exits, is immediately intercepted by...

SECURITY
Uh, sir excuse me, but the adult party is inside.

BRYAN
I'm Kim's father.

SECURITY
Excuse me, but I work for her father.

BRYAN
Her REAL father.

SECURITY
Oh...

And then...

LENORE
It's alright Cyril.

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The Security backs off as LENORE, the woman in the home video/dream, older, but still beautiful, dressed rich/casual, the mistress of the exquisitely appointed mansion, appears.

LENORE
(cool)
Hello Bryan.

BRYAN
Hello Lenore.

The moment is awkward, at best.

BRYAN
I just wanted to give Kim her present.

LENORE
We're letting the kids have their own space. You can put it with all the others.

She points to the pile of presents inside.

BRYAN
I wanted it to be more personal.

LENORE
Still having trouble following the rules, I see.

BRYAN
Oh come on Lennie...

LENORE
I've asked you not to call me that please.

BRYAN
Excuse me.
(pointed)
Lenore.

KIM
Hi...

He turns to his daughter.

BRYAN
Hello darling. Happy birthday.

He hands her the box.

KIM
Thanks!

She hugs him.

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LENORE
I was just telling your father we arranged to have all the presents...

BRYAN
Open it.

LENORE
Sweetie, I think it's bad manners to open one and not...

BRYAN
Here...

He takes the bow off, pulls one end of the wrapping. The whole paper comes away neatly.

KIM
Cool.

BRYAN
No tape. I learned it in Japan.

LENORE
(bemused)
A karaoke machine?

The diminishing tone in her voice stings.

BRYAN
(apologetic)
I figured she wants to be a singer.

LENORE
When she was twelve Bryan. We've moved on.

Bemusement mixes with a barely contained disdain.

KIM
Thank you Daddy.

She hugs him. And whispers in his ear.

KIM
I still want to be a singer. Just don't tell Mom.

A bit redeemed, Bryan takes out a disposable camera.

BRYAN
OK. One for the book...

LENORE
We have a professional photographer.

Bryan ignores Lenore's roll of the eyes.

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BRYAN
Big smile.

Kim stands next to the machine, flashes a 24 karat smile. And just as Bryan snaps the picture, a commotion from the far side of the property draws her attention to...

STUART JAMES, rich, polished, impeccably dressed and coifed cantering a magnificent specimen of a horse through the gate.

The crowd parts, and then, follows the horse and rider as they head right for an astonished Kim, a delighted Lenore, a chagrined Bryan.

Stuart pulls on the reins and comes to an abrupt halt right in front of Kim, Lenore and Bryan. He leaps off the horse, hands the reins to Kim.

STUART
Happy birthday darling.

KIM
Oh my god! Oh my god!

She throws her arms around his neck, peppers him with mad kisses.

KIM
I love you! I love you!

Bryan winces involuntarily, each word, each kiss a small nick on his heart.

STUART
Give him a try.

Kim puts a foot in the stirrup, and with a boost from Stuart she is in the saddle.

Her seat is excellent, her command of the huge animal impressive. She jerks the reins, the horse responds, wheels around and takes off at a canter across the lawn.

LENORE
Stuart, you are impossible.

STUART
I know. Hello Bryan.

BRYAN
Stuart.

The two men shake hands; Stuart with all the confidence of a man who knows he is ahead on points; Bryan with the feeling that he is losing ground rapidly.

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Stuart looks over to Kim putting the horse through his paces on the far side of the vast expanse of lawn.

STUART
She's not a little girl anymore, is she?

BRYAN
I guess not.

STUART
Staying for lunch?

BRYAN
No. I just wanted to come by and wish her a happy birthday.

STUART
I'm sure she appreciated it.

Bryan smiles thinly. Lenore takes Stuart's arm.

LENORE
Darling, now that you've made your grand entrance, come mingle.

STUART
Good to see you, Bryan.

BRYAN
You too.

As Lenore and Stuart walk off, arm in arm, Bryan looks over to where Kim is surrounded by her friends admiring her horse. He looks down at his sorry little karaoke machine, feeling outflanked. Isolated.

INT. SAV-ON DRUG STORE - EVENING

All neon and sale items. A clerk at the one hour developing booth hands Bryan a packet of photos.

INT. BRYAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP

The picture of Kim with the karaoke machine. A photo album cover marked HAPPY BIRTHDAY KIM.

PULL BACK TO

Bryan. Pasting the picture in an album. He turns the pages backwards. Every page is marked with the year and Kim's age over a birthday picture.

Bryan lingers over each and every picture, regret mingled with the pleasure of reliving the moments.

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The door bell rings, interrupting Bryan. He puts the album aside, rises, heads for the door.

He answers to three men. SAM, BERNIE, AND CASEY. In their hands, beer, wine, on their faces the knowledge that...

SAM
You forgot.

Bryan stands there, chagrined. He did.

EXT. BRYAN'S PATIO - NIGHT

On the cramped cement patio, Bryan is tending steaks on a small barbecue. While Sam preps some potatoes, Casey opens the wine, and Bernie tosses the salad.

SAM
It's not like I didn't call to remind you. LA? Third Saturday in May? Red meat, red wine? Sound familiar?

CASEY
He probably had a lot on his mind.

BERNIE
Yeah. The busy life of a retiree. Every day a new adventure.

SAM
So what does one do in retirement? Take naps? Play golf? Chase rich widows?

CASEY
That takes care of the morning.

BRYAN
Go on, make fun. You know why I'm here.

CASEY
How's that going?

BRYAN
OK. We had her birthday today. Seventeen.

BERNIE
Lennie still have a hard on for you?

BRYAN
She's not Lennie anymore. She's Lenore.

SAM
She still has a hard on.

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CASEY
And the husband?

BRYAN
The same. Perfect.

SAM
You dig deep enough, there's always shit.

CASEY
You want us to dig?

BERNIE
What? You think he hasn't done that? Mr. Attention to Detail.

CASEY
How's Kim?

BRYAN
Good. She's good.

SAM
She spend the night yet?

BRYAN
We're working on it.

The men trade a knowing look.

CASEY
Does she appreciate the fact that you gave up your life to be close by?

BRYAN
What life did I give up?

BERNIE
Hey, you remember that time we were in Beirut after the Chief disappeared, and Bry was deep under with that crazy fucking Sheik from Hezbollah? The one who was gonna get us inside, and then he disappeared?

CASEY
And we're sure your cover was blown and they were, like, pulling your fingernails out one by one.

SAM
And we're scrambling to get the fuck outta Dodge before we get taken down. And where the fuck are you?

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BRYAN
I promised her I would never miss a birthday.

SAM
That went down well at Langley when they found out you flew the coop to attend your kid's birthday...nine thousand miles away. Where did you say your next posting was? The Arctic circle spying on Penguins, I believe it was.

BERNIE
Penguins are in Antarctica.

BRYAN
What's the point here?

SAM
We still got a space open, Bry. All you have to do is say the word, it's yours.

BRYAN
Who likes theirs rare?

He lifts a steak off the grill.

EXT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryan is seeing his friends off. Sam stops at the door as the others walk to their car.

SAM
Look, all kidding aside, we think it's a great thing what you're doing, trying to make up for lost time with your kid. But tomorrow's job? Right here. Twenty five hundred bucks for four hours work. Just for taking some pop diva to and from her concert. We're one short.

BRYAN
A singer?

SAM
I don't know if you could call her a singer exactly. More like a cash cow. Twenty million records. Gets as many death threats as marriage proposals.

BRYAN
(quick)
OK.

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SAM
Really?

BRYAN
Really.

SAM
Perfect. It'll be like old times.

BRYAN
Better. No one gets killed.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The downtown skyline glitters on a crystal clear night.

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

The lead car, followed by an SUV with blacked out windows, swings around the rear of the arena, entering through the rear entrance, waved through by the Arena Security.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The two cars stop. The doors open and the DIVA, a golden tressed pop goddess, exits with her entourage, surrounded by Bernie, Sam, Casey, and Bryan.

The press corp, kept at a distance, pops their flashes. A handful fans scream her name. The Diva flashes her widest smile, waves to the fans.

SAM
Ma'am if we can keep moving.

DIVA
My mother is ma'am, if you don't mind.

And as if to show whose boss, she stops, waves to the fans, vamps for the photographers, before moving on into the dressing room.

SAM
Bernie, you and Casey are out here. I'll be up front. Bry, you're in the room.

Bryan enters.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

As the Diva is fussed over by her hair dresser and her make up person, she warms up the pipes with Gio, running scales. She sure can sing. She hits the last amazing high note, holds it forever. Bryan stands in the corner. As she finishes...

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BRYAN
That was amazing.

For the first time the Diva notices Bryan.

DIVA
Thank you. What did you say your name was?

BRYAN
Bryan. Bryan Mills.

DIVA
Nice to meet you Bryan Mills.

She holds her hand out. He shakes it. A knock on the door.

VOICE
You're on!

The Diva tenses a bit. Everyone gets jumped up.

VICTOR
Let's do it darling!

The entourage starts for the door.

BRYAN
Excuse me...

Everyone stops.

BRYAN
(awkward)
My daughter wants to be a singer... I was wondering...if you had any tips...

DIVA
(short)
I do. Tell her to pick another career.

The Diva sweeps out, Bryan is left in the room, feeling a bit chagrined for asking.

INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM - NIGHT

With the muted sound of the concert beyond the door, Bryan, Sam, Casey and Bernie play cards.

BERNIE
So we're up on this ridge, right? Twelve thousand feet in the middle of bum fuck nowhere Kyrgyzstan.
(MORE)

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BERNIE (CONT'D)
Looking down on this shit hole mud and straw compound the target is holed up in. Freezing our asses off because it's like 15 degrees. Wind blowing like a motherfucker. The damn camels are farting away like the tubas in the Rose bowl parade. We're eating fried sheep ass for three days. We're waiting on the air strike, and we're waiting and we're waiting. And my cell phone rings. And it's the guy we're looking to terminate. He's calling to ask if we want some tea sent up to keep warm because he just heard the air strike was called off due to inclement weather. I mean, come on...

A cell phone rings. Bryan's.

BRYAN
Hello?
(brightens)
Oh hi honey.
(to the guys)
Kim...

He folds his cards, stopping the game.

CASEY
Hey! Come on! I got a hot hand here!

Bryan couldn't care less. He shrugs an "I'm sorry", exits the room.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The music is blaring in the BG as Bryan steps out of the room.

BRYAN
The noise? At a concert. You recognize the song? Right. That's her. No, I'm not attending. Just helping out some friends with the security. Of course I met her. Who do you think's guarding her? No, she's not a bitch. Yes. She's very nice. I'm glad you're impressed. Hey, I'm happy you called. Lunch? Tomorrow?

Bryan's heart leaps at the possibility.

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BRYAN
Sure. I know the place. See you then. Love you too.

Bryan hangs up, buoyed by the call.

INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan steps back in, a smile on his face.

SAM
And...?

BRYAN
She wants to have lunch.
(beat)
Just the two of us.

GUYS
Alright! There's progress! A date with your daughter! Will wonders never cease?

Bryan smiles sheepish, takes the kidding, but is so pleased.

LATER

The show is over, entourage is streaming back stage. The Diva is taking one last curtain call. The cars are lined up, ready to go. Sam and his team are at the ready, when all of the sudden, from the side of the arena, a door bursts open and a wave of frenzied fans come running.

SAM
Who left that door open?

Just then the Diva appears. The mob sees her.

MOB
There she is!!

As they surge, the Diva seems to freeze, panic.

SAM
OK. Let's get her out of here. Bry. Take the lead.

More people come surging from the stage now.

BRYAN
This way!

Sam, Bernie and Casey cover the rear as Bryan leads the Diva towards the waiting cars.

Suddenly the situation deteriorates. More fans press in past the barriers.

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FANS
She's there!

Bryan, keeping her in front of him, keeping his eye over his shoulder does not see a lone man in a long coat, suddenly lunging out of the shadows. As he turns, his reactions kick in. He leaps in front of the terrified Diva just as the knife is about to plunge into her.

In the blink of an eye, he grabs the knife hand, twists it back in one swift movement, turning the coat sleeve inside out on the knife, delivers one swift blow that puts the assailant on the floor.

BRYAN
Casey!

Casey pins the guy down.

CASEY
Go!

Bryan spins the Diva around, pushes her into the car, jumps in behind her...

BRYAN
Go!

Slams the door. The car zooms out.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The car blasts out of the arena.

The Diva, alone with Bryan in the back of the car, is shaking like a leaf.

BRYAN
Here. Drink this.

Hands her a coke.

BRYAN
The sugar will ward off the shock.

She drinks, gulps. Stops to take a breath. And then breaks down, starts sobbing. She drops onto Bryan's chest, sobs and sobs. Bryan lets his arms wrap around her, awkward, but gentle.

BRYAN
It's OK. You're safe...

Doing his best to comfort what is now a hysterical, scared little girl.

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EXT. DIVA'S SUITE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam is handing each man his cash.

SAM
Casey...Bernie...

Hands the cash to Bryan.

SAM
Rambo...

BRYAN
Hey...c'mon...

BERNIE
Seriously, Bry. You should think about coming with us. You still got the edge. Lot more of this to be had.

Waves the cash.

SAM
Next year she goes to college, right?

BRYAN
Right.

SAM
You know you lose her.

BRYAN
That gives me a year to find her.

Just then the Diva's door opens, a somber Victor sticks his head out, nods to Bryan.

VICTOR
She would like to see you.

INT. DIVA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Bryan enters to a very subdued Diva.

DIVA
You said your daughter wants to be a singer?

BRYAN
Since she's five.

DIVA
You know it's not what everyone thinks it is.

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BRYAN
I'm sure it's not.

DIVA
After the glam wears off it's just lots of airports, lots of hotels. Everyone kissing your ass, telling you what you want to hear...worrying that the next record hits. Because if it doesn't, there's the next you just waiting in the wings.

BRYAN
It's what she wants.

The Diva gives him a card.

DIVA
The first number is Gio, my voice coach. He has the best ear in the business. If he says she can sing, she can sing. He'll give her the voice coaching she needs. His fee is on me. The second number is my manager. If Gio clears her, he'll make sure she gets the shot.
(beat)
I'm sorry for the way I behaved before. I wasn't brought up that way.

Bryan nods, acknowledging her apology. Holds up the card.

BRYAN
Thank you.

DIVA
No. Mr. Mills, thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek, disappears into her bedroom.

Bryan stands there, alone in the huge suite, can't help but feel things seem to be going his way. He looks at the card.

CLOSE UP

On the card.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bryan sits, turning the card over in his hand, feeling very pleased, excited at what he has to offer. He looks up to...

KIM
Hi!

But his smile dies as he also sees...

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LENORE
Hello Bryan.

BRYAN
Hi.

His excitement subdues, he palms the card.

LENORE
Don't look so excited.

BRYAN
I was just surprised. I thought it was just going to be...y'know...

He points to the two of them.

KIM
I asked Mom to come.

As they take their seats, Kim just bubbles with excitement.

KIM
Guess what? You know my friend Amanda? Her cousins invited us to stay with them over vacation.
(beat)
In Paris. How cool is that?

Bryan is less than thrilled to hear this.

BRYAN
Why do you want to go to Paris?

KIM
Dad! Hello? The Louvre, the Impressionist museum. The Picasso Museum?

BRYAN
I didn't know you were so into art.

KIM
Are you kidding? I've been to the MoMA, like, a hundred times. Amanda went last summer and she came home she could practically speak French!

Now Bryan gets the reason for the lunch. He deflates a bit.

BRYAN
(tightening)
And because you're under eighteen you need my permission to leave the country.

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KIM
Please Daddy. I really want to do it! They have this, like, sick apartment overlooking the river.

BRYAN
Just you and Amanda.

KIM
And her cousins!

LENORE
Don't make a big deal out of this Bryan. Just sign the paper.

She puts the paper out for him, with a pen. He does not move.

LENORE
What?

BRYAN
I'm not comfortable with it.

KIM
Daddy!

BRYAN
I know the world sweetie...

KIM
It's not Iraq!

BRYAN
It's seven thousand miles. It's another country.

KIM
Daddy please!

BRYAN
I'm sorry sweetie. I don't think a seventeen year old should be traveling alone.

KIM
I won't be alone!

BRYAN
Two seventeen year olds.

KIM
Amanda's eighteen!

Bryan considers for a moment.

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BRYAN
Well, how about this? How about I go along?

Kim rolls her eyes.

BRYAN
You won't even know I'm there. I'm very good at invisible.

LENORE
As you have so amply demonstrated for most of her life.

The bite in her words makes him tighten even more.

LENORE
Just sign the god damn paper Bryan.

Bryan looks from Lenore, to Kim, to the paper, and back to Kim again.

BRYAN
Let me think about it.

LENORE
That's a no.
(to Kim)
I knew this was a waste of time.
(to Bryan)
I told her.

Kim bolts up.

BRYAN
Kim...there's something else...

He brings up the card.

KIM
I don't want anything else!

Kim runs off.

LENORE
You know, I don't get you. You sacrificed our marriage in the service of the country. You made a mess of your life in the service of your country. Can't you sacrifice a little this one time for your own daughter?

BRYAN
I'd sacrifice anything for her.

LENORE
Then what is your problem.

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BRYAN
I am not comfortable putting my daughter at risk.

LENORE
Putting your daughter at risk? By going to Paris? You're pathetic.

She follows Kim out.

Bryan is left looking at the paper, and the Diva's card in his hand.

CLOSE UP

A hand knocks on a door.

EXT. JAMES MANSION - DAY

The door is opened by a puffy eyed Kim. She looks at Bryan, suspicious, sees the paper in his hand.

BRYAN
Three conditions...

Kim's suspicion begins to melt.

BRYAN
I want the address and phone number where you are staying.

Her smile begins to build.

KIM
OK.

BRYAN
If you move, I want to know where and with whom you will be staying.

KIM
OK.

The smile grows.

BRYAN
You call me when you land. You call me every night before you go to sleep.

He hands her a phone.

BRYAN
It's international. My number is programmed in.

KIM
OK.

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The smile is ear to ear.

BRYAN
And I want you to let me take you to the airport.

KIM
OK. OK.

Bryan hands her the paper. She leaps on his neck. Kissing him. Hugging him.

KIM
Thank you! Thank you! I'm gonna go call Amanda!

She runs off. A second later she is back. Hugs Bryan again.

KIM
I love you Daddy!!!

Off she goes, passing Lenore, who has just come to the door.

KIM
He signed it!

Waves the paper in front of Lenore, bolts off; Leaving Bryan and Lenore looking at each other.

LENORE
Wouldn't it have been easier just to sign the first time around?

BRYAN
Wouldn't it have been easier if you and I talked about it first?

She has no answer to that, closes the door.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - DAY

Bryan and Kim on the way to the airport. Kim is wearing a jean jacket with a heart of red sequins embroidered on the front.

BRYAN
There are certain areas in Paris that you should avoid. I've written them down...

He hands her a piece of paper.

KIM
Daddy, we're going to be spending, like, ninety percent of our time in museums. You don't have to worry.

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BRYAN
That's like telling water not to be wet.

KIM
Mom says your job made you paranoid.

BRYAN
My job made me aware.

KIM
I always used to ask mom what your job was that you were away all the time. She would tell me to ask you. But when ever I saw you I was afraid to ask.

BRYAN
Why?

KIM
I don't know. Maybe because I was afraid to find out. That it was something I wouldn't like.

BRYAN
I worked for the government.

KIM
You were, like, a spy, right?

BRYAN
I was a preventer.

KIM
What did you prevent?

BRYAN
Bad things from happening.

KIM
So that was a good job.

BRYAN
Yes it was.

KIM
Do you miss it?

BRYAN
I missed you more.

Kim leans over. Kisses him on the cheek, as the car enters LAX.

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EXT. LAX - DAY

Bryan is lifting her suitcase out of the trunk, when Kim sees...

KIM
There's Amanda!

A pretty blonde girl waves to her from inside the terminal.

BRYAN
Go ahead. I'll bring your bags.

Kim goes running into the terminal. Bryan watches her go, sees the word DOLLFACE in sequined script across the back of her jacket. It makes him smile.

He goes to grab the smaller hand luggage out of the trunk, sees a map in the side pocket. Knowing better, but not being able to resist, he takes the map out.

Bryan's POV

A map of Europe, with different cities circled in several countries, with dates next to each one. He does not like what he sees.

He puts the map back, is about to lift the luggage, when a chauffeured Rolls Royce pulls right in front of him. He gives a small grimace.

And sure enough, the chauffeur opens the door and Lenore exits.

STUART
Charles...

Calls to the chauffeur.

LENORE
Give Mr. Mills a hand.

BRYAN
I can manage.

Bryan picks up both bags, slams the trunk with his elbow. Lenore heads for the door.

BRYAN
Lenore. Can I talk to you a minute?

She stops.

BRYAN
Do you know about this?

He takes out the map.

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BRYAN
She's not just going to Paris.

LENORE
I know.

BRYAN
This is bullshit.

LENORE
No Bryan, what's bullshit is she can't be honest with you because of your bullshit.

BRYAN
My bullshit?

LENORE
The rules and conditions...

BRYAN
What is it?

Referring to the map.

LENORE
It's U2's European tour dates.

BRYAN
She's following a band around Europe?

LENORE
All the kids do. Stuart got her the tickets, we've arranged for her to stay in good hotels.

BRYAN
(pissed)
Good hotels? You know, you live in your little bubble here, behind your wall, with your chauffeurs and maids and stylists...

He catches himself as his contempt builds.

BRYAN
You have no idea what the world is like Lenore.

LENORE
And neither will she unless she goes out and experiences it. And don't you tell me I do not know what the world is like. For five years I would wait for a phone call that didn't come for weeks at a time.
(MORE)

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LENORE (CONT'D)
For a knock on the door telling me there would be no calls anymore. I became an expert on foreign affairs. I read the paper every day Bryan. Beirut, Teheran, Bogota. Damascus. Looking for a hint, a glimmer of light behind that curtain you pulled over what you did.

BRYAN
I did it to protect you.

LENORE
From what? Worrying? You think not knowing made me worry less? You think being shut out of your life protected me?

She catches herself, checks her anger, takes a breath.

LENORE
I know we have our issues. But I'm going to give you a piece of advice. You moved here to try and build some sort of relationship with your daughter. You're not going to do that by smothering her. Let her live or I promise you, you'll lose her.
(beat)
And for god's sake, don't ruin this for her.

Lenore turns and enters the terminal, leaving Bryan to deal with the bags and the information he cannot act on, leaving him frustrated, impotent.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY

Bryan, and Lenore are waving goodbye as their daughter and Amanda pick up their knap sacks on the other side of the x ray machines. The girls wave goodbye, with their barely containable excitement sparkling in their eyes.

Bryan stands off to the side, a forced smile on his face. Waves to Kim, hold his hand up to his ear like a phone. Kim smiles, nods, waves, mouths an "I love you".

Bryan snaps a picture of Kim and Amanda mugging with his disposable camera.

And then they run off down the concourse. Free.

The last thing Bryan sees as Kim disappears in the crowd, is the back of her jacket and the word in glistening sequins: DOLLFACE.

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BRYAN
I love you too.

Said to her. Heard by no one.

EXT. LAX RUNWAY - DAY

The Air France flight lifts off.

EXT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Bustling with arrivals off flights from all over the world.

Amanda and Kim come rushing out of customs, laughing, delighted to be free and in Paris. They burst through the doors to...

EXT. TAXI STAND - PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Kim and Amanda wait on line for a cab. Using her cell phone, Kim is snapping a picture of Amanda pointing to a sign overhead that says TAXIS.

PETER
Need some help?

The girls turn to cute, shaggy haired, PETER, 22, knap sack slung over his shoulder, with the most charming Euro accented voice. He points to the cell phone.

PETER
One with the two of you?

AMANDA
Sure.

Kim hands him the phone.

KIM
Top button.

She and Amanda mug under the sign. Peter clicks one.

PETER
One more.

He clicks one more. Hands the phone back to Kim.

PETER
Where are you from?

AMANDA
California.

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PETER
(singing)
I wish they all could be California girls...

The girls giggle, instantly flirty and smitten.

PETER
I'm Peter.

AMANDA
I'm Amanda. This is Kim.

KIM
(a bit shy)
Hi.

PETER
Going into Paris?

AMANDA
Yes.

PETER
The taxis are so damn expensive here. Want to share?

GIRLS
OK.

They load their luggage in the trunk.

INT. SAV-ON ON DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Bryan is looking at pictures the clerk just handed him of Kim at the airport, while he listens to his cell phone. A voice prompt comes on.

VOICE
To check arrivals please press one.

Bryan presses one.

VOICE
Please enter the flight number.

Bryan does.

VOICE
Flight 288 arrived in Paris Charles De Gaulle at 8 AM local time.

Bryan hangs up, begins to worry.

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EXT. TWENTY RUE DE LA POMPE - PARIS - DAY

Peter helps Amanda and Kim carry their luggage to the front door of the very fashionable apartment building.

PETER
Nice address.

AMANDA
It's my cousin's. They're on vacation in Madrid. We have the place all to ourselves. How cool is that?

KIM
(nervous)
I didn't know that.

AMANDA
No biggie.

Amanda takes out a piece of paper, begins to punch the code on the keypad outside.

PETER
You're living a dream. Nice life.

AMANDA
It is, isn't it?

The door buzzes open.

PETER
Well, I have to be going. Nice to meet you.

KIM
You too.

Peter goes to walk away. Then turns.

PETER
Hey...

The girls are almost inside.

PETER
There's a party tonight at school. Want to come?

AMANDA
Sure.

KIM
(whispered, nervous)
Amanda. We don't even know him!

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AMANDA
What's to know? He's hot.

PETER
I'll come pick you up around nine?

AMANDA
OK.

PETER
What apartment?

AMANDA
It's the whole fifth floor.

PETER
And the code?

Amanda reads off the paper.

AMANDA
26432A.

PETER
26432A. See you tonight.

GIRLS
Bye!

The door closes. As soon as it does, Peter takes out a cell phone, dials.

PETER
Twenty Rue de la Pompe. Fifth floor.
26432A.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Kim and Amanda enter an amazing full floor apartment, a mix of contemporary art and antique furnishings spreading out in room after room.

AMANDA
Is this sick or what?

KIM
I wish you would have told me they weren't going to be here.

AMANDA
What's the difference?

KIM
I told my father they were here.

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AMANDA
You told him you were going to museums too.

Suddenly lying is not feeling so good to Kim.

AMANDA
Oh come on! He's not going to know!
(beat)
I'm going to sleep with him.

KIM
Who?

AMANDA
Peter.

KIM
You just met him!

AMANDA
I hear French guys are amazing in bed. Maybe he has a friend...

KIM
No thank you.

AMANDA
You've got to lose it sometime. Might as well be in Paris! How cool would that be? Losing it in Paris. To an artist!

From the look on Kim's face, not cool at all. Amanda pops open an antique chest to a fully equipped sound system. Pops a disc into the CD player, cranks the sound way up. Music starts blasting, she starts dancing, gyrating sexily.

AMANDA
Party!

Kim smiles weakly, clearly nervous.

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryan is pacing, nervous. The clock reads two AM. He can't take another minute. He picks up the phone, dials.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

The music is blasting, Amanda is dancing all around the apartment, singing at the top of her lungs. Kim shouts.

KIM
Where's the bathroom?

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AMANDA
(shouting)
What?

KIM
I have to pee!

Amanda points down the hall.

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryan lets the phone ring and ring.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE UP

On Kim's hand bag, sitting along with her luggage in the hall. Her cell rings and rings, cannot be heard over the blasting music.

INT. LENORE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings next to the bed. Lenore answers from a dead sleep.

LENORE
Hello?

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BRYAN
It's Bryan. Did Kim call you?

INT. LENORE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LENORE
Bryan, she's seventeen, she's in Paris. Give her some space. She'll call. Take a Xanax, have a drink. Good night.

She hangs up.

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryan stares at his phone.

BRYAN
Will you call, god damn it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Kim finishes peeing, flushes. Exits.

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INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Kim exits, hears her phone ringing. She knows who it is. Answers with a knot in her stomach.

KIM
Hi Daddy.

INTERCUT

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As much as he would like to, Bryan cannot contain his anxiety.

BRYAN
You were supposed to call me when you landed.

KIM
Sorry.

Bryan takes a deep breath, pulls back.

BRYAN
OK. I thought maybe something was wrong with the phone.

KIM
It was such a rush at the airport...

BRYAN
That's alright. If I would have had the number where you were staying, I could have just called there. You have the number?

KIM
I...I don't have it.

BRYAN
Well, let me talk to the cousins, I'll get it from them.

KIM
Daddy...

It all comes tumbling out.

KIM
They went to Spain. I didn't know, I swear...

Bryan takes a deep breath, trying to be reasonable, hating not being in control. Hating the sound of a situation that, to him, is going downhill fast.

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BRYAN
Is there anything else you want to tell me Kim?

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Kim stands with the phone to her ear, fear etched on her face, in her eyes, as she stares through a window, across a courtyard, into the other side of the apartment...

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryan gets no response.

BRYAN
Kim?

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

When Kim does respond, it is in a choked, terrified whisper.

KIM
There's someone here!

As she stares across the courtyard at three men crossing the hallway heading for an oblivious Amanda dancing up a storm in the salon.

INTERCUT

BRYAN
Her cousins?

KIM
(shocked)
No! Oh my god!

As she sees Amanda being grabbed by the men.

KIM
They got Amanda!
(terrified)
Daddy!!!

Bryan's worst nightmare quickly coming true.

BRYAN
Alright. Listen to me.

His voice is very calm. He moves to a closet.

KIM
I'm sorry I lied to you Daddy!

BRYAN
We'll deal with that later.

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Bryan extracts a black case from the closet.

KIM
Daddy! I'm scared!

BRYAN
I know you are sweetheart. I'm going to help you. But first I need you to help me. You have to stay focused. Did you meet anyone on the plane?

KIM
No.

Bryan opens the case. It contains all manner of things: A gun, several electronic devices, cash, multiple passports.

BRYAN
In the airport?

KIM
No...

Begins to lose it, begins to cry, stifles the tears. Recomposes.

KIM
Yes. Peter.

BRYAN
Peter who?

KIM
I don't know.

BRYAN
American?

KIM
No.

BRYAN
Did he know where you were staying?

KIM
Yes. He took a cab with us.

Bryan grimaces, knows a set up when he hears it. He extracts an electronic device from the case, attaches it to the phone. Switches it on. It amplifies Kim's voice, and all the sounds around her.

Kim watches the window, as the men drag Amanda away.

KIM
Daddy! They took her! They took her!

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She starts to lose it, starts to cry. Bryan's apartment is now filled with the sounds from the apartment in Paris.

BRYAN
Kim. You have to hold it together. How many people are there? Be precise.

Kim does her best to pull herself together.

KIM
Three. Four. I don't know.

BRYAN
Where are you?

KIM
Bedroom.

She begins to sob. The music is blasting. Kim sees three men cross one of the windows in the connecting hall, heading towards her. Opening doors along the way, searching.

KIM
They're coming!

BRYAN
(calm)
Climb under the bed. Tell me when you are there.

Bryan does his best to contain his rising anxiety, to stay calm.

Kim is now under the bed.

KIM
I'm here.

BRYAN
Now, the next part is very important. They are going to take you.

KIM
Oh god...

Kim stifles a terrified cry.

BRYAN
Kim. Stay focused baby. This is key. You will have five, maybe ten seconds. Very important seconds. Leave the phone on the floor. You must concentrate. Shout out everything you see about them. Hair color, eye color, tall, short, scars. Anything you see. You understand?

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Just then footsteps enter the room.

BRYAN
They're there. I can hear them.
Remember. Concentrate.

Bryan waits.

Kim waits.

Footsteps circle the room. Bryan can hear them, the waiting is excruciating.

BRYAN
Put the phone closer so I can hear.

Kim sees the shoes, sees them circle the bed. She holds her breath. Hears voices in a language completely unfamiliar.

Bryan listens, not moving a muscle.

Kim watches the feet move towards the door.

Bryan hears the footsteps receding.

Kim sees the feet leave the room. She breathes out in complete silence.

KIM
(whispered)
They're leaving...

Bryan listens closely.

Kim begins to relax.

KIM
(whispered)
I think they're...

And then a set of hands grab her legs, violently. She screams.

KIM
DADDYYYYYYY!!!!!!!

INT. BRYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kim's scream reverberates through the room, shaking the walls, shocks Bryan. And even though it reaches into his very core, he does not move. He calls on all his experience to stay focused on the task. He listens to his daughter struggle. And shout out...

KIM V.O.
Mustache. Six feet.
(MORE)

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KIM V.O. (CONT'D)
Tattoo on right hand. Moon and star...DADDDYYYY!!!! DADDDYYY!!!!!

The sound of glass shattering. And then her voice is silenced. Bryan still does not move, sits very still, listening...

CLOSE ON

A hand takes Kim's phone from under the bed.

ON BRYAN

He hears the sound of breathing coming over the speakers, filling the room. After a moment...

BRYAN
I don't know who you are. I don't know what you want. If you are looking for a ransom, I can tell you, I don't have money. But what I do have are a very particular set of skills acquired over a very long career in the shadows, skills that make me a nightmare for people like you. If you let my daughter go now, that will be the end of it. I will not look for you, I will not pursue you. But if you don't, I will look for you, I will find you. And I will kill you.

There is a long silence. Just breathing coming over the line.

VOICE
(accented)
Good luck.

ON BRYAN

Hearing the two words filling the room.

VOICE
Good luck.

And then the shrill sound of a phone being smashed. The line goes dead.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Bryan drives at breakneck speed, phone to his ear.

BRYAN
Sam, It's me.
(MORE)

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BRYAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to download something. I need it analyzed. Now.

Bryan plugs the recording device into his phone. Hits a button.

EXT./INT. JAMES MANSION - NIGHT

The door opens to Lenore and Stuart, both roused from sleep. Both very unnerved.

BRYAN
She's been taken.

Bryan moves right past them. Man on a mission. Heads up the stairs.

LENORE
Oh my god!

Bryan keeps going. Lenore and Stuart follow.

BRYAN
Any enemies overseas Stuart?

STUART
Why would I have...

BRYAN
Because you do business overseas through three shell corporations registered to dead drop addresses in Liechtenstein, Monaco and The Jersey Islands. Because you were involved in an oil deal with a bunch of Russians that went south five years ago.

STUART
How the hell do you know...

BRYAN
Because I was not going to let my daughter live with someone without knowing everything about them.

STUART
I'm not without my sources too. OK? Don't think you're the only one with access to...

Bryan cuts him short, with the coldest voice he has ever heard. A voice that shakes him.

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BRYAN
Now's not the time for dick measuring Stuart. I'm going to ask you again. Do you have anyone who would be looking to hurt you?

STUART
(shaken)
Not that I know of.

Bryan comes to the top of the stairs, and half a dozen closed doors.

BRYAN
Which one?

LENORE
I want to know what happened!

BRYAN
I got a call from her, she said there was someone in the apartment. Then she was taken.

LENORE
Oh my god! Bryan what are you going to...?

BRYAN
Every minute I stop to answer your questions is a minute I lose in getting her back. Which one Lenore?

LENORE
That one.

She points to a door. Bryan goes through to...

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room of a rich girl, filled with all the accouterment. Bryan begins a thorough search.

Bryan finds a picture of himself and five year old Kim buried in a drawer. Pauses for a moment.

STUART
What can I do?

BRYAN
You have a lease agreement with NetJet through your Bahamian umbrella company.

Stuart wonders: Is there anything Bryan does not know?

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STUART
I do.

BRYAN
Get me a plane for Paris.

STUART
For when?

BRYAN
An hour ago.

Exchanges a look with Lenore.

STUART
I'll make the call.

Stuart exits.

Bryan continues searching, finds a condom in a drawer. Holds it up.

LENORE
I gave it to her.
(beat)
Just in case.
(beat)
She's still a virgin. Are you going to be able to save her?

BRYAN
First I have to find her.

Bryan's phone rings.

BRYAN
Got it?

He looks across the room to Kim's computer on her desk.

BRYAN
Yes. I have access.

Plugs the cell phone into the computer with a wire from his pocket. The computer boots up fast. Sam comes on screen.

BRYAN
Go.

SAM
They're speaking Albanian. The accent comes from a district called Skopje. The man speaking, his name is Marko. The tattoo is a group ID.

Sam pauses.

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SAM
Are you by yourself?

BRYAN
Lenore's here.

SAM
Hi Lennie.

LENORE
Hello Sam.

Again a pause.

BRYAN
She needs to hear it Sam.

SAM
The specialty of the gangs coming out of there is trafficking in women.

Lenore gasps.

BRYAN
Keep going.

SAM
Their previous M.O. was to offer women from the emerging East European countries like Yugoslavia, Romania, Bulgaria jobs in the West. Maids, nannies. Once they smuggled them in, they'd addict them to drugs and turn them into prostitutes. Lately, they've found it is more economical to just kidnap young women traveling. Saves on transportation costs.

Lenore lets out a strangled scream...

LENORE
Oh god!

BRYAN
What else?

SAM
Based on what they know about the way these groups operate, the analyst said you probably have a ninety six hour window from the time she's grabbed...

BRYAN
To what?

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SAM
To never finding her.

Hits Bryan like a thunderbolt.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Bryan is the only passenger, he sits with the recording device, listening to the recorded conversation with Kim. Hears...

KIM
Mustache...tattoo...moon and star...

Hears her screams. Fast forwards. Hears himself...

BRYAN
I don't know who you are. I don't know what you want...

Fast forwards to...

VOICE
Good luck.

Plays this over several times, listening very carefully to the voice, etching it in his memory.

VOICE
Good luck...good luck...good luck...

EXT. PARIS AIRPORT - MORNING

The private jet lands.

EXT. TWENTY RUE DE LA POMPE - MORNING

CLOSE ON

A hand rings the bell. The door opens.

CONCIERGE
(curt)
Yes?

BRYAN
(French)
The Morels please.

CONCIERGE
The Morels are away.

Officious and cold, as only a French concierge can be.

BRYAN
Yes, I know. In Spain.
(MORE)

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BRYAN (CONT'D)
Their cousin and my daughter are staying in the apartment while they are away. You've seen them, yes? Two American girls?

He holds up the picture he took at LAX of Kim and Amanda mugging for the camera.

CONCIERGE
No. I didn't. Excuse me.

He closes the door. Bryan rings again. Again the concierge, opens.

CONCIERGE
If you continue I will be obliged to call the police.

Before the words are out of his mouth, Bryan knocks him out with a well placed knuckle blow to his neck. He catches the falling body, stepping through the open door.

INT. TWENTY RUE DE LA POMPE - PARIS - DAY

Bryan props the unconscious Concierge in his booth, heads into the building itself.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bryan is at the door to the Morel apartment. He tries to pick the locks, cannot. Looks around, sees a small window in the hall.

INT. AIR SHAFT - DAY

Bryan squeezes his body out the window into the air shaft, scales his way across the narrow shaft, using every available foot hold and hand hold.

Several times his hands slip, his feet lose their traction, but bit by bit, he makes his way across the shaft until he comes to a set of small windows.

Bryan punches out one of the panes, opens the window, squeezes inside.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Bryan lands in the bathroom. Looks around, exits.

Bryan moves from room to room.

In the room where Amanda was seized, he sees an overturned chair, an up ended corner of a rug. He kneels down, examines the room from that angle.

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FLASHES

Of Amanda being grabbed by men whose faces are obscured.

Of the chair being overturned as she struggles to break free.

END FLASHES

Bryan moves through the apartment, taking everything in. He sees the girl's luggage, untouched. Looks through both suitcases. Moves on. Until he comes to...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Bryan looks out the window across the open courtyard. He switches on his tape recorder. Begins to hear what he is seeing.

FLASH

Sees what Kim saw. Three men grabbing a struggling Amanda.

CLOSE ON

Bryan, with the recorder playing.

BRYAN
Go under the bed.

Looks under the bed, then slips under the bed, puts himself in Kim's place, looks out. The recorder keeps playing.

FLASH

Sees what Kim saw, hears what she heard. Feet entering the room.

FLASH

It is now Bryan looking out. Then...

FLASH

It is Kim seeing the feet, seeing the man reach under the bed, grabbing her leg.

Kim screams.

Bryan, shocked, is out from under the bed now, sees a shatter on a mirror.

FLASH

Sees Kim lifted off her feet by an unseen man, and in her struggle, has her head smashed into the mirror.

The sound is sickeningly loud. Bryan winces.

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He approaches the mirror, examines the spot of impact. You can feel his pain as he carefully removes a hair and some dried blood, puts the samples in a bag.

His jaw tightens, his eyes turn murderous. And then he notices something tossed in the corner: Kim's smashed cell phone.

Bryan removes the chip from the back of the smashed phone, examines it.

CLOSE UP

The chip being inserted into a machine.

PULL BACK TO

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DAY

Bryan is looking at the screen of the machine. He sees: pictures of Amanda and Kim vamping and mugging in the LA airport, on the plane, in the Paris Airport.

Each picture is of one or the other. Except the last one, where they are both mugging for the camera on the taxi line.

Bryan starts to manipulate the framing of the picture until he catches a glimpse of a reflection in a security mirror of the person taking the picture.

Bryan keeps manipulating the frame, discovering more and more of the reflection, until a face appears, fuzzy, out of focus.

Bryan keeps pushing buttons, until the entire reflection of the person taking the picture comes clear: Peter.

CLOSE ON

Peter, leafing through a magazine. A voice announces.

VOICE
Flight seven twenty arriving from Barcelona.

PULL BACK TO

INT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Peter stands by the magazine kiosk, just outside customs. He looks over to a big BLACK GUY standing near the Customs exit.

The Black Guy nods to a cute blond girl in her late teens exiting from customs with a back pack and a Swiss flag on it, heading for the exit.

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EXT. TAXI STAND - PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

The blond girl is waiting on the taxi line when...

PETER
Hi. I'm Peter.

GIRL
Ingrid.

PETER
On holidays?

GIRL
Yes.

PETER
Me too.

As a cab pulls up.

PETER
The cabs here are so damn expensive.
Want to share?

GIRL
Sure.

Peter holds the door of a taxi open for the girl, smiling, flirting. The girl is about to get in, when...

BRYAN
Excuse me.

Bryan hustles Peter past the astonished girl, pushes him into the cab, follows, slamming the door behind him.

INT. TAXI - DAY

PETER
(struggling)
Hey! What are you...?

Bryan buries a sharp knuckle into his ribs, knocking the breath out of Peter, doubling him over. Bryan lifts his head.

BRYAN
The two girl from yesterday.

PETER
I don't...

DRIVER
What are you doing?

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BRYAN
Drive.

Peter tries to escape. Bryan drives his knuckle into Peter's ribs again. The Taxi Driver flees the cab.

BRYAN
The next rib I drive into your lungs.

The Driver runs out of the car.

PETER
The two girls. Where are they?

Suddenly, the door behind Bryan is yanked open and two large black hands drag him out by his legs.

EXT. TAXI STAND - PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Bryan hits the pavement hard. Before he can get up, the big Black Guy pounds on him. Smashing him over and over. Passengers run, screaming.

The Guy grabs Bryan, yanks him up like a sack of potatoes. Except this sack of potatoes is a lethal weapon. Before the guy knows what has happened, Bryan has grabbed his wrists, ripped them down, bashed his forehead into the Guy's nose, double punched him in his exposed throat.

The Guy falls, face gushing blood, hands grasping his throat, unable to breathe.

Bryan turns back to the cab, only to find the other passenger door open and Peter gone. Bryan sees Peter running up the road, holding his damaged ribs.

VOICE
Arretez! Arretez!

Bryan turns to see three police Officers running towards him, with the taxi driver trailing them.

Bryan leaps into the taxi, jams it into gear, rips a u turn and rockets off after Peter.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Peter runs, desperate to escape, his ribs on fire with every breath. He looks over his shoulder, sees the taxi gaining on him. He cuts off onto a one way ramp with traffic streaming down towards Bryan.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Through the windshield, Bryan sees Peter running up a ramp that has nothing but cars coming at him.

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Unable to negotiate the narrow ramp packed with oncoming traffic, Bryan leaps out of the cab, blocking the road, snarling traffic to a stand still.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Bryan takes off at a dead run up the ramp, running against the traffic, zig zagging through the cacophony of blaring horns and irate drivers.

ANGLE ON

Peter. At the very top of the overpass. His breath coming in jagged bursts, the pain in his side increasing with each step. He looks back, sees Bryan gaining on him. Almost on him. He is running out of room, out of breath. He looks down to a roadway below, where the traffic is very sparse. He looks back at Bryan, closing fast. Looks down at the roadway. Makes a choice.

Jumps.

Lands.

Bryan reaches the top of the overpass, looks down. Peter looks up at him, victorious, safe.

And then gets SLAMMED by a truck that comes out of nowhere at forty miles an hour.

EXT. DIRECTOIRE SECURITE BUILDING - DAY

JEAN-CLAUDE, the picture of a middle aged French bureaucrat, exits the building and crosses the street to a news stand. He buys a paper, continues walking.

He passes a cafe. A man is reading a newspaper. A moment later, the newspaper comes down. It is Bryan. He rises, starts walking after Jean-Claude.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Jean-Claude has stopped to look in a window. He walks on. A moment later, Bryan's reflection walks past the window.

EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES - DAY

Jean-Claude waits for the light to change. Bryan comes up alongside him, neither man acknowledging the other. The light changes, they walk to the middle of the street, where the second light is red. Both wait.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Just like the old days, eh?

Jean-Claude looks straight ahead, seeming to talk to no one in particular. Bryan does not look at him.

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BRYAN
Would you have it any other way?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Between you and me? No. But now that I sit behind a desk, the world looks different.

BRYAN
You mean looks boring.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I mean different.
(beat)
OK. A little boring. But is being retired any more interesting?

BRYAN
It wasn't.
(beat)
Until my daughter disappeared in Paris yesterday.

Jean-Claude is caught unawares.

BRYAN
She and a friend were marked by a spotter at the airport. Albanians took her.

JEAN-CLAUDE
How do you know this?

BRYAN
I'm retired. Not dead.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I assume you do not want to go to the police.

BRYAN
I was told I have ninety six hours. That was sixteen hours ago. By the time I fill out the missing person reports...get interviewed by some clerk...

JEAN-CLAUDE
First, we should find the spotter.

BRYAN
I found him.

Jean-Claude registers surprise.

BRYAN
He's dead.

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JEAN-CLAUDE
You found him that way?

Bryan says nothing.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bryan, you cannot just run around tearing down Paris...

Bryan turns, and faces Jean-Claude.

BRYAN
Jean-Claude, I will tear the fucking Eiffel tower down if I have to.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Don't forget who you are talking to.

BRYAN
I thought I was talking to a friend.

JEAN-CLAUDE
You are. But please remember your friend has a desk now.

Jean-Claude hands Bryan a card.

BRYAN
(reading)
Deputy director. Internal Security. Very impressive desk.
(beat)
The Albanians.

JEAN-CLAUDE
They showed up from the East six, seven years ago. Fifteen, twenty of them. Now there are hundreds. We don't even know how many. And dangerous. They make the Russians look like a bunch of schoolgirls.

BRYAN
Where can I find them?

JEAN-CLAUDE
The best place to start is Porte De Clichy.

Bryan heads off.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bryan.

He turns.

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JEAN-CLAUDE
Try not to make a mess.

Bryan says nothing, walks off. Jean-Claude waits until he has turned a corner, takes out his phone. Hits one speed dial key.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Mills, Bryan, American, fifty, hair brown, eyes blue. Knows the game. Destination. Porte De Clichy. Report comes to me directly.

EXT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

Through the second story window: Bryan talking to a man behind a desk, who takes notes.

EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - EVENING

Bryan drives out of the lot into the Parisian night.

INT. JEAN-CLAUDE'S HOME - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jean-Claude sits on the edge of a bed reading a story to his two young children.

JEAN-CLAUDE
...and then the Minimoy saw that Arthur meant them no harm...

The door opens, ISABELLE, his wife appears ,holding the phone.

ISABELLE
Your assistant.

Jean-Claude takes the phone.

ASSISTANT V.O.
He visited an employment agency. He rented a car. We have someone on it.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Keep me informed.

ASSISTANT
Yes sir.

Jean-Claude hangs up the phone, resumes reading.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Where were we? The Minimoys liked Arthur...

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EXT. STREET - PORTE DE CLICHY - NIGHT

Cars with men behind the wheels cruise the dimly lit streets as hookers ply their trade. The whole area has an edgy, dangerous feel to it.

A man, GREGOR, in his mid forties, struggling to maintain whatever shards of dignity he has salvaged from a life interrupted, in a proper, if worn suit, carrying a briefcase, stands on a street corner, looking very ill at ease in the ominous surroundings. A car approaches, the window rolls down.

BRYAN
Gregor Milocivic?

GREGOR
(relieved)
Yes. Yes. I am Gregor.

BRYAN
I'm Mr. Smith. Get in.

Bryan opens the door, Gregor enters the car, grateful to be off the street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gregor hands Bryan a sheet of paper.

GREGOR
Here is my resume. The employment agency said we would be doing translation.

BRYAN
Yes. Albanian to English. You do speak Albanian?

GREGOR
Albanian, Serbian, Croatian. Macedonian, although it is very close to Albanian. I was a teacher of language in Pristina before the war began, so naturally...

BRYAN
What's your rate?

GREGOR
My rate? Usually it is twenty five an hour for the first three hours and then...

Bryan hands him a handful of bills.

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BRYAN
Here's for ten hours. Wait here.

Bryan goes to exit.

GREGOR
Uh, Mr. Smith. I do not understand. What is the job?

BRYAN
Right now the job is waiting here.

Bryan exits the car, locks the doors. Gregor watches him walk toward the gathering of hookers down the street.

EXT. STREET - PORTE DE CLICHY - NIGHT

Bryan approaches one of the hookers.

BRYAN
Bon soir.

HOOKER
Bon soir. You want a date?

BRYAN
I love your dress. What is that? Silk?

HOOKER
I don't know. You want to know the prices?

BRYAN
Just the way it falls. It must be silk. You know the way it compliments the natural curves of your body...

A car passes by, slows, looks at the hooker, then moves on to another girl.

HOOKER
You want to fuck? It's forty Euros. Suck is thirty. Hand job is twenty.

BRYAN
Twenty? For a hand job? Must be a hell of a hand doing the job for twenty euros. Ha, ha, get it? Hand, job...

HOOKER
Listen, if you are not buying, piss off.

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BRYAN
I didn't say I wasn't buying. I just like to get comfortable before I purchase. Like this karaoke machine I just bought. I read the manual from front to back...

HOOKER
I don't give a shit about your karaoke machine. You're gonna get me in trouble, you don't buy.

BRYAN
Trouble? Really? With who?

HOOKER
Fuck off.

She starts to walk away, Bryan follows.

BRYAN
OK. Let's say I want two of the three, do I get a discount?

Another car passes, the girl tries to wave the driver down, but Bryan stands in front of her.

BRYAN
Or how about all three? Sort of a package deal.

The car drives on.

HOOKER
You cost me two now!

BRYAN
My name's Bryan...

But she is not listening to him, because over his shoulder she sees a car approaching.

HOOKER
(scared)
Oh god! You better leave!

BRYAN
I thought we were negotiating!

The hooker steps back as a flashy SUV rolls up. A big, brutish Thug, ANTON THE ALBANIAN, steps out of the passenger side, approaches Bryan.

HOOKER
Anton! I swear it's not my fault! I told him to fuck off...

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Anton puts a finger on her lips.

ANTON
Shhh...

She quiets immediately.

ANTON
(to Bryan)
Why are you bothering the girl?

BRYAN
What's it your business?

ANTON
She is my business.

He crowds Bryan, towering over him.

ANTON
And if you are not spending money, you are costing money.

BRYAN
I was negotiating.

ANTON
There is no negotiating. The price is the price. And now you also owe me for two that got away.

ANGLE ON

Gregor in the car. Watching the little drama, not understanding what is going on.

BRYAN
I don't owe you...

Anton grabs Bryan by the front of his jacket, slams him against the wall. Bryan grabs onto the lapels of Anton's jacket.

CLOSE UP

Bryan's hand. Attaching a small, almost imperceptible, bug on the inside of the lapel.

ANTON
Fifty euros or I kick your ass.

BRYAN
OK...OK...

Bryan reaches into his pocket, extracts some bills.

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BRYAN
Here's fifty.

Anton grabs the bills, takes an additional few.

ANTON
And another fifty for being an asshole.

He shoves Bryan hard.

ANTON
Now get the fuck out of here. I see you again, I kill you.

Bryan stumbles away, hurrying off. Over his shoulder, Anton is making like he is going to slap the Hooker, who cringes.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Bryan re enters the car to a shaken Gregor.

GREGOR
Mr. Smith. I do not know what kind of job I am supposed to do for you but...

BRYAN
You were hired to translate.

Bryan takes a device out of his bag.

GREGOR
Yes. But translate what?

Bryan switches the device on. Voices start coming out.

BRYAN
That.

They both look out the windshield as Anton is speaking to the man driving the SUV. An astonished Gregor hesitates for a moment.

BRYAN
Translate.

Gregor begins to translate.

GREGOR
They are talking about you.

BRYAN
What about me?

GREGOR
They are saying not nice things.

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BRYAN
Be specific.

GREGOR
They are saying, excuse me, what an asshole you are.
(beat)
Please if you can explain why we are doing...

BRYAN
Just translate.

GREGOR
One of them says the sausage gave him heartburn...

Bryan closes his eyes, no sleep in twenty four hours is starting to catch up with him.

BRYAN
Keep going.

GREGOR
The other is suggesting something his grandmother used to give him for the same thing.
(beat)
Do you really want to hear all this?

BRYAN
Every word.

GREGOR
Now they are talking football. You are American?

BRYAN
Yes.

GREGOR
It is different from what we call football here. We play with the foot.

BRYAN
I know that. Now what are they saying?

GREGOR
Still about football. They are talking about the game between Lazio and Marseilles. They lost money on the betting.
(MORE)

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GREGOR (CONT'D)
Now they are talking about someone they know who made fifty thousand on one game and then lost it. Perhaps if I knew what the purpose was...

BRYAN
You're better off not knowing. Is it still football?

GREGOR
One is on the phone. He has to go to a job at the Freeway. Something about the fresh merchandise giving problems.

Bryan's eyes open, suddenly engaged.

GREGOR
I don't understand any of this.

Bryan sees Anton's SUV pulling out down the street.

BRYAN
You're not supposed to. Thank you.

Bryan leans over, opens Gregor's door.

BRYAN
Good bye.

Gregor looks at him askance, is about to exit the car.

BRYAN
I asked for a English Albanian dictionary. Did you bring it?

Gregor hands him a book.

BRYAN
Thank you.

Gregor exits the car. He is barely out, when Bryan jams his foot on the accelerator and zooms off.

EXT. PORTE DE CLICHY - NIGHT

Gregor watches as Bryan speeds away.

POV someone else also watching both Bryan and Gregor.

ANGLE ON

A figure, shrouded in shadows, in a car, watching through the windshield.

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EXT. FREEWAY CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A huge construction project operating twenty four hours a day, seven days a week. With all the attendant mountains of mud and grit and massive earth moving equipment.

Tons of earth is moved, tons of cement is produced, miles of steel is welded. Day and night, the work never stops, shifts of men come on, others go off. But the work never stops.

Giant cranes stand like creatures from another planet, moving under the glare of oversized braces of construction lights. Under which a hundred men labor at the backbreaking work of highway construction.

Surreal is the only way to describe the scene.

Lining the shadowed perimeter of the site are rows and rows of trailers, some offices, most dormitories, long mobile caravans, housing the transitory work force of (mostly) immigrant laborers.

ANGLE ON

Anton's SUV. Waits outside a very long trailer where thirty workmen wait in a line to enter. A huge Albanian thug stands guard at the door, a card board box next to him.

As a man exits the trailer, buttoning up his work suit, he hands a plastic card with a number on it to the Albanian, who beckons the next man in the line to step forward. The man hands him money, the Albanian hands him the number, and a small towel from the cardboard box. The man steps into the trailer.

A moment later Anton comes out, jokes with the Huge Albanian, takes a wad of money from him and walks off towards his car.

As he passes the line of workers, one man close to the front of the line, turns away. As Anton enters his car, he turns back. It is Bryan. In worker's clothes. Two workers come out of the trailer.

ALBANIAN

Next!

Bryan and the man in front of him step up and take a number, and a towel, enter the trailer.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Bryan enters the trailer, and what he sees is: a long aisle with five cubicles on either side. Long wires with blankets hanging from them afford dubious privacy to each cubicle. Numbers are pinned to each blanket.

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Bryan looks at his number. Finds the corresponding blanket, goes behind it. What he finds is a young girl, laying on a cot with soiled sheets, drugged up, dulled, wearing nothing but an unbuttoned blouse. Half a dozen discarded small towels fill a small cardboard box in the corner. Next to the bed, Bryan's eyes go to a bucket, with a half dozen used condoms in it.

The girl looks up at Bryan, holds a condom up in a lazy, indifferent hand, and mechanically spreads her legs. Bryan fights back his revulsion, retreats.

Back out in the corridor, Bryan collects himself, uses all his will power to keep from throwing up, remembers why he is there, goes to the next blanket, pulls it aside, sees...

Another girl laying on a cot, naked, with dull drugged eyes, and a man just unbuttoning his pants.

MAN

Hey!

Bryan lets the blanket drop. He moves on to the next blanket, pulls it aside to another dazed, naked girl, laying on a soiled cot, and another man, just pulling his pants on, using the towel to wipe himself off.

Bryan quickly withdraws.

Bryan pulls the next blanket aside: a man fucking yet another girl, who just lays there, a far away glaze in her eyes, while he pounds away.

Out in the corridor again, Bryan moves on. Pulls the next blanket, finds a man about to mount another of the glazed over girls, whose face he cannot see. Is about to withdraw again, when he sees, on the floor by the bed, a jean jacket, with the word DOLLFACE, sequined on the back.

FLASH

Bryan sees Kim rushing off with Amanda down the plane concourse. The lights reflecting off the sequined word DOLLFACE on the back of her jacket.

Bryan springs forward, grabs the man by the back of his shirt, pulls him off the girl...

MAN 2

What the...???

Before another word can come out of his mouth, Bryan has knocked him out with a sharp blow to the jaw.

Bryan turns immediately to the girl expecting to find Kim, but instead finds a complete stranger.

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Bryan lifts the jean jacket to the girl's unfocused eyes.

BRYAN
Where did you get this?

The girl looks at him, uncomprehending. Bryan sees a series of fresh needle tracks on her arms. Her response is to hold up a condom, spread her legs. Bryan takes the soiled sheet and covers her.

BRYAN
Where did you get this?

Trying to get her to focus.

GIRL
(garbled)
I am good...

BRYAN
Who gave it to you?

The girl lapses into her drugged state.

BRYAN
Who gave this to you?

GIRL
I am good...

Suddenly, the blanket is ripped aside, and the Huge Albanian is standing there. Before he can say a word, Bryan has lashed out with a kick that sends him staggering back.

The Albanian falls back, crashes into the blankets on the other side of the corridor, grasps onto the wire holding the blankets, pulls down the whole row.

The men behind the blankets start to yell. The naked girls begin to stir from their dazed states.

Bryan gets the girl up, grabs her discarded clothes.

The Albanian rises from the floor, draws a gun from his jacket, is about to fire, when Bryan takes the bed sheet and whips it toward his hand. The gun flies from his hand.

Men leap from the cubicles, pulling on their clothes, running for the exit. The girls rise and stagger about, lost, stoned.

The Albanian charges Bryan. Bryan side steps and with three lethal moves puts the man out for good. He then turns back to the girl, lifts her from the bed

GIRL
I am good...

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BRYAN
Yes you are. Now come on. I'm going to take you someplace safe.

Bryan gets the jacket around her. She can barely stand.

He starts to head for the door, shepherding the girl through the crowd of naked, stoned women, wobbling around, through the men rushing for the exit. When three more Albanians come charging through the door. Seeing the chaos, they key on Bryan and the girl under his arm. They attack.

Bryan puts the girl aside and meets the first attack, dispatching the man with one chop to the throat, he spins into the second, with a palm hand to the nose. The third has drawn his gun, fires, hits a woman in front of Bryan. As her chest explodes, Bryan leaps, takes the man out with a flying kick.

INT. ANOTHER TRAILER - NIGHT

Anton and three other Albanian thugs are playing cards, when they hear the gunshot.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Bryan runs back for the girl, who has now gone unconscious. He lifts her in his arms, heads for the exit.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Workers are running off into the night, half a dozen stoned women are wandering about.

Bryan hustles the girl out, and into the back seat of an SUV. He lays her down, straps her in with both sets of seat belts, is about to hop in the front seat, when he sees a can of gasoline by the side of a shed.

Bryan tears the sleeve off his construction outfit, stuffs it into the top of the can, lights the make shift fuse, takes a running start and flings the can with all his might. The can sails through the air, rag/fuse leaving a flaming trail behind. The can hits the trailer, explodes.

The security men, the gathered construction workers, even some of the stoned girls, jump as the entire trailer goes up in flames.

A REAL ATTENTION GETTER THAT.

Bryan is about to get into the SUV, when a shot shatters the side window. He looks up to four very banged up construction site SUV's's, led by Anton's unblemished one, racing towards him.

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Anton hangs out the window, fires his gun at Bryan. Who jumps into the SUV, takes off.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The banged up SUV's push past Anton's , training their headlights on Bryan's vehicle. Anton's SUV veers off, out of sight.

Bryan races across the muddied rutted terrain, with the SUV's racing after him like a pack of predatory jackals. One of the SUV's shoots past the others, comes right up on Bryan's rear.

Bryan looks in his rear view mirror, sees the man in the SUV pulling a gun.

Bryan turns the wheel sharply, heads down an impossibly steep grade, spewing gravel and mud.

The SUV jumps off the grade, follows.

Bryan's car veers sideways as he struggles to control the wheel. The SUV gains on him. Bryan sees the grade bottoming out, spins the wheel so the car is straight. As he hits the bottom, he hits the brakes hard. Stops abruptly. The SUV so close, does not anticipate. Smashes right into the rear of Bryan's car. The driver flies right through his windshield, shattering both the window and his face.

Bryan guns the SUV, takes off again because the other two SUV's have come around the side of the grade and are closing fast. Bryan looks ahead, sees up above on a plateau, four massive earth movers pushing tons of dirt and rock down into a depression.

Bryan races right towards the landslide about to happen.

The SUV's race to catch him.

Bryan keeps watching the movement up above. Slows down just enough for the SUV's to come closer, maneuvers right under the landslide of earth coming down.

The dirt starts to hit his windshield, making visibility precarious. He slows even more. Checks the SUV's in the mirror, sees the men on them pulling their guns, not looking up, just intent on their prey.

And then, just as the SUV's have Bryan in range, a rumbling distracts them and they see a landslide of earth coming down.

Bryan guns his SUV, rockets just ahead of the massive slide, driving blind in the cascading debris and dirt.

The SUV's, caught in the middle of the slide, unprotected by glass and steel, are doomed.

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The first earth hits them, blinds them, and then buries them.

Bryan drives blind, but manages to come out the other side of the slide.

Only to see, right in front of him, bearing down, Anton in his SUV, leaning out his window, firing his gun.

Bryan's windshield takes two hits; Anton's SUV shows no signs of slowing. To avoid the head on collision, Bryan veers off to the left. Anton skids hard, follows.

Bryan races into a series of cranes lifting large steel beams. Anton follows him.

Spinning his wheel around the giant cranes and their swinging loads, Bryan kicks up mud and gravel, splattering Anton's windshield, making it hard for him to see.

Bryan sees a load of steel beams being lifted off the ground, swinging left to right. He cuts hard around them. Tips them with his front fender. The beams spin around fast.

Anton, barely able to see through the debris and mud splattering on his windshield, does not see the beam end that crashes through his windshield, until it is too late. It crushes his chest.

Bryan looks back, sees the beam jammed through Anton's windshield, looks over at the back seat at the unconscious girl.

Sirens are sounding in the distance. Bryan looks up and sees the flashing lights of police cars approaching. He drives off in the opposite direction.

ANGLE ON

A car parked in the shadows. The driver watching, puts his car in gear, follows Bryan.

INT. ALL NIGHT PHARMACY - NIGHT

Bryan roams the aisles, reading labels for ingredients, buying various medicines, picks up an IV kit.

EXT. ALL NIGHT PHARMACY - NIGHT

Bryan exits, heads for the SUV, notices a car parked down the street, a man behind the wheel. Bryan enters his car, drives off. The car follows.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Bryan looks over at the girl sleeping in the back seat. His eyes fix on the DOLLFACE jacket covering her.

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FLASH

Bryan is in a store, shopping with Kim. Bryan holds up a jean jacket with the word DOLLFACE in sequins on the back. Kim's eyes light up.

END FLASH

Bryan looks in his rear view mirror, sees the car that has been following him is two car lengths behind.

Bryan looks up ahead, sees a traffic light turning red, sees two cars ahead of him.

Just as the light turns red, Bryan accelerates, cuts around the two cars between him and the light, makes a tire screeching u turn, cutting off the traffic coming the other way, heads up the other side of the avenue, sees the car that has been following, caught, trapped. Sees the driver, talking frantically into his cell phone. Bryan gives him the finger, makes his first sharp right turn into a smaller street, disappears.

EXT. SMALL STREET - NIGHT

On a quiet, deserted street, the SUV is parked next to a smaller car.

Bryan is at the door of the smaller car, jimmies the lock. Returns to the SUV, picks the girl up off the seat, deposits her in the smaller car.

Bryan hot wires the car, drives off, disappears at the end of the street.

INT. SMALL SEEDY HOTEL - NIGHT

Behind the desk of a seedy hotel where cash is all you need for a room, and no ID is required, GILLES, a rumpled, wizened, night clerk dozes, stirs to a soft knocking. Looks up to...

CLERK
Ah! Monsieur Allen...

BRYAN
Hello Gilles. How is the wife?

CLERK
Still in charge. It is a very long time since I have seen you.

BRYAN
Yes. But here I am.

CLERK
The usual accommodation?

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BRYAN
Plus one.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

IN CUTS

Bryan gerry rigs an intravenous unit up.

Crushes the various meds he bought to powder.

Concocts a solution.

Inserts the IV needle into the girl's arm.

END CUTS

As the intravenous drips into the unconscious girl's body, Bryan takes Kim's jacket, brushes it off, removes some grit from it, hangs it up, smoothing it out. Lingers over the touch of the material in his hand.

FLASH

Kim trying on the jacket in the shop, twirling around, modeling it for Bryan. Here excitement brings a smile to his face.

END FLASH

Fighting down his darkest fears, Bryan is unable to staunch the tears that form in the corners of his eyes. He sits down heavily in a ratty side chair, fatigue overwhelming him. He has not slept in three days now. His eyes begin to close, his body begins to unwind...when his cell phone rings.

EXT. PARK - DAWN

Jean-Claude, wearing an almost imperceptible ear piece, waits impatiently by a statue in a park where a few early morning joggers circle the green, and a group of old Chinese men and women do Tai Chi in unison on the grass oval. His cell phone rings. Jean-Claude already knows who it is when he answers.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bryan.

ANGLE ON

Bryan. Standing on a rooftop talking into a walkie talkie, peering through a pair of binoculars.

BRYAN
You can tell them to stop jogging now.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

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JEAN-CLAUDE
(caught)
They could use the exercise.

Looks at the men jogging past him. Exchanging knowing glances with them. They stop jogging. As they appear in the barrels of the binoculars...

INT. VAN - DAWN

Agent/technicians monitor the call with sophisticated tracking equipment, try to get a location on the origin of the signal.

AGENT
Vectoring. Searching for location.

Jean-Claude hears this in an ear piece.

BRYAN
You didn't really think I was going to come down there, did you?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I didn't think you were going to make such a mess.

The monitor in the van locks on a location.

AGENT/TECH
We have him!

BRYAN
I didn't have time to worry about neatness.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I know. You have seventy hours.

BRYAN
Had. Now I have fifty six.

JEAN-CLAUDE
No. Now you have none.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Cars filled with agents race through the streets.

JEAN-CLAUDE
My chief wanted to arrest you. I convinced him to send you home. Air France 001.

He holds an airline ticket over his head.

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JEAN-CLAUDE
Leaves today at Two. First class. Courtesy of the French government for past services rendered.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The agent's cars converge on one street.

BRYAN
And what about my daughter?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I told you, I sit behind a desk now. I take my orders from someone who sits behind a bigger desk. Four murders, three in hospital, a building burned to the ground. Total chaos at the airport. He wanted your ass in chains. It's the best I could do. I'm sorry.

BRYAN
Sorry doesn't cut it.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The agent's cars come to a screeching halt. The agents leap out of the cars, run into a building.

JEAN-CLAUDE
You can't beat the State Bryan! You know that!

BRYAN
I'm not trying to beat the State. I'm trying to save my kid.
(beat)
And it was a trailer, not a building.

Bryan sees the agents bursting onto a far roof top with his binoculars.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Do you have him?

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

The Agents are standing by a walkie talkie positioned next to a cell phone sitting on a crate.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Bryan steps out of an alley, tosses the walkie talkie into a garbage can, and walks up a street, right past the empty cars of the agents.

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The girl wakes slowly, groggy. She looks up at the intravenous. Looks at a very sleep deprived Bryan who is copying something onto a piece of paper from the dictionary he got from Gregor. He sticks the paper in his pocket. The girl reaches up for the intravenous needle, weakly.

BRYAN
It's fluids...

Her still clouded eyes focus on Bryan, who has stopped her hand from removing the needle in her arm.

BRYAN
And medication to counteract the drugs.

She seems to relax.

BRYAN
Where did you get this?

He holds up Kim's jacket.

GIRL
(accented, still drugged)
The boy was very nice. Said come to a party.

BRYAN
Where did you get the jacket? Did you get it from this girl?

He holds up a picture of Kim. The girl nods.

GIRL
I was cold. She give it to me.

The girl starts to cry, quietly.

GIRL
I am good. I am good.

BRYAN
Where did she give you the jacket?

GIRL
The house.

BRYAN
What house?

GIRL
With the red door.

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FLASH

A red door opens to an innocuous house, like any other house on the street. The girl, escorted by a pleasant looking man, is flirty, at ease until she enters, is confronted by six Albanian thugs. Suddenly the reality of what is about to happens hits her. Fright fills her face, she goes to run, they grab her.

GIRL
He said it was a party...

FLASH

Held down by three men, struggling, she is handcuffed to a bed as a fourth man injects a syringe into her arm. Another man stands by with what appears to be a gynecological instrument. The men rip off her skirt, spread her legs. The man with the instrument comes closer.

GIRL
I am good girl...

FLASH

A man fucks the handcuffed girl as she lays in a semi conscious state.

FLASH

Another injection is administered to the semi coherent girl, a man in the background begins to unzip his pants.

GIRL
First the shot, then the man.

FLASH

The same thing occurs in rapid succession. Shot administered, men fucking her.

GIRL
Over and over.

She begins to cry.

GIRL
I am good girl...

Bryan is shaken to his very core. He wipes the girl's tears.

BRYAN
What about her?

Holds up Kim's picture.

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BRYAN
What about this girl?

FLASH

The girl lays on a bed shaking. Kim is pushed into the room. Kim sees her pitiful state, lays her jacket over the girl.

BRYAN
Did they...

He can't even bring himself to think about the possibility.

BRYAN
What happened to her?

FLASH

Kim, drugged, semi conscious, is held down on the bed, her jeans are ripped off, her legs are spread, the man with the gynecological device approaches.

BRYAN
Do you know where the house is?

GIRL
Paradise...

FLASH

The girl is in a car, under the influence of drugs, her eyes open and close, her vision is blurred.

FLASH

A street sign in CLOSE UP

RUE PARADIS

EXT. RUE PARADIS - DAY

A house with a red door, just like any other house on the street, innocuous, well kept, quiet, set back from the street. On the small porch, two Albanian thugs play cards, come to attention when...

BRYAN
Good morning.

Cleaned up, looking very official in a suit, enters the yard.

ALBANIAN
I help you?

BRYAN
I'm here to see your boss.

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ALBANIAN
No boss.

Bryan hands him the card he took from Jean-Claude. The thug looks at it. Is a bit taken aback.

ALBANIAN
We are doing nothing wrong here.

Bryan takes out his cell phone, has his finger poised over the keypad.

BRYAN
I push one button and thirty agents will be here before you can scratch your worthless balls. Now stop fucking around, before I shut you down for wasting my time.

ALBANIAN
(rattled)
Wait here.

He enters the house, leaving Bryan under the watchful eye of his cohort. Bryan scans the house, taking note of the details: windows, doors, utilities.

The first thug reappears.

ALBANIAN
You have weapon?

BRYAN
You're holding it.

He alludes to the card.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Bryan is led down a narrow hallway toward the kitchen. On the way, he passes a room where four men are playing cards.

He passes a staircase, where a man is descending, buttoning his pants, another is ascending. Bryan looks past the man descending, to the top of the stairs. Then he locks eyes with the man.

MAN
(challenging)
What?

It is all Bryan can do to reach up and rip his throat out. But he doesn't. He moves on.

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The Man who led him in stands by the stove. Four other Albanians sit at a table drinking coffee. All have mustaches, all have tattoos of a crescent and a star on their right hand between the thumb and the forefinger.

BRYAN
Black, one sugar, please.

Alludes to the coffee pot. One of the men at the table nods to the thug who brought Bryan in. He gets the coffee.

MAN 1
What is it you want?

He speaks with a lisp.

BRYAN
I'm here to negotiate the rates.

MAN 1
We have already negotiated the rates with Mr. Macon.

BRYAN
Mr. Macon has moved to another division. I am here for the re negotiation.

The Men say nothing, look at each other, then back at Bryan, who takes a sip of the coffee.

BRYAN
Very nice coffee.
(beat)
Unless you think I am being unreasonable, let me explain our position. We have you under satellite surveillance twenty four hours a day.

The Men all look up to the ceiling, out the windows.

BRYAN
We hear everything you say, we know everything you do. Do you have any idea what it cost just to change the angle of the lens on a satellite orbiting 200 miles above the Earth? And those costs have gone up. Our costs go up, your costs go up. It is only logical.
(beat)
By the way, which one of you is Marko?

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MAN 2
Why do you want to know?

He speaks with a very high voice.

BRYAN
I was told Marko is in charge.

MAN 1
We are all Marko.

BRYAN
Marko from Skopje.

MAN 2
We are all from Skopje.

BRYAN
If that is the game you want to play, the rate just went up ten percent.

MAN 2
If you are trying to make extortion on us because we are immigrants, we know the law.

BRYAN
I am extorting you because you are breaking the law. Now which charge would you like to be arrested for? The drugs? The kidnapping? Or the prostitution?

The men look from one to the other.

BRYAN
You come to our country, take advantage of our system, and think because we are tolerant, we are weak, and helpless. Your arrogance offends me. And for that, the rate just went up another ten percent.

Again the men trade a look.

BRYAN
You want to get down to business? Or you want to keep playing?

The atmosphere grows more tense by the moment. Bryan stares at the Albanians, the Albanians stare back. The thug behind Bryan has his hand tucked into his coat. Then the tension is broken by...

MAN 1
How much?

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BRYAN
Better. Twenty percent.

The Man blinks.

BRYAN
And you have my word it will not go up.
(beat)
For a year.

Bryan goes to scoop sugar in his coffee from a pot on the table. Addresses the third man.

BRYAN
How do you say sugar in your language?

MAN 3
(Albanian)
Sugar.

His voice is very deep. Bryan repeats the word.

MAN 1
And what does the extra twenty percent buy us?

BRYAN
It buys you the future.

Again the men look at each other. Man 1 pulls out a wad of bills, counts some bills, puts them on the table.

BRYAN
You've made a very good investment.

He takes the money, pockets it, finishes his coffee...

BRYAN
See you in a month.

Gets up to go. Then, as if forgetting something, he takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, the paper he copied words on from the Albanian dictionary. He turns to the fourth man, who has said nothing.

BRYAN
A friend gave this to me. It's Albanian. You mind translating it for me?

The man stares at the paper, suspicious, looks at the others. The others shrug. He reads from the paper, translates...

MAN 4
Good luck.

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FLASH

The mustached mouth saying:

VOICE
Good luck.

FLASH

VOICE
Good luck.

Into Kim's phone. Same voice. Being replayed on Bryan's recorder over and over:

VOICE
Good luck.

BRYAN
You don't remember me.

Marko looks at him, uncomprehending.

BRYAN
We spoke on the phone three days ago.

Marko doesn't understand.

BRYAN
I told you I would find you.

Now Marko remembers. He reaches into his jacket. In the flash of an eye, before he can get his weapon out, Bryan lashes out, chops his throat.

The other men go for their weapons. But Bryan is like lightning. He grabs the two knives from a plate where they were previously cutting sausage and cheese, flings them simultaneously.

One knife catches one man in the heart, the other man through the eye.

The third man has his gun out. Bryan breaks his neck before he can get a shot off.

Bryan takes the gun. Deliberately fires a shot into the ceiling.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

In the front room, the men playing cards hear the shot.

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INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY

Two men come running out of rooms, pulling up their pants, pulling out their guns.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The men from the front room come rushing in to find bodies, blood everywhere. But before they can understand that there is one more body than there were men in the room, one of the bodies rises.

Bryan shoots so fast, the men are dead before they know it. Bryan heads out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The two men from upstairs come running down the stairs, run to the kitchen. Find the bodies. Hear a noise of feet running up stairs behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The two men come running back the way they came, the footsteps still sounding on the stairs.

As they turn the corner to head up the stairs, they come face to face with Bryan, stamping his feet on the stairs in the cadence of someone walking. Their momentary surprise is all he needs to shoot them dead.

Bryan turns and heads up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY

Cautiously, Bryan comes to a line of closed doors. His nerves keening, he moves forward to the first door. He opens it slowly. Finds a half naked woman, out of it on drugs, handcuffed to a bed.

He opens another door. Finds another girl in the same condition.

His stomach knotting, he opens a third door. In the dim light, Bryan cannot make out the face. The woman bears a similarity to Kim.

Bryan hurries over to her, turns her head into the light. It is not Kim.

Bryan rushes out.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

Bryan knocks down door after door, finding naked, drugged, bound women in various states of ravaged. None of them is Kim.

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Bryan kicks down one last door, and finds...

BRYAN
Amanda!

Amanda, hands tied to a post behind the bed, her eyes open, staring into eternity. Foam drips out of the corner of her slack mouth. A syringe is still inserted in her arm. She is dead. A BLUR comes into focus.

CLOSE UP

Kim's picture.

PULL BACK TO

Marko's face. Staring at Kim's picture.

PULL BACK FURTHER

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Light seeps in through the floor boards, creating a mix of light and shadow.

Marko is trussed, spread eagled, naked on a rack that looks like some sort of S&M sex device. Two wires run from his groin to a light switch on the wall. Bryan's hand is on the switch.

BRYAN
Where is she?

MARKO
Fuck you.

Bryan sticks a cloth in Marko's mouth, his hand hits the switch. A bare bulb goes on, flickers with the flow of current.

Marko shrieks into the cloth, in absolute agony, as current flows through his gonads.

Bryan turns the switch off. The room goes back into shadows and strips of light.

BRYAN
(calm)
You know we used to out source this sort of thing. But what we found was the countries we out sourced to had unreliable power grids. Very third world. Sometimes you'd turn the switch on, there'd be no power for hours.
(MORE)

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BRYAN (CONT'D)
And then tempers would get short, people would resort to things like pulling finger nails, acid drips on bare skin. The whole exercise would become...counter productive. But here the power is stable, there's a nice even flow. Here you can flip a switch and the power stays on all day.

He takes the cloth out of Marko's mouth.

BRYAN
Where is she?

MARKO
I don't know.

Bryan stuffs the rag back in Marko's mouth, hits the switch, leaves it on. Marko screams in unimaginable agony.

Bryan flips the switch off. Marko has snot running from his nose, saliva from his mouth.

BRYAN
Now I don't have any more time to waste Marko from Skopje. You either give me what I need, or this switch will stay on until they turn the power off for lack of payment on the bill. Where is my daughter?

MARKO
(weakly)
We do not keep virgin. We sell them.

BRYAN
You sold my daughter?

Marko nods.

BRYAN
To who?

MARKO
I don't know.

Bryan goes to stuff the rag back in his mouth.

MARKO
St. Clair!

BRYAN
St. Clair. Is that a person? A place?

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MARKO
St. Clair. St. Clair. Person. Patrice St. Clair!

BRYAN
Where do I find this person Patrice St. Clair?

MARKO
Don't know.

Bryan's hand goes to the switch.

MARKO
Don't know! Don't know! Please! Don't know!

BRYAN
I believe you.

He gives Marko a pat on the back.

BRYAN
But it's not going to save you.

He does not bother to put the rag in Marko's mouth, just hits the switch. The light bulb keeps flickering.

Bryan walks out of the room to the most horrendous screams ever to come from a human throat.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Jean-Claude walks down the street, a baguette under his arm. Comes to his house, lets himself in.

INT. JEAN-CLAUDE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jean-Claude enters his house.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I'm home.

Removes his coat, hangs it in the closet, proceeds down the hallway.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I could smell the chicken all the way down the street...

Enters a room...

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Where he finds his two young children, in their Pajamas, and his wife, sitting at the dinner table, a chicken and assorted side dishes laid out.

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ISABELLE
Look who dropped by...

Jean-Claude takes a moment, recovers.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bryan. What a pleasant surprise.

BRYAN
Yes. I thought you would like it.

ISABELLE
The children waited up for you. If you'll tuck them in we can eat before everything gets cold. Bryan, will you do the honors?

Hands him a cork screw and a bottle of wine.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I'll just be a minute. Come on kids.

Jean-Claude exits with the kids.

TRACK WITH

Jean-Claude walks the kids down the hall.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Go inside. Get in bed. I'll be right there.

He nudges them to their bedroom, then slips into a small bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jean-Claude reaches under a sink and comes up with a gun, which he hides in his pocket.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jean-Claude enters.

ISABELLE
I was just telling Bryan how nice it has been since you left the old job for the new one. Home every night for dinner, get to see the kids more.

BRYAN
Yes. Must be nice coming home and seeing your kids every night, knowing they're safe.

Jean-Claude is growing increasingly uncomfortable.

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ISABELLE
Bryan has been thinking of relocating.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Really?

ISABELLE
Yes. To Paris. He's been looking at houses.
(to Bryan)
White or dark meat?

BRYAN
Dark please.

As she serves him...

JEAN-CLAUDE
Find anything interesting?

BRYAN
As a matter of fact I did. Over in the eighteenth. On Rue Paradis. The people there know someone who works in your office, I think. A Monsieur Macon?

Jean-Claude tenses. Bryan sees the reaction.

BRYAN
You know him?

ISABELLE
Oh Henri. I call him Mr. Nervous. Always looks like he has is about to have a problem. Carrots?

She holds up the serving plate.

BRYAN
Thank you.

Takes a spoonful on his plate.

BRYAN
I got to the bottom of it Jean. I know everything. I hope you're not involved in this shit.

ISABELLE
What shit?

JEAN-CLAUDE
This is not the time or place Bryan.

ISABELLE
What are you two talking about?

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BRYAN
Are you involved?

ISABELLE
Involved in what? Will somebody tell me...

BRYAN
Because if you are...

Jean-Claude pulls his gun, points it at Bryan.

ISABELLE
Jean!

JEAN-CLAUDE
My salary is X. My expenses are Y. I do not know where the difference between the two comes from. As long as my family is provided for, I do not care where the difference comes from. That is my entire involvement.

BRYAN
And what about my family Jean?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I told you I would help you as long as it did not cause trouble for me.

BRYAN
Who is Patrice St. Clair?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I don't know. I don't care. I'm driving you to the airport.

ISABELLE
Jean! Please tell me...

JEAN-CLAUDE
Shut up Isabelle! Just shut up!

To Bryan.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Let's get going. Dinner is over.

BRYAN
I'm not finished.

Jean-Claude menaces with the gun.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Yes you are.

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Bryan opens his hand, drops the bullets from the gun on the table.

BRYAN
No I'm not.

Jean-Claude pulls the trigger. Click click.

BRYAN
That's what happens when you sit behind a desk. You stop paying attention to the details. You forget things. Like the weight in the hand of a gun that is loaded and one that is not.

In the flash of an eye, Bryan takes out his own gun. Shoots Isabelle in the shoulder. She falls to the floor screaming. Jean-Claude goes to move. Bryan takes him to the table with an immobilizing arm lock, presses the gun to his head.

JEAN-CLAUDE
You bastard!

BRYAN
It's a flesh wound. But if you don't get me what I need, the last thing you'll see before I make your children orphans is the bullet I put between her eyes.
(beat)
Patrice St. Clair.

CLOSE UP

The name Patrice St. Clair is typed into a computer screen. A dossier marked with the Securite code comes up for PATRICE ST. CLAIR. The first page comes up, a photo, obviously taken clandestinely, of a very urbane looking man, in his early fifties, exuding an air of culture and a pampered life.

PULL BACK

To Jean-Claude at his home computer with Bryan over his shoulder. As the dossier rolls out on the screen...

BRYAN
You could have made this much less painful for everyone involved if you had been more concerned about my daughter, and less concerned about your fucking desk.
(beat)
Please apologize to your wife for me.

He shoots Jean-Claude in the thigh.

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CLOSEUP

Through a pair of binoculars, Patrice St. Clair in a tuxedo, warmly greets ALI, a very cultured, obviously refined, Middle Eastern man in his late thirties, also in formal attire, who is accompanied by a not very refined BODYGUARD.

WIDER VIEW

St. Clair leads Ali and his retinue through the front door of a mansion, where other elegantly dressed guests can be seen gathering through the double story salon windows.

ANGLE ON

Bryan. Lowering the binoculars from his vantage point on one of the bridges across the Seine. In the distance, on the far shore of the river, is the St. Clair mansion.

CLOSE UP

Jean-Claude's official ID. With Jean-Claude's name and position, but Bryan's picture.

PULL BACK

To the Security scrutinizing Bryan against his ID. Satisfied, they hand him back the credentials, step aside. Bryan enters.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

A formal party is in progress. Bryan is the only one not dressed for the affair. Waiters circulate with hors d'oeuvre and flutes of champagne.

Bryan moves through the crowd, trying to get his bearings, when he sees St. Clair, across the room, accompanied by two discreet security men, being admitted through a secured door into a small elevator.

INT. MANSION - SECURED DOOR - NIGHT

Bryan approaches the Security man at the door.

SECURITY
Can I help you?

BRYAN
Yes, I'm here to see Mr. St Clair.

SECURITY
Your name?

Bryan flashes Jean-Claude's ID. The Security man consults a guest list.

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SECURITY
I'm sorry. Your name is not on the list.

BRYAN
Please look again.

As the man looks down, Bryan buries a lightning fast knuckle punch to his temple, catching him before he falls. Propping the man up, Bryan opens the elevator door, disappears inside.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Bryan exits the elevator to a garage and several luxury cars. He leaves the unconscious Security Man, heads through a door at the far end of the garage.

INT. CIRCULAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bryan emerges to a circular hallway, wrapping around a wall with intermittent doors. From behind the wall he hears low voices, and then applause.

Bryan hears footsteps coming, turns to a waiter with a champagne bucket and a bottle of champagne, and a single flute. The waiter stops, looks at Bryan.

WAITER
May I help you?

INT. CIRCULAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ali's bodyguard stands before a door. He turns to see Bryan approaching with the bucket of champagne.

BRYAN
Your champagne.

SECURITY
I will take it.

As he goes to take the tray, Bryan jams the tray forward into his throat.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Ali, the sophisticated Middle Easterner Bryan saw at the entrance to the mansion, sits in a comfortable club chair, in a tastefully appointed room, facing a floor to ceiling window that looks out on a stage where a naked girl of about nineteen dances, gyrating listlessly, while a man behind her watches.

VOICE
I have fifty thousand.

A moment...

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VOICE
One hundred.

Ali hits the button again.

VOICE
One fifty.

Bryan watches, astounded,

BRYAN
Your champagne sir. Krug Reserve 1985.

He displays the bottle. Ali does not turn from the window. Hits a button on the desk next to him.

VOICE
I have two.

BRYAN
May I serve?

ALI
Please.

Bryan opens the bottle. Begins to pour.

VOICE
I have two...

From his vantage point, Bryan can see several other rooms just like the one he is in facing the stage. A voice comes over a loudspeaker.

VOICE
Sold for Two hundred thousand.

Applause comes from behind the walls. The window goes black. Ali makes a note in a book. Dials on his cell, speaks in Arabic.

VOICE
The last item.

The light comes on. Ali's attention turns to the window where the next girl is brought in. He drains his glass, holds it out for another pour, not taking his eyes off the window. Bryan pours, but also keeps his eyes on the window.

As before, the girl is wearing a silk robe, her back is to the window.

VOICE
As usual we save the best for last.
Speaks English. Some French.
Certified Pure.

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Bryan hears this, and an ominous chill runs up his spine. He hopes against hope.

ALI
Hey!

Bryan looks down, sees he has poured over the rim of the glass, soaked Ali's sleeve.

BRYAN
Sorry.

ALI
Get out.

He pays Ali no mind. Because his worst nightmare has come true. The robe is removed, the girl is turned. Standing there, with dulled drugged eyes, naked, for sale to the highest bidder, is Kim.

The music comes on, Kim, prodded by the man behind her, starts to dance listlessly.

ALI
I said...

Bryan pulls a gun. Puts it right to Ali's forehead.

BRYAN
I heard what you said. Buy her.

Ali hesitates.

VOICE
I have one hundred.

A moment.

VOICE
One fifty.

Ali locks eyes with Bryan, still does not bid.

VOICE
Two hundred...two fifty...

Bryan chambers a round. Ali hits the button.

VOICE
Three...three fifty...four...

The bidding is fast and furious.

VOICE
Four fifty...

There is a pause.

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VOICE
Four fifty...four fifty...

Ali does not move. Bryan hits the button.

VOICE
Five hundred thousand...five hundred...five hundred...

No response.

VOICE
Sold.

As the applause comes, the window goes black.

VOICE
That concludes the sale for tonight. Thank you all for coming. You can collect your purchases directly.

BRYAN
Let's go.

ALI
You will never get away with this.

BRYAN
If you want to live, you'll make sure I do. Move.

He pushes Ali toward the door.

INT. CIRCULAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens. Ali exits, Bryan right behind him. Because the walls are curved, Bryan has no field of vision. No sooner has Bryan stepped out, then two blackjacks from both sides of the curved wall come crashing down on his head.

INT. MECHANICAL SHOP - NIGHT

Bryan's vision clears. He finds himself in a tool shop, handcuffed to an overhead pipe, facing four Security men and...

ST. CLAIR
Now Mr...

He looks at Bryan's fake ID...

ST. CLAIR
Well, we know you are not Mr. Jean-Claude.

He holds up the ID, peels Bryan's picture off.

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ST. CLAIR
So what do we call you?

Bryan says nothing.

ST. CLAIR
Doesn't matter what we call you really. What does matter is what you are doing here. Would you care to tell me what you are doing here?

BRYAN
The last girl. I'm her father.

This causes some disquiet among the men.

ST. CLAIR
Oh my.

BRYAN
Give her to me.

ST. CLAIR
I wish I could, honestly. I'm a father also. Two sons and a daughter. But let me explain something to you Mr...whoever you are. This is a business. A very unique business with a very unique clientele.

BRYAN
I'll pay.

ST. CLAIR
In this business there are no refunds, no returns, no discounts, no buy backs. All sales are final. Besides discretion, it is the only rule we have. As a father, my heart goes out to you. It really does. As a businessman, I must accept the reality. I'm sorry.

St. Clair turns to go.

SECURITY
What should we do with him?

At the door...

ST. CLAIR
Kill him.
(beat)
Quietly. I have guests.

St. Clair exits with one of the Security men. The other three men look at each other.

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Then at Bryan, who glares at them.

MAN 1
Gag him.

Man 3 takes out a cloth, the other two take out knives. Man 3 advances on Bryan. As he gets within range, Bryan pulls down with all his might on the pipe he is handcuffed to, snaps it. The open pipe spews a blast of steam right into Man 3's face. He staggers back, blinded, scalded.

Steam begins to fill the room. Man 2 rushes Bryan, leading with his knife. Bryan wraps the handcuffs around his forearm, spins halfway, breaks his arm.

When, from behind, Man 1 pulls a garrote tight around Bryan's throat. Bryan reverses fast, gets his handcuffs around the man's neck, pulls hard, snaps his neck like a twig.

Man 3 has recovered and charges Bryan with his knife drawn. Bryan reverses him with a swift deflection and drives him forward, right into the dangling steam pipe. The pipe pierces his back and protrudes through his chest; blood sprays in every direction. As he dies, steam shoots out of the pipe.

Bryan reaches over, removes a gun from the holster of one of the dead men, shoots the handcuffs off.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

St. Clair is waiting for the lift, when he hears the shot.

ST. CLAIR
Would you please go and see which part of the word quietly they did not understand?

SECURITY
Yes sir.

The Security Man heads back toward the rear door, when the door swings open and a burst of steam envelops him. Out of the steam a gun fires, blowing a hole in his face.

St. Clair stares, stunned, as Bryan emerges from the steam, armed. Fire in his eyes.

ST. CLAIR
(panicked)
We can resolve this.

Bryan says nothing, keeps advancing. St. Clair backs up against the lift door.

ST. CLAIR
I know how you feel. We should talk. We'll work it out.

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The lift door opens, St. Clair stumbles in , tries to push the button. Bryan fires one shot, wounding him in his shoulder. St. Clair slumps against the wall, Bryan stands over him.

ST. CLAIR
You have no idea...

Bryan puts a bullet in his other shoulder. St. Clair screams. Bryan aims the gun at his leg.

BRYAN
Where is she?

ST. CLAIR
Please you must try to understand...

Bryan puts a bullet in his leg.

ST. CLAIR
There's a boat by the quay! Please understand. It was all business. It wasn't personal.

BRYAN
To you it was all business. To me it was all personal.

He pumps the entire clip of bullets into St. Clair. Presses the lift button. The doors close. The lift rises.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The guests are mingling, chatting, being so pleasantly social, when the lift arrives, opens, and St. Clair's lifeless, bloody body topples out. A real party ender.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Guests are rushing out of the mansion, hampering the Security men trying to rush in.

Suddenly...

CRASH!

One of the luxury cars from the garage comes smashing through the garage doors to the side of the main building, Bryan behind the wheel.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bryan veers off, avoiding hitting the people scurrying around. The Security draw guns, try to get a bead on him, but Bryan jerks the car to the left, without taking his foot off the accelerator, sending the car crashing through a high hedge.

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EXT. GARDENS - NIGHT

Bryan races the car through the formal gardens of the mansion, destroying a large fountain, tearing up the plantings, obliterating several benches and a glass gazebo, smashing through the wall surrounding the whole estate, before he careens onto the road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bryan emerges onto the top of the Avenue, sees in the distance, on the river below, a grand boat, built in the Twenties, made all of wood and gleaming chrome, lit up, with several cars approaching.

Bryan hits the accelerator, takes a road to the lower quai.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Ali and his bodyguards bring Kim and two other drugged out girls onto the boat. More bodyguards greet them on deck.

EXT. SMALL QUAI - NIGHT

Bryan races along the river on the lower roadway, sees that the boat has left the quai and moved out into the river. Bryan screeches to a stop as the road dead ends, throws the car into reverse, goes barreling up the road the way he came.

EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

On the top of the roadway, traffic runs in the opposite direction. Out of nowhere, Bryan's car blows out of the lower roadway and onto the high quai road. AGAINST THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC.

Cars screech, bang into each other. Bryan sees from his vantage point that the boat has pulled away from the quai and is starting to head out into the river.

Bryan jams the gear shift into low, and takes off after the boat. AGAINST THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC.

TRACK WITH Bryan as he races against the traffic, keeping one eye on the boat cruising in the middle of the river, and the other eye on the cars trying to get out of his way as he barrels full speed right at them.

Cars careen left and right, slamming into each other, running up on the shoulders of the road, taking out lampposts, guard rails.

Bryan pulls even with the boat, still racing headlong into the traffic. Oblivious to the mayhem he is causing, he looks over toward the boat, see several crewmen on deck, but no sign of Ali or Kim.

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INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Ali enters a stateroom where an older man in Traditional robes, SHEIKH RAHMAN, is reclining on a huge bed.

ALI
(Arabic)
They are being prepared sir.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bryan races down the road until he comes to a bridge ahead of the boat. He brakes hard, gets out, and starts running to the center of the bridge.

He perches right at the rail, waiting for the boat to come closer.

On the quai road, the sound of police sirens and the sight of flashing lights heading right towards him draws Bryan's attention for a moment.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Ali, walking along a corridor hears the noise outside, peers out a window, sees the police cars rushing up the quai, thinks nothing of it, heads for a door at the end of the hall.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Bryan watches the boat passing underneath the bridge some thirty fee below. He takes a breath, jumps.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Ali watches as two Arabic women are dressing Kim and the two other spaced out girls in very chic, but very revealing gowns.

ALI
Show time!

And then he hears a loud thump on the deck above.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Bryan has hit the deck hard, injuring his ankle. Taking a moment to collect himself, he looks up to see three crewmen running towards him, two have clubs, the third a shovel.

Bryan manages to find his feet just as they attack.

The first man swings his club. Bryan disarms him, crippling him with a blow to the throat. He raises the club just as the shovel comes crashing down, blocking the sharp edge of it and driving the club into the man's jaw in one swift move.

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The third man catches him with the club across the back. Bryan buckles a bit from the blow. The man is about to land another, when Bryan kicks out from the floor, shattering the man's knee.

The man goes down, screaming in pain. Bryan puts him out of his misery with a reverse elbow strike to the face.

INT. BOAT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ali moves through the corridor, the three dazed girls being hustled along by two other men, when he sees, through the narrow window above him, a man hitting the deck, blood spurting from his mouth.

ALI
You!

He motions to one man.

ALI
Come with me!

Motions to the other.

ALI
You deliver the girls!

Ali and one of the men run off.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Bryan makes his way along the deck, favoring his injured ankle, when suddenly a door opens behind him and two men rush out, one with an ax, the other with a machete.

Bryan grabs the only weapon available: the oar from a life boat.

Bryan battles both men, skillfully using the oar to deflect the blows from the ax and the machete, spinning, feinting, blocking, striking, until the man with the machete snaps the oar in two with one downward cut.

Just then the man with the ax swings at Bryan. Bryan blocks the blow with one end of the oar, jams the jagged other end into his chest. In one swift circular move, Bryan grabs the ax, spins, and buries the blade into the chest of the machete wielder.

Bryan hears a noise behind him, turns just as two more men emerge, firing guns. Bryan pulls the man he just axed in front of him. The bullets riddle his body.

Bryan spins with the corpse, grabbing the machete, swinging down at the shooter's hands. Chops one man's hand clean off. Severs the second shooter's throat.

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Another man emerges from the cabin, spraying with an automatic. Bryan pushes the corpse into him, clambers up and over the cabin roof.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DECK

Bryan drops back down onto the deck, his ankle crumbling underneath him. He rises, painfully, only to find another three crew, armed with clubs, and knives, charging.

The first man attacks with a knife. Bryan lets the knife pass inches from his side, then spins the man and drives the knife into the second man who is charging right behind him.

The third man swings down with his club, catches Bryan on the shoulder, sends him staggering almost over the side of the boat.

The Clubber swings again, Bryan rolls over the rail, latches onto a rope attached to the side, uses the rope to block the next blow. He wraps the rope around the man's wrist and pulls. The man flies over the rail, into the river.

Bryan clambers back onto the deck, barely has time to catch his breath, when a bullet smashes into the wall next to his head. He turns to the two gunmen, and Ali, coming over the top of the roof. With nowhere to run, he dives through the window leading inside the boat.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

Bryan lands in the interior corridor, just as two more men come around the corner, with automatic weapons.

They fire. Bryan yanks open a door, which takes the barrage of bullets.

When the smoke clears, there is no movement from behind the door. The men rush the door, swing it open. There is no one there.

The men run forward, turn the corner, right into two grappling hooks, that embed in their chests. Each hook held in one of Bryan's hands.

Bryan sees a door at the far end of the corridor, grabs one of the automatic weapons from the men he just dispatched, heads towards the door as fast as his bum ankle will carry him.

Suddenly from outside on the deck, gunfire shatters the windows, rakes the corridor, tearing the wooden walls.

Bryan runs, returns the fire through the windows as he goes.

One man outside falls, another falls. Then Bryan takes a bullet in the arm, loses his weapon as he hits the floor.

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Bryan struggles up, his arm bleeding, pulls himself up on the shredded wood of the wall, when Ali drops down the stairs, pistol in hand.

ALI
You!

He raises his pistol to fire. Bryan's hand, clutching the wooden wall, yanks a board free, and just as Ali fires, he dives forward, somersaults, and comes up right in front of Ali, buries the board in his hand in Ali's forehead. The exposed nails pierce Ali's brain.

Ali's eyes stare into Bryan's, go lifeless. Bryan pushes him aside, ignores his own wound, picks up Ali's pistol and limps for the door at the end of the hall.

Just as he approaches the door, a shot rings out from inside, pierces the door. Bryan falls.

The door opens, and Sheikh Rahman appears, pistol in hand. Behind him, Kim and the other girls are huddled on the bed.

Rahman stands over Bryan, regards him for a moment, then turns back to the room. He hears a noise. Turns again to Bryan, standing, bloodied.

BRYAN
Party's over.

Rahman raises his pistol. Not as fast as Bryan. Bryan drills one shot right through Rahman's forehead. Rahman falls to the floor, dead.

Bryan steps into the room, sees Kim on the bed. She looks at him with glazed, drugged eyes. He goes to her.

BRYAN
Kim.

She looks up at him, uncomprehending at first, then...

KIM
Daddy...

Her eyes light with recognition.

KIM
You came for me.

She starts to cry.

KIM
You came for me.

She wraps her arms around him, sobs.

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BRYAN
I told you I would.

He holds her close.

FADE TO

INT. LAX - DAY

The doors to Customs open.

Kim emerges, runs into the arms of Lenore. Stuart stands close. Bryan emerges from Customs a moment later, arm in a sling, leaning on a cane, favoring his ankle, face bruised and cut, slow to heal.

STUART
Bryan...

He holds out his hand.

STUART
If there's anything you need.

BRYAN
I have what I need.

Referring to Kim.

LENORE
Bryan.

She hugs him, awkward, but heartfelt.

LENORE
Thank you.

The awkwardness persists. They separate.

LENORE
Come on darling. We're going to go home. Luisa's preparing that chocolate souffle just the way you like it. We'll rent some films, cuddle up. Marc will come over tomorrow for your hair...

KIM
Mom...

Lenore stops.

KIM
If it's OK with you, I think I'm going to spend the night at Dad's.

Lenore is stunned. But not as stunned as...

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BRYAN
Honey. It's OK. You don't have to.

KIM
I know I don't have to.
(beat)
I want to.

A small smile breaks across Bryan's lips, nothing in comparison to the one that fills his heart.

Kim puts her arm through his. They walk off, arm in arm. As Lenore and Stuart watch them exit into the bright California day.

3-28-06

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