

HELP ME KILL

written by

Daniel Stuelpnagel

sequencethree@gmail.com

443.676.8978

EXT. LAKE - LATE NIGHT

Snow flurries fall on a dark expanse of water.

SUPER: INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND

Sparkling lights of the small city, no traffic on the roads.

Inscribed in stone on a medieval archway looms the coat of arms of Interlaken, the heraldic blazon of the left-facing black ibex rampant.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Headlights emerge from the darkness, a silver Mercedes McLaren roadster glides past a red cross, the sign for Spital Interlaken, into the modern hospital parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN

ERICH KESTENHOLTZ, 28, strides toward the building, lean and fit, alert, determined, with dark suit and black briefcase.

INT. HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR - MORNING

Erich squints at the bright lights, hands his briefcase to a GUARD, 20s, who searches it, checks his ID badge.

INT. HOSPITAL / MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Erich hangs up his jacket, puts on surgical scrubs and white coat, clips his ID to the pocket, slams his locker door.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

ARTHUR ZURBRIGGEN, late 50s, washes his hands at a sink.

TWO NURSES, 20s, attend to a PATIENT, 60s, on a gurney.

Erich scans a chart, a Nurse puts a mask on Arthur.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Erich performs open-heart surgery with steady hands, Arthur looks over his shoulder, blood squirts from the incision.

A Nurse wipes up the blood, takes a scalpel from Erich, hands him a needle and suture, Arthur nods, steps back.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN - MORNING

A vast and stunning expanse of Alpine wilderness.

SUPER: GRINDELWALD, SWITZERLAND

Deer amble through the forest outside a huge, isolated Modernist chalet in the shadow of the Eiger, twenty kilometers up the road from Interlaken.

INT. CHALET - MORNING

A Bernese mountain dog barks at the deer outside.

KONRAD ALBRECHT, late 20s, super fit, shambles in wearing pajama pants, ruffles the dog's fur and slides the doors open, the dog runs out, barking, the deer scatter.

Konrad gazes out at the landscape.

He bears a striking resemblance to Erich, yet is distinctively his own man, relaxed, powerful.

INT. CHALET / GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Konrad, dressed in jeans, sweater and boots, opens the passenger door of a white Range Rover.

KONRAD
Fritz! Let's get some breakfast.

The dog bounds across the garage and jumps in.

Konrad climbs in, starts the vehicle. Olympic gold medals hang from the rear-view mirror. The garage door rises to reveal a spectacular view.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MORNING

The Range Rover cruises through a foot of fresh snow, they pass a couple of Ski Patrol GUYS, 20s, hiking up the mountain with their dog, they wave, the dogs bark.

EXT. STREET / GRINDELWALD - MORNING

Konrad strolls across the square past crowds of TOURISTS.

A WOMAN, 40s, rushes towards Konrad.

WOMAN

Oh, my, can I have your autograph?

He ignores her, crosses the street, makes his escape.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Two foxy CHECKOUT GIRLS, 20s, flirt with Konrad as he comes in; he fills a basket and heads for the checkout, a MAN, 50s, and his WIFE, 40s, spot Konrad and get behind him in line.

MAN

Konrad Albrecht.

Konrad turns, nods, tries to be polite.

MAN

We saw you break the downhill speed record at Zermatt three years ago. You are the pride of our people.

WIFE

Good morning, Herr Albrecht. My sister will flip.

They gush, Konrad keeps his eye on the line moving forward.

MAN

It was incredible. Incredible. You are a very brave man.

KONRAD

Thank you.

The Wife pulls out a pen, shoves her grocery list at Konrad.

WIFE

May I? Please?

Konrad scribbles his autograph.

WIFE

Thank you so much.

MAN

A true champion. Five gold medals.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Konrad escapes, puts on sunglasses, heads for the car, two other Ski Patrol GUYS, 30s, come over with his dog.

GUY

How many autographs already today?

They laugh, slap him on the back.

KONRAD

Listen, I would trade places with you in a heartbeat.

GUY

I know you're lying.

INT. CHALET - MORNING

Konrad eats breakfast, watches extreme skiing footage, switches the channel to tech news and stock prices.

He crosses the spacious floor, twenty by forty meters, gleaming art works, luxurious trappings of great wealth.

INT. CHALET / BATHROOM - MORNING

Konrad gives his lean physique a glance in the mirror, despite his shorter hair, he and Erich could be brothers, even a close acquaintance might mistake one for the other.

INT. CHALET - MINUTES LATER

Konrad heads downstairs to a vast space with a gym, racks of ski gear, guest room, bar, illuminated by natural light, north balcony overlooks the village and the distant valley.

Konrad smiles as he drifts past a distinctive pair of ornately-framed original paintings by Salvador Dalí.

He sits at a computer desk, his BROKER, 30s, onscreen.

BROKER (FILTERED)

All right. You are certain? Forty million. I can do it now.

KONRAD

Hah, no fear of losing a few million euros.

BROKER (FILTERED)
Forty million.

KONRAD
I could always sell this place for
more than that.

BROKER (FILTERED)
You won't have to, just want to
make sure you're ready to go ahead
with this deal?

Konrad nods.

BROKER (FILTERED)
Done. Just doing my job, you know.
Now, you can go hit the slopes. You
lucky bastard.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN - AFTERNOON

Konrad hikes back-country up to four thousand meters in high-end ski gear and snowshoes, overlooking forested slopes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - LATER

Konrad shoulders his pack, steps into his skis, traverses to a cliff top, leaps over the edge, bombs down a pristine slope with expert form, a thousand meters in twenty seconds.

He carves a steep, swooping turn and flies over another cliff, splashes down in a cascade of powder.

EXT. ALPINE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The trail narrows, Konrad drops into a tuck at extreme speed, a huge stag leaps from the forest and runs across the trail, Konrad cuts left, barely avoids the animal.

Over the edge of a ravine, ski tips catch a tree, he flies through the air, BLAM! He collides with a massive tree trunk and falls to the ground.

EXT. LAKE / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

Sailboats race across the stunning blue water of Lake Thun, majestic snow-clad Alps in the distance.

EXT. VILLAGE / INTERLAKEN - SERIES OF SHOTS

A spotless light-rail train rumbles across an intersection.

Colorful autumn foliage, a spectacular clear view of lush foothills leading up to the imposing north face of the Eiger.

Signs for 'Oktoberfest', ski season has begun.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

MEDICAL PERSONNEL come and go at Spital Interlaken.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATIONS DESK - AFTERNOON

Erich struts up and pounds his fist on the counter.

BRUNETTE NURSE, 20s, dawdles behind a computer.

ERICH

Come here, you silly twit. Three-oh-seven, the patient has not received his medication.

BRUNETTE

Let me see the chart, Doctor.

ERICH

Must I report your negligence?

BRUNETTE

Excuse me, Doctor Kestenholtz, I will take care of it right away.

ERICH

I will watch your station, take the time to do it correctly.

She marches down the corridor, Erich steps behind the counter, sees no one, makes his move, taps a keypad on a locked door, labeled APOTHEKE.

INT. PHARMACY / STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erich slides a plastic tray from a shelf, removes a small glass vial of clear liquid, checks the label.

Dilaudid. Pharmaceutical-grade heroin.

He puts it in his pocket.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Erich looks at his watch, frowns, Brunette returns.

BRUNETTE

The patient is fine, doctor.

ERICH

Very good. Just trying to help.
Doctor Zurbriggen would catch you
on the details, you understand?

BRUNETTE

Thank you, doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

PATIENT #2, 70s, occupies a bed, hooked up to machines.

Erich enters, shuts the door, taps them on the arm, no
response, he takes a clipboard from its hook and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Erich returns to the pharmacy counter, a MEDIC, 30s, looks
up, Erich hands over the clipboard, the Medic gives Erich a
plastic tray with vial and syringe.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Erich replaces the clipboard, the Patient moans, Erich
pockets the meds and tiptoes to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BLONDE nurse, 20s, bumps into Erich as he leaves the room.

BLONDE

Hello, Doctor.

ERICH

I have given him an extra dose of
Dilaudid, he may need another soon,
seems to be in severe pain.

BLONDE

I checked on this patient thirty
minutes ago, doctor. I am perfectly
capable of covering this floor
during my shift.

ERICH

Well, I --

BLONDE

He's not even your patient.

ERICH

You know --

BLONDE

I'm sorry, doctor, of course, you have the authority to --

ERICH

Yes. And I am looking out for every patient in our care.

INT. HOSPITAL / MENS' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Erich changes into his suit, goes to the sink.

Arthur exits a bathroom stall, washes his hands, stern and proper, looks at his watch.

ARTHUR

Erich. Leaving early again?

ERICH

Not your concern, Doctor.

ARTHUR

I will have something to say at the next staff meeting. You do not have the authority to --

ERICH

Arthur, just fuck off, all right?
It has been a long day.

Arthur stares him down for a moment, then exits.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - A MINUTE LATER

Erich sits on the toilet, extracts the works from his pocket, rolls up his sleeve and main-lines an ample dose, his eyes widen as the drug floods his system.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Arthur talks to the Guard.

ARTHUR

Will you go hunting this weekend?

GUARD

Ya, I got a nice one last time,
enough venison for the whole
village. And you, doctor?

ARTHUR

No, I don't get out much anymore, I
have put away my gun.

Erich approaches, glares at Arthur.

The Guard searches his briefcase, Erich heads for the door.

ARTHUR

Wait a moment, I think you're
forgetting something.

Erich stops, the Older Guard nods, he frisks Erich and then
sends him on his way.

ERICH

Thank you doctor.

INT. MERCEDES - MINUTES LATER

Erich gets in, starts the car, hits the speed dial.

ERICH

Darling, it has been a long day. I
need to meet some colleagues for a
drink. See you later, love, no need
to wait up for me.

EXT. POSH SUBURBAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A pudgy, bearded LOCKSMITH, 40s, works on the front door, his
van parked out on the street.

INT. POSH SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BRIGITTE KESTENHOLTZ, early 20s, a slender brunette wearing
sparkling gold jewelry, watches from the front hall as the
Locksmith packs up his tools.

The frustrated trophy wife, sitting on the shelf while her
husband is out playing the field.

Her phone buzzes on the hall table, she looks at it, laughs.

BRIGITTE
Too late, you fucking bastard.

The Locksmith jumps, alarmed.

BRIGITTE
Not you. Sorry.

LOCKSMITH
Ah. Yes, well. Done.

She trades him some cash for the new keys, he exits.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Brigitte pulls clothes from the closet, packs two suitcases, rolls them across the room and pushes them down the stairs.

EXT. POSH SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She walks out, leaves both suitcases on the front sidewalk, goes back in and slams the door.

INT. MERCEDES - AFTERNOON

Erich loosens his tie, lights a cigarette, zooms down Strandbadstrasse, vintage punk rock blasting.

EXT. KURSAAL CASINO - AFTERNOON

Well-dressed TOURISTS loiter on a red carpet, Erich's car pulls up, a VALET, 20s, opens his door.

INT. KURSAAL CASINO - AFTERNOON

Erich sits at the bar, TOOTHPICK, 20s, a skinny bartender, pours drinks, Erich slides the glass vial across the bar, Toothpick hands him money folded in a napkin, they drink.

ERICH
Any new girls around?

INT. KURSAAL CASINO - LATER

Evening CROWD in full swing, Toothpick pours drinks for Erich and CECILIA, 20s, his latest blonde conquest in progress, peaches and cream scantily swaddled in green velvet.

INT. KURSAAL CASINO - LATER

Music, excitement, wild laughter, Cecilia spills out of her dress at a crowded roulette table, Erich fondles her.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN / PANTRY - LATER

Cecilia leans forward, holds onto a shelf stacked with pickle jars, she moans as Erich grapples her from behind, his eyes wide with intense animal hunger.

She responds with enthusiasm, pickle jars crash to the floor and explode, they both laugh and go at it even harder.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Erich wipes his face with a handkerchief, navigates the A8 motorway past Ändermoos, flicks a cigarette out the window.

EXT. POSH SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Erich stumbles up the sidewalk to the suitcases, gazes at the house, tries in vain to fit his key in the lock.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Erich's car flies west on the A6 motorway past Lake Thun.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

He taps a button on his phone.

ERICH

Hello Yvonne, this is Erich. My apologies, I have a family emergency, I'll be unable to report for work tomorrow. Hopefully two or three days at the most. Thank you for understanding.

The bright lights of an airport glimmer up ahead.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Erich parks the car, looks around. He wriggles out of his jacket, shoots up, stashes the goods in the glove box.

INT. BERN-BELP AIRPORT / DEPARTURE CONCOURSE - MIDNIGHT

Erich gets a boarding pass, heads for the gate.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - MINUTES LATER

Three AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS, 20s, survey a thin stream of PASSENGERS, they search and X-ray bags, passport check.

GUARD

Any contraband, Herr Kestenholtz?

ERICH

That is Doctor. I have nothing to declare, thank you very much.

INT. PLUSH BUSINESS JET IN FLIGHT - LATER

Erich settles in with a drink, nods off.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. SPANISH COAST - DAY

Waves crash on shore, three ANGRY NURSES, 30s, chase Erich across the beach, the Nurses morph into gorgeous BIKINI BABES, 20s, they frolic along the surrealistic beach.

Erich wears sports gear, discovers a sand castle, taller than him and still growing, he strolls past a cavalcade of horses interspersed with colorful Grand Prix racing cars.

EXT. SAND CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Erich finds himself shrinking, grains of sand grow to the size of golf balls, he faces a swirling barrage of traffic signs, sounds of honking horns and sirens.

Music takes over, he grows to a larger size on a scale with his surroundings, enters a chamber in the castle.

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Erich sits at a table of black lacquered wood, with silver place settings and a flaming crystal centerpiece.

A WAITER, 30s, brings a plate of fish and a large scalpel, grows older and turns into Arthur Zurbriggen, carves the fish for Erich, then disappears.

Brigitte appears across the table, eating stacks of cash with a knife and fork, she sits up straight and stuffs her mouth with money, polite and proper yet hungry for more.

EXT. SPANISH COAST - DAY

The Bikini Babes escort Erich down the beach, the sand castle shrinks, washed away by the gentle surf, sparkling sea water turns to champagne bubbles, Erich cups his hands and drinks.

His clothes disappear, he is adorned in a white toga with a golden clasp at his shoulder, he turns to face the sun.

The sun burns his skin crisp and dark and obliterates him.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. LE BOURGET AIRPORT / PARIS - LATE NIGHT

Erich strolls out the doors to a taxi.

INT. TAXI - MINUTES LATER

Erich scans Champs Elysées sidewalks crowded with hot rich CLUB KIDS, 20s.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

The taxi stops in front of the upscale Hotel Meridien.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Erich wears a fresh suit, drifts across the street to the spectacular façade of Palais Maillot, a throng of HIPSTERS.

Erich tips the BOUNCER, 20s, has a word with him.

INT. PALAIS MAILLOT - LATE NIGHT

Erich bumps into a huge WAITER, 20s, carrying three bottles of champagne by the neck in each hand, then squeezes up to the bar, under purple chandeliers BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE dance.

EXT. PLACE PIGALLE - LATE NIGHT

Filthiest red-light district in Paris, HOOKERS, HUSTLERS and GRIM JUNKIES skulk past 'Club Sport', tinted glass doorway papered with graffiti-covered photos of beautiful women.

One picture stands out from the clutter.

A striking red-head with porcelain skin and delicate features, her photo altered with devil horns and mustache.

"GORILLA", 30s, huge scary hairy bouncer at the door, yells at drunk SPANISH COLLEGE KIDS, 20s, stumbling by.

GORILLA

Come on in, boys, check out the show, sexiest women in Paris.

KID

Chupa me los huevos, maricón.

Kid flicks a lit cigarette at Gorilla, who shrugs, gives him an obscene gesture, the Kids drift away, laughing.

INT. CLUB SPORT - LATE NIGHT

HOT GIRLS, 20s, dance on the bar.

LORENZO BIANCHI, 40s, big boss at his table, surveys room full of drunk CUSTOMERS watching the show, a SHOWGIRL, 20s, brings him a beer, sits on his lap.

Lorenzo wears a sporty but greasy track suit, an assortment of gold chains, his stubbled face breaks into a smile, he applauds with enthusiasm as a special new song comes on.

SABRINA DUNAND, early 20s, steps out onto the bar, a stunning red-haired Medusa high on coke, other Girls vacate the stage.

Sabrina struts over to a shiny pole, a silver cape draped around her statuesque yet slender body, colored lights reflect off a disco ball.

She spins, dances, dangling silver chains, cajoles Customers to shower her with money, Lorenzo smiles, slurps his beer.

INT. CLUB SPORT / DRESSING ROOM - LATER

A low-ceilinged yet spacious den of back rooms crowded with Girls smoking, evidence of permanent habitation.

Sabrina wriggles into a tight black dress, two other SHOWGIRLS, 20s, put on lingerie for their upcoming routines.

Lorenzo enters, comes up behind Sabrina, zips up her dress.

LORENZO

Heading across town? Money money.
Bring me my cut bitch.

SABRINA

Lorenzo, I always do. Without you,
I am nothing.

He offers her some cocaine, they snort.

LORENZO

You good girl, Sabrina.

SABRINA

And you, a bad pimp.

They laugh, she grabs her bag and heads for the door.

LORENZO

Minuto. In my office.

He follows Sabrina to a side door, she enters. A sulky Girl glares at Lorenzo, he stops, frowns.

LORENZO

What's your problem?

GIRL

What make her so special?

LORENZO

She ten times better-looking than
you and make ten times more money,
that's no lie.

She pouts, he slaps her across the face.

INT. TAXI - LATER

Sabrina gazes out the window of a west-bound taxi as she passes Montmartre cemetery.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

The taxi drives southwest on Avenue des Ternes, pulls over, Sabrina gets out across the street from the Hotel Meridien.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina strolls, lights a cigarette, scans the Crowd, ambles up and waltzes past the velvet rope at Palais Maillot.

INT. PALAIS MAILLOT - LATE NIGHT

SEXY TRAPEZE BABES, 20s, swing overhead, music swells.

Heads turn as Sabrina crosses the room, she slides onto a plush barstool, drinks her first martini in one smooth gulp.

INT. PALAIS MAILLOT - LATE NIGHT

Across the room, Erich plays billiards with a HIPSTER, 20s.

Sabrina gets up, squeezes through the crowd to the oasis of the billiard table, exchanges smiles with Erich.

SABRINA

Good evening.

ERICH

Just got a lot better.

He sets up the balls, they take turns shooting.

ERICH

What brings you to Paris?

SABRINA

Just passing through.

INT. PALAIS MAILLOT - LATE NIGHT

Erich watches as Sabrina pockets a ball to win.

ERICH

If you want to try and make friends, you should let me win.

SABRINA

I like to win.

She lays her cue stick on the table.

SABRINA

And I have no friends.

INT. PALAIS MAILLOT / BAR - LATER

The Bartender hands over fresh drinks.

Sabrina and Erich sit close together, eyes sparkling.

ERICH
Getting late.

SABRINA
Not so late. But if you --

Erich puts his finger to her lips, pays the Bartender.

Sabrina and Erich glide towards the exit, arm in arm, he nods as the Doorman slips him a small package.

EXT. HOTEL MERIDIEN - SUNRISE

Erich and Sabrina stroll up to the hotel entrance.

INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Sabrina dances around laughing, Erich chases her around the room, she tackles him on the bed.

INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Sabrina lounges on an enormous pile of pillows, Erich emerges from the bathroom, sits next to her, she melts into his arms.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

A WAITER, 20s, wheels a beautiful breakfast cart with fresh flowers along the carpet, knocks on a door.

Sabrina opens the door, showered, dressed and ready to go, she smiles, waves him in.

INT. LAVISH HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Erich steps out of the bathroom, clean-shaven, buttons his shirt and knots his tie.

ERICH
Breakfast.

WAITER
As you say, sir.

Erich looks at his watch.

ERICH

Ha. Lunch. We got a late start.

The Waiter exits with a tip, Sabrina sets the table.

Erich nibbles a pastry, sips his coffee.

He surveys Sabrina's luscious curves and exotic features, gazes out the window, taking it all in.

He's never been happier.

ERICH

Sabrina.

She smiles.

ERICH

You may think I am crazy.

He checks his watch.

ERICH

My flight leaves in three hours.
Come to Switzerland with me.

Sabrina claps her hands, dances around the room.

EXT. PLACE PIGALLE - AFTERNOON

Hookers and Hustlers work the sidewalk, Sabrina skirts a gaggle of Tourists snapping photos, she wears a red scarf, black lace gloves, scoots in to the Club Sport.

INT. CLUB SPORT / OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lorenzo lounges behind a desk, phone to his ear, radio plays French folk music, Sabrina flounces in, hands him cash.

He slides it into his desk, locks the drawer and latches the gold keychain around his neck.

LORENZO

You spent the night?

SABRINA

It was almost five when I pick him
up. I must sleep sometime.

They laugh.

LORENZO

More where this came from?

SABRINA

Another night, maybe two. I meet
him for dinner tonight. No dance.

LORENZO

I like to see you dance.

Sabrina smiles, dances across the room, spins around behind
Lorenzo, caresses his stubbly cheek.

She reaches back and pulls a pointed steak knife from under
her skirt, jams it deep in his temple and steps back.

Blood spurts, Lorenzo yells, his hands flail, eyes roll back,
he shudders, shakes, retches, blood gushes from the wound.

He slumps dead in his chair.

She whispers in his ear.

SABRINA

Lorenzo, can I have my money back?

She unclasps the chain from his neck, dripping blood on his
face, takes the key.

Wipes her gloved hands on his shoulder and opens the desk
drawer, removes stacks of cash and a handful of passports.

Sabrina flips them open and sorts through them, selects one,
throws the rest in the trash can. Locks the desk.

Reaches inside Lorenzo's jacket, takes his stash of cocaine.

She pats him on the head, pulls off her scarf and wipes the
blood off her shoes, peels off her gloves, drops them in the
trash, along with the scarf, and the keychain.

She pulls out the trash bag and takes it with her, tiptoes
through the side door, latches it on her way out.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sabrina looks around, sees no one.

She grabs a blonde wig from a dressing table and puts it in a
tote bag along with a few clothes, scampers out the door.

EXT. CLUB SPORT - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina emerges, tote bag and trash bag over her shoulder.

Gorilla sits on a stool, waves at Tourists, he guzzles a bottle of soda, smokes a cigar.

She skips over and kisses him on the cheek.

GORILLA

What? For what?

SABRINA

Because you so handsome.

He laughs, stunned, first kiss of his life maybe.

SABRINA

No bother Lorenzo, he take a big siesta. See you later.

INT. HOTEL MERIDIEN LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Erich sits in a wood-paneled cubicle at a well-appointed computer desk with his phone to his ear.

He glances at online photos of upscale apartment interiors.

ERICH

Furnished. Yes, to occupy right away. Tomorrow afternoon, in fact. A necessary domestic adjustment.

He pulls out his wallet, extracts a credit card.

ERICH

Very good.

INT. HOTEL MERIDIEN LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Erich checks his watch, wheels his bag across the lobby.

EXT. HOTEL MERIDIEN - AFTERNOON

Erich walks out, Sabrina waves from a waiting taxi.

He does a double take, she's wearing the blonde wig.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Erich gets in, the DRIVER, 40s, looks back at him.

ERICH
Le Bourget, merci.

Sabrina snuggles close to him as the car takes off.

ERICH
I love what you did with your hair.

She shows him her new passport.

INSERT: PASSPORT PHOTO

Stolen from her colleague, Cristina Fischer. With the blonde wig and plenty of makeup, just similar enough.

ERICH
Ah, c'est bon. Cristina.

INT. LE BOURGET AIRPORT / SECURITY GATE - AFTERNOON

Sabrina hands over the passport, flirts with the Guard.

GUARD
Mademoiselle Fischer, enjoy your flight. Au revoir.

Erich steps up, offers his passport.

GUARD
Monsieur Kestenholtz.

ERICH
Docteur.

GUARD
Ah, oui. Docteur. Au revoir.

INT. LE BOURGET AIRPORT / CONCOURSE - SUNSET

Erich and Sabrina stroll towards the gate and glance out the windows at aircraft on the runways.

ERICH
How long has it been since you travel outside of Paris?

SABRINA

Oo la, much too long. It is wonderful to get away.

INT. CLUB SPORT - EVENING

Gorilla and a BARTENDER, 30s, protest as POLICEMEN close down the club, they push arriving CUSTOMERS back out the door, and herd the Girls into the dressing room.

INT. CLUB SPORT / OFFICE - EVENING

Policemen process the murder scene, cluster around Lorenzo's body, take note of the knife sticking out of his head.

TATTOO, 30s, tall, wiry and alert, abstract geometric ink up and down his arms and neck, inspects Lorenzo's body.

JUNIOR, 20s, head shaved bald, looks over his shoulder.

Both wear detective badges.

TATTOO

We want to get this body out of here. Wrap some plastic around that knife.

JUNIOR

You want me to pull it out?

TATTOO

No, you idiot, do not pull it out, leave it for the coroner.

Tattoo grabs the Bartender.

TATTOO

You know who done this?

BARTENDER

Some guy whose wife he fucked?

TATTOO

All right, give me some names. I want to know who killed him.

Junior overhears, gives him a look.

JUNIOR

I want to know why.

EXT. KURSAAL CASINO / INTERLAKEN - MORNING

Erich and Sabrina stroll out of the hotel, Valet pulls up and hops out of the Mercedes, BELLMAN, 30s, puts Erich's bag in the trunk, Sabrina scoots around to the driver's side.

SABRINA
Mind if I drive?

Erich looks surprised, she jumps in.

He gets in, shuts his door just in time, the car peels out, turns on to Strandbadstrasse, tires squeal, the engine roars as Sabrina takes it up to top speed.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Erich struggles to fasten his seat belt, Sabrina laughs, downshifts, stomps on the gas, the sudden acceleration pushes them back in their seats.

ERICH
We really do not have far to go.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car swerves into a 360° doughnut-drift through a four-lane intersection, traffic screeches to a halt.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina hits the brakes then floors the gas and pops the clutch, zips up the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car skids into a parking space, they hop out, she tosses the keys to Erich.

ERICH
You are a woman of many talents.

SABRINA
My father was a race car driver.

ERICH
That explains a lot.

They stroll along the sidewalk.

INT. UPSCALE BOUTIQUE - MINUTES LATER

Erich sits in a leather loveseat sipping champagne.

SHOPGIRLS, 30s, cater to Sabrina's every whim, she sifts through boxes of shoes, selects a pair, steps up to the mirror and does a turn, Erich applauds.

INT. SPA - DAY

WOMEN, 30s, occupy comfy chairs with towels on their faces.

Brigitte Kestenholtz lies on a table wrapped in a towel, a MASSEUSE, 30s, wipes oil from her slender legs.

MASSEUSE

You did the right thing,
sweetheart.

BRIGITTE

How could things go downhill so
quickly? The wife of a doctor.
Now, what am I? Nothing.

MASSEUSE

Only two years? Men. They always
fuck you one way or another.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Erich and Sabrina continue shopping, they walk past the spa, down the sidewalk toward a clothing store.

INT. SPA - SAME

Brigitte pays for her massage at the front counter, she sees Erich and Sabrina pass by outside, she heads for the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte follows Erich and Sabrina, loses them in the crowd, then sees them enter a store, she sneaks in behind them.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

Brigitte hides behind a display of decorative wall calendars, Erich and Sabrina go up an escalator, Brigitte debates for a moment, then chickens out and slinks toward the exit.

EXT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Policemen come and go.

A white Citroën C6 police car with red and blue stripes parks at the curb, Junior and Tattoo jump out, run up the steps.

INT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Tattoo and Junior sit across a desk from the CHIEF, late 40s, an overweight, hard-ass veteran with a thick mustache.

CHIEF

Fucking Place Pigalle, what a shithole. Lorenzo Bianchi?

TATTOO

Club owner, usually working with a handful of dealers, pimps, he stays out of trouble. Until now.

CHIEF

Tell me we can just ignore this. Sweep it under the rug. Tell me.

Tattoo shakes his head.

JUNIOR

They are already --

TATTOO

We have plenty of suspects, we just have to narrow it down.

CHIEF

Bah. What a waste of time.

JUNIOR

The bartender said --

CHIEF

No details, just get out of here, take care of it.

EXT. STREET / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

Sabrina stuffs dozens of shopping bags into Erich's car, he holds the door for her, they hop in and take off.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A REALTOR, 40s, hands over the keys, Erich and Sabrina get their first look at his new place, fully furnished.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Erich and Sabrina lounge on the sofa, nibbling a buffet of upscale takeout food scattered on the coffee table.

ERICH

I checked in at work. They were very sympathetic for my loss.

Sabrina makes a pouty face, giggles.

ERICH

However. I must return tomorrow and get back to it. My hope is that you will find some ways to amuse yourself?

SABRINA

Darling. I am zee 'appy tourist. When you come home, I cook for you boeuf bourguignon. We make love.

ERICH

The perfect partner.

INT. HOSPITAL / CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

A handful of DOCTORS, 40s, and ADMINISTRATORS, 30s, chat over coffee and pastries at the weekly staff meeting.

YVONNE SCHÖNBÄCHLER, late 30s, shuffles papers at the head of a conference table, Arthur Zurbriggen sits next to her.

Yvonne is blonde, attractive, sturdy yet shapely, dresses a bit flashy for work, wears colorful folk art jewelry.

Erich breezes in, sits between two other Doctors.

YVONNE

Good morning, Erich. Welcome back. We are very sorry for the loss of your father. Was the funeral yesterday?

ERICH

The day before. In Paris. It is over and done with, now.

YVONNE
Of course.

ARTHUR
Very sorry, Erich.

ERICH
Thank you, Dr. Zurbriggen.

YVONNE
A few things to attend to and I
will let everyone get to work.

INT. HOSPITAL / CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Yvonne sets aside her papers, Doctors shift in their seats.

YVONNE
Well, is there anything else?

ARTHUR
I hesitate to bring this up,
however, I find it necessary.

He looks at Erich, who shrugs.

YVONNE
Yes, Doctor?

ARTHUR
It has come to my attention that
our relatively new colleague, Dr.
Kestenholtz, seems to think that we
make our own hours.

YVONNE
Arthur, please explain.

ARTHUR
I have observed on three occasions
when Erich has left work more than
an hour before the end of his
scheduled shift. This concerns me.

Yvonne tries to refrain from eyerolling.

YVONNE
Actually, it does not concern you.
Dr. Kestenholtz has .. notified me
of his schedule changes, rest
assured he will continue to carry
his weight.

Arthur frowns.

ERICH

Doctor, I worry about you. Is it insomnia? High blood pressure? What is bothering you?

ARTHUR

Erich, the only thing raising my blood pressure around here is your dismissive attitude towards hospital regulations.

Erich laughs, plays to the crowd.

ERICH

Your accusation has fallen on unsympathetic ears, doctor.

YVONNE

Gentlemen, please.

ARTHUR

I believe you should be held to the same standards as everyone else. You seem to think you are above it all. Perhaps your arrogance is a symptom of a greater problem.

Colleagues look embarrassed as the argument escalates.

ERICH

Go and tend your own garden, or whatever old men do in their declining years.

Arthur nods, clenches his jaw.

ARTHUR

My mistake, thinking you could be reasoned with. You are a dangerous man, Doctor Kestenholtz.

YVONNE

Gentlemen.

ERICH

It seems I must defend myself against this onslaught of ridiculous --

YVONNE

Enough!

EXT. ALPINE FOREST / GRINDELWALD - MORNING

The Ski Patrol Guys traverse the slope, they follow the sound of their dog barking and approach the ravine.

One of them points to a ski hanging from a tree branch.

EXT. ALPINE FOREST / RAVINE - MORNING

A Ski Patrol Guy climbs down to find Konrad flat on his back covered with frozen blood.

EXT. ALPINE SLOPE - MORNING

Ski Patrol Guys pull Konrad along on a makeshift stretcher, a snowmobile arrives.

INT. HOSPITAL / EMERGENCY ROOM / INTERLAKEN - DAY

Medical Personnel roll Konrad to an operating room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

They move Konrad's body to a table, Nurses check vital signs, Arthur and Erich enter in surgical scrubs.

Erich cuts Konrad's shirt away from his chest, reveals coagulated blood, bruises and compound fractures, EKG beeps faintly every five seconds.

NURSE

Temperature is twenty-three.

ERICH

Exploratory. We will cut him open, suture any organ damage, repair and splint these ribs, then close as quickly as possible.

Arthur nods, hands Erich a scalpel.

ERICH

The cold has saved him from bleeding to death.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Erich sutures Konrad's heart.

Arthur looks over Erich's shoulder at the open chest cavity, the Nurses stand frozen, eyes wide.

ARTHUR
Will he survive?

ERICH
He is in optimal condition, take a look at this guy.

INT. HOSPITAL CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

MARKUS VALOTA, 50s, sidles in and shuts the door, a repressed fastidious aristocrat, intent on causing trouble.

YVONNE
Herr Valota.

They sit.

MARKUS
Frau Schönbächler. It's about Doctor Kestenholtz. Is he in today? I certainly don't want him to see me here.

YVONNE
He went into surgery at mid-day.

MARKUS
How is his performance since he came to work here?

YVONNE
Outstanding. As it was in Zurich?

MARKUS
Well, a recent financial audit has given us cause for concern.

YVONNE
How so?

MARKUS
Pharmacy records for medication dispensed to patients. Dilaudid. Frequently abused, and valuable on the secondary market, as you know.

YVONNE
You suspect Doctor Kestenholtz?

MARKUS

They were almost all his patients,
and the discrepancies seem to have
ceased when he left to come here
and work for you.

YVONNE

Are you holding a grudge?

They stand.

MARKUS

If I can find firm evidence
implicating Erich, I will call in
the kriminalpolizei. I simply felt
that I should inform you first, a
matter of professional courtesy.

YVONNE

I think Erich embarrassed you, when
he left. I will not listen to any
more of this cacabooti.

Markus makes a face, turns to go.

MARKUS

Let me ask you this, has Erich had
any unexcused absences?

YVONNE

Well, he was out just over the
weekend, but he did call to say it
was a family emergency, his father,
unfortunately, passed away.

Markus gives her a look, laughs.

MARKUS

He was out for five days in April.

He heads for the door.

MARKUS

That's exactly what he told me, his
father died. Perhaps he made a
remarkable recovery the first time.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Beep of the EKG slows, Erich sets aside his instruments.

NURSE

Blood pressure is dropping.

ARTHUR
He's going into shock.

ERICH
Three milligrams epinephrine.
Beginning heart massage.

ARTHUR
Erich --

NURSE
We're losing him, doctor.

A Nurse injects the drug into the I.V. line, Erich squeezes Konrad's heart to restore a proper rhythm.

ARTHUR
It's too dangerous, what if you rupture the sutures?

ERICH
I have to trust my own work,
doctor. Please, check his airway.

Erich continues the heart massage, pauses, raises his gloved hands for a moment, covered with blood, beep of the EKG speeds up, holds steady.

Arthur extracts the breathing tube.

ARTHUR
He is breathing on his own.

NURSE
His blood pressure is almost back
to normal, doctor.

Erich peels off his gloves, a Nurse brings him fresh ones.

ERICH
Good. Still more work to do.

INT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Tattoo and Junior pass other Cops in a corridor.

TATTOO
How you like this guy?

JUNIOR
Mmm, I don't think he did it, but I
bet he knows who did.

TATTOO
Think he's tough?

JUNIOR
Fuck no, he's pathetic.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

They walk in to find Gorilla sitting at a table.

GORILLA
Why am I here? I not a suspect.

TATTOO
You got blood on your hands.

Gorilla looks at his hands, confused.

JUNIOR
You cover up for somebody. You see everyone in or out of that club.

TATTOO
You cover up for the killer, you make an accessory, get it? Almost bad as if you kill him yourself.

JUNIOR
You kill him?

GORILLA
No, fuck no, I don' give a shit, I work for Lorenzo six years. He pay me good, stay off my back, I don' fuck wi' nobody.

JUNIOR
Who came to see him that day?

Gorilla mulls it over for a minute.

GORILLA
Mmm, maybe the, liquor man?

JUNIOR
The liquor man.

GORILLA
Delivery, wit a truck, he come twice a week, he the las' one in dere, I tink.

Junior winks at Tattoo, heads for the door.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Injections, I.V. fluids, anesthetic, warm compresses on the patient's feet, systematic actions as three Nurses work in competent, calculated rhythm.

Arthur looks on as Erich stitches up Konrad's chest.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Arthur confers with a Nurse, Erich approaches.

ARTHUR

The patient has emerged from his coma. I must say, that was excellent work, doctor.

ERICH

Any signs of brain damage?

ARTHUR

Let's have a look.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Konrad reclines in bed, Brunette Nurse by his side.

Erich and Arthur enter, stand on opposite sides of the bed, Erich puts a hand on Konrad's shoulder.

His eyes flutter open.

ERICH

How is he?

BRUNETTE

Just coming out from anesthesia. Now with two milligrams Dilaudid, residual adrenaline, nalbuphine, one milligram. Intravenous Toradol, as ordered, doctor.

ERICH

Good.

BRUNETTE

And more fluids. His body temperature is back to normal.

ARTHUR

After eight hours, I would hope so.

ERICH

Konrad. Can you hear me? You're in hospital, Interlaken. You are going to be all right.

Konrad coughs, the Brunette gives him a drink of water.

KONRAD

Is it time for supper? I could eat a fucking moose.

They laugh, the Brunette looks at Erich.

BRUNETTE

My goodness, he actually looks very much like you, Doctor Kestenholtz.

ARTHUR

He could be your brother.

ERICH

Lucky bastard.

KONRAD

Ha, I am much better looking.

They laugh.

ERICH

Still, I would not want to trade places with you, though.

BRUNETTE

Now I know, from a magazine, Konrad Albrecht, Olympic ski champion.

KONRAD

Yes, that's true. I live in the Chalet Hofner above Grindelwald, my home gets a great deal of attention from the architecture magazines.

BRUNETTE

Perhaps that's not the only reason.

ERICH

A brush with fame and fortune.

KONRAD

I want to go home now.

ARTHUR

Now, wait a minute, Herr Albrecht. You may feel good right now, because you are full of enough narcotics to relax a charging elephant. But your internal injuries were extensive.

KONRAD

How bad?

ERICH

Your heart was punctured by splintered ribs. You were in a coma for three days up on the mountain, and in surgery for more than six hours.

ARTHUR

You will be here for four or five days, then you must keep your physical activity to a minimum for at least a week or two.

ERICH

Maybe not so long, we will see how it goes. Get some rest.

Erich exits, Arthur follows.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - EVENING

Arthur grabs Erich by the arm.

ARTHUR

You should be more cautious, advise him it will be a long recovery.

ERICH

I will be very surprised if we can even keep him here for more than a day or two.

INT. HOSPITAL / RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Erich shuffles down the corridor towards the exit, Yvonne hurries to catch him.

YVONNE

Good work today, I heard.

ERICH
A significant challenge.

YVONNE
Erich, I have to talk to you.

ERICH
If it can't wait until tomorrow.

YVONNE
I'm afraid not.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Yvonne closes the door.

YVONNE
I had occasion to, um, call Herr Valota in Zurich today. Erich, I mentioned your father's death. Markus was under the impression your father died last April.

ERICH
I am sorry. Thank you for covering for me. Something bad happened over the weekend.

Yvonne stares at him.

ERICH
My wife has thrown me out of the house. I was too embarrassed, to --

YVONNE
Oh, Erich, I am so sorry.

She steps closer.

ERICH
I had to scramble around to find a new place to live, you can imagine.

YVONNE
I understand. You deserve better, Erich. I care for you very much.

ERICH
Thank you, Yvonne.

YVONNE

However, there is something else. They had an audit which revealed a substantial amount of drugs missing from Zurich hospital. Would you know anything about this?

ERICH

Certainly not. Things here are much better organized.

He ruminates, gives Yvonne a look.

ERICH

Sounds like perhaps Valota holds it against me for leaving.

YVONNE

I did get that impression. I am glad you and I feel the same way.

They draw closer together, she touches his arm.

YVONNE

We do feel the same way, yes?

ERICH

Yvonne, now we can finally put our cards on the table.

He reaches for her, she embraces him, they kiss with unrestrained passion.

Erich unzips her dress, it slides down to the plush carpet, revealing elaborate black lingerie.

She locks the door, leans back against the desk.

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK CAFÉ / PARIS - NIGHT

Tattoo sits at a table, smokes a cigarette, watches GIRLS, 20s, walk by. A WAITER, 30s, takes his drink order.

Junior crosses the street and comes over, sits next to him.

TATTOO

Ah, finally we are off the clock?

JUNIOR

Well, maybe not.

TATTOO

The liquor man had an alibi.

The Waiter brings a drink, Junior gestures for the same.

JUNIOR

Yes but we have another lead, one of the dancers didn't show up for work. The other girls said she was Lorenzo's favorite, you know what that means.

TATTOO

The big guy didn't say anything, we have to work on him some more.

JUNIOR

You want me to --

TATTOO

I want you to find this girl, see where else she worked around town, print up some photos, check out the bars and hotels.

Tattoo leaves some money, they chug their drinks.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT / INTERLAKEN - LATE NIGHT

Erich enters the new flat to find fresh flowers, elegant table settings, wine and candlelight.

Sabrina comes toward him, she is transformed, chic and sophisticated, her hair cut short and dyed black.

ERICH

Even better, darling, you look absolutely incredible.

They kiss.

ERICH

I brought you something.

She brightens.

He pulls out a packet of cocaine.

Her eager anticipation falls away, a moment of hope replaced by grim resignation.

She manages a thin smile.

For the moment, her addiction has the final word.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Erich steps out of the shower, puts on a robe.

Sabrina sits on the toilet, cuts lines of cocaine on a mirror on the edge of the sink, she snorts a line.

She offers him the mirror.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Sabrina and Erich sit and enjoy supper, music plays.

ERICH

Delicious. I should have known a beautiful French girl is the best chef in the world.

SABRINA

How was your day at work?

ERICH

Good. I saved a man's life today.

SABRINA

Oh.

Erich puts down his fork, takes a sip of wine.

ERICH

Now I want you to help me kill him.

Sabrina's eyes widen, she frowns.

Her expression goes from shock to sadness.

Then from clarity to determination.

SABRINA

I can do it.

EXT. STREET / ZURICH - MORNING

Swans drift across the placid surface of the Zurichsee, traffic flows past a sign for 'Spital Zurich'.

INT. HOSPITAL ZURICH / OFFICE - MORNING

Markus Valota sips coffee at his desk, scans computer spreadsheets with great intensity.

A SECRETARY, 20s, sticks her head in the door, startles him.

MARKUS

What?

SECRETARY

Have you seen him?

MARKUS

No, why? Is he still downstairs?

SECRETARY

Yes. He found something.

MARKUS

What the hell? Get him up here.

INT. HOSPITAL ZURICH / OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Markus stands as the AUDITOR, 40s, a pale, slender bean-counter in an immaculate blue suit, steps in and closes the door, marches to a chair and sits.

MARKUS

Ingrid said you found something.

AUDITOR

Finally. I was going to tell you, once I get more details, but --

MARKUS

What is it? Kestenholtz? Can we nail him?

AUDITOR

Yes.

MARKUS

You're kidding.

AUDITOR

No. I found a police report. A drug-related arrest, a street kid, from last month. They logged the evidence. It included a vial of Dilaudid, originating from here.

MARKUS

Ah.

AUDITOR

Sold on the street. It went missing three months ago. They're still trying to trace the dealer.

MARKUS

How can we tie that to Erich? I would be surprised if they didn't --

AUDITOR

The arrest was in Interlaken.

MARKUS

Oh.

AUDITOR

The lot number was one that Doctor Kestenholtz had signed out, for a patient under treatment. He's the only one who handled it. Somehow, it got out on the street.

Markus chuckles, stands up from his desk, dances around the office, rushes over and pats the Auditor on the back.

INT. INTERPOL SWISS REGIONAL OFFICE / ZURICH - DAY

INTERPOL AGENTS, 30s, and support PERSONNEL, 20s, handle the daily workings of the agency.

URI SCHNAUSS, 30s, slender and intense as an architect, wears slate blue shirt and tan linen trousers, works at a desk with two flat-screen monitors, his phone rings.

URI

Interpol Zurich, this is Uri.

MARKUS (FILTERED)

Hello, this is Markus Valota, chief administrator at Spital Zurich, I spoke with you last week about a drug theft, a suspect who was one of our doctors.

URI

Ya, Herr Valota, let me take another look.

He brings up a file on-screen.

URI

We were seeking corollary information regarding Doctor Kestenholtz. Nothing so far.

MARKUS (FILTERED)

Well, I've got something for you. Our auditor tracked it through the kriminalpolizei from Interlaken, now we have direct evidence.

INT. CLUB SPORT / PARIS - DAY

Junior looks around Lorenzo's office with another Policeman.

The Policeman plucks fiber samples from the carpet, drops them into a plastic bag, Junior crawls around on the floor behind the desk, a hot club Girl peeks in the door.

GIRL

Ah, officer?

JUNIOR

Miss, please, we cannot be bothered at the moment, you know, this is a murder investigation.

GIRL

Sorry, I just want to find out when I can get my passport?

Junior scrambles to his feet.

JUNIOR

Passport?

GIRL

Oui. Lorenzo is dead, right?

JUNIOR

For sure.

He can't help but look her up and down, they flirt.

GIRL

So, he kept our passports in his desk, while we work to make enough money to buy it back from him.

JUNIOR

Ah. Keeping everyone in line.

GIRL
Sure. So, can I get it back?

JUNIOR
We will find out.

He pulls at the desk drawer and finds it locked.

JUNIOR
Did anyone search the desk when we first got here?

POLICEMAN
No, I think not.

Junior rolls his eyes, he scours the room and finds a hammer on a shelf, forces open the empty desk drawer.

GIRL
Merde.

JUNIOR
Ah, I think we got a problem.

INT. HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR - DAY

Erich turns a corner, sees Yvonne talking to a Nurse, he turns and goes the other way, Arthur approaches.

ARTHUR
Well, you were right.

ERICH
What?

ARTHUR
Konrad has decided to go home.
Against my advice, of course.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Konrad stands next to the bed wearing borrowed clothes, Erich checks his pulse, Arthur hands him a prescription.

ARTHUR
I understand, but I cannot advise --

KONRAD
I'll be fine, doctor. Thank you.

ARTHUR
You think you are indestructible.

KONRAD

I appreciate your concern, doctor,
but you have to let me go.

Konrad shakes hands, makes a move for the door.

ERICH

Let me give you a ride home.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Erich and Konrad walk side by side, their clothing in stark contrast, yet the resemblance in physique and especially facial features is unmistakable.

Nurses wave good-bye.

EXT. CHALET - DAY

Erich's Mercedes pulls up in Konrad's driveway.

They get out and walk up the outside stairs to find the two Ski Patrol Guys waiting with Konrad's dog.

INT. CHALET - AFTERNOON

Erich gazes at the magnificent interior, Konrad offers him a glass of water, takes a look in the fridge, it's empty.

ERICH

Can I bring you some groceries?

KONRAD

No, thanks, I will go to the store
in the morning.

ERICH

In Grindelwald?

KONRAD

Ya, the supermarket at the town
square, most convenient, though I
get hounded for autographs.

He looks out the window at the mountain.

KONRAD

I owe you my life, doctor.

ERICH

I am just glad you are recovering so quickly.

KONRAD

Would you like to come over for lunch tomorrow?

ERICH

Of course.

Konrad heads downstairs, Erich follows.

INT. CHALET / MID-LEVEL - AFTERNOON

Konrad switches on the lights.

ERICH

Very impressive.

They admire the view, Erich turns to look at the Dalí paintings, Konrad switches on spotlights.

ERICH

Remarkable.

KONRAD

An inheritance from my grandfather, very rare to find them outside of a museum. Together they are worth more than the house.

ERICH

Amazing. Thank you for the tour.

KONRAD

You can go out this way, through the garage. See you tomorrow.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - EVENING

Erich and Sabrina sit drinking wine.

ERICH

We should take you up there tonight. You will look for him in the morning. We must move quickly.

SABRINA

But Erich what makes you think you can simply use his passport? Steal his identity?

ERICH
You'll see, when you meet him. It's
like I'm looking in a mirror.

SABRINA
All right, then. So what's the
plan?

Erich gets up, paces.

ERICH
You understand why.

SABRINA
Of course. It's a chance to start a
new life. Look at me.

ERICH
Oh, these paintings. Probably worth
ten million apiece, maybe more. We
need to find a way to convert them
to cash.

Sabrina giggles, then starts laughing out loud.

ERICH
What the hell is so funny?

SABRINA
Oh, mon dieu. I knew my
professional contacts would come
in useful someday.

ERICH
Oh?

SABRINA
How would you like to go to Spain?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / PARIS - EVENING

Tattoo and Junior sit across from a scowling Chief.

TATTOO
We're working on it, we know the
bouncer gave us a false lead, we
just don't know why.

JUNIOR
Not yet, but get this, one of the
girls said Lorenzo --

CHIEF
The dead pimp.

JUNIOR
Yeah, the victim.

The Chief rolls his eyes.

CHIEF
Victim.

JUNIOR
She said he held their passports.

CHIEF
Whose passports?

JUNIOR
All the girls, you know, the
dancers, at the club.

CHIEF
Dancers.

He drums his fingers on his desk.

JUNIOR
So I open the desk, no passports.

CHIEF
So what?

JUNIOR
So what if --

TATTOO
The killer was someone from the
club, maybe this missing girl,
right? And she --

JUNIOR
Got her passport, then she would --

The Chief smacks his hand on the desk.

CHIEF
No, no, no, fuck no.

TATTOO
We got to consider the possibility.

CHIEF

I told you, sweep it under the rug.
Whoever kill this piece of shit did
us a fucking favor.

He stands up.

CHIEF

I give you one more day, then
you're on another case, this is
low priority, damn it.

TATTOO

I think we should call Interpol.

CHIEF

You must be crazy, we don't even
have a suspect.

TATTOO

But what if this girl --

JUNIOR

Sabrina, Sabrina Dunand.

TATTOO

What if she already left France --

CHIEF

Some mysterious exotic dancer?
Stuck a knife in this guy's head?
No, no, whoever it was, I bet he's
still in Paris, we let him think he
got away with it, something will
turn up, I say just let it go.

He waves them away.

CHIEF

One more day. No more wasting time,
go and get some work done.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM / GRINDELWALD - EVENING

Erich and Sabrina enjoy a late supper.

SABRINA

Perista will set up our escape
route. From Granada we drive the
last couple of hours to Marbella,
then take his boat to Ceuta, ride a
bus to Marrakesh and disappear.

ERICH

We can trust him?

SABRINA

Once we make the deal, he has the paintings, he will never want to see us again, he will do nothing to rock the boat. I think maybe he is still in love with me. But mostly he is in love with rare works of art that can be sold for a great deal of money.

Erich raises a glass.

ERICH

Well done, Cristina.

SABRINA

Salud, Konrad.

INT. HOTEL ROOM / GRINDELWALD - NIGHT

Sabrina sits on the bed in her underwear, snorts a line of cocaine, Erich emerges from the bathroom, heads for the door, Sabrina kisses him goodbye.

He hands her a foil packet.

ERICH

For Konrad. First, get him as worked up as you can. Put it in his drink. It will dissolve quickly. He will be dead in two minutes. Call me after it is done.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT / GARAGE / INTERLAKEN - NIGHT

Erich parks his car, walks to the stairway.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erich takes off his jacket, turns on a light in the kitchen, the doorbell rings, he frowns and goes to the peephole.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Brigitte waits outside the door, dressed to kill.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erich looks around, takes off his shoes, tiptoes across the room and picks up a few of Sabrina's clothes, throws them in a closet, composes himself and goes to open the door.

ERICH
Brigitte. Come in.

She enters, looks around.

BRIGITTE
Alex told me your new address.

ERICH
I should have known you have
friends in real estate. Would you
like some wine?

BRIGITTE
Who is she?

ERICH
You're the one who changed the
locks. I took that as good-bye.

BRIGITTE
Damn you, Erich.

She reaches for him, he steps away.

ERICH
You want me back?

BRIGITTE
Just for tonight.

She turns her back to him.

He unzips her dress, she slides it off her shoulders and it falls to the floor, she turns to him, reaches for his shirt.

They tumble to the carpet, intertwined.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - LATER

Brigitte gets dressed, wipes away tears.

BRIGITTE
Can I stay the night?

ERICH
I have a killer day tomorrow. I
could come over after work.

BRIGITTE
What about her?

ERICH
Already gone.

BRIGITTE
All right.

She kisses him, turns and trudges to the door.

INT. INTERPOL SWISS REGIONAL OFFICE / ZURICH - DAY

Uri picks up the phone at his desk.

URI
Kriminalpolizei, Interlaken.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM / INTERLAKEN - DAY

Uniformed OFFICERS, 30s, the KriminalPolizei, Swiss national
police force, attend to their duties.

GERHARD DANKO, 40s, bald, overweight, picks up a phone.

DANKO
Must be serious.

URI (FILTERED)
I need you to make an inquiry. I
will get there as soon as I can.

Danko listens, takes notes, wipes sweat from his face, his
eyes go wide, he hangs up the phone, grabs his jacket.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / INTERLAKEN - A MINUTE LATER

Danko exits the building, hustles to his police car, a white
BMW M3 sedan with broad orange stripes.

BEGIN CHASE SCENE P. 52 >>>

INT. BMW M3 - CONTINUOUS

Danko starts the car, fumbles a switch, siren squeals, he shuts it off.

Puts the car in gear, looks over his shoulder to back out of a parking space, stomps the gas and BAM! goes forward, hits a concrete barrier.

DANKO

Ach! Sheisse.

Flustered, he puts the car in reverse, calms himself.

DANKO

This is big.

He pulls out, turns, shifts, the BMW jerks forward, Danko floors it, drives away in a cloud of burning rubber.

EXT. STREET / PARIS - MORNING

The Citroën C6 hatchback navigates traffic past the Champs Elysées to Boulevard Pereire, rounds the bustling circle at Avenue de Neuilly, past the Palais Maillot.

EXT. STREET - SERIES OF SHOTS

Junior parks the car, gets out and ambles north.

He pounds the pavement, zips in and out of various bars and clubs, shows a photo to a doorman at a hotel.

Turns a corner and approaches the Hotel Meridien.

INT. HOTEL MERIDIEN LOBBY - MORNING

Junior stops at the front desk, shows his badge to the CONCIERGE, 20s, pulls out a copy of Sabrina's photo.

JUNIOR

We are seeking a murder suspect.

CONCIERGE

I think you found her.

Junior raises his eyebrows, pulls out a pad and pen.

CONCIERGE

A professional, or some aristocrat?

She taps a computer keyboard.

CONCIERGE

Four or five days ago. The gentleman was from Switzerland.

Junior peeks over the counter.

CONCIERGE

A Doctor Erich Kestenholtz, from Interlaken. He was with us for just one night.

JUNIOR

Magnifique.

INT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Tattoo marches down the corridor.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Gorilla sits at a table, Tattoo comes in, lights two cigarettes, offers one to Gorilla, he takes it.

TATTOO

You play a game with us, huh?

GORILLA

I don' know nothing.

TATTOO

Who else you saw that day?

GORILLA

Mmm, no, I don' remember.

TATTOO

Sabrina Dunand, you fucking idiot, why you cover for her?

Gorilla's face contorts, he chokes up.

GORILLA

I don' remember nothing.

He sobs, throws his cigarette on the floor, sprawls his arms on the table, cries like a baby.

TATTOO

What the hell?

He gets up, stamps out the cigarette.

GORILLA

She kiss me, kiss me on the cheek,
nobody ever done that before.

TATTOO

Oh, Jesus Christ.

INT. CAFÉ / GRINDELWALD - MORNING

Sabrina sips coffee by a window, the village comes to life, she glances at the grocery store across the street.

EXT. STREET / GRINDELWALD - MINUTES LATER

Konrad parks the Range Rover, he and his dog jump out and head for the grocery, Sabrina exits the café, crosses the street, dressed for subtle seduction.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MINUTES LATER

Sabrina tosses items in her basket, gets closer to Konrad, she reaches for the top shelf, reveals her assets.

SABRINA

Oh, can you help me?

Konrad looks over, sets down his basket.

SABRINA

Would you reach the caviar for me?

Konrad looks up and reaches for the shelf.

KONRAD

Ossetra or beluga?

SABRINA

I like the beluga. Where is it
from? Caspian Sea?

KONRAD

Yes, I prefer that one too.

He hands her the jar, she blushes, Konrad flirts, emboldened, perhaps, by his recent brush with death.

KONRAD

Hello. Konrad Albrecht.

SABRINA
Cristina, Fischer, from Paris.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MINUTES LATER

Sabrina and Konrad exit together.

KONRAD
Are you staying at the hotel?

SABRINA
Yes.

KONRAD
I am having guests for lunch today,
at my chalet up on the mountain,
perhaps you will join us.

INT. HOSPITAL SUPPLY ROOM / INTERLAKEN - MORNING

Erich digs through shelves, finds a body bag, conceals it in a small duffel, goes out into the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Hospital Personnel come and go, Erich proceeds to the locker room, stumbles a bit as he moves along.

INT. HOSPITAL / MENS' LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Erich sticks the duffel in his locker, washes his hands, heads back out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Erich makes his rounds, Yvonne approaches, looks around.

YVONNE
I hope we can do that again.

ERICH
Me too.

YVONNE
How about tonight?

He hesitates, does some quick thinking.

ERICH

Yes. I will meet you here, at your office, we can go out somewhere.

YVONNE

I'll look for you around seven?

ERICH

Perfect. Wait for me if I am a little late.

EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING LOT - MORNING

Erich strolls to his car, Arthur follows him out.

ARTHUR

I do not believe this, where are you off to now? Got Schönbächler wrapped around your finger, huh?

ERICH

Stop following me, you fool, I am just going to get some lunch.

ARTHUR

You are on thin ice.

ERICH

Ach, just mind your own business.

Erich strides away.

EXT. CHALET / GRINDELWALD - DAY

Erich parks his car in the driveway.

Climbs up the outside stairs with a box of chocolates, stepping through snowdrifts, to the deck on the upper level.

He finds Konrad and the Ski Patrol Guys enjoying the view, Konrad waves, opens the sliding glass doors, they go inside.

INT. CHALET / KITCHEN - DAY

Erich follows Konrad through the door, the Guys check out the ski collection.

Sabrina fries potato pancakes on a huge gas stove, finishes making a salad, sets the table.

KONRAD
Someone I would like you to meet.
Cristina, this is Erich, the doctor
who saved my life.

They shake hands.

SABRINA
So pleased to meet you, doctor. Oh
my, are you two related? You look
so much alike!

ERICH
So we have been told.

KONRAD
I think he needs to put in some
time at the gym.

INT. HOSPITAL / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

Danko barges through the entrance, speaks to the Guard,
continues down the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL / OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Yvonne and Arthur sift through medical reports.

Danko occupies the doorway.

DANKO
Pardon.

They stand up.

DANKO
Kriminalpolizei, I am looking for a
doctor Erich Kestenholtz.

ARTHUR
He left about an hour ago. Probably
back home having a wank.

YVONNE
What is this about?

DANKO
We should speak privately.

ARTHUR
I am chief surgeon, you will
include me.

DANKO

Interpol Zurich asked me to investigate, Doctor Kestenholtz is suspected of stealing Dilaudid from the supply at Spital Zurich.

ARTHUR

Hah! I knew it. That son of a --

YVONNE

Now wait a minute, if this is based on a complaint from Markus Valota --

DANKO

It is indeed.

YVONNE

It's a false accusation.

ARTHUR

Of course you cover for Erich, this is ridiculous, he should submit to a drug test immediately.

YVONNE

Arthur, what happened? You used to be a team player.

ARTHUR

I used to feel that I was part of a team, Yvonne, until you screwed things up.

DANKO

I must find him.

ARTHUR

I'm coming with you.

DANKO

No, doctor, I think not.

ARTHUR

Damn it, I want to see this thing through. This explains so much.

DANKO

I can't allow it. A man from Interpol Zurich will arrive to take your statements. I must go.

He scrambles out the door.

INT. CHALET / GRINDELWALD - AFTERNOON

The Ski Patrol Guys take off.

GUY

So, Konrad, let us know before you
go skiing again.

Konrad gives him the finger, they laugh, Sabrina clears the
table and loads the dishwasher.

Erich tugs at Konrad's sleeve, they go downstairs.

INT. CHALET / MID-LEVEL - AFTERNOON

Erich descends the stairs, notices the weight room loaded
with barbells, stacks of interchangeable steel plates.

ERICH

So there's your workout spot.
Strong man. And what a lovely girl.

KONRAD

She's visiting from Paris. So nice
not to be recognized, I have people
stalking me all the time.

ERICH

She seems very down to earth. How
are you feeling, Konrad?

KONRAD

Good. No pain.

ERICH

You can probably start getting some
light exercise if you take it easy,
but no skiing yet, that would be a
bit too much.

INT. CHALET / KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sabrina washes the frying pan, cleans the counter.

KONRAD

Cristina, you have done too much
already. Why don't we go for a
walk? Doctor Erich says I am
capable of getting some exercise.

SABRINA

It is a beautiful day. Very nice to meet you, doctor.

Erich waves good-bye, heads out the doors to the deck.

ERICH

Thank you for lunch. Konrad, take good care of yourself.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

Sabrina and Konrad hike through the snow, she forges ahead while he lags behind, she turns back for a moment.

SABRINA

Too much?

KONRAD

No, I'm fine. I want to go up this ridge, see if I can find my helmet.

EXT. SNOW-FILLED RAVINE - AFTERNOON

Konrad climbs down into the ravine, sees the tracks where he was rescued. Sabrina follows, scouts around, finds a fragment of plastic, pulls the helmet from the snow.

SABRINA

Oh, look.

Konrad comes over, inspects the helmet, video camera intact.

EXT. SNOW-COVERED SLOPE - LATER

They hike back down towards the chalet.

Sabrina bumps up next to Konrad and takes his hand.

She stops upslope from him, eye-to-eye, pulls him towards her and kisses him, they tumble in the soft, deep powder.

She straddles him, kisses him, then jumps up and runs down the slope, laughing, falls in the snow, he gives chase.

EXT. CHALET - LATER

They arrive back and climb up on the deck, winded, take off their boots and jackets and go inside, he lets the dog out.

INT. CHALET / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sabrina and Konrad sit on a sprawling leather sofa with steaming mugs of tea on the table in front of them, watching his helmet-cam video on the big screen.

The video shows his POV, the high-speed run down the slope.

The forest on either side as the trail narrows, the flash of the stag leaping across the trail, a momentary glimpse of trees and then nothing but snow.

He switches it off.

KONRAD

Then I was lying in the snow for three days. I'm glad I don't remember any of it. I was frozen.

SABRINA

Maybe I can warm you up, handsome.

He winks, gets up and heads for the bathroom.

KONRAD

I'll be right back, darling.

He shuts the bathroom door, Sabrina pulls out the foil packet, empties it into his mug.

Crumples the foil in her pocket, stirs the tea with her finger, sits back, unbuttons her shirt.

Konrad emerges, comes back and sits next to her, Sabrina picks up both mugs, hands him his tea.

SABRINA

To your good health.

They drink their tea, Sabrina snuggles up and kisses him.

He caresses her, she whispers encouragement, Konrad begins turning red in the face, shaking, gasping, she feigns concern, he looks baffled.

Eyes bulge, he clasps his hand to his chest and coughs, flinches, collapses as his heart gives out.

Sabrina shrieks, shakes her victim to make sure, Konrad lies on the sofa, eyes open, dead.

Sabrina grabs her phone and pushes a few buttons.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

Erich looks at his phone, grabs his coat and a suitcase, heads out the door.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT / GARAGE - A MINUTE LATER

Erich emerges from the stairwell and goes to his car, puts the suitcase in the trunk.

EXT. STREET / PARIS - AFTERNOON

Cops come and go at Police Headquarters.

INT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Tattoo and Junior sit at a desk across from the Chief.

CHIEF

Fuck.

He bangs his fist on the desk.

CHIEF

I told you to just let this fucking thing go away.

TATTOO

Chief, we --

JUNIOR

She was already --

Chief smacks both palms on the desk and stands up.

CHIEF

All right! Damn it.

He sits back down, picks up the phone.

CHIEF

Get me Interpol France, Lyon.

He waits, Tattoo and Junior light up cigarettes.

CHIEF

Murder suspect, Sabrina Dunand, traveling with a stolen passport as Cristina Fischer.

INT. INTERPOL FRENCH REGIONAL OFFICE / LYON - AFTERNOON

PIERRE CHEVILLARD, 30s, rail thin with bushy mustache, taps his phone, puts the Chief on speaker.

CHIEF (FILTERED)

She fled Paris for Interlaken, with an accomplice, they don't know we are after them. Can you get your Swiss branch on it?

PIERRE

When was the murder?

CHIEF (FILTERED)

Uh, a week ago.

PIERRE

Thanks so much for calling me.

CHIEF (FILTERED)

We thought she was still in Paris.

PIERRE

That's what they all say. And now?

INT. PARIS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

The Chief leans on his desk with the phone to his ear, frustrated by his own incompetence.

CHIEF

Traveling with a Swiss doctor named Erich Kestenholtz.

PIERRE (FILTERED)

We will get things moving.

INT. CHALET / GRINDELWALD - AFTERNOON

Sabrina searches the top floor, finds Konrad's keys.

INT. CHALET / MID-LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina turns down a corridor to Konrad's bedroom.

INT. CHALET / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She searches his dresser, discovers his passport.

EXT. CHALET - AFTERNOON

Erich's car pulls up, he gets out, goes up to the deck.

INT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina slides the door open.

Erich comes in, she points to the sofa.

He goes over and examines Konrad's body.

ERICH

You have been busy.

SABRINA

He's very romantic. Well, not any more. You're better looking anyway.

Sabrina points to the counter, Erich gets the keys and passport, puts them in his left jacket pocket.

ERICH

Will you find me some clean sheets?

EXT. POSH SUBURBAN HOUSE / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

The BMW M3 parks outside Erich and Brigitte's house, Danko gets out, hustles up the sidewalk, rings the bell.

He waits, but it's obvious no one is home, a dead end, he fumes, walks around the house, then heads back to his car.

INT. CHALET / MID-LEVEL / GRINDELWALD - AFTERNOON

Erich takes the Dalí paintings off the wall, heads down the stairs to the garage.

INT. CHALET / GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Sabrina brings flat sheets, finds Erich at a workbench.

He pulls the paintings from their frames, cuts each canvas away from its wood stretcher and folds them up in the sheets.

Sabrina pops the trunk on the Bentley, they pull out the fitted carpet from the floor of the trunk, lay the wrapped paintings underneath and replace the carpet.

INT. CHALET / LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Erich unfolds the body bag, pushes Konrad's body in and zips it up, Sabrina helps him drag it to the stairway.

INT. CHALET / GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Erich and Sabrina put Konrad's body in the trunk of the Bentley, along with piles of weights, and close the lid.

Erich opens the garage.

Sabrina drives the Bentley out in the driveway, Erich closes the door and gets in the Mercedes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - AFTERNOON

The two vehicles cruise north down the mountain, past Grindelwald village towards Interlaken.

EXT. STREET / INTERLAKEN - LATER

Erich turns up the street leading to his new flat, the Bentley follows, they reach the building, enter the garage.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT BUILDING / GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

They drive down the ramp and park, move their suitcases from Erich's trunk to the back seat of the Bentley.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Brigitte sits waiting.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT BUILDING / CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Erich puts his key in the lock, Sabrina next to him.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Erich opens the door, he and Sabrina enter and he turns on the light, Brigitte stands up, they freeze.

Erich closes the door, Sabrina tenses.

ERICH
What a surprise.

BRIGITTE
I thought we had a date.

ERICH
How did you get in here?

Brigitte holds up a key.

BRIGITTE
They didn't want to give it to me.

She looks at Sabrina.

BRIGITTE
Now I can see why.

EXT. MODERNIST APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Danko parks his police car on the street.

INT. BMW M3 - CONTINUOUS

He looks at the building, speaks into his phone.

DANKO
Got it, thank you.

Pockets the phone, gets out of the car.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Sabrina stalks across the room, attacks Brigitte, takes her down, they crash into a table, Erich watches as his wife and girlfriend grapple.

Brigitte smacks Sabrina across the face, fists fly.

Erich skips to the bedroom, returns with a needle, waits for an opening, Sabrina pins Brigitte against the wall, Erich jabs her in the neck.

Her eyes bulge, she convulses, her body slumps to the floor.

Sabrina runs to the bathroom, fetches the plastic shower curtain, wraps Brigitte's head and upper body, suffocates her final breath as she drops into heroin overdose.

ERICH
We get her to the car.

The doorbell rings, Erich stifles his exasperation.

Sabrina looks at him, he holds up a hand, steps to the door, quietly latches the chain and looks through the peephole.

He opens the door a few centimeters.

ERICH

What is it? I'm very busy.

Danko peeks in.

DANKO

Kriminalpolizei Interlaken, doctor.
I have a few questions for you.

ERICH

Just a moment.

He closes the door, motions Sabrina down on the floor next to Brigitte's body, just out of sight behind the sofa.

He unchains the door, opens it and stands in the doorway.

Danko shows his badge.

DANKO

May I see your identification?

Erich reaches for his left pocket, then reaches into his right pocket and extracts his real passport, hands it over.

DANKO

Thank you, doctor. You always keep
your passport so handy?

ERICH

Security at the hospital is very
strict, they check it every day.

Danko nods, looks at the passport and hands it back.

DANKO

May I come in?

ERICH

I'll answer your questions and get
on with my work, just tell me what
you want.

DANKO

Your former supervisor, Markus Valota, has provided evidence regarding the theft of pharmaceuticals from Zurich hospital. I am requesting permission to search your flat.

ERICH

If you don't have a warrant, I prefer not to be bothered. Chief Administrator Schönbächler has refuted Herr Valota's evidence. She is preparing a complaint against him on my behalf.

DANKO

But --

ERICH

For making irresponsible accusations against a practicing member of the industry council.

DANKO

Now wait, just --

ERICH

Find me at my workplace tomorrow morning at nine, I will be sure to have my attorney present.

DANKO

Doctor --

ERICH

I have been performing heart surgery all day and I need to be left alone. Good evening.

DANKO

But --

Erich inches forward, steps on Danko's shoe, pushes him out and shuts the door in his face.

INT. CITROËN HATCHBACK - AFTERNOON

Tattoo and Junior drive past Versailles.

Tattoo stomps on the gas, takes a ramp to the A6 at a sign for 'Dijon / Genève'.

JUNIOR
Pretty exciting.

TATTOO
Fuck that, I'd rather be home
watching TV. If the Chief would
just let Interpol handle it --

JUNIOR
But if we can bring them in --

TATTOO
I know, I know, but it's too many
cooks in the fucking kitchen.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT / GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Erich and Sabrina carry Brigitte's body, wrapped in the
shower curtain, and stuff it in the trunk of the Bentley.

SABRINA
Mon dieu. Anything else?

ERICH
One more thing.

INT. MODERNIST APARTMENT - A MINUTE LATER

They sit on the sofa, snort lines, inspect the flat.

ERICH
We will drop them just past
Leissigen, the current flows west,
the deepest part of the lake is two
hundred meters.

SABRINA
Ah.

ERICH
On the bottom is thousands of tons
of scrap metal from World War Two,
they will never be found.

SABRINA
Brilliant.

ERICH
Then we head for the border, we
should not have any problems.

Erich puts newspapers on the floor, moves a chair and sits, Sabrina trims his hair in the style of Konrad's.

EXT. MOTORWAY - SUNSET

The Bentley drives west towards Lake Thun in light traffic.

INT. HOSPITAL / OFFICE - SAME

Arthur enters his sanctum, reaches for a shelf, a large, shiny hunting knife with a blade thirty centimeters long.

He holds it upright like a sword, puts it in its scabbard, tucks it into a shoulder bag and turns towards the door.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - A MINUTE LATER

Arthur strides for the exit, Uri enters and almost bumps into him, they look each other up and down, Uri shows his badge.

URI

Interpol Zurich, looking for a doctor Erich Kestenholtz.

ARTHUR

Aha. Come with me.

Arthur takes his arm, hustles him out to the parking lot.

EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING LOT - EVENING

Uri stares at Arthur in disbelief.

ARTHUR

The drugs, it makes sense, we must go up to Grindelwald. I think Kestenholtz has killed a man.

URI

All I have on him so far --

ARTHUR

Just trust me on this, please.

URI

All right, doctor. Come, we'll take my car.

They get in to a BMW E90 hatchback with large blue and yellow checkerboard pattern.

INT. BMW HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

An unmarked metallic green Audi parks a few meters away.

URI
What the fuck?

DIETER, 30s, wearing a leather vest and sunglasses, emerges from the Audi and heads for the hospital entrance.

Uri opens his door, jumps out of the BMW.

EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Uri runs to catch up with Dieter, who takes off his glasses.

DIETER
What the fuck?

URI
What are you doing here?

DIETER
Murder case, from Paris. You?

URI
Drug theft, Zurich, traced to a doctor here at the hospital.

DIETER
Kestenholtz?

URI
Holy shit.

DIETER
So you got anything?

URI
Maybe, but they want him in Zurich.

DIETER
The girl goes back to Paris, him too if I find him.

URI
You say.

DIETER
Murder beats the drug charge any day. Kestenholtz is an accessory. I have to bring him in.

URI
Not if I get him first.

He bolts, runs back to his car.

DIETER
Damn, it's gonna be a long night.

Dieter sprints to the Audi, Uri reaches the BMW and hops in.

INT. BMW HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Uri starts the car, Arthur looks at him.

ARTHUR
Who's that?

URI
A colleague from Interpol.

He puts on his seat belt.

URI
He's after the same man.

Shifts into first gear.

URI
For a different crime.

He floors it, peels out, heads for the street.

Slams on the brakes, screeches to a stop as an ambulance pulls in and blocks the entrance, bleeps its siren at him.

Uri bangs on the steering wheel in frustration, he jams it in reverse, the ambulance goes by.

EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dieter gets in the Audi, starts it up, burns rubber and swerves around the back of the ambulance.

He turns right, disappears in the distance, the BMW takes off in the other direction.

EXT. MOTORWAY - EVENING

The Bentley passes the small village of Leissigen, turns north on a gravel road into the forest.

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

Erich and Sabrina reach a deserted campground near a small cliff overlooking the lake.

EXT. LAKE / CAMPGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Erich and Sabrina carry Brigitte's weighted body to the cliff and hurl it over the edge, down ten meters to the water.

It lands with a splash, disappears below the surface.

They get the body bag, Erich unzips it, catches a glimpse of Konrad's corpse, tucks weights in the bag and zips it shut.

They struggle to swing Konrad's body over the cliff, it hits the water and sinks.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

The Bentley drives west towards Geneva and the French border.

EXT. STREET / SPAIN - AFTERNOON

The Bentley turns southwest on the highway out of Granada.

EXT. HIGHWAY / MÁLAGA - AFTERNOON

The Audi, the BMW hatchback and the Alfa Romeo barrel south on the A45 and turn west onto the AP7, headed for Marbella.

INT. BMW HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Arthur gains on the Audi but keeps his distance.

URI

Pass him.

ARTHUR

We don't even know where they are.

URI

Don't want him to get there first.

ARTHUR

Get where? We don't know where we're going! Do you think they're in front of us?

Uri hears a noise, glances out the window.

INT. ALFA ROMEO - CONTINUOUS

The Driver gains on the BMW hatchback, the Guardia looks out his window, smiles.

GUARDIA
Viene el pelícano.

EXT. COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

A Guardia Civil helicopter flies in from the north, zooms over the highway at low altitude.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT, 30s, and CO-PILOT, 20s, scan the cars below, converging on the AP7 coast road, but no sign of the Bentley.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Volvo, the Ford and the BMW M3 merge from the A7 onto the AP7, just a kilometer behind the other cars.

Danko in the M3 surges past Pierre and the Chief going 240 kph, he closes in on the Alfa Romeo while Arthur pushes the BMW hatchback to the limit, tries to overtake Dieter's Audi.

INT. BMW HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Uri yells at Arthur.

URI
Listen, pull over, this is
ridiculous, let them go past.

They approach an overpass, the lead cars head for Marbella, the helicopter flies by overhead, the pack zooms by as Arthur reduces his speed and drops back.

EXT. HIGHWAY / MÁLAGA - AFTERNOON

The Bentley rolls off the A338 onto AP7 west at 210 kph a few kilometers behind their pursuers, Sabrina accelerates towards traffic ahead, the Citroën follows close behind.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina spots their pursuit and increases her speed.

SABRINA
Erich, look.

Ahead in the distance they see the BMW hatchback.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter and high-speed pursuit cars continue westbound, the BMW hatchback slows.

Arthur pulls over to the shoulder and skids to a stop in the gravel, on top of a stone bridge.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Uri get out of the car, close the doors, the dog frets and barks, confined to the back seat.

A cloud of dust to the west as the pack disappears a few kilometers away, Uri pulls out binoculars, tracks the helicopter, scans the road, turns back looks east.

URI
I see something.

The Bentley approaches at 220 kph, looms larger each moment, half a kilometer away, the engine noise grows louder.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

Uri drops the binoculars.

URI
It's them.

Arthur reaches in the car, unzips the rifle case.

The Bentley comes fast from three hundred meters, the roar of the engine louder still, Arthur chambers a round.

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

Erich squints, frowns, he sees them, he leans against his door as Sabrina swerves to the left.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

Arthur takes aim, adjusts to track the Bentley.

It swerves into the left lane, cuts back and heads straight at him, a hundred meters, Uri scampers out of the way.

Arthur fires.

INT. BENTLEY - SAME

Sabrina drives directly at Arthur, sees a puff of smoke.

The rifle bullet punctures the center of the windshield, she swerves to stay on the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

Arthur dives into the gravel, the Bentley just misses him, swaps paint with the BMW and disappears in the distance, heading west at full throttle.

Uri clammers back to the car, helps Arthur up, makes a move for the driver's door.

Arthur heads him off, tosses the rifle in the back seat and starts the car.

The Citroën zooms by, engine redlining as Tattoo and Junior continue the chase.

Uri hustles around to the passenger side and gets in, barely closes his door before Arthur floors it, spraying gravel as he fishtails onto the road.

INT. BMW HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Uri latches his seatbelt, the dog whines, Arthur upshifts with a vengeance, once again in pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY / MARBELLA - AFTERNOON

The helicopter hovers, five vehicles parked at the roadside.

Pierre stands next to the Ford, smokes a cigarette and banters with the Chief, whose Volvo is parked behind him.

Dieter leans on the fender of his Audi, the Guardia and Driver stretch their legs, next to the Alfa Romeo, which is parked in front of Danko's BMW.

Danko sulks in the driver's seat.

INT. BMW M3 - CONTINUOUS

Danko wipes sweat from his forehead, frowns, he hears the helicopter engine change pitch as they drop altitude and renew the pursuit, engine noise grows in the distance.

He looks back and starts his car, the other drivers jump in their vehicles, the Bentley screams by at top speed, followed by the Citroën, then the BMW hatchback.

Gravel flies as the other cars peel out, banging fenders, tires squeal, they hit the tarmac and accelerate in pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY / MARBELLA - MINUTES LATER

The Chief's Volvo swerves back and forth across the road, holds off the Alfa Romeo, he comes up behind the checkerboard BMW and bashes the rear bumper.

INT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS

Dieter sneers with anticipation as his speedometer tops out at 240 kph, engine whining in top gear.

EXT. HIGHWAY / MARBELLA - CONTINUOUS

Pierre's Ford overtakes the Volvo and the BMW hatchback, then blazes past the Citroën, the Chief comes from behind.

Danko's M3 blasts by the Alfa Romeo, jockeys with the Audi and passes Dieter, Arthur draws close behind the Citroën.

Sabrina leads the pack, all eight cars push 260 kph as they continue west on the highway towards Gibraltar.

INT. HELICOPTER / ABOVE MARBELLA - CONTINUOUS

The Pilot and Co-Pilot point down at the dense pack of cars racing along the highway, they fly lower.

PILOT

Dios mío, look like the putamadre
Gran Premio Marlboro down there.

CO-PILOT

So who is in first place ha?

The Pilot descends to a lower altitude, noses down to increase their speed, the chopper flies over the westbound cluster of speeding cars.

PILOT

Yeah, how many laps to go, ha?

CO-PILOT

Racing for the checker flag.

EXT. AP7 HIGHWAY / APPROACHING GIBRALTAR - CONTINUOUS

Danko pushes the BMW M3 to the limit, passes the Chief, passes Arthur, makes a move on the Citroën and nudges Tattoo and Junior out of the way, a bit too hard.

The Citroën swerves, tires smoke, the car skids across the road and hits the guard rail.

It spins and flips end over end, the vehicle's hood smashes into the pavement with a concussive crash over and over as it tumbles, glass explodes and parts fly off.

Pierre pulls over, stops on the other side of the highway.

The other cars zoom by as the Citroën hurtles through the air and lands on its roof, crushed flat, the roll cage collapses from the impact.

EXT. HIGHWAY / SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Pierre jumps out of his car, runs towards the remains of the Citroën, Junior reaches out from under the smoking wreck.

The gas tank explodes in a massive fireball, KA-BOOM!

Pierre shields his eyes from the explosion, drops to his knees in the middle of the road, showered with shards of flaming sheet metal.

INT. VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

The Chief sees the explosion in his rear-view mirror.

CHIEF

Fucking son of a bitch.

EXT. HIGHWAY / COAST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Alfa Romeo accelerates and pulls up side-by-side with the Audi, the Chief leads them by a few car lengths.

Engines scream at 275 kph, the cars fly by in a blur.

INT. HELICOPTER / ABOVE MARBELLA - CONTINUOUS

The Pilot follows the pack of cars at high speed, the Bentley out in front, pulling away.

INT. BENTLEY - AFTERNOON

Sabrina keeps an eye on the rearview mirror.

ERICH

How much farther, you think?

SABRINA

Can't be more than five kilometers.

EXT. HIGHWAY / COAST ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Chief pushes the Volvo to the limit, passes Arthur in the hatchback and makes a move to pass Danko on the left.

Danko sees him, steps on the gas, nudges left, contact.

The Chief responds, jerks his steering wheel hard to the right, impact, Danko starts to skid, panics, brakes.

His car swerves, bashes the Chief's fender as he passes, both cars spin out going 210 kph, the Chief's Volvo swerves right.

Flies over an embankment, lands sideways in a sand dune, stops dead, his head flies out the window, blood splatters.

Danko's BMW flips and rolls sideways, leaps off the road to the left, splits in half as it collides with a concrete barrier, a massive explosion obliterates the vehicle.

KA-BOOM! Clouds of smoke billow skyward.

The helicopter flies through the smoke, the scenic horizon of the Costa del Sol in the background, the hazy silhouette of Gibraltar in the distance.

INT. BENTLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina grips the wheel, hair wet with sweat, eyes wide with adrenaline rush.

Erich slumps in the passenger seat, white linen shirt soaked with blood.

SABRINA

Damn! Where's the hotel?

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The Bentley skids to a stop in the sand.

SABRINA

Let's go!

She jumps out, Erich throws her the tan briefcase.

ERICH

Run!

He staggers to catch up, she dashes into the sea.

MONTY, 20s, brown and barrel-chested, drives a sleek 15-meter powerboat close to shore.

Sabrina runs through shallow water, two more cars come flying out onto the beach.

Arthur jumps out of the police car with a hunting rifle.

Uri leaps out close behind him with the dog, the chopper circles overhead.

The Guardia Civil soldiers emerge from the Alfa Romeo, pull their 9mm sidearms and commence firing at the boat.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Bullets perforate the hull, Sabrina scrambles through the surf, gunfire splinters the fiberglass next to her face.

She screams, Monty pulls her aboard.

Sabrina turns to reach for Erich, he stumbles into the water just a few meters away.

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Arthur chambers a round, raises his rifle and fires, Erich's body flexes as he takes the bullet in the back, Arthur drops his gun in disbelief.

The Guardia soldiers keep firing, Monty falls to the deck, shot in the leg, Sabrina takes a bullet in the shoulder.

Monty scrambles forward in the cockpit, jams on the throttle, the boat pitches and heads out to sea.

Sabrina looks back, hangs over the rail.

SABRINA

Erich!

Erich's bleeding corpse slips under the surf.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Arthur stumbles into the surf, pulls Erich's body up the beach, lays him flat on the sand, kneels, checks for a pulse.

The Guardia soldiers lean over Erich's body, Arthur stands up and looks out to sea, the boat disappears in the distance.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Emergency vehicles arrive, Arthur supervises as MEDTECHS, 30s, bag Erich's body and carry it to an ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL / MARBELLA - NIGHT

Arthur follows the Medtechs to an examination room.

INT. HOSPITAL / DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

A local DOCTOR, 40s, stands next to Arthur.

DOCTOR

I do not understand, why do you insist on X-rays? Cause of death was a rifle bullet, you say you shot him yourself. A fugitive from justice of course but --

ARTHUR

Bear with me, I must know.

Medtech enters with X-ray, Doctor clips it to light box, the scan of Erich's brain shows a white mass the size of a lemon, Arthur steps forward and traces it with his finger.

DOCTOR

Jesus Cristo. Tumore. Tumore di cervello. Increíble.

TECHNICIAN

Looks like we a little too late catching this fucking bastard.

ARTHUR

Much too late.

Arthur discards the X-ray.

ARTHUR

The world, it breaks everyone.

EXT. BOAT COCKPIT - DUSK

Sabrina steers while Monty bandages her shoulder, then wraps his own leg, they dock.

GANDINI, 17, skinny kid in jeans, helps them ashore.

EXT. DIRT ROAD / NORTH AFRICA - CONTINUOUS

Gandini starts up a pickup truck.

GANDINI

You safe here.

MONTY

South, Capo Negro.

SABRINA

I thought we were going to Marrakesh.

GANDINI

There was a change to the plan.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MARBELLA - EVENING

Arthur exits, meets Pierre, Uri, Dieter, Guardia Soldiers.

URI

There's a pub over in Algeciras.

They get in the cars, Arthur rides with Dieter in the Audi.

ARTHUR
My rifle.

DIETER
It's in the trunk.

They drive.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NORTH AFRICA - EVENING

The Toyota pickup trundles along near the coast.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sabrina explodes.

SABRINA
Why a change in plan?

GANDINI
Perista.

SABRINA
How did he know?

GANDINI
Police radio. Where you come from?

He looks Sabrina up and down, wet, blood-stained clothes.

GANDINI
Who are you? Where you from?

SABRINA
Too many questions.

EXT. RESTAURANT / ALGECIRAS - EVENING

The three cars pull up and park, Arthur, Uri, Dieter, Pierre, the two Guardia Soldiers get out and walk under a trellis to a rustic patio.

EXT. RESTAURANT / ALGECIRAS - MINUTES LATER

The men sit at a round table with pitchers of beer.

ARTHUR

Well. We lost four men in that damned insanity. I can't say I feel anything other than sick. But we're still here. Let's say, salud! To the memories of your comrades, killed in the line of duty.

They raise their glasses and drink.

URI

It's not over. Doctor, you took down a dangerous killer. That puts it to the rest of us to do our jobs and finish this thing.

DIETER

Any word from the helicopter?

SOLDIER 1

Too low on fuel, back to Puerto Lumbreras, no further contact. Back to Interpol, no?

DIETER

We've contacted Marrakesh, in the morning we'll return to Granada. We need to locate the accomplice.

PIERRE

I'm coming with you. We must work together.

SOLDIER 2

After today you will hear nothing from us about jurisdiction. We are at your service until the putamadre woman is captured.

SOLDIER 1

Anything we can do to get the lot of you out of Spain for good.

They laugh, and drink, but the stench of death is still fresh in their minds.

EXT. COVE / CAPO NEGRO / NORTH AFRICA - NIGHT

Gandini takes the pickup through a metal gate down a gravel drive to a grove of palm trees near the water, Sabrina gets out and helps Monty as they sneak past a huge beach mansion.

They emerge from the underbrush to find a small launch with an electric motor, offshore a twenty-five-meter yacht lies moored in the small private harbor.

MONTY

Nobody home. We take the boat, no problem. A friend of Perista. They will claim the insurance and make good money. But just in case, we go quick and quiet, va bene?

They motor out into the cove and board the larger vessel.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

Monty drives the boat, Sabrina and Gandini search the cabin, all they come up with is a flashlight, a tin of anchovies and a bottle of gin.

Monty laughs and cracks the bottle, they drink, Gandini keeps searching compartments.

SABRINA

So what's in Algiers?

MONTY

You. Perista say we must hide you under a rock. Also we will find a doctor to fix us both up.

Gandini comes back empty-handed.

MONTY

Nothing more? You couldn't bring some damn provisions? We have another twelve hours at sea. What am I going to do, put ashore? No. You're a bloody idiot.

GANDINI

I have no time, you big asshole. Perista call me, I call you, get the truck, when the hell I am supposed to pick up something? When? Change in plan, change in plan. How you think I feel? I want to be home sleeping in my bed.

Sabrina reaches for the tin of anchovies.

SABRINA

We'll make it.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

The boat cruises through a calm sea, in for a long night.

INT. OFFICE / SPITAL INTERLAKEN - DAY

Yvonne fidgets at her desk, hesitates, picks up the phone.

YVONNE

Markus Valota please, it's Yvonne.

MARKUS (FILTERED)

Hello? What's happened? I've not heard from the police, Interpol, anyone, did they...

YVONNE

Erich's dead.

MARKUS (FILTERED)

What?

YVONNE

Arthur Zurbriggen killed him, while he was trying to flee the.. murder.

MARKUS

Oh my god.

YVONNE

Markus, I should apologize.

MARKUS

Nonsense, Yvonne. This is an immense shock, to all of us, it happened so suddenly, my god. What about Arthur? Is he all right?

YVONNE

Yes, yes, he should be back here in a few days. As you say, it's been quite a shock.

EXT. HARBOR / ALGIERS - DAY

The yacht cruises past oil tankers and pulls up to an industrial dock near a cargo terminal.

Gandini on deck throws a line to the HARBOR MASTER, 40s, burly and black with soccer jersey and green trousers.

INT. YACHT - MINUTES LATER

Monty cuts the engines, Sabrina opens the briefcase.

MONTY
Bring fifty thousand.

Gandini appears in the doorway.

MONTY
What are you looking at?

GANDINI
Nothing. Just glad we made it.

MONTY
All right, let's go.

He stows the case in a compartment, locks it and gives Sabrina the key.

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Monty shakes hands with the Harbor Master.

MONTY
We'll cast off again in the
morning, god willing. Fuel her up,
will you?

He gives him a stack of cash.

EXT. STREET / ALGIERS - LATER

A taxi stops in front of a modern apartment building.

Monty, Sabrina and Gandini get out and enter the lobby.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The three emerge from an elevator and look down the hall.

A TALL DOCTOR, 50s, with dark skin and gold teeth, peeks out from a doorway and beckons them in.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

They sit, he brings them water and snacks, drags Monty into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tall Doctor goes to work on Monty's nasty leg wound.

EXT. BALCONY - AFTERNOON

Sabrina and Gandini sit and look out over the Casbah smoking cigarettes, they hear screams of pain from inside.

They look at each other, dirty and tired, share a kind of intimate moment, then gaze out at the city.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Tall Doctor gets Monty settled on the couch, all fixed up, waves at Sabrina to come into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Sabrina takes off her shirt, sits on the table, Tall Doctor takes a look at the bullet wound in her shoulder, winces.

TALL DOCTOR

This is bad. You need the hospital,
I have a colleague who can help you
for the same amount of money, yes?

SABRINA

Are you sure?

TALL DOCTOR

I do not wish to ruin your arm for
good. It must be done properly by a
surgeon. I tell Perista I will do
my best for you. In this case, my
best is to turn you over to someone
better than me.

EXT. HOPITAL EL KATTAR / ALGIERS - NIGHT

Tall Doctor stops his tiny car, drops off Sabrina, Monty and Gandini. They approach the entrance, can't help but notice a vast cemetery with thousands of gravestones right next door.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER

DR. HADEED, 30s, clean-cut but looks quite crazy, scrutinizes an X-ray of Sabrina's shoulder.

She lies on the table, scared, he injects her with a needle, she gets woozy, giggles as he goes to work on her wound.

SABRINA

So, I see there is a large cemetery behind the hospital, that makes me a bit nervous.

HADEED

It reminds us of the consequences, if we fuck up.

He yanks out the bullet, she flinches, then passes out.

INT. GUARDIA CIVIL HQ / GRANADA, SPAIN - EVENING

Arthur, Pierre, and Uri consult with CAPITAN IBANEZ, 45, a jolly tough guy. Dieter comes in and tosses a stack of papers on the table.

DIETER

We've got a lead. Art dealer, Ignacio Perista. Very high-level, he lives here in Granada. They think his net worth is more than a hundred million.

ARTHUR

What else?

DIETER

Travels frequently to Paris, maybe that's the connection. And the paintings are valued upwards of thirty million, he may be the only person in the country who could handle something like that and live to tell about it.

URI

So what do we do?

DIETER

First of all, we have probable cause. His mansion is right in San Matias, where we lost them coming through town.

PIERRE

And second of all?

DIETER
It's only a few blocks from Calle
Navas!

IBANEZ
Aha, here is a man prepared to kill
two birds with one stone.

The others look confused.

DIETER
Los Diamantes, the finest
restaurant in Granada, this crooked
bastard's crib is right on the way.

PIERRE
C'est magnifique.

URI
If we find him, we'll arrest him.
Maybe that gives us some leverage
to track down the girl.

Pierre grabs his jacket, lights up a smoke.

PIERRE
Let's go, then. I want to kick this
guy's ass. Also, I am ready to eat.

EXT. STREET / GRANADA - NIGHT

The squad approaches the tall wooden gates of Perista's
compound.

Pierre buzzes an intercom.

BUTLER (FILTERED)
Buenas.

PIERRE
Interpol, official business, we're
looking for Ignacio Perista.

BUTLER (FILTERED)
Sorry, Senyor, he is no here.

PIERRE
Open the gate.

BUTLER (FILTERED)
Un minuto.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The gate opens, the Butler comes out looking defeated, the squad enters the estate.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Cops swarm throughout the house, search for evidence.

Uri, Dieter and Pierre cross paths in the spacious open kitchen where a secret compartment has been revealed.

Uri makes a phone call.

URI

Freeze his bank accounts. And call
the Bureau for the Preservation of
Antiquities.

Dieter questions the Servants and Butler who are lined up against a wall.

More Cops arrive to secure the scene, Captain and Pierre pull Uri and Dieter aside.

CAPTAIN

You can dismiss the servants, they
can go home.

PIERRE

All right, let's go eat.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

Cops return to their cars, the Servants disperse, walking along the road.

The Butler walks with stiff legs, awkward, what's wrong with him? He staggers away in the darkness.

EXT. BUS STOP - MINUTES LATER

The Butler stands waiting, an empty bus arrives, he gets on, climbing the steps as if his legs were in a splint.

He stands holding a strap as the bus pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The Butler enters, flips on the light, walks across the room and drops his pants.

He unrolls the missing Dalí paintings from around his legs.

Then smiles that big toothy grin.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Sabrina wakes up on the table, shoulder bandaged, arm in a sling, groggy.

Monty helps her sit up, gives Dr. Hadeed his money.

Dr. Hadeed gives Sabrina some pills.

DR. HADEED

Change the bandages after two days.
You know the way out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Monty, Sabrina and Gandini, exhausted, exit and catch a waiting taxi under bright lights.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Gandini sulks in front, Monty and Sabrina sit in back.

SABRINA

Where we go, back to the boat?

MONTY

I called Perista, he's flying in to meet us, he'll be here by five.
Let's get some sleep.

Monty barks at the driver.

MONTY

A hotel, close to the harbor, the price is not important.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Gandini slumps in a plush chair, feet up on a table.

Monty snores, spread-eagled face-down on the bed, Sabrina steps out of the bathroom in a towel, nudges him, no luck.

Gandini gets up and offers Sabrina the chair, he takes a blanket and lowers himself to the carpet.

Sabrina curls up in the chair, but she's wide awake.

She slithers over to Gandini, kisses him, loses her towel, he sheds his clothes, electrified, she climbs on top, they share their desperate hunger and make passionate love.

INT. HOUARI BOUMEDIENE AIRPORT / ALGIERS - EARLY MORNING

Perista picks up some fancy booze at a luxury shop in the concourse, looking every bit the linen-clad, mega-successful international art dealer, he strolls towards the exit.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Perista hops on a shuttle bus.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Monty wakes to his alarm, chuckles as he sees Gandini scramble naked to the bathroom, Sabrina hides under a blanket. Monty lights up a smoke and limps to the balcony.

EXT. RUSTIC BAZAAR - MORNING

Monty gives Gandini some money.

MONTY

Go and get provisions, bring it to the boat, we meet you by seven.

Gandini smiles at Sabrina and dashes away.

Sabrina buys fresh clothes, Monty hits a food kiosk.

SABRINA

I want to get some hashish, this thing is killing me.

MONTY

We have time. Meet you at the boat.

SABRINA

How's your leg?

MONTY

All right, doctor fix me up good.

They part ways as the noisy harbor city comes to life.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

Monty approaches the yacht, no sign of anyone.

He climbs aboard, Gandini emerges with the briefcase.

Monty goes nuts and pulls his knife.

MONTY

You son of a bitch.

Gandini flees back into the cabin.

INT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Monty stumbles in, Gandini smashes the empty gin bottle over his head, knocks him to the deck, pulls a switchblade.

Gandini jumps on Monty, stabs him in the neck, then in the chest, rolls off as the blood gushes out.

Gandini grabs the briefcase and runs away.

EXT. STREET / GARE DE BELCOURT / ALGIERS - MORNING

Sabrina walks up to a rickety sidewalk cafe to find DARJA, 20s, a scrawny hooker, at a table.

DARJA

You one smart-looking bitch. I can get you plenty work here. These mans here they like such a foxy-looking bitch.

SABRINA

Just looking for some kif.

Darja nods, Sabrina gives her some cash, she disappears down the street, returns a minute later with a small bundle.

DARJA

You change your mind, you come back, these mans will bang you like a screen door, pay big money.

Sabrina takes the hash and bails, relieved to get away.

EXT. STREET / RUE CHAMBERY - MORNING

Sabrina meets Perista at a bus stop, they embrace.

PERISTA

I had to come and see that you were all right. I will travel with you to Cagliari, from there we may have slightly less comfortable accommodations, but we do what is necessary to keep you out of sight.

SABRINA

Oh, it's good to see you.

PERISTA

Let's get on board, no?

They stroll towards the dock, past container ships being loaded at the cargo port.

They reach the yacht and climb on board.

INT. YACHT - MORNING

In the cabin, Sabrina and Perista find Monty's blood-drenched corpse, Sabrina shrieks.

PERISTA

Gandini? The money?

She nods.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

Sabrina looks on as Perista berates the Harbor Master, who pulls out his phone and makes a call.

INT. YACHT - MORNING

They cast off and motor out.

SABRINA

What do we do with him?

PERISTA

Burial at sea. Here, they might find him right away. But further northeast, it gives them our trail. Maybe just a bit offshore. The sharks will take care of it.

Sabrina nods, Perista shakes his head.

PERISTA

Monty told me once that Gandini was like a son to him. I will repay his treachery, with a world of pain.

EXT. YACHT AT SEA - MORNING

Motoring fast across an endless expanse.

INT. YACHT - MORNING

Perista drives the boat, smokes a cigarette, Monty's body is gone, Sabrina drinks from a bottle of brandy, exhausted.

INT. YACHT / CABIN - MORNING

Sabrina wanders in and falls asleep on a luxurious bunk.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. DREAM SPACE - DAY

Music plays, Sabrina looks in a mirror, flies through it.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY

Into a massive avalanche, up in the air, Sabrina falls in the snow, two wolves attack, she screams, they bite her arms and pull her apart, then release her, she crashes through glass.

INT. LORENZO'S OFFICE / CLUB SPORT - DAY

Sabrina lands on the couch, Lorenzo pulls the knife from his head and attacks, she pulls a sword, they fight, sparks fly.

EXT. SEA CLIFF - DAY

Sabrina drives Lorenzo back off a cliff into raging waves.

INT. CASTLE CHAMBER - DAY

Sabrina and Erich sit at a table by candle light, he is made of stone, black and white veined marble, his eyes turn to dust that pours out of his eye sockets.

Roaring slow-motion boulders tumble down his face.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. YACHT - AFTERNOON

Sabrina wakes up, hears the engines slowing down.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - AFTERNOON

SUPER: INTERPOL REGIONAL HQ - MADRID, SPAIN

INT. INTERPOL HQ - AFTERNOON

Arthur, Pierre, Uri and Dieter meet with Section Chief VARGAS, 50s, an intellectual with a stomach for violence.

PIERRE

The body of the boat captain was recovered here. Indicates an eastward course. They could be headed for Palermo, Naples, Cagliari, we don't know.

ARTHUR

We believe she was an accessory in two murders, and perpetrator of the Place Pigalle killing in Paris, also transporting illegal narcotics, she's very dangerous, she must be apprehended.

Vargas is attentive but skeptical.

ARTHUR

Ignacio Perista, any possibility of bringing him in would be worth all of the resources at our disposal.

VARGAS

I understand why you're involved, doctor.

(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)

We appreciate your remarkable role, under such extreme circumstances. I will leave it to the Swiss agents here to steer a sensible course, however you must remain under their protection while they pursue the case, until you are safely delivered back to Interlaken. Go to the office in Lyon and we will hope for a break.

INT. YACHT - EVENING

Sabrina shuffles to the bridge, barely awake, Perista adjusts their course and gets on the radio.

PERISTA

Lupo, santo hermoso, dimi.

Voice of CAPTAIN LUPO, 40s, with Czech accent, replies.

LUPO (FILTERED)

Hermoso, questo il lupo, you missed our departure. Please advise if you wish to rendezvous.

PERISTA

We must get to you, what's your position?

LUPO (FILTERED)

Fifteen minutes out, we've cleared the point, south of Muravera. I will maintain harbor speed until you come alongside.

PERISTA

Ciao, lupo, we'll be with you in less than thirty minutes, as soon as possible. Mille grazie.

LUPO (FILTERED)

Ciao santo hermoso, a presto.

Perista pushes the throttles, adjusts course again, agitated.

EXT. TYRRHENIAN SEA, NEAR SARDINIA - EVENING

The yacht approaches a decrepit sixty-thousand-ton cargo ship two-hundred meters long, pulls alongside and matches speed, Sabrina emerges on the yacht deck, reaches for a dangling rope ladder, she climbs up with help from a SAILOR, 20s.

INT. YACHT - EVENING

Perista watches her board through the windscreen, he nudges the throttles, then dashes aft through a corridor.

INT. YACHT / ENGINE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Perista grabs a wrench from a hook, flattens himself in the shallow bilge water, reaches for the sea valve and cracks it open, the valve blows.

A stream of water like a fire hydrant floods the compartment, he scrambles back out to the cabin.

EXT. YACHT - EVENING

Perista emerges, leaps to grab the rope ladder, he climbs up as the yacht is scuttled and begins to sink.

INT. CARGO SHIP - MINUTES LATER

The Sailor leads Perista and Sabrina through a maze of passageways to a cabin.

INT. SHIP'S CABIN - NIGHT

CAPTAIN LUPO, 40s, a moon-faced behemoth of Czech ancestry, welcomes them aboard, gives Sabrina the once-over twice.

LUPO

I could not delay our departure, I have an itinerary to keep. But had I known you were bringing such a beautiful woman along ...

Sabrina yawns.

SABRINA

Pardonnez moi, capitain, it's been a long voyage.

LUPO

Hmph. No doubt.

Irritated, he looks at Perista.

LUPO

You have some money for me.

PERISTA

Mmm, unfortunately, our cash, it has been stolen. But I have a bank in Genoa. I will get your money as soon as we arrive.

LUPO

Maybe I will keep your lovely companion on board as collateral.

Sabrina clenches her jaw, Lupo smiles.

LUPO

I was only joking, signorina, please take no offense. I know our man here is good for it, a thousand times over. Now tell me, is there anything you require?

PERISTA

Perhaps we could get your ship's doctor to check her bandages.

LUPO

Certainly, he can also give you something potent for the pain, if you like?

SABRINA

No, I still have some pills. And a good bit of hashish.

LUPO

Aha.

She gives him the nugget.

SABRINA

Please, enjoy it, I've no taste for it anymore. From now on, I think I'll just limit myself to coffee and cigarettes. In the past, I have a tendency to overindulge.

Lupo shrugs.

LUPO

We will reach Genoa in the morning.

EXT. HARBOR / GENOA, ITALY - MORNING

Engines rumble, tugboats push the ship in to the busy port, she docks at the Calata San Lazzarino.

A dozen men come ashore on the crew gangplank, Sabrina and Perista blend with the crowd.

A cluster of Guardia di Finanza (GDF) POLICE move in, grab and wrestle the Fugitives to the ground, slap the cuffs on.

EXT. GENOA HARBOR - MORNING

A police van and motorcycles swing around the horseshoe-shaped harbor to Piazza Cavour, arrive at GDF police HQ.

INT. POLICE VAN - MORNING

Sabrina and Perista sit shackled next to two GDF Police.

PERISTA

Don't worry.

GDF POLICE

Keep quiet.

PERISTA

There's a good reason we came to Genoa in the first place, darling.

The GDF Police man punches him in the face.

INT. CLEAN JAIL CELL - MORNING

Sabrina sulks, a GDF Police man brings her coffee and cigarettes.

INT. FILTHY JAIL CELL - MORNING

Perista sits in stoic silence, his face bruised.

INT. OFFICE / GDF HQ - SAME

Pierre and Dieter petition the COMMISSARIO, 50s.

PIERRE

Five years ago, Perista pulled off a deal here, thirty million euros. So I figure, the city have a special place in his heart.

He keeps gloating.

PIERRE

They found the speed boat at Ceuta, look like a piece of Swiss cheese. The harbor master confessed, he saw the stolen yacht in Algiers. Voila. Sabrina Dunand, her landfall would have to be Genoa. No way she could risk getting on a plane.

The Commissario shrugs, Uri stands up.

URI

We want to extradite them both. The district attorney in Paris wants murder and conspiracy for the girl. Interpol wants harboring a fugitive, narcotics smuggling for the Spaniard. Until we get more information.

COMMISSARIO

Where is the evidence? I cannot comply if I am going to be made to look like a fool.

GDF Police man #2 enters, salutes.

GDF POLICE #2

The Spanish prisoner requests to make a phone call. He say he want to call his lawyer.

COMMISSARIO

You will formally file the charges?

URI

Absolutely.

COMMISSARIO

Then all right he gets his phone call. Tell him, yes, he is going to need a lawyer.

INT. POLICE STATION / GDF HQ - MORNING

Surly GDF Police man #1 cuffs Perista to a desk.

GDF POLICE #1

Your phone call, what's the number?

PERISTA

Five six three, eight one three.

GDF POLICE #1

Wait a minute, that's the number
for city hall!

PERISTA

That's right. Vorrei chiamare al
ufficio municipio.

GDF POLICE #1

You gotta be joking. Listen, smart
guy, that will do you no good, you
must go through the correct
channel, you understand?

PERISTA

I call Signore Enrico Durazzo, at
City Hall, that is correct. He's my
lawyer.

GDF POLICE #1

Don't waste my time, they not gonna
take your call. He's the deputy
mayor. The assistant to the primo
cittadino.

PERISTA

Yes, I know. Tell him that Ignacio
Perista is calling.

GDF Police man #1 growls, dials the number.

GDF POLICE #1

You only get one call.

Voice of ENRICO DURAZZO, 60, answers.

DURAZZO

Ciao, Perista, come stai? You here
in Genova?

PERISTA

Si, fratello. I am right now in
custody at police headquarters.

DURAZZO

What? Per che?

PERISTA

Mmm, it's only a big mistake, I
came in on a ship, now they're
holding me and my girlfriend for
some crazy reason. Maybe you can
help me out.

DURAZZO

Of course, I'll come over there
right away.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sabrina and Perista sit at the defense table.

Pierre and Dieter at the prosecutor's desk with the INTERPOL
GENERAL COUNSEL (IGC), 50s.

ENRICO DURAZZO, 60s, power broker extraordinaire, confers at
length with the JUDGE, 60s, up at the bench, very convivial.

The Judge smiles and waves his hand, Sabrina and Perista
stand up to leave, Durazzo gives them the nod.

They waltz out of the courtroom, everyone leaves until only
Pierre, Dieter and the IGC remain, disgruntled beyond belief.

IGC

Obviously Perista was able to pull
some strings we didn't know about.
Fact is, without the alleged
briefcase full of money, or those
particular stolen paintings, which,
by the way, were never found, we've
got no evidence. No drugs, nothing.
At this point, no case to prove.

DIETER

But, we've got to find a way to
pursue them in court. We can't let
this thing die.

IGC

Of course not. 'Necca recisa
recedite.' We don't retreat, never.
Even when we're broken.

EXT. ELEGANT SIDEWALK CAFE / GENOA - AFTERNOON

Durazzo, Sabrina and Perista enjoy espresso and biscotti.

DURAZZO

I go back to work. Without me, the
wheels of government only run so
long before they get a flat tire.

They exchange goodbyes.

DURAZZO

Your transportation has been arranged. And a car for you, signorina. I understand you plan to enjoy taking a drive across the mountains.

He strolls to his waiting limo.

PERISTA

You never told me what happened.

SABRINA

They caught up to us after Granada, half a dozen cops from all over, before we reached the boat. That man, the old man, shot Erich, he killed him.

PERISTA

Then you know what to do.

SABRINA

Does it even matter? After all this? He's an old man.

PERISTA

It's never too late for revenge.

SABRINA

He must have returned to Switzerland by now. Help me. Help me kill him.

PERISTA

I can't do it. But you can. I have something else to take care of.

SABRINA

All right. So. All this. Everything you've done, for me. Why? You could've just stayed in Spain.

PERISTA

I still love you. I know your heart belongs to someone else now, but, I still love you.

SABRINA

Va bene. Where will you go?

PERISTA

Back to Morocco. Then, who knows?
But if we can both make it to
Paris, let's meet, a month from
now. Pour le jour de Saint
Félicité.

SABRINA

Très bon. I will look for you.

They get up to kiss a reluctant but tender goodbye.

PERISTA

Oh, and I'll bring your money.

SABRINA

What? But I thought ...

PERISTA

The paintings are safe. And my men
recovered the briefcase.

SABRINA

Oh. What about Gandini?

PERISTA

Ha, you really don't want to know.

EXT. COAST / AL HOCEIMA / NORTH AFRICA - AFTERNOON

Perista arrives on horseback at a rustic stone cottage,
dismounts and carries a package inside.

INT. FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Logs burn in the fireplace, three HENCHMEN, 30s, play cards,
Henchman #1, bearded and massive, gets up when Perista
enters. Gandini lies shackled, bound and gagged in a corner.

HENCHMAN #1

We captured him at Ghazaouet. He
was heading to the ferry at Cap des
Trois Fourches.

He points to the briefcase, which sits on a crate.

Perista nods and pats him on the back, approaches Gandini.

PERISTA

You like to be close to the water.

He unwraps a ceremonial scimitar in a jeweled scabbard.

The Henchmen drag Gandini to a bench and hold him down, he struggles, eyes bulging, Perista admires the blade.

PERISTA

May this ancient punishment bring
you infinite pain in eternal hell.

He raises the sword, brings it down to chop off Gandini's left hand, then again, taking the right.

A Henchman wraps Gandini's arms with rope to stop the fountains of blood, Gandini screams in agony.

Perista thrusts the scimitar into the flames, blood sizzles as he mutters the final secret curse.

Perista hands the sword to a Henchman, then drags Gandini out the door.

EXT. COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Perista wrangles his struggling captive down to the end of a dock in a deep cove.

He removes the ropes, Gandini screams, his severed arms gushing blood, Perista pushes him into the water.

Gandini flounders and treads water for a moment, then is attacked and eaten alive by a pack of tiger sharks, his final scream cut off as he's pulled under.

EXT. STREET / INTERLAKEN - AFTERNOON

A white Fiat rental car cruises through town, turns into the parking lot outside Spital Interlaken.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Sabrina parks the car, gets out and walks around.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

A few PERSONNEL come and go at the hospital entrance.

Sabrina approaches but remains in the shadows.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Arthur Zurbruggen emerges and trudges to his car. Sabrina follows, sneaks up behind him.

SABRINA
Hey, old man.

ARTHUR
Good God. What the hell.

SABRINA
Bastard. You shot Erich in the back like a dog, you fucking bastard, I'll kill you.

ARTHUR
You're both killers, aren't you?
You're both fucking sick, you know?

She freaks out, screaming.

SABRINA
What does it have to do with you?
Why couldn't you just mind your own business?

ARTHUR
So! You did kill Konrad, I knew it.
I suppose you, you ... threw his body in the lake.

Stunned EMPLOYEES watch from a distance.

ARTHUR
Mind my own business. Nothing to do with me. Have you lost your mind?

They circle each other, closing the distance, threatening.

ARTHUR
Of course, you must be hopped up on the same stuff Erich was on, ya?
The vigilante warrior princess. So, now all bets are off, yes?

She pulls a steak knife, he yanks out his hunting knife.

Arthur takes a swing at her, slashes her face, she falls, recovers and jumps up.

Sabrina smiles, blood drips from the deep wound. She flips her knife in the air, catches the blade, winds up and throws it full force.

The knife plunges into Arthur's left eye socket, his head flies back, a fountain of blood spurts out of his skull, his body slumps to the pavement.

Sabrina cries out, stunned at the speed and accuracy of the kill, hands to her face in momentary shock.

Yvonne comes running, stops at Arthur's body.

Sabrina and Yvonne stare at each other.

YVONNE

Haven't you done enough damage?

SABRINA

Listen ...

YVONNE

I know who you are, damn you. I loved Erich too, you know.

SABRINA

Then you should thank me, for avenging him.

YVONNE

I can't do that.

SABRINA

I understand. Do you know what Albert Camus said? "It's necessary to fall in love. If only to provide an alibi for all the random despair you're going to feel anyway."

Sabrina reaches her car, holds up the knife.

SABRINA

Back to the jungle.

She smiles, her face dripping blood.

SABRINA

Let's see those fucking bastards catch my sweet ass now.

She gets in the car, Yvonne retreats.

Sabrina drives away in the cold rain and snow.

FADE OUT.