

**"THE BOURNE IDENTITY"**

by

Tony Gilroy

Based on the novel

by

Robert Ludlum

**PARIS DRAFT 9/20/00**

**DARKNESS. THE SOUND OF WIND AND SPRAY.**

**MUSIC. TITLES.**

**EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT**

across  
beams --  
FISHING  
The darkness is actually water. A SEARCHLIGHT arcs  
heavy ocean swells. Half-a-dozen flashlights -- weaker  
racing along what we can see is the deck of an aging  
**TRAWLER.**

water --  
FISHERMEN struggling with a gaff -- something in the

**A HUMAN CORPSE.**

**EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT**

once --  
presence  
THE BODY sprawled there. The Sailors all talking at  
three languages going -- brave chatter to mask the  
of death --

**SAILOR #1**

-- Jesus, look at him --

**SAILOR #2**

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

**SAILOR #3**

-- look, look he was shot --

(nudging the body --)

**SAILOR #1**

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

**SAILOR #2**

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

**SAILOR #1**

-- so have some respect -- it's a --  
(stopping as --)

THE BODY MOVES! -- convulsing -- coughing up sea water  
--  
the Sailors -- freaked -- jumping back -- standing  
there, as --

THE MAN begins to breathe.

**INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- NIGHT**

A wreck. Too small for all the people in here right now  
--  
SAILORS sweeping off the table -- rough hands laying  
THE MAN  
down --  
the  
THE CAPTAIN -- brutal and impatient -- watching from  
door as --  
medical  
bloodshot  
GIANCARLO tears through the clutter -- searching for a  
kit buried in the shambles. GIANCARLO is sixty. A  
soul.

**GIANCARLO**

-- it's here -- hang on -- it's here  
somewhere -- give me a minute -- get  
some blankets -- get some blankets  
on him --

(finding the kit --)

-- here we go -- here it is --

GIANCARLO with an old trunk -- just getting it open, as  
--

**THE CAPTAIN**

Giancarlo.

(Giancarlo turns back --)

We pick him up? Okay, we have to

pick him up. But that's as far as it goes.

**GIANCARLO**

He needs a doctor.

**CAPTAIN**

Fuck that. He lives? He dies? I don't care. We've wasted two hours on this shit already. You do what you can, but we're not going back.

(pure steel now)

You understand me?

**GIANCARLO**

Yes, sir.

**CAPTAIN**

(to the rest of them)

Let's get back to work!

on a  
GIANCARLO watching them run out. Snagging a quick pull  
pint of rum he's got stashed and --

**INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAWN -- TIME CUTS**

swings  
groans --  
languages.  
Transformed into a makeshift operating room. A light  
overhead. THE MAN layed out across the table. Sounds --  
words -- snatches of them -- all in different

Cutting  
bullet  
--  
out  
GIANCARLO playing doctor in a greasy kitchen apron.  
away the clothes. Turning THE MAN on his side. Two  
wounds in the back. Probing them, judging them.  
Now -- GIANCARLO with a flashlight in his teeth -- TINK  
TINK -- TINK -- bullet fragments falling into a washed-  
olive jar.

THE  
in --  
at  
Now -- something catching GIANCARLO'S EYE -- A SCAR ON  
MAN'S HIP -- another fragment -- exacto knife cutting  
tweezers extracting A SMALL PLASTIC TUBE, not a bullet

all, and as it comes free --

CUT

THE MAN'S HAND SLAMS down onto GIANCARLO'S and we SMASH  
**INTO A --**

FIRST PERSON POV -- we are staring up at --

**GIANCARLO**

You're awake. Can you hear me?  
(we're blinking --)  
You've been shot. I'm trying to help  
you.  
(we're trying to find  
our voice --)  
You were in the water. You've been  
shot. It's okay now.

**THE MAN**

Where am I?

**GIANCARLO**

(switching to English)  
You're American. I thought so. From  
your teeth -- the dental work --

**THE MAN**

Where am I?

**GIANCARLO**

You're on a boat. A fishing boat.  
Italian flag. We're out of Vietri.  
(he smiles)  
It's the cold that saved you. The  
water. The wounds are clean. I'm not  
a doctor, but the wounds, it looks  
okay. It's clean.

**THE MAN**

How did I get here?

**GIANCARLO**

You we're lost at sea. They pulled  
you out.  
(we say nothing)  
Who are you?  
(still nothing)  
You were shot -- two bullets -- in  
the back. You understand me?  
(we try to nod)  
Who are you?

Long dead pause.

**THE MAN**

I don't know.

**EXT. OCEAN -- DAY**

The Trawler plows through heavy seas.

**INT. FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- DAY**

flashlight --  
of  
GIANCARLO is hunched over a desk -- tweezers and  
busy working at that strange plastic tube that came out  
THE MAN's hip.

like  
right  
the  
THE MAN is bandaged. He's sitting up, and it must hurt  
hell, but physical pain is not the thing troubling him  
now. He's staring around the room -- at his body -- at  
walls -- haunted --

**THE MAN**

What if it doesn't come back?

**GIANCARLO**

(still working that  
tube)

I told you. You need to rest.

sense  
of all this.  
Silence. THE MAN can't rest. Too busy trying to make

**THE MAN**

I can read. I can read that sign on  
the door. I can count. I can talk...

(focusing now --)

What are you doing?

glass --  
GIANCARLO rummaging around -- finding a magnifying

**THE MAN**

What is that?

tube --  
INSERT -- MAGNIFIED POV -- a slip of plastic from the

written there -- 000-7-17-12-0-14-26. GEMEINSCHAFT

BANK,

**ZURICH.**

**GIANCARLO**

It came from your hip. Under the skin.

(turning back --)

You have a bank in Zurich.

(waiting)

You remember Zurich?

**THE MAN**

No.

GIANCARLO staring at him now. Different suddenly.  
Suspicious.

**GIANCARLO**

Look, I'm just on this boat, okay?  
I'm an engineer. Whatever this is,  
it's not for me to be involved, okay?

**THE MAN**

I don't remember Zurich.

GIANCARLO pulls his pint. Takes a hit.

**GIANCARLO**

(offering the bottle --)

You drink rum?

**THE MAN**

I don't know.

**EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- NIGHT**

lost. He  
propped  
THE MAN stands at the rail, staring out to sea. So  
turns to head inside -- there, a surfcasting rod  
against a locker.

line --  
first  
THE MAN picks up the rod -- flips the bail -- traps the  
now he's casting far out into the darkness. And for the  
time, he smiles.

**INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT**

staring  
move --  
turning on

A ratty old espresso machine. THE MAN standing there,  
at the thing like it's a test. Then his hands begin to  
trying to pack a grind -- trying to fit it in --  
the steam and --  
The whole thing explodes.

**EXT. FISHING BOAT DECK -- DAY**

still  
pushing  
hoping

THE MAN alone doing chin-ups on the deck rail. He's  
bandaged and the wounds must hurt like hell, but he's  
himself. Using the pain -- bathing in it -- maybe even  
that it will hold some answer for him.

**INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY -- NIGHT**

lingers  
off  
faster --

A chess board. Wooden pieces jumbled in a box. THE MAN  
hesitates -- takes a black knight from the box --  
for a moment -- and then places it on the board. He's  
and running. He knows this. Placing pieces faster and  
still setting it up, as we --

**INT. FISHING BOAT HEAD -- NIGHT**

standing  
Staring at

One of the ugliest bathrooms on the planet. THE MAN  
before a pitted, tarnished, cataract of a mirror.  
himself.

And then he speaks.

**THE MAN**

(in perfect French)  
I don't know who I am. Do you know  
who I am? Do have any idea who I am?

just

And then he stops. Blinks. Wipes away the perspiration  
beading on his forehead.

**THE MAN**

(in perfect Dutch)

Tell me who I am. If you know who I am, please stop fucking around and tell me.

No answer. Just that face. His face. Who am I?

And what else is inside there?

**EXT. FISHING BOAT -- DAY**

but  
Getting  
SAILORS hauling in the nets. THE MAN -- still bandaged, healing -- working beside them. Earning his keep. healthy.

**EXT. ITALIAN COASTLINE -- DAWN**

in.  
A small, colorful fishing village. The trawler motoring

**INT. THE FISHING BOAT BUNK ROOM -- SAME TIME**

pulling  
THE MAN buttoning up borrowed clothes. GIANCARLO some cash from his pocket --

**GIANCARLO**

(offering the money)  
It's not much, but it should get you to Switzerland.

**THE MAN**

I won't forget this.

GIANCARLO gives him a look. Shakes his head, and --

**INT. POKEY ITALIAN TRAIN STATION -- DAY**

The ticket window. THE MAN and a TICKET AGENT.

**TICKET AGENT**

Una sola via?

**THE MAN**

Si. One way. Una sola via.

**EXT. TGV -- DAY**

snow-  
A HELICOPTER SHOT -- a bullet train speeds through

is... capped Alps. We move in on a window -- and staring out

**INT. TGV TRAIN -- DAY**

businessmen -- ...THE MAN. People all around him -- families --  
back to normal people going about their lives. THE MAN turns  
looking the window, but he's not watching the scenery -- he's  
into at his reflection. So lost. His face suddenly plunged  
darkness as the train bombs into a tunnel...

**EXT. TRAIN -- NIGHT**

HELICOPTER ...and out of the darkness into night and the  
SHOT, as the train races toward ZURICH.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

African A VIDEO MONITOR -- FULL FRAME -- meet WOMBOSI. He's an  
in ex-dictator, think Idi Amin crossed with Mobutu. He's  
and a some sort of throne room. And he's angry. Bodyguards  
is translator hovering nervously around him. What this is,  
station. NEWS FOOTAGE -- an interview conducted by a German TV

**WOMBOSI**

(he speaks english)  
...no, no, no -- the time is not  
right, my enemies are too strong.  
I'm telling you to wait for this,  
you understand? I'm telling you this,  
and I'm making a warning to all those  
peoples out there that think that my  
powers have become so weak that they  
can play with me as they wish. You  
will see -- I will tell you when the  
evidence is clear. Then you will  
have a story. My old friends will  
hear about themselves.  
(stopping, freezing  
on that image, and --)

floor. MARSHALL, a CIA bigwig has the remote control. And the

**MARSHALL**

That's Nykwana Wombosi speaking in Paris the day before yesterday. I'm sure most of you have a passing knowledge of Mr. Wombosi. Some of you on the African desks have worked with him over the years. Some of you very closely...

in TWELVE CIA MANDARINS sitting around the table like kids  
detention. We will tour the faces as MARSHALL  
continues, but the guy we're interested in is named WARD ABBOTT.  
Picture a sawier, slicker John Poindexter.

**MARSHALL**

...He was an irritation before he took power. He was a problem when he was in power. And he's been a disaster for us in exile.

(the tape --)

Wombosi likes to send us messages through the European media. This is an interview we pulled down from a local German television station in Dresden. We've been getting these little broadsides every couple of months. He knows this -- he knows that -- he's writing a book about the Agency's history in Africa -- he's going to name names. It's basically a shakedown...

suggest ABBOTT'S FACE says this is news to him. HIS HANDS  
otherwise.

**MARSHALL**

This interview -- and I'll make the tape available for anyone who wants it -- he goes on to claim that he has just survived an assassination attempt. He says it's us. He says he's got proof.

(beat)

The overwhelming negative ramifications of this should be

obvious.

(hard and dry)

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

Long pause. No hands go up.

**INT. ZURICH TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT**

PLACE

THE MAN wandering through the terminal. Passing A PIZZA closing up for the night.

slice.

**EXT. ZURICH STREETS -- NIGHT**

THE MAN walking aimlessly.

**EXT. ZURICH PARK -- NIGHT**

chilly

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

Just settling in, when --

**ZURICH COP #1 (O.S.)**

(authority German)

Can't you read the signs?

THE MAN turns. TWO ZURICH COPS coming toward him.

**ZURICH COP #2**

On your feet. Let's go. Right now.

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

**ZURICH COP #1**

The park is closed. There's no sleeping in the park.

**ZURICH COP #2**

Let's see some identification.

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

**ZURICH COP #1**

Come on. Your papers. Let's go.

**THE MAN**

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

**ZURICH COP #1**

(not sympathetic)  
Okay. Let's go. Put your hands up.

**ZURICH COP #2**

(pulling his nightstick)  
-- come on -- hands up -- up --

reaching up THE MAN raising his hand slowly -- ZURICH COP #1  
to pat him down --

**THE MAN**

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

with ZURICH COP #2 has heard enough -- giving a sharp poke  
last the nightstick -- into THE MAN's back -- and that's the  
thing he'll remember because --

THE MAN is in motion.

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

but COP #1 -- behind him -- trying to reach for his pistol,  
single THE MAN -- still turning -- all his weight moving in a  
fluid attack -- a sweeping kick and --

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

COP #2 -- writhing on the ground -- gasping for air --  
struggling with his holster -- THE MAN -- his foot --  
down --  
--  
like a vise -- onto COP #2's arm -- shattering the bone  
--  
COP #2 starting to scream, and then silenced because --  
THE MAN -- he's got the pistol -- so fucking fast --  
he's  
the  
got it right up against COP #2's forehead -- right on  
edge of pulling the trigger -- he is, he's gonna shoot  
him --

**ZURICH COP #2**

(gasping, pleading)

-- no -- please God no -- please  
don't -- please no -- my Go

-- stopping as --

THE MAN slams the gun against his temple and --

This fight is over.

THE MAN standing there. In the silence. Two unconscious  
cops  
at his feet. Blood on his pants. What just happened?  
How did  
it  
he do this? And there's THE GUN in his hand. And God,  
just feels so natural -- checking it -- stripping it  
down --  
done  
holding it -- aiming it -- like this is something he's  
a million times before...

This is something he definitely knows how to do.

And then he stops cold. Throwing down the gun. Running  
off  
into the darkness --

**INT. TREADSTONE -- DAY**

A deep, inner office. An ops office. Operations.  
Unlabeled  
and anonymous. A backwater project center hidden deep  
within  
the Langley facility. Utilitarian. Several rooms linked  
like  
a suite.

Small staff. SEVERAL TECHNICIANS. One or two for  
communications. A couple for research. People are at  
their posts. And it's all quiet. But they are busy. Quietly  
urgent. This is a place under siege.  
ZORN is the number two here. Brilliant bloodless  
lapdog. He's coming through the suite. Coming through quickly.  
Heading toward the boss's little office at the back --  
TED CONKLIN. Ivy League Ollie North. Buttoned down.  
Square jaw. Everything tucked away. But there's tension in the  
air. Work on the desk. Cot in the corner.

**CONKLIN**

(looking up)

What?

**ZORN**

Abbott wants to talk.

**CONKLIN**

Tell him we're busy.

**ZORN**

I tried.

**INT. CIA COMMISSARY -- NIGHT**

ABBOTT with coffee. CONKLIN not lingering.

**ABBOTT**

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

**CONKLIN**

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

**ABBOTT**

We're talking about Marseille. We're  
talking about Nykwana Wombosi. And  
I'm asking you if this abortion in  
Marseille has anything to do with  
Treadstone.

(silence)

Was this Treadstone?

**CONKLIN**

You're asking me a direct question?

**ABBOTT**

Yes.

**CONKLIN**

I thought you were never going to do that.

Silence. Pressure drop.

**ABBOTT**

They're putting together an agency oversight committee. They're going to look through everyone's budgets. Treadstone is a rather sizable line item in my ledger.

(beat)

What am I going to do about that?

**CONKLIN**

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

**ABBOTT**

And what if I couldn't do that?

**CONKLIN**

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

(silence)

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

(Abbott staring)

We'll clean up the field. You clean up your budgets.

**EXT. ZURICH -- DAY**

Morning in the financial district. Upscale. Uptight.

GEMEINSCHAFT BANK just one of many elegant fortresses

this street. Everything just now opening for business.

on

TWO

GUARDS unlocking the front door and --

Checking

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

**INT. BANK RECEPTION AREA -- DAY**

Ornate, formidable and tech at the same time.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Can I help you?

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

**THE MAN**

I'm here about a numbered account.

THE RECEPTIONIST nods. Pulls a pen and bank card.

**RECEPTIONIST**

(instant English)

If you'll just enter your account  
number here I'll direct you to the  
appropriate officer.

THE MAN takes the pen, as we --

**INT. BANK SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY**

A BIO-METRIC SCANNER. A piece of ultra-tech amidst the  
Baroque. TWO SERIOUS BANK GUARDS manning the equipment.

him?

THE MAN standing there, staring down at this machine.  
Something ominously decisive about this. What if it's

What if it's not?

**BANK GUARD #1**

They've been waiting your hand, sir...

his

THE MAN focuses. Here we go -- BANK GUARD #2 guiding  
open palm onto the mirrored scanning surface.

wave

THE MAN catching his reflection for a moment before a  
of white light passes beneath his hand and now --

**INT. BANK HALLWAY -- DAY**

elevator. THE MAN being led by A THIRD GUARD to a special

**INT. DEEPER INSIDE THE BANK -- DAY**

anal Elevator doors open. THE MAN steps out. MR. APFEL --  
Zurich banker -- waiting there.

**APFEL**

Good morning, sir. I assume you're here about your box.

**THE MAN**

...yes...  
(what now?)  
The box.

APFEL nods. Gestures down the corridor --

**INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT VIEWING ROOM -- DAY**

sitting Sterile and kind of odd. But total privacy. THE MAN  
BOX there, as A DEPOSIT GUARD places a large SAFETY DEPOSIT  
behind before him. THE GUARD leaves the room. Closing the door  
him.

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

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

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

**BOURNE**

My name is Jason Bourne.  
(sounds good)  
Hi, I'm Jason. Jason Bourne. Jason

Bourne, nice to meet you.

comb.  
Rolex.

BACK TO -- THE BOX -- the shallow tray on top. There's Kleenex. Several sets of contact lenses. A knife. A

Three sticks of gum. A ring. A pair of sunglasses. A

tray.  
BOURNE setting these things aside. Lifting the top

Staring into THE DEEP BOTTOM TRAY and --

First of all...

hundreds.  
GUN. A

MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of

Lots of them. Close to a million dollars. There's A very good gun. Several clips of ammo. And...

with  
to a

FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Crisp. Brand new. All

his photo inside. Five different names. Three different Countries. Each one of these pristine passports clipped

piece of card stock that says:

**NAME:**  
**NATIONALITY:**  
**PLACE OF ISSUE:**  
**SIGNATURE SAMPLE:**

Belgian.

And a bar code.  
Two Dutch passports. A French. A South African. A

And...

clip in  
place. And no passport. This card reads:

NAME: John Michael Kane  
**NATIONALITY: U.S.A.**  
PLACE OF ISSUE: Paris, France  
There's a signature sample.  
And a bar code. But no passport. This one is missing.

away.  
BOURNE sitting there. Trying to push his confusion

**BOURNE**

Bourne. My name is Jason Bourne. I  
live at 121, Rue de la Jardin, Paris.

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

Suddenly, it's all fucked up.

there's BOURNE into gear. Looking around the room -- there --  
grabbing a pile of red canvas burn bags in the corner. BOURNE  
except... one -- stuffing everything into it -- everything

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

**INT. BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT OUTER AREA -- DAY**

GUARD -- BOURNE is done. Handing the box back to THE DEPOSIT

**BOURNE**

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

**DEPOSIT GUARD**

I'm not sure. Must be three weeks.

**EXT. STREETS OF ZURICH -- DAY -- VARIOUS SHOTS**

He's BOURNE exits the bank. The red bag full to its limit.  
sight. walking briskly now. Looking for a taxi. Nothing in

corner -- BOURNE crossing the street. Shit, there's A COP on the  
turn -- change pace -- make it look natural --

moment -- BOURNE around a corner. And it's looking good for a  
walking but only a moment -- TWO MORE COPS walking a beat --  
this way -- turn -- cut -- cross the street --

Pulse BOURNE heading down a boulevard. Trying to look small.

is a  
from

starting to race. Fighting the paranoia. Where the hell  
cab? Turning back fast as A SIREN starts bleeding in  
behind him --

It's just an ambulance.

--  
ticket --

BOURNE turning back. Forcing himself to focus. And fuck  
there's A METER MAID, and she's stopped writing up a  
she's staring at him and --

stay  
-

BOURNE trying not to panic -- don't run -- smile --  
small -- get to the corner -- scan the options -- but -

pulling

THE METER MAID -- she's watching him go and she's  
her radio and --

forcing

BOURNE hitting this next corner -- banging a right --  
himself not to run -- glancing back and --

searching --

THERE'S ANOTHER COP -- but this one is jogging --  
he's got his radio out and --

**FINALLY TO --**

BOURNE bailing on the street -- disappearing into --

**EXT. U.S. EMBASSY COMPOUND -- DAY**

standing  
people  
possible as

Big gates. Speed barricades. SEVERAL U.S. MARINES  
guard near a gate house. An American flag. Lots of  
coming and going. BOURNE playing it as normal as  
he heads for the entrance.

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE ZURICH -- VISA ROOM -- DAY**

Unpleasant  
a

The passport and visa office. Big room. No windows.  
on purpose. Two lines: A short one for U.S. Citizens,

in  
American  
looking for  
think.  
outside,

marathon for everyone else. CONSULATE CLERKS stationed  
open cubicles along the back wall. And it's a zoo.  
tourists who've lost their passports. Foreigners  
visas. Asylum seekers. Everyone here has a problem.  
BOURNE on the U.S. line. Standing there trying to  
What's he gonna say? What can he say? With the cops  
and the incident in the park, then the bank...

**MARIE (O.S.)**

-- no, this is not my current address.  
It was my current address two days  
ago when I started standing in line  
outside --

energy.  
because

A NEARBY CUBICLE. Meet MARIE KREUTZ. German. Big  
Real beauty hidden beneath the armor. And armor it is,  
this is a warrior in full, crisis battlemode.

**MARIE**

-- and so now I lost my apartment, I  
have no address, and I have no visa,  
and you keep telling me how much  
help you cannot give me!

A CONSULATE CLERK caught in her headlights.

**CLERK**

Miss Kreutz, please... I'm gonna  
have to ask you to keep your voice  
down.

**MARIE**

All the papers -- all the papers  
they asked for -- I brought all the  
papers --

**CLERK**

Miss Kreutz, excuse me, but you  
entered into a fraudulent marriage  
in an effort to circumvent the  
immigration laws of the United States --

**MARIE**

You only know that because I told

you!

(she's incredulous)

Ask the case officer -- find his name -- it's on the papers -- I told him all this myself! --

(tearing through the papers now --)

**CLERK**

-- it's not the source of the information that's important here --

**MARIE**

-- I paid this fucking guy -- I paid him four thousand dollars -- my last four thousand dollars to marry me, okay? -- I told this to the case officer last week...

(she's found it --)

...here -- Mr. Thomas. I told Mr. Thomas I didn't know this guy was already married -- I admitted this!

**CLERK**

-- Miss Kreutz, please --

**MARIE**

-- I'm the one that got ripped off! -- not you -- not the United States government -- me -- I'm the one being ripped off!

**CLERK**

So now you're asking for a student visa?

That shuts her up. Yes. Today she's a student.

**INT. CIA OFFICE COMPLEX -- NIGHT (BUT SAME TIME)**

chasing  
Motion -- CONKLIN racing down a staircase -- ZORN  
after --

**CONKLIN**

-- and they're sure it's him? --

**ZORN**

-- he accessed the account --

**CONKLIN**

-- but it was him --

**ZORN**

-- yes, sir, it's confirmed --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE -- VISA ROOM -- DAY**

BOURNE on line. Fear meter rising by the minute.

**BOURNE'S POV**

TURKISH

a

their

A

-

Scanning the room -- the perimeter -- the people -- A  
MAN almost in tears as he tries to explain his case to  
DESK CLERK -- TWO AMERICAN BACKPACKERS that have lost  
passports -- MARIE still in the midst of her madness --  
SECURITY CAMERA high on the wall capturing everything -  
lots of data -- too much going on and --

**MAN ON LINE (O.S.)**

(from behind him)

You're up.

BOURNE comes to. Shit. It's his turn.

think --

now

friendly

A WOMAN CLERK waving him forward. BOURNE trying to  
what the fuck is he doing? -- what's he gonna say? --  
he's at the window, and if he was looking for a  
face, he came to the wrong place --

**WOMAN CLERK**

(cold shit)

You're a U.S. Citizen?

**BOURNE**

Yes.

(pause)

I mean, I think so. Yes. Yes...

**WOMAN CLERK**

Well, either you are, or you aren't.

**BOURNE**

Right.

**WOMAN CLERK**

You have your passport?

**BOURNE**

I have a passport. I've got...  
(the bag there, but...)  
Actually, it's a little complicated.

**WOMAN CLERK**

Do you have your passport, sir?

**BOURNE**

Look, maybe I should just...

**WOMAN CLERK**

Sir, you waited on line.

**BOURNE**

Yeah, I know...

the  
But he's already bailing, walking away from the woman,  
window, the room -- he's out of here --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY -- DAY**

trying  
just  
BOURNE on the move -- hustling back toward the lobby --  
to snag a view out to the street -- there's a window  
ahead and --

street --  
and --  
BOURNE'S WINDOW POV -- ZURICH COPS -- outside -- on the  
half-a-dozen of them lingering around the entry gate

can't  
front  
BOURNE stalled for a moment -- options dwindling -- he  
go back to the passport office -- he can't go out the  
and --

entry  
MARINES  
The lobby looks tough -- there are two other points of  
into the main building, but they're both guarded by  
and METAL DETECTORS --

As he gets closer -- it gets worse --

conversation  
A ZURICH POLICE INSPECTOR near the door, in deep

-  
with TWO MARINES and THE EMBASSY SECURITY OFFICER and -  
-  
trying  
the  
corridor,  
here --  
to  
and --  
BOURNE trying to burrow through the human traffic --  
to get to THE LARGER OF THE TWO ENTRY GATES -- this one  
farthest from the front door and the passport office  
and it's the most crowded -- A COUPLE PEOPLE lined up  
waiting for one of THE THREE MARINES STAFFING THIS POST  
check their bags and pass them through a metal detector

**SECURITY CHIEF (O.S.)**

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

--  
BOURNE turns back -- as does everyone else in the lobby  
--

**SECURITY CHIEF**

(from across the lobby)

-- YOU -- red bag -- the red bag --  
stop right there! -- hands up! --

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

**GUN MARINE**

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

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

He's swinging the backpack and --

and --  
THE GUN MARINE -- nailed -- blind-sided -- no chance

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

him --  
ANOTHER GATE MARINE -- right there -- trying to grab

his  
guy's  
HIM --  
lobby

making his move -- BOURNE -- almost an afterthought --  
boot -- like a knife -- out of nowhere -- SNAP! -- the  
arm just shattered and --  
THE SECURITY CHIEF -- freaking out -- TWO MARINES WITH  
they're raising their weapons and there's people in the  
and --

**SECURITY CHIEF**

-- no -- no -- hold your fire! --

away  
with the

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

**SOMEONE SCREAMING**

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

it --  
searches  
wand of  
everyone  
hallway --  
-

And he does -- BOURNE with the M-16! -- coming up with  
coming up on the move -- swinging it around as he  
for an escape route and THE GUN -- it's like a magic  
hysteria --  
PEOPLE IN THE LOBBY -- SCREAMING -- diving away --  
dropping for cover and --  
BOURNE -- bailing -- on the run -- sprinting down a  
tossing away the M-16 as he sprints into the building -

**THE SECURITY CHIEF**

(frantic on his radio  
now --)

-- red! -- red! -- red! -- code red! --  
South side entrance! -- male -- five-  
ten, brown hair -- black jacket --  
red bag --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY**

carpeted  
suddenly --

Quiet for a second -- offices on either side of a  
hallway -- BUREAUCRAT-TYPES doing their thing, when

**BUREAUCRAT #1**

Excuse me? Can I help you?  
(but backing up as he  
says it, because --)

does  
Here comes BOURNE -- coming fast -- and he definitely  
not belong back here --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE LOBBY/SECURITY GATE -- DAY**

hustling  
Panic -- people fleeing the lobby -- MORE MARINES  
in from outside and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIRE STAIRWELL -- DAY**

dead  
Door flies open -- BOURNE bombing in -- shit! -- it's a  
end -- no way out but up the stairs --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY**

jogging  
frantic guy  
SECURITY CHIEF -- THREE MARINES -- sidearms drawn --  
past the INNER OFFICES -- running beside them, a  
in a suit --

**DEPUTY DCM**

-- what're you talking about? --

**SECURITY CHIEF**

-- we're evacuating the building --

**DEPUTY DCM**

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

**SECURITY CHIEF**

-- call the code! -- I want everyone  
out! --

**DEPUTY DCM**

-- you gotta give me more to go on --

**SECURITY CHIEF**

-- he's running from the cops, he's got a bag filled with God knows what, he's in the building and I don't know where! --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY**

time --  
--  
BOURNE climbing fast -- two -- three -- stairs at a racing up as a SECURITY ALARM STARTS SCREAMING -- bleet bleet -- bleet --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH-FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY**

sixty  
THE ALARM ringing everywhere -- TRADE CONFERENCEES -- confused and frightened people -- spilling out into the corridor --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR KITCHENETTE -- DAY**

anything,  
the  
-  
coffee  
A NEW DOOR flying open -- it's BOURNE -- ready for but there's nothing -- he's in a butler's prep area off main conference room -- momentum stalled for a moment - nothing in here but tablecloths and silverware and cups and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWAY -- DAY**

stairs --  
THREE MARINES -- armed and stoked -- staring up the leapfrogging -- point-to-point assault procedure --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN STAIRS -- DAY**

NOW --  
down  
Carpeted and grand -- SECURITY CHIEF with FIVE MARINES charging up -- pushing past THE PEOPLE trying to come and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY**

over --  
stairs --  
Completely clogged now -- PANICKED TRADE PEOPLE all EMBASSY TYPES -- trying to herd them toward the main

and -- everyone talking at once -- THAT ALARM STILL BLARING

**VOICE (O.S.)**

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

the And as the crowd reacts -- as they mob back away from  
was main stairway -- we see -- holy shit, the guy yelling

**BOURNE --**

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE BACK STAIRWELL -- DAY**

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

**LEAD MARINE**

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

combined MARINE GUNS swinging up -- trigger fingers tense and --  
DOWN IT'S TRADE PEOPLE! and now THEY'RE SCREAMING and this  
with THE ALARM and THE MARINES YELLING FOR THEM TO GET  
and ALL OF IT ECHOING THROUGH THE STAIRWELL and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

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

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY**

main THE SECURITY CHIEF -- HIS MARINES -- coming from the  
the stairs -- weapons drawn -- fighting their way through  
pandemonium and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

empty now --  
papers  
BOURNE scanning for options -- the room is huge --  
the massive conference table covered with the meeting  
left behind -- windows along one wall and --  
BOURNE rushes to the window staring down and --

**BOURNE'S WINDOW POV**

drop --  
Fifty feet below there's a courtyard -- it's a sheer  
completely fucked and --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY**

CONFERENCE  
SECURITY CHIEF -- TWO MARINES -- just outside THE  
ROOM DOOR -- trying it -- it won't budge and --

**SECURITY CHIEF**

-- blow it -- shoot it open! --

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

TAT-  
THE DOOR -- shattering -- eaten up by GUNFIRE! -- TAT-  
TAT-TATTAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! and --

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

**THE ROOM IS EMPTY!**

**EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY**

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

**INT. U.S. CONSULATE MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

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

**SECURITY CHIEF**

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

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

and -- MARINE POV -- all clear -- no way he went down there

**EXT. U.S. CONSULATE BUILDING WALL -- DAY**

there's BOURNE still hanging there -- looking down -- up --  
no choice -- he has to go down --

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

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

No BOURNE starts climbing down. And this is all one shot.  
cutaway. No cheating.

We are watching a master at work...

just Handhold to a drain pipe. Swinging to a better ledge.  
Now Dropping to an air-conditioner. Grabbing a window frame  
before the air-conditioner gives way. Teetering there.  
he's on the fourth floor.

Struggling Below, there's an open window on the third floor.  
weight to keep his balance, he reaches behind him to shift the  
of the bag, and as he does --

the THE RED BAG falls. Thump. Into the courtyard. Forget  
open window. Now he's got to go all the way.

Timing his next move and --

drainpipe  
starting  
descent --  
  
one  
enough

He's pushing off -- reaching -- there's another  
and he's snagged it -- he's got a dragline now --  
to fall -- straining to hold the pipe -- slowing his  
the drainpipe pulling away from it's housing and --  
BOURNE letting go -- just before he falls backward --  
last grab -- catching a gutter -- holding it just long  
to slow his fall and --  
Letting go for the last fifteen feet and --

**EXT. U.S. CONSULATE FIFTH FLOOR GRAND HALLWAY -- DAY**

A DOZEN MARINES -- pumped-up and listening to --

**SECURITY**

-- we're gonna go room by room until  
we find him -- so let's get teamed  
up --

**EXT. AN ALLEYWAY NEAR THE U.S. CONSULATE -- DAY**

ruined  
MARIE storming away. Pissed-off -- broke -- illegal --  
and --

**MARIE**

(German)  
Motherfucking sonsofbitches!  
(a new problem --)

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

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

**MARIE**

(looking up --)  
What are you looking at?

BOURNE standing across the car -- on the passenger side

--

**BOURNE**

I need a ride.

**MARIE**

What?

**BOURNE**

I need a ride out of here.

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

Please. I don't want to scare you.

**MARIE**

It's a little late for that.

**BOURNE**

I've got a situation here and --

**MARIE**

Get the fuck away from my car.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

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

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

**MARIE**

Jesus...

**BOURNE**

Get me out of here. Please.

MARIE looking at him. At the money. Back at him, and --

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT**

speeding  
Zurich  
scanning

VIDEO PLAYBACK -- FULL FRAME -- fast forward -- a  
blur of images from a surveillance camera outside the  
bank -- it's two days worth of footage -- they're  
for Bourne's arrival and --

**CONKLIN**

go -- keep going -- go...wait --  
stop -- you went past it --

Punching  
red

COM TECH #1 working the console. Freezing the image.  
it up. There it is -- BOURNE leaving the bank with the  
bag.

**CONKLIN**

(staring at the monitor)  
It's him. My God, it's really him...

console --

ZORN the phones across the room. COM TECH #2 at his

**COM TECH #2**

-- we got a cross-ref ready to go  
here, sir, we're running hotel,  
airline, train, and medical variables,  
anything else you'd like?

**CONKLIN**

No...  
(still staring at  
Bourne)  
Go ahead. Run it.  
(coming to --)  
Let's get a map, let's get a grid  
map on Zurich.

**ZORN**

(holding the phone)  
Sir...

CONKLIN up from the console. ZORN waiting for him --

**CONKLIN**

What?

**ZORN**

Zurich police are looking for an American with a red bag. Apparently he put two cops in the hospital last night.

Silence. Like the floor just fell away. So heavy.

**CONKLIN**

What the fuck is he doing?

**ZORN**

Maybe it's a game. Maybe he's trying to send us a message.

**CONKLIN**

It doesn't matter now. We've just got to be the first ones there.  
(decision time)  
Get everybody up. I want them all activated.

**ZORN**

All of them?

A moment between them. CONKLIN all steel here now.

**CONKLIN**

You heard me.

**COM TECH #2**

(from the console --)  
Sir, the cross-ref is coming up cold...

CONKLIN breaks away -- back to the console and --

**EXT. BARCELONA RESIDENTIAL BOULEVARD -- DAY**

Establishing shot. A grand house. PIANO MUSIC over this  
--  
someone butchering a piece by Haydn and --

**INT. BARCELONA GRAND HOUSE MUSIC ROOM -- DAY**

Meet THE PROFESSOR. He's a piano teacher. Late fifties. Deceptively fit. He's sitting here, listening to a

NINE-

YEAR-OLD STUDENT struggle through the music.

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

**INT. HAMBURG CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

MANAGERS A boring, marathon business meeting. FIFTEEN MIDDLE  
MANHEIM. are trapped around a German sales presentation. Meet  
Sitting Bald. Fifty. He looks dumb and piggy. Anything but.  
here --

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

**EXT. A ROMAN CAFE -- DAY**

to Meet CASTEL. He's thirty-five. Slender. Clean-cut. Easy  
espresso. miss. He's here alone. Reading the paper. Sipping

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

**EXT. A ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH -- DAY**

poring The little red car parked. MARIE pacing around. BOURNE  
over a map spread out over the hood.

**MARIE**

So what's in Paris?

**BOURNE**

I want to go home.

**MARIE**

For twenty thousand dollars.

BOURNE looks back from the map.

**BOURNE**

I said ten thousand.

**MARIE**

You have blood on your pants.

**BOURNE**

Okay.

(beat)

Twenty thousand. Ten now. Ten there.

**MARIE**

No. No, that was too easy --  
(pacing away --)

**BOURNE**

Wait up --  
(after her now --)  
-- just wait up --

**MARIE**

-- get the fuck out of here -- all  
this money, this crazy offer, I mean  
give me a fucking break with this,  
this is --  
(stopping because--)

done  
BOURNE just grabbed her. Both of them shocked that he's  
this. He immediately pulls back.

**BOURNE**

Look, I want a ride to Paris.  
(wide open now)  
That's all I want. I swear.

**MARIE**

You swear?  
(cold here)  
That's great. I feel so much better  
now.

**BOURNE**

I don't want anything but a ride.  
All I want to do is go home.

Silence now. She looks back. Measuring him.

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

I don't want to go alone. I want you  
to drive me to Paris. Like we're a  
couple. Like we're a couple and we're  
travelling together. That's all we're  
doing.

**MARIE**

And I don't get hurt. I get twenty

thousand dollars and I don't get hurt.

**BOURNE**

I won't hurt you.

**MARIE**

What if I say no?

**BOURNE**

Then I'll find another ride.

**EXT. ROME STREET -- DAY**

CASTEL through the streets on a motorcycle. Whipping to stop -- stepping off the bike in front of --

**U-STORE-IT STORAGE WAREHOUSE.**

**INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE ELEVATOR -- DAY**

CASTEL and THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR -- rising slowly through the dark warehouse and --

**INT. CASTEL'S STORAGE UNIT -- DAY**

Darkness -- a key turning -- door opening -- light goes on to reveal CASTEL standing there and we're in --

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

**QUICK TIME CUTS**

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

INSIDE THE BOX -- a timer. A small bomb. A booby-trap.

An LED light stops flashing as CASTEL'S HANDS code in his password and --

CASTEL moving to the newspapers stacked in the corner. Pulling away the top pile and --

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

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

and -- CASTEL lifting away this top tray -- setting it aside

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

First of all...

hundreds. MONEY. Lots of it. Ten thousand dollar stacks of  
ammo. Lots of them. A GUN. A very good gun. A dozen clips of  
his And FIVE MORE PASSPORTS. All clean. Brand new. All with  
Each photo. Five different names. Four different countries.  
that one of these pristine clipped to a piece of card stock  
says:

**NAME:**

**NATIONALITY:**

**PLACE OF ISSUE:**

**SIGNATURE SAMPLE:**

**A BAR CODE:**

Two Italian. Two Spanish. A Portuguese.

CASTEL going for the Portuguese passport and --

**EXT. ALPS HELICOPTER SHOT -- DAY**

The little red car driving through The Alps.

**INT. THE RED CAR -- DUSK**

silence BOURNE staring out the window. MARIE driving. Long  
until --

**MARIE**

Just so you know, if you're gonna burn me on the money, you might as well kill me.

(Bourne looks over)

I was supposed to have this car back three days ago. It's not my car.

**BOURNE**

I know that.

just in

MARIE staring at him -- glancing back to the road --  
time -- almost rear-ending a slow moving truck --

**MARIE**

Shit --

(trying to settle)

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

**BOURNE**

I'm sorry. Really. What do you want me to do?

**MARIE**

I don't know. Smile. Sneeze. Something. You've got a bag full of money and a ride to Paris. Fuck it, I don't know...

(the radio)

What kind of music do you like?

**BOURNE**

I don't know.

**MARIE**

What does that mean?

**BOURNE**

Listen to what you want.

**MARIE**

(out of nowhere)

Who pays twenty thousand dollars for a ride to Paris?

There it is. And she wants an answer --

**BOURNE**

I don't know. I don't know who I am.

**MARIE**

Yeah, well, welcome to the club.

**BOURNE**

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

(it's not flying)

I'm serious.

**MARIE**

What? Like amnesia?

**BOURNE**

Look, go ahead... put the radio on...

**MARIE**

Amnesia?

(total incredulity)

You're saying you don't remember anything that happened before two weeks ago?

**BOURNE**

That's what I'm saying.

**MARIE**

(German)

Give me a fucking break.

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

**EXT. ZURICH BANK -- DAY/DUSK**

APFEL emerges from the bank. Leaving work. Turns the  
corner into a quiet side street and --

Up ahead, here comes another guy in a suit. It's  
MANHEIM walking toward us, deep into a cell phone conversation.  
Barely noticing Apfel as they get closer and --

blue -- As they pass -- MANHEIM -- it's completely out of the  
and -- he's jabbing the cellphone down into Apfel's shoulder

street APFEL -- no clue -- already clutching at the coronary  
and -- exploding in his chest -- dead before his body hits the

and MANHEIM -- still walking -- he's never broken stride --  
as he goes he's fiddling with the cellphone and --

retract INSERT -- THE CELLPHONE -- MANHEIM'S HANDS working to  
a syringe into the device and --

MANHEIM striding away. Disappearing into Zurich...

**INT. PARIS MORGUE -- NIGHT**

freezers. Not the best morgue in town. Cold tile. A wall of  
WOMBOSI in Death lighting. Now add some color. Meet NYKWANA  
the flesh.

children -- Meet HIS ENTOURAGE -- eight or ten of his thirty  
whole two of his wives -- three of his bodyguards -- the  
WIVES crew spread out in this horrible basement room. THE  
candy. are chatting. THE KIDS are playing, fighting and eating

These THE BODYGUARDS -- three of them here -- are white.  
The guys are French/Corsican mercs. Not quite the A-Team.  
DEAUVAGE. guy in charge of this ugly little unit is named  
Into it. Too into it.

who's TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS hanging back. THE MORGUE BOSS --  
the clearly suffering this for a bribe -- moves to one of  
freezer lockers...

**MORGUE BOSS**

(French)  
Okay, Monsieur Kane... number 121...

see  
horrible. THE  
quickly  
And he pulls open FREEZER #121. And thank God we can't  
it, because whatever's inside there is clearly  
MORGUE BOSS barely takes a glance, standing back as  
as possible.

his  
DEAUVAGE -- lead bodyguard -- moves to clear a zone for  
boss --

**WOMBOSI**

Get the fuck out of my way --  
(pushing Deauvage  
aside --)

were  
And now  
feeling  
feeling  
finding --  
WOMBOSI moves to the freezer box. Stares down. As if it  
nothing. He's seen -- he's made -- much, much worse.  
he reaches down into the box -- hands on -- literally  
around this dead, awful corpse with his bare hands --  
around for something -- feeling and feeling and not

**WOMBOSI**

(turning to Deauvage --)  
It's not him.

freezer.  
DEAUVAGE looking pale as WOMBOSI slams shut the

**WOMBOSI**

(quiet hard fury)  
So who's crazy now?

**EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT**

cars.  
stretch.  
A MINI-MOTORCADE driving towards Neuilly. Two security  
A van full of kids and mothers. And one big Mercedes

**INT. THE MERCEDES STRETCH LIMO -- NIGHT**

WOMBOSI alone in the back. Looking haunted.

**INT. TRUCKSTOP CAFE -- NIGHT**

Quiet

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

got  
junk --  
he's

BOURNE AND MARIE at a back table. Drinking coffee. He's  
the red bag open. All the passports -- the personal  
the money -- all the shit from the Zurich bank box --  
been showing it to her --  
And he's got her attention now.

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

No.

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

Nothing. It's just not there.

**MARIE**

Well, this is great.  
(she sits back)  
I'm sick of myself and you have no  
idea who you are.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

-- you could put it together --

**BOURNE**

-- which was okay for a while, I was  
okay with it...  
(hesitating now)

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

(suddenly flat out --)

I think something bad happened.

**MARIE**

What are you talking about?

**BOURNE**

I don't know.

**MARIE**

Sounds like you were in an accident or something.

**BOURNE**

I was shot twice in the back.

**MARIE**

Okay, so you're a victim.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

Lots of people have guns. You're American. Americans love guns.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

People do amazing things when they're scared.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

You're paranoid. You were shot. It's

natural.

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

**BOURNE**

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

Long dead pause.

**MARIE**

God, you're not kidding, are you?

**INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- DAY**

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

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL**

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

surveillance  
CONKLIN and RESEARCH TECH #1 poring over these  
tapes downloaded from Zurich --

**CONKLIN**

And that's the best angle of the courtyard?

**RESEARCH TECH #1**

That's the only angle.

**CONKLIN**

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

**RESEARCH TECH #1**

Hang on...  
(typing away --)

CONKLIN rubbing at the tension in his temples as ZORN  
enters --

**CONKLIN**

What?

**ZORN**

Abbott. He knows about the embassy.  
He's coming down for a show and tell.

**CONKLIN**

That'll solve all our problems.

**RESEARCH TECH #1**

(he's hit paydirt)  
Sir...

**CONKLIN**

(turning back --)  
What's that?

**RESEARCH TECH #1**

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

**CONKLIN**

Enhance it.

INSERT -- THE MONITOR -- as the image enlarges to fill  
the  
screen. And there's Bourne. And the little red car. And  
Marie.

**CONKLIN (O.S.)**

Who the hell is that?

**EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL -- NIGHT**

A drone barn. Practically on the runway.

**INT. ZURICH AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

MANHEIM  
laying  
been

One of those rooms. Just a plain functional box.  
laying on the bed. Fully dressed. Suit and tie. Just  
there, staring at the ceiling. Who knows how long he's  
like this.

Just waiting.

His

ON THE NIGHTSTAND -- A gun. A knife. His e-phone pager.  
fresh credentials. And a photo of Jason Bourne.

**INT. WOMBOSI'S PARIS COMPOUND -- NIGHT**

off  
in  
fifty  
nouveau  
esthetic.  
flat-

Quick orientation: Picture a heavily-walled palace just  
the Bois Du Boulogne. But once inside you could be back  
Brazzaville. It's just a buffet of oddness. Home to  
children and nine wives. The decor blends money and  
riche materialism with a hard, back-home tribal  
It's a visual treat. Not condescending or stupid, but  
out strange and menacing.

carry

It's late. And the palace is dark and sleepy now, but  
all that through this next series of quick shots --

**WOMBOSI HOUSE SECURITY STATION**

bank of

Just inside the door. BODYGUARD #1 slouched before a  
**SECURITY MONITORS.**

**WOMBOSI MAIN HALLWAY**

BODYGUARD  
African

Littered with toys. Children's crap everywhere.  
#3. Snoozing on a Louis Quatorze chair draped with  
cloth.

**WOMBOSI THRONE ROOM DOORS**

imposing

DEAUVAGE -- head bodyguard -- posted outside this set of doors. He's trying to stay awake. Reading a spy thriller.

**FINALLY TO**

**WOMBOSI'S THRONE ROOM**

his  
sitting

And there he is -- the emperor himself -- WOMBOSI on throne. Except the room is dark and empty. And he's there by himself. A king without a country.

from a

Sitting there. With a gun in his lap. Drinking hard bottle of Jack Daniels.

Stewing.

**EXT. FRENCH ROADSIDE -- DAWN**

BOURNE  
there.

Beautiful morning. The red car parked along the road. alone in the passenger seat. Deep asleep. Nestled

moment.  
lap.

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

bread.  
been

MARIE sitting away from the car. She's got a loaf of A soda. Smoking a butt. Same clothes, but her make-up's washed away. Clean. Simple. Gorgeous.

BOURNE steps out. Morning legs.

**MARIE**

I needed a break.

**BOURNE**

Where are we?

**MARIE**

We're about an hour away.

**BOURNE**

I can't believe I slept.

**MARIE**

You were tired. Here...

(bread and soda --)

For twenty-thousand I like to throw  
in breakfast.

(he takes it)

So what do you dream about?

**BOURNE**

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

(he takes a hit from

her smoke and coughs --)

I don't think I smoke.

Another silence. She's watching him.

**MARIE**

You ever think maybe you have a  
family?

**BOURNE**

I thought about it. I don't know.

She looks away. Was she hoping for another answer?

**MARIE**

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

**INT. TREADSTONE CONKLIN'S OFFICE -- DAY**

she's  
MARIE'S FACE -- A PASSPORT PHOTO -- she's eighteen --  
smiling -- really alive and fresh and --

CONKLIN behind his desk. ABBOTT staring grimly at the  
picture --

**ABBOTT**

Who is she?

**ZORN**

Marie Helene Kreutz. She's twenty-  
six. Born outside Munich. Father was  
a welder. He died in '91. We don't  
have the mother. There might be a  
step-sister, we're trying to track  
that down.

(apologetic)

It's tough. She's a wanderer. She pops up on the grid here and there but... I mean, the last time she paid an electric bill in Europe was '94. No taxes. No steady employer. She's got three arrests. Two shoplifting cases, one in Spain, one in Germany. And she actually did three months in an Italian detention center for credit card fraud.

**ABBOTT**

No political affiliations?

**CONKLIN**

She's a gypsy. If it's a cover, it's a great one.

**ABBOTT**

I'm assuming we're exploring that possibility.

**CONKLIN**

We're exploring every possibility.  
(tighter by the moment)  
We are in pursuit. How much more do you want me to tell you?

**ABBOTT**

Pursuit would indicate that you know exactly where he is.

**CONKLIN**

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

**ABBOTT**

Yes, well, I think we need some fresh eyes on this problem. I'm bringing in some people from upstairs.

CONKLIN hesitates. Inside he's screaming.

**CONKLIN**

We've been down here for two weeks banging our heads against the wall. We've been sleeping down here. We just got our first lead fourteen hours ago, and now? -- now that we finally have something to work with -- you want to bring planning personnel down here?

(real steam)  
I'd rethink that.

**ABBOTT**

I want a second opinion.

**CONKLIN**

This is an operations desk.

**ABBOTT**

I'm not asking.

**EXT. PARIS STREET NEAR BOURNE'S APARTMENT -- DAY**

THE LITTLE RED CAR cruising through town.

**INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR -- DAY**

MARIE driving. BOURNE checking building numbers as they  
pass --

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

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

AN APARTMENT BUILDING. Big building. Elegant but cold.

**BOURNE**

Four-fifty. That's the address...

**MARIE**

Looks familiar?

**BOURNE**

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

MARIE pulling up -- turning a corner -- watching him as  
she  
it  
all in --

**MARIE**

Where?

**BOURNE**

Yeah. Pull in here. Park it.

MARIE angles into an alleyway. Cuts the engine.

**MARIE**

So this is it, right?

**BOURNE**

I guess.

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

**MARIE**

I should go.

**BOURNE**

I don't remember any of this.

**MARIE**

Jason...

He turns back. She's staring at him.

**BOURNE**

Sorry. The money, right?

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

**MARIE**

Okay, so...

**BOURNE**

Thanks for the ride.

**MARIE**

Anytime.

Silence. That moment. He focuses. Getting it.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

You got me pretty fucking curious.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

Nah...

(hide the pain)

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

**BOURNE**

How could I forget about you?

(he smiles)

You're the only person I know.

MARIE smiles. We've never seen it before. Worth waiting for.

**INT. PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER -- NIGHT**

BOURNE and MARIE standing at the directory. Five apartments. One per floor. Five names. A buzzer. An intercom. There it is.

J. Bourne.

BOURNE presses the buzzer. After a moment, he presses again. Nothing.

**MARIE**

I guess you're not home.

BOURNE checking the door. How to pop it open? Just about to get into it, when --

**CONCIERGE (O.S.)**

(from the shadows

inside --)

Monsieur Bourne...I'm coming...

THE CONCIERGE is sixty. Plump and proper.

**CONCIERGE**

(opening the door --)

Mr. Bourne, there you are -- I was wondering -- I haven't seen you --

**BOURNE**

Here I am.

seen  
like

THE CONCIERGE looking at BOURNE like maybe she's never  
him look like this before. And she's looking at MARIE  
here's the reason her tenant looks like such shit.

**BOURNE**

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

THE CONCIERGE nods. Instant chilly disapproval.

**CONCIERGE**

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

**BOURNE**

Great. We could use a shower.  
(they look like shit --)  
It was a long drive.

THE CONCIERGE steps aside and --

**INT. PARIS APARTMENT FIFTH FLOOR LANDING -- DAY**

key

BOURNE and MARIE at the apartment threshold. He has a  
now.

Turning it. And the door opens...

Nothing...

No bombs. No wife and kids. No one.

**INT. PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY**

beyond

A huge, rambling flat. Large entry hallway. Large rooms  
that. It's obviously expensive. But cold. Completely  
impersonal. No photographs. No mementoes. No human

history.

**WE'RE MOVING NOW**

**THE LIVING ROOM**

BOURNE and MARIE exploring.

**MARIE**

It's big.

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

**MARIE**

This is like a real apartment.

(she likes it)

This is really yours?

**BOURNE**

I guess so.

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

**THE BEDROOM**

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

MARIE opening an armoire...

feeling  
Nothing but men's clothes. No competition. She's  
better by the moment as we go to --

**THE KITCHEN**

BOURNE  
Like a stage set. Lots of props and no sign of food.  
picking up a frying pan.

**BOURNE**

This is my frying pan.

(and then --)

This is my spoon.

(trying harder)

I'm Jason Bourne and this is my  
kitchen.

**THE MASTER BATHROOM**

MARIE still on the prowl. Mirror city. Big tub. One toothbrush.

**AN OFFICE STUDY**

folder in  
reference  
maritime  
boats.

There's a desk. Chair. Phone. Basic. BOURNE with a his hand. Staring at the bookshelves. Binders, materials and hardbound volumes -- all of it about law. Ship schedules. Registry catalogs. All about

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

All this stuff -- it's all about boats.  
(looking up)  
I think I'm in the shipping business.

**MARIE**

See. It's starting to come back, yeah?  
(he sort of nods)  
You mind if I take a bath?

**BOURNE**

Go ahead.

a

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

And then he sits down in a chair.

it's  
catches

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

the  
sit.

INSERT -- THE DESK TOP -- a faint silhouette through dust and grime. Outlines of where a computer used to

out  
No  
the

BOURNE reaching suddenly under the desk. Bingo. Pulling  
a retractable computer keyboard tray. But it's empty.  
keyboard. Now he's really confused and --  
INSERT -- A PHONE/ANSWERING MACHINE -- BOURNE pressing  
playback button and --

**PHONE MACHINE**

"You have no messages."

and  
speaker

BOURNE leaving that for a moment -- about to anyway --  
then he turns back -- new idea -- pressing for the  
phone -- and then hitting redial and --  
THE PHONE stars dialing...  
RINGING and...

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

Bonjour, Hotel Marboeuf...

speakerphone

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

**BOURNE**

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

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

Yes, sir. Hotel Marboeuf, Paris.  
How can I direct your call?

**BOURNE**

Paris?

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

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

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

D'accord... Merci.  
(about to hang up--)  
Un moment -- un moment --

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

-- sir? --

**BOURNE**

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

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

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

**BOURNE**

(reading it)  
Kane. Do you have Mr. John Michael  
Kane?

**OPERATOR/PHONE**

One moment, sir.

and --  
BOURNE waiting. And then there's muzak -- holding music

**THE MASTER BATHROOM**

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

**THE OFFICE STUDY**

Bourne still on hold. And then --

**MANAGER/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

Yes, I'm here...

**MANAGER/PHONE**

You call about Monsieur Kane? John Michael Kane?

**BOURNE**

Yes. Is he there?

**MANAGER/PHONE**

You are a friend of his?

**BOURNE**

Yes.

**MANAGER/PHONE**

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

natural, he

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

**MANAGER/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

...I understand...

**MANAGER/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

Who? Who came?

**MANAGER/PHONE**

His brother. You know his brother?

**BOURNE**

Right. Yes. Of course.

**MANAGER/PHONE**

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

**BOURNE**

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

**MANAGER/PHONE**

I think not...

(quick French to  
someone in the office  
there --)

No, I'm sorry. It was very sudden.  
He was here very briefly.

even  
Kane  
This  
is bad. Danger.

BOURNE just hands up the phone. Just like that. Not  
goodbye. Standing there frozen. Stunned. John Michael  
is dead. And he had the passport.  
Suddenly, everything's changed. They shouldn't be here.  
is bad. Danger.

**THE MASTER BATHROOM**

water --

MARIE playing with her hair in the mirror. Checking the

**MARIE**

(calling out to him --)  
She wasn't kidding about the water.  
It's freezing.

**THE OFFICE**

mood.

BOURNE frozen there. On alert. He forces a smile. Decoy

**BOURNE**

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

**THE KITCHEN**

it's an

BOURNE moving to the sink. He's smiling. Upbeat. But  
act. His eyes are everywhere. Turning on the water. But

weapon.  
Holding  
side. On

ignoring it. What he's really doing is searching out a  
Pulling A KNIFE very quietly from behind the stove.  
it. Feels pretty comfortable. Hiding it down by his  
the move again, now --

**BOURNE**

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

sound --

BOURNE like we've ever seen him. Like an animal. Every  
every breeze -- everything carries information.

Standing still. Taking it all in.

that  
bedroom and  
a  
Simple

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

**MARIE**

(suddenly --)  
-- omigod! --  
(she's behind him --)  
-- what're you? -- no -- no --

standing

MARIE backing away -- completely freaked -- BOURNE  
there with the knife in his hand and --

**BOURNE**

-- no -- Marie -- no! -- it's not  
like that --

**MARIE**

-- please -- Jason -- omigod --

**BOURNE**

-- quiet -- quiet --

moment --

MARIE -- frightened -- confused -- paralyzed for a

BOURNE glancing back -- a curtain fluttering behind him  
--  
down! motioning for MARIE to get down -- do it -- now --

MARIE hesitating and --

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

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

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

**MARIE**

...what are you doing?...

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

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

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

As she ducks down --

As it SHATTERS --

**EVERYTHING STARTS HAPPENING AT ONCE**

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

THE FROSTED WINDOW peppered with holes and --

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

abseil CASTEL -- he's in the airshaft! -- hanging from an

rope -- but off guard -- FIRING BLIND -- strafing the apartment and --

BOURNE kicking that chair across the room and --

CASTEL reacting -- instinct -- moving target --

THE CHAIR just strafed to shit and --

BOURNE rolling away and --

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

flies in

MARIE -- right below him -- shit raining down as he and --

BOURNE throwing the knife and --

in

CASTEL -- turning -- too late -- the knife catching him the neck and --

BOURNE -- in motion -- attacking and --

with

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

gunfire

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

--

BOURNE -- full-stop -- kicking the gun -- kicking it up

ROUNDS TEARING ACROSS THE CEILING and --

open

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

fall

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

--

--

THE GUN CLATTERING FREE across the floor and --

CASTEL'S  
KNEE,

pouring  
bone

BOURNE -- his knee -- like a piston -- hard into  
GUT -- and then down -- his foot -- down into CASTEL'S  
shattering it and --  
CASTEL is on the floor -- stunned -- wiped -- knife  
blood from his neck -- arm hanging like a rag doll --  
torn through his pant leg above the knee and --

**MARIE**

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

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

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

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

CASTEL -- eyes wild -- tries to make his feet --

**BOURNE**

Who are you?  
(kicking him down--)  
-- who are you?

leaving a

CASTEL -- crablike against a wall -- bloody hands  
mess as he struggles to get to his feet --

**BOURNE**

-- who are you? -- tell me who you  
are -- who sent you? --  
(bearing down)  
-- what is this about? -- YOU'VE GOT  
**TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! --**

his

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

**BOURNE**  
**WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?**

**MARIE**  
(suddenly from behind)  
...omigod, no...

and

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

**BOURNE**  
What? -- what? --  
(attention split --)  
-- what is it?

**MARIE**  
...this is my picture... he's got my  
picture --  
(holding it up, in  
horror --)  
-- this is me -- this is Zurich --  
this... this... this is yesterday --

**BOURNE**  
-- just --

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

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

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

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

**MARIE**

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

Now there's KNOCKING AT THE DOOR and --

**THE CONCIERGE**

(muffled but urgent)

Mister Bourne! Mister Bourne! What's  
going on? Is everything all right in  
there?

(-- and she keeps  
banging and --)

bleeding  
MARIE is past the point of rationality and CASTEL is  
and shaking and BOURNE is trying to think and it's just  
impossible and --

superhuman --  
Suddenly -- CASTEL is moving! -- and fast -- it's  
unbelievable -- just enough spring in his good leg and  
--

crossing  
absolutely  
BOURNE bracing himself but --  
CASTEL isn't attacking! -- he's running away -- he's  
the living room -- but there's nowhere to go --  
nowhere -- except --

**THE WINDOW**

CASTEL hurling himself into the glass and --

**EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY**

glass --  
WINDOW SHATTERING! -- CASTEL -- in a cloud of broken  
sixty feet above the street --  
Falling and falling and...

IMPACT! -- landing on the roof of a parked car and --

**INT. THE PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY**

once --  
the  
--

THE APARTMENT -- BOURNE in motion -- five things at  
checking the window -- kicking the gun away -- grabbing  
red bag -- grabbing what he can -- no time to spare and

**THE CONCIERGE**

(still outside the  
door--)

--I'm calling the police, Mr. Bourne --  
you give me no choice -- I'm calling  
them right away! --

**BOURNE**

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

just

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

**MARIE**

He's dead isn't he?

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

He came to kill us.

**BOURNE**

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

**MARIE**

You knew he was coming.

**BOURNE**

No.

**MARIE**

I trusted you.

**BOURNE**

You're wrong. I didn't know.

**MARIE**

I don't trust anybody and I trusted you!

**BOURNE**

I didn't know this would happen.

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

And where is he now?

(that gets her quiet)

You believe what you want, but I'm telling you the truth -- I never would have brought you here if I thought it was dangerous.

**MARIE**

(totally overwhelmed)

Oh, Jesus...

**BOURNE**

You stay -- if you want, you stay -- it's okay -- it's better -- maybe it's better -- I don't know --

(starting to back away --)

But I can't stay here. I can't.

**MARIE**

But the police --

**BOURNE**

-- there's no time --

**MARIE**

-- we'll explain it --

**BOURNE**

-- how? --

**MARIE**

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

**BOURNE**

-- forget it --

**MARIE**

-- we'll tell them what happened --

**BOURNE**

I don't know what happened!

(huge here)

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

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

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

**BOURNE**

Come with me.

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

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

(rock solid)

I can protect you.

**EXT. THE PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY**

and A CROWD is gathered around CASTEL'S BODY. Rubberneckers  
CONCIERGE people pointing up to the broken window -- THE  
SOUND running out to the street and getting the news and THE  
OF SIRENS bleeding in from the distance and --

**THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIND**

away THE LITTLE RED CAR pulling out of the alley. Turning  
-- from the scene. Disappearing into the streets of Paris

**INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- DAY**

into  
THRONE ROOM DOORS flying open -- WOMBOSI exploding out  
the hallway --

**WOMBOSI**

-- No! -- I say, no! -- they go this  
far -- out a body in the grave --  
another body! -- no! -- this isn't  
over -- these people are not finished --  
nothing will make them finish until  
they have Wombosi! -- the real Wombosi --  
until I'm the one in the box! --

startled by  
SIX KIDS -- TWO WIVES -- THREE BODYGUARDS -- all  
this steamrolling mass of energy and paranoia --

**WOMBOSI**

-- what are you doing? --  
    (bearing down on  
    Bodyguard #2 --)  
-- sleeping? --  
    (to Deauvage --)  
-- he's sleeping! -- this man is  
sleeping at his post! --  
    (kicking the chair  
    out from under him --)  
-- I've had men killed for this! --  
    (but he's still moving --)  
-- you think these people? -- these  
people who come for me -- you think  
they sleep? -- they never sleep! --  
they spend all the day -- all the  
night -- all time thinking about how  
to put Wombosi in that box! --  
    (he's just gonna keep  
    going, and we're  
    into--)

**A MASSIVE ONE-TAKE TRACKING SHOT**

scattering  
DEAUVAGE on his feet -- racing to follow -- KIDS  
out of the way -- THE WIVES completely unfazed and --

**WOMBOSI**

-- there is no box for Wombosi! --  
they don't have a box that can hold  
me! -- I know these people -- I know  
they never sleep! -- I know they  
never stop! -- they never stop until  
the knife is at their throat! --

(suddenly distracted --)  
-- what is the window? -- this window  
is open! -- who leaves this open! --  
(before Deauvage can  
possibly respond --)  
-- this is a war, you fool! -- you  
think these people are like you? --  
you think this is stupid people? --  
careless people? -- these people see  
an open window, they reach in with a  
big hand and grab your heart until  
you die! --  
(still rolling as--)

### **WE'RE HEADING DOWN TO THE POOL**

#### **WOMBOSI**

-- and it won't just be me! -- they  
don't just want Wombosi now! -- they  
want my babies -- they want my  
children! -- and I say no! --  
(grabbing Deauvage --)  
-- you leave that window open again,  
you better pray they kill me --  
(something's caught  
his ear in the  
distance and now  
he's trying to get  
there --)  
-- everything changes here now! --  
everyone is a soldier here now! --  
this is a fortress now! Are we clear  
with this?

#### **DEAUVAGE**

Yes, sir. All clear.

we can  
WOMBOSI stops to look at DEAUVAGE. In the background,  
hear A CHILD CRYING by the pool --

#### **WOMBOSI**

This man is out there. Kane is out  
there. And they pretend he's dead.  
That means he's coming back.

taking  
WOMBOSI moving quickly now and WE'RE STILL TRACKING --  
him into --

### **THE POOL AREA**

WOMBOSI

FORTY KIDS going nuts in the water. ONE KID crying.  
like a shot -- picking the kid up -- drying his tears -  
making a funny face -- getting a smile as --

**INT. GARE DU NORD -- DAY**

BOURNE and MARIE stash the red bag in a locker.

**INT. CIA PSYCHOACOUSTICS LAB -- DAY**

wave-  
gear

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

Hotel

BOURNE'S VOICE -- OVER SPEAKERS -- we're listening to a  
recording of the call he made from the apartment to the  
Marbeouf Paris --

**BOURNE/TAPE**

"Okay. Merci."

(pause)

"Un moment -- un moment --"

**OPERATOR/TAPE**

"-- sir? --"

**BOURNE/TAPE**

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

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL**

Equipment  
ENGINEER  
shadows.

A secret studio buried deep in the Langley facility.  
up the ass. Five people in this darkened room: AN  
working the board. CONKLIN looking sour. ZORN in the  
ABBOTT sitting there waiting for analysis from --  
MRS. DOYLE. She's late sixties. A long-time spy shrink.  
eminence. A diamond-hard, seen-it-all intelligence.

An

**BOURNE/TAPE**

"Kane. John Michael Kane."

**OPERATOR/TAPE**

"One moment, sir."

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

**MRS. DOYLE**

He's not lying. He's very highly stressed, but he's not lying. He's confused. He's aggressively searching for a way out of the chaos. This conversation, the video from the consulate -- the body language, vocal pattern -- it's my sense he's really lost here.

(beat)

I think he snapped.

**CONKLIN**

Is that a medical term?

She turns. Battle lines drawn.

**MRS. DOYLE**

You want clinical terminology? It's called, "conversation hysteria."

(to Abbott now --)

I don't know exactly how you train these people. I'm not sure I want to know. I'll take a guess there's some extremely rigorous behavior modification going on here.

Silence. The idea dangling for a moment.

**ABBOTT**

Let's assume that's true.

**MRS. DOYLE**

You can only wind people so tight. Even machines break down.

**CONKLIN**

This unit has an unblemished record of success.

**MRS. DOYLE**

Then I guess I'm in the wrong meeting.

**EXT. BELLVILLE CAR PARK -- DUSK**

BOURNE and MARIE stashing the red car.

**INT. CIA HALLWAY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY**

ABBOTT and CONKLIN walk and talk. They want to get  
loud, but they can't. Too many people passing by --

**CONKLIN**

That was two hours -- two hours to  
get a second opinion -- and nothing  
changes. He's loose. He's out of  
control. It's very clear what needs  
to happen.

(point blank)

I have work to do.

**ABBOTT**

What if he is working for someone  
else? What if he turned?

**CONKLIN**

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

**EXT. HOTEL DE LA PRIX -- NIGHT**

asked  
THE Funky. Out of the way. Cash and carry. No-questions-  
kind of flop. Our establishing shot somehow includes  
PROPRIETOR and HIS DOG.

**INT. THE HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

in soaking  
HAIR DYE washing down a rusted drain. It's MARIE alone  
this crappy little bathroom. Jeans and bra. All of it  
wet.

A new hair color.

and  
A MIRROR. There she is. Her turn to stare at herself  
wonder.

And then she smells something. Smoke...

**INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

And  
It's a shitty little room. BOURNE sitting on the bed.  
the smoke is coming from...  
BOURNE HIS PASSPORT -- the Jason Bourne passport -- on fire.  
holding it as it burns away. Bourne's face -- melting -  
- bubbling -- finally disappearing, -- BOURNE letting go  
just before it burns his fingers and --  
BOURNE sits back. And there's MARIE standing there. And  
she's holding out her passport --  
He looks at her. Big moment.

**BOURNE**

No.

(he won't do it)

You know who you are. You know what  
that's worth? That's everything.

(pause)

I can't live like this. I can't do  
anything until I know who I am.  
Believe me, you don't want what I  
have.

He looks away. Silence. And then, she touches him. His  
shoulder.

BOURNE almost recoils. Almost. He doesn't know what to  
do.  
Doesn't know how to react.

MARIE in front of him now -- she's taking his hand --  
and he hesitates -- looking at her -- is this happening? --  
she's taking his hand -- moving it down her body -- staring  
at him -- both of them silent -- his hand -- her skin -- his mind  
racing --  
he wants this -- wants it in every way -- but it's  
this overwhelming -- when was the last time something like  
he's happened? -- he can't remember -- he doesn't care --  
you pulling her toward him -- and they're kissing -- and

know the rest...

**INT. CDG AIRPORT -- NIGHT**

terminal  
reads and --  
THE PROFESSOR arriving in Paris. Coming through the  
as his pager goes off -- never even stopping as he

.....

**HOTEL SEQUENCE -- SKETCHED ONLY**

the  
the  
"died."  
HOTEL MARBOEUF PARIS. This is the place that answered  
phone when Bourne hit redial in his apartment. This is  
place that John Michael Kane was staying when he

And so begins, the investigation...

and/or  
scene  
we're  
scene  
Now, since the presence of danger -- ie Wombosi's guys  
Treadstone -- is still up in the air, and since this  
could either play very quickly or very long, and since  
not exactly sure where we stand with page count -- this  
is not finished.

Bourne  
If he  
whatever  
The rules of the scene, however, seem to be thus:  
would have to be very nervous about being recognized.  
was Kane and Kane stayed here, he's not the guy to do  
"social engineering" needs doing.

goods.  
Long version? Bourne sets the table and Marie gets the  
Somehow there's a threat from Treadstone or Wombosi.

plan  
In a  
looks  
Fast version? It's all results -- we see them execute a  
rather than work it up. MARIE is already in the hotel.  
hotel uniform? Posing as a guest? In any case, she  
very much different than we've ever seen her before.

calls the  
some  
hotel  
bravely --  
Bourne

She gets close to the office. Hides. Waits. BOURNE  
desk from a pay phone. Asks for something. We see that  
sort of improvised booby-trap has been set inside the  
to start a fire. In the confusion -- MARIE -- very  
gets into the office. We do a quick cut outside to  
waiting and --

.....

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL MARBOEUF -- DAY**

He's  
not  
it! --

Walk and talk. BOURNE and MARIE leaving the hotel fast.  
on alert -- always on alert now -- making sure they're  
being watched. And she's excited and pumped -- she did  
she's got the hotel record in hand --

**MARIE**

You stayed there five times in the  
past six months. But I didn't have  
time -- I could only get the bill  
from the last stay -- you were there  
for two days. Some room service --  
there's half a dozen phone calls  
here so that's someth--

**BOURNE**

(cutting her off)  
Who paid the bill?

**MARIE**

It's a company... MPG Capital.

**INT. AN EMPTY OFFICE SUITE -- DAY**

pulled  
there

Vacancy wasteland. Dead phone lines hanging. Carpet  
up. Completely stripped out. BOURNE and MARIE standing  
staring.

**MARIE**

This can't be it.

a  
resourceful  
breaking  
or a  
the

She turns around -- and what's he doing? -- BOURNE with  
piece of paper and pencil -- or something/anything  
and handy -- maybe it's carpet lint -- maybe it's  
the glass on the door and holding it up to the light --  
rubbing -- anyway, he's doing something ingenious with  
glass door --

And as he's doing this, we're hearing --

**TELEPHONE VOICE (OVER)**

(British, female)

Destin Navigational, can I help you?

**BOURNE'S VOICE (OVER)**

Hey, how are you. I'm trying to reach  
Richard? Is he there.

and

We're watching the MPG LOGO emerge and seeing BOURNE  
MARIE react, as we hear --

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

I'm afraid there's no Richard here.  
(continuing into --)

**INT./EXT. SHITBAG PARISIAN PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

He's

BOURNE on the pay phone. MARIE behind him at the bar.  
got a pad and paper. This is all business.

**BOURNE**

Well, where are you? Where am I  
calling?

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

This is an answering service, sir.  
The company's located in Southampton,  
but --

**BOURNE**

-- this is a tire dealership, right?

**TELEPHONE VOICE**

No sir, this is a navigational chart  
registry. I'm afraid you have the  
wrong number.

Dial tone. BOURNE making a note. And as he does --

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number two --

**NEW VOICE (OVER)**

(French, male, hassled)  
Marseille-Tropez Marina, how can I  
help you?

**BOURNE**

Hey, so this is the Marina, right?

**NEW VOICE**

Yes, sir. Can I help you?

**BOURNE**

(he's got the number)  
This is the one in Marseille, right?

**NEW VOICE**

(Last time I looked.)

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- call number three --

**OPERATOR RECORDING (OVER)**

The number you have dialed has been  
disconnected. If you think you've  
reached this message in error--

TIME CUT -- one minute later -- last call --

**RECORDED VOICE (OVER)**

"You've reached the office of Simon  
Rawlins at Alliance Security Maritime  
Division. Paris office hours are  
from nine a.m. to six p.m. If this  
is an emergency, please call our  
twenty-four hour help line at..."

BOURNE hangs up. Scribbles down the number. Backing  
away and --

**INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT**

CONKLIN and the RESEARCH TECHS jamming on the console -

-

**CONKLIN**

-- let's check that Interpol window  
again --

**RESEARCH TECH #1**

-- I'm on it --

**CONKLIN**

-- I want that red car -- the girl --  
we gotta get lucky here --

**RESEARCH TECH #2**

Sir.

(Conklin turns --)

I've got a code here from NSA --  
they're not gonna give us Keyhole  
satellite clearance unless we have  
sign-off from upstairs.

CONKLIN turns and --

**ABBOTT**

No.

(sitting there tensely)

We can't risk it.

**CONKLIN**

Our last sighting was forty-eight  
hours ago. Even if they stayed in  
the car, the grid is huge.

(please)

This is it. He's trained --  
conditioned -- they're built to  
disappear. You give him another day  
to run and we may never find him.

**ABBOTT**

This doesn't go upstairs.

CONKLIN left hanging. ABBOTT clear on this one.

**EXT. EST. SHOT -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY**

Monolithic tech. Reflection city.

**INT. ELEVATOR -- LA DEFENSE -- DAY**

Catching  
Nerves on

BOURNE dressed for success. Suit. Cleaned up good.  
his reflection in the elevator's mirrored ceiling.  
edge.

**INT. OFFICE LOBBY -- DAY**

yachts,  
Sucking

ALLIANCE SECURITY MARITIME DIVISION. Glossy posters of tankers and luxury sailboats. BOURNE standing there. it up. God knows what he's walking into here and --

**INT. ALLIANCE SECURITY -- DAY**

and

A SECRETARY leading BOURNE through a suite of offices into --

**INT. PETER RAWLINS' OFFICE -- DAY**

overfed --

Meet RAWLINS. He's a young, jolly Brit -- pink and and quite shocked to see...

**RAWLINS**

Mr. Kane...  
(hastily tidying up)  
Come right in... please... have a seat.

**BOURNE**

Thanks.

BOURNE just trying to feel his way through this...

**RAWLINS**

Well...  
(really thrown)  
I must admit, when my assistant told me you were here I was, really -- I was quite -- I was surprised.

**BOURNE**

Really.

**RAWLINS**

We thought you were gone for good.

**BOURNE**

Did you?

**RAWLINS**

Well, I mean it's a tough business, isn't it? Cutthroat.

A long awkward beat. Neither of them sure where to go.

**RAWLINS**

(finally)  
Look, our bid -- it was competitive -- but definitely at the high end of competitive -- when we didn't hear back from you, we did some re-analysis of the numbers, and honestly, we'd really like a chance to do a bit better.

(pitching now)  
I'm assuming you're still in the market. It's the same vessel?

**BOURNE**

Yes.

**RAWLINS**

We just picked up a job quite like the one we were bidding for you. Gorgeous boat, hundred-and-seventy-five-foot pleasure cruiser. I think we learned a few things that might allow us to make our proposal for your job, as I said, a bit more competitive.

**BOURNE**

Okay.

Another beat. Rawlins holding back until now...

**RAWLINS**

Was it the break-in?

**BOURNE**

Excuse me?

**RAWLINS**

We also thought we hadn't heard from you -- we've had a bit of a publicity nightmare, people have been talking.

(the meat)

Our offices were broken into -- vandalism mostly -- shortly after we last spoke.

**BOURNE**

I hadn't heard.

RAWLINS smiles. Reset. Sales mode.

**RAWLINS**

Let me get you a new copy of the

proposal.

**BOURNE**

That'd be great.

**INT. A CAFÉ NEAR LA DEFENSE -- DAY**

BOURNE entering. And there's MARIE in the back working  
a  
something.

BOURNE sits. Pulls out the Alliance Security Brochures  
and  
literature. Flipping through it. Boats. Water. He's  
getting  
closer. Pictures of yachts and various security blurbs  
and a  
list of references for huge yachts -- jobs they've done  
in  
the past...

**MARIE**

I found it.  
(standing there)  
It took six calls.  
(she's creeped out)  
I found Kane. I found the body.

**BOURNE**

Let's go --  
(already standing --)  
We got to get away from this phone.

**INT. PARIS MORGUE FRONT DESK -- NIGHT**

THE TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS watching BOURNE put down a  
hundred  
dollar bill. MARIE standing a little off -- she will  
not be  
comfortable in the morgue.

**ATTENDANT #1**

(picking up the cash)  
What was the name again?

**BOURNE**

Kane. John Michael Kane.

**ATTENDANT #2**

It's number 121.

**BOURNE**

I want to see the body.

**ATTENDANT #1**

Our boss could come back. We're not supposed to.

BOURNE pulling out another hundred and --

**MORGUE FREEZER ROOM**

it. It's showtime. MARIE back by the door. BOURNE right on

ATTENDANT #1 pulling open the freezer and...

BOURNE sags. ATTENDANT #1 looking baffled.

**MARIE**

What?

INSERT -- FREEZER #121 -- it's empty.

**MORGUE BOSS (O.S.)**

(from behind them --)

What the hell's going on here?

drunk? Here comes the boss back from his break -- a little

**ATTENDANT #1**

This guy, he came to see the American, but the body, it's missing.

**MORGUE BOSS**

They came last night. His brother.

**ATTENDANT #2**

It's not in the book.

**MORGUE BOSS**

Who are these people?

(now English to Bourne)

Who are you? What's going on here?

**BOURNE**

Where did this body go?

**MORGUE BOSS**

I said, someone came last night --  
(big attitude now)

Look, this isn't a carnival -- people call and they make an appointment

and they follow the rules -- everyone signs in and out -- this is a serious place -- serious work -- it's not just to come in whenever you like --

**BOURNE**

(like a shot)

Shit, we didn't sign in.

**MORGUE BOSS**

So get the hell out of here.

**BOURNE**

Fine. But I'd like to sign in. In fact, I insist on it. Where's the book? I gotta sign in --

(off and running now --)

Everybody following -- all of them confused -- and into

--

**FRONT DESK AREA**

BOURNE there first -- all forward motion here -- balls  
out --

**BOURNE**

Is this it? --

(the book)

-- this is it, right? --

**MORGUE BOSS**

-- slow down -- you can't just take the book like that --

**BOURNE**

-- don't sweat it, I have a pen -- no problem -- just let me find the page --

(then quick to Marie)

-- honey, why don't you wait for me outside, okay? --

he's  
MARIE trying to take the hint, but she's curious what  
doing --

**MORGUE BOSS**

-- we have rules here, this is a very serious place -- I'm the one who decides who gets in here, okay? --

**BOURNE**

-- what do I? -- I put the name of  
the person I came to see? --

**MORGUE BOSS**

-- this is serious business down  
here and we cannot have people coming  
and going --

**BOURNE**

-- here we go -- I found it --

page out

But he's not writing -- he's ripping -- tearing the  
of the book --

**MORGUE BOSS**

-- what are you? -- what are you  
doing? -- you crazy fuck -- you ripped  
the book! -- you stupid fucki--  
(no chance to finish  
this, because --)

tractor

BOURNE just slammed him against the wall. Hard. Like a  
hit him. And fast.

And that shuts up the room.

THE TWO ATTENDANTS rushing to help their boss --

BOURNE grabbing MARIE and pulling her out the door --

**EXT. PARIS STREET -- NIGHT**

zoning

Moments after the morgue. BOURNE striding away. MARIE  
struggling to keep up. And BOURNE is different now --

in -- he's close -- he's hardening --

**MARIE**

What are you doing? --  
(he's scaring her)  
-- Jason -- stop -- talk to me...

Security

BOURNE ignoring her -- ripping through the Alliance  
brochures -- scanning them as he walks --

**MARIE**

-- I don't know what you're doing  
and you're scaring me -- what are

you looking for? -- what just happened  
in there? --

**BOURNE**

Nykwana Wombosi.  
(he stops, holding up  
the brochure --)

**MARIE**

What is that?

**BOURNE**

It's a name. Mr. Wombosi owns a thirty  
million dollar yacht. He's the proud  
owner of an Alliance Security package.  
(handing her the  
brochure --)  
He also paid a visit to the morgue  
to see John Michael Kane.  
(the ripped-out page --)

**MARIE**

What does that mean?  
(but he's walking  
again --)  
Jason, what does that mean?  
(she's trying to catch  
up, but he's walking  
really fast --)  
Jason, please... who is he?

**BOURNE**

I don't know.  
(he's not turning  
back again --)

**MARIE**

So what are we doing?

**BOURNE**

Go back to the hotel.

MARIE just stops. Reeling.

BOURNE walking away. Into Paris night and --

**INT. CONKLIN'S TREADSTONE OFFICE -- DAY/NIGHT?**

ABBOTT alone here. On the phone. Looking up to see --

**ZORN**

They found him. They found Bourne.

ABBOTT jumps off the call. Eyes never leaving ZORN.

**ABBOTT**

Where?

**ZORN**

You better come in.

**EXT. L'ETOILE -- NIGHT**

traffic THE PROFESSOR -- A MOTORCYCLE -- screaming through  
and --

**INT. WOMBOSI'S SECURITY ROOM -- NIGHT**

VIDEO MONITOR -- there's BOURNE -- staring up and --

**DEAUVAGE**

Jesus fuck, what is this?

**INT. TREADSTONE RESEARCH DESK -- NIGHT**

but VIDEO MONITOR -- different angle -- more clandestine --  
same deal -- there's BOURNE just standing there and --

**ABBOTT**

Omigod.

**EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT**

Staring BOURNE live. On the street. Bathed in a streetlight.  
up at a security camera.

Total hero moment.

I'm here. I'm waiting. I know you're watching.

**EXT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND -- NIGHT**

-- Confusion to say the least -- WOMBOSI -- pistol in hand  
moving as fast as he can through the clutter -- KIDS  
scattering as he follows DEAUVAGE -- racing for THE

SECURITY

**ROOM --**

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT**

plugged

CONKLIN -- ZORN -- ABBOTT -- THE TECHS -- everyone  
into the tension here --

**CONKLIN**

-- how long? --

**COMM TECH #1**

-- minutes -- he's close --

**EXT. NEUILLY STREETS -- NIGHT**

and --

THE PROFESSOR on the speeding cycle -- closing in fast

**EXT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND -- NIGHT**

moment.

BOURNE standing there as the FRONT GATE opens. The

The big deep breath. He's walking in --

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT**

Uglier by the second -- desperation madness --

**ABBOTT**

-- he went inside! --

**CONKLIN**

(to Abbott)

-- if we can get a clean shot --

**ABBOTT**

-- inside the house? --

**CONKLIN**

-- that's what they're trained for --  
just a surgical strike.

**ABBOTT**

Forget it.

**CONKLIN**

What do you want to do?

**ABBOTT**

We don't know what we're into!

**CONKLIN**

We're in the shitter, man! Pick your  
poison. Maybe he's in there to finish  
the job. Maybe he's working for

Wombosi. Maybe they want to go on TV together. Every possibility sucks -- we've got to move!

**INT. WOMBOSI COMPOUND MAIN HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

DEAUVAGE and BODYGUARD #1 giving BOURNE a serious pat down.

**BOURNE**

Is he here?

DEAUVAGE doesn't answer -- spinning BOURNE around -- they're really going over him --

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT**

CONKLIN on his feet -- ABBOTT beet red -- this is getting loud --

**CONKLIN**

You don't have the stones for this. You people come down here and wink and whisper and we send these guys out and get it done. And you're clear. And the guys upstairs get what they want. And the whole bunch of you are so stuffed on deniability it's coming out of your ears.

(gauntlet)

Well, you know what? You're here now. What do you want to do?

ABBOTT just shaking his head no.

And CONKLIN snaps -- suddenly he's over the console -- there's the button -- and he's pressing it and --

**EXT. NEUILLY ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT**

THE PROFESSOR in position -- roof of the house next door -- hum -- hum -- hum --

It's the E-PHONE PAGER -- he's just been activated and --

**INT. WOMBOSI'S COMPOUND HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

DEAUVAGE  
as  
way to

BOURNE being marched toward the throne room doors --  
and BODYGUARD #1 flanking him -- KIDS and WIVES staring  
he passes -- the way you'd look at a prisoner on the  
the gallows --  
THE BIG DOORS thrown open wide and --  
WOMBOSI on the throne.

**WOMBOSI**

Come in.  
(an imperial gesture)  
Please...

BOURNE steps up to the plate.

**WOMBOSI**

Did you bring investment advice for  
me tonight? It was tax shelters,  
wasn't it? Swiss debenture-swaps.

**BOURNE**

MPG Capital.

**WOMBOSI**

I think investment advice from a  
dead man, it's a bad idea.  
(beat)  
How does it feel to be dead?

**BOURNE**

It's a lot more stressful than I  
thought.

trying

KIDS have started sneaking into the room -- DEAUVAGE is  
to scoot them out but --

**WOMBOSI**

-- no -- no, let them in! -- let  
them in.  
(to the kids)  
Come in -- on y va -- come in...  
(to Bourne)  
I think everyone wants to see the  
dead man.

BOURNE watching the kids -- they are all staring --

**WOMBOSI**

What do you do?

(on his feet now --)

You get an appointment with me? You make sure it's on the boat? You come visit me -- you pitch me this bullshit investment package. You drink my water -- eat my bread -- play with my children -- and what? -- two nights later you come back and you put this death --

(slamming something

down onto the throne --)

-- you put this in my engine room!

There is A BOMB on the throne now.

**WOMBOSI**

So this is a different kind of meeting.

(steam building)

Maybe now we talk some truth, okay?

One dead man to another.

away  
the  
shirt --

BOURNE -- caught off guard as -- WOMBOSI suddenly rips

BOURNE'S BACK -- bare -- two bullet scars -- still raw

--

**WOMBOSI**

You see this?

(calling to Deauvage --)

I told you my shot was better!

**DEAUVAGE**

He went in the water -- how did he live?

**WOMBOSI**

No, no no...

(and he means this --)

This is a strong killer. This is a crazy strong killer. Oh, yeah...

(circling)

To make a killer that looks like you? This young? This face?

(he means this)

It's bloody fucking amazing.

him --

BOURNE imploding -- this news -- the kids staring at  
the bomb -- it's all getting loud around him --

**BOURNE**

Who do you think sent me?

**WOMBOSI**

I know who sent you. I don't know  
why.

(this could get  
physical at any moment  
now --)

I learned many, many things from the  
CIA. Many things. I learned the way  
they think.

(beat)

Was the bomb on my boat supposed to  
go off or not?

BOURNE distracted by the kids -- these faces -- it's...

**WOMBOSI**

You didn't set the bomb. Why?

BOURNE not sure -- about any of it --

**WOMBOSI**

Was this a game or a fuck up?

**BOURNE**

I don't know.

**WOMBOSI**

Get the kids out!

He doesn't have to say it twice -- they know the drill  
they're gone.

**WOMBOSI**

And the door.

DEAUVAGE closing the doors and as he does --

**THE PROFESSOR ATTACKS...**

.....

**THIS SCENE HAS NOT BEEN WRITTEN**

It's a shootout.

The Professor is infinitely more talented at this than  
the  
bodyguards.

Bourne needs to get out of there -- without looking  
wimpy --

No children are harmed.

As the Professor rallies -- he will shoot Wombosi -- he  
will  
he  
but  
still  
find Bourne's jacket left on the floor (in which later  
will find a clue leading him to Belleville) and last  
hardly least, he will take a parting shot at the bomb  
sitting there on the throne.

There will be a huge, trailer-worthy explosion.

This might not want to be very long. There is an  
extensive  
action sequence just around the corner.

So Bourne escapes. Physically he's just weary.  
Emotionally  
he's fucked.

All of that happens and we cut to --

.....

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT**

CONKLIN flipping out -- THE PROFESSOR is not responding

--

**CONKLIN**

-- code him again -- punch it in --

**COM TECH #1**

-- he's not responding --

**CONKLIN**

-- the paging unit must be damaged --

**COM TECH #2**

-- we just ran a remote diagnostic,  
sir, it's not the unit --

career  
ABBOTT looks like he might puke. ZORN watching his  
burn to the ground around him.

**ABBOTT**

What are you doing?

CONKLIN grabbing shit -- like a madman --

**CONKLIN**

I'm going to Paris.

**ABBOTT**

No you're not. You're not going  
anywhere. I'm shutting this down.

**CONKLIN**

You're not doing shit. You're so  
scared you can't even think.

**ABBOTT**

You just blew up a house in Paris!  
This program is over. Call it off.

**CONKLIN**

I can't call it off. He's not  
responding. Get out of my way.

CONKLIN splits and --

**INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

corner.  
It's really late. BOURNE enters the room. MARIE in the  
Smoked out. Cried out. Lived out.

Silence. Not a word.

and  
His shirt is torn to shit. He scraped-up -- blood here  
there. He moves past her into --

**THE BATHROOM**

His hands shaking as he tries to wash them. He bags it.

**THE ROOM**

BOURNE comes out. And there's a long silence until --

**MARIE**

It doesn't matter who you were before.  
It's who you want to be. That's all  
that matters.

(is he listening?)

We have this money. We have what we  
have. I had nothing before and now,  
I don't know, maybe I have more,  
maybe it's nothing, but...

(he looks over)

I say we leave here. We leave this  
place. We go until we can't go  
anymore.

**BOURNE**

You could do that?

**MARIE**

Yes. That's who I want to be.

they

BOURNE nods. Turns off the light. Takes her hand. And  
lay in bed. Just laying there.

**INT. PARIS SOMEWHERE -- NIGHT**

THE PROFESSOR cooping somewhere. Tending to his wounds.  
Ignoring his pager. He's slipped off the grid.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN**

BOURNE and MARIE packing up to hit the road. Together.

.....

**DOUG'S ROUGH DRAFT OF THE BIG ACTION SEQUENCE**

**INT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- LOBBY -- DAY**

MARIE dropping off the key. Hope hangs in the air --

**CLERK**

xxxxxx...

**MARIE**

xxxxxx

BOURNE enters. He's got the black duffel. Car keys.

**BOURNE**

xxxxxx.

**MARIE**

xxxxxx

feel  
And now they're headed for the door. Something doesn't  
right for BOURNE -- and then he notices --

**BOURNE**

Stop where you are.

**MARIE**

What?

Bourne turns back to the CLERK.

**BOURNE**

Where's the dog?

**CLERK**

My husband's out looking for him.

**BOURNE**

He run away often?

**CLERK**

That old beast? Miss his breakfast?

Not a chance.

(returning to cleaning)

It's always something, right?

Suddenly -- just like that -- everything's different --

**BOURNE**

Get in the basement.

**CLERK**

What?

**BOURNE**

(to Marie)

Get everyone down in the basement.

Now MARIE doesn't need a second warning --

**CLERK**

What the hell're you talking about?

**BOURNE**

You're in danger. All of you. I have  
no time to explain.

**CLERK**

Wait a minute --

**BOURNE**

I'm sorry.

her  
behind  
-- those words -- the way he said it -- she's grabbing  
purse, clearing out of the room. Slamming the door  
her -- click -- it's locked.

**MARIE**

Jason...

desk,  
nonetheless a  
No answer -- too busy -- reaching under the check-in  
coming up with -- A SHOT GUN, an old one, but  
gun --

**MARIE**

Who is it? Who's out there?

of  
And now BOURNE is moving, pulling open a drawer. A box  
shells. Filling his pockets.

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**BOURNE**

I won't let that happen.

front  
And he is moving down the small hallway. Away from the  
door -- towards the back door under the stairs.

**EXT. HOTEL DE LA PAIX -- COURTYARD -- DAY**

of  
THE HOTEL BACK DOOR -- kicked open -- BOURNE coming out  
the house -- coming hard -- and --

going  
her  
The small courtyard is empty -- but now the ALARM is  
off -- and BOURNE turns back to MARIE -- races to grab  
as --

and -- RATATATAT -- The FRONT DOOR -- WINDOWS -- ARE SHREDED  
here comes the PROFESSOR.

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

To a And now they are running, across this little courtyard.  
-- wall -- BOURNE is up, on it -- reaching down for MARIE  
-- grabbing her -- swinging her over the wall as --  
ABM!!! The PROFESSOR SHOOTS.

**BOURNE**

Go!

FIRES MARIE takes off running. BOURNE leans over the wall,  
takes BACK TWICE -- RATATAT -- The WALL IS SHREDED. BOURNE  
off running -- reloading on the fly.

a Rounds a bend, is chambering two rounds when he sees --  
WOMAN is in her kitchen -- staring at him -- no time to  
explain -- he turns back --

FIRES The PROFESSOR is just vaulting over the wall. BOURNE  
TWICE -- BAM! BAM! But the spray is too wide from this  
but -- distance. Windows are shattered to both sides of him  
face the PROFESSOR stumbles but keeps going -- blood on his  
now -- RATATAT --

Reaching BOURNE has to move. Reloading his almost useless gun.  
FLOWER MARIE -- facing a choice and they climb a wall --  
POTS EXPLODE around them but they make it -- now --  
a RUNNING IN A LABYRINTH -- right -- then left -- through  
ROOF -- small staircase. LEAPING a wall -- landing on a STEEP  
sliding, falling, crashing to the ground in --

there's a  
and  
A SMALL COURTYARD -- steep walls on all sides. But  
large window -- and it's open. And they step through  
find themselves --

**INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- BATHROOM -- DAY**

--  
They close the window behind them -- catch their breath  
--

**MARIE**

Did we lose them?

BOURNE shakes his head. Tucks the gun under his coat.

**MARIE**

Who is it?

**BOURNE**

We have to keep moving.

And now he is opening the door -- they step into --

**INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY**

calmly  
door of  
STARTLED KITCHEN WORKERS stare as BOURNE and MARIE  
walk out of the bathroom and head towards the front  
the empty restaurant. Quiet.

And then they open the door to the street and --

**EXT. BELLEVILLE -- COMMERCIAL STREET -- DAY**

burgeoning  
POLICE  
street,  
The first thing we notice is noise. The street is  
with life. The second thing we notice are SIRENS.  
CARS approaching. BOURNE and MARIE head down the  
blending in.

BOURNE  
Up ahead -- TWO POLICE CARS snaking through traffic.  
steers them off this crowded street.

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**EXT. BELLEVILLE -- QUIET STREET -- DAY**

--  
and  
he's

And BOURNE and MARIE are hurrying down this street when  
BAM -- The PROFESSOR comes out of a building -- across  
down the street. No time to hide -- he's seen them --

**FIRING.**

RATATAT --  
is

BOURNE tackles MARIE to the ground behind a car.  
The PROFESSOR is literally shredding it. And now BOURNE  
moving --

**MARIE**

What are you doing?

towards the  
each  
ends  
two  
changed.

And BOURNE is on the offensive. BAM! BAM! Moving  
PROFESSOR who is ducking behind cars on the other side.  
They are shredding the street -- FIRING ruthlessly at  
other and -- NOW THE POLICE ARE HERE -- BLOCKING both  
of the street. GUNS are drawn -- BOURNE's vulnerable on  
flanks. The COPS are YELLING. And now --  
THE PROFESSOR BLASTS the COPS -- And now things have

dive  
into --

THREE WAY FIREFIGHT and BOURNE grabs MARIE and they

**INT. SMALL EPICERIE -- DAY**

fire  
--  
for  
door --

And the PROFESSOR shreds the store as BOURNE attempts to  
back. SHIT flying everywhere in here -- hard to see and  
The PROFESSOR is advancing on them -- cops are no match  
his fire power. They move to the back -- kick open a

**INT. HIGHWALLED COURTYARD -- DAY**

PROFESSOR  
now  
BOURNE and MARIE cross this small courtyard, the  
is right on their heels. CRASH through a door -- and  
they are in --

**INT. SMALL SWEATSHOP -- DAY**

--  
to  
and --  
COUPLE of ASIAN WOMEN sewing in here. One MAN in charge  
and BOURNE and MARIE charging through -- the MAN about  
say something -- but now the PROFESSOR is on their tail

**INT. SMALL AFRICAN SHOP -- DAY**

Small  
him --  
racing to  
open --  
behind  
RATATATAT --  
Making god knows what in here -- vats of something.  
grouping of workers -- BOURNE shutting the door behind  
it's shredded with BULLET HOLES. BOURNE and MARIE  
the next door as -- BAM -- the PROFESSOR kicks the door  
BOURNE about to fire -- but there is a WOMAN right  
the PROFESSOR! Can't do it -- turns to run as --

The PROFESSOR FIRES as BOURNE and MARIE dive into --

**INT. LIVE POULTRY SHOP -- DAY**

glass  
MARIE  
And now CHICKEN feathers are flying everywhere -- the  
at the front of the door is shattering. BOURNE and  
make it through the gauntlet.

**EXT. BELLEVILLE -- STREET -- DAY**

into  
out the  
their  
And BOURNE and MARIE are running. And he is reaching  
his pocket -- fishing around -- and just as he pulls  
car keys -- we recognize this as the street they parked  
car on and --

**BY MARIE'S CAR**

BOURNE unlocks the door -- pops MARIE's open. And --  
THERE'S A COP -- yelling at them and -- BOURNE hits the  
gas --  
fires,  
THE  
for him --  
around  
they fly out of their parking space -- BAM!! The COP  
shattering their windshield and there -- up ahead --  
PROFESSOR coming out -- about to FIRE -- BOURNE aims  
forces him to dive out of the way and -- ONE QUICK MOVE  
a TRUCK and they are free.

**INT. THE LITTLE RED CAR**

BOURNE and MARIE looking back nervously -- so far all  
over --

**ON THE STREET**

The PROFESSOR looking around. PEOPLE staring at him --  
covered  
for  
swift  
oblivious --  
PROFESSOR  
clean  
at  
into --  
in blood -- the COP racing up -- yelling -- not yelling  
long because the PROFESSOR is firing at him and --  
Now the PROFESSOR is moving -- not running -- just a  
walk and now he's past the truck -- and --  
A MOTORCYCLIST comes flying down the street --  
going way too fast for these streets and -- the  
swings his gun stock like a bat -- takes him out --  
and smooth -- bike crashing to the ground and --  
The PROFESSOR grabs the bike and takes off -- SHOOTING  
TWO POLICE CARS just racing to the scene and we are

**EXT. BELLEVILLE BLVD -- DAY**

HIGH SPEED CAR CHASE. And BOURNE better do some fancy  
driving  
faster --  
because here comes the PROFESSOR -- and he's a lot

much better armed.

**INT. MARIE'S CAR**

PROFESSOR BOURNE driving. MARIE looking back -- seeing the gain on them --

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

And -- THE PROFESSOR FIRES -- SHREDS the back off their car --

**MARIE**

Give me the gun --

And now she's got his shotgun, leaning out the window.

**BOURNE**

Wait 'till he's close.

BOURNE swerves, up on the sidewalk back onto the street -- slaloms through the traffic -- racing towards an intersection and --

**IN THE INTERSECTION**

-- CARS coming the other way, BOURNE just makes it through -- the PROFESSOR tries to squeeze through -- skidding and --

on his CRACK! The PROFESSOR hits the front of a car sideways right bike -- he is THROWN clear through the intersection, into the windshield of an oncoming car and -- He gets up, grabs his gun and works his way towards his bike and now we see --

**EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS AROUND PARIS -- DAY**

COPS are mobilizing -- swarming into this area and --

**BACK TO THE CAR CHASE --**

shed  
--  
into --

BOURNE and MARIE pick up a few cops on their tail --  
all of them -- the last car goes into an EXPLOSIVE FLIP  
the PROFESSOR is now right behind them. And now we are

**CRAZY CAR CHASE WITH COPS RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL**

totaled  
finally  
now we

BOURNE, MARIE and the PROFESSOR leave a trail of  
cars that the cops have to try and navigate through --  
saying fuck it and hitting a few cars themselves and  
are into --

**CAR CHASE THROUGH NARROW STREETS**

police  
not

MARIE'S CAR and the MOTORCYCLE can pass where the  
cars cannot. BOURNE may be able to shed the cops, but  
the PROFESSOR. And now one quick move and they are --

**EXT. QUAI -- DAY**

COPS  
over.  
The  
GONE --

Racing against traffic up the Seine. Past the Louvre.  
pursuing on the other side of the river. BOURNE and the  
PROFESSOR leaving behind a trail of carnage. And now --  
The PROFESSOR is pulling up along side them -- one lane  
Both swerving to avoid oncoming cars and --  
MARIE FIRES -- TWICE -- TAKES out a few windshields.  
PROFESSOR fires at the same time -- MARIE'S CAR DOOR --  
she's totally exposed but --  
THE PROFESSOR -- his BIKE is SPOUTING GAS -- one of the  
pellets nailed his tank.

**BOURNE AND MARIE --**

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**THE PROFESSOR --**

the  
patched and --  
gone --  
police  
their  
and --  
flies  
--  
bike  
shatters.

No problem -- he's unwrapping a piece of duct tape from  
barrel of his gun -- two seconds and the hole is  
BOURNE AND MARIE -- the side of the car is completely  
the PROFESSOR is gaining -- across the river dozens of  
cars are racing alongside. Many more can be seen on  
side -- a road block ahead -- running out of options  
BOURNE turns hard -- crashes over the sidewalk and  
down a side street. A POLICE CAR pulls out behind them  
the PROFESSOR can't stop -- skidding hard, turning the  
sideways, skidding out -- sliding across the ground and  
BAMMM!!! SMASHING into a GLASS PHONE BOOTH which

And he's up -- lifting up his bike and --

**BOURNE AND MARIE**

street  
Running  
cars  
guns.  
there's a  
down  
on  
gonna

SIX POLICE CARS on their tail -- more joining. Every  
they look down has POLICE CARS racing in parallel.  
out of options and in the background --  
THE PROFESSOR is back in the game -- passing the police  
and up ahead --  
THE ROAD IS BLOCKED. POLICE ROAD BLOCK -- cops with  
Gotta act quick and -- BOURNE turns hard left --  
metro staircase -- only way out and --  
THEY BOUNCE down the stairs. CRASH through the doors  
below.  
THE FIRST POLICE CAR -- no way he's following. SLAMMING  
his brakes. SKIDDING to a halt -- SKIDDING sideways --

-- stop in time -- just at the edge of the steps and then  
--  
first car -- THE SECOND POLICE CAR isn't braking -- T-BONES the  
until it BAM!!! -- sends it rolling sideways down the steps  
crashes to a halt at the bottom -- upside down.  
different set THE PROFESSOR -- he's turning -- heading for a  
turnstiles -- of stairs. BOURNE AND MARIE -- crashing through the  
people diving out of their way and --  
kicked AT THE STAIRCASE -- THE WINDOW of the POLICE CAR is  
guns out -- out and -- TWO VERY ANGRY COPS emerge -- pull their  
got a head into the station. BOURNE and MARIE's world just  
lot more dangerous and --  
up THE PROFESSOR is racing down the other staircase -- an  
escalator -- people diving out of the way as --  
-- BOURNE and MARIE slalom through the station -- suddenly  
barricades there's the PROFESSOR -- parallel corridor -- metal  
keep them separated. PROFESSOR FIRING.  
UP AHEAD -- a horizon line -- BOURNE guns it -- a steep  
-- staircase and -- THEY FLY down the steps -- landing on

#### **THE METRO PLATFORM**

down The PROFESSOR lands on the other side -- both racing  
them the platform -- PROFESSOR tearing up the wall behind  
-- and -- HERE COMES A TRAIN -- on BOURNE and MARIE's side  
travelling the opposite way -- temporary refuge. Not  
for long -- there's no way out on this end of the platform.  
They skid to a halt -- just as --THE TRAIN DOORS OPEN --  
STARTLED

onto the

STRAPHANGERS stare at BOURNE and MARIE as they stop  
platform -- take off running.

- but

THE PROFESSOR has to turn his bike around. He's quick -  
it gives BOURNE and MARIE a two second head start.

platform --  
for the

BOURNE AND MARIE almost at the other end of the  
gunfire ripping up the windows behind them. Gonna go  
steps -- but here come --

the

THE ANGRY COPS -- remember them? -- the ones who took  
ride down the steps -- they're firing now and --

and

BOURNE AND MARIE turn back -- the PROFESSOR is firing  
there is only one option --

**INT. METRO CAR -- DAY**

diving off

BOURNE and MARIE into the conductor booth. People

TRAIN

the train as BOURNE hits the YELLOW BUTTON and -- the

into

STARTS ROLLING -- doors still open -- they disappear

the

the protection of the tunnel walls -- then BOURNE hits

watching

button to close the doors and -- THE PROFESSOR --

he's

the trains accelerate out of the station -- and now

motion of

racing his bike down the platform -- opposite the

THE

the train and -- here comes the end of the train and --

off

PROFESSOR throws his bike into a skidding 180 and skids

tracks

the platform all in one move -- landing hard on the

accelerating

but facing the right direction and now he's

racing

towards the train -- just as an oncoming train is

train

into the station and -- HE LEAPS onto the back of the

in the nick of time. His GUN CLATTERS to the tracks.

**IN THE LAST METRO CAR**

in --  
The window is shattered and the PROFESSOR lets himself  
wind whipping through his hair from the shattered  
windows.  
And --

**IN THE FIRST METRO CAR**

keeps  
BOURNE and MARIE finally getting a breather. BOURNE  
looking back -- nothing -- the train is deserted.  
Finally --

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

ground  
And ahead -- daylight -- the train tracks go above  
and as the train hits daylight -- we see the PROFESSOR  
directly behind BOURNE on the other side of the glass  
and --  
ramming  
CRASH! The PROFESSOR grabs BOURNE through the glass,  
his head into the metal as --  
the  
BOURNE grabs the knob, swings the door open and CRUSHES  
PROFESSOR -- CRUSHES him again and now he is free and -  
-  
kicks  
BOURNE turns, pulls up the shotgun and -- the PROFESSOR  
it out of his hands -- it clatters to the ground and  
now we  
have a beat -- THE TRAIN CAR races across the Bir  
Hakeim  
bridge -- all of Paris laid out behind them. BOURNE and  
the  
PROFESSOR squaring off -- both looking at the gun --  
realizing

-- there's no chance for either one of them to get it and --

-- A BRUTAL RUTHLESS FIGHT breaks out. BOURNE's motivated  
Looks the PROFESSOR's crazy -- makes it a pretty even match.  
like it could go on for a little while when suddenly --  
BAM!!! The PROFESSOR drops to the ground -- behind him  
-- MARIE wields the shot gun.

**MARIE**

xxxxxxx

**BOURNE**

xxxxxxx

it -- And BOURNE takes the gun from her -- standing there --  
reloading -- both barrels -- raising the gun -- aiming

.....

**INT. MOVING METRO CAR -- DAY**

puppet THE PROFESSOR sitting there. Like a dummy. Like a  
ravaged that's been propped up. He's fucked -- his whole side  
blood with shot -- his arm shredded -- hand barely there --  
flowing fast --

**BOURNE**

Who else is coming?

Mouth THE PROFESSOR staring up at the gun. Stunned. Doomed.  
dry. Eyes struggling to make sense of the chaos.

**BOURNE**

I won't ask again.

**PROFESSOR**

I work alone. Like you...  
(confused beat)  
...we always work alone.

**BOURNE**

What do you mean?

**PROFESSOR**

Who are you? Rome? Paris?  
(Bourne is just staring --)  
Treadstone... both of us... I was  
warned but...

**BOURNE**

Treadstone?

**PROFESSOR**

...which one are you?...

BOURNE lowering the weapon -- head swimming --

**BOURNE**

Paris. I live in Paris...

**PROFESSOR**

...headaches... you have that... I  
get such bad headaches...

**BOURNE**

Yes.

**PROFESSOR**

...it's a problem...

He's losing blood fast -- things inside him seizing up

--

**BOURNE**

Treadstone.

**PROFESSOR**

...or in a car... when it's dark...  
something with the headlights...  
(circuits exploding)  
...pills, right? Treadstone had those  
pills...

**BOURNE**

What is Treadstone?

**PROFESSOR**

...what did you do?... you must've  
really fucked up...

**BOURNE**

I think so.

**PROFESSOR**

...someone said caffeine -- for a headache... doesn't seem...

**BOURNE**

What do they want me to do?

**PROFESSOR**

...they won't let you go...

**BOURNE**

Why?

THE PROFESSOR -- coughing -- a spasm -- helpless --

**PROFESSOR**

Look at this...

(all the blood --)

...least you have a woman....

looks

And he's gone. Like that. Sitting there. And BOURNE paralyzed too. Kneeling there. Stalled out.

**MARIE**

Jason...

sound --

PROFESSOR'S

BOURNE doesn't answer -- can't, because there's this this pulsing hum -- BOURNE reaching into THE POCKET and --

--

covers

INSERT -- THE E-PHONE PAGER -- covered in blood -- hum hum -- hum -- BOURNE'S HAND wiping at the blood that the display --

BOURNE staring at it. Very familiar to him.

**MARIE**

We've got to go.

**INT. METRO CAR -- DAY**

from

BOURNE and MARIE racing back through the cars -- away the scene of the crime and --

**EXT. ABOVE-GROUND METRO PLATFORM -- DAY**

opening -- THE SHATTERED TRAIN pulling into the station -- doors  
platform and -- SCREAMS ECHOING through the station from up the

BOURNE and MARIE getting off the last car and --

**EXT. STREET/ALLEY NEAR THE PLATFORM -- DAY**

beat -- Two minutes later. BOURNE and MARIE -- exhausted --  
Everything all at once --

**BOURNE**

Take this.

She turns. He's holding the locker key.

**BOURNE**

Take it.

But she doesn't move.

**MARIE**

And that's it?

**BOURNE**

If you're lucky.

(it's hanging there)

Take it.

(beat)

There's enough in there to make a  
life. Any life. Just get out now.

Get low. Stay low.

(beat)

Take it.

She takes it. Staring at him. Simply refusing to cry.

**MARIE**

What was I thinking, right?

**BOURNE**

I can't protect you anymore.

**MARIE**

What about you?

**BOURNE**

I'm gonna find the end of this.

(beat)

I can't protect you.

MARIE takes one last look. And she's running --  
BOURNE hangs there a moment -- listening to her go --  
and  
like  
then he pulls out THE E-PHONE PAGER. And it's pulsing  
crazy.  
BOURNE flips open the shell. There's a keypad in there.  
Holding it. Like a missing organ.

**INT. THE ZURICH AIRPORT MOTEL ROOM -- DAY**

Remember MANHEIM? He's still there waiting. And his  
pager  
goes off, and --

**INT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT**

A safehouse -- CONKLIN filling a burn bag -- racing --  
everything's going --

**EXT. TREADSTONE PARIS -- NIGHT**

CONKLIN done with the dirty work -- out into the street  
--

As he's about to leave -- he hears a sound -- a  
familiar  
sound -- hum -- hum -- hum --  
He cross the street -- looks down to the Quai below --  
Holy shit -- there's one of his E-PHONE PAGERS --  
He goes down -- picks it up --  
And now --

**BOURNE**

What did you do to me?

CONKLIN wheels around. There he is. Right behind him.

**CONKLIN**

What did I do? What've you done? Do  
you have any idea? Any conception?  
What you've destroyed? Do you have  
any idea how much time and work --  
how many people have their lives

wrapped up in this?

So now you know.

**BOURNE**

Are you Treadstone?

**CONKLIN**

Am I Treadstone? Me?

(peering at him closely  
now --)

What the hell're you talking about?

BOURNE showing nothing -- or is he trying too hard not  
to?

**BOURNE**

What did you do to me?

**CONKLIN**

What did I do? I spent thirty million  
dollars on you. I spent three years  
finding you -- four years training  
you --

(incredulous)

What did I do?

(staring now)

What in the name of God have you  
been doing, Jason?

**BOURNE**

I don't know.

**CONKLIN**

They're right about you, aren't they?  
You're fried.

(on it now)

You really don't know what's going  
on, do you?

**BOURNE**

I know you've been trying to kill  
me.

**CONKLIN**

Of course. We had to try. We didn't  
know what was wrong.

(warming to this --)

We didn't know you were in trouble.

**BOURNE**

So now you know.

**CONKLIN**

So it's time to go home.

**BOURNE**

That's all I get?

**CONKLIN**

We'll make you better. We can put the pieces back. We can do that.

**BOURNE**

I don't think so.

**CONKLIN**

We have to go home, Jason.

**BOURNE**

Jason Bourne is dead.

**CONKLIN**

There never was a Jason Bourne.

(that gets him)

You have to come with me. It's the only way. We can give it back to you...

**BOURNE**

Keep it.

(and he's walking --)

**CONKLIN**

Jason...

(trying to follow --)

They can't let you go...

**BOURNE**

That'll be their second worst mistake.

nothing --  
And with that, BOURNE scrambles up a wall -- like it's  
CONKLIN just left there -- on the Quai -- in the dark -  
-

**EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT**

BOURNE walking away -- faster and faster --

**EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE NEARBY -- NIGHT**

alone  
MANHEIM -- A CAR PARKED IN THE DARKNESS -- sitting

with his briefcase. Opening it. There's his gun.

BOURNE -- walking -- deeper into the darkness and --

calm --  
MANHEIM -- in the dark car -- loading the weapon --  
steady -- methodical and --

BOURNE -- walking and --

quietly --  
MANHEIM -- stepping out of the car -- closing the door  
deep in the shadows and --

just  
BOURNE -- still coming -- the darkest part of the path  
ahead and --

MANHEIM -- raising the gun and --

**THE CAMERA SPINS TO HIS TARGET AND --**

IT'S CONKLIN! -- just climbing back up from the Quai --

body  
MANHEIM -- the gun -- phfft -- phfft -- phfft --  
CONKLIN -- three holes -- head -- heart -- gut -- his  
dropping like a stone beside his car.

that  
MANHEIM walks over. Looks down. Point blank -- phfft --  
makes it four and --

**INT. TREADSTONE COMMUNICATIONS DESK -- NIGHT**

begins  
ABBOTT and ZORN alone in the dark. As a red light  
pulsing on the console.

That red light means Conklin's dead.

light  
After a moment, ZORN moves to the console and shuts the  
off.

**EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE -- NIGHT**

going, as  
BOURNE still walking. And he's just gonna keep on  
we --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. CIA OPERATIONS CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

MARSHALL at the head of the table. A cadre of INTEL HONCHOS.

**ABBOTT (O.S.)**

The Treadstone project has actually already been terminated. It was designed primarily as a sort of advanced game program...

ABBOTT in the hot seat. ZORN right there beside him.

**ABBOTT**

...We'd hoped it might build into a good training platform, but quite honestly, for a strictly theoretical exercise, we thought it was far too expensive. The cost-benefit ratio was just too high. It's been all but decommissioned at this point.

**MARSHALL**

All right, what's next?

ZORN handing ABBOTT the next hundred pages.

**ABBOTT**

Okay, this is Blackbriar. Blackbriar is a joint, DOD, communications program that we really feel has good traction to it.

ABBOTT is just gonna go on and on and on.

**EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD -- DAY**

Gorgeous Summer day. A SCOOTER RENTAL SHACK near the beach.

**SIX MONTHS LATER**

MARIE coming out of the shack with two helmets. Handing them to A HAPPY COUPLE waiting there on their scooters.

THE HAPPY COUPLE rides off.

MARIE turns back and --

There's BOURNE. A new look. A smile.

**MARIE**

Can I help you?

**BOURNE**

This your store?

**MARIE**

Yes.

**BOURNE**

Think I could rent a scooter?

**MARIE**

You have ID?

**BOURNE**

Not really.

Beat. He smiles.

**MARIE**

It's not a problem.

Her turn to smile. And we...

**OUT:**

**FADE**

**THE END**