

30 ASSAULT

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FADE IN:

A stark desert plain peppered with stars.

Low mechanical rumbling rolls across the sands, coming toward us, all around us, until it hits like a wind and a Junker 52 transport plane roars into frame and takes off, up and away from a bustling military AIR STATION.

SUPER:

TOBRUK, NORTH AFRICA - OCTOBER, 1942

A PROPELLER

Buzzes to life.

German airmen load cargo into the belly of a JUNKER. A pilot under the wing performs a preflight inspection of the plane. Headlight beams hit him. He shields his eyes and looks.

A desert-camouflaged Daimler Benz staff car speeds along the dirt runway, a beige cloud of dust in its wake.

It swerves to a stop and an ITALIAN OFFICER steps out of the back. Handsome, fit, a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

He makes for the plane. Confident. Purposeful. Moving like a panther, all grace and power.

A column of British prisoners pass by in front of him, dust-covered men in bandages and tattered uniforms.

A young Brit missing a leg looks at the Italian, holds his gaze, a compassionate shade in the Italian Officer's eyes.

The column passes by and the Italian moves on and boards.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The Junker 52 in flight.

INT. JUNKER 52 - REAR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The Italian sits on a bench across from two SS officers. Jostled by turbulence. Besieged by the HUM of the engines.

He eyes the SS officers, their Death's Head insignia. Shoulder holsters. Walther P38 sidearms.

One of them turns and the Italian looks away, around the plane, his eyes coming to rest on a

Small wooden crate marked with a stamped British flag and stenciled lettering that reads: "Fragile: Gyroscopes".

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The German transport hums along.

INT. JUNKER - SAME

The SS officers sleep. The Italian studies them, making sure. He checks his watch: 0200.

Uncuffs the briefcase, glances at the flight deck curtain, then weaves his way over to the Germans.

SS OFFICER #1

Comes awake. The Italian standing over him, smiling.

ITALIAN OFFICER/CROSS
Mornin', Fritz.

THUMP! The stunned German looks down at a knife in his chest. His eyes roll.

SS OFFICER #2 stirs.

And British agent COMMANDER JAMES CROSS slaps a hand over the German's mouth and stabs. Another silent death.

Cross checks the flight deck - nothing. Against the sound of the engines no one heard a thing.

He slips the blade into an ankle sheath. Heads for the gyros.

Ties them and a PARACHUTE to a packed inflatable raft.

Opens a jump door. Reaches for another chute

When WHAM! The co-pilot hurtles into frame and slams him against the fuselage, launching a wild slugfest that carries around the compartment, near the open jump door and through the curtained doorway onto the

FLIGHT DECK

Where they tumble in, in a heap.

The shocked pilot draws a Luger.

Cross kicks it. It fires, BOOM! Into the windshield!

Blowing it apart. Filling the cockpit with a sudden vortex of flight plans, light equipment and broken glass.

A shard strikes the pilot's face. He CRIES OUT! Falls on the wheel.

Puts the plane into a dive that sends Cross and co-pilot out the blown windshield onto the

NOSE

Where they hang on for dear life. Cross gripping the windshield coaming, the co-pilot clinging to his legs.

THE PILOT

Wipes blood from his eyes and pulls up on the wheel.

AND THE JUNKER

Rises. Higher and higher. Up out of the dive.

CROSS AND CO-PILOT

Fighting Gs as the plane soars.

Co-pilot reaching upward. Cross pushing down on his face. Pulling a leg free, nailing co-pilot with a kick that sends him cartwheeling into the wing propeller.

CO-PILOT

Nein!

PHFTTT! Blood and clothing splatter across the wing.

PILOT

Looks out at his bloodstained plane. Turns back as Cross leaps onto him through the blown-out windshield.

They hit the floor. Fight to their feet.

Bump the wheel and put the plane into a climb that sends them rolling into the BACK COMPARTMENT, the Luger skittering in after them.

They come off the floor a few meters apart.

THE JUNKER

Soaring. Leveling off. Cresting a parabola.

And for a few seconds everything in the plane becomes WEIGHTLESS. Cross, the pilot, bodies and cargo all float around the cabin like feathers in a breeze.

The Luger floats before the pilot. He grabs it. SHOOT!

Bullets ZIP and PING around the plane. Clip Cross's ear!

When WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Gravity's back and everything drops at once and slides towards the nose.

Cross tumbling down the fuselage. Past a net which he grabs.

The pilot rolling by, FIRING! Missing Cross. Crashing into a bulkhead. Recovering. Aiming...

at Cross, who whips out his knife and lets it fly! End over end into the pilot's throat!

THE NOSE OF THE JUNKER DIPS

The dive angle steepens.

JOLTING CROSS

Who pulls himself hand over hand up the net to the jump door.

He hauls up the gyros attached to the parachute and packed inflatable raft. Heaves them out one by one.

Grabs another chute caught in the net. Concentrates. Intensely. Strapping on the chute, ignoring the shimmering blackness of the sea rising up to meet him.

Coming closer and CLOSER as Cross fastens the chute and bails!

TWO WHITE PARACHUTES DRIFT AWAY

from the plane as it spirals into the sea and EXPLODES!

CROSS

Floats down, eyes locked on the inky surface of the sea. He times the impact, unhooks his shoot and plunges in the water.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Cross surfaces.

Swims to the raft and drags himself over the side.

Hauls in the gyroscopes by the cord.

Checks the crate - intact, everything A-okay.

Cross pulls a small flashlight out of his pocket.

Signals in each direction - north, west, south, east.

In the east, a deck-mounted searchlight comes to life. It flashes an answer - we are here.

INT. DR GRIEVE'S OFFICE - SIS HQ (LONDON) - DAY

MATCH CUT to a pen-light. Shining. Going out.

Leaving behind the glum face of DOCTOR GRIEVE, a bespectacled elderly physician.

Doctor Grieve examines Cross. Checks the scrape on his ear.

DR GRIEVE

Hmm, another centimeter and your head would've popped like a melon.

He makes a popping sound with his mouth. Cross is not amused.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

Apologies, Commander. Black sense of humor - a hazard of the trade.

Doctor Grieve clears air bubbles from a shot. Jabs Cross.

CROSS

Heyyy!

DR GRIEVE

Tetanus. Filthy things those German bullets.

Doctor Grieve fills out a chart as Cross gets dressed.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

So how are you feeling?
(off a look from Cross)
I have to ask; it's on the questionnaire.

CROSS

What does advanced battle fatigue get me?

DR GRIEVE

A pep talk.

Dr Grieve hands Cross his medical clearance.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

You're cleared for leave, Commander. God knows you've earned it. Where to?

CROSS

Edinburgh. I'm flying up there this afternoon.

DR GRIEVE

Good God, whatever for? The place
is an icebox this time of year.

CROSS

It certainly is. But they've got
the world's best Scotch, beautiful
redheads and it's so damn cold none
of them ever want to get out of bed.

Cross cracks a sly grin and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rain. A war-torn London street: barrage blimp overhead,
residential buildings, one side of the street in rubble.

A cab pulls up. Cross steps out. Totes his duffel bag and
enters his building.

INT. LOBBY - CROSS'S BUILDING - DAY

Takes mail from a box and walks upstairs.

INT. CROSS'S FLAT - SAME

Steps into a spartan room. Drops his bag and sifts through
the mail.

Handwritten letters embroidered with feminine touches, return
addresses from Belfast, Liverpool... Stockholm.

Cross smells this one, not bad.

He drops them all in a waste basket, removes his coat and
falls on the bed.

LATER

Cross sits on the edge of the bed in his undershirt, smoking
a cigarette, staring out at nothing. A faded, poorly-inked
tattoo on his shoulder. It reads: "Orbis non sufficit".

He turns to a SCRATCHING SOUND.

A gray mouse scurries along the floorboards by the wall.
Ducks into a small hole in the plaster.

Cross smiles faintly. Holds the cigarette in his lips and
goes to a desk. Takes out a bit of moldy cheese.

Knocks off the mold and sets the small chunk outside the
hole. Goes back and sits.

Looks again at the hole. The cheese is gone.

CROSS
Your welcome, Mickey.

Cross gazes with faraway eyes out the rain-streaked window.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(muted with melancholy)
Good to be home.

He takes a drag. Blows a veil of blue smoke at the dreary skyline of London.

LATER STILL

Cross puts on his uniform. Picks up a hotel brochure.

CLOSE ON the brochure - "The Highlander", a picturesque Scottish inn.

EXT. CROSS'S STREET - DAY

Cross stands on a wet sidewalk holding a travel bag, a smoke in his mouth. A cab pulls to the curb.

Before he can get in a jeep arrives and a BRITISH SERGEANT alights from the vehicle.

BRITISH SERGEANT
Commander Cross?

Cross stops, knows what's coming and doesn't like it.

BRITISH SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Admiral Godfrey wants to see you.

Cross gazes right through the sergeant. Pulls his travels papers from his jacket and looks at the brochure, the picturesque Scottish inn.

Tosses the lot into a street-side rubbish can.

The cabbie flips the meter and drives off.

Cross takes a last drag on his cigarette, flicks it away. Climbs in the jeep.

THE DRONE RHYTHMIC PURR OF A SUBMARINE PROPELLER RISES TO A ROAR, DROWNING OUT ALL OTHER SOUND AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

The sleek black body of a SUB POWERING THROUGH THE DEEP

AND CROSS

in the cramped confines within. On a bunk, his face five inches from the cot above, his hands clasped behind his head.

Waiting. Thinking. His eyes SEEING...

SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (SIS) HQ - FRONT GATE - DAY

The jeep pulls up to a gate. MPs. A compound of buildings.

Cross steps out of the jeep ducking the rain.

Shows a pass to an FSP Military Policeman, the green-capped MPs of the Intelligence Services.

ENTERS SIS HEADQUARTERS

A brick monolith beside the Thames.

Steps from an elevator into a catacomb-like BASEMENT where an MP mans a table.

Cross flashes an ID. Walks down a mole's passage - a dim HALLWAY in the bowels of the building.

To a door, a sign above the jamb:

"30 ASSAULT UNIT"

He enters the crack commando unit of the SIS.

CROSS - ON THE SUB

Awake in his berth. He looks around at the other cots.

The dim rounded shapes of three men sleeping.

Betty Garble in a one-piece taped to a bulkhead. Looking over her shoulder, smiling.

CROSS REMEMBERING...

An attractive SECRETARY turns to Cross as he steps into an OFFICE. Smiles with something more than familiarity and points to a side door.

SECRETARY

They're in there. You're late.

Cross goes to the door, stops and turns.

CROSS

Thank you, ma'am.

SECRETARY

I'll ma'am you all right.

Cross cracks a roguish grin then steps into a

CONFERENCE ROOM

Where his eyes meet those of REAR ADMIRAL JOHN GODFREY (54), one of Special Intelligence Services top brass. He sits on a table with one leg on the floor. Been waiting.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Good of you to join us, Commander.

Cross slides into the nearest seat.

Up front, another officer, a COMMODORE glares at the late arrival. Approaches and drops a file on Cross's lap.

Cross regards him with casual indifference. The Commodore looks critically at Cross and moves on.

Takes mission files to three other men:

French Army CAPTAIN ALAIN ROYAN - middle-aged, dark featured, has an air of grand experience about him.

MAX KAUFMAN (25), a blonde Teutonic bull, handsome, crisply dressed, could be a poster-boy for Aryan propaganda.

And CORPORAL STANLEY OWENS, maybe thirty, British, spruce and stringy, better suited for a lab coat than a uniform.

Admiral Godfrey stands, glances at Cross.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Now that we've all seen fit to be present, I'll get started.

He walks to the front of the room. Pulls down a screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I'm sure you're wondering what all the fuss is about. Why the big rush to get you here...

(at Cross)

the canceled leaves, the selection of four men who've never worked before as a team?

The agents trade glances, curiosity stirred.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Well, it can't be helped. This is a priority one mission. For it, I need German-speaking agents with experience behind enemy lines; our best men, and you four fit the bill.

He nods to the Commodore who hits the lights and uses a projector to put a circa 1942 map of Germany on the screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
A short notice mission, gentlemen;
short on intel, planning and time.

ALAIN
(sotto voce to Cross)
And any chance of success.

Cross grins at Alain, shares his cynicism.

A photo of a fortified coast line appears on the screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
You will enter enemy territory by
submarine here at Cape Arkona. From
the coast you'll make your way to
Berlin, to the...

Another slide: a rectangular mansion five stories high.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Physics.
Once there, you will infiltrate,
retrieve a German scientist and make
your way home.

Max raises his hand.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Max?

MAX
Sir, our escape route?

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Back to the coast, to the drop point.
That's with a twenty-four hour
turnaround.

CROSS
And if it takes twenty-five?

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Just see that it doesn't. But if
needed we've planned for alternate
escape routes through France and
Switzerland. They're in your mission
file.

Silence. Slides off. Lights on.

CUT TO:

SUB CABIN

Suddenly illuminated. A young NAVAL OFFICER, torso through the hatchway, hand on a light switch.

NAVAL OFFICER

Sir, we're nearing the drop point.

CROSS

Acknowledges with a nod.

A KNIFE

Slips into an ankle sheath as Cross secures it to his ankle. Zips up his wet suit.

ALAIN, MAX AND OWENS

Stand around him half in and out of their wet suits, loading black equipment bags with German uniforms, canteens, weapons - Lugers and Schmeissers, everything Wehrmacht issue.

MAX

Pulls a steel box out from under a cot. Takes out plastic explosives and timing devices, hands them to Alain. Who places them carefully in a black equipment bag.

CROSS

Watching him, REMEMBERING.

ALAIN - AT THE BRIEFING

His arms crossed on his chest, a sly grin on his face.

ALAIN

Okay, Admiral, another happy holiday into the Third Reich. But why all the fuss over one lousy le boche?

The word "boche" draws a look from Max.

Admiral Godfrey turns to the Commodore.

COMMODORE

His code name is X. I know, not terribly original, but this chap's something of a mystery: Our only contact with him is through telegrams he sends to our Swiss embassy.

(MORE)

COMMODORE (CONT'D)

We know that he's a scientist, anti-Nazi, and holed up in this Institute, unable to leave. We aren't sure why. And we haven't a clue what he looks like, just a name, "Doctor Mueller" But we do know that he wants out, and that he works in the most sensitive of German operations.

Admiral Godfrey nods to Owens who stumbles out of his seat and stands before the others.

OWENS

Gentlemen, what do you know about nuclear fission?

The dull looks on their faces is answer enough.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Theoretically, nuclear fission is the splitting of an atom, creating a chain reaction that releases enormous amounts of energy.

He pauses for effect.

MAX

A bomb?

OWENS

A very big bomb, large enough to destroy an enter city. If the Jerrys can make one, or if we do, it could decide the outcome of the war.

COMMODORE

So far no one's been able to make it work, but we think the Germans are about two years ahead of us, and--

ADMIRAL GODFREY

And this Doctor Mueller has information that can close that gap.

Admiral Godfrey gives the Commodore a look, it was all they needed to know.

Cross flips through his mission file.

CROSS

So let me get this straight, we've got no photo, no description and we think he's held up in this Institute.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
That's about the size of it,
Commander.

CROSS
What lunatic dreamt this one up?

COMMODORE
Commander Cross, that's quite enough.
You have your orders.

Cross looks to Admiral Godfrey.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Corporal Owens here will be your
guide. He's a physicist. As a
civilian he spent some time at the
Institute before the war. His job
is to get you in. Yours is to find
Mueller and bring him to me.

Admiral Godfrey locks eyes with Cross, the other men - no
questions.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Well, that's it.
(checks his watch)
You've got two hours to make your sub.

The men rise, file out. Admiral Godfrey motioning to Cross
to remain behind. Talks to him after the others have gone.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Sorry about your leave, but you're
the only man for the job.

CROSS
(overlapping)
...man for the job.

Admiral Godfrey and Cross share a look, an understanding,
something more than just mutual respect passing between them.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
(takes a grave tone)
James, there's one other thing.
This Doctor Mueller claims to have
made some sort of breakthrough. Our
technical guys are falling all over
themselves wondering what it can be,
but they agree on one thing: under
no circumstances can he be left in
German hands. Understood?

The admiral's words hang in the air.

CROSS
Yeah, understood.
(embittered)
The things we do for king and country.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Every bloody day.

CROSS'S REACTION

his eyes cold as ice... MATCH-CUT TO:

CROSS - IN THE SUB

scrutinizing a map. Absorbing every detail.

CLANG!! An ammo magazine hits the steel deck. An embarrassed Max picks it up, smacks it into an MP40 machine pistol.

ALAIN

observes Max, measuring him. Looks at Cross. More than a meeting of eyes, Alain has doubts about Max.

Owens struggles to put on his dive tank and Alain stops him.

ALAIN
Not here.
(points fore)
Wait 'til the torpedo room.

Owens, abashed, removes his tank.

CROSS
Hey, Owens, how did they rope you
into this?

OWENS
I volunteered.

The others turn, amused.

OWENS
My fiancée didn't much care for it,
but what can you do when they tell
you "You're the only man for the job?"

Cross and Alain trade looks, where've they heard that before.

OWENS (CONT'D)

(sprightly)

A week ago I was a Grade 3 civilian teaching physics. Today I'm a corporal off to save his country from the bloody Hun. Mum and Dad were beside themselves with pride. Gave me a super send off, they did.

ALAIN

I got the super send off from a barmaid in Picadilly. Small world.

Owens catches his meaning, grins sheepishly.

Two sailors enter with a PHONEY SEA MINE. They unzip it and put the equipment bags inside. Carry it out of the cabin.

Cross checks his watch.

CROSS

Well, gentlemen, now all the fun starts.

ALAIN

It's what I live for.

He turns to Owens. The young man looks pale, edgy.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry, Volunteer, it's going to be a piece-of-pie. We'll just march into a bunch of Germans and pluck out the smartest one.

Alain gives him a reassuring pat on the back. Moves forward. Owens following.

OWENS

Cake, the saying is "cake".

They pass Max. He stands sweating, motionless, taut with apprehension. Alain can't contain himself.

ALAIN

What the hell's the matter with you? You act like it's your first time out.

Cross checks Max.

CROSS

What is it, Max?

MAX

It's just a touch of nerves. It'll pass.

Alain expels air through pursed lips, a scoffing commentary.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'll do my goddamn job, Frenchy!

ALAIN
Yeah, but for which side!

Max drops his gear, shoves Alain.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
Sale boche!

Alain launches into Max. They scuffle. Cross intervenes.

CROSS
Knock it off!

The two men separate, fuming.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, drop it, right now.
You!
(points at Alain)
Back off. And you...

Cross stares at Max at a loss for words.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Pick up your gear. C'mon, move out.

Max quickly gathers his equipment and moves forward with Owens. Alain lingers.

CROSS (CONT'D)
What was that all about?

ALAIN
How well do you know him?

CROSS
I don't. But if Godfrey chose him
that's good enough for me.

Alain looks candidly at Cross, a comment on the tip of his tongue. He checks it.

ALAIN
What's the difference? He's here.

Alain starts to leave. Cross detains him.

CROSS
Look, Captain Royan--

ALAIN

Alain.

CROSS

All right, Alain, if there's something I should know, I want it now.

Alain looks at Max and Owens out of earshot, donning their dive tanks. He lowers his voice and confides in Cross.

ALAIN

Okay, Commander. Max Kaufman is an Austrian expatriate who has been on three team missions behind enemy lines. Three. And we've gotten better intelligence from an Alsace grape-picker.

CROSS

Not every mission goes as planned.

ALAIN

Oui. But on all three missions only he came back.

Alain shoulders his gear and moves off. Cross looks ahead to Max, a seed of doubt in his eyes.

EXT. GERMAN COAST - NIGHT

A rocky coastline dotted with obstructions: Belgian Gates, concrete pilings, barbed wire.

Offshore dozens of black mines bob up and down in the water.

A sentry patrols the beach, his flashlight cutting a swath through the night.

IN THE WATER

One mine drifts purposefully around the others.

UNDERWATER - MINE FIELD

The four agents swim ashore, a lead man towing the fake mine.

BEACH

The fake mine floats in the surf, behind it Cross's face mask breaks the surface. He scans the beach.

The sentry moves out of sight and the agents, carrying the mine, race quickly, silently, out of the water and up the beach into a line of trees.

EXT. HILLTOP - CAPE ARKONA - NIGHT

Cross, in a Wehrmacht colonel uniform, kneels in brush atop a hill monitoring a highway with field glasses. The others stacked up behind him dressed as Wehrmacht NCOs.

POV - THROUGH FIELD GLASSES

A Daimler-Benz staff car cruises a pine-clad country road, headlight beams reaching into the night.

The car turns onto a side road at the base of the hill. Up a driveway leading to a dimly lit country chalet.

INT. CHALET - NIGHT

A log is added to a fire.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE in a sheer negligee walks from the fireplace to a window. Looks out at the car and driver - a rugged sergeant next to the Daimler-Benz smoking a cigarette.

He stares at the woman. Smiles rudely. She snaps the curtain closed. Turns and goes.

Enters a BEDROOM where a fat OLD GENERAL sits in bed drinking a glass of wine. The woman comes to his side, flaunts her considerable assets before his delighted eyes.

OUTSIDE - THE DRIVER

Drops his cigarette. Puts it out with his boot. Suddenly his leg stiffens, quivers.

REVEAL ALAIN

behind him, the tip of his knife deep in the driver's back.

Alain lowers the driver silently to the ground. Removes keys from his pocket. Owens emerging from the trees behind him. Together they drag the driver out of sight.

BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

looks down on the general, his hand sliding up her thigh. She takes his wine. Drains it. Turns abruptly and leaves.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

OLD GENERAL
What now, angel?

BEAUTIFUL BURNETTE
I want more wine.
(MORE)

BEAUTIFUL BURNETTE (CONT'D)
(under her breath, disgusted)
Who wouldn't.

She leaves the bedroom passing Cross and Max hiding on either side of the doorway.

She senses them. Turns. Max grabs her and clamps his hand over her mouth.

Cross pivots into the room, silencer raised. PHFFFT! PHFFFT!

Two bullets slam into the general's forehead.

Cross checks the bedroom - bathroom - clear. He goes to a window. Waves Alain and Owens inside. Returns to Max still holding the woman with his hand over her mouth.

MAX
What do we do with her?

Alain and Owens enter and observe the woman, the situation.

Cross weighs what to do. He looks at Alain... Max... settles on the woman, her pleading eyes.

CROSS
Kill her.

Max looks stunned. Ditto Owens and Alain.

ALAIN
Commander.

Cross shoots him a look. Firm. Certain. Whatever Alain had to say, he checks it. Knows Cross is right.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
(takes Owens's arm)
C'mon, help me with the equipment.

A shocked Owens breaks free of Alain.

OWENS
(approaching)
Commander, you can't mean it. That's cold-blooded murder! She's a civilian for God's sake!

CROSS
(calm and cool)
Put the equipment in the car, Corporal. Now.

Owens looks at the woman. Anguished for her, for himself, his part in this. He pulls away, turns to go.

The woman panics. Bites Max's hand, breaks free and bolts out of the room.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Stop her!

Max goes after her, into the house.

Alain, out the front door to cut off a back door escape.

Cross pins Owens with an icy stare.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(points at front door)

Go on! Cut her off!

Owens hurries out the front door.

And Cross takes off after Max.

PICKUP BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

fleeing through the kitchen. Past a butcher's block where she scoops up a knife and goes lurching out a back door.

Max rushing into the kitchen in hot pursuit.

EXT. CHALET - NIGHT

Beautiful Brunette arrives outside. Quickly pushes down a wooden shelf next to the door. Blocks the exit.

Dashes into the forest and disappears.

Max pushes the door open. Halfway. Gives it a mighty shove and knocks the fallen shelf aside. He steps out. Looks around.

The woman now nowhere in sight.

Cross arrives behind Max. Luger drawn, eyes raking the trees for any sign of the woman.

Alain and Owens appear from around the side of the chalet.

ALAIN

Where is she?

Cross points to the trees and the men fan out. Enter the

WOODS

Max moves quietly through trees, easing branches out of his way, releasing them gently back into place.

Alain steps over a log, stops and listens, the shadowy form of Owens visible to his left.

Cross, silencer in hand, stalks the woman.

CRACK! A sound in the woods ahead of him, a flash of a white negligee among the trees.

Cross takes off after her.

PICKUP BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

running breathlessly from tree to tree. Hiding. Listening. The knife in her hand. Beads of sweat on her pale cheeks.

Footsteps CRUNCH leaves behind her. Coming closer, CLOSER, right up to the tree.

She lunges out. Jabs the knife in Owen's arm.

OWENS

(cries out)

AHHH!

He drops his weapon and clutches his arm.

Beautiful Brunette picks up his gun. Aims!

PHFFFT! A bullet slams into her chest. She freezes, stunned, Owen's machine-pistol falling from her hand.

Blood blooms on her white negligee. She drops to her knees. Looks at...

Cross holding the Luger, smoke rising off the barrel, drifting before his eyes - pitiful eyes, hollow with regret.

Beautiful Brunette grimaces then goes perfectly still and relaxes as if giving herself over to death.

She keeps her eyes on Cross as the lights go out and she drops face first into the leaves.

ALAIN AND MAX

arrive on the scene.

Max's eyes go from the woman to Cross - where they're met by a cold unspoken rage. END OF WEBSITE EXCERPT. Contact johnroyan@tahoefilmgroup.com to read the full script