

SANDPIPER

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OVER BLACK, a man's voice:

DET. CHUNG (O.S.)  
Be quick.

INT. SHANGHAI MORGUE - NIGHT

Hands search a body. Reaching in coat pockets. Find a false seam. Travel documents, three passports. Same face, different names. A handsome man (30s).

DET. CHUNG (O.S.)  
Come on.

DETECTIVE CHUNG waits in the open door, foot tapping. Watching the empty hall. Glances back into the morgue at-

VIOLA (30s). She bends over a body on a slab, whispering something we can't hear. Mourning.

The body- the handsome man from the passports- is missing half his face. Skull blown open by a gunshot.

Viola touches his chin. Wearing latex gloves. Closes his one remaining eye. Hands shaking, removes his WEDDING RING.

A DOOR OPENS in the hallway.

DET. CHUNG (CONT'D)  
Viola-

She grabs the travel documents and brushes past him into the hallway without a word.

INT. HALLWAY - SHANGHAI MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

They hurry around a corner just as a SHANGHAI POLICE OFFICER appears at the other end of the hall. A near miss.

EXT. MARKET STREET, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

APOCALYPTIC RAIN. A crowded market street sheltered by strung-up umbrellas.

SUPERIMPOSE: **SHANGHAI, 2038.**

Viola and Chung slip out of an unmarked door behind a noodle stall. They shuffle through the crush of CUSTOMERS into the street. Pull up their hoods.

VIOLA  
We're even.

DET. CHUNG  
That's it?

VIOLA  
You want there to be more?

SIRENS BLIP, telling pedestrians to make a path. A PATROL CAR- a sleek, futuristic two-seater- moves through slowly. Viola puts her back to it.

As she does, a MAN bumps into her. Mutters apologies. She doesn't even look at him as he melts into the crowd.

DET. CHUNG  
They catch you, they catch me.

VIOLA  
I won't roll over.

DET. CHUNG  
You haven't met the CCP's  
interrogation tactics.

VIOLA  
I've seen how they treat  
contractors.

DET. CHUNG  
Loose ends. You know how it is.

SIRENS BLIP. They both look toward the patrol car. Jumpy.

DET. CHUNG (CONT'D)  
I'll give you a ride, make sure you  
get back okay.

A moment of uncertainty. *Can Viola trust him?*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CHUNG'S CAR - NIGHT

The engine runs silent. Rain thunders on the roof. The lights of the city slide past like water.

The car slows.

DET. CHUNG  
It's 24-7 rush hour in this city, I  
swear to God.

They stop in standstill traffic. Viola frowns out the window.

VIOLA  
This isn't the way to-

The back doors OPEN. Fast motion. Two PLAINCLOTHES COPS get in, dripping rain. Viola reaches for her door. Chung locks it. One of the cops points a GUN at her.

Viola holds very still. Scared but calm.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
(to Chung)  
They catch you, they catch me, huh?

DET. CHUNG  
Loose ends. Nothing personal.

Traffic starts moving. Chung guides the car onto an exit ramp, heading out of the city.

EXT. SEAWEED DRYING FACILITY - NIGHT

A wide stretch of beach on the coast. SEAWEED hangs from 100-foot high racks, drying in the open air. Chung's car glides into an empty parking area and stops.

The plainclothes cops get out. One points a gun at the passenger side door and grabs the handle.

CLICK- it unlocks.

Before he can pull it open, Viola SLAMS it into him and bursts out of the car. RUNS FLAT OUT for the seaweed racks.

GUNSHOTS crack behind her. She ducks. Weaves.

Makes it into the maze of seaweed. Pounding footsteps behind her. Men's voices shout in Mandarin. She comes to a dead end. Pushes through the hanging seaweed. It's thick, heavy. She fights through to the other side and-

Stops dead. Staring down the barrel of Chung's gun.

The other two catch up, breathing hard behind her.

Viola's surrounded. Caught. She puts her hands up. Meeting Chung's eyes- pleading.

He stares back. Eyes hard.

The plainclothes cops force Viola down on her knees. Chung shoves his gun against her forehead.

DET. CHUNG  
You'll be back with him soon.

Viola closes her eyes.

Chung's finger tightens on the trigger.

*BANG.*

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET STREET, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

The crowded market street. Apocalyptic rain. Viola standing with her back to the patrol car.

She *blinks*- a moment of terrible disorientation. Looks around at the street like she's seeing it for the first time.

DET. CHUNG (O.S.)  
They catch you, they catch me.

Viola's eyes snap to him. Mind still processing. She doesn't say anything.

Chung notices something is off. He tries to act natural-

DET. CHUNG (CONT'D)  
I'll give you a ride. Make sure you  
get back okay.

No reply. Viola spots someone watching her in the crowd. The MAN who bumped into her before.

DET. CHUNG (CONT'D)  
Viola?

The man notices her watching. Demonstrates reaching in his pocket. Viola reaches into her own pocket. Freezes. She found something.

The man inclines his head and slips away.

DET. CHUNG (CONT'D)  
Hey.

Chung grabs Viola's arm.

Viola shakes him off. Aggressive. Too aggressive for someone who doesn't know she's about to be double-crossed.

VIOLA  
No. I can handle myself.

DET. CHUNG  
*Wait, Viola-*

She doesn't look back. Melting into the crowd. Chung SWEARS in Mandarin. Watching her go. Takes out his phone.

EXT. STREET, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Elsewhere in the city. SIRENS ECHO. As patrol cars speed past, misting rain, Viola ducks into a TEA SHOP.

INT. TEA SHOP, SHANGHAI - CONTINUOUS

OLD MEN playing Go. Viola has a table near the back. A tray of tea steaming in front of her.

She takes a BUSINESS CARD out of her pocket. On one side is a street address. On the other is a series of numbers. Both handwritten.

There's a small device attached to it, a black dot about the size of a pencil eraser.

Viola frowns. *What the hell is that?*

Another patron passes by, and she slips the card quickly into her pocket. Freezes as she feels what else is in there.

Once she has privacy again, she takes out the dead man's (MYLES') wedding ring...

For a moment, she just stares at it. Fighting an unbearable upwelling of grief, her lips pressed tight.

She has to clamp a hand over her mouth to muffle a sob.

Sirens BLIP outside, shocking her out of it. She looks up, startled. Wipes the tears away. Angry with herself.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

A nondescript door in the light of a bare bulb. Stray cats mewl in the shadows.

Viola finds a KEYPAD next to the door. She punches in the numbers from the business card. CLICK- the door unlocks. She pulls it open. A stray cat shoots past her into the building.

INT. BASEMENT, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Viola follows the cat down a flight of dark stairs. The cat disappears down a long hallway. It knows where it's going.

Viola doesn't. She hesitates. There's a light at the end of the hall. An open door.

A silhouette appears. The man from the market. Tall, African, shabby but with posture that suggests wealth. This is OKAFOR.

OKAFOR  
What took you so long?

Viola tilts her head. Intrigued. Playing along-

VIOLA  
Sorry.

She heads deeper inside.

INT. BASEMENT LAB, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

A windowless cellar. Papers and notebooks piled high on every available surface, straight to the ceiling. Okafor shoos cats off a desk. Checking his watch-

OKAFOR  
You haven't left us much time.

Viola comes down some more stairs into the lab. Cautious. Taking it in. Not speaking until she knows what to say.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
What do you think I did to you on  
the street?

*INSERT CUT: Okafor bumps into Viola on the street, brushes past. She doesn't even look.*

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
Apart from planting my business  
card on you, of course.

VIOLA  
You drugged me.

OKAFOR  
With what? What can explain the  
experiences you've had in the last  
two hours?

Viola starts watching him less like a threat and more like a curiosity.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
A feeling almost like déjà-vu, but  
much stronger, much sharper. Almost  
as if you have lived this time  
before.

They hold eyes for a moment. Okafor knowing that he has her. Viola's mind scrambling to keep up.

Okafor breaks the stare.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

Come.

He leads her into another sub-basement. The floor is flooded with an inch of water. They wade through to a work bench on a raised (dry) section of concrete. Okafor dries his shoes on a towel. Viola follows suit. He beckons her over to look at a device the size of a softball. A green light blinks. Whatever the device is, it's turned on.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

Spool. My life's work. It generates the repeating temporal field that you're currently experiencing.

VIOLA

Repeating temporal field?

OKAFOR

It's exactly what it sounds like. The reason you feel as if you've lived this time before, is because you have.

Viola watches warily. Not trusting yet.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, SHANGHAI - SAME

Outside in the alley, CATS SCATTER as a troop of PLAINCLOTHES COPS surround the door.

INT./EXT. CHUNG'S CAR - SAME

Parked at the end of the alley. Chung's not in the driver's seat, he's in the back, flanked by two G-MEN.

CHUNG'S POV through A.R. contact lenses- a GPS blip blinks over a spot in the ground below them. Viola.

DET. CHUNG (MANDARIN)

She's here.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, SHANGHAI - CONTINUOUS

A plainclothes cop tries the door. Locked. Motions to another, who brings forward a SHAPED CHARGE.

INT. BASEMENT LAB, SHANGHAI - CONTINUOUS

Okafor shows Viola a strip of dots like the one she found on his business card.

OKAFOR  
Plugs.

He shows Viola a "plug" on the underside of his collar. She touches the one in her pocket.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
In order to be susceptible to Spool's temporal field, you have to be plugged in. Everyone who isn't experiences time normally.

VIOLA  
Why are you telling me this?

OKAFOR  
I want to hire you. To do the job I have in mind, you'll need to know.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, SHANGHAI - SAME

The plainclothes cops have backed away. One counts down on his fingers: *THREE, TWO, ONE...*

Presses a detonator.

*WHAM.* The shaped charge blows the basement door inwards. It clatters down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT LAB, SHANGHAI - CONTINUOUS

Viola and Okafor look to the sound. MEN'S VOICES echo down the hall, coming toward them.

OKAFOR  
You were followed.

Viola moves to step off the raised concrete- Okafor grabs her and pulls her back.

VIOLA  
We have to go-

OKAFOR  
There's only one way out. We won't make it.

He pushes a button on the underside of the workbench. With a ZING of electricity, BARE CABLES along the walls turn the standing water into a live wire.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
My security system.

He grabs Spool and opens a manhole in the concrete. Viola follows him into it. There's no tunnel- just a hole barely large enough for two people.

VIOLA  
What is this? We'll be dead in two minutes-

Okafor is watching the second hand on his watch.

OKAFOR  
Plenty of time.

INT. BASEMENT, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

The plainclothes cops flood down the hallway, into the lab.

INT. BASEMENT LAB, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

MEN'S VOICES are much closer now, in the sub-basement. Viola struggles to keep her calm in the concrete hole. Okafor cool as a cucumber.

OKAFOR  
Go to Shanghai Station. Ticket window 40. Buy a one-way fare to Nanjing. Give the man my card.

Out in the sub-basement, the first cop makes it down to the floor. One foot in the water- ZING. Electricity THROWS him back into his colleagues. ALARMED shouting. One cop spots the circuit breaker and OPENS FIRE.

DEAFENING GUNSHOTS. In the hole, the green light on Spool starts to blink RED. Viola and Okafor shout over the noise-

VIOLA  
I can't get on a train! All my aliases are burned-

OKAFOR  
I can get you out of the country.  
And I can pay handsomely. Trust me,  
Ms. Crier!

VIOLA  
How do you know my-

BANG. The circuit breaker dies in a BURST OF SPARKS. The light overhead flickers out and we-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET STREET, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Apocalyptic rain. Viola stands close with Detective Chung. There's less disorientation this time.

DET. CHUNG  
They catch you, they catch me.

Viola's barely listening-

VIOLA  
I have to go.

She moves away into the crowd. Chung starts after her. This time we notice panic in his eyes.

DET. CHUNG  
Viola! Viola, wait! Let me at least  
give you a ride-

But she's already gone. He SWEARS.

INT. JEWELRY STALL, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

A JEWELER shows Viola to his appraisal station. She hands him a wad of cash. He leaves her. She takes out the passports she got off Myles, puts on a loupe headset and looks closely at the covers, running her fingertip along the binding...

There. She uses her nail to peel off a fine FILAMENT wire, no thicker than a human hair.

Through the magnifier we can see tiny circuitry- the wire is  
A GPS TRACKER.

A DOG YIPS. A WOMAN peruses the jewelry cases with a shitzu in her purse. Viola puts the passports away. As she makes her way out of the stall she stops to pet the dog, says something in MANDARIN that makes the woman smile.

EXT. MARKET STREET, SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Chung and two plainclothes cops jostle through the crowd. CHUNG'S POV, A.R. CONTACTS- a GPS tracker blinks up ahead...

He motions to the cops to head into a STEAMY RESTAURANT. They rush in with their weapons out and surround a table-

Where the WOMAN from the jewelry stall is feeding her dog noodles with chopsticks. She SCREAMS at the guns.

The cops look back at Chung- accusing. Chung is wide-eyed. Empty-handed. Screwed.

EXT. SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

Viola crosses the vast empty plaza in front of SHANGHAI STATION, head ducked in the rain.

INT. TICKETING, SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

Armed TRANSIT POLICE keep watch over the sparse crowd. Viola keeps her head down as she approaches TICKET WINDOW 40.

VIOLA (MANDARIN)  
Nanjing. One-way.

The TICKET AGENT reaches for her money without looking. Pauses for only a second as he sees OKAFOR'S BUSINESS CARD.

Passes back a ticket...and a LOCKER KEY. Viola pockets both without blinking.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

Hundreds of lockers in a low-ceilinged space. TRAVELERS stow their luggage. HONEYMOONERS murmur affectionately as Viola passes, the man taking his wife's hand to run his thumb over her wedding ring...

*INSERT CUT: Soft, intimate laughter. Viola slips a wedding ring on Myles' hand. He touches the curve of her smile.*

Viola averts her eyes. She opens a locker that matches the number on her key. Inside are FRESH TRAVEL PAPERS. The woman in the passport photo doesn't look like Viola. Yet.

Viola tugs a duffel bag out of the bottom of the locker and unzips it.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Viola checks her reflection in the mirror on the locker door.

She's wearing a blonde wig- an asymmetrical bob with bangs.

She applies a dark lip liner, changing the shape of her mouth to match the woman in the photo. Fills in with lipstick.

The finished product is almost unrecognizable. Enough of a change to fool facial recognition.

INT. TRACK 5, SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

Boarding a high-speed BULLET TRAIN. Viola glances over her shoulder at TRANSIT POLICE patrolling the platform.

One seems to look RIGHT AT HER. She tenses but doesn't look away, letting his gaze pass over her.

INT. BULLET TRAIN, SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

In the vestibule of the train car, Viola presents her fake passport to a BORDER GUARD. We see the faint motion of CIRCUITRY in his eye- an A.R. CONTACT LENS- as he checks the photo against her face...

An almost invisible light blinks green on his contact. He hands the passport back and waves her through into the car.

EXT. TRACKS, SHANGHAI STATION - NIGHT

The BULLET TRAIN lumbers out of the station, gaining speed...

INT. PASSENGER CAR, BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

A charming voice informs passengers over the intercom- in 8 different languages:

RECORDED VOICE  
*Thank you for trusting CR Shanghai  
with your important journey. Travel  
time to Nanjing is one hour, thirty  
minutes. Drinks service is now  
available...*

Viola rises from her seat.

INT. BAR, BULLET TRAIN - NIGHT

She finds Okafor at the bar and joins him. Gives her order in Mandarin. They're the only two here.

OKAFOR  
I was beginning to think you were  
going to stand me up.

He reaches into a bag just as SPOOL is starting to blink red and flips a switch, turning it off.

Viola sees. She takes the plug out of her pocket and hands it back to him. He inclines his head in thanks. A beat, then-

VIOLA  
How do you know my name?

OKAFOR  
You come highly recommended.

VIOLA  
By who?

OKAFOR  
Have you thought about my proposal?

VIOLA  
What is it you think I do, Mr...?

OKAFOR  
Okafor.

VIOLA  
Mr. Okafor.

OKAFOR  
You're a thief. A very good one.

Viola knows better than to confirm or deny.

The bartender returns with their drinks. Outside, the lights of Shanghai give way to dark countryside.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)  
In one week, the CEO of Goracom  
will arrive in Namibia to make a  
private sale of a diamond worth \$53  
million. I want you to steal it.

A beat. Viola considers, then-

VIOLA  
Let me guess. If I say no, the  
authorities arrest me when we get  
off in Nanjing.

OKAFOR  
Not at all. I've assisted you as a  
show of good faith.

VIOLA  
There are others who wouldn't have  
required that sort of assistance.

OKAFOR  
This diamond is very important to  
me. I refuse to hire anyone but the  
best.

Viola's not interested in flattery.

VIOLA

The diamond. What's so special  
about it?

OKAFOR

It was my mother's. Years ago I  
requested that it be returned to  
me. Mr. Wangari has finally agreed.

VIOLA

You're the private buyer?

OKAFOR

Yes. But I refuse to buy back what  
has been stolen.

VIOLA

What's the take?

OKAFOR

Whatever you can sell the diamond  
for, you can keep.

VIOLA

But I thought-

OKAFOR

It matters less to have the diamond  
in my possession. More that Wangari  
not have it in his.

A long beat. Viola shakes her head.

VIOLA

I'm not looking for work.

OKAFOR

The compensation is more than  
generous-

VIOLA

It's not about the money.

Okafor looks at her. Seeing right through her.

OKAFOR

Your husband.

Viola downs the rest of her drink in one and stands to leave.

VIOLA

Thanks for the help.

She heads for the exit to the traincar.

OKAFOR

Grief is a deep hole, Ms. Crier.  
You can find yourself stuck in it  
forever, if you don't do something  
to get yourself out.

Viola pauses. She looks back.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

If I may make a suggestion...

He gestures to the stool beside him. After a moment, she sits back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM, NANJING STATION - DAWN

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE loading and unloading. In the chaotic crowd, Okafor shouts to be heard-

OKAFOR

Gather your team! Be in Windhoek in  
one week! And don't be late!

Viola slips away without so much as a backward glance.

PRE-LAP *tinkling china, low voices, stiff English music...*

INT. SOCIAL CLUB, PARIS - DAY

OLD LADIES enjoy HIGH TEA in a room that wouldn't look out of place in Versailles.

SUPERIMPOSE: **PARIS.**

SIBYLL (O.S.)

I'm just not sure that investing in  
real estate is such a good idea,  
with Mars in its current position.

A hand with many rings selects a petit-four from a three-tiered serving tray.

SIBYLL (50s), dressed like a fortune teller at a gypsy fair,  
sits opposite a posh BRITISH LADY.

BRITISH LADY

Oh, but Richard is so convinced  
that investing in offshore housing  
is the right thing-

SIBYLL

Your husband may have inherited the money, but he's not the only one who holds the purse strings, is he?

BRITISH LADY

You're right, of course.

SIBYLL

It's not me, love. It's the science of the stars- the science that predicted the birth of Christ- and the death of Caesar...

She lets that hang ominously in the air, selecting another petit-four.

BRITISH LADY

Please. I am in need of counsel.

SIBYLL

Venus now is dominant over Mars, suggesting to me that it is not your husband's intuition you must follow, but your own.

BRITISH LADY

My intuition?

Sibyll leans forward, taking the lady's hands.

SIBYLL

Where does your heart tell you your money belongs? Heartfelt kindness brings greater returns than mercenary investment, does it not?

BRITISH LADY

But Richard...I'm just not sure...

Sibyll senses blood in the water. Not giving up-

SIBYLL

With Venus where it is now, the feminine is poised to persuade the masculine. You have to help him find his way- let your heart guide you both.

Their eyes hold- the British lady still hesitant but coming around, slowly but surely...

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

A pen scratches, paper tears, Sibyll stands with a smile and kisses the lady on the cheek as she hands over a check.

BRITISH LADY

Thank you.

SIBYLL

Please. I only interpret what the stars tell me.

A friendly squeeze on the arm, and the British lady departs. Sibyll sinks back into her chair.

VIOLA (O.S.)

You must be exhausted.

Sibyll looks up. Recognizes her. Viola helps herself to the other seat.

VIOLA (CONT'D)

Small con like this, with your lifestyle and your debts...

Sibyll drops the act.

SIBYLL

What do you take me for, darling?  
An amateur?

She passes the check across the table. Viola looks- her eyebrows go up.

VIOLA

That's a lot of money for retired racehorses.

SIBYLL

Not quite enough for my debtors, though. Why are you here?

VIOLA

There's a job.

SIBYLL

A job? You and Myles must have had the mother of all rows.

Viola passes the check back. Avoiding Sibyll's gaze.

VIOLA

Not exactly.

Sibyll's eyes go to the TWIN WEDDING RINGS on her finger. Her face falls.

SIBYLL  
(understanding)  
Oh. I'm so sorry-

She reaches for Viola's hand, but Viola pulls it quickly into her lap. Doesn't want to be touched.

Sibyll sits back. Accepting the boundary. Down to business.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Alright. Tell me about the job.

EXT. FLEA MARKET, PARIS - DAY

Driverless cars coast down historic streets. Pedestrians chat on smartphones that look like panes of glass and wait at bus stops with flickering video ads.

Sibyll and Viola wander through a flea market. Sibyll runs her fingers over a display of rings. Drawn to the shine.

VIOLA  
\$53 million, split between us. I'm thinking only five. Otherwise-

SIBYLL  
Too many moving parts, not enough time to choreograph.

VIOLA  
Exactly.

They move away from the stall. Sibyll slips a pilfered ring on her finger.

SIBYLL  
You know, the only people who take jobs with one week's warning are either crazy or desperate. Or both.

VIOLA  
I know the men you're in debt to, and they aren't the kind that wait forever.

SIBYLL  
You would've followed Myles anywhere, that's all I'm saying.

Viola stops, taken aback.

VIOLA

What- you think I'm suicidal?

SIBYLL

No, of course not.

VIOLA

So, what- you're still mad about me leaving? That was years ago.

SIBYLL

Of course I'm not still mad. It's just been a long time, that's all. You never would've taken a job on such short notice, back in the day.

VIOLA

You know me, Sibyll. So you know if I say the job is doable, that means it's doable.

A long beat. Sibyll rubs her lower lip, torn. At last-

SIBYLL

\$53 million, you said? Five ways?

Viola smiles faintly. She knows she has her.

VIOLA

We're going to need a safecracker.

SIBYLL

Someone willing to sign onto a job seventy-two hours out.

VIOLA

Johansson?

SIBYLL

Not unless you'd like to add a prison break to your to-do list.

VIOLA

Damn.

SIBYLL

Mm. I know a kid.

VIOLA

A kid?

SIBYLL

Haven't you heard, darling? The children are our future.

Off Sibyll's teasing smile, we-

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP, INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

An EIGHTEEN-DECK OCEAN LINER belches exhaust as it lumbers through the glittering waters of a tropical sea.

SUPERIMPOSE: **INDIAN OCEAN.**

INT. HALLWAY, CRUISE SHIP - DAY

CASS (19, looks younger), wearing a crew uniform that isn't his, knocks on a stateroom door.

CASS  
Housekeeping!

He waits a beat. Doesn't hear anything. Swipes a digital MASTER KEY and enters-

INT. STATEROOM, CRUISE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

An empty STATEROOM. Bed unmade. Yesterday's room service left out. Cass takes his time, casual. Grabs a cold fry on his way past.

He pulls open the closet doors. Finds the SAFE, a dinky hotel model. Child's play.

He inserts another MASTER KEY into a slot next to the keypad. CLICK- the safe door opens.

Cass looks disappointed. Like he wanted the safe to put up more of a fight.

INT. HALLWAY, CRUISE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Cass slips a ROLEX, a wad of cash and a couple passports into a laundry bag on a maid's cart. Rearranges a towel to cover his haul...momentarily revealing a cache of stolen valuables.

INT. STATEROOM, CRUISE SHIP - DAY

A knock. Muffled through the door, we hear-

CASS (O.S.)  
Housekeeping!

A beat. The door opens. Cass pulls the whole cart into the room and parks it in the front hall.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

The safe is open. Cass crouches in front of it. He laughs at its contents-

A single toy car. He picks it up. Turns it over, amused.

The door's keypad lock WHIRRS. Cass doesn't seem to notice. Out of focus behind him, the door opens...

He still doesn't notice...

A CRUISE PASSENGER steps into the room. Stops. Stares at Cass crouched in front of the safe. Expression unreadable.

CASS

You're a funny guy, you know that?

He stands and turns. Still smiling. The passenger (BOBBY) takes the car from him.

BOBBY

(grins)

What? I thought little kids liked it when there was a prize in the cereal box.

CASS

Ha fucking ha.

Bobby unzips a suitcase. They load their haul into it.

INT. HALLWAY, CRUISE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Cass backs out of the stateroom, rolling the maid's cart along. Heads down the hall, looking over his shoulder...

INT. STATEROOM, CRUISE SHIP - DAY

Bobby talks with two CRUISE SECURITY GUARDS- the glorified mall cops of the sea.

CRUISE SECURITY

It looks like your room was one of a few that he hit.

BOBBY

A few? Like, how many?

An embarrassed beat. The security guards exchange a look.

CRUISE SECURITY

Twenty-two. That we know of.

BOBBY

Twenty-two? This guy breaks into twenty-two rooms and you're- what? Sitting around with your thumbs up your asses-

CRUISE SECURITY

Sir, we have it under control. The master key he used has his employee I.D. embedded-

BOBBY

He's a *crewmember*? Oh, I'm gonna sue you fuckers to kingdom come-

The security guard pales. He opens his mouth to backtrack, as-

EXT. POOL DECK, CRUISE SHIP - DAY

CRUISE PASSENGERS live it up in the germ-infested, sun-warmed waters of the ship's huge pool.

Cass leans over the railing, having a smoke. He clocks four SECURITY GUARDS coming towards him- two on each side- but takes another drag before he puts out his cigarette.

He turns with a smile as the security guards reach him, but- *WHAM!* They put him face-down on the deck.

He doesn't fight. This is all routine.

INT. HOLDING CELL, CHENNAI POLICE STATION - DAY

Crowded and NOISY. Cass lays on a bench at the back, one arm over his eyes, trying to sleep. Totally unconcerned.

CHENNAI POLICEMAN (O.S.)  
Cassius Cole!

A beat. Cass sits up. Like he was expecting this.

EXT. CHENNAI POLICE STATION - DAY

The packed, dusty streets of a metropolis in southern India. Buses wade through pedestrians, laying on their HORNS.

SUPERIMPOSE: **CHENNAI, INDIA.**

Cass jogs down the steps of the police station to meet BOBBY.

Bobby hands Cass a roll of cash. Rupees. Cass thumbs through, counting it- trusting no one...

M.O.S., they break into an ARGUMENT- Bobby shorted Cass, Cass is mad about it- but Bobby throws his hands up and backs away into the crowd, leaving Cass stewing.

EXT. CHENNAI RACE TRACK - DAY

A row of closed starting gates. A HORN SOUNDS. The gates slam open at once and- *PHWOOSH-* GREYHOUNDS tear onto the track, chasing a ROBOT RABBIT, kicking up dirt, moving so fast their vests are blurs of color.

SPECTATORS ROAR from the stands, BANGING on railings, WAVING betting slips like flags.

INT. STANDS, CHENNAI RACE TRACK - SAME

Amid the roaring chaos, Cass sits with his feet up, exhaling green smoke. He crumples a betting slip. Tosses it away.

Someone sits beside him.

SIBYLL (O.S.)  
Last time I saw you, you were about  
this high.

Cass looks over. Startled to hear her voice. Sibyll holds her hand at the height of a child.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Already a chainsmoker, though, if  
memory serves. Never met a  
safecracker who didn't smoke three  
packs a day. Why is that?

CASS  
Helps with the nerves. What brings  
you to India, Sibyll?

SIBYLL  
I thought you might be bored.

A few rows in front of them, a DRUNKEN FIGHT breaks out. They stand to leave, casual as anything.

EXT. BETTING WINDOW, CHENNAI RACE TRACK - DAY

Sibyll and Cass move through the jostling line at the betting window. Old pros at blending in anywhere.

CASS  
You thought I might be bored?

SIBYLL

It's all electronic on cruise ships these days, isn't it? Lift a master key and you're golden-

CASS

Maybe I like having it easy for once. Ever thought of that?

SIBYLL

Oh, come off it.

CASS

Think of it like an early retirement.

SIBYLL

Most people wait until after they get their first pubic to retire.

Cass shoots her a glare. In apology, Sibyll hands him a bet slip. A winner, lifted from someone in line on the way past.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)

There's a job. A bloody big job. We don't just need a safecracker, we need a prodigy.

He considers the stolen bet slip.

CASS

It's been a long time since anyone called me a prodigy.

INT. METRO EXCAVATION SITE, TASHKENT - DAY

A TUNNEL-BORING MACHINE (TBM)- a huge drill- THUNDERS in an underground construction site. Metric tons of dirt moving out on a conveyor belt. MEN IN HARDHATS work under floodlights, SPARKS flying from welders, SHOUTING over all the noise.

SUPERIMPOSE: **TASHKENT, UZBEKISTAN.**

We find NEMO (40s), a woman with the surly, weathered look of a construction worker, head down as she winds her way through the site.

She hops into a ditch where cables run, checks to make sure no one's looking and strips one of the cables with a knife.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY, TASHKENT METRO - DAY

Nemo unzips her coveralls and stuffs them in a trash can in an empty service hallway. Normal clothes underneath. She goes out a door into-

INT. TASHKENT METRO - DAY

The Tashkent metro system, the most opulent underground transit network in the world. Polished marble floors, mosaic ceilings, glittering chandeliers. COMMUTERS vie for space in the MORNING RUSH, and Nemo slips seamlessly into their midst, heading for the surface...

INT. ESCALATOR, TASHKENT METRO - DAY

Going up. Nemo steps off the top of the escalator, spots something, stops. Commuters jostle her. She steps out of the flow. Walks over to-

VIOLA, standing next to a ticket booth with her hands in her pockets. Waiting like she knew exactly where Nemo would be.

NEMO

Viola.

VIOLA

Nemo.

They lock eyes for a beat. Communicating.

NEMO

Okay. But you're buying me breakfast.

INT. FAST FOOD CHAIN, TASHKENT - DAY

MOMS in hijabs herd SCREAMING CHILDREN. BORED TEENAGERS slouch behind the register. In a booth by the window-

VIOLA

How many jobs do we have to pull together before I get to know your real name?

Nemo gives her a look. *Seriously?*

Viola shrugs. *Worth a try.*

VIOLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing in Uzbekistan?

The table's touch-screen menu is on the fritz, chicken mascot stuck on loop. Nemo glances at it. Bothered.

NEMO

Laying 8G cable. Come on. Let's not beat around the bush.

VIOLA

Alright. I'm looking at a diamond, worth \$53 million. Adelaide model S-77 safe, custom fitted with biometrics and shatter plates, plus 8-man security team-

NEMO

Not my department. Tell me about the venue.

Viola barely misses a beat-

VIOLA

The Sandpiper Ski Resort.

As she begins her explanation, we-

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDPIPER, NAMIB DESERT - DAY

THE SANDPIPER SKI RESORT, a flat building designed to blend in with the landscape, is dwarfed by the towering 4,000-foot dunes of the NAMIB DESERT.

It's like a toy buried in the world's biggest sandbox, just barely peeking out.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Dune-skiing getaway for Africa's rich and famous, smack dab in the middle of the Namib.

NEMO (V.O.)

Not the most accessible place on Earth.

A hybrid helicopter-plane (like an Osprey made love to a Gulfstream) looks like a tiny black speck against the dunes.

EXT. LANDING PAD, SANDPIPER - DAY

The sand mountain casts a shadow over the entire landing pad as the hybrid plane comes in for a landing. Hovering above the pad before it settles.

SANDPIPER HOTEL STAFF wait on the edge of the landing pad like colonial subjects about to receive the queen of England.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Less than a hundred rooms, and the cheapest goes for ten grand a night. There's a maglev shuttle from the capital, but that's mostly for staff. Almost all of the guests arrive via private plane.

TRACKING POV SHOT, disembarking the plane. Hotel staff snap to attention, perfect posture, no eye contact.

A WOMAN offers a tray of hot towels, raising her eyes only briefly, backing away...

VIOLA (V.O.)

There are four landing pads- only one is directly attached to the hotel, and that's reserved for whoever rents the executive chalet- the penthouse level.

REVEAL WANGARI

50s, with the superiority and disdain of an ancient conquerer, in a suit sharp enough to cut steel. He walks past the staff without so much as looking at them- like they're part of the fixtures...

And his 8-MAN SECURITY TEAM follows.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR, SANDPIPER - DAY

Looks like the whole team won't fit in the landing pad elevator. Wangari gestures one man- WHO'S HANDCUFFED TO A METAL BRIEFCASE- on board.

NEMO (V.O.)

Surveillance?

A CAMERA watches from the ceiling of the elevator as the men shuffle. It catches a glimpse of their SIDEARMS- heavy-duty, futuristic Glocks.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Cameras in every elevator, every hallway. It's the best surveillance system you can get that side of the Sahara, but we both know that's not saying much.

NEMO (V.O.)

Uh-huh. And who's watching it?

VIOLA (V.O.)

A rotating shift of twelve security staff. Private contractor out of South Africa, but again- they're big fish in a very little pond.

The elevator doors slide closed.

INT. FAST FOOD CHAIN, TASHKENT - DAY

Nemo has the touch-screen menu open, doing surgery on its guts. Twisting two wires together. Focused. Her expression gives nothing away.

NEMO

When does it go?

Viola watches her work. Quietly amused.

VIOLA

A week. Well. Five days, now.

Nemo's eyes flicker to Viola.

NEMO

You're crazy.

VIOLA

No.

NEMO

Then you have a leg up.

VIOLA

Maybe.

NEMO

You want me on the job, you better tell me what it is.

Viola considers her response. Eats a french fry while she's considering. At last-

VIOLA

You wouldn't believe me if I did. I barely believe it myself.

Nemo finishes putting the touch-screen menu back together. It stops looping. Fixed.

NEMO

Try me.

INT. CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The calm in the middle of the night. Red-eyes getting in, delayed passengers asleep at gates, liquid black windows and blinking lights on the runway...

SUPERIMPOSE: **CAIRO.**

INT. COFFEE SHOP, CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Viola stands at the bar in a coffee shop. Nursing a cup. Watching across the terminal, where SIBYLL is talking to an AIRLINE PILOT in full uniform. It doesn't look like it's going well. He tries to leave, she grabs his arm- imploring- he shakes her off, walks away as she calls after him...

Sibyll meets Viola's eyes. Shakes her head once.

VIOLA (SOTTO)

Shit.

Sibyll heads across the terminal to join her. Viola motions for two more espressos.

SIBYLL

Bastard knocked up his wife and went straight.

VIOLA

It's an epidemic.

SIBYLL

Honestly.

The BARISTA delivers their drinks.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)

*Shukran.*

VIOLA

*Shukran.* Who else is on the list?

SIBYLL

Gianlorenzo, maybe.

VIOLA

It takes a week just to get a hold of him.

SIBYLL

Hmm.

VIOLA

What?

SIBYLL  
Nothing, darling.

VIOLA  
You've got someone.

Sibyll says nothing. It doesn't matter. Viola can read her.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
I won't like them.

Sibyll wisely elects to keep quiet.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
I *really* won't like them.

Sibyll sips her espresso. Viola sighs.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
It doesn't matter. We're out of  
time. Who is it?

EXT. DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO (DRC) - NIGHT

Thousands of miles of TROPICAL RAINFOREST spread out beneath the pitch-black sky like a carpet. No lights, no sounds, no signs of human life...

At least until AN ENGINE WHINES overhead- A CARGO PLANE flies low and slow over the canopy.

SUPERIMPOSE: **DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO.**

INT. CARGO PLANE, DRC - NIGHT

It's a bumpy ride. A pair of fat, sweaty RUSSIAN PILOTS are behind the wheel, and in the cargo hold-

JACKIE (20s) is catching a jump. Snoring flat on her back on top of a shipment of stolen goods. She's young, blonde, the sort of pretty you normally find at frat parties- not flying smuggler's runs in the Congo.

A particularly loud *JOLT* tosses her awake. She curses the pilots out in RUSSIAN and rolls over.

The Russians don't seem to hear her. Confused murmurs. They watch a HUGE UNIDENTIFIED BLOB moving towards them on radar.

Another *JOLT*. The cargo in back JUDDERS as the plane LURCHES.

Still Jackie doesn't fully wake, until-

BANG! One of the engines goes out.

Her feet hit the deck. In a split second, she's in the cockpit, leaning over the backs of the Russians' chairs.

JACKIE (RUSSIAN)  
Why'd the engine go?

The Russian who isn't wrestling with the throttle taps the radar screen.

RUSSIAN PILOT (RUSSIAN)  
Weather system. Came out of  
nowhere.

Jackie searches the screen-

JACKIE (RUSSIAN)  
That's not a weather system-

BANG! The other engine goes.

The plane LURCHES into a NOSEDIVE.

Jackie hauls the pilot away from the throttle and jams herself into his chair. He scrambles for the jump seat.

RUSSIAN PILOT (RUSSIAN)  
If it's not a storm, then what?

JACKIE (RUSSIAN)  
Ash. Volcanic ash.

She flicks switches as fast as she can, trying to re-start the engines. At last she hits the HEADLIGHTS- the weak lights on the nose of the plane for taxiing at night.

They illuminate a thick haze of VOLCANIC ASH. Visibility is zero- they're flying blind.

Then all of a sudden, they can see again. Dropped down out of the ash cloud. Coasting over dark canopy...

That's getting *CLOSER*...

*CLOSER*...

JACKIE (RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
I think I can glide us in.

A COUGH, STUTTER OF MECHANICAL NOISE as one of the engines comes back on. Then the other.

RUSSIAN PILOT (RUSSIAN)  
Engines are back.

But they fire in inconsistent bursts, fishtailing the plane all over the place-

JACKIE (RUSSIAN)  
Turn them off.

He obeys without comment. Jackie straightens them out again. Gliding down towards the silent canopy...

*CLOSER...*

She reaches for her seatbelt. Finds it's adjusted for a much fatter person. *Fuck.*

JACKIE (RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
Take this.

She hands the throttle over to the Russian pilot for a moment to tie the ends of her seatbelt together, then-

JACKIE (RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
Okay.

-takes control back. Reaches with her free hand for a series of buttons that-

EXT. CARGO PLANE, DRC - SAME

-pop the flaps on the plane's wings. Slowing its descent like someone just slammed on the brakes.

INT. CARGO PLANE, DRC - CONTINUOUS

EVERY ALARM BLARES as the plane drops below 500 feet.

JACKIE (RUSSIAN)  
You might want to brace.

She's barely done speaking before-

*WHAM.*

The plane HITS the canopy, belly-first, and JOLTS forward into an uncontrolled slide. Tree branches SHATTER the front window. Jackie fights with the controls as the Russian pilot- SMACK- gets knocked unconscious.

EXT. CONGO RAINFOREST - SAME

The sound of the crash is like an ENORMOUS ANIMAL tearing through the forest.

The lights of the plane blink in the dark until, finally, it runs out of momentum and comes to a halt.

All the lights flicker out.

EXT. SAME - MORNING

The sun rises over a rainforest plateau in the shadow of a STRATOVOLCANO. Still belching ash.

The cargo plane has been gutted by the belly's contact with the canopy. Cargo is strewn for miles behind it. The pilots pace through the detritus of the shipment...

And Jackie walks to meet a JEEP full of ARMED MEN, her hands up. The Jeep stops and the men flood out, brandishing guns.

The MAN IN CHARGE points his gun at Jackie. She's unfazed.

JACKIE (FRENCH)

Look, it wasn't my shipment. I was only catching a jump. You give me a ride to Kinshasa, I'll fly your next shipment for free. Plus, as a bonus, I won't dump it on the side of an active volcano.

Nothing. It's like talking to a brick wall.

JACKIE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)

Come on, *mon ami*. I'm good for it.

Off her charming, confident smile-

CUT TO:

EXT. KINSHASA, DRC - DAY

The chaotic, unpaved streets of the Kinshasa suburbs. Downtown high-rises lost in a haze of smog, like some sort of other world compared to the packed, bustling slums.

SUPERIMPOSE: **KINSHASA, DRC.**

Jackie- sunglasses on, caked in road dust- bumps along in the back of the armed men's Jeep. She slaps the side to get the driver to stop and hops out in front of a rundown warehouse.

Has to walk a wood panel bridge over a moat of rainwater and sewage to get to...

INT. CHOP SHOP, KINSHASA - DAY

A makeshift airplane hangar. Twin-prop planes torn down to the studs, power tools SCREECHING- Jackie waves to a MECHANIC as she ascends the stairs to the office...

INT. CHOP SHOP OFFICE - DAY

...where she finds SIBYLL AND VIOLA sitting on her desk. She stops short, then closes the door behind her.

JACKIE  
Mathieu's not supposed to let  
people in here.

She goes over to a crate serving as a drinks cart and pours herself a generous glass of scotch.

SIBYLL  
It's not his fault. I told him I  
was your sister.

JACKIE  
I think you're a little old to be  
my sister.  
(re: Viola)  
Who's she?

SIBYLL  
Someone who'd like to offer you  
gainful employment.

JACKIE  
Really? Because she looks like the  
idiot who got her partner killed in  
China last week.

Hurt flashes behind Viola's eyes. She looks pointedly at the blood on Jackie's sleeve.

VIOLA  
Rough morning, Jackie?

Now Jackie notices the blood. She pokes at the wound. Winces.

JACKIE  
Just a rough landing.

VIOLA  
You crashed a plane?  
(to Sibyll)  
You want me to hire a pilot who  
crashes planes?

SIBYLL  
Oh, you know what they say. Any  
crash you can walk away from...

VIOLA  
Jesus Christ.

SIBYLL

You also know what they say about  
beggars and choosers.

JACKIE

Why don't you see if I'm interested  
before you worry about whether or  
not to hire me?

Sibyll gives Viola a meaningful look: *She makes a good point.*  
Viola tames a tic in her jaw and begins-

VIOLA

10.6 million dollars in your bank  
account. How's that sound?

Jackie's hostility turns to interest. She gestures. *Go on.*

EXT. WINDHOEK, NAMIBIA - DAY

Low German-style buildings are scattered among verdant hills.  
The landscape all around is astonishingly EMPTY.

SUPERIMPOSE: **WINDHOEK, NAMIBIA.**

INT. HOSEA KUTAKO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The terminal is clearly experiencing growing pains- built to accomodate crowds from the pre-dune skiing days, now bloated with tourists, locals gabbing in English, German, Afrikaans, Oshiwambo as they jostle through congested gates.

A gaggle of SCHOOLCHILDREN IN UNIFORM run by VIOLA, jostling her as they pile onto an escalator.

Viola steps onto the escalator behind them, passing flashy VIDEO ADS. Giraffes pose for safaris, surfers catch massive waves, DUNE-SKIERS CARVE DOWN MOUNTAINS OF SAND...

An ad for a resort says: *DISCOVER YOUR DREAM HONEYMOON.* The words catch Viola's eye.

*INSERT CUT: Playful SHUSHING, darting down a dark hall as a flashlight roves after them, Myles tugs Viola into a storage closet and into a KISS.*

Viola stares at the ad- struck with unexpected emotion as the escalator carries her past.

INT. STREETSIDE BAR, WINDHOEK - LATER

The same schoolchildren who jostled Viola tear through an empty bar, laughing and shoving, and pour out into-

## INT. BAR PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Okafor sits alone at the only occupied table. The kids swarm him, chattering. He dispenses candy with banknotes taped to the back. One child sees the banknote and raises a complaint.

OKAFOR (AFRIKAANS)  
If you've done what you were  
supposed to, you can come back for  
the rest of the money in an hour.

In a mob, the kids run off. The complainer is the last to go. On his way back into the bar he nearly runs straight into VIOLA. She sidesteps him.

VIOLA  
Recruiting street urchins now?

OKAFOR  
Lutherans. Where's your team?

VIOLA  
On their way.

She sits, glancing back at the open door to the STREET, where SIBYLL's crossing in a whirlwind of scarves.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
There's one. Better start the loop.

Okafor reaches into his bag and turns SPOOL on, just as...

## EXT. STREETSIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

BRAKES SCREECH- Sibyll narrowly dances out of the way of a car and SLAPS her hands on the hood, irritated-

SIBYLL  
Eyes on the bloody  *fucking*  road!

The car speeds past her. She turns to flash a rude gesture before sweeping into the bar.

## INT./EXT. COMBIE, STREETS OF WINDHOEK - DAY

CASS is sandwiched with six other people in the back of a COMBIE- a shared taxi van.

Outside the window, A MOTORCYCLE ROARS PAST.

## EXT. STREETS OF WINDHOEK - SAME

The motorcycle's rider is JACKIE, leather jacket, no helmet, shooting through a gap in traffic just as it disappears.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR, STREETS OF WINDHOEK - SAME

NEMO's car is packed to the ceiling with equipment cases. As traffic moves she edges forward...

Then STOMPS ON THE BRAKES to avoid hitting Jackie as her bike zooms past. A big case from the back slides forward and SLAMS into the dashboard.

Nemo swears, glaring after Jackie.

INT. BAR PATIO - LATER

Everyone's assembled. Drinks all around but Jackie's the only one touching hers. This is business.

OKAFOR

Wangari will have already arrived.  
I'm scheduled to meet him for dinner at ten tonight. We'll meet with the appraiser after that. When he opens the safe, the diamond will already be gone.

CASS

(to Viola)

You said we were splitting five ways, not six.

VIOLA

We are.

CASS

I don't get it.

OKAFOR

The money is not important to me.

Sibyll reads him like a book-

SIBYLL

Who is he to you, then? Wangari?

OKAFOR

He's my brother. Adopted.

That gets a strong negative reaction. Jackie pushes back her chair and stands-

JACKIE

I'm out. I don't get mixed up in family shit, too many hot heads-

OKAFOR

Wangari is a war profiteer. He supplies guns to child soldiers with one hand and shakes the hands of U.N. leaders with the other. He uses the vast wealth of my father's company to support habits which are sadistic at best, psychopathic at worst. For five years, from the time I left Kenya until her death, he kept my mother under constant guard to discourage me from seeking out his competition. Now he refuses to give me the diamond that my mother willed to me, and intends to make me pay for it.

He holds Jackie's gaze, the depth of sadness and regret like a physical weight between them.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

What is it they say about revenge?  
A dish best served cold. I think  
you'll find my head is very cold  
indeed. Now, if you would sit down.

He gestures to the seat.

Jackie sits down. Still right on the edge.

Cass leans in. He doesn't care about family shit and he has no qualms about the job, except-

CASS

So what's your ace?

VIOLA

What?

CASS

Your ace. Your leg up. You must have one, or we wouldn't be planning a job that has to go as soon as the sun goes down.

Viola glances at Okafor. A silent conversation. Nemo watches with quiet anticipation. She already knows.

Finally Viola nods. Okafor turns to the group-

OKAFOR

I'm going to put us in a repeating temporal field.

That doesn't quite compute.

SIBYLL

Sorry?

NEMO

A time loop.

Okafor looks at her. Surprised.

OKAFOR

Yes. A time loop.

A long beat. Then the disbelief kicks in, followed swiftly by amusement.

CASS

That's a good joke, but I'm serious.

Okafor smiles.

OKAFOR

So am I.

JACKIE

But really. You're kidding, right?

(to Viola)

He's kidding.

Viola shakes her head slowly. Letting it sink in.

CASS

Time travel's not possible. It's against the laws of physics.

NEMO

Actually, it's not.

SIBYLL

What?

NEMO

(to Okafor)

And this isn't quite time travel,  
is it? More like time...arrest.

OKAFOR

(impressed)

Exactly.

Sibyll leans close to Nemo-

SIBYLL  
You know about this?

Nemo makes a so-so gesture.

NEMO  
I know a little. Assuming he solved  
a few basic problems...there's no  
reason it shouldn't work.

Those paying attention will notice that SPOOL has begun to  
blink red, getting ready for a reset.

CASS  
Come on, you guys can't be taking  
this seriously! Sibyll?

Sibyll meets his eyes. She's taking it seriously. He boggles.

CASS (CONT'D)  
All of you have lost your fucking  
marbles! It's just not possible-

As the volume of Cass' argument reaches a crescendo, Jackie  
lowers her voice and turns to Viola-

JACKIE  
Let me see if I've got this right.  
You want us to walk into a job  
totally unprepared and take a  
diamond from a man known for  
leaving his enemies crawling  
without limbs through the goddamn  
Serengeti- and you want us to do it  
eight hours from now on blind faith  
that this revenge-crazy bastard has  
done something that *no one else on*  
*Earth has accomplished- Are you*  
 *fucking kidding me?*

Viola holds her gaze.

VIOLA  
No.

As Jackie opens her mouth to argue some more, we-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF WINDHOEK - DAY

Jackie speeding on her motorcycle. Disoriented, alarmed,  
narrowly avoiding a big truck as its driver lays on the HORN.

She swerves in front of a RENTAL CAR-

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR - SAME

Nemo stomps on the brakes as Jackie zips past.

This time, she CATCHES the sliding case before it can hit the dashboard.

INT./EXT. COMBIE - SAME

The noise of the near miss causes a stir inside Cass' shared taxi. As the rest of the passengers move to one side to see what all the noise is about...

Cass moves to the other, pushes the door open, falls out into the street, and pukes.

INT. BAR PATIO - SAME

Viola watches the street outside, where Sibyll is frozen in her tracks, too stunned to move...

*WHAM.* The same car that almost hit Sibyll before doesn't miss this time. SHOUTS, HORNS.

Viola's up and out of her chair almost before the impact. She races through the bar and out into-

EXT. STREETSIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

-the street. Sibyll's on her back, but she looks more surprised than injured. Viola crouches next to her, grabs her-

VIOLA  
Jesus, are you okay?  
(no reply)  
Sibyll?

A CAR DOOR SLAMS. Sibyll looks over Viola's shoulder at the DRIVER, a man in a sharp, expensive-looking suit. Now that we notice, the car is pretty nice, too.

SIBYLL (SOTTO)  
Help me up, darling.

Bewildered, Viola does. Sibyll puts on an exaggerated limp and goes to meet the driver.

Words are exchanged in AFRIKAANS. Not kind words. Sibyll takes out a phone like a threat. The man holds up his hands. Takes out his wallet.

As he drives away, Sibyll returns to Viola. Shows her a generous wad of local currency.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
I didn't have time to hit the currency exchange. A little walking around money.

Viola shakes her head, bemused. Relieved.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Don't tell me you were worried.

VIOLA  
Not at all.

SIBYLL  
Good. Because worry is only going to slow us down. And for this to work, we're going to have to be very, very fast.

She strides past Viola into the bar.

INT. BAR PATIO - DAY

One by one, the others trickle back in. Nemo walks right up and shakes Okafor's hand-

NEMO  
Sometime when we're not on the clock, you'll have to show me the math.

She sits. Cass drifts in like he's coming down from a bad trip. Collapses in his seat.

CASS  
Okay.

Jackie tosses something on the table- A PLUG.

JACKIE  
The kids at the airport, right?

As she sits, the other three find their own plugs, planted on their persons by the Lutheran schoolchildren.

VIOLA  
Now. Anyone need more proof of concept, or can we get to work?

OFF JACKIE, still guarded and hesitant-

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETSIDE BAR - LATER

Cigarette break. Jackie breathes thin streams of green smoke and stares out at the hubbub of afternoon traffic.

VIOLA (O.S.)  
What's your problem with me?

Jackie doesn't look at her.

JACKIE  
My problem is that you're going to get us all killed.

Viola carefully says nothing.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I know I've got a reputation for crazy stunts. But this is too crazy even for me.

She takes a drag. Then-

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I'm out.

VIOLA  
I don't have time to find another pilot.

JACKIE  
That sounds like a you problem.

Viola squeezes the bridge of her nose-

VIOLA  
I didn't even want to hire you.

JACKIE  
Congratulations, you don't have to.

She drops her cigarette and grinds it out with her heel. Getting ready to walk off, but...

VIOLA  
You can have my share.

Jackie stops. Listening.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
That's an extra 10.6 million, in  
case you forget.

Jackie eyes her, wary.

JACKIE  
What do you get out of it, then?

VIOLA  
For that much money, does it really  
matter?

Jackie's expression shifts from standoffish to considering.  
*No. It doesn't really matter.*

OKAFOR (PRE-LAP)  
Each loop will last two hours. Any  
longer, and I'd be sacrificing the  
stability of the temporal field.

EXT. WINDHOEK ROOFTOP - DAY

A temporary base of operations. Spool sits on a table, light off, dormant, as Okafor delivers his spiel.

OKAFOR  
For the same reason, you'll only  
have four loops.

JACKIE  
Is there really that big a  
difference between four and five?

OKAFOR  
Push past four loops, and we'd be  
risking the possibility that Spool  
would be unable to reset. In which  
case we would be stuck dealing with  
whatever mess we had made.

Something's clearly nagging at Cass-

CASS  
What happens if we die?

OKAFOR  
It won't be pleasant. I'm told the  
disorientation is...severe. You'll  
come back when the loop resets. But  
if we push to five...

CASS

It might not reset. We might not come back.

Okafor nods.

Nemo's examining the device. She seems like she knows what she's looking at.

NEMO

So the reset is controlled? Or automatic?

OKAFOR

Automatic. Once I turn the device on, the loop will continue until I turn it off or the field collapses.

Viola meets Sibyll's eyes across the rooftop.

INT. TAXI, STREETS OF WINDHOEK - DAY

Viola and Sibyll bump along in stop-and-go traffic.

SIBYLL

It's going to be messy.

VIOLA

So we refine it. We have the luxury of more than one attempt.

SIBYLL

Another thing—that diamond is going to be the hottest rock in Africa.

VIOLA

It's fine. We can move it.

SIBYLL

I know a bloke in Riyadh-

VIOLA

No. I already have a guy in Cairo.

SIBYLL

Cairo? And he knows who we're stealing from?

(Viola nods)

God. That's Goracom's backyard. He must be off his rocker.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN COURTYARD, CAIRO - TWO DAYS AGO

A GUY WHO'S OFF HIS ROCKER- AZIZ (60s)- smiles with open arms as VIOLA is escorted in by a cohort of armed EGYPTIAN GUARDS.

AZIZ  
Where is your better half, habibti?

The longer he goes without an answer the more his face falls, until the smile is gone entirely.

Viola avoids his gaze.

VIOLA  
I'm here on business, Aziz.

Aziz takes a moment to recover from the news. Then-

AZIZ  
We can hardly talk business before paying our respects to the dead.

INT. PARLOR, AZIZ'S CAIRO HOUSE - LATER

Viola sips from a delicate filigree tea set, watching something off screen.

AZIZ (O.S.)  
May I ask how he died?

A long beat. Viola's gaze shifts to the middle distance.

AZIZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I apologize if it's still too fresh. It's just that Myles was a dear friend of mine.

A covert war plays out behind Viola's eyes- it's definitely too fresh, but she needs Aziz's business.

VIOLA  
I made a bad call. I took a job I shouldn't have. Corporate theft. The employer turned out to be working on behalf of the Chinese government. You know how they are about loose ends.

AZIZ (O.S.)  
Yes. I do know. You were lucky to escape with your life.

Viola nods. Sips her tea. Her hands shake slightly.

AZIZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Do you know what this is?

Viola looks up, and this time we look with her- Aziz holds a PAINTING, old but not remarkable, of a woman.

AZIZ (CONT'D)  
It's the first painting Myles ever brought me. Sixteen years old, still with spots, looking over his shoulder like someone was going to bother chasing him.

VIOLA  
Why do you still have it?

AZIZ  
He stole this painting because it called to him. Because he loved it. Myles always took great risks for the things he loved.

*INSERT CUT: Viola's head rests on her husband's chest. His fingers card through her hair. And his heart beats. A steady, comforting thump...*

AZIZ (CONT'D)  
His heart was firmly attached, as my mother would have said.

Viola turns her face away from him.

AZIZ (CONT'D)  
I paid him a fair price and kept it for myself. I didn't have the heart to tell him it wasn't worth anything.

He sets the painting aside and joins her at the table. Pours himself a cup of tea. Giving her time to recover.

AZIZ (CONT'D)  
Now. Tell me your business.

Viola composes herself.

VIOLA  
In three days I'm going to have a hot diamond.

AZIZ  
How hot?

VIOLA

You'll have to get it off the continent before you can sell it.

AZIZ

I must tell you, habibti, your sales pitch needs work.

VIOLA

Lying won't help anyone. If you don't understand what needs to happen, we'll both end up screwed.

Aziz gives her a long, considering look. Finally-

AZIZ

Okay. For Myles- yes. I will take your diamond.

BACK TO:

INT. TAXI, STREETS OF WINDHOEK - PRESENT DAY

Sibyll's just finished saying 'off his rocker.'

VIOLA

Not exactly. He's a friend.

SIBYLL

I didn't think you had those, apart from me.

She leans forward to tell the CABBIE something in Afrikaans. He stops and she gets out. Through the open door-

SIBYLL (CONT'D)

Even *with* that device, this plan of yours is going to take a hell of a lot of luck.

VIOLA

I know. Now go find some.

Viola pulls the door shut.

INT. LOADING DOCK, INDUSTRIAL LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A truck backs up- BEEP BEEP BEEP- and unloads mountains of HOTEL LINENS into rolling bins steered by LAUNDROMAT WORKERS.

## INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Amid the steam and *chum chum chum* of huge laundry machines, Sibyll slips a LAUDROMAT WORKER a few bills. He slips her a garment bag.

She unzips it, checks the contents (a MAID'S UNIFORM) zips it closed. They part without a word.

## INT. SOLAR POWER COMPANY - DAY

A chic, airy atrium. ENGINEERS in suits walk through with glass tablets and blueprints, not even looking at...

The JANITOR. Who is actually NEMO, wearing coveralls and keeping her head down as she pushes a rolling trash can.

## INT. UPPER FLOORS, SOLAR POWER COMPANY - DAY

Nemo pushes her trash can down an aisle between endless rows of CUBICLES. She spots one with no occupant, its computer still logged in. She checks over her shoulder- she's alone.

Casually, she pulls up 3D blueprints marked with the SANDPIPER LOGO, places a magnetic thumb drive on the back of the computer, and downloads the blueprints onto the drive.

On her way out she spots a COMPANY I.D.- a black wristband- abandoned on a desktop. Slips it casually in her pocket.

NEMO (PRE-LAP)  
Most of the building is essentially subterranean.

## EXT. WINDHOEK ROOFTOP - DAY

Nemo and Viola confer over holographic blueprints projecting from the thumb drive. The sunlight makes the projection pale.

NEMO  
The resort draws power from six different solar farms. Their back-ups have back-ups. I won't get into the system by shorting it.

VIOLA  
(points)  
What's this?

NEMO  
The infiltration alarm. Early warning sensors on all nine levels.

VIOLA  
Infiltration?

NEMO  
Sand. Namib sand is very fine, very fluid. They spring a leak, they'll flood like a boat.

VIOLA  
Will the building sink?

NEMO  
No. They've got the foundations buried in bedrock almost a mile down. But whoever's below the flood line will have to get out quick.

VIOLA  
How are you planning on getting in?

NEMO  
I've got it handled.

INT. STREETSIDE BAR - DAY

Downstairs. Nemo's turned the bar into a workstation, where she's accessing the metadata on the stolen wristband.

The I.D. shows a photo of a MALE ENGINEER. She pulls up the code, changes a few lines...

And the photo changes. Now it identifies her as an employee of the power company.

INT. ADELAIDE VAULT TECHNOLOGIES - DAY

Gussied up in a suit and tie, CASS follows a SALESMAN down a nondescript office hallway.

SALESMAN  
Of course, any alterations that your employer would like to make to the factory design, we'll be happy to accommodate.

CASS  
Great. I need to see the safes you installed in the Sandpiper.

SALESMAN  
The Adelaide model S-77. One of our most popular models-

CASS

No no no. I think we misunderstood each other.

He stops, forcing the saleswoman to stop with him. She meets his eye. Uncertain, nervous.

CASS (CONT'D)

My boss doesn't want to build a hotel that's like the Sandpiper.

SALESWOMAN

I'm afraid I don't-

CASS

He wants to build the Sandpiper-exactly, down to the studs. And he wants to put his name on it. In order to do that, I'm going to need to see the modified S-77s you installed in the Sandpiper. Not the factory model.

The saleswoman's smile flickers-

SALESWOMAN

I'm not sure I can do that...

CASS

Ma'am, you work on commission, don't you?

SALESWOMAN

Well, yes-

CASS

Good. The guy who worked the Sandpiper account- how much money did he make in commission? Because we're gonna have the exact same number of rooms, the exact same order...You see what I'm saying?

She does. Now there are dollar signs in her eyes.

SALESWOMAN

Right. If you'll come with me, I'd be happy to show you what you're looking for.

CASS

(all smiles)

Great.

OVER BLACK:

The sounds of a safe being opened. *Chunk, ka-thunk*, deadbolts retracting, locks *tick-tick-ticking* into place...

INT. SHOWROOM, ADELAIDE VAULT TECHNOLOGIES - DAY

The safe door opens to reveal the saleswoman and Cass peering inside as she delivers her spiel-

SALESWOMAN

Our safes are top-rated for security and guest peace of mind. The Sandpiper S-77 especially so. No override codes, no master key, only a timed reset controlled by hotel computers that corresponds to the length of the guest's stay.

Cass' focus is on the safe, committing it to memory.

CASS

Did they make any other changes? Glass plate relockers, pressure plates?

SALESWOMAN

I didn't work on the account. But I can get you the specifications.

Cass squints at the safe. His face says *This is not good*, but out loud he says-

CASS

Perfect.

EXT. WINDHOEK ROOFTOP - DAY

Cass leans against the railing with a cigarette between his fingers, easy as molasses.

CASS

I think I'm gonna have to blow it.

Viola stares at him. She doesn't like this idea. *Explain* is implied in her expression.

CASS (CONT'D)

Every trick I would've used to get in fast, they thought of it. That safe is like Fort Knox. It would take me all night to crack it the quiet way.

(MORE)

CASS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe, maybe we could change  
 Wangari's check-out time in the  
 system, force a reset-

Nemo, sitting with her blueprints-

NEMO  
 I don't think so. I mean, we could,  
 we definitely could, but-

VIOLA  
 Who's going to be watching his  
 check-out time?

NEMO  
 No one. But the system doesn't let  
 guests check out in the middle of  
 the night.

Oh. Viola drops her argumentative stance.

Turns back to Cass-

VIOLA  
 So we're going to need-

CASS  
 Yeah. Already on it.

He puts out his cigarette.

EXT. GRIMY SIDE STREET, WINDHOEK - DAY

Sibyll, garment bag slung over her shoulder, knocks twice on a closed door and is admitted into-

INT. BACK ROOM, CHEMIST'S - DAY

A dusty store room like something out of the last century. Glass vials overpopulate wooden bookshelves, and a woman in an incongruous sterile-white coat- the CHEMIST- watches Sibyll like a hawk as she peruses them.

CHEMIST (AFRIKAANS)  
 What are you looking for, exactly?

Sibyll trails her finger over a jar of murky liquid.

SIBYLL (AFRIKAANS)  
 Something to make a man go down  
 hard, but not so hard he won't get  
 up again in the morning.

CHEMIST (AFRIKAANS)  
 You must be one of those civilized  
 crooks I've heard so much about.

Sibyll flashes a charming smile.

EXT. GRIMY SIDE STREET - DAY

Sibyll comes out of the chemist's and stops short. JACKIE is waiting for her at the end of the alley.

EXT. SAME - LATER

Whatever talk they've just had is over. Jackie takes a drag from her cigarette and watches Sibyll, waiting for a reply.

SIBYLL  
 Look, I'm sure it's nothing to  
 worry about.

Jackie still looks skeptical, but-

JACKIE  
 You know her better than I do. If  
 you say we're good...

She drops her cigarette and puts it out under her boot.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Then we're good.

Sibyll's mask flickers, but Jackie doesn't see- she's already turning away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Come on, I'll give you a ride.

EXT. WINDHOEK - AFTERNOON

As the sun creeps lower and lower in the sky...

VIOLA (PRE-LAP)  
 Okay. There's no way we can hide  
 the sound of an explosion, so once  
 the safe blows we're going to have  
 to get out fast.

EXT. WINDHOEK ROOFTOP - SAME

Viola stands in front of the whole team, now assembled. Her suit jacket's off, sleeves rolled up. As casual as she gets.

VIOLA

The cameras on Wangari's floor will already be looped, but it won't take them that long to put together what happened from the surrounding feeds. By the time they do, we need to be far away.

OKAFOR

I won't break the loop until I'm sure you have the diamond.

Viola meets his eyes. Nods. Turns back to the others-

VIOLA

Any questions?

She looks at each of them in turn. Waiting. It's quiet. There are no questions.

EXT. SAME - LATER

Actually-

SIBYLL

One question.

The others have already dispersed. Sibyll joins Viola at the railing, looking out over the city.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)

If Jackie's getting your share, what are you still doing here?

The question throws Viola off, but she hides it well.

VIOLA

I owe Okafor a favor. He saved my life in Shanghai.

SIBYLL

I never earned a favor for saving your life.

VIOLA

Well. We never used to keep score, but I'd guess we're about even in that department.

SIBYLL

Mm. I reckon you're right.

A long beat. Viola looks at the city. Sibyll looks at Viola.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
You're lying to me. I know that  
much, darling, I just can't figure  
out what about.

VIOLA  
I'm not lying.

SIBYLL  
You are. I've known you long enough  
to know that. I only hope it's not  
about something that will kill us.

At that, Viola's eyes snap to her, but Sibyll's already gone.  
She's alone.

Viola leans against the railing. A quiet moment of anxiety.  
The breeze brushes hair out of her face.

*INSERT CUT: Another rooftop in another city. Arms around her waist, Myles' face tucked against her neck...*

She closes her eyes against a sudden swell of emotion...

Then forces herself away from the memory- stepping back from  
the railing to head inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - SUNSET

A light helicopter modified to hold a SKI-LIFT CHAIR hovers  
low over the crest of a 4,000-FOOT DUNE.

It deposits two SKIERS, who carve snaking lines down the  
front of the sand pyramid...

SUPERIMPOSE: **NAMIB DESERT.**

INT. LOBBY, SANDPIPER - SUNSET

VIDEO BROCHURES on the wall of the Sandpiper's lobby play  
identical scenes on repeat. *PRIVATE AIR-LIFTED SKI-VENTURES,*  
*SKI BENEATH THE DESERT SUNSET*, etc.

There's no check-in line. This place is too classy for that.  
Viola glides right up to the desk, rolling an overnight bag.

FRONT DESK AGENT  
Welcome to the Sandpiper.

VIOLA  
Checking in.

The FRONT DESK AGENT scans her wristband for credit card information and takes her passport.

FRONT DESK AGENT  
Will your husband be joining you?

Viola blinks. *What?*

VIOLA  
What?

FRONT DESK AGENT  
You've been given the honeymoon suite, as requested. Would you like an extra key, or...?

Viola recovers.

VIOLA  
Hold it at the desk, please. He was only delayed an hour.

FRONT DESK AGENT  
Of course, madam. Enjoy your stay.

Viola takes the room key. Shoulders tense.

INT. SERVER ROOM, SANDPIPER - NIGHT

It's dark and cold. An I.T. MANAGER leads Nemo- clean suit, stolen I.D. band on her wrist- down an aisle between rows of SERVER RACKS.

I.T. MANAGER  
Sorry I had to triple check your credentials. You'd be surprised the number of scammers we get out here.

Nemo waves him off- No worries.

NEMO  
I just need to see the data for the last few months. You've probably got someone piggybacking off your network, running up the power bill.

I.T. MANAGER  
You sure you don't want a hand? A few months is a lot to go through.

NEMO

No way. More overtime I work, the  
more they have to pay me, right?

He gets it. Couple of underpaid working stiff s on the night shift. As he leaves her at a WORKSTATION...

Her smile drops. She taps an invisible earpiece (A COMM).

NEMO (COMM) (CONT'D)  
I'm ready to rumble.

She fires up the workstation.

INT. MAGLEV TUNNEL - NIGHT

A long METRO TUNNEL running under the desert, dark, grimy, LOUD. As a MAGLEV (magnetic levitation) car goes ROARING PAST a few inches above the rail.

INT. MAGLEV CAR - SAME

HOTEL EMPLOYEES are packed into every seat, holding onto every available overhead, swaying with the motion.

SIBYLL, in her stolen maid's uniform, stands among a group of maids who don't even look at her. The hotel employs too many service people, with too high a turnover rate, for a stranger to merit a second glance.

HYDRAULICS HISS. The maglev comes to a stop in the station, doors slide open, and Sibyll exits with everyone else onto-

INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - NIGHT

Where they file onto a long escalator heading up, at the same time that the day shift is heading down.

Sibyll adjusts her comm under her hair.

SIBYLL (COMM)  
Almost in the building.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, SANDPIPER - SAME

There's no red satin or heart-shaped furniture- it's not that kind of hotel. But there *is* a mirror over the bed. Viola puts her comm in and checks her reflection.

VIOLA (COMM)  
I hear you. Stand by.

The door opens behind her. Cass enters, carrying a ski case.

CASS  
Honey, I'm home.

He slings the case down on the bed. Viola flinches. He notices, laughs-

CASS (CONT'D)  
Relax. This stuff is extremely stable when it's separated.

He unzips the case, revealing the components for a SHAPED CHARGE. Two colors of plastic explosive.

VIOLA  
I'll relax when this is over.

She unzips her own suitcase. Inside is a set of POWER TOOLS.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, SANDPIPER - NIGHT

The vibrant indigo of a desert dusk. The bar is empty except for 6 security men and WANGARI, who dangles a martini glass over a POOL far below.

A GULFSTREAM G-1000 hovers above the sand, coming in for a landing. Wangari pushes off from the railing, finishing his martini in one swallow.

WANGARI  
Bring him to me.

Wordless nods from security.

INT. GULFSTREAM G-1000 - NIGHT

The height of luxury. Borrowed luxury, but still. It's quiet except for the high-pitched whir of the rotors cooling down.

JACKIE comes out of the cockpit to meet OKAFOR as he gets up and straightens his suit jacket. He cleans up nice.

OKAFOR  
I'm interested to hear how you got your hands on a G-1000 on such short notice.

JACKIE  
So's the guy I borrowed it from.

Okafor smiles briefly as he futzes with his cufflinks. Indulging a brief moment of nerves.

OKAFOR  
Do I look the part?

JACKIE

I think you're better-equipped to  
answer that than I am.

OKAFOR

Why is that?

JACKIE

I've never been richer than God.

A small grin lets him know she's (sort of) joking. He picks up his briefcase, checks the contents...

EXT. LANDING PAD, SANDPIPER - NIGHT

And descends the staircase to meet WANGARI'S SECURITY MAN. He doesn't look at all surprised to see him.

OKAFOR

Tiller.

TILLER gestures for Okafor to walk ahead of him to the door. Okafor obliges.

Jackie watches from the top of the stairs, invisible in her pilot's uniform. She turns, touching her comm-

JACKIE (COMM)

Okafor's on the move.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Okafor and Tiller descend silently. ECU on Okafor's ear shows his barely-visible earpiece as he hears-

VIOLA (COMM/O.S.)

Copy. Sibyll?

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sibyll swipes an apron with an attached MASTER KEYCARD from an unattended locker.

SIBYLL (COMM)

Ready when you are, darling.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Cass is assembling his plastic explosives.

Viola turns her back on him, indulging in a moment of pre-job jitters. Feeling the weight of what's at stake.

Then, all at once, she reins in her nerves. GAME TIME.

VIOLA (COMM)  
Start the loop.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT, SANDPIPER - CONTINUOUS

Okafor reaches covertly into his bag and TURNS SPOOL ON.

Tiller spots the motion-

TILLER  
Hey.

He stops Okafor with a hand on his shoulder and takes the bag from him, but before he can look inside-

WANGARI (O.S.)  
Honestly, Tiller, there's no need for that. We're all friends here, aren't we?

Okafor gets his bag back.

Wangari rises from his table- the only occupied table in the restaurant- and greets his brother with open arms. They hug.

It's not a friendly gesture. Okafor is tense, like a prey animal forced to embrace a predator. They begin to part. Wangari stops Okafor with a hand on the back of his head. Presses his thumb to a scar behind his brother's ear...

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
I remember when I gave you this. We were on a trip with father, back when snow skiing was still in fashion. You haven't forgotten, have you?

Okafor doesn't answer. Every muscle in his body pulled taut. Wangari jerks him forward.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
Have you?

At last-

OKAFOR  
Of course not.

WANGARI  
If there's one thing father believed in, it was survival of the fittest. Those noises you made...like a hurt animal.  
(MORE)

WANGARI (CONT'D)

All that crimson snow. You bled  
like a stuck pig. Absolutely  
pitiful.

Abruptly, Wangari releases him. Okafor stumbles, reeling.  
Wangari smiles, sharklike, and returns to the table.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

It's been too long, brother. It's  
nice to be able to reminisce.

(Okafor remains frozen)

Come, sit! We'll eat before we talk  
business.

Okafor, rattled, goes to join his brother at the table.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola, in white coveralls, peels tile away from the shower  
wall with a grout removal tool.

Out in the room, Cass sits on the edge of the bed with his  
head in his hands. Getting in the right mindset.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Nemo pulls up the SECURITY FEEDS for the whole resort. She  
scrolls through them to find the one she wants - the hallway  
outside the penthouse suite.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - CONTINUOUS

A WALL OF SCREENS displays the same camera feeds we saw on  
Nemo's computer. Hotel security- SOUTH AFRICANS- monitor the  
feeds. A.R. contact lenses shine faintly in their eyes.

The only one in the room watching with razor-sharp focus is  
SANTIAGO, one of Wangari's security men.

His eyes dart to THE PENTHOUSE HALLWAY as the feed flickers.  
Barely a single frame, but he catches it.

SANTIAGO

What was that?

The SOUTH AFRICAN at the station seems to wake up.

SOUTH AFRICAN

What was what, mate?

SANTIAGO

There was a flicker. Play the last  
minute of footage for me again.

As he does, Santiago turns on a sleek wristwatch that doubles as a radio/walkie-talkie.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Youssef. Report.

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

One man is stationed at Wangari's door. YOUSSEF. His English isn't great. He talks into his wristwatch-

YOUSSEF  
All quiet on Western front.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Nemo watches the LOOPED FEED on her workstation.

NEMO (COMM)  
You're good to go, Sibyll.

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)  
Thank you, Nemo, you're a doll.

INT. LOWER LEVEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sibyll snags a maid's cart from outside an open door and pushes it into the elevator.

INT. EMPLOYEE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

She uses her few moments alone in the elevator to go through vocal warm-ups (*unique New York, unique New York*).

*Ding!* The elevator arrives, and-

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She pushes the cart out. As she approaches Youssef she slips off one of her many rings and stashes it in her apron pocket.

Youssef notices her coming down the hallway.

YOUSSEF  
You're not supposed to be up here.  
We said no housekeeping.

SIBYLL  
Oh, I'm very fast. I'll just be in  
and out, very fast.

YOUSSEF  
No. You need to turn around.

SIBYLL  
I'll just fluff the pillows, leave  
some chocolates.

YOUSSEF  
Turn. Around.

Sibyll stops in the middle of the hallway. Indecisive.

SIBYLL  
Alright. You've caught me.

Youssef's face is a question mark. *Is the maid a threat?*

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
When I was cleaning the penthouse  
last night, I lost one of my rings-  
a ring that my husband gave me. I  
was hoping to get in there and have  
a look around...

YOUSSEF  
I'm sorry. That's not possible.

SIBYLL  
He spent a week's pay to buy it for  
me. I know I shouldn't have worn it  
to work, it was foolish of me, but-  
oh, couldn't you just let me take a  
quick look?

Youssef looks torn. Sibyll senses him coming around and lays  
it on thicker-

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Please. It will only take a minute.  
No one will ever know.

Finally, after another agonizing moment, Youssef nods.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Oh, bless you. Bless you. Karma  
will smile on you, I'm sure of it.

He opens the door to the suite.

YOUSSEF  
You have one minute.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sibyll 'searches' behind the toilet, under the sink, where  
she slips the ring out of her apron pocket and slides it all  
the way back.

SIBYLL  
I found it!

She strains to reach it. Her fingers touch it, but she pushes it further away.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Oh, drat. Sir? Sir?

Youssef appears in the doorway.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
Would you mind terribly? It seems  
my arms just aren't long enough.

Youssef gets down on his hands and knees. Reaches under.

Sibyll takes something else from her apron pocket- a SYRINGE. Youssef grunts, straining.

YOUSSEF  
This is a beautiful ring, miss. A  
good thing you found it.

SIBYLL  
Yes, it really is.

She JABS him in the neck with the syringe. Depresses the plunger as- Crack- he SLAMS HIS HEAD on the underside of the sink. Hits the floor. Out cold.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola and Cass hear over comms-

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)  
He's out.

Viola starts a POWER TOOL and begins cutting open the shower wall. Cass picks up his bag and exits.

INT. GULFSTREAM G-1000 - NIGHT

Jackie waits with her feet up, checking her watch.

A 2-HOUR COUNTDOWN moves past 01:30...

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sibyll lets Cass into the room. He stops to stare out the panoramic windows at the uninterrupted vista of the dune sea.

CASS  
Some view, huh?

Sibyll shoos him along.

SIBYLL  
We're not here to sightsee.

They head into the suite proper.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Okafor ignores the CHATTER in his earpiece.

He sits stiff-backed as Wangari- loose, predatory, warmed by drink- regards him across the table.

WANGARI  
I must say, I'm curious where you came up with the money.

Okafor anticipated this question. He takes it in stride.

OKAFOR  
You forbade me from selling Goracom projects to any of our competitors. Not from working on new projects of my own.

WANGARI  
'Forbade.' You make it sound much worse than a simple non-compete.

His expression makes it clear he knows it was much worse than a simple non-compete. He's playing with his food.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
No matter how well you've done for yourself, it's a lot to pay for a simple stone.

OKAFOR  
But a small price to pay, for a piece of my mother.

WANGARI  
The appraiser's not coming until after dinner. We'll see how small a price it is then.

He pours himself another glass of wine.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

A painting has been pulled off an EXTERIOR WALL to reveal the ROOM SAFE, a vault that looks like it belongs in a bank.

Cass fixes small shaped charges at specific spots on the outside of the safe. Gloves on. In the zone.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Youssef out cold on the floor. Sibyll leans over into the bathtub. The drain's uncovered, and she's banging on the pipe with one of her rings, so the sound echoes down to...

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

THE ROOM DIRECTLY BELOW.

Viola tries to identify the source of the clanging among the pipes that run behind her shower. When she thinks she has it-

VIOLA (COMM)  
Alright, hold.

The clanging stops. She bangs on the pipe once with a power tool. The clang echoes up...

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Where Sibyll hears it.

SIBYLL (COMM)  
That's the one. Happy sawing.

A LOUD, AWFUL WHIRRING starts up as...

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Viola cuts into the pipe with a POWER SAW.

She fixes a sturdy WIRE NET to the excised section- ready to catch the diamond when Sibyll sends it down. When she's done-

VIOLA (COMM)  
Nemo? Jackie?

INT. MAGLEV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The automated control room for the maglev. Nemo's plugged in to the system.

NEMO (COMM)  
Yep. I've got a car on hold.

INT. GULFSTREAM G-1000 - NIGHT

Almost bored, Jackie fires up the flight computers-

JACKIE (COMM)  
Don't wait on my account.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola looks up at her reflection in the mirror.

VIOLA (COMM)  
On your mark, Cass.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Cass and Sibyll huddle in the bathroom with Youssef. Cass holds a wireless detonator.

CASS  
*Three, two...*

He presses the detonator.

BOOM.

A puff of smoke. The whole room shakes.

The lights flicker. And a strange *HISSING SOUND* starts...

SIBYLL  
What's that sound?

Cass doesn't know. He gets up and leads the way out into the bedroom, just as-

*KA-THUNK.*

THE ENTIRE WALL CAVES IN. CEILING TOO. LIKE A CARDBOARD BOX FOLDING UNDER THE PRESSURE.

SAND CRUSHES THEM BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT IT IS.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

Viola hears the ROARING of sand and watches the mirror shake, almost BOWING under the pressure...

*SNK!* A hairline fracture appears in the glass...

A tiny stream of sand pours down on the floor at her feet.

AND THE INFILTRATION ALARMS GO OFF.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - SAME

**ALARMS.**

SOUTH AFRICAN  
Shit.

SANTIAGO  
What is that?

The South African stares into the middle distance, reading something on his A.R. contacts.

SOUTH AFRICAN  
Infiltration alarms for the penthouse level.

Santiago looks at the camera feed for the penthouse hallway and sees Youssef standing completely calm. Tries him on radio-

SANTIAGO  
Youssef? Youssef, report.

No reply. Santiago SWEARS.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola races out of her room, along with EVERY OTHER GUEST ON THIS LEVEL. Hearing chatter over comms-

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
Viola? What was that? I've got alarms going off all over the place-

VIOLA (COMM)  
I think he blew the wall open.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
What?

VIOLA (COMM)  
He blew the fucking wall open-

She pushes through the crowd to get to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Where she's BLASTED BACK by LITERAL TONS OF SAND pouring down the stairs.

She scrabbles for purchase on the door frame and just manages to hold on.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola RUNS with the flow of guests to the other stairwell, where overhead a BLAST DOOR managed to shut in time to close off the flooding from above.

The stairwell echoes with PANICKED VOICES.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DISTANT SOUNDS OF PANDEMONIUM. The alarms aren't sounding in here, but Tiller bends to murmur in Wangari's ear-

TILLER

The building's being evacuated.  
There's been a structural breach.

WANGARI

A structural breach?

TILLER

Sand, sir. Santiago thinks it started on the penthouse level.

Suspicion catches in Wangari's expression. An accusation not quite fully-formed.

WANGARI

I assume hotel security has a strong room.

TILLER

Yes, sir. Santiago's there now.

Wangari stands, forcing Tiller to take a step back.

WANGARI

Then that's where we're going.  
(to Okafor)  
Brother. If you would accompany us.

Security looms as Okafor gets out of his seat. Hand closed tight around the handle of his bag.

INT. HOTEL SHOPPING CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wangari- flanked by six security men, Okafor following- push upstream through the FLOW OF FLEEING GUESTS.

We stay with the guests as they hurry through the concourse, following FLASHING RED EMERGENCY EXIT SIGNS down onto a long, narrow escalator that carries us to...

INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Where far too many people are crowding onto a platform that's already long past full.

All the cars in the station are packed to bursting, but won't move, because...

INT. MAGLEV CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Nemo's still holding a car. She watches what's happening on the tiny control room window. Nothing but STATIC over comms.

NEMO

*Shit.*

Rapid-fire typing, and-

INT. MAGLEV CAR - CONTINUOUS

The doors of the first car beep and begin to close. A few intrepid stragglers SHOVE their way on, as...

*WHOOSH.* The car shoots off into the dark tunnel.

EXT. LANDING PAD - NIGHT

Jackie's watch counts down (00:59...), but she's not looking at it. She's looking out the windshield as TWO RED RESCUE HELICOPTERS zoom by overhead.

JACKIE (COMM)

Dune patrol is incoming.

(no reply over comms)

Hello? Does anyone read me?

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Viola might hear her, but she can't answer- she's swept along in the tide of people moving down...

INT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

Wangari and his men enter the "strong room." BUZZED through a blast door, they pass through a vestibule into the...

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - CONTINUOUS

Where Santiago meets his boss in the entryway.

SANTIAGO

Sir. Looks like the breach began in your suite. We're waiting on first responders.

Wangari breezes past him.

WANGARI

I want you there when they enter the suite. Recover my property. Go.

Santiago goes.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

DUNE PATROL RESCUERS- men and women in bright red gear- shine FLOODLIGHTS down into the shaft, illuminating MOUNTAINS OF SAND. It's as if an entire dune has been moved inside.

INT. GULFSTREAM G-1000 - LATER

Jackie paces the space inside the cockpit, checking her countdown. 0:30...

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR SHAFT - SAME

Mechanized DIGGERS roar and inflatable lungs keep the sand at bay as the rescuers clear a space through the elevator doors, across the hallway, into the penthouse suite.

SANTIAGO rappels down one of the dune patrol lines to join the forward rescue party.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The partially-excavated suite. Everything covered in sand. Rescuers have black-tagged three bodies. Santiago checks their faces. Youssef and two he doesn't recognize. (Sibyll, Cass.) Mouths open and full of sand.

He goes to the wall safe. It's blasted open, but its contents are still inside. A single black jewelry bag. Santiago takes it and tips out AN ENORMOUS DIAMOND.

WANGARI (PRE-LAP)  
They weren't working alone.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

SIBYLL and CASS' passport photos (fake) smile down from one of the many security screens.

WANGARI  
Someone looped the cameras. That's at least one more. Find them.

SOUTH AFRICAN  
You're out of your damn mind. We're in the middle of an evacuation.

Wangari nods to Tiller, who- *Wham!*- whips the South African in the back of the head with a handgun. Out like a light. The others all stare.

WANGARI  
Find them.

Cowed by fear, they obey.

Okafor watches from the back of the room, flanked by two of Wangari's security. SPOOL still blinking green in his bag...

One by one, the South Africans find the relevant clips and pull them up on-screen:

*Cass entering the honeymoon suite.*

*Viola entering the same room an hour before.*

*Nemo being shown into the server room.*

*Nemo walking across the empty maglev platform.*

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - NIGHT

Nemo pushes through the chaos, jostling for position as the crowd surges forward to board another round of maglev cars.

VIOLA

spots Nemo through a momentary gap in the crowd. Long enough to see two of Wangari's SECURITY MEN grab her.

ANOTHER GLIMPSE

The whites of Nemo's eyes shining- terrified. Viola tries to shove after her, but before she can reach her-

ANOTHER GLIMPSE

As a WOMAN IN THE CROWD SCREAMS in terror.

Nemo lays on the floor with her back to us- dead.

Viola reels back, shocked.

She backpedals and slips onto a maglev car just as it zooms out of the station.

INT. MAGLEV CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car SCREECHES to a halt before it's gone a hundred yards.

Viola crowds up to the window. With the lights on it's hard to see anything but the reflection of the car's interior. The rear emergency door opens, and the security men climb on...

Just as Viola slips out the emergency door at the other end.

INT. MAGLEV TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A MAINTENANCE VEHICLE is parked on a small track beside the maglev. Viola sees her pursuers working their way through the car. Sees a door marked *BEPERKTE TOEGANG/RESTRICTED ACCESS*.

A SHOUT behind her. The men have spotted her.

She BOLTS as they climb out of the car. Bounds onto the walkway and dives for the door-

*IT'S LOCKED.*

There's a key pad next to it. Frantically, she tries 000. 111. 222. Nothing works.

The security men draw silenced weapons.

Viola hops the railing back onto the track.

*CRACK CRACK.*

Two gunshots throw her down. She falls over onto the tracks. Blood spreading across her white shirt.

BLINDING LIGHT from the headlights of the stopped maglev car. She tries to push herself up. Falls back. Too weak.

She stares at her own bloodstained hands...

*INSERT CUT: Myles on the ground, blood everywhere, Viola's hands slick with it as she cradles his destroyed face.*

She coughs up a spurt of blood.

The maglev car starts up again. Gaining speed as it heads for where Viola lies helpless on the tracks...

*CLOSER. CLOSER.*

WHAM.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - BEGINNING OF THE LOOP

Cass dives for the bathroom. RETCHES off-screen.

Overlapping CHATTER over comms, Sibyll SWEARING, Jackie not knowing what happened, Cass audible through the open bathroom door, saying over and over again: *shut up, shut up, shut up*, a buzz that builds until-

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
Viola. You have to call the play.

Viola's disoriented. Just now coming back to herself.

*INSERT CUT: A reflection in the mirror on the ceiling, Viola standing in front of a man. (Myles? Too quick to say.)*

She puts a hand over her eyes, like that will bring back calm and control. It doesn't seem to be working.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Viola?

Cass stumbles out of the bathroom and into the hallway like a man possessed. It snaps Viola out of her daze.

VIOLA (COMM)  
Everyone get up here. Now.

She runs after Cass.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

VIOLA  
Hey!

She catches up to Cass as he's jamming the button for the elevator. Yanks him around.

Cass' face is red and puffy from puking and sobbing. He shies away from her, shaking his head.

CASS  
I can't. I can't do that again, you  
can't make me do that again-

Viola SLAPS him.

A moment of ringing silence. They stare at each other. Cass' cheek turning bright red.

VIOLA  
Okay?  
(Cass stares at her)  
Do I need to say it again?

CASS  
(beat)  
No.

VIOLA  
Good.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Everyone but Okafor is here. Cass is lying on a chaise like a swooning maiden. The rest of them are YELLING AT EACH OTHER.

JACKIE

(at Nemo)

How could you not know the wall  
wasn't thick enough?!

NEMO

It was a rush job. I had those  
blueprints for two hours, it's not  
enough time to run stress tests.

SIBYLL

*It's not your job anyways, it's the  
safecracker's job-*

CASS

(hands over his eyes)

The design of the thing is insane.  
It's completely insane. They've got  
the safe built right in to the  
structure of the building, I guess  
so you can't just cut the whole  
thing out and run off with it. I've  
never seen that before, never.

No one knows what to do with that. Sibyll's right- it's Cass' problem to mull over.

NEMO

(to Viola)

Another thing. How did the mark's  
security find us?

VIOLA

I don't know.

NEMO

What do you mean you don't know?

VIOLA

I can guess, but my guess isn't any  
better than yours.

JACKIE

*Jesus fucking Christ-*

Viola cuts in, frustrated-

VIOLA

*Listen. It doesn't matter how they found us. What matters is that they did- and they'll do it again.*

NEMO

*That's not a solution.*

VIOLA

*I'm saying, we know there's a net coming at us, so we need to find a way to get through the holes. Okay?*

No immediate objections. Viola makes eye contact with each of her team members in turn. Checking their mettle.

They're solid.

VIOLA (CONT'D)

*Okay then. We're not going after the diamond this loop. We're using it to plan. Here's what I need.*

INT. SKI RENTAL SHOP - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Jackie, in lightweight dune-skiing gear, lifts a SKI PASS off a woman who's on her way out. She presents the stolen pass at the counter, smiling behind mirrored aviators.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Jackie- I need to know how quick you can hoof it to the nearest Dune Patrol station.

JACKIE (V.O.)

What, like on foot?

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Jackie stands on the crest of a dune with rented skis and a hotel-issue night-skiing headlamp.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Sure. I'd suggest a pair of skis, but it's up to you.

Jackie tips over the edge and speeds down into the shadowy valley of the dunes.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Nemo rips the shower curtain down and starts lining the edge with duct tape. Behind her, the door is off its hinges.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Nemo, I need a way to create an air bubble in the suite that'll last-  
How long did it take Dune Patrol to get here?

NEMO (V.O.)

Twenty minutes. Give or take.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Let's make it thirty, then. Just to be safe.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

CASS

Safe? None of this is fucking safe.  
We're going to die again.  
(hyperventilating)  
Oh, God. Oh, God. I can't do it - all that sand - crushing - oh, God -

Viola moves towards him. Sibyll grabs her arm.

SIBYLL

I don't think slapping him again is going to help anything, love.

A small glare from Viola.

VIOLA

I wasn't going to-

SIBYLL

Let me try a more gentle approach.

A beat. Viola nods. Sibyll kneels beside the chaise and coos at Cass like she's his mother. Trying to soothe him.

Cass is trembling, near tears. Having a nervous breakdown. He babbles to himself. Viola watches, unnerved.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Wangari and Okafor locked in a cold war over a pair of steaks so rare they're still bloody.

WANGARI

She asked for you, on her death bed. She had memory problems, near the end.

(MORE)

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
 Couldn't seem to understand why her  
 only son would abandon her.

Okafor's knife digs into the steak. Chips the plate.

OKAFOR  
 I'm sure, wherever she is now, she  
 knows what is in my heart.

WANGARI  
 I thought you men of science only  
 believed in what you could prove.

Okafor has no rebuttal.

JACKIE (COMM/PRE-LAP)  
*Viola? Do you read me?*

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Viola's stare is still locked on Cass. She breaks away,  
 fingers on her ear.

VIOLA (COMM)  
 Yeah, I'm here. Go ahead.

EXT. DUNE PATROL STATION - SAME

A DUNE PATROL STATION, marked with a red cross, peeks out  
 from under a drift of sand.

Jackie lets her skis slide down the dune AWAY from the  
 station as she stumbles down the other side on her own feet.

JACKIE (COMM)  
 I'm at the station. Took me - what,  
 half an hour?  
 (then)  
 I'm guessing you didn't just send  
 me out here on recon?

VIOLA (COMM/O.S.)  
 Take a look and see how you feel  
 about stealing their helicopter.

Jackie's eyes go up...up...up...following the TOWER above the  
 station that leads to a raised helipad.

She tilts her head. Thinking.

JACKIE (COMM)  
 Sit tight. I'll call you back.

EXT. TOWER, DUNE PATROL STATION - MOMENTS LATER

High above the shifting sands, Jackie climbs the MAINTENANCE LADDER on the side of the tower.

She reaches the helipad. Dunes tower above her. Wind blows hard, spraying sand from the crests like ocean waves.

Jackie hurries over to the helicopter. Tries the door and finds it open. *Huh. Lucky break.* She slips inside.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 2)

Murmured voices in the bathroom. Cass and Nemo. That leaves Sibyll and Viola alone in the bedroom.

SIBYLL

I've got one question. What did Okafor promise you?

Something in her tone tips Viola off-

VIOLA

Why don't you ask what you really want to ask?

A beat. Sibyll's on the fence. *Does she really want to start something?* Yes. She does.

SIBYLL

He said he'd send you back, didn't he? For Myles.

Viola doesn't respond, but her expression is response enough.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)

*Christ.* And you believe him? You really think he can do what he says he can?

VIOLA

What choice do I have? If there's even the slightest chance, Sibyll-I can't leave him.

SIBYLL

You're not leaving him. He's already dead.

Viola stares back, obstinate. Sibyll swears and turns away, scrubbing a hand over her face.

SIBYLL (CONT'D)  
 If Okafor hadn't promised to send  
 you back, would we be here?

VIOLA  
 What?

SIBYLL  
 You never would have taken this  
 job, under normal circumstances.  
 Now we're all here as accessories  
 to your desperation, and you didn't  
 even have the courtesy to warn us.

Viola stares at her for a long moment. Defensiveness making her lash out.

VIOLA  
 Don't pretend you didn't know.  
 Don't make me the bad guy just  
 because we ran into a few problems.

Sibyll looks like she wants to shout, but she doesn't. She keeps her voice low and steady as she says-

SIBYLL  
 What happened with Myles, Viola?

Before Viola can come up with an answer-

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)  
 Okay. I've never flown one of these  
 before, but it should be fine.

Viola doesn't respond right away. Still staring at Sibyll. Then touches her comm-

VIOLA (COMM)  
 Good. Are we all clear on the new  
 play? Ready to go?

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - SAME

Jackie's watch counts down (00:02).

JACKIE (COMM)  
 Ready.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
 Ready.

CASS (COMM/O.S.)  
 (shaky)  
 Ready.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

Viola looks up from her own watch. Waiting for Sibyll. Eyes locked. Bated breath. Finally-

SIBYLL

Ready.

As Viola's watch counts down the last moments of the second loop, going from 00:01 to 00:00-

HARD CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE ELEVATOR - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

We've been here before. Sibyll stands in the elevator with her stolen maid cart, like a performer about to go onstage at a show, stretching her face, shaking out the tension.

*Ding!* The elevator arrives. The doors slide open, and...

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sibyll pushes the cart out into the empty hall. Smiles as she spots YOUSSEF around the corner. He spots her too.

YOUSSEF

You're not supposed to be up here.  
We said no housekeeping.

SIBYLL

Oh, I'm very fast. I'll just be in  
and out, very fast.

EXT. POOLSIDE, SANDPIPER - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

LAUGHING, SPLASHING. Two Dune Patrol rescuers, a MAN and a WOMAN, skinny-dip in the pool. Their uniforms are piled on a chaise in an empty cabana.

VIOLA walks past and swipes the uniforms.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

WANGARI

I thought you men of science only  
believed in what you could prove.

Okafor has an answer this time.

OKAFOR

The aim of science is to prove what  
has not yet been proven.

(MORE)

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

In order to set out on such a quest  
one must first have a measure of  
belief, no?

WANGARI

Very wise, brother. Very wise.

(he takes a sip of wine)

Now tell me. What ever happened to  
that little project you were  
working on when father ran you off?  
The, ah, what was it?

Okafor's clammed up. He doesn't want to talk about this.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

Ah yes. I remember now. The  
repeating temporal field. Called it  
something cute, didn't you? *Looper*,  
something like that.

OKAFOR

We're not here to discuss my past  
projects.

WANGARI

Oh, but maybe we are. Maybe that's  
exactly why we're here.

OKAFOR

I told you five years ago- I cannot  
complete Spool.

WANGARI

That was always a question of  
conscience, wasn't it? Not ability.

OKAFOR

We have an agreement. Fair payment  
for my mother's diamond.

WANGARI

I'm sure you're aware that I'm not  
in any need of money.

Okafor puts his utensils down.

OKAFOR

This is out of the question.

Wangari sits forward. Okafor is peripherally aware of Tiller  
and the rest, armed and watchful.

## WANGARI

Let me put it like this. There are certain materials your project requires that raise red flags, when purchased by a private individual. I know you have what I want, back in whatever hole you crawled out of. Now. You can either give Spool to me, and walk out of here with what you came for, free of charge. Or I can come and take it from you.

He wipes his mouth with his napkin.

## WANGARI (CONT'D)

It's up to you.

Okafor regards him for a long beat, trying to figure out how to play this. Wangari's chuffed by his silence.

## WANGARI (CONT'D)

Why don't you think on it, and I'll order some more wine.

He flags over the only WAITER.

## INT. CONCOURSE NEAR THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

VIOLA glances at the nearly-empty restaurant as she boards an elevator with a group of GUESTS, a bundle under one arm.

## INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Youssef is unconscious on the floor- again. Sibyll has a screwdriver, unscrewing the hinges of the bathroom door.

## INT. GUEST ELEVATOR - NIGHT

*Ding!* The elevator stops and the last few guests (Viola included) file out.

Only one person is left. NEMO. Standing at the back corner, one half of Viola's bundle now under her arm.

## INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola lets herself in. Cass waits just inside the door, ready to go. She pauses. Meets his eyes.

## VIOLA

Good?

Instead of answering, Cass takes the other half of the bundle from her and slips out the door.

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

Jackie rummages around in the back of the helicopter for a spare uniform.

She finds one and starts to change.

EXT. TOWER, DUNE PATROL STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Jackie pulls open a TELECOM CONTROL PANEL that connects all the satellite dishes and radio antennae on top of the tower.

She starts YANKING OUT WIRES. Not an elegant solution but an effective one.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Cass zips up his own stolen Dune Patrol uniform. He looks nervous enough to puke, but he's working through it. The safe is already set to blow, charges placed.

The bathroom door is off its hinges. DUCT TAPE rips inside.

SIBYLL (O.S.)  
Come give me a hand.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sibyll and Cass struggle to lift Youssef's unconscious weight into the DEEP JACUZZI TUB.

The shower curtain is already taped to one edge of the tub - the beginnings of an airtight seal.

As soon as Youssef is in the tub, Sibyll gets in the shower and starts to disconnect the hose to the handheld showerhead.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Viola finishes setting up her net to catch the diamond as it comes down the pipe. She touches her ear-

VIOLA (COMM)  
Ready?

INT. MAIDSERVICE CLOSET - SAME

NEMO shimmies into her stolen Dune Patrol uniform.

NEMO (COMM)  
Ready.

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - SAME

Jackie sits behind the controls of the Dune Patrol helicopter in full uniform.

JACKIE (COMM)

Ready.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - SAME

VIOLA (COMM)

Cass? Sibyll? On your mark.

CASS (COMM/O.S.)

Copy. In *three...*

EXT. DUNE PATROL STATION - SAME

AN ENGINE WHIRS. The helicopter blades begin to turn slowly.

CASS (COMM/O.S.)

*Two...*

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Cass, Sibyll, and the unconscious Youssef are crammed in the jacuzzi. The door is pulled over them like a cover, the shower hose leads from the U-bend of the toilet into the tub, and the shower curtain is taped around it all as an airtight seal. Cass screws his eyes shut-

CASS (COMM)

*One.*

And hits the detonator.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

BOOM.

A PUFF OF SMOKE. THE LIGHTS FLICKER OUT.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF SAND DUMP INTO THE ROOM.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Sand SLAMS through the empty doorway, flooding the bathroom in seconds.

Inside the tub, two sets of shallow breathing pick up tempo as the door CREAKS and bows under the weight...

But the air bubble holds.

EXT. TOWER, DUNE PATROL STATION - NIGHT

DUNE PATROL RESCUERS (the same ones who responded to the call in the first loop) work to fix the sabotaged telecom array.

One breaks away and walks to the edge of the helipad, staring at something far in the distance.

He takes out a pair of NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS. The Sandpiper stands out amid the dune sea, situated at the base of a 4,000-foot pyramid of sand...

Which begins to shrink, feeding into the punctured hotel like sand running out of an hourglass.

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jackie flies low over the private landing pad. She hovers as she gets on the radio-

JACKIE (RADIO)  
Sandpiper, this is D.P. Alpha-5,  
requesting permission to land.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)  
*Come on down, Alpha-5, we could use  
the help.*

JACKIE (RADIO)  
Copy that.

She flicks the radio off and heads in for a landing next to her borrowed Gulfstream G-1000.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

ALARMS SCREAM throughout the hotel. PANDEMONIUM outside the glass walls of the restaurant.

TILLER  
Santiago's there now.

Wangari stands, forcing Tiller to take a step back.

WANGARI  
Then that's where we're going.  
(re: Okafor)  
Bring him.

Tiller hauls Okafor out of his chair.

The rest of the security team falls into formation around them as they head out into the chaos of the concourse.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

ALARMS BLARE in the hall. Viola's own alarm is disabled, wires hanging from the plastic shell.

She sits on the bed, watching sand seep through the gap under the door from the hallway...

EXT. LANDING PAD - NIGHT

Another Dune Patrol helicopter has just arrived. One RESCUER jogs up to Jackie's chopper and knocks on the door.

She opens it. The rescuer shouts over the noise of the rotor-

RESCUER  
*You're fast as hell, Alpha-5!*  
*Where's your team?*

JACKIE  
*Already inside! They got tired of*  
*waiting for you slowpokes!*

The rescuer flips Jackie off- teasing- and waves the rest of her TEAM forward. They head for the private elevator.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The Dune Patrol team touches down on the sand in the elevator shaft. The second they do, a voice shouts-

NEMO (O.S.)  
 Hey! Over here!

The rescuers find her waving her arm through an air vent. Her headlamp illuminates them as they crouch to help.

NEMO (CONT'D)  
 Our equipment kipped out on us. The rest of my team's still in there.

RESCUER  
 This is why you wait for back up.

NEMO  
 Now you sound like my T.O.

RESCUER  
 Sit tight, we'll be through before you can say 'buddy system.'

Nemo laughs and pushes away from the vent into-

## INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Where she's sitting on top of a sand pile. The ceiling above her is missing a tile. Discreetly, she replaces it.

## INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

WANGARI

I want you there when they enter  
the suite. Recover my property. Go.

Santiago exits. Wangari turns to the surveillance screens.

The South Africans watch over the evacuation, coordinating rapid-fire through their headsets. On screen, droves of HOTEL GUESTS pile down the escalators, onto the maglev platform...

Okafor looks on from the back of the room, listening to the quiet chatter over comms-

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)

*I don't think this contraption is  
going to hold much longer.*

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)

*Coming in now. Sit tight.*

## INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Sand trickles through the shower curtain. The corners of the door have ripped through the plastic, creating tiny holes.

Cass HYPERVENTILATES. Sibyll puts a hand on the back of his head, shushing him, even as anxiety creeps over her own face.

## INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

MECHANIZED DIGGERS ROAR. Most of the penthouse is clear. Dune patrol rescuers work to clear the bathroom.

NEMO heads for the blasted-open safe. Spots THE DIAMOND. She pockets it a mere second before SANTIAGO enters the room.

She goes to help the rescuers in the bathroom, walking right past him. The rescuers shout as they uncover the jacuzzi, discovering the makeshift air bubble.

Nemo takes advantage of the distraction to step into the shower and tip the diamond down the open drain.

## INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

A quiet rattling in the pipes. A spray of sand spits through the net, and then - *something heavier*.

Viola detaches the net very, very carefully. Peers in to see THE DIAMOND, safe and sound.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Viola opens the door to the hallway and FALLS BACK under a wave of sand.

She scrambles to close the door again, but it's too late. She dives into the bathroom and slams the door.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Viola watches sand seep under the door. *Fuck. She's trapped.* She looks around for a solution. Her eyes fall on...

The POWER TOOLS in the shower.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The Dune patrol rescuers pull the door off the jacuzzi, uncovering Cass, Sibyll, and Youssef. Cass is the first out.

He collapses against the side of the tub, struggling to catch his breath. A rescuer puts her hand on his shoulders.

RESCUER

Breathe. You're okay. Just breathe.

CASS

I didn't know what else to do- the sand was coming in so fast-

RESCUER

You did good, kid. Come on, let's get you out of here. Up you go.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Santiago searches the blown-open safe, but doesn't find what he's looking for. He turns on his watch-

SANTIAGO

Sir. No sign of the diamond.

Behind him, the rescuers carry Sibyll (playing unconscious) and Youssef (actually unconscious) out on backboards. At the very last second-

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Hold it.

He goes over to the stalled caravan. The Rescuer gets in his way before he can touch Sibyll.

RESCUER

What do you think you're doing?

SANTIAGO

I need to search them before they leave. I need to search all of you.

RESCUER

On whose authority?

Santiago PUTS A HAND ON HIS GUN.

SANTIAGO

Mine.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

DEAFENING NOISE OF POWER TOOLS. En lieu of a more traditional egress route, Viola is CUTTING THROUGH THE FLOOR.

She's made it through the crawlspace between floors and is working through the narrow ceiling of the suite below her.

INT. ROOM UNDER HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

*Whump.* A cut away section of ceiling falls through onto the wall-to-wall carpet.

Viola peers through the hole.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Viola drops down through the hole into the other room. Kids' things are everywhere. It's a family's room. Viola goes right to the door and out into-

INT. HALLWAY BELOW HONEYMOON LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

An empty hallway. No sand has trickled down here. And not one person is left behind. Everyone has been evacuated. Viola is conspicuous as she hurries toward the stairwell.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

Santiago finishes patting down Nemo- finds nothing- and waves her through the door. He's alone in the suite. Into his watch-

SANTIAGO

They're all clear. Looks like we're going to have to comb the entire-

TILLER (O.S.)

*Wait.*

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - CONTINUOUS

Tiller leans over the South African's shoulder to point at something on one of the screens.

TILLER  
Her. The helicopter pilot.

ECU: JACKIE waits in the cockpit of her Dune patrol chopper, face grainy on the security footage.

TILLER (CONT'D)  
An hour ago, she was flying your brother's plane.

Wangari turns to look at Okafor. Reads the truth right off his face like only a sibling can.

WANGARI  
Take her. And whoever tries to get in that bird with her.

Tiller relays his order. Wangari paces across the room to his brother, eyes penetrating...

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
I'm disappointed. I thought we could be civil about this.

OKAFOR  
Civility is not your strong suit.  
Nor is it mine. We have that in common, at least.

WANGARI  
Then I won't bother asking nicely.

He nods to two of his men, who PIN OKAFOR TO THE WALL. His bag is discarded. Ignored. Wangari encroaches on his space.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
Tell me. How many are there?

Off the shining whites of Okafor's eyes...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER, LANDING PAD - NIGHT

As Nemo and Cass are maneuvering Sibyll's backboard into the back of Jackie's chopper, SIX SECURITY MEN led by Santiago surround them with their guns up.

They put their hands up slowly. Santiago slams his fist against the door of the cockpit. Jackie spots the gun.

He motions for her to power down the engine. Staring at the gun, she obeys.

EXT. LANDING PAD - LATER

Nemo, Cass, Jackie, and Sibyll are lined up on their knees. Security men with guns behind them. Wangari paces in front of them like a dictator about to order their execution.

Okafor watches, guarded by Tiller. His bag back in his hand. Spool blinking green inside.

WANGARI

One of you is going to tell me what you did with my diamond. The rest are going to die.

He stops in front of Cass, takes out his own gun, and presses the barrel right between his eyes.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

I suggest you decide quickly which one you'd like to be.

Tears stream down Cass' face.

His trembling fingers reach out to take Sibyll's. She reaches for his hand-

BANG.

His body falls back. Legs akimbo.

Sibyll snatches her hand back. Now spattered with blood. Lips pressed tight together.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

Too slow. Who's next?

INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Viola stands on the maglev platform amid the other evacuees. FROZEN as she listens to what's going on over comms...

THREE GUNSHOTS CRACK IN HER EARPIECE.

She flinches. Does her best to hide her reaction, but she has to clamp a hand over her mouth to do it.

EXT. LANDING PAD - LATER

FOUR BODIES LIE IN A ROW. Wangari wipes blood off his shoe on Sibyll's white shirt. Then turns to his brother.

Okafor is on his hands and knees, a pool of vomit drying next to him. At Wangari's nod, Tiller hauls him back to his feet.

WANGARI

I guess that leaves you, brother.

He jams the still-hot gun barrel under Okafor's chin, forcing his eyes up.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

*Look at me when I'm speaking to you. Where is my diamond?*

OKAFOR

It's not your diamond.

Wangari tenses. He winds up and CRACKS his brother across the face. Okafor slumps in Tiller's grip.

WANGARI

*Where is it?*

Okafor blinks through a waterfall of blood, pouring from his split forehead.

OKAFOR

The pipes. They were going to drop it through the pipes.

WANGARI

(to Santiago)

Snake the drain.

As his men leave, he crouches to meet Okafor's eyes.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

Men like you are not meant to play games like this. I would have thought you had learned that lesson from our father. I hope, at least, you have learned it now.

He stands and follows the rest of his men back inside.

Tiller lets Okafor go. Okafor staggers over to the four dead bodies of his colleagues and falls to his knees.

Breathing hard. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes blood from his forehead. Composing himself.

OKAFOR (MANDARIN)  
Do you have it?

Tiller hears and walks over, threatening.

TILLER  
Hey. Who are you talking to?

OKAFOR  
Only some words for the dead.  
Surely you cannot begrudge me that.

A beat. Tiller steps back, giving him some privacy.

OKAFOR (MANDARIN) (CONT'D)  
Do you have it?

INT. MAGLEV CAR - SAME (LOOP 3)

VIOLA sits crammed into a corner of the maglev car, swaying back and forth with the motion.

No one is looking at her. She takes out the jewelry bag and tips the diamond out into her palm. An enormous, glittering rock. \$53 million...

And her chance to go back and save her husband.

OKAFOR (COMM/O.S./MANDARIN)  
Viola. Do you have it?

Viola doesn't answer. She stares at Myles' wedding ring, twisting it around her finger, frustrated tears welling up in her eyes.

*INSERT CUT: Myles sits across the table from Viola at a streetside café. Smiling, talking with his hands. Sun on his face. Alive.*

Finally- forcefully- Viola arrives at a decision. She tucks the diamond back in her pocket.

VIOLA (COMM)  
I don't have it. It must've gotten lost in the sand. We'll have to run it again.

She watches her own reflection in the dark window. Resolved.

VIOLA (COMM) (CONT'D)  
And Okafor. I'm going to need you to do something this time around.

EXT. LANDING PAD - NIGHT (LOOP 3)

Okafor stares at the bodies in front of him.

OKAFOR (MANDARIN)  
Yes. Anything.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

TILLER  
Hey.

Tiller is about to take Okafor's bag from him, when-

WANGARI (O.S.)  
Honestly, Tiller, there's no need  
for that. We're all friends here,  
aren't we?

Okafor gets his bag back.

Wangari rises to embrace him. He strokes the scar behind his brother's ear, predatory...

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
I remember when I gave you this. We  
were on a trip with father, back  
when snow skiing was still in  
fashion. You haven't forgotten,  
have you?

This time Okafor puts his hand on the back of Wangari's neck, holding him in return.

Wangari fails to hide a flicker of surprise. Not used to his prey acting like this.

OKAFOR  
Of course not. I haven't forgotten  
anything.

Wangari jerks himself out of Okafor's grip. Smiles, saccharine, and gestures to the table.

WANGARI  
Well then. Good. Shall we?

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

Viola sits on the floor against the bed with her head in her hands, listening to her team BREAK DOWN over comms-

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)  
 You can't seriously expect us to  
 just *run it back!*

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)  
 You might not have been there,  
 darling, but you can't have missed  
 the gunshots-

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)  
 Oh, she didn't miss them, she just  
 doesn't give two shits-

CASS (COMM/O.S.)  
 Four loops, Okafor said. This is  
 number four, we're on number four-

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)  
 He said *maybe* five.

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)  
 Yeah, well, I'm not staking my life  
 on a *maybe*. Anyone who wants a ride-

CASS (COMM/O.S.)  
 Me. I'm coming.

The door to the suite opens and closes O.S. The sound jolts  
 Viola out of her stupor.

She raises her head. Her eyes are red-ringed, but no tears  
 have fallen. She's still in job-mode.

VIOLA (COMM)  
 I didn't force any of you to take  
 this job, did I?

A beat. Silence. No answers.

VIOLA (COMM) (CONT'D)  
 I came to you with an opportunity-  
 an opportunity to make a lot of  
 money- and each of you made your  
 own decision to take it. You're  
 here for yourselves, not for me, so  
 if you want to leave, then I can't  
 stop you.

(a long beat)  
 But I've got it figured out now. I  
 know how we get out of here.

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)  
 You just expect us to trust you?

SIBYLL (COMM/O.S.)

*Jackie-*

VIOLA (COMM)

I had the diamond. I could've  
broken the loop and walked away.

JACKIE (COMM/O.S.)

I don't believe you.

VIOLA (COMM)

Fine! Then believe this- if word  
ever got around that I got my  
entire team killed on a job, I'd  
never work again. If I don't finish  
the job with all of you alive I  
might as well not finish at all.  
It'll take five loops, but it's  
solid. We'll all walk out of here  
ten million dollars richer.

A long beat. Then NEMO, who's been quiet for all of this,  
finally speaks.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)

Okay. How do we do it?

VIOLA (COMM)

Like I said, we run it back. With a  
few changes.

Nemo listens. They all listen.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

We're already well into the heist. The room is full of sand,  
ALARMS blare distantly, and DUNE PATROL RESCUERS have  
excavated most of the bathroom.

Nemo slips the diamond out of the destroyed safe and palms  
it. Instead of going into the bathroom, she heads out into-

INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Making EYE CONTACT with the security cameras as she passes.

VIOLA (V.O.)

Nemo only loops the cameras for the  
first hour, so they see her walk  
out with the diamond...

INT. HOTEL SHOPPING CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

CHAOS of evacuation. Guests SHOVING, SHOUTING.

Nemo moves through it all, a shark through minnows. She fights the instinct to keep her head down, instead looking RIGHT AT the cameras.

VIOLA (V.O.)  
So they can follow her straight to  
me.

*Wham.* The worst hand-off you've ever seen, messy, noticeable. It causes a ripple in the crowd.

SIBYLL (V.O.)  
The timing's wrong, darling.  
They'll still catch us.

VIOLA'S FACE appears briefly in the crowd, as behind her Nemo is SEIZED by Wangari's security men.

EXT. LANDING PAD - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

VIOLA (V.O.)  
That's why we'll need five loops.

Sibyll's hand reaches out to grab Cass' just as-

*BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.*

All four of them go down.

OKAFOR manages to hold his dinner this time. Wangari wipes his bloody shoe off on Sibyll's shirt, then turns to him.

WANGARI  
I guess that leaves you, brother.

He jams his gun under Okafor's chin, forcing his eyes up.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
*Look at me when I'm speaking to  
you. Where is my diamond?*

OKAFOR  
It's not your diamond.

CRACK- Wangari hits him across the face. Okafor slumps in Tiller's grip, bleeding profusely.

WANGARI  
*Where is it?*

Okafor blinks through the blood, but this time he isn't cowed by fear...

He's *laughing*. Red smeared on his white teeth.

OKAFOR  
You missed one, brother.

Wangari's face goes blank with shock. Then contorts with impotent FURY.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

On screen, the pass from Nemo to Viola causes a NOTICEABLE RIPPLE in the crowd, like a stone in water.

WANGARI  
There. Freeze it.

The South African obeys, pausing the footage on VIOLA'S FACE. Upturned at just the right angle to catch the cameras.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
Find her.

INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - NIGHT (LOOP 4)

Viola boards a maglev car with a crowd of other evacuees.

Through the closing doors, she watches as Wangari's security men try to shove their way down the escalators.

The density of people is too great. Before they can make it down to the platform, the maglev car *whooshes* away.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - EARLIER (LOOP 4)

Cass stands over Viola. He came back.

CASS  
What if the temporal field collapses and we get stuck dead?

VIOLA  
Then I'll come back and get you.

CASS  
You can do that?

VIOLA  
Okafor told me he could.

CASS  
And you trust him?

A long beat. Viola's face betrays none of her doubt.

VIOLA  
The loop will hold.

INT. MAGLEV CAR - PRESENT (LOOP 4)

Viola sways standing among the other passengers, pale but determined.

VIOLA (V.O.)  
It'll hold.

EXT. LANDING PAD - SAME (LOOP 4)

Even though her heart has stopped, the watch on Jackie's wrist keeps counting down: 00:01...

Okafor opens his bag to check on Spool as the device blinks RED, getting ready to reset.

INT. MAGLEV CAR - SAME (LOOP 4)

Viola's grip is white-knuckled on the overhead bar.

VIOLA (V.O.)  
It'll hold.

She screws her eyes shut in something like prayer, as we-

HARD CUT TO:

WANGARI

Blinking, brain recalibrating, as he experiences the disorientation of a TIME RESET.

OKAFOR (O.S.)  
Brother?

Wangari's gaze snaps back into focus. As he gets to his feet, we see that we are-

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Tiller has Okafor's bag and is about to go through it. Just as he catches a glimpse of Spool through the open clasp-

WANGARI  
There's no need for that, Tiller.

Okafor takes his bag back and goes to accept his brother's hug. This time there is no whispered threat.

But as Wangari pulls away, an ECU shows us there's a PLUG stuck on the back of his collar, just under the folded edge. Planted there by Okafor during the last hug.

Now Wangari is *in the loop*.

OKAFOR

Are you alright? You look faint.

Wangari blinks. Covers up with a smile.

WANGARI

Just a spot of *déjà-vu*. Happens to the best of us.

(then)

Shall we?

OKAFOR

Of course.

As they move to sit, Tiller bends to say something in his boss' ear. Wangari's eyes snap to Okafor with interest.

He nods to someone behind his brother.

WANGARI

Take it.

Another of his security men HOLDS A GUN TO OKAFOR'S HEAD and rips his bag out of his hands.

INT. BATHROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Viola splashes water on her face, trying to calm herself down before go-time. Sibyll stands beside her.

SIBYLL

If this doesn't work, we won't have another run at it.

VIOLA

It'll work.

She turns the tap off and dries her face on a towel. Sibyll doesn't look comforted by her confidence.

SIBYLL

He wouldn't want this, you know. He wouldn't want you to die for him.

Viola's gaze snaps to her. Wide open. Vulnerable.

A deep, pitying sadness comes over Sibyll's face.

Before she can say anything else, Viola holds out a HOTEL PEN for her to take.

VIOLA  
Make sure it's dark.

Sibyll looks like there's something on the tip of her tongue, but whatever it is, she swallows it. Takes the pen.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
Viola. Got that code you wanted.

Viola shrugs out of her suit jacket, giving Sibyll access to the dress shirt underneath.

VIOLA (COMM)  
Go ahead.

NEMO (COMM/O.S.)  
It's two-one-six.

VIOLA (COMM)  
Two-one-six. Got it. Thanks.

Sibyll kneels and starts to draw on Viola's shirt- a dark **x**.

SIBYLL  
You really think Okafor's a good enough shot to hit this?

VIOLA  
I think I'd better stand as close to him as I can.

Sibyll gives her a chiding look. She stands, capping the pen.

SIBYLL  
I missed you, you know. All those years you were running around with my replacement.

VIOLA  
Sibyll...

SIBYLL  
Don't die, love. That's all I ask.

She squeezes Viola's shoulder- holds her gaze for another long moment- and leaves her alone in the bathroom.

Viola stares down at the X on her abdomen. Breathes out slow.

INT. DESERT ROSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Wangari has Spool in his hands. He turns it, examining it like an enormous jewel. Okafor watches, looking ill.

WANGARI

Tell me, brother. How many times have we done this tonight?

His gaze flickers to Okafor, eyes smiling.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

How many times have I beaten you?

Okafor doesn't answer. He might be caught, but he's not about to cooperate.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

How is this meant to go? Am I to follow the rabbit? Go running after one thief so the others can escape with my property?

He reads the truth off Okafor's face.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

Well. I'm sorry to disappoint.

He turns Spool off, then stands, waving to his security men.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

We're going to the strong room.

(re: Okafor)

Bring him.

Someone pulls Okafor out of his seat and shoves him along as the group exits the restaurant.

INT. HOTEL SHOPPING CONCOURSE - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Okafor, Wangari and his security men move through the empty concourse.

ALARMS SOUND. The safe has been blown. The heist has started.

They keep moving as PANICKED GUESTS start to flood the space.

INT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Wangari and his cohort enter the concrete vestibule outside the strong room. They're BUZZED IN.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

People snap to attention as Wangari enters.

WANGARI

My brother is attempting to steal  
from me. He has five accomplices.  
Find them, and kill them.

As the security men move to action-

INT. HOTEL SHOPPING CONCOURSE - NIGHT

In the chaos of the evacuation, Nemo and Viola find each other and complete the hand-off. This one is more masterful than the last. Invisible except to...

INT. HOTEL SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

THE CAMERAS. Which zoom in on Viola as she makes her way onto the escalator down to the maglev platform.

Wangari puts a finger on the screen.

WANGARI

This one is mine. Get the rest.

Santiago and Tiller mobilize their security team, barking out instructions.

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Sibyll plays unconscious on a backboard as Dune Patrol rescuers hoist her up on their pulley system.

Cass swings in a rappelling harness beside her, hope warring with anxiety on his face.

*CRACK!* A GUNSHOT pings off the wall of the elevator shaft.

Then- *CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK-* two of WANGARI'S SECURITY MEN open fire from the open doors below them.

Just as Cass and Sibyll are pulled up onto the landing pad.

EXT. LANDING PAD - MOMENTS LATER

Rescuers race toward the Alpha-5 helicopter carrying Sibyll's backboard. One yells to Cass over the noise of the rotors-

RESCUER

*What the hell was that? It sounded  
like gunfire!*

CASS  
*Hell if I know!*

He climbs into the back of the helicopter with Sibyll. Jackie glances back to check on them.

Her eyes widen as she spots WANGARI'S MEN coming at them with their guns out.

JACKIE  
 Hold on!

She pulls the helicopter UP INTO THE AIR- a JERKY TAKEOFF- as Wangari's men OPEN FIRE again.

Bullets PING off the helicopter's chassis.

INT. LOWER LEVEL HALLWAY - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Nemo races down a deserted hallway, ALARMS BLARING all around her. Comes to a corner as a door SLAMS open behind her.

She turns, still running- two of WANGARI'S MEN enter the hall behind her. They spot her and draw their guns.

She CAREENS around the corner just as they OPEN FIRE. Bullets chipping the wall where her head just was.

She SPRINTS towards a sign marked "POOL."

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

The surface of the pool ripples with intense wind as Jackie brings the Dune Patrol helicopter in low.

Nemo reaches for a swaying rope ladder. Catches the bottom rung and begins to climb as the helicopter LIFTS AWAY.

Below her, the door to the hotel SLAMS open and her pursuers take aim at the rising helicopter.

But they're too late. The chopper lifts away, Nemo in tow.

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Sibyll and Cass pull Nemo up to safety.

SIBYLL  
 Alright?

Nemo nods, out of breath. The three of them stare down at the Sandpiper as it shrinks beneath them.

## INT. MAGLEV PLATFORM - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Santiago and two more security men race down the escalator, shoving people aside. SCREAMS and pointing draw attention to their GUNS.

VIOLA

Hurries to the front of the queue and manages to dive onto a maglev car just as the doors close.

SANTIAGO

Spots her through the glass doors as the car zooms away into the dark tunnel.

## INT. MAGLEV CAR - CONTINUOUS

Viola moves through the crowded car, anticipating what's about to happen.

The car *SCREECHES* to a halt as she reaches the rear emergency door. Just as the doors open at the other end of the car, she climbs out into-

## INT. MAGLEV TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

She passes the maintenance vehicle and runs full-out for the door marked *BEPERKTE TOEGANG/RESTRICTED ACCESS*.

She reaches it at the same time that the men spot her. THEY SHOUT and run after her.

She inputs a code in the keypad: 216. The lock blinks green and the door opens.

## INT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A tunnel with a long SPIRAL STAIRCASE like a lighthouse leads up through the dune sea to open air.

Viola yanks the door closed behind her and starts up the staircase, going as fast as she can.

## INT. MAGLEV TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Santiago pulls at the door. It's locked again. He aims his gun at the lock and-

*BANG*. Shoots it open. The door swings in and the men flood through, hot on Viola's tail.

## INT. HOTEL SHOPPING CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

Wangari moves through the nearly-empty concourse, carrying the bag with Spool. Tiller marches Okafor at gunpoint.

They get on the escalator.

## INT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Viola makes it to the top of the tower, footsteps echoing close behind her, and crashes out onto-

## EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The landing pad on top of the tower. A giant red H marks the pad, visible from the sky. There's no railing.

The lights of the Sandpiper are miles in the distance.

Viola races out to the far end of the pad. Skids to a halt just at the edge. Looking out over a LONG DROP.

A dune hugs the tower, sloping away to a far-off valley. She kicks one of her shoes over the edge. It ROLLS to the bottom.

*CRACK!- A GUNSHOT* behind her.

She flinches and covers her head instinctively.

Turns to see SANTIAGO and his men have caught up to her. Guns pointed right at her face.

She's caught. Trapped.

## INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jackie's helicopter circles the Sandpiper, which is now nearly invisible under the shifted mountain of sand. With one last look at the hotel, she takes them out into the desert...

Into the dark of the night...

## INT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - NIGHT (LOOP 5)

Wangari, Tiller and Okafor reach the top of the spiral stairs inside the maintenance tower.

## EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

They exit onto the landing pad to find Santiago, his men, and Viola in a tense standoff.

Viola still stands on the edge of the platform. Flirting with the long drop. Wangari closes in on her.

WANGARI  
So we meet at last.

She tries to back away. Her bare heel slips over the edge of the platform.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
I assume you're the mastermind of this operation. My brother doesn't have a head for subterfuge.

Viola's eyes flick to Okafor over Wangari's shoulder. A subtle signal.

WANGARI (CONT'D)  
You're a worthy opponent. But I'm sure you've realized by now that it's difficult to outmaneuver me.

VIOLA  
I used to think the same thing about myself.

Surreptitiously, she moves her suit jacket away from her side to reveal a dark black **X** drawn on her shirt. Okafor sees it.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
Now I know - we only know what to expect until the moment we don't.

Okafor eyes TILLER'S GUN. Not quite pointed at him anymore.

VIOLA (CONT'D)  
Take your brother, for instance. He expects that when we leave here, I'm going to hand over the diamond and trust him to pay me my cut. But unfortunately for him...

Okafor playacts ANGER-

OKAFOR  
What?

Wangari looks to Viola. She gives him a conspiratorial smile.

VIOLA  
Like you said. No head for subterfuge.

Wangari LAUGHS. Delighted to see his brother double-crossed.

OKAFOR  
You *bitch*.

He LUNGES for Tiller's gun. Gets it from him and manages to take aim at Viola before-

*WHAM.* Tiller tackles him.

CRACK! The gun goes off, pointed at the sky.

Viola DIVES and tackles Wangari. They hit the deck.

The bag flies out of Wangari's hand.

Viola grabs his gun and takes a POTSHOT at Santiago and the others. Not hitting anything, but forcing them to stay back.

OKAFOR

Still wrestling with Tiller. He SEES THE BAG with Spool a few feet away. Up for grabs.

VIOLA

Focused on Santiago, not paying attention as Wangari BUCKS her off and GRABS THE GUN.

They wrestle for it. Viola's leg SHOOTS OUT and she KICKS THE BAG, sending it SKIDDING towards the edge of the platform.

OKAFOR

WATCHING THE BAG.

He PUNCHES Tiller in the face- one burst of furious motion- enough to SHOVE him off.

Santiago and the others OPEN FIRE on him.

Okafor dives for the bag- GRABS IT- sliding for the edge of the platform-

And DROPS out of view.

VIOLA

FREEZES as Wangari gets hold of the gun and jams it under her chin. He gets to his feet, keeping her on her knees.

Her eyes are WIDE. TERRIFIED. She's trapped.

WANGARI  
(breathing hard)  
That was a pathetic last attempt.  
I'm disappointed.

He presses the gun to her forehead.

Déjà-vu. Viola closes her eyes...

Touches Myles' wedding ring on her finger...

*BLAM.*

Wangari pulls the trigger.

Viola drops, dead.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - SAME

The sound of the shot reverberates as Okafor ROLLS into the valley between two dunes.

He's unconscious. From his limp grip, SPOOL rolls away...

The light BLINKING RED...

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - BEGINNING OF THE NEW LOOP

VIOLA

Blinks, disoriented to find herself back kneeling in front of Wangari's gun.

He's thrown off too. It gives her a chance to KNOCK the gun away before he pulls the trigger.

It goes skittering over the helipad.

She RUNS for the edge of the platform-

*CRACK CRACK!*

Two BULLETS hit her in the back- shot by SANTIAGO. She jerks and hits the deck.

Blood oozes away from her in a thick pool.

Wangari motions to his men-

WANGARI  
FIND THE DEV-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SAME - BEGINNING OF THE NEW LOOP

Viola comes back to herself kneeling. Before Wangari can react, she runs and SLIDES toward the edge of the platform-

Wangari's men OPEN FIRE. HITTING HER more than once.

As she drops over the edge.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - CONTINUOUS

Viola hits the slope of the dune and rolls. Barely conscious.

She comes to a stop a few meters from the unconscious Okafor.

SPOOL blinks red in the dark, just out of reach.

Viola peels her suit jacket away from her body. Her shirt is CRIMSON with blood.

Slowly, she rolls onto her stomach. A pained WHINE.

She grits her teeth and DRAGS herself towards Spool... inching through the sand...

But she's too slow.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - BEGINNING OF THE NEW LOOP

Viola kneels before Wangari's gun. AGAIN. Fuck. She tries to knock the gun out of his hand-

He's expecting it.

He HOLDS ON. They WRESTLE for the gun. He's winning.

CRACK! The gun goes off RIGHT NEXT TO VIOLA'S EAR.

Deafening her. And deafening us.

Muffled noise. She lies flat on her back, disoriented. Vision swimming. Wangari points the gun at her face.

She sees Tiller and Santiago go over the side of the platform M.O.S. Looks back at the gun just as-

MUZZLE FLASH. A QUIET POP.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - SAME

Tiller and Santiago reach the bottom of the valley. Santiago spots Spool.

Just as his hand closes around it-

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - BEGINNING OF THE NEW LOOP

Viola's not fucking around this time.

She SURGES to her feet and SLAMS into Wangari, tackling him over the side of the platform with her.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - CONTINUOUS

They hit the sand and ROLL. Fast. Disorienting. Dropping into the dark, out of the light of the tower.

EXT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - SAME

Wangari's men take aim over the side of the platform. Tiller stops them with a raised hand.

It's too dark. They can't see well enough to shoot.

He motions. They race through the door, back into the tower.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - SAME

Viola and Wangari roll down into the valley with Okafor. Both still conscious. Covered in sand.

Viola spots WANGARI'S GUN.

She army-crawls towards it, but just as her fingers reach it-  
Wangari grabs her ankle and DRAGS her back.

WANGARI

*How many times do I have to kill  
you?*

He crawls over her and grabs the gun. JAMS IT IN HER ABDOMEN.

WANGARI (CONT'D)

*You're going to die slow this time.*

BANG.

Viola's eyes WIDEN.

Blood seeps into the sand. Wangari crawls off her. He aims at one of her knees, intent on dismantling her piece by piece.

Viola's eyelids flutter. Pain dragging her under.

Wangari's finger tightens on the trigger...

WHAM!

Okafor SMASHES SPOOL OVER HIS BROTHER'S HEAD.

Wangari drops.

Spool in pieces in the sand around him.

INT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - SAME

TILLER and his men race down the stairs.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - NIGHT

Okafor keeps pressure on Viola's wound. Viola's clinging to consciousness. Blood on her lips.

VIOLA

He missed the X.

Okafor shakes his head. Can't believe she's making a joke.

STRONG WIND starts to whip the sand around them, as overhead, the DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER comes in on approach. It's running dark, all the lights turned off.

CASS comes down in a rappelling harness, with a backboard.

INT. MAINTENANCE TOWER - NIGHT

At the bottom of the stairs, Tiller and his men pull open the door and RACE OUT into the sand.

EXT. NAMIB DUNE SEA - CONTINUOUS

Guns out, the security men swarm the valley where Viola and Okafor fell. But the only one here is Wangari, unconscious.

Overhead, chopper blades *WHUMP*.

They look up.

But the helicopter is too far away already.

INT./EXT. DUNE PATROL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Nemo and Sibyll get Viola situated in the rear of the helicopter. She's strapped to the backboard.

Sibyll rips open a first aid kit. Gauze flies everywhere. A bloody hand reaches out and grabs her wrist.

Viola's still clinging to consciousness.

VIOLA

Tell me we got it.

Nemo crouches next to her and shows her THE DIAMOND, stashed in an inner pocket of her uniform.

NEMO  
We got it.

As Cass and Okafor climb into the helicopter, Viola's hand falls away from Sibyll's arm. Her head lolls, limp, and...

SIBYLL  
Viola? Viola, stay with me-

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, SANDPIPER - NIGHT

Viola stands in the middle of the room, disoriented. We're as thrown off as she is. *Shouldn't the loop be over?*

A man's voice behind her:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Viola.

She turns. It's MYLES, a man we've only ever seen in memory, finally here in the flesh.

Viola's too shocked to speak. Myles smiles sadly and reaches for her- she folds into his arms.

MYLES (CONT'D)  
Hey. Hey, it's okay.

He hushes her softly. She buries her tearstained face in his shoulder, clutching him white-knuckled.

VIOLA  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MYLES  
No. No, hey, you've got nothing to be sorry for.

He kisses her hair, her ear, the tears on her cheek. She makes a sound like she's in pain.

VIOLA  
I vetted the job. I should've seen what was going on. I was sloppy, distracted-

MYLES  
We were both distracted.

*INSERT CUT: A brief, sunlit flicker of sheets, skin. Hands twined with matching wedding rings.*

MYLES (CONT'D)  
I'll admit, the working honeymoon  
was a bad idea.

Viola, fighting tears, holds his face in her hands like she's afraid he's going to disappear.

VIOLA  
I couldn't get to you in time-

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SHANGHAI STREET - FLASHBACK

*Viola walks down a steep residential street. At the bottom of the hill, just visible through a pair of sliding doors, MYLES is talking to two G-MEN. He sees her over their shoulders and shakes his head ever-so-slightly...*

*Ignoring the warning, Viola breaks into a DEAD SPRINT.*

*She runs full-out towards Myles, but before she can get there- BANG. A single gunshot splits the calm.*

*She stops in her tracks.*

*Then starts RUNNING again, faster than before. Desperate.*

*TIRES SQUEAL and a car goes roaring away down the street as she reaches the sliding doors and HEAVES them open.*

INT. SHANGHAI SAFEHOUSE - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

*Viola FALLS TO HER KNEES next to Myles' body, reaching for him, but it's too late. Half his face is missing. His skull has been blown open.*

*She tries to hold his head, but there's nothing left to hold.*

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, SANDPIPER - NIGHT

Viola holds Myles' face in her hands, tears flowing freely.

VIOLA  
If I'd just been faster-

MYLES  
You would've- what? Died with me?

He pushes her hair out of her face. Tender.

MYLES (CONT'D)

You weren't the one who pulled the trigger, baby. And you can't blame yourself for surviving.

She shakes her head.

VIOLA

I can't do this. I can't. You took everything I loved with you.

MYLES

Maybe I left something behind.

VIOLA

No, you didn't-

He shushes her, catching her tears on his thumbs.

MYLES

If I could do it again, I wouldn't change a thing. You got out alive, that's all that matters-

VIOLA

*Myles-*

MYLES

Do it for me, alright? Until you've got the strength again to do it for yourself- do it for me.

She knows he's right, but she doesn't want him to be right. Still shaking her head, she pulls him down for a kiss...

AND WAKES UP.

Pale, groggy. It's a slow, painful awakening. As she becomes aware of her surroundings we realize we are:

INT. NILE HOUSE BOAT - MORNING

Viola looks out over the sluggish NILE RIVER from a hospital bed in a richly-furnished bedroom.

SUPERIMPOSE: **CAIRO.**

Gingerly, wincing, Viola sits forward and starts to get herself out of bed.

The moment she touches the heart monitor on her finger, machines BEEP and a NURSE rushes into the room.

EXT. NILE HOUSE BOAT - MORNING

Murmured voices, pale morning light. Viola makes her way down an exterior walkway with the help of the nurse.

They hobble around the corner onto the main deck, where Sibyll and Okafor sit, enjoying their morning cup of coffee.

Okafor's the first to see Viola. His attention draws Sibyll's gaze, she turns, and-

SIBYLL

Dear God, what are you doing out of bed? You were *shot*, you know.

NURSE

She insisted.

Sibyll gets up.

SIBYLL

Of course she did.

She helps the nurse situate Viola at the table. Okafor nods to the nurse, dismissing her.

Viola tries to pour herself a cup of coffee and is stymied by her I.V.s. Sibyll assists.

EXT. SAME - LATER

Viola looks over a news headline on a tablet that's little more than a pane of glass. *SANDPIPER DISASTER! NO CASUALTIES IN DRAMATIC DESERT EVACUATION.*

SIBYLL

Aziz has taken over custodianship of the diamond. He says he has a buyer lined up in Buenos Aires.

VIOLA

(to Okafor)

Wangari will be looking for us. For you especially.

OKAFOR

He has been looking for me for many years. I see no reason he should succeed now.

SIBYLL

I, for one, will be getting *far* away from this continent. I hear Panama is lovely this time of year.

Viola sets the tablet down. She's fading, but before she goes back to bed there's something she has to do.

VIOLA

Can we have a minute, Sibyll?

Sibyll looks between Viola and Okafor. Catches on.

SIBYLL

Of course. I'll go see about another pot, shall I?

She takes the carafe with her when she goes.

In her absence, Okafor meets Viola's eyes. He knows what this is about, even before she speaks.

VIOLA

You can't send me back, can you?

A long beat. Finally-

OKAFOR

What gave it away?

VIOLA

Your mother. I heard you at dinner. The way you talked about her. If you could've gone back for her, you would've.

Okafor's gaze is heavy with regret. He sighs.

OKAFOR

Time can snag, like a knot in thread. It can catch. But once it's pulled through, there's no going back.

Viola nods. Maybe not understanding, but accepting.

OKAFOR (CONT'D)

Why did you finish the job, if you knew?

VIOLA

Quitting is unprofessional. Anyway. You got what you wanted.

Okafor smiles ruefully.

OKAFOR

I'm not so sure. I thought that reclaiming the diamond would bring me peace.

VIOLA

Didn't it?

Okafor shakes his head.

OKAFOR

I am beginning to suspect peace is not something which can be stolen.

VIOLA

I'm sorry.

OKAFOR

Don't be. At least now I know. Now I can move forward.

Viola doesn't reply. She turns and looks out at the river, at the sun hanging low on the hazy horizon, at the vastness of the world laid out before them.

She takes a deep, shaky breath, and lets it out.

EXT. NILE RIVER - DAY

A passing boat sends wake lapping up on the bank of the Nile. SANDPIPERs rush in and out among the reeds, never getting wet, nipping tiny organisms from the fresh mud. They rush in and out, in and out, playing chicken with the river, until at last one bird stops, lifts its head...

And diverges from the path.

FADE OUT.

END.