

- THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE -

Screenplay by
Adam Cozad

Based on the novel by
David Morrell

THUNDER ROAD
STUDIO DRAFT #3
10/10/08

EXT. ESTABLISHING - WINTER - DAY

TOP DOWN-- high above the LINCOLN MEMORIAL-- gliding over the frozen, I-shaped REFLECTING POOL-- looking down on the WASHINGTON MONUMENT. The NATIONAL MALL is packed with people, standing shoulder-to-shoulder. Odd for a cold January day.

As we CLOSE on the CAPITAL BUILDING, the size of the crowd grows exponentially. TWO-HUNDRED-THOUSAND EYES focused on--

EXT. THE STEPS OF THE U.S. CAPITAL BUILDING - DAY

-- HARRY ROSS (60's)-- as he becomes the forty-fourth President of the United States--

PRESIDENT ROSS
-- and will, to the best of my
ability, preserve, protect, and
defend the constitution of the
United States.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - FOGGY BOTTOM - DAY

CAMERA circles a huge, H-SHAPED BUILDING, surrounded by skeletal trees-- and TEN THOUSAND CARS.

INSERT SUPER: **CIA HEADQUARTERS. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA**

INT. LANGLEY - SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

CIA DIRECTOR ANDERSON (50's) walks with a vengeance, THREE ATTACHÉS struggle to keep pace-- passing CIA EMPLOYEES--

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

-- the views are good. The décor is dated, since TED ELIOT (60's) has more important things to worry about. His visage is handsomely chiseled, but craggy and wise.

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TIM WALKER (40's) pops his head in. Looks like an athlete. His easy-going manner masks a vast ambition.

WALKER
Director Anderson is heading this
way; he doesn't look happy.

Eliot reaches into a drawer, pulls out a SEALED FILE.

As Eliot's door POUNDS OPEN, we see his NAMEPLATE--

'Theodore Eliot, CIA Associate Director Counterintelligence'

-- before Director Anderson storms in--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 (to Attaches and Walker)
 Wait outside--
 (slams the door)
Did you know about this?

ELIOT
This being?

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
The goddamned Mercury Initiative.

ELIOT
 President Ross didn't give me a heads up, if that's what you're thinking--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
You've been buddies with Ross since West Point, and you want me to believe he never asked you to weigh in on what's about to become the biggest clandestine fuck-up since Iran-Contra?

ELIOT
 That is exactly what I'm telling you.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 Bullshit. Everyone in this whole building knows you turned my job down, Ted. You really think it's productive to rub it in my face?

ELIOT
 You'll learn pretty quickly that I never risk a source without a reason, Admiral. Means I'll know things I won't tell you from time to time and that isn't changing.

Eliot slides the SEALED FILE to Anderson--

ELIOT
 But the better you look on the Hill, the more effective The CIA can be protecting this country.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 What's this?

ELIOT

My justification for not informing
you in advance. It's a thorough
analysis of the new threats E.O.
17559 will generate.

Director Anderson unseals it. First page has the Presidential
Seal and '*EXECUTIVE ORDER 17559-- THE MERCURY INITIATIVE*'

ELIOT

He's about to shake the shit out of
one viciously amoral hornets nest.
My conclusions are speculative, but
there is one recommendation in
there I'd stake my career on.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Which one?

ELIOT

The Secret Service better start
hiring.

EXT. A PANORAMIC CITYSCAPE - PRE-DAWN

Russian Orthodox churches out of a Tsar's dream tower over
Shinto temples. European buildings flank the frozen Songhua
River. Some argue the architectural casserole of--

INSERT SUPER: **HARBIN, CHINA**

-- is the most beautiful city in the country. All eight
million residents would agree it's the coldest.

INT. THE HOTEL BATHROOM - HARBIN - DAWN

A HAND wipes the steamy mirror, revealing the hardened eyes
of ROMULOUS (30's). His physique is a marvel of sinew,
muscle, and tendon, but he feels far more dangerous than
sexy. He begins to shave. We've never seen it done this
efficiently. Each swipe *barely* overlaps.

PDA VIBRATES. He reads a message written in Russian Cyrillic.
Whatever it says must be important. He triples his shaving
speed to a wince-worthy pace. Still perfectly precise. As he
wipes the tiny flecks of foam off his face, we CUT TO--

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MIDDLE OF THE CITY - MORNING

-- Romulous, bundled up, shuffling down a sidewalk. He kneels
beside a NAVY BLUE FIRE HYDRANT. Begins to tie his shoe.

With a pickpocket's stealth, he pulls a STRIP OF NAVY BLUE MOLDING from his sleeve, wraps it around half the base of the hydrant, then walks off. The strip blends in perfectly.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

The elevator door opens. FOUR MSS AGENTS (Ministry of State Security; China's hybrid of FBI and CIA) step out, guarding YURI POVLOVSKY, an unhealthy looking Russian in his 40's.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE APARTMENT - MORNING

THREE BLACKED OUT SUV'S idle at the curb. EIGHT MORE MSS AGENTS guard the vehicles. Yuri strides towards them.

NEAR THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING-- Romulous crossdraws his silenced handgun, hits a button on his CELL PHONE--

-- *the BLUE STRIP DETONATES, ripping the FIRE HYDRANT off it's base. Water pressure finishes the job, flip-spinning the Hydrant across the road-- drilling FRONT SUV so hard, it folds in on itself!* The air fills with a MASSIVE GEYSER of water, instantly turning to ICE. The NOISE is deafening.

Visibility is two feet. No one sees TWO MSS AGENTS get shot in the head. SOMEONE reacts, throwing Yuri into MIDDLE SUV--

SOMEONE(O.S.)
(in Chinese)
(GO! GO! GO!)

It peels out, leaving FOUR AGENTS to deal with the threat--

INSIDE MIDDLE SUV

-- someone is Romulous. He shoots a THIRD MSS AGENT, while busting the trachea of the FOURTH. Blasts the DRIVER with a headshot. Yanks the EARPIECE from Driver, slaps it in his own ear. Mercilessly efficient.

ON A STRAIGHTAWAY NOW-- Romulous climbs up front, pushes the driver's CORPSE out-- takes his place.

YURI
(Are you Russian?)
(Romulous nods)
(FSB?)
(nods, Yuri is relieved)
(Did you rescue my family?)

ROMULOUS
(We'll know in a few minutes.)

They rocket through a RED LIGHT-- Romulous' lightning reflexes prevent collisions with ONE-- TWO-- THREE CARS.

EXT. STREETS OF HARBIN - MOMENTS LATER

Romulous makes a quick turn, backs into a NO PARKING ZONE. They jump out. KEY in hand, Romulous remotely unlocks the PRE-POSITIONED CAR behind them. They hop in. Drive off. We hear SIRENS as we CUT TO--

INT. THE GET-AWAY CAR - MINUTE LATER

-- POLICE roaring past them, heading the opposite direction.

INT. SUBURBAN BARN - DAY

Romulous pulls into a barn, next to TWO CARS. SIX CAUCASIAN AGENTS hover about. Yuri jumps out at the same time YURI'S WIFE and SON climb out of another car-- as Son runs into Yuri arms, we see he's a GORY MESS; face is covered in blood. Yuri's Wife is crying hysterically. Son is not.

ROMULOUS
(Is the boy hurt?)

AGENT ONE
(No.)

YURI
(Where is Natalia? Where is my daughter? Is she dead?)

AGENT ONE
(There were more guards than expected. We left the girl.)

Two Agents carry a DEAD AGENT out of a car. Blood drains.

YURI
(Is my daughter dead?!)

ROMULOUS
(No.)

YURI
(Then we go back. I will never again do anything for mother Russia without my daughter.)

ROMULOUS
(You'll do anything we ask to keep the rest of your family safe.)

Wife shuffles towards him. Begging him. Desperate--

WIFE
*(Please, do not make me leave my
 Natalia. Please--)*

Romulous locks eyes with Yuri's son. His shirt has been torn open; a SILVER RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CROSS hangs from his neck.

WIFE
(You must have a family--)

ON ROMULOUS-- watches ONE TEAR roll down the boy's face-- no sniffing. Crying like an adult. As the TEAR zigzag down--

WIFE
(-- you must have a soul.)

-- tracing a path through the gore. Romulous averts his eyes-- finding no respite in the desperation of Yuri and his Wife. Yuri's son, stares coldly-- almost as if-- judging him. Before he makes his decision, we SMASHCUT TO--

INT. CAR - POLICE CHECKPOINT - DAY

-- Romulous driving towards a bridge. POLICE are trying to stop people from leaving town. But Romulous is heading back into Harbin. CLOSE ON the EARBUG he snatched from the MSS DRIVER-- TUNE IN the CHINESE RADIO CHATTER--

-- he's been listening to MSS COMMUNICATIONS the entire time.

INT. SPRAWLING APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

SIX BUILDINGS OF TEN STORIES EACH-- BALCONIES ring each floor; separated by brick partitions.

Romulous, looking up, examines the layout. Waits until no one can see him, then hurdles a low wall down to--

A BELOW GROUND PATIO

A THICK METAL SCREEN blocks his entry. Windows are covered with BARS. He unscrews the porch's LIGHT BULB. Stomps it. Yanks the TUNGSTEN FILAMENTS free, then inserts the ends into the lock. Picks it in a second *(yes, you really can do this)*.

INT. SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MSS AGENTS surround NATALIA (5). Sniffing in a corner.

ONE MSS AGENT has a makeshift SECURITY SYSTEM set up. Has the ENTIRE EIGHTH FLOOR under surveillance, watching:

-THE ELEVATORS-- THE HALLWAYS--
 -AND A SECOND ROOM-- with FIVE more heavily-armed MSS AGENTS.

INT. CHINESE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

TWO SILENCED BULLETS splinter the deadbolt. Romulous pushes the door open, steps gingerly to the middle of the room, pulls a THICK BATON out of his belt. He assembles it into a two-foot by two-foot SQUARE. TAPES it to the floor, then flicks a dial on the side. Draws his HANDGUN as we CUT TO--

INT. SAFEHOUSE APARTMENT - MOMENT LATER

-- a TWO-FOOT BY TWO-FOOT SQUARE blowing down from the ceiling! Drywall is a pulverizing cloud. MSS AGENTS are stunned by the blast-- guns out, searching for a target.

NATALIA (5) is balled on the bed. ROMULOUS, using the cloud for cover, has dropped in unseen. He snatches her up. As he fires towards the PLATE GLASS WINDOW, we MATCH CUT TO--

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

-- the window BLOWING OUT, followed by Romulous. Carrying Natalia in one arm, he whips them around the wall to--

THE BALCONY NEXT DOOR-- presses himself against the BRICK PARTITION, flips his coat over his head; forming a sling in front of him. He scoops Natalia into it. Whispers in Russian--

ROMULOUS
 (Hold me very tight.)

MSS AGENT'S HEAD peeks into view, Romulous bashes it against the wall, holds on to the stunned Agent's BELT for ballast, leaps over the rail (with Natalia), dangles-- and drops.

OTHER MSS AGENTS-- yank Stunned Agent back, aim down to--

THE BALCONY BELOW--

Romulous rolls over the rail as BULLETS geyser concrete behind him. He SHOOTs the plate glass window, and runs--

THROUGH ANOTHER APARTMENT-- full of PEOPLE eating--

INT. HALLWAY - ONE FLOOR BELOW SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- shoulders the door, pulls the FIRE ALARM. It starts BLARING. He never slows, running straight across the hall. TWO SHOTS BLOW THE DEADBOLT on another door; entering--

INT. A THIRD CHINESE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- he blasts the Third Plate Glass window, and runs out--

EXT. BALCONY - OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Romulous, holding Natalia, drops. Catching edges-- Falling-- ONE-- TWO-- THREE FLOORS. Almost to the BARREN TREES when--

-- MSS AGENTS appear above him. FIRING DOWN as he leaps into A TREE. A bullet hits him in the back. Doesn't affect him as he grab, snap, shimmies, down--

TO THE GROUND

Where he carries Natalia into the SEA OF PEOPLE POURING OUT OF THE BUILDING, reacting to the FIRE ALARMS.

Good tactic-- but it's not going to work. MSS AGENTS on the ground fire into the air, YELLING in Chinese-- the order is obvious. Everyone drops--

EXCEPT ROMULOUS AND NATALIA--

They're spotted. FIFTY POLICE and MSS AGENTS run and drive after them. Romulous, one-arming Natalia, hustles around a corner-- into a THOROUGHFARE. CARS skid-stop all around them.

Natalia searches Romulous' face; she's deciding something.

He spots TWO POLICE HELICOPTERS swooping in towards the area. Kneeling down, he opens a car door-- a WOMAN with her KIDS in back is looking at his GUN. He speaks in Chinese--

ROMULOUS
(Give me your wallet--)

She does, he removes her ID-- reads her name.

ROMULOUS
(Liu Xiang. A helicopter is landing
in People's Park in twenty minutes.
If this girl is not there--
(points to address on ID)
-- I'll come back and kill your
children.)

He pockets her ID, shoves Natalia in the backseat. As he waits for the helicopter to pass, Natalia yanks a RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CROSS off her neck (same one Yuri's Son had).

NATALIA
(This is for the good guys.)

Romulous takes it. Surprised. Then duck-runs away from her.

EXT. WIDE ON THE THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

FIFTY POLICE AND MSS PURSUERS collapse; stopping all cars.
RIFLES OUT, nearing Natalia in the car--

ROMULOUS - FIFTY FEET AWAY

Sees them closing in on her. Spins the SILENCER OFF his gun, stands up, FIRES TWICE at the MSS Agents. Without the silencer, his location is obvious-- helicopters, police, and MSS shift their focus away from the car with Natalia--

-- and back to Romulous. He blasts the window out of a BIG TRUCK, yanks DRIVER out, jumps in. Guns it--

-- ramming TWO CARS. As they jackknife, he pounds through the gap. Into the opposite lane-- bulldozing cars until he breaks free of the congestion, and roars around a corner.

INT/EXT. STOLEN TRUCK - STREETS OF HARBIN - MORNING

Romulous, doing forty, eyes a MAKESHIFT ROADBLOCK of THREE POLICE CARS up ahead. Now he's doing fifty-- sixty-- and blasts through-- spearing the police cars out of his way.

POLICE OPEN FIRE on the rear of the truck.

EXT. STREETS OF HARBIN - MORNING

As HELICOPTERS KEEP PACE, the truck's rear tires shred off. Romulous, driving on rails, takes a corner-- SPARKS FLY.

EXT. NEAR A PARK - CONTINUOUS

GOVERNMENT VEHICLES STACK UP in front of a RUN DOWN STOREFRONT-- as the truck screams around a bend, Romulous ducks his head below the dash-- BULLETS decimate the cabin!

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS, FIRING, see the truck is not stopping.

The moment it ploughs into the blockade, Romulous launches himself through the shot out front window. Truck quick-stops. Romulous doesn't-- *using momentum to fly over the barricade--*

WE SEE THIS FULL SPEED--

-- nasty when he lands. His shoulder pops out of its socket. Dives behind a WALL that instantly starts getting chewed by gunfire. Romulous pounds the door open with his good arm.

INSIDE THE BUILDING

Adrenaline masks the pain as he leaps down stairs. He can hear TWENTY BOOTS above him as he rounds the bannister into

A STORAGE BASEMENT

Scans the room. Looking for-- a SECURITY CAMERA, guarding a RUSTY DOOR. He limp-runs up, speaks into the camera.

ROMULOUS

Abelard.

Rusty Door is a decoy-- a SEAM IN THE WALL pops open ten feet to the left. He spins in-- a moment before THE POLICE enter.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Romulous, stumbling down metal stairs, is careful not to slip on ice patches. Uses his good arm to lift his dislocated arm above his head, winces as he pops his shoulder back in.

Up ahead, he sees a METAL PLATE on the floor. KA-TUNK! The plate's lock pops open-- remotely. Romulous lifts the plate, to reveal a SHAFT-- two stories straight down. No handholds. Light at the bottom. He steps to the nearest wall-- running his fingers along the stones. Must know what he's looking for; he finds a CRANK. As he turns it, a LADDER, built flush into the shaft's wall, churns out.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Filled with TWENTY POLICEMEN. Using a crowbar, they pry the Rusty Decoy Door open, it leads to another storage area. TWO CHINESE MEN and MSS WOMAN, in business suits, hustle down the stairwell. Enter the basement. Head over to the Police--

MSS WOMAN

(We've apprehended the operative.)

POLICE CAPTAIN

(You are mistaken. He is in--)

She flashes her Ministry of State Security BADGE--

MSS OFFICER #1

(-- that will be all.)

Police Captain shuts up. Snaps off a crisp salute as--

INT. TWO STORIES BELOW - MINUTE LATER

-- Romulous steps off the ladder. A METAL DOOR opens to reveal a backlit CHINESE MAN; who speaks in English--

CHINESE MAN
Cryptonym?

ROMULOUS
(in perfect English)
Romulous. Abelard Access code 437F.
Notification goes to The Central
Intelligence Agency.

Romulous hands over his GUN and a KNIFE and enters.

CHINESE MAN
You have 36 hours to be claimed.

As the door closes, an IRON DISC FILLS THE FRAME; A BAS RELIEF IMAGE OF A ROSE. As we FADE OUT, the DISC remains--

TITLE UP: **THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE**

-- becoming the 'O' in 'ROSE' as we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAWN

-- the CIA CREST on a CHERRY WOOD WALL. TWO SUITS flank CIA's Deputy Director of Operations ELAINE MASON (50's), standing around a reflective onyx conference table. Eliot enters.

ELIOT
Mason, early enough for you.

MASON
(sipping her coffee)
Wish I could mainline this.

Director Anderson enters, followed by Walker.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
Elaine--

MASON
(heading him off)
Don't worry, Admiral. It wasn't us.

Mason touches the table. It's a massive TOUCH SCREEN MONITOR.
(we'll make it work like an iPhone).

She brings up a DOSSIER WINDOW, we see a PHOTO OF YURI--

MASON

Yuri Povlovsky. Russia's top computer scientist. He was the architect of their electronic attack on Estonia in 2006, and the more sophisticated operation they launched against Georgia last year.

SUIT #1

Essentially, Povlovsky directs a viral code to seize millions of computers, then bombards another country's technical infrastructure with so much traffic it ceases to operate.

MASON

In Georgia, he turned it into a weapon by taking down their radar and communication systems two hours before Russian mechanized infantry invaded. China wanted the same capabilities, so--

Brings up PHOTOS OF YURI'S FAMILY; we recognize them all.

Eliot eyes the family carefully.

MASON

-- four months ago, they kidnapped Yuri's family while on vacation in Turkey, and forced him to defect. He would have accelerated China's electronic warfare program by a decade-- something someone, most likely Russia, could not allow.

She brings up RECORDED TOP-DOWN SATELLITE FOOTAGE: The Four MSS Agents shuttling YURI out of his building--

MASON

Harbin, China. Three hours ago.
This man is Yuri Povlovsky.

-- let's it play-- a FIRE HYDRANT explodes-- a HAILSTORM of ice-- Romulous firing-- throwing Yuri in the SUV--

MASON

This operative cannot be identified here, but he's clearly world-class.

Mason shifts the screen a COUPLE MILES over Harbin. Now we're watching what happened at the OTHER SITE:

-A top-down view of a FULL ON SHOOT-OUT-- an Agent takes a HEADSHOT-- his brains blow on Yuri's Son-- whose shirt is torn as they're dragged towards one of the getaway vehicles--

MASON

Two team simultaneous hit. The second team wasn't as good. They had to leave Povlovsky's daughter.

-Natalia is surrounded by MSS AGENTS thrown into another vehicle. POLICE CARS are streaking in from all over.

-Forty yards away, the Caucasian Agents surrounding Yuri's Wife and Son have to pile into their Vehicles and bug out.

SUIT #1

Forty minutes after Povlovsky disappeared, cell phone chatter in Harbin went crazy in a third location. We managed to hack Harbin's traffic cameras--

TRAFFIC CAMERAS SHOW: Romulous' escape-- holding Natalia--

SUIT #2

On his primary mission, he was careful never to let a camera catch his face. We can assume that means the first part was carefully planned-- and this part-- was not.

A STILL FRAME-- ZOOMS IN ON ROMULOUS' FACE.

MASON

We mapped his features and matched him to a CIA Dossier. Cryptonym is Romulous. Real name is Christopher Kilmoonie. Former Delta Force, CIA Special Activities Division, and for the last seven years, a very reliable, Congressionally deniable Independent Contract Operative. Since CIA had nothing to do with his mission, it's clear he's chosen to hire himself out.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

I got a four AM ass-chewing from the Secretary of State because Russia framed CIA for this?

MASON

Probably. NSA recorded a large spike in Russian radio communications in the area.

SUIT #1 taps the tabletop, brings up a SATELLITE IMAGE OVER HARBIN; the same area Romulous went underground.

SUIT #1

This is where it gets weird. Harbin has traffic cameras everywhere except for this four block section. Apparently Romulous knew it. Judging from the amount of MSS radio transmissions, we think he's still in the area.

Eliot's pulls his vibrating SECURE CELL/PDA out. Nothing but gibberish onscreen until he touches the FINGERPRINT SCANNER on the side. The screen wipes, leaving the message:

'REMUS en route to Virginia. On the ground in fifty minutes.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - MORNING

A birds eye view, gliding over the frosted countryside of--

INSERT SUPER: **NORTHERN VIRGINIA**

-- following in the wake of a HELICOPTER.

EXT. FRONT YARD - ESTATE - MORNING

The helicopter flares on the white lawn. REMUS, AKA WILLIAM ROOSEVELT (30's) hops out. Got the looks without the vanity; he's the kind of guy who makes friends on airplanes.

INT. ELIOT'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

ELIOT heads towards the front door-- passing PHOTOGRAPHS of a life lived in military and political spheres. OLD PHOTOS of Eliot from Vietnam-- lead to NEWER PHOTOS of Eliot with Presidents and Prime Ministers.

Will RAPS the door, enters. Eliot stares at him. In awe.

ELIOT

Good god, William. Lazarus couldn't have recovered faster.

Wraps him in a warm, fatherly embrace. Takes Will's head in his hands, marvelling his face; SCARS are barely visible.

WILLIAM
All in the genes, sir.

Will is completely at ease as Eliot traces the scars. Eliot is family; the closest thing to a father he's ever had.

ELIOT
Reconstruction *really* came together. For the shock value, I'm almost glad I couldn't visit you last month.

Will shows Eliot a BOX: 'SONNY BRYAN'S BBQ. DALLAS, TX.'

ELIOT
I thought I told you to hurry.

WILLIAM
I had to wait for the jet. Pulled pork; I know how you like to eat weird shit for breakfast.

Will heads towards the kitchen, passing PHOTOS--

HOLD ON THREE IMPORTANT ONES:

-Eliot (30's) standing with Will (age 6) and Chris, AKA Romulous (age 7) in front of a MASSIVE STONE BUILDING. A sign reads 'George Washington School for Boys'.

-Eliot (30's) with WILL and CHRIS (7 and 8)-- both of whom are receiving their yellow belts in a Dojo.

-SAME TWO BOYS (14 and 15; now clearly Will and Romulous) wear military academy uniforms in a drill line.

IN THE KITCHEN

Will heads right for a drawer. Grabs a fork. Hands 'breakfast' to Eliot-- who puts it in the fridge.

ELIOT
I'll have it later. How's the knee?

WILL
Three pins had to stay in, but it's back to a hundred percent.

Eliot glances at Will's hands-- TWIN SCARS on both sides.

ELIOT
Are you?

WILL

Yep. I'm ready to get back to work.
(Eliot's face falls)
Where's Chris-- is he okay?

ELIOT

(glances at his watch)
For the moment--

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

-- Eliot sits down at his desk, Will sits across from him.

ELIOT

Your brother did his best to keep
it from you, but he experienced a
psychotic breakdown in Serbia and
has not been the same since.

Eliot pulls an EYES ONLY file out, hands it over. PHOTOS OF:
BARBARIC VIOLENCE-- snippets of CORPSES with pulp for heads.

ELIOT

You'd recognize their faces if the
skulls weren't collapsed. After he
neutralized the threat, he took a
metal pipe to all survivors.

WILL

Pretty damning photos without the
reason.

ELIOT

I thought I'd spare you.

WILL

Since when have I been squeamish?

Eliot hands over VIDEO FRAMES, blown up as PHOTOS: a barely
recognizable WILL-- tortured, ruined, NAILED to the floor.
NEXT PHOTO-- we realize it's not a floor but a wall. Someone
crucified him. That's where the SCARS came from.

WILL

If the roles were reversed, I
would've done the same thing.

ELIOT

You wouldn't have. Chris snapped.
We don't snap. Our entire job is
about maintaining objective
distance.
(a beat, it gets worse)

ELIOT(cont'd)

Besides, if it was an isolated incident, that would be one thing--

PHOTOGRAPHS: a MASSACRE at the barn in HARBIN. We recognize corpses: they're all the Caucasian agents. Agent One took two in the head. Someone executed all of them.

ELIOT

-- Christopher organized a snatch and grab in Harbin, China. It went down four hours ago. Those are the men he hired to help him.

WILL

You think Chris did that?

ELIOT

All I know is that CIA had nothing to do with any of it--

(a shock to Will)

-- and every piece of evidence points to Russia as his employer.

WILL

Gimme a break, Eliot. It's Chris.

ELIOT

(sharply)

William. The only certainty at the moment is that family is family, and your brother is in deep shit.

Eliot takes a remote, turns a LARGE PLASMA on--

SCREEN SHOWS: a *SCHEMATIC* of the *SAFEHOUSE IN HARBIN*, located deep underground-- directly below the *ORTHODOX CHURCH*. Two thousand square feet, including the *FIVE UNDERGROUND HALLWAYS* that *SPIRAL OUT* from the sanctuary itself.

ELIOT

He's stuck in Harbin's Abelard Sanctuary. And since he used his old CIA access code to gain entry-- China thinks we sent him.

WILL

CIA can't claim him anyway?

ELIOT

Not a chance; odds are Russia won't either. His mission infuriated the MSS. He is a diplomatic nuke.

WILL

So we've got thirty-two hours to get him out.

ELIOT

Just under. China is acting like Sparta laying siege to Troy.

Eliot hits a couple buttons on the remote- A NEW DISPLAY COMES UP: TOP DOWN OVER THE RUN DOWN STOREFRONT--

ELIOT

This is from our last pass.

An OVERLAY shows has CARS and TRUCKS-- marked with circles. Some MEN on the street are circled as well. A BUILDING across the park, is also marked in red--

ELIOT

Sanctuary is here. MSS temporary operations command is *here*. Circles denote vehicles or agents that have been transmitting. Bare minimum, we're looking at fifty Chinese assets covertly monitoring all exits. Good news is Harbin's in the middle of their International Ice Festival, so as soon as you get through the outer perimeter, it gets easier. I assume you two have periodic check-in protocols?

WILL

We do. And we're operating under the assumption whoever did that--
(photos of barn massacre)
-- may not be all that happy Chris is still alive?

ELIOT

Yes. *Unless he was in on it.*

We hold on Eliot's face, as we SMASHCUT TO--

EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - DAY

-- Will throwing two DUFFEL BAGS into the helicopter. Glances back at Eliot. As the rotors ROAR to full power, we CUT TO--

INT/EXT. ELIOT'S TOWNCAR - DAY

-- Eliot's DRIVER racing down the Virginia freeway. Eliot, in back, makes a phone call.

ELIOT
It's time to brief the Director.

EXT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Nothing fancy. Clear the Director hasn't ever worked in the private sector. His BLACK SUBURBAN pulls into the drive.

Eliot and Mason are waiting for him.

INT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S STUDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

TWO SUITED SECURITY AGENTS flank the door. Anderson searches the faces of Eliot and Mason. Walker enters.

WALKER
Sorry. Got here as soon as I could.

ELIOT
(to Security Agents)
Thank you, that will be all.

They exit. A moment passes.

ELIOT
One of the first things new Presidents, and often, new CIA Directors do-- is ask to be brought up to speed on conspiracy theory 101. JFK, Area 51, etc.

MASON
The truth is always a let down. There's only one secret every new Director finds surprising.

Eliot pulls an OLD FILE from his bag. Hands it to Anderson.

ELIOT
We don't know what happened to Povlovsky's daughter, but we know where Romulous is hiding. They're called Abelard Sanctuaries.

MASON
At any one time within CIA, a select few know about them. High level field officers operating with Non-official Cover-- and the people holding our positions.

Anderson reads a yellowed DOCUMENT. Signatures are real. History geeks may recognize a few of the five names: Beria, NKVD-- Sinclair, SIS-- Auton, U.S. Dept. of State.

MASON

In 1939, a week after Hitler invaded Poland, the heads of Soviet, British, American, French, and German Intelligence met secretly in Oslo, Norway.

ELIOT

All five men understood that signing *this*--
(pointing to the document)
-- would be considered treason by their governments. They did it anyway; foreseeing the need for a system that would counterbalance the power their respective leaders would have during the coming war.

MASON

Abelard Sanctuaries began operating a few months later, protecting agents, and ensuring the flow of accurate information among all Signatory agencies.

NEXT DOCUMENT: a MAP of the world, with DOTS on MAJOR CITIES.

MASON

Twenty-two more nations have since been added. Each country is in charge of operating at least one safehouse within their capital. All are underground to minimize detection by local authorities. We administer Sanctuaries in New York, Washington, and Los Angeles.

PHOTOS OF: THREE U.S. ABELARD SANCTUARIES-- New York's is close to the United Nations building-- Washington's is in Georgetown-- and Los Angeles' is in the middle of downtown.

ELIOT

Russia and China also have three.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Harboring spies on their own soil?

ELIOT

Hard to swallow-- which is why politicians are never told about them, and their rules are absolute.

MASON

An agent requesting asylum cannot be barred entry, and once inside, cannot be harmed. If a violation occurs, all responsible parties, up the chain of command, are hunted down-- and executed.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

How high up?

(they just look at him)

If I ordered an operation that violated the rules, my life would be at risk?

ELIOT

Not at risk; ended. No high-level decision maker has tried to beat the system since Amiram Nir in '88.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

The Iran-Contra guy?

MASON

His plane went down in Mexico while looking to buy an Avocado farm.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Everyone thought CIA was behind it.

ELIOT

We were. But it wasn't because of Iran Contra, and we weren't acting alone. Amiram Nir was Israel's head of counterterrorism. When two Syrian agents, under Chinese protection, used Beirut's Abelard Sanctuary in 1988-- Nir sent in Mossad Agents to snatch them. Everyone involved was killed and Israel was expelled. Mossad agents can no longer use the Sanctuaries.

ELIOT

The system has been instrumental in stopping countless wars, and a godsend for recruiting and retaining assets who would've otherwise been killed. Anyone puts it at risk, the intelligence community has a vested interest in ensuring the violators are terminated quickly.

MASON

In the last seventy years, there have been twelve known violations; only one man was allowed to live.

Passes Anderson PHOTOGRAPHS of the attack on POPE JOHN PAUL II in Vatican Square-- from 1981--

MASON

Mehmet Ali Agca, under KGB orders, shot the Pope in 81. Official story-- he was captured by a nun right afterwards. Truth is he made it to the Vatican's Abelard Sanctuary where the Vatican Administrator barred him entry. The Administrator should've been terminated, but he successfully argued that if he had allowed Ali Agca Sanctuary, the ensuing investigation would have revealed, and ended the Abelard Agreements. An ammendment went into effect in 1982. To preserve the system, all rules are suspended for the protection of heads of state.

Anderson studies a SCHEMATIC OF A SANCTUARY-- with the exits marked-- similar to the diagram Will looked at--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Countries run their own safehouses?
Wouldn't they just guard the exits?

INT. ABELARD SANCTUARY - HARBIN - NIGHT

CHINESE MAN, standing near the metal entry door, eyes his cameras. There are FIVE PLASMA DISPLAYS-- each has been divided into sections, showing LIVE SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS--

ELIOT (O.S.)

Escape is difficult; but similar to a prison, not impossible.

Must be a minimum of FIFTY CAMERAS in various sewer tunnels-- surrounding basements, and exit buildings.

All exits lead up into BASEMENTS. Escape options are shit. AGENTS monitor each exit. Dressed as JANITORS, BUMS, GUARDS.

ELIOT (O.S.)

In most cases, the asset simply remains inside until a trade can be made by their respective nation.

INT. MAIN LIVING AREA - HARBIN - NIGHT

The technology is modern, but China isn't much for spoiling enemies of the state. THREE MEN are using laptops, or reading. Not in a hurry. ROMULOUS, who we now know is CHRISTOPHER KILMOONIE, glances at his watch.

ELIOT (O.S.)

When briefed on Abelard, each asset is given an access code that corresponds to their country. So long as they are claimed within thirty-six hours by any signatory nation, they can remain in the Sanctuary indefinitely.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - HARBIN - NIGHT

A fantastic view of Harbin's International Snow and Ice Festival. Looking down from FIVE THOUSAND FEET-- TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE are partying on THE SONGHUA RIVER-- it spreads out to CONJOINING PARKS where-- FOUR STORY ICE CASTLES glow like jewels; lit up from the inside.

ELIOT (O.S.)

To discourage countries from distancing themselves from their own agents, if they're *not* claimed before time expires, they're turned over to the intelligence service running the safehouse.

FIRECRACKERS whiz up from the ground. As BOOTS creep into frame, we realize it's not an establishing shot at all--

-- IT'S SOMEONE'S POV

Parachuting down. Looking carefully at the roof of a RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH-- about half a mile from the Ice Festival, and across the park from the Abelard Sanctuary.

MASON (O.S.)
 Means, one way or another, five
 hours from now, China's going to
 find out who hired Romulous. Unless
 his employer sends another team to
 help him escape--

EXT. QUICK SNIPPETS - BUILDINGS AROUND HARBIN - NIGHT

-ON ROOFTOPS, buried in darkness, we see--
 -ONE-- TWO-- THREE - FOUR SNIPERS- monitoring the Park--

MASON (O.S.)
 -- or take him out.

EXT. MSS TEMPORARY OPERATIONS COMMAND - NIGHT

CHINESE MSS AGENT watches TEN SCREENS. He's all but given up.
 The light from the FIRECRACKERS keeps blanking them. Out the
 window, he can see the park, and beyond--

THE RUN DOWN STORE FRONT (ENTRY TO THE ABELARD SANCTUARY)

CLOSE ON ONE SCREEN: showing the ORTHODOX CHURCH. A SHADOW
 GLIDES IN, only a split second before a firecracker BLANKS
 the screen. The camera REFOCUSES. The shadow is gone.

INT. ABELARD SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Christopher, on a computer, looks at his watch-- '**11:25 PM**'.

EXT. ORTHODOX CHURCH'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- WILL, wearing a BALACLAVA, tucks TWO BACKPACKS in a
 corner. Then looks out over the park, and the Abelard entry
 beyond. Glances at his watch: **11:26 PM**, points a PEN LIGHT at
 the Run Down Storefront. Flicks it. Nothing happens--

INT. ABELARD SANCTUARY - NIGHT

-- since it's infrared; invisible to the naked eye. But Chris
 can see the blinking light on his COMPUTER SCREEN. Coming
 from the rooftop of the church.

We can't read their code, *but Chris clearly can*, because he
 sets a timer on his watch: **6:00...5:59...5:58...**

Chris stands up. Takes his shirt off, straps his bullet proof
 vest back on. Redresses. Chinese Man watches him carefully.

EXT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Will ties TWO ROPES to TWO SEPARATE PILLARS. He pulls a PNEUMATIC CANON from his back. Waits for a FIRECRACKER to EXPLODE, then fires a GRAPPLING HOOK across a fifty-yard gap and onto the roof of THE TALL OLD BUILDING next door.

EXT. A HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN ON WILL-- as he sweeps across the gap between the buildings. THREE ROPES feed through THE MECHANIZED ROPE CLIMBING MACHINE, hanging from his harness. About the size of a shoebox (*presently in use by U.S. Special Forces*).

INT. ABELARD SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Chris glances at his watch: **3:15...3:14...3:13**. Chinese Man returns Chris' GUN.

CHINESE MAN
You still have five hours to be
claimed-- are you certain you don't
want to wait?

Yep. Chris chambers a round, steps out the door, and RUNS.

EXT. ROOF OF TALL OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

Will has unlatched himself from the ropes. Shifting silently around FOUR MSS SENTRIES until he arrives at--

A LARGE ROOFTOP STRUCTURE. He finds an ACCESS HATCH. Picks the lock in three seconds. Opens the hatch to reveal THICK CABLES. The structure is the top of an ELEVATOR SHAFT.

INT. ABELARD ESCAPE SHAFT - MOMENT LATER

Chris silently climbs up a ladder-- dark above.

EXT. ROOF OF TALL OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

Will, crouched right in front of the rooftop structure, pulls TWO POUCHES from his belt. He flicks a SWITCH on the first one. As a LIGHT BLIPS ON, we CUT TO--

INT. ABELARD ESCAPE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- Chris' WATCH. A MATCHING LIGHT blinks on.

EXT. ROOF OF TALL OLD BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Will arms the SECOND POUCH. As the light blinks, we CUT TO--

INT. ABELARD ESCAPE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

-- Chris' watch. A SECOND LIGHT appears besides the first. He's paused on the ladder, below the lip. Waiting.

EXT. ROOFTOP STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Will nestles the First Armed Pouch among the elevator CABLES. Looks down the elevator shaft, then drops THE SECOND POUCH--

WE FOLLOW THE POUCH-- DOWN THE SHAFT-- FOUR STORIES DOWN, it lands on the elevator's roof.

INT. ABELARD ESCAPE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris remains paused on the ladder. His watch reads:
38...37... both RED LIGHTS glow steadily.

CAMERA RISES TO REVEAL-- TEN MSS AGENTS at the exit. Soon as Chris climbs up, they'll have him dead to rights. An OLD ELEVATOR can be heard humming nearby.

BACK DOWN THE SHAFT - ON CHRIS

When his watch hits '**30**' Chris taps the FIRST BUTTON--

EXT. ROOF OF TALL OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

The ROOFTOP STRUCTURE-- BLOWS UP!

INT. ABELARD ESCAPE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A rumble, then a sudden wind, *as the ELEVATOR, blown free of it's rooftop supports, lands! BOOM!* The MSS Officers get knocked off their feet--

CHRIS-- leaps out of the shaft. MSS AGENTS recover, but before they can fire, Chris hits the SECOND BUTTON on his watch. While diving to the ground--

THE SECOND POUCH (ON TOP OF THE CRUMPLED ELEVATOR) EXPLODES!

THE FIREBALL RIPS ACROSS THE ROOM, engulfing the MSS Agents, flashing over Chris' head. Chris rolls to his feet, runs past MSS Agents. Cooked, eardrums blown out, no longer a threat.

His watch reads: **13...12...**as he bounds up the remains of the stairwell, rounds the corner and runs into FIVE MSS AGENTS!

Too close to fire. It's hand-to-hand-- and whatever Chris' fighting style is, we've never seen it before. His hands are blurring so fast, it's got to be on the bleeding edge of human capability. He takes out all FIVE in four seconds.

(the main reason this fight remains realistic is that Christopher's fighting style actually exists)

EXT. BOTTOM FLOOR LOBBY - TALL OLD BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs out, dives behind a car-- plainclothes MSS AGENTS can't believe it. They whip guns out:....3...2...

WILL drops INTO FRAME; rope stretching more than anticipated. Crashes hard onto the roof of the car, denting it. Chris jumps on him, reaches down and CRANKS THE ROPE MACHINE TO FULL POWER. They're WHIPPED UP like ragdolls!

ON CHRIS AND WILL - RACING UP THE WALL

Will draws his knife, slices ONE of the THREE ROPES feeding through the machine. It's the rope attached to the grappling hook directly above. As it SNAPS, we CUT TO--

EXT. THE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

-- MSS OFFICERS training flashlights on the TALL OLD BUILDING. All they find is a sliced ROPE yo-yoing.

EXT. QUICK SNIPPETS - BUILDINGS AROUND HARBIN - NIGHT

THE FOUR SNIPERS- scan the buildings-- trying to find--

CHRIS AND WILL

sweeping sideways, still attached to the TWO ANCHOR POINTS on the roof of the Church. ROPE CLIMBING MACHINE races to suck them up to the top before they crash into the church's wall.

EXT. TOP OF THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

They smash into the wall just below the lip. Gotta hurt, but they don't slow as they roll onto the roof, right as SNIPER BULLETS blast chunks of stone free-- careful to stay below the balustrades, they duck-run across a thin catwalk. Will grabs the TWO LARGE BACKPACKS he stashed--

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHURCH

-- they run right off. Still clipped into the anchor points, they drop rapidly down. A controlled descent--

INTO AN ALLEY

Will and Chris tear open the backpacks. Pull out DOWN COATS, festooned with GAUDY NORWEGIAN FLAGS. TWO FESTIVAL I.D.'s, PASSPORTS, BOTTLES OF BOOZE, and ICE FESTIVAL commemorative hats. Then walk casually into the back door of a HOTEL--

EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL - NIGHT

-- and stumble right up to a POLICE CHECKPOINT. POLICE let the 'tourists' through, where they disappear into a HUGE INTERNATIONAL CROWD-- BUILDINGS OF ICE glow all around.

MSS OFFICERS round the corner-- PULL BACK-- looking out on an OCEAN OF VISITORS. Chris and Will may as well be ghosts.

INT. STOLEN CHINESE CAR - PRE-DAWN

Will is driving. The IGNITION SWITCH hangs from the steering column. Chris is examining the bleak, but gorgeously pristine woods of Northeastern China. The tension is thick.

WILL

Someone massacred your entire second team.

This is news to Chris. That much is certain.

CHRIS

When?

WILL

Right after you left. I'm glad you didn't know, but it opens up a whole other can of shit. Who were you working for?

Unlike Will, Chris always thinks before speaking.

CHRIS

Who do you think?

Will looks at him-- reads him. Both really confused now.

WILL

You thought Eliot sent you?

(Chris nods)

Eliot thinks you went rogue; the rest of CIA thinks you whored yourself out for the Russians. How'd you get your orders?

CHRIS

Our standard coding system.

Another beat-- definitely bad news as they both realize--

WILL

Someone co-opted Eliot's codes.
(Chris nods)

WILL(cont'd)

There's only two ways that could happen: either CIA had a mole--

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR - LANGLEY - DAY

WALKER exits Director Anderson's office, followed by the DIRECTOR himself. They say something we can't hear.

CHRIS (O.S.)

-- or someone more powerful than Eliot set me up.

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - LANGLEY - DAY

With his fingerprint, Eliot unlocks the message on his PDA:

'Codes compromised. Dropping off the grid. You know where.'

Before he can process it, his intercom BEEPS, and we CUT TO--

INT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

-- Eliot and Mason settle in across the desk from the Director. BOXES are being unpacked. Still moving in.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Satellite imagery shows the man who aided Romulous is a spot-on match of his partner. Cryptonym is Remus. Another former CIA Operative. How well do you know these guys?

ELIOT

I used to run them. Our contact's been limited since they left CIA.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Who has the most to lose if the Mercury Initiative is successful?

MASON

The country with the world's largest energy reserves; Russia.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Means any move Russia makes has to be analyzed through that lens. What are the odds Remus and Romulous know anything useful?

ELIOT

Romulous may know who hired him--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 -- but will he know *why*?

ELIOT
 If it was Russia-- no.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 Then I want them taken out.
 (off Eliot's look)
 They're traitors who know far too
 many government secrets.

ELIOT
 I'll find a way to bring them in.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
 Do your best--
 (to Mason)
 -- but if you locate them before
 they voluntarily turn themselves in
 for a life sentence in Leavenworth,
 hit them with a surgical strike--
 (Eliot begins to respond)
 -- that will be all.

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Eliot's computer BLINKING with an alert--

ONSCREEN: clicks on a list of MILITARY CONTRACTORS. Another
 click-- Chris and Will's photos and info pop up along with:

-Kilmoonie, Christopher T-- Cryptonym Romulous.
 -Roosevelt, William B-- Cryptonym Remus.
 -Burn Notice Issued, per CIA Director Anderson--
 -**Assets to be terminated on sight**--

CLOSE ON Eliot's pained face, remembering, as we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. **FLASHBACK** - PUBLIC HOUSING TENEMENT - DAY (1978)

-- A GOVERNMENT SEDAN parks near a row of FILTHY APARTMENTS.

INT. **FLASHBACK** - WORLD'S DIRTIEST APARTMENT - DAY

Piles of DEAD FLIES cover every tabletop-- surrounded by
 pieces of old curled up bologna and sardine heads.

IN THE KITCHEN-- YOUNG WILL (5) hovers over an oily sardine.
 He's as dirty as his environment. The garbage is piled high
 with TIN CANS. Clearly all he's been living on.

A FLY alights on the fish head. Will takes aim. Makes it sporting by waiting until the fly takes flight. SNAP!

As the fly pinwheels out of the air, the stairwell CREAKS. Young Will's reaction is primal-- he bolts into--

THE BASEMENT-- where he hides in the corner. ELIOT (30's) kneels down. They take their first good look at each other.

ELIOT

You must be William. I can tell from the way you handle yourself that you must be Gerry's son. He was a good friend of mine.

Will doesn't let his emotions betray a thing.

ELIOT

I've come to help. I know your mother left.

WILL

She's coming back.

But Will knows it's not true. Tears run down his cheeks. The disturbing part is that he cries like an adult. No loud noises, no huffing, just tears as we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. FLASHBACK - DAY

- YOUNG CHRIS (6) in an ORPHANAGE. Standing in a line of ORPHANS. A COUPLE peruses, might as well be shopping for cars. They pause in front of Chris. He gives them a hopeful smile. His teeth are disgusting. They move on.

-- THE SAME SCENARIO REPEATS--

ANOTHER COUPLE pauses in front of Chris (7). This time, he gives them his best closed-lip smile. They keep walking.

-- THE THIRD TIME WE SEE IT--

Chris, emotions on his sleeve, doesn't even look up as ELIOT (30's) kneels in front of him.

ELIOT

You must be Christopher. Amazing; you look just like your father. He was a good friend of mine. I promised him I'd look after you.

As Chris studies his savior, we DISSOLVE BACK TO--

INT. THE PRESENT - ELIOT'S OFFICE - DAY

-- Eliot, staring at the Burn Notice.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

A landscape pure as any in the world. Snow-capped peaks in the distance. Summer in the southern hemisphere.

INSERT SUPER: **PATAGONIA, ARGENTINA**

A BATTERED LAND CRUISER works its way across a STREAM, towards a CABIN-- nestled at the base of a towering cliff.

INT. CABIN - SUNSET

Chris, favoring his good arm, carries BOXES OF FOOD in from the Land Cruiser. Will's behind him, loaded up as well. Looks like they're prepping to be here for awhile.

WILL
Think Eliot will task us with
executing whoever did it?

Chris, leaned over, shoving a box under a table--

CHRIS
Depends on why it was done.

When Chris stands, the CROSS Natalia gave him has come out; attached to a new leather thong around his neck.

WILL
Someone in CIA sets you up to die,
and you think their reason is
relevant?

OUTSIDE-- walking towards the Land Cruiser.

CHRIS
Can't use revenge as motivation,
Will. Not in our line of work.

WILL
It's not revenge I'm after--

Chris looks at him: *give me a break*.

WILL
Not *just* revenge. It's also about
making the *next* suit think twice
about screwing his own soldiers.

AT THE LAND CRUISER-- they each grab TWO DUFFEL BAGS.

WILL
I'd gut President Ross if he
betrayed you.

They smirk, fully aware not too many people would take that
as an admission of affection. Then Will notices the cross.

WILL
What's that?

CHRIS
It was a gift. From the little girl
in Harbin.

WILL
How the hell did she have time to
give you a present?

BACK INSIDE THE CABIN

CHRIS
She handed it to me as I put her in
the car. Told me it was for the
good guys.

Will looks at his brother-- reads him easily.

WILL
You are one of the good guys.

Chris doesn't react. Will puts his bags down.

WILL
Don't tell me you think these--
(re: scars on his hands)
-- make that cross mean something?
We're talking about a couple nails,
man, not some proof of divinity.

Chris hardens at the lighthearted response. Will softens.

WILL
Eliot told me about your breakdown.
I wish you'd talked to me about it.

Chris opens a cabinet full of WEAPONS. He pulls out an M-5
RIFLE. Will takes a second RIFLE. Both start cleaning them.

CHRIS
The doctors gave you a five percent
chance of recovery.

WILL

So you didn't want to burden me, or
you didn't think I was going to
live? Former gets you more points.

Chris smirks a little. Will always gets him eventually.

CHRIS

I dropped four Serbs on my initial
entry. Closed the gap on the other
six, and took them down hand-to-
hand. One ran away. Last thing I
remember was seeing you hanging on
the wall. I came out of it after
I'd killed the runner. He couldn't
have been older than fifteen. I
must have chased him down, dragged
him back in, then made him watch as
I brained every survivor with a
pipe-- before I did it to him.

WILL

I remember that kid; he was pretty
handy with a blowtorch and pliers.

CHRIS

Doesn't matter.

WILL

He wasn't *learning* on me.

CHRIS

That's not what I mean. I've been
tiptoeing the dark edge for a long
time. After I broke like that, I
knew I was done.

WILL

How'd you end up taking on the
Harbin assignment, then?

CHRIS

Came in as a coded emergency.
Saving a family-- felt right.
Afterwards, at the rendezvous, Yuri
and his wife were begging me to go
back for their daughter, and their
son was staring at me, and his face
was all bloody, and he reminded me
of you, the first day we met--

Chris, finished cleaning the M-5 puts it back, grabs another.

CHRIS

I wanted to put their family back together. I like to think the cross means I made the right choice, but I know I can't just do the missions and ignore the rest. Not anymore.

WILL

You're thirty-five and you want to retire? What would you even do with yourself? Get a desk job?

Chris doesn't answer. Will knew he wouldn't, he's just incapable of staying introspective. The opposite of Chris.

WILL

Whatever you choose to do, you know I'll always back you. But hold off on any major decisions until Eliot gets here.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A wide view of the UNITED STATES CAPITAL BUILDING-- hustling and bustling with dark suits. Something important is happening as the SOUND OF APPLAUSE bridges the CUT TO--

INT. UNITED STATES CONGRESS - DAY

-- all REPS on their feet, giving a standing ovation to PRESIDENT ROSS as he enters.

IN THE BALCONY-- Eliot's CELL VIBRATES. He answers--

MASON (O.S.)

NSA tracked Remus to Patagonia.
Satellite has eyes on both of them.

Eliot is already pushing his way out the door--

ELIOT

How?

MASON

ECHELON locked his voiceprint on a pre-paid cell phone. Called it a one in a billion stroke of luck--

-- also known as horseshit.

ELIOT

Do not move until I get there.

MASON (O.S.)
 Can't make any promises. Soon as we
 get a confirmed ID--

EXT. GREEN CANYON - SUNSET

Skimming six feet above a river, FOUR BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS--

MASON (O.S.)
 -- my orders are to take them out.

-- don't even rise an inch as they shoot out of the canyon
 and bank wide over the Pampas.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - LANGLEY - SUNSET

The room is a buzzing hive of activity; WALL SIZE SCREENS
 glow brightly. Nothing goes down in CIA's nerve center
 without at least one satellite and FIFTEEN TECHNICIANS.

A PHALANX of MILITARY BRASS all give wide berth to MASON--

ONE SCREEN SHOWS: a top down view of WIDE VIEW OF THE CABIN
 and surrounding terrain. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON TWO MEN walking
 along a ridge. An overlay MAPS the height of their SHADOWS.
 Cross references it with the ANGLE OF THE SUN.

TECH #1
 Height and hair color are
 consistent. That one is Remus-- and
 that is Romulous.

INT. TOWN CAR - WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS

WALKER'S DRIVER is negotiating the hellish D.C. Traffic.
 Walker is sitting in the back, working on his LAPTOP. It
 BLIPS, he clicks on the new email, reads it:

'possibility Geneva Safehouse has been compromised'

Walker instantly snatches his phone-- waits for a light to
 indicate the encryption is synced. Hears a blip, then--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Yuri's family has some kind of
 beacon embedded in each of their
 necklaces. We just intercepted a
 burst transmission that came from
within the safehouse.

WALKER
 What did it transmit?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Their present location. Sent to a server in Moscow. The capabilities of the microchips are being analyzed as we speak. The beacon's only active for a fraction of a second, once a day; that's why we didn't catch it sooner. Hold on.

(alarmed voices, a beat)

It has a recording function. It's been transmitting our voiceprints.

WALKER

Yuri has evidence that implicates CIA on a fucking server in Moscow?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, but it may not be that bad. He designed the system for personal use. He hasn't accessed the server, and we've dispatched a team to retrieve it. Only wild-card is that his daughter wasn't wearing a necklace when we picked her up. She's being interrogated right now--

(suddenly tense)

-- she had a necklace. Her father instructed her to 'give it to the good guys' if she ever was kidnapped again--

(another beat)

-- *sir, she gave it to Romulous.*

Walker kills it; instantly makes another call as we CUT TO--

INT. UNITED STATES CONGRESS - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Director Anderson. His CELL VIBRATES, he mutes it without looking. No surprise; you don't answer the phone when you're chatting with the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

INT. TOWN CAR - LANGLEY - SUNSET

ELIOT'S DRIVER is hauling ass towards a Security Checkpoint. Eliot, in back, looks worried.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND HUB - CONTINUOUS

A WALL SCREEN SHOWS: live feeds off the FOUR HELICOPTERS. ANOTHER SCREEN SHOWS: Chris and Will on the Cabin porch.

TECH #1

Target is lit.

MASON

Cook it.

EXT. 30,000 FEET - CONTINUOUS

A TOMAHAWK MISSILE drops off the wing of an F-18.

EXT. FRONT DECK OF CABIN - EVENING

Chris and Will look out over the stream. The peaceful silence is shattered by an ALARM! Without hesitation, both run--

INSIDE THE CABIN

-- where they see a BOXY MACHINE displaying a solid RED LED and a DIGITAL CLOCK, ripping down a thousand meters a second-- 6,000--- 5,000-- 4,000-- 3,000 and we SMASHCUT TO--

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

-- all eyes locked on a THERMAL IMAGE of Chris and Will just standing in the middle of the Cabin's main room.

MASON

What are they doing?

Will and Chris appear to SHRINK ONSCREEN as THE MISSILE rips into the cabin! A GEYSER OF WHITE FLAME erupts!

TECH #1

That's a kill--

Eliot hustles into the room-- yells to Tech #3--

ELIOT

I need to speak with the Director.
Mason, you have no idea who you are dealing with here. Remus and Romulous will have countermeasures to guard against a hit like this.

ARMY GENERAL, looking at the BLOWN UP CABIN, smirks.

ARMY GENERAL

They didn't plan very well.

Mason saw something she didn't like. Steps to Tech #1--

MASON

Rewind the footage.

TECH #1 BRINGS UP FOOTAGE, hits a button on a console. The explosion plays forwards at one-fifth speed--

SLOWED DOWN, we see the reason Chris and Will appeared to shrink: they were standing on a SLED. On rollers, it dropped straight down a moment before the screen blanked out.

MASON

They're alive.

Eliot has no choice but to hide his relief--

ELIOT

Christopher Kilmoonie is the best operative I have ever seen. William Roosevelt comes in right behind him at number two. You have zero chance of taking them on their own turf.

INT. MINESHAFT - NIGHT

Radiant FIRELIGHT above them illuminates a reinforced shaft. Thirty feet down, we get a look at the PIECE OF FLOOR Chris rode down. Used gravity to drop into the bunker.

Chris and Will, are busy donning what appear to be WETSUITS with HOSES. They pull on another layer: GHILLIE SUITS. Makes them look like they're made out of moss. Neither says a word as they lock and load-- then head up a CONNECTING SHAFT--

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - MINUTE LATER

ONSCREEN: the FOUR HELICOPTERS SWEEP OVER THE INFERNO-- splitting up. Two slow to a hover near the stream. Two fly up the CLIFF FACE. Nose up to an abrupt hover over--

A CLEARING. TWENTY-FOUR OPERATORS, total, zip-line down.

All eyes are pinned to two screens: ONE is a REAL TIME CAMERA FEED and the OTHER is identical, but it's a THERMAL FEED.

On the regular feed, we can hardly make out the Special Forces Operators, they blend in so well. But glowing red on the THERMAL FEED, we can see exactly where they are:

- OPERATORS #1-12 are searching the area around the cabin.
- OPERATORS #13-24 are searching the top of the cliff area.

No evidence of Will and Chris-- until Operators #12 and #13 simultaneously flex. Necks crane back. Legs kick out--

TECH #1

Targets at eight o'clock!

-- The TOP DOWN THERMAL IMAGE shows the soldiers converging on Operators #12 and #13 as we CUT TO--

INT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

-- Operators encircling the area-- Operator #14 pauses over Operator #12. NECK is gouged; a textbook 'silent-kill'.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - NIGHT

NAVY ADMIRAL
Sonofabitch! Where'd they get
Thermographic cooling suits?

ELIOT
Us, probably. That's two of our
soldiers down--

MASON
I can't call it off without the
Director's say so.

TECH #3
Still in Congress-- no answer.

TECH #2(O.S.)
Satellite will be out of range in
two minutes.

EXT. A RISE - PATAGONIA - NIGHT

Chris and Will converge on a ROTTEN STUMP-- they push it over to reveal an oiled cloth that covers-- TWO 1200cc DIRT BIKES. Both MODIFIED with extended struts to accommodate a strange BULKY HOUSING built around their engines.

CHRIS
(pats the housing)
This'll buy us ten minutes before
it gives off a thermal signature.

WILL
And if the Helos get a visual?

Chris pulls a REMINGTON BOLT ACTION RIFLE from his bike.

WILL
Even if you make the shot of a
lifetime, you can't bring down a
helicopter with that.

Chris hands Will the gun as they hop on their bikes.

CHRIS
Good thing you're the better shot.

Off they go. The motorcycles are far from silent, but the housing muffles the noise.

INT. OPERATIONS COMMAND - NIGHT

Tech #4, monitoring one of the helicopters, yells to Mason--

TECH #4
Ma'am-- Razor Three's directional
mic just picked up an anomaly--

Tech #4 pipes the NOISE through the speakers-- sounds mechanical, but it isn't obvious what it is.

MASON
Track it and enhance thermal
sensitivity within a mile radius.

THE THERMAL OVERLAY ZOOMS DOWN on tree tops. As the computers enhance the thermals, layer after layer flips past, and TWO GHOSTLY SHAPES appear-- zooming under the tree canopy--

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

-- Chris and Will, on the bikes, hauling ass around tree trunks, thinning out around them. Bumping and jumping the terrain. Both are world-class riders.

EXT. WIDE ON PATAGONIA - CONTINUOUS

The FOUR HELICOPTERS bank-- coming around-- WE RACE AHEAD OF THEM-- OVER TWO MILES OF RUGGED TERRAIN--

PAN AROUND-- 180 DEGREES

The Helicopters slide into attack formation.

CHRIS AND WILL-- turn to see the flash of ROCKETS FIRING!

Both fishtail right-- towards a GROVE OF TREES-- the race is on. Motorcycles slips into the trees-- a fraction of a second ahead of THE ROCKETS-- can't go around trees, they EXPLODE!!!

CHRIS AND WILL maintain focus-- dodging bushes and trees as the FIREBALLS OF SHRAPNEL catch up! Their backs are peppered with wood and metal, but neither fall off.

EXT. WIDE ON ALL FOUR HELICOPTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sweeping in low; they open fire with their MINIGUNS--

EXT. A GRANITE BOULDER - CONTINUOUS

-- They lay the bikes down behind a CLUSTER OF BOULDERS--

EXT. VANTAGE BEHIND THE HELICOPTERS - CONTINUOUS

Roaring in on their strafing run, the 50 CALIBER SHELLS decimate the grove. (It's like the famous scene in 'Predator' taken to a whole new level).

EXT. THE GRANITE BOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Chris hands BULLETS to Will-- who sees the back of each one has been sauted. Now he gets it, impressed.

WILL
You drilled the core?

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

All eyes on the helicopters, coming around on the GLOWING MOTORCYCLES. Still can't see Chris and Will, in their suits-- until a RIFLE FIRES. A split second, then a HELICOPTER FLASHES WHITE as it BLOWS UP! Radio CHATTER explodes--

ALL THE HELO PILOTS (O.S.)
No eyes! No eyes!

ALL THE TECHNICIANS
What shot it down!?-- we've got zero radar signatures!

TECH #2
Losing satellite in two-- one--

The Satellite feeds flutter out. Now all operations command can watch are the NIGHT VISION FEEDS off the helicopters--

EXT. A CLEARING - NIGHT

Chris and Will, back on the bikes, zoom into the open-- the THREE HELICOPTERS bank. Will skid-stops. Aims the rifle.

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND - MOMENT LATER

ANOTHER HELICOPTER FEED cuts to static. Radio chatter turns to a cacophony as CAMERAS catch glimpses of the second helicopter going down in a fiery inferno. Eliot realizes--

ELIOT
-- they filled the bullets with Phosphorous. *Our helicopters are sitting ducks.*

MASON
Break it off.

Techs relay the order. Everyone watches the helicopter camera images bank away. With the SATELLITE out range, Chris and Will are no longer visible on any of the screens.

MASON
I want every asset we've got down there pasting all exit points from Patagonia. Tell NSA to engage full capture protocols on all communications in and out of Argentina. Emails, phone calls, keyword searches, all of it gets run through mainframes and sifted to figure out where Remus and Romulous went, are, and plan to go.

Eliot turns to Mason--

ELIOT
This was a mistake from the start.

Eliot storms out. Alone-- he heaves a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Chris and Will have stripped their special suits off. Doctoring their wounds. Bodies are covered with horrendous bruises, cuts, and burns. Some fresh. Some older.

CHRIS
Those were Nighthawk Helicopters.
Most likely US Special Operations.

WILL
Looks like whoever set you up in Harbin just did it again. We got--
(looks at his watch)
-- four hours until we get answers.

CHRIS
Assuming Eliot has any.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AN ARGENTINEAN TOWN - NIGHT

Chris and Will are laying down, using BINOCULARS to examine a city of 2,000. Nestled in a valley below them.

CHRIS

There's the third team: from the technicolor Volkswagon, go straight up to the top right window.

WILL

Five man strike team per spotter.

CHRIS

That's fifteen assets that we know are in the town. Has to be CIA.

WILL

Pulling out all the stops.

They pack up, then duck-run along the ditch as we CUT TO--

EXT. A LINE OF UTILITY POLES - NIGHT

A TRUCK rambles to a stop, bearing the logo 'TELEFONICA DE ARGENTINA'. An ENGINEER steps out. As he looks at TWO DOWNED WIRES an ARM WRAPS AROUND HIS NECK. Will bears down. Only takes seconds until the Engineer loses consciousness.

Chris sorts through EQUIPMENT in the truck. Fashions an ADAPTOR, attaches it to the downed line, plugs it into ROUTER, plugs that into the Engineer's LAPTOP.

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - LANGLEY - NIGHT

Eliot looks at his watch. Sits down at his desk. Phone BEEPS-- he looks at his computer, waiting until a GREEN LIGHT indicates the call is secure. He starts a timer--

CHRIS (O.S.)

Eliot. We both made it out.

Voiceprint LOCKS: *'Kilmoonie, Christopher'*

ELIOT

(relieved but racing)

Guaranteed secure for ten seconds. Termination orders have been issued for both of you. Patagonia is too hot to meet. Can you get to safehouse Percival-six?

CHRIS (O.S.)

Say, fifty hours?

ELIOT

Done. Use extreme caution. Someone is beating me at my own game.

Timer hits '1', Eliot kills the line--

EXT. NEAR THE TELEPHONE POLES - PATAGONIA - MINUTE LATER

WILL
(sarcastic)
Well, I feel a lot better. You know
where that safehouse is, don't you?

CHRIS
It's a good choice; hard place for
whoever is doing this to slip in
unnoticed. And easy on us. Long as
you don't mind making a phone call.

As Will glares at him, we CUT TO--

EXT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- A BLACK CUBE housing the world's best intelligence agency.

INSERT SUPER: **MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS. HERZLIYA, ISRAEL**

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

A SEXY WOMAN (30's) start-stops her way through three
plexiglas security doors. She's trailed by HOT MALE AIDE--
Her ID BADGE is scanned. She has to speak into a microphone:

ERIKA
(in Hebrew)
(Colonel Bernstein, Erika L.)

Voiceprints syncs. Blips success. She enters the Mossad
'black box' area of operations--

INT. MOSSAD OPERATIONS COMMAND - DAY

-- frazzled COLONEL #1 falls in beside her. Speaks in Hebrew--

COLONEL #1
(Thirty seconds after the first
shot, our drone hits a seagull. All
coms are down. Camera's back up,
but we lost track of who was who.)

WALLS SIZE SCREENS SHOW ONE LIVE FEED OFF A DRONE (UAV):

*Daylight. Real time. In color. Top-down over mud huts-- as
FORTY INSURGENTS fire all over the place. The groups of
fighters are indistinguishable from one another--*

COLONEL #1
 (Ten of them are ours.)
 (points to hut in middle)
 (Hostages are being held there.)

Screens and radios flutter in and out as TECHNICIANS scramble to re-establish the comlink. Erika studies a screen-- sees ONE MAN in the cluster of five look up. Then look up again--

-- she immediately starts searching the other groups. On the corner of the screen, ANOTHER MAN glances up.

ERIKA
 (Drone status?)

COLONEL #2
 (Circling at fifteen thousand feet.
 Still has both missiles.)

ERIKA
 (Engage there-- and there. Now.)

The TECH gulps. Erika nods at him. He fires. They wait.

ONSCREEN: TEN INSURGENTS MASS, ready to rush the first group Erika noticed. As they step out, the first missile hits. Screen flashes White. Incinerating all ten.

Second missile hits-- taking out SIX MORE-- The TWO GROUPS Erika saw 'look up'-- use the chaos to strike, taking down the Target Hut. As they flood in--

COMS FLUTTER BACK UP-- RADIO CHATTER-- and HELMET CAMS-- reveal-- Erika chose to save both of the correct teams.

INT. MOSSAD HALLWAY - DAY

CLERKS criss-cross a colonnade. Hot Male Aide trails Erika--

HOT MALE AIDE
 Ma'am--

ERIKA
 'Ma'am' me again, Saul, I'll boot your ass to Beirut.

HOT MALE AIDE
Colonel, may I ask how you knew?

ERIKA
 I didn't. It was math. Do nothing, the odds of our team even surviving was far below fifty percent.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - SUNSET

HOT MALE SECRETARY hands her a FILE. She reads while talking--

ERIKA

At fifteen thousand feet, the drone would have been invisible. But men in the teams we saved kept looking up. Wasn't conclusive, but the odds got better than fifty-fifty they were ours, which is all you can ask for when things go to shit.

She pauses, reads the BURN NOTICE from CIA-- similar to the one Eliot read:

*-Kilmoonie, Christopher T-- Cryptonym Romulous.
-Roosevelt, William B-- Cryptonym Remus.
-Assets unreliable-- Terminate on sight--*

Flips to the next page, reads a MOSSAD DOCUMENT-- we see the title: **Mercury Initiative.**

EXT. PATAGONIA LOWLANDS - DAWN

Chris and Will pull the Telefonica Truck up to a STONE HUT. A SHEPHERD is waiting for them. They greet him, head into--

AN OLD BARN

-- where they pull TWO SUITCASES out from the basement. Open them to make sure everything they need is still there. BUNDLES OF CASH. We see MULTIPLE PASSPORTS as we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - MARYLAND - DAY

-- Eliot's car pulls up to an UNMARKED GULFSTREAM. He hops out. FOLLOWED BY TWO MUSCULAR GUARDS. All head up the stairs--

INSIDE THE JET

-- they each take a seat. Eliot's CELL BLIPS--

INT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at his desk.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Where are you off to, Ted?

ELIOT
Europe. I won't know the specifics
until my contact checks in.

INT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

Director Anderson hangs up. Doesn't trust Eliot's answer.
Walker appears in the door--

DIRECTOR ANDERSON
Do you know where Eliot's going?

WALKER
No sir, but we just got a lead on
Remus and Romulous--

INT/EXT. PUBLIC BUS - SOUTHERN LEBANON - DAY

TIGHT ON CHRIS' CROSS, hanging from his neck.

WALKER (O.S.)
-- they're in Lebanon.

PULL BACK-- Chris and Will are sweating in the rear.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - DAY

The PUBLIC BUS drives towards a WELL DEFENDED CHECKPOINT.
ISRAELI DEFENSE FORCES scour every inch of the vehicle--

INSERT SUPER: **KFAR KILA BORDER CROSSING. ISRAEL.**

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

IDF CAPTAIN steps on, sorts the faces. Chris hides the cross.

IDF CAPTAIN
Is there a Dr. Honeycutt onboard?

EXT. HOLDING CENTER - DAY

Chris and Will sit at a metal table. ERIKA BERNSTEIN enters.

ERIKA
Christopher.

Looks at Will. Whatever this moment is, it's complicated.

ERIKA
William. You look good,
considering. Our reports had you--
(glances at his palms)
-- nearly dying.

ERIKA(cont'd)

(she sits)

Can either of you give me a reason
why I should ignore CIA's Burn
Notice and let you into Israel?

WILL

Because we're asking for your help.

ERIKA

How do I know you and Eliot didn't
decide it was time to cash out and
lead the good life. Thick as
thieves, the three of you.

CHRIS

Sounds like you know more than us.

WILL

Is this an act for the camera? If
you came to us for help, we
wouldn't convene a board meeting.

She glares at him. Anyone (other than Will) would wilt.

WILL

It was five years ago--

ERIKA

-- you fucked my asset and turned
her into a double agent.

WILL

True, but I didn't know she got off
revealing state secrets beforehand.

ERIKA

It wasn't your intention? What is
that, the Dalai Lama defense?

CHRIS

(before Will can respond)

Erika. We'd appreciate anything you
can tell us about our situation.

She keeps her eyes on Will as she pulls a FILE from her bag.

ERIKA

How much do you two know about
President Ross' Mercury Initiative?

WILL

Never heard of it.

ERIKA

In a nutshell, it's a ten-year plan to make fossil fuels obsolete. Nothing revolutionary about a politician saying they're going to do it, but for the first time, the gloves are coming off.

She flips them a list of FOURTEEN COUNTRIES including: CHINA, INDIA, GERMANY, FRANCE, SOUTH KOREA, JAPAN--

ERIKA

Ross secretly asked the leaders of the world's top fourteen energy *importing* nations to join him in a buyers cartel. If you want to bone up on the economics of cartels--

(flips him a thick MANUAL)

-- here's the briefing manual. The effect, in theory, is that energy costs will drop substantially. A tax will be added to keep prices the same as they are now, and *trillions* of dollars will be shifted out of the pockets of the world's energy exporters-- and channeled into the development of renewable energy technologies.

CHRIS

But Ross isn't planning to gamble the global economy on a theory.

ERIKA

Nope. CIA, working with its allies, will maintain the flow of oil through covert operations specifically targeting decision makers in OPEC, and global energy corporations.

WILL

Jesus-- talk about a clusterfuck.

ERIKA

It's high-risk, but something has to change.

WILL

And if it works, most of Israel's enemies just happen to become completely irrelevant.

ERIKA

It's a nice side effect. But it's not the answer you're looking for--

She flips PHOTOS: *Chris in a bank. From a security camera.*

ERIKA

CIA has distributed a tape of you, in the Bahamas, two weeks ago, when 20 million Euros arrived in your account. They tracked the origin of the payment back to a shell corporation, owned by a consortium of companies loosely affiliated with the Russian oil industry.

CHRIS

(looking at the photos)
That's me-- but it was two hundred grand. For a separate operation.

ERIKA

Which was?
(Chris pauses)
Help is a two-way street in Israel.

CHRIS

Snatching Yuri Povlovsky.

ERIKA

That was you? CIA has Povlovsky?

CHRIS

We don't know who was behind it.

ERIKA

Your government believes that you are one of eight separate cells that have been hired by Russia and their business partners to assassinate President Ross.

As Will looks at Chris-- Erika monitors their reactions.

ERIKA

Everyone involved knows Ross is the only person capable of putting the Mercury Initiative together, and guiding it to success. Take him out-

CHRIS

-- the world's largest energy exporter doesn't have to watch trillions of dollars get snatched away. All nice and clean, except for the fact that it's bullshit.

WILL

The CIA tried to kill us in Patagonia, Erika. Why would someone frame us for killing Ross, then take us out *before* we did it?

CHRIS

Eliot will know.

ERIKA

Eliot's coming here?

Changes things-- she slides them a CELL PHONE and CAR KEYS.

ERIKA

As long as Eliot is backing you, I'll have some wiggle room. But the moment my government starts asking questions he can't cover, I'll turn all three of you in.

INT. REGULAR CAR - ISRAEL - DAY

Chris drives. Will stares out across the canyons and valleys of Israel. As he remembers their first visit, we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. **FLASHBACK** - TRANSPORT PLANE - DAY (1997)

-- blinding light pours in as the rear gate opens. Eliot, Will, and Chris (all thirteen years younger) step down--

INSERT SUPER: **ELIAT, ISRAEL, 1997**

A bear-like good ol' boy in a COWBOY HAT is waiting for them. They all clearly enjoy LUCAS HARDY (50's).

ELIOT

Hardy. You've been dieting?

HARDY

It's the heat. Base is hotter than a rattlesnakes ass in August.

As he shakes hands with Chris and Will, they smirk--

CHRIS
Nice hat, dude.

HARDY
It's a lifesaver. Don't worry,
ladies, you'll be underground for
the majority of your stay.

INT. MILITARY COMPOUND - DAY (1997)

At a CHECKPOINT, manned by fierce looking MOSSAD GUARDS,
Chris and Will are voiceprinted-- fingerprints are scanned.
They enter an ELEVATOR. Hit the down button.

WILL
(still about the hat)
Quick question, Kemo Sabe-- aren't
you from Jersey?

INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - DAY (1997)

A GYMNASIUM-- TEN STUDENTS (a mix of Israeli men and women in
their 20's) stand at attention. Chris and Will are the only
foreigners. IMI SDE-OR (60's) eyes his class. A MALE CADAVER
hangs in a standing posture behind him.

Using a scalpel, Sde-Or cuts two flaps of skin, exposing the
RIB CAGE. He flops the skin back, seals the cuts with tape.

Satisfied, he turns his back on the cadaver, stands flat-
footed holding his arms out, palms down, parallel to the
floor. An ASSISTANT places a COIN on the back of each hand.

IN A BLUR-- Sde-Or flips his hands over and catches both
coins, but in the same instant, the corpse jerks back.

Sde-Or then strips the tape off the swaying corpse, and pulls
the skin back-- *the rib cage has been completely shattered!*

SDE-OR
If he were alive, the ribs would
have punctured the lungs. He'd have
died from asphyxiation; Cyanotic in
three minutes, dead in six.

As the Students look on, stunned, Will notices ERIKA for the
first time. She doesn't notice him.

INT/EXT. MONTAGE - TEN WEEKS OF TRAINING (1997)

IN THEIR ROOM-- Chris and Will place the coins on the top of
each others hands. Not even close to catching them--

SDE-OR(V.O.)
 Speed, coordination, and reflex--
 these are your weapons--

BUCKETS OF SWEAT-- students hone their hand-to-hand combat training-- Erika squares off with men and women; her athleticism is lithe, balletic, and deceptively fast.

AS THEIR SKILLS PROGRESS-- Erika and Will work together. Both can catch the coins now--

SDE-OR (V.O.)
 The strength of your enemy is
 irrelevant, so long as you kill
 with your first blow. Learn to
 control your body; to make mind and
 muscle one. Thoughts must be
 translated instantly to action.

SWEAT. BRUISES. MORE SWEAT-- and electric chemistry every single time Will and Erika are able to brush against each other-- while walking through doors.

Eliot, monitoring their progress, notices. It's not hard.

IN THE ISRAELI DESERT-- Eliot, Will, and Chris run in the midday sun. Hauling ass.

ELIOT
 (panting)
 I won't bullshit you, love may be
 the only battle in life you won't
 win-- no matter how hard you try.

CHRIS
 Want us to slow down?

WILL
Hamas can hear you breathing.

ELIOT
 (to Will)
 This is for your benefit, Forrest,
 not the Virgin Mary over there.

IN THE MESS HALL-- Will and Erika's thighs touch while eating. Neither moves from the contact.

ELIOT (V.O.)
 Fall for a civilian, time will
 erode their willingness to be shut
 out of your life.

IN THE GYM-- students INK their hands, then punch their palms against a wall-- while flipping and catching the coins.

Chris, Erika, and Will are able to do it ten times in a row-- leaving the SAME INK PRINT on the wall in front of them each time. It's an astounding display of precision and speed.

THE NEXT STAGE: the student practice with MUSIC BLASTING, LIGHTS STROBING, and FOG MACHINES. Total sensory depravation.

ELIOT (V.O.)

Fall for an operative it's worse.

FINAL TESTING-- students practice on each other-- wearing HUGE CHEST PADS. Eliot stands next to Imi Sde-Or. ERIKA replicates Sde-Or's initial demonstration-- catching the coins in a blur-- as Will jerks back. He heaves. Tries to speak. Tries to say he's okay. Has to take a knee. Then VOMITS. Soldier humor: everyone laughs, including Eliot.

INT. RED SEA RESORT - DAY (1997)

Beaches and turquoise water framed in huge windows. Will, Erika, and Chris check in. Wearing civilian clothing.

ELIOT (V.O.)

Since your loyalty can't be given
over to them, lasting relationships
become impossible.

INT. THE ROOM - DAY (1997)

Erika and Will are trying to play it cool, waiting for Chris to leave. He knows what's up.

CHRIS

I'll be at the pool.

As soon as he's out-- Erika and Will step towards each other.

ELIOT (V.O.)

I wish I could paint a rosier
picture. Certainly hope I'm wrong.
But that's all I've ever known.

Pent-up-love, unable to touch for months-- the kiss is epic.

IN A BEDROOM

Fair is fair; we see Erika's breasts, we show Will's ass. As Erika climaxes, TEARS run out of her eyes. Will notices--

WILL
What's wrong?

Absolutely nothing. As she smiles, we DISSOLVE BACK TO--

INT. **THE PRESENT** - AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

-- A LEAR JET taxis to a stop. The HANGAR doors close as the STAIRS are lowered. ELIOT steps down, followed by TWO GUARDS (30's). They look as formidable as Chris and Will.

INSERT SUPER: **TEL AVIV, ISRAEL**

A BEAT UP, inconspicuous SUV is waiting for them. Eliot slaps a TRIANGLE STICKER on the roof as he climbs in.

EXT. FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

FLYING OVER an ornate FOUR STORY BUILDING--

CHRIS(O.S. FILTERED)
Got eyes on Eliot's marker--

Will, on a rooftop deck, slaps SOMETHING on the top lip of--
-ONE-- TWO-- THREE-- FOUR CORNERS of the roof.

CHRIS(O.S. FILTERED)
-- coming up the hill. He's clear.

Will looks down the hill-- sees the beat-up SUV driving towards them. Will checks his PDA screen. Satisfied with whatever he sees, he heads downstairs.

INT. OLD FANCY STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The interior is ambassadorial. Eliot and his Two Guards ascend the stairs.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Will opens the door for Eliot, then eyes the Two Guards, who have taken up security positions around the door.

ELIOT
They're okay.
(gives him a hug)
More than I can say for CIA at the moment.

WILL
Any leads?

ELIOT
Just a seven-man list that would
make Hoover blanche.

WILL
Which one has the most to gain from
deep-sixing the Mercury Initiative?

ELIOT
That's the key. Who briefed you?
(a beat)
Erika?
(Will nods, Eliot smiles)
Oh my-- I would've bought a ticket
to watch that bout. Who won?

Just then-- Chris enters. Eliot gives him a warm embrace.

ELIOT
I'm so sorry about Harbin.

CHRIS
It's okay.

ELIOT
I will get you boys out of this--
(into Chris' eyes)
-- and get you fixed up.

CHRIS
I don't think this can be fixed.

Eliot sees the leather thong. Curious, he pulls the CROSS up.

WILL
He finally settled on a religion.

Chris notices Guard #1 eye the cross, then look away--

EXT. TOP OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

We see the something Will placed on the roof. ONE--TWO--THREE--
-FOUR SMALL CAMERAS-- pointing straight down.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Guard #1 surreptitiously presses a button on his watch.

ELIOT
The problem, Christopher, is that
you believe what we do is wrong.

CHRIS

Serial killers say they black out while committing their crimes. I always thought that was bullshit 'til it happened to me.

ELIOT

Your enemy was torturing the one person who means everything to you.

Chris looks away.

CHRIS

You ever wonder if there are limits to the things that can be forgiven?

Eliot starts over with him.

ELIOT

Remember, when you boys were eight and nine, I taught at West Point?

WILL

We had you around all year.

ELIOT

I've never told you the reason. A mission in Berlin had gone bad. By the time I got into an ER, I'd lost so much blood I was legally dead. Instead of being pulled towards the white light you're supposed to see, I felt a shadow pin me down, and I heard the Rolling Stones playing '*Paint it Black*' as it sliced my heart out. That's when they hit me with the paddles.

WILL

I don't think this is helping--

ELIOT

-- Hush, William. I accepted it as a warning, quit CIA, and took the West Point job. But the following spring, I went to a reunion of my unit from Vietnam, and someone brought up a story I'd blocked out. The night my best friend was torn in half by a mine, we had a makeshift memorial service for him. I got plastered.

ELIOT(cont'd)

'Paint it, Black' was playing when I fell into a ditch and knocked myself out. I woke up drenched in blood.

Eliot opens up his shirt. Among NUMEROUS CUTS and BULLET-HOLE SCARS-- he shows Chris one, a JAGGED SCAR over his heart.

ELIOT

I'd fallen on a piece of shrapnel.

WILL

How could you forget about a scar like that?

ELIOT

There's a lot of things I don't remember about Vietnam, William.

(back to Christopher)

Once I realized there was nothing supernatural about what I'd seen, I went back to The CIA. Christopher, the thing you have to answer for yourself is this: if you are one of a few people on earth capable of stopping the next Hitler, what happens to your soul if you walk away? We have a duty to send some people to hell. And if God has a problem with that, then God has a problem. Not you.

Will glances at his PDA. All FOUR CAMERA FEEDS SHOW: *VEHICLES zooming in; surrounding the building. ARMED MEN jump out.*

WILL

We're burned--

Chris glances up at Guard #1, then asks Eliot--

CHRIS

Where's the safehouse exit?

EXT. THE HALL OF A CONNECTING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

They hustle towards a CLOSET DOOR with a KEYPAD. Eliot inputs a code. Bleeps back in failure.

ELIOT

Code's been changed--

Guard #1 and #2, guns out, look down the stairwell. THREE STORIES DOWN-- they hear the FRONT and REAR DOORS KICKED IN!

Eliot looks at the keypad--

ELIOT

Blow it off and hotwire it. It's a Starkly; it will take perfect timing by both of you to override.

Chris and Will step up to the KEYPAD. Chris, aiming his gun at an angle, BLASTS an edge up. Will whips out a KNIFE, pries the KEYPAD OPEN, then cuts the wires inside. Four of them--

Chris readjusts the metal plate on the keypad, doesn't turn his back on the Guards until he can see them in the reflection, then angles the plate so Will can see Guard #1.

CHRIS

(whispers)

Something's off about him--

Chris and Will use all four hands on the wires, both are able to see the REFLECTION BEHIND THEM--

SWAT TEAMS POUND UP THE STAIRS--

WILL

Two-- one--

BOTH GUARDS have been waiting for this moment, *when Chris and Will's hands are completely occupied. Helpless--*

IN THE REFLECTION, they watch the TWO GUARDS rip guns up--

THE MOMENT THE GUARDS SHOOT AT THEM--

Chris and Will are already on the move-- bodies rolling clear-- Chris flicks his knife back-- it's flying towards Guard #1, who dodges, just enough distraction for Will to lunge at him--

As he does, Guard #2 FIRES! BULLETS hit Will in his back, but Chris is lunging before they can shoot his head.

Guard #1 blocks Chris' punch, then wallops him in the face. *No one so far has ever been able to even lay a finger on Chris, but Guard #1 seems as fast as he is.*

TWENTY SWAT SOLDIERS pound the steps-- one floor down now--

Chris and Will, hands blurring, fight. All four of them are using Sde-Or! A whirlwind of controlled blocks and strikes. Eliot aims his gun at the melee. No safe shot.

Chris takes a glancing blow. Guard #1 uses the advantage to dive for his gun, spins around and BLASTS TWO SHOTS at Eliot.

Both drill Eliot in the chest! He drops.

CHRIS

ELIOT!!

Christopher is not a man to infuriate, as evidenced by how quickly he gains the upper hand on Guard #1-- hands flash, palms forward-- into Guard #1's chest. A SICKENING CRUNCH!

Then he dives towards Eliot-- yanks his shirt open--

Will rams Guard #2's head into the wall, denting plaster, stuns him long enough to grab a gun-- FIRING UP! THREE TIMES. Blood blows up; spraying the ceiling.

Chris sees two slugs buried in Eliot's BULLET PROOF VEST. Completely relieved. But it only lasts a moment. Eliot reaches up, yanks the CROSS off Chris' neck. His other hand holds a GUN, aimed at Chris nose.

TIME SLOWS DOWN

Chris stares, childlike, at the Cross in Eliot's hand and the gun aimed right at his head. Eliot's pupils contract. *He pulls the trigger--*

-- but Will is already throwing Guard #2's corpse at Chris. Knocking Chris' head out of the path of the bullet.

SWAT TEAM GUSHES from the stairs, but they can't fire *through* Eliot-- means Chris and Will have a fraction of a second to grab the FOUR WIRES--- press them together in perfect synchronicity. As the SAFEHOUSE ESCAPE DOOR unlocks, they spin inside to the DEAFENING ROAR OF GUNFIRE! The thick, metal door saves their lives--

INT. THE SAFEHOUSE EXIT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

-- like a large closet. Except for the FIREMAN'S POLE and an ARESENAL OF WEAPONS.

CHRIS

(heartbroken)

It was Eliot. This whole time.

WILL

Bury it 'til we're clear.

They grab TWO TYPES OF GRENADES: smoke (cylinders) and fragmentation (round)-- then slide down the pole.

EXT. GROUND FLOOR - FANCY BUILDING - MOMENT LATER

NINE SOLDIERS aim at a DOOR. It cracks open. BILLOWING SMOKE GRENADES roll out along with FOUR FRAGMENTATION GRENADES.

CHRIS(O.S.)
(to save the soldiers)
GRENADE!

Soldiers dive for cover as the *FOUR GRENADES EXPLODE!*

INT. UPPER FLOOR - MOMENT LATER

Eliot looks out-- SMOKE and FIRE obscures everything below. Knows Chris and Will escaped. Hold on Eliot's face. It's not failure that weighs on him. It's genuine anguish.

EXT. STREETS OF TEL AVIV - DAY

Will and Chris run towards an CAR. Guns up. Driver SPEEDS UP!

WILL
Fuckin' Israelis.

Chris fires two warning shots that blow off the REARVIEW MIRROR. That works. The car skid-stops. They yank DRIVER out!

INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Will's driving them along the coast. Both are in shock.

CHRIS
I told him I was done. And instead of helping me, I became expendable. Going back for Natalia was the one thing he didn't plan for.

Chris is reeling; seems scary.

CHRIS
He couldn't kill me in an Abelard Sanctuary, so he called you. You weren't even supposed to be involved.

WILL
But why do it this way? Protocol would've been two to the head as soon as he had the chance.

CHRIS
He must've needed something.

Christopher thinks for a moment.

CHRIS
It was the crucifix.

They drive onto a freeway--

CHRIS
He couldn't ask about it, or I'd know he was the one who set me up. But as soon as he knew where it was, he made sure our hands were occupied before his Guards attacked. Backup plan was to get shot to lure me in, then--

Chris can't finish.

INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Erika's CELL RINGS. BATTLE IN TEL AVIV leads the news--

ERIKA
You two better not be responsible for what I'm watching--

She's got THREE SCREENS dedicated to following Chris and Will, on a CG MAP. Clearly has a tracer in their phone.

WILL (O.S.)
Whatever this is, whatever is happening--

EXT. UNITED STATE CONSULATE - ISRAEL - DAY

-- a BLACK SUV driving through a gate. It's manned by U.S. MARINES. Soon as it stops, Eliot's out-- hustling inside.

WILL (O.S.)
-- Eliot is behind it.

INT. CONSULATE OPERATIONS COMMAND - DAY

A mini version of CIA Operations command. Eliot strides in.

ELIOT
Listen up! I want eyes on Mossad counterintelligence officer Erika Bernstein and a list of everyone Remus and Romulous may go to for help.

ELIOT(cont'd)

We are tracking two of the best operatives on the planet, so whatever you need to do to stay sharp, coffee, smokes, dip, get it in your system, and roll up your sleeves--

INT. STOLEN CAR - DRIVING - ISRAEL - SUNSET

In the desert, Chris and Will pass razor-wire ringed ISRAELI SETTLEMENTS on hilltops. The sky is a hellish red.

CHRIS

If it all started with Yuri Povlovsky--

WILL

And Eliot organized the snatch--

CHRIS

What if Eliot's working for Russia?

INT. CONSULATE OPERATIONS COMMAND - SUNSET

EVERYONE is searching, probing, sorting through SURVEILLANCE UPDATES of everyone Remus and Romulous have ever known. Eliot's phone vibrates. He reads the name, steps out to--

THE HALLWAY-- waits for his encryption to sync--

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - SEVENTH FLOOR - LANGLEY - DAY

Walker's sitting at his desk-- INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

WALKER

Our source in Mossad says Erika Bernstein's still in their headquarters. We can try and pick her up as she's leaving, but that building has more secret exits than the White House.

(a beat)

Sir, with her access, Remus and Romulous may have enough information to put this puzzle together. I recommend we suspend--

ELIOT

-- they're outgunned, outmanned, and without resources. We'll focus on keeping them discredited until we can take them out.

WALKER

Should I keep a strike team in reserve; in case they're spotted?

ELIOT

No. We're moving in forty eight hours. I want everyone focused on their mission.

EXT. ISRAELI COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The road stretches out, flat and straight for a mile in either direction. Chris and Will have pulled off the road. HEARING a roar-- landing lights flash on--

A JET lands, flaps up, airbrakes. It slows. ERIKA lowers the stairs. Will and Chris run out, jump aboard. Engines WHINE-- jet gains speed. On the ground for less than a minute, total.

INT. CONSULATE OPERATIONS COMMAND - SUNSET

The CONSULATE TECH spins to look at Eliot--

CONSULATE TECH

Three calls just came over the wire about a jet landing on a road-- thirty miles North of Tel Aviv.

INT. ERIKA'S JET - SUNSET

Gaining altitude, Will and Chris sits across from Erika at a tech heavy COMPUTER STATION. Chris struggles to stay focused.

ERIKA

Povlovsky is only useful for one thing: shutting down a country's technical infrastructure.

(thinking it through)

NSA has at least three guys who can do the same thing--

WILL

But if any of them launched an electronic attack, everyone would know NSA was responsible.

ERIKA

Like everyone knew Russia was behind the attacks on Estonia and Georgia. Means Eliot now has the ability to launch an electronic attack that won't lead back to CIA.

INT. CONSULATE OPERATIONS COMMAND - NIGHT

Eliot watches NIGHT VISION CAMERA FEEDS: plain clothed AGENTS surround the *STOLEN CAR* with the rearview mirror blown off.

ELIOT
That's the car?

CONSULATE TECH
Reported stolen two hundred yards
from our safehouse.

AMERICAN AGENT #1 (ONSCREEN)
Jet's skid marks are here sir.

The AGENT points his camera at the SKIDMARK.

ELIOT
(into radio to Agent)
Find those witnesses, get me a
tailnumber.

Kills the feed-- turns to a TECH--

ELIOT
Analyze the skid to see what make
and model of jet they're in.

INT. ERIKA'S JET - NIGHT

Chris glances at her LAPTOP, thinking out loud--

CHRIS
If this is about killing President
Ross, and Eliot uses Povlovsky to
cripple a country's ability to
respond to an emergency, the
ensuing chaos would be the ideal
time to launch an attack on him.

WILL
That would explain why Eliot tried
so hard to keep the Harbin mission
a secret.

ERIKA
If Eliot wanted Ross dead, Ross
would already be dead.

WILL
Unless he wants to make sure
someone else gets blamed for it.

There's the link.

CHRIS
He'd need credible fall guys.
Russia, Povlovsky, and us.

WILL
But the big question is why?

INT. CONSULATE BASEMENT - DAY

As Eliot enters, TALL TECH hands him a PRINTOUT--

TALL TECH
Sir, we've got the first three
digits on the tailnumber.

ELIOT
Cross reference them with all jets
landing within a fifty mile radius
of everyone on our watchlist.

INT. ERIKA'S JET - NIGHT

Chris, Will and Erika ponder their next move--

WILL
If we warn the Secret Service; it
will be our word versus Eliot's.

Gives Chris an idea. Will notices immediately--

ERIKA
Same as if I warn Mossad. I can't
go up against Eliot without proof--

WILL
Chris?

CHRIS
Who knows where all the bodies are
buried, and hates Eliot enough to
break every security protocol in
CIA?

WILL
Hardy.

ERIKA
Lucas Hardy? He's dead.

WILL
He faked it.

ERIKA

Why?

CHRIS

We never found out the specifics;
some falling out with Eliot.

Chris and Will look at each other. Another moment of realization: *anything they thought was true could be a lie.*

ERIKA

You know where he is?

EXT. ERIKA'S JET - NIGHT

Wide over a bank of cumulous, the jet banks hard left.

INT. CONSULATE OFFICE - DAWN

Eliot is sitting at a desk, typing and clicking on a LAPTOP.
Opening files of: HALCYON OPERATIVES.

CRYPTONYMS flash past along with PHOTOGRAPHS--

-CADMUS and CILIX, BUTES, ERECHTHEUS, ATLAS and PROMETHEUS.

Those are just the first of THIRTY SOLDIERS. All have two things in common: physiques that put tri-athletes to shame, and eyes of soulless killers.

When Eliot finishes, he's ordered them all

'Activated...proceed to target.'

ATTACHE knocks, pops his head in.

ATTACHE

Sir, your plane is ready.

INT. HALLS OF THE CONSULATE - MOMENT LATER

As Eliot strides towards the exit, Tech #3 runs out--

TALL TECH

A jet with the first three
tailnumbers landed in Skawina,
Poland ten minutes ago--

Eliot freezes. Trying to remember something, he turns around.

TALL TECH

-- it was on the ground for three
minutes, then took off.

INT. CONSULATE OPERATIONS COMMAND - MOMENT LATER

Eliot steps over to YOUNG TECH--

YOUNG TECH
Sir, make and model matches the
skidmarks from Israel, but there's
no one on our watch list in Poland.

ELIOT
Show me Bloom, Herbert T. He'll be
listed as a former instructor at
The Farm.

A DOSSIER ON HERBERT BLOOM pops up. It's definitely HARDY,
(the guy with the cowboy hat from their training in Israel)

*'Bloom, Herbert...127 Rynek Pokoju, **Skawina, Poland.**'*

EXT. ESTABLISHING - POLAND - DAY

WINDSWEPT GREEN FOLIAGE blankets the countryside--

A DELIVERY TRUCK slows down at a low point in the road. A
CAMOUFLAGED FIGURE jumps out the back. Disappears.

Delivery Truck accelerates. CRESTING a hill to REVEAL-- a
GORGEOUS MEDIEVAL CASTLE-- with a FORMIDABLE GATEHOUSE.

EXT. THE WOODS - LOOKOUT - DAY

Erika and Will, blend into the foliage. Both are hovering
over SNIPER RIFLES. Will tracks the figure as we CUT TO--

SCOPE POV-- the camouflaged figure is Chris. Slinking low
along a CRUMBLING LIMESTONE WALL. Careful to use the waving
grasses to mask his movement. He's searching for something.

ON CHRIS

-- spots a piece of SANDSTONE, different from the LIMESTONE.
He pulls it, reveals a CRANK, similar to the one in Harbin.
GRASS TEARS. An opening at the base of the wall appears.

INT. ABELARD SECURITY STATION - DAY

POLISH ADMINISTRATOR, on his bank of CAMERA FEEDS, watches
Chris walk through an old limestone tunnel, dripping with
moisture and moss. Polish Administrator hits a button--

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

The lock pops open. Chris hits a button on his watch:
15:00...14:59...talks into his mic.

CHRIS
 Mark. Fifteen minutes.

WILL (O.S. FILTERED)
 Shoot for ten. Eliot's gonna send
 everything he's got the moment your
 code goes live.

Door swings open. Chris looks at Polish Administrator--

CHRIS
 Abelard Access code 437F. I am
 unarmed.

INT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Eliot's climbing the steps to his jet; cell vibrates--

WALKER(O.S.)
 He entered thirty seconds ago--

EXT. POLAND - SNIPPETS AND IMAGES - DAY

- SNIPER #1, in a RENTED CAR, stops below a ridge.

WALKER (O.S. cont'd)
 -- we'll have all exits covered in
 five minutes. Polish Internal
 Security will arrive five minutes
 after, to flush him out.

- AT A DIFFERENT LOCATION, SNIPER #2 combat glides up a hill.

- AT THIRD LOCATION, SNIPER #3 assembles his rifle. Soon as
 he's done, he eases his head over RIFLE a ridge, looking down
 on the SKAWINA ABELARD SANCTUARY CASTLE.

INT. CASTLE - ABELARD SANCTUARY - DAY

This one is a hell of a lot different than Harbin. Clubby
 drawing rooms. Eighteenth century art. PEOPLE milling about;
 mostly older. This is where the hunted retire.

A BUTLER-TYPE shows Chris into a large BAR AREA where HERBERT
 BLOOM, AKA, LUCAS HARDY is holding court. Same Bear-like man
 we met wearing the cowboy hat, but a decade older. When he
 sees Chris; he looks genuinely stunned.

EXT. WIDE OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A LINE OF POLICE CARS race down a lane, snaking around a hill. Their lights are flashing, but their sirens are off--

INT. BAR AREA - ABELARD SANCTUARY - DAY

Chris and Hardy are sitting at a table. Chris speaks quickly. His watch reads: 7:54..7:53...

CHRIS

We know Eliot kidnapped Yuri Povlovsky and kept CIA in the dark. We know he's framed us, and seven other teams of assassins who may or may not exist. Problem is, we have zero hard proof and even less credibility.

Hardy's reaction is oddly muted.

HARDY

I've been out of the game for a long time. I don't know what you want from me.

CHRIS

Information. Contacts. Anything you know or anyone you trust that may be able to warn the Secret Service.

HARDY

He'll discredit them, too. I spent thirty years with The Agency, but I didn't find out how powerful Eliot really is until I tried to take him down.

CHRIS

For what? What was it, Hardy?

HARDY

I've got a hell of a lot of skeletons, but there are limits. He was running a program codenamed Halcyon. It was the most grotesque betrayal of the ideals I spent my life protecting--

He stares at Chris-- takes a moment, then clams up.

HARDY

Long story short, I tried to burn him for it-- and failed. The CIA Director is a political appointee;

HARDY(cont'd)
same with both deputy directors,
but the fourth spot, Chief of
Counterintelligence, is held on
merit. In CIA, it's where the power
resides, and Eliot hasn't kept his
position for twenty years without
breaking every rule.

CHRIS
What was Halcyon?

Another odd moment-- staring at Chris-- who picks up on it.

CHRIS
Does it have something to do with
us?

HARDY
(changing his mind again)
The only reason I'm still alive is
that I was smart enough to hide all
the dirt I had on Eliot in a secure
location *before* I went after him.
We reached a détente. Long as I
stay gone along with my secrets, he
doesn't come after me.

CHRIS
Then why live here?

HARDY
It's Eliot. He'll find it someday.
Here, I can still sleep at night.

CHRIS
Can you at least guess why he's
willing to kill the president over
this Mercury Initiative?

HARDY
No, I can't. And knowing Eliot,
you're never gonna figure it out.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Erika, spots something in the distance-- turns her scope--

SCOPE POV: a few miles away, she sees a LINE OF POLICE AND
UNMARKED VEHICLES zooming towards the castle.

INT. BAR AREA - ABELARD SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Hardy holds his gaze. Clear he's choosing not to cooperate.

CHRIS
So that's it then?

WILL (O.S. FILTERED)
Chris, get out.

HARDY
I gave my whole goddamned life to
CIA, kid, and look where it got me.

CHRIS
(stands)
Guess we're in the same boat;
difference is we're trying to do
something about it.

HARDY
*You're asking me to throw my life
away for a theory? You have nothing
conclusive.*

CHRIS
You think we're wrong?
(Hardy doesn't answer)
*'When you know, you know. Anything
else is a coward's excuse'. Direct
quote from training at The Farm.*

HARDY
That sounds like the simpleminded
bullshit they feed you early on.

CHRIS
Sure looks that way, since you were
the one who said it. See how you
feel watching Ross' funeral.

INT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

Chris hops in the back of the DELIVERY VAN-- off they go.

EXT. THE WOODS - SPOTTER POSITION - DAY

Will and Erika see POLICE crest a hill, a mile off-- MORE
POLICE CARS drive in from the other direction. TWENTY TOTAL--

WILL
Why would they be approaching from
only two directions?

ERIKA
To flush him out--

Both turn their sights to scan the ridges opposite the police approach--

WILL
If I were Eliot, and I'd predicted
where we were going, I'd place
snipers on the southern ridges.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Chris is sitting amongst boxes in the back--

WILL (O.S. FILTERED)
Change of plans. Soon as we move,
count to five, then bolt.

EXT. THE WOODS - SPOTTER POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Will lifts his head away from the scope.

WILL
Snipers will be targeting the van.

Erika never takes her eye from her scope, focused on a ridge.

ERIKA
Ready. Go.

Will, with his rifle, jumps up, purposely exposing himself for a moment. As he dives into the brush below we CUT TO--

ERIKA'S SCOPE POV: watching the hill across the vale. Can't see anything until a BARELY VISIBLE RIFLE PIVOTS to track WILL. Crosshairs jump as Erika fires. A PUFF OF BLOOD--

BACK ON ERIKA

As she rolls--

ON WILL - CONTINUOUS

Ready and aiming at the other hill-- spots the muzzle flash firing at Erika's position. Will fires a moment later.

SCOPE POV: another PUFF OF BLOOD--

CHRIS (O.S. FILTERED)
Moving.

EXT. WIDE ON THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Chris jumps out the back of the van, rolls into a ditch--

POV - ERIKA'S SCOPE

Spots a THIRD SNIPER RIFLE as it fires at Chris. Her view jumps. Another PUFF OF RED BLOOD.

BACK TO A WIDE SHOT OF THE CASTLE

The VAN heads towards the Police Cars. Chris duck-runs the other direction, below the wall as we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. RENTAL VAN - POLAND - DAY

-- Will driving. Chris is in the back. Erika in the passenger seat. They can see an AIRPORT in a valley below them-- speedometer is clocking in at 120 KPH.

WILL

I never would've pegged Hardy to turn cowardly.

CHRIS

Without his help, there's only one place we're going to get the information we need to save Ross.

WILL

I want Eliot.

ERIKA

I'm not doing this for revenge. If that's your plan, best of luck.

WILL

(conciliatory)

You've already done way more than necessary, Erika.

CHRIS

If Eliot's keeping this a secret from CIA; he's going to have to oversee the operation personally.

WILL

We find out when and where it's going down we all get what we want.

CHRIS

(nods, turns to Erika)

We'll need a list of every senior NSA employee in Europe.

ERIKA

Are you serious? You want to take
down an NSA Substation?

WILL

Chris is right. An NSA Mainframe is
the only place we can figure out
where he's planning to launch the
attack.

CHRIS

We'll also need some gear.

ERIKA

Least Eliot won't be expecting it.

Will looks down at the SMALL AIRPORT--

WILL

We've got another problem-- Mossad
just cut you loose for helping us.

Sure enough, ERIKA'S JET is lifting off without them.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - DAY

We see the sign on the tower reads, in English and Polish--
'**KOPANKA AIRPORT**'. A POSH FAMILY is walking towards a small
JET. The RENTAL VAN stops-- Erika, Will, and Chris all jump
out. We can hear sirens now, as POLICE CREST a hill.

ERIKA

Back in your car. Now.

Guns out, they run right up into--

INT. THE COMMANDEERED JET - DAY

Will aims his gun at the PILOT--

WILL

Get out.

No problem. Pilot runs out. Will yanks the throttle to full
power. Looking out the window-- rocketing forward.

INT. THE JET - CRUISING ALTITUDE - DAY

Chris takes the yoke. Will steps back to THE GALLEY- where
Erika downloads a file on her PDA.

WILL

Not worried about a trace?

ERIKA

NSA doesn't even have this yet.
SPLINTER encrypts a file, takes a
snapshot of the code, and breaks it
into a thousand images. Then it
inserts those images into a million
more generated to look the same.
It's reassembled when it reaches
the end user. Even if a third party
manages to crack the encryption,
there isn't a computer on earth
that can trace the origin.

Will nods; cool stuff. They have a moment. Erika looks away.

ERIKA

When I heard what happened in
Serbia, I thought about you more
than I'd like to admit.

WILL

Is there *any* circumstance where
you'd give us another shot?

ERIKA

Not without getting creative.

A beat. Then another--

WILL

How creative?

-- they're both melting a little.

WILL

Can you at least tell me one thing?

She knows what he's going to ask.

ERIKA

It was the only time I ever felt
like I could let my guard down. It
never happened with anyone else.

ERIKA-- finishes typing, keeping her eyes off Will. As she
hits 'send', we CUT TO--

INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

-- MOSSAD GENERAL, at his computer, reading ERIKA'S MESSAGE.
With a couple clicks, brings up the list of NSA EMPLOYEES.
Sends it as he picks up his phone-- waits for a moment--

MOSSAD GENERAL
I know where they're going.

INT. JET - NIGHT

Chris, on the computer, references points on a map of **LISBON, PORTUGAL**. Plane is on autopilot, but Will keeps looking back and checking on it.

CHRIS
The Columbus II transatlantic cable-
- makes landfall here, runs to this
substation. It's owned by a
consortium of thirty companies, one
of which is a front for NSA.

EXT. SMALL AIRPORT - PORTUGAL - NIGHT

The stolen jet lands. The airport is tiny. TWO HANGARS. A couple prop planes. No tower. No one on duty.

INT. JET - NIGHT

Will stands up, leaving Erika in the other pilot seat.

WILL
As soon as you're back, just deny
your involvement. There's no proof.

Erika gives him a withering look as she guides the jet into line with OTHER PLANES. Soon as they're stopped, she kills the engines. Powers the plane down, and stands.

ERIKA
I don't see either one of you
running for cover. And you're
definitely going to need my help.

EXT. VILLAGE - PORTUGAL - NIGHT

They find a mid 90's TOYOTA CAMRY. Erika pulls out a pocket knife, shoves the nail file in the lock, turns. There's a reason it's the most frequently stolen car on the planet.

EXT. FOUR STORY HOUSE - LISBON - NIGHT

RISE UP to the fourth floor bedroom --

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the foot of the bed, we see a fancy looking SCALE-- the brand name reads: 'ALERE DAYLINK MONITOR'.

DICK (40's) has a sleep apnea snorkel covering a thick beard. From the shadows, Chris slips over to his bed. With a surgeons skill, a SYRINGE glides into Dick's neck. He wakes with a start-- as the rush of the drugs completely unpin him--

CHRIS
Shhhh. Dick. It's okay. You're
going to work in two hours, right?

Chris removes Dick's snorkel, then pockets DICK'S GLASSES.

CHRIS
I'm working for you today, pal, so
you can to sleep in. How about you
walk me through all procedures and
security protocols?

FLASHING THROUGH - QUICK SNIPPETS OF IMAGES--

CHRIS-- taking numerous PHOTOGRAPHS of Dick-- holding an IRIS SCANNER to Dick's eye-- placing strips on Dick's fingertips to make MOLDS-- using a GADGET to measure the distances between Dick's fingers.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chris heads out the door. Will is facing away from him. Erika is working on applying makeup to Will's face.

CHRIS
Will, if you have extra time, see
what you can find out about a
program named code-named Halcyon.

WILL
How come?

CHRIS
Something Hardy said. Or didn't
say. He kind of indicated we were
involved with it, somehow.

EXT. FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD - LISBON - PRE-DAWN

TERRY JAMES (50's) steps out. His house is gorgeous, his suit is crap. As he walks away--

-- Erika's watching. Soon as he rounds the corner, she steps to his front door, picks the lock, and slips inside.

INT. A LISBON CAFÉ - PRE-DAWN

Dick enters. *Hold on, it's not Dick, it's Will.* His make-up isn't perfect, but it's close. He waves to TERRY JAMES, then steps right up and places a LAPTOP on the table. Will can't imitate Dick's voice, so he speaks softly--

WILL

Terry James-- look at the screen.

The SCREEN SHOWS: *internet streaming video of A WOMAN in a bedroom. Knocked out, bound, gagged, with a second WOMAN IN A MASK beside her. Holding a KNIFE to her throat.*

TERRY

That's my wife--

WILL

Keep calm, do what we say, and she won't remember any of this.

Will looks at a TV in the café, types into the laptop.

ON SCREEN: the Woman in the Mask (Erika) reads her computer, turns the camera towards a television. Switches the channel-- there's a slight delay, but it's the same broadcast.

WILL

Satisfied that we're live?

INT. NORMAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAWN

Terry leads Will (in costume) into the building. Will's wearing Dick's glasses, but one arm has been broken off and WRAPPED IN TAPE.

INT. UNDERGROUND - LEVEL FOUR - DAWN

They walk out of the elevators, and stop at a SECURITY CHECKPOINT manned by FOUR NSA GUARDS. Will and Terry have to pass through the metal detector, one at a time.

Will goes first. BALLISTIC PLEXIGLAS seals him inside. He drops DICK's ID and TAPED-UP GLASSES into a tray. Places his hand on a BIOMETRIC SCANNER. Security Guard #1 puts the GLASSES in a MAGNET MACHINE. BUZZ! He's in.

INT. NSA SUBSTATION - OFFICE - DAWN

Dick and Terry's cubicle has glass panels; not much privacy (which is the point). The entire space HUMS with lines of work stations. Not a single sheet of paper is visible.

TEN MORE NSA EMPLOYEES can be seen in their cubicles.

Terry and Will sit at two computers, facing each other. Both enter passcodes. The computers have IRIS SCANNERS. As Terry leans into his scanner, his computer BLIPS; scan worked.

Will whips off the glasses, pulls the tape off. The ARM has a USB PORT. Will removes the cord from the IRIS SCANNER, inserts the arm of the glasses into the USB slot. ONSCREEN: *we see the image Chris took of DICK'S IRIS. Blip. Success.*

WILL
Show me everything you've got on
Povlovsky, Yuri Andronovich. Make
sure no keywords flag, Terry.

Terry nods at the implicit threat. Inputs-- searching--

TERRY
Nothing. Probably been erased.

WILL
Family?

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Real Dick is passed out, but his answering machine picks up--

FEMALE VOICE (FILTERED)
Dr. Morgan? Dr. Morgan? This is
Nurse Kelly from Alere.

The brand name 'Alere' matches the fancy scale on the floor.

FEMALE VOICE(FILTERED)
You missed your weigh in this
morning. Is everything all right?

DICK
(clearly drugged)
I'm okay-- sleeping--

FEMALE VOICE
We've been instructed to call your
emergency contact, just in case.

INT. NSA SUBSTATION - OFFICE - DAWN

Terry shakes his head--

TERRY
No hits on any of the Povlovskys.

WILL

Show me all active Secret Service deployments--

TERRY

The President's itinerary and all Secret Service deployments went top secret two days ago.

WILL

Bring up a graphical representation of all Secret Service communications during the last week. Origin and terminus.

Terry brings up a PIE CHART of the largest concentrations of Secret Service Radio traffic--

WILL

Cross reference with their daily averages for the previous year-- then eliminate all locations receiving near-normal levels.

EXT. FOUR STORY HOUSE - LISBON - CONTINUOUS

An AMBULANCE pulls to a stop in front of Dick's House.

INT. NSA SUBSTATION - OFFICE - DAWN

Terry finishes the work. They're left with only three anomalies: India at '46%'-- Japan at '51%'-- and the doozy-- a '402%' spike in radio traffic to Switzerland.

WILL

Where, exactly in Switzerland?

TERRY

In and around Geneva.

WILL

The U.N. Offices for Europe are located there. Bring up the schedule of events.

TERRY

Um-- U.N. European Assembly will be meeting-- the day after tomorrow.

WILL

Where Secret Service forward teams are preparing for a visit by the President of the United States.

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Real Dick's sitting up in bed, PARAMEDIC #1 makes a call.

INT. NSA SUBSTATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Terry types. He looks really worried now.

TERRY

It says the President's security detail is three times larger than normal. Those are bad odds for you.

Will ignores him-- looks around. Nothing unusual yet.

WILL

Show me everything you've got on a CIA program codenamed Halcyon.

Terry goes to work. Takes a second before--

TERRY

It's beyond Yankee-White clearance. I can't get access.

WILL

Try cross referencing CIA contract operatives Christopher Kilmoonie, and William Roosevelt with Halcyon.

Their DOSSIERS pop up-- REMUS and ROMULOUS-- Terry recognizes Will immediately.

TERRY

Only hit is a joint program with Israeli Special Forces. William.

WILL

Gold star for Terry. Now show me all American soldiers involved.

A LIST POPS UP: Dossiers. PHOTOGRAPHS. Dates of training, military affiliations. All are Special Forces: *Delta Force, Navy Seals, Marine Force Recon.*

NOTE: we may recognize some of them as the men that killed the Second Team in Harbin.

There are sixty names on the list. Half of them have 'deceased' stamped over their photograph. Will sees photos of ELIOT'S GUARDS (the two men they killed in Israel).

-GUARD #1 is 'Lt. Kevin McElroy, U.S.N. Seals'.

-GUARD #2 is '*Lt. Thomas Conlin U.S.N Seals*'.

WILL
Show me those two.

Sees their Cryptonyms: CASTOR and POLLUX-- then reads their history-- looks surprised by something. He darkens.

WILL
Bring up the next two on the list,
Arnold Hacket and David Hews--

Their Cryptonyms pop up as well: AMPHION and ZETHUS. Will reads their history. Then looks at more, going down the list.

ALL PAIRS HAVE:

- A CITY beside their name that is the same as their partner.
- MILITARY FATHERS that were killed in action.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

NSA GUARD #1 answers the phone--

NSA GUARD #1
Um, Dr. Morgan is in his office,
sir. I checked him in myself.

INT. NSA SUBSTATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Terry's reading Crytonyms. The nerd in him can't resist--

TERRY
Know much about Greek mythology?

WILL
Remus and Romulous were the
brothers that founded Rome.

TERRY
Castor and Pollux are the twin sons
of Zeus. And Amphion and Zethus are
brothers.
(reading all Cryptonyms)
They're all brothers. But it's
weird--

WILL
Since none of us have the same last
name.

Will is staring at the city beside his and Chris' file: both read '*PHILADELPHIA*'. He turns to ice.

WILL
Look up their present deployments.

TERRY
Uh-- no go-- same access problem.

WILL
(scary as the devil)
Get creative, Terry.

Terry goes to work-- as NSA's computers rip through files--

TERRY
These guys are careful-- but CIA
rotates their cell phones. If I
backdoor that list-- I can
triangulate the last transmission.
Can't tell what they're saying, but
this is where the phones were used.

A sequence of DOTS, mostly in Europe. At least TWENTY are in
'Switzerland'.

WILL
Soon as I'm clear, your wife will
be released.

Terry's computer suddenly shuts down remotely.

WILL
What did you flag, Terry?

TERRY
I didn't. Look at me. I'm no hero.

EIGHT GUARDS-- hustle towards Dick and Terry's office--

NSA GUARD #1
Put your hands above your head!

NSA EMPLOYEES-- following normal procedures, remain in their
seats with their hands visible on their desks.

WILL-- hawks the Guards, only twenty feet away now. They draw
their weapons-- Will puts his hands above his head.

TERRY
Please don't hurt my wife.

WILL
Then help me get out of here.

TERRY

I can't. Once you're in, you're stuck. Soon as the alarm trips, electromagnetic locks automatically engage on all exits--

NSA GUARD #1

-- *keep your hands above your head and step out of the cubicle--*

TERRY

-- they can stop a truck doing forty, and can't be opened by anyone for thirty minutes.

NSA GUARD #1

Dr. James, same with you--

Will looks up at VENTS in the ceiling--

WILL

How committed are NSA employees?

Hands above their heads, they walk out into the hall--

TERRY

What?

WILL

Are you expected to burn alive for security?

NSA GUARD #1

Get down on your knees--

-- where the Eight Guards, guns up, surround them. Textbook.

TERRY

No. But good luck getting a fire started in here.

Good point- the substation is just one big mass of tile, computers, and things that don't burn.

NSA GUARD #1

Now lay down on the ground, and keep your hands in front of you.

Will and Terry lay on the ground-- Guard #2 approaches-- soon as his knee touches Will's back, Will's already rolling, wrapping his leg around Guard #2's pelvis, and keeps going until Guard #2 is on top of him-- shielding him from--

-- the rest of the Guards. They can't shoot, so they jump in.

Each of Will's moves is so fast and rhythmic, it justifies his thirty years of training. In six seconds, Eight Guards are unconscious, or moaning with dislocated arms--

INT. THE GUARD BOOTH - DOWN THE HALL

THE LAST GUARD, watches the whole thing behind bulletproof Plexiglas, slams a button. ALARMS BLARE! Sirens spin up--

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Terry can't believe what he just witnessed--

WILL

Terry. Grab me a bottle of water.

TERRY-- runs out, snatches a BOTTLED WATER from an Employee.

WILL-- pops a computer case-- drops a MONITOR on the floor and yanks its POWER CORD OUT. Plugs the cord into an outlet-- then touches the exposed wires to the motherboard-- the embeded Magnesium catches fire in a WHITE FLAME.

Will tosses two more computers on the FLAME then snatches the BOTTLED WATER from Terry. Dumping water on a Magnesium fire results in a *CHEMICAL REACTION*. *FWOOSH! The fire grows by a factor of five* as we CUT TO--

INT. HALLWAY TO EXIT - CONTINUOUS

-- the Last Guard eyeing Will, striding towards him. Separated by Plexiglas, Will just waits until-- the HALON FIRE SUPPRESSION SYSTEMS KICK ON--

Last Guard's MONITOR BLEEPS! The ELECTROMAGNETIC LOCKS DISENGAGE, and-- Will, surrounded by JETS OF WHITE GAS from the ventilation system, pushes the door open, and walks out.

INT. ELIOT'S JET - NIGHT

Eliot WATCHES FOOTAGE of the NSA BREAK-IN on his computer, reads a list of everything Will and Terry accessed. Easy to put together that they figured it all out. He makes a call--

ELIOT

Walker, send their files and photos to media outlets, and Interpol.

WALKER (O.S.)

What if the Secret Service forces Ross to cancel his appearances?

ELIOT

I know Ross. He knew the risks when he started this thing. If he goes into hiding, it all falls apart.

EXT. STOLEN TOYOTA - MORNING

Chris is sitting in a bush. Staking out the car, waiting for Will, who suddenly appears beside the Toyota.

INT. STOLEN TOYOTA - MORNING

Chris pulls out into traffic. Will is frosty.

WILL

Geneva. Day after tomorrow. Any problem stealing the passports?

CHRIS

A little-- Erika's going to have to become '*Jose Saramago*'. You okay?

WILL

He fucked us, Chris. From day one. I couldn't access Halcyon, but I saw the dossiers of everyone involved. We are one of thirty pairs. All of us had fathers killed in action. None of us are related, but each pair had a city listed beside their name. For us, Philadelphia. Neither one of us are from there--

CHRIS

-- that's where George Washington School for Boys is.

WILL

The military had thorough evaluations of our fathers. If they had the makings of an elite soldier, and the son became an orphan, Eliot came calling.

Both of them are staring out. Traffic strobes past. The rising sun creates starbursting reflections, blurring focus--

WILL

Our whole lives were an indoctrination. Nothing was real.

-- as both remember a life shaped rather than chosen--

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE

- IN THE MILITARY ACADEMY-- Chris(6) and Will(7) are by far the youngest boys in the drill line.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
Someone thinks you two are special.
Are you special, Kilmoonie?

Chris shakes his head: no. The DRILL INSTRUCTOR slaps him.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
You answer properly!

CHRIS
Sir, I'm not special, sir.

He grimaces at Chris' rotted teeth. Moves on to Will--

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
Someone must think you're a lot
smarter than the rest of these boys
to jump four grades. You think
these boys are stupid, Roosevelt?

WILL
Sir, no sir!

He SMACKS him-- Will keeps repeating his answer-- smacked over and over-- tears drip from Will's eyes-- crying like an adult. Like when Eliot came for him. Like Yuri's Son--

CHRIS
(saving Will)
I think they're stupid, sir!

We see the OLDER BOYS, hatred in their eyes. Chris ignores them, makes eye contact with Will.

IN THE BUNKROOM-- Chris and Will FIGHT, trying to protect each other from the OLDER BOYS, who are mercilessly punching and kicking them.

IN THE INFIRMARY-- Chris and Will have swollen black and blue faces. Eliot (40's) hurries in, pushing nurses out of the way, as he spins around one--

SLOW MOTION-- facing away from the boys, we see Eliot make eye contact with the DRILL INSTRUCTOR. *All of it was planned.* Soon as he spins back towards the boys, his jaw sets in Oscar-worthy fury. He takes both of the boys' hands.

ELIOT

Your fathers would want me to do something about this. You ready to make sure it never happens again?

IN A DOJO-- both boys work with a JUDO INSTRUCTOR-- SPARRING with bigger and older students-- ELIOT steps into the room. Both boys light up. Ecstatic to see him, they hug his legs.

ELIOT-- beams at graduations: BLACK BELTS-- DIPLOMAS-- MARINE CORPS-- Eliot is there for all of it as we DISSOLVE BACK TO--

INT. **THE PRESENT** - STOLEN MERCEDES- MORNING

-- even though they have no genetic relation, they look like brothers. Their faces are mirrors: Eliot's a dead man.

WILL

All of us went into Special Forces. The ones who performed well in combat were sent to Israel to learn Sde-Or. Which means Eliot's got his own secret division of the best operatives on earth. Reporting solely to him. And they're all heading to Geneva.

They pull into a MARINA.

EXT. MARINA - MORNING

Walking towards ERIKA, who's untying a CESSNA CARAVAN, the largest single engine FLOAT PLANE around. The door to the plane opens, we recognize the OLD COWBOY HAT (from Israel) as LUCAS HARDY pokes his head out.

HARDY

In a fight against a skilled enemy, the victor never hesitates.

CHRIS

Sounds like simpleminded bullshit they feed rookies at The Farm.

HARDY

I fuckin' hope so. Mr. Roosevelt.
(shakes hands with Will)
Still offering up the only prize that'd get me back in the game?

INT. CESSNA CARAVAN - 10,000 FEET - MORNING

Erika's in the pilot seat, Will is beside her. The plane has four rows of seats. Hardy and Chris are in the second row.

CHRIS

How'd you find us?

HARDY

I'm owed a few favors by some senior members of Mossad-- one of whom is doing what he can to help Erika. He sent me your NSA request. Wasn't hard to guess what you were up to. Even easier to follow you.

EXT. AIRPORT - GENEVA - SUNRISE

Eliot's jet pulls to a stop. Swiss Guard surround the plane, providing security as the stairs are lowered. Eliot steps down to a US GOVERNMENT SUBURBAN.

INT. BACK OF THE CESSNA - DAY

Erika's topless. Will's wrapping a bandage around her chest. Trying to compress it. Doesn't work. He unwraps, starts over.

ERIKA

How are you holding together?

WILL

I'll be better after Eliot's dead.

ERIKA

How about Chris?

WILL

Not good. Long as he believed Eliot was making hard choices, but doing the right thing, he could manage. But you yank that away from him--

-- they look up at him. Hardy's flying. Chris is just staring out the window. Erika looks as if she wants to go talk to him, Will shakes his head: *not now*. He finishes wrapping a second time. Didn't work. He starts unwrapping.

ERIKA

You're doing it on purpose.
(trying to cheer him up)
Pervert.

WILL
 I'm not. Wouldn't make me a pervert
 if I was though.
 (rewrapping again)
 Suck it in and try to visualize
 what you were like at twelve.

UP FRONT-- Chris slides into the cockpit. Hardy reads him.

HARDY
 Channel it, Chris. It's useful.

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

A U.S. AIRFORCE C-17 GLOBEMASTER, taxis into a MASSIVE HANGAR. As soon as it's inside, SWISS SOLDIERS roll the huge hangar doors closed and take up security positions.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

The Globemaster's rear storage bay is so massive-- BLACK SUBURBANS, CARS, and most importantly, CADILLAC ONE (the President's vehicle) are able to drive out side-by-side.

INT/EXT. QUICK CUTS - IMAGES OF GENEVA - DAY

TELEVISIONS: *show news reports and PHOTOGRAPHS of Will, Chris, and Erika now. Definitely INTERNATIONAL FUGITIVES--*

SWISS POLICE have been positioned around--

-AIRPORT PASSPORT CONTROL
 -TRAIN TERMINALS.
 -A CHECKPOINT at the SWISS-FRANCE BORDER.
 -The SWISS-ITALY border crossing.

ALL AROUND GENEVA, we see SUITED CIA and SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS. *This is going to be impossible.*

EXT. LAKE COMO - ITALY - DAY

Their float plane skims in towards a MARINA.

INT. TRAIN TERMINAL - DAY

Hardy reads a sign in Italian to 'GENEVA' bound trains--

NOTE: for the time being, Hardy's face is the only one we see. Will, Chris, and Erika are only shown from the back.

PASSENGERS are looking at them oddly, then quickly looking away, as if they don't know where to put their eyes.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT - SUNSET

The Italian Alps race past. ATTENDANT enters the compartment. His reaction is the same as the rest. He looks down--

ATTENDANT
(Passport and tickets, please.)

NOW WE SEE THE PASSPORTS:

-- all are of smiling PORTUGUESE MEN. All have an official government decal below it that says they are--

'FIREFIGHTERS'

And when Attendant looks up at their faces-- Will, Chris, and Erika have used FAKE SKIN to make themselves look like their faces have been SEVERELY BURNED in the line of duty.

ATTENDANT
(like they're heroes)
Let me know if I can do anything to
make your trip more comfortable.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Everyone has removed their makeup, but they've got COMPRESSION MASKS by their sides, just in case. Chris is sitting in the dark as the moonlit landscape blurs past. *The following is spoken in a low whisper, so as not to disturb Will and Erika, sleeping on the top two bunks.*

HARDY
Still have a hard time sleeping?

CHRIS
Sometimes.

Chris is disgusted with himself. Hardy reads him easily.

HARDY
Ninety-eight percent of human beings suffer extreme mental trauma from killing. That's a fact. Only two percent are like Will. It doesn't mean anything bad about him, it just means his mind doesn't reject the idea the way most people do. *I know that because all the orphans were tested for it.* Eliot was looking for what they termed 'Bulletproof Minds'.

Hardy pauses--

HARDY

You were the only one in the Program who tested normal. You were too physically gifted, too intelligent to pass up. That's why they made sure you imprinted so heavily to Eliot. So he could support you. It's also why you and Will were the only pair that was never told the truth.

Chris just stares at Hardy-- such a monstrous admission.

HARDY

You never signed up for what he did to you, Chris. If God is worth a shit, he'll put your sins on Eliot.

As Chris hardens even further-- WILL AND ERIKA look down on him. They were listening to the whole thing.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - DAY

- THE CAMERA sweeps in over LAKE GENEVA, a birds-eye view of Europe's most pristine city--

INSERT SUPER: **GENEVA, SWITZERLAND**

-- CAMERA continues flying over DOWNTOWN, CLOSING ON--

EXT. A ROOFTOP - DAY

-- where Four Halcyon Operatives are installing a refrigerator sized MACHINE. BUTES hits a button on the control panel-- flicks green--

BUTES

System is online--

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Twenty million Euros for this spread. Huge lawns. Unobstructed views. GENEVA is spread out like a carpet below.

Eliot's SUV pulls up the long drive. WALKER is waiting.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Fancy Furniture has been shifted out of a main hall. Tables have TEN COMPUTERS LINED UP in three makeshift workstations.

ELIOT and WALKER stand in front of TWO COMPUTER OPERATORS--

YURI POVLOVSKY is manning four computers on his own. From the look on his face, this is not a voluntary assignment.

COMPUTER OPERATOR #1
All systems are running green.

ELIOT
Yuri?

Fingers flying like a concert pianist as Yuri hacks. Only takes a few seconds before-- his screens flicker, switching to real-time TRAFFIC CAMERA FEEDS of GENEVA, real-time MAPS.

EXT. FRONT OF ANNEMASSE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Only a couple miles outside Geneva. Chris, Will, Erika have their disguises back on. Hardy hails a TAXI, as we CUT TO--

INT. A DARK APARTMENT - DAY

-- A TELEVISION plays a sitcom. They all made it safely. Chris motions to various spots on a MAP of Geneva.

CHRIS
E.U. Assembly begins in five hours.
If they want to keep the visit a secret, Air Force One won't land until the last possible moment.

ERIKA
Airport is here. U.N. Headquarters is here. The Motorcade can take numerous routes between them. Means the only way Eliot can keep the Secret Service from communicating with one another will be a Barrage Jammer strong enough to cover this entire area.

Will is taking it all in, but he seems to be on edge--

HARDY
They'll have to place it on a rooftop between-- here-- and here.
(to Erika)
Remember, you can't take the Jammer out until they launch their attack. Otherwise Eliot will just call it off and hit him some other time.

CHRIS

(has an epiphany)

Secret Service Operations Command
in D.C. will be watching the
motorcade on satellite. As soon as
the jammer goes active, they'll
lock down the origin of the signal.

ERIKA

Won't help us, though. They'll see
where the signal is coming from,
but with the coms down, they won't
be able to tell anyone.

Chris heads over to a DESK, digs around. Finds a SHARPIE,
hands it to Erika. She understands immediately. Smiles.

CHRIS

With everyone dressed the same and
unable to communicate, we've got a
shot at this.

HARDY

Hate to break the hard truth here,
but if Eliot was really concerned
about you, he would've called it
off by now. You might be the best,
but he'll have numbers.

Hardy looks around-- they don't care. Neither does Hardy.
Loving that he's got another shot at Eliot. Points to a spot
on the map-- motions to FOUR DIFFERENT MARKED ENTRIES.

HARDY

If you can't secure the President,
take him here. Gonna be one hell of
a mind-fuck for Eliot if that
happens. It's an Abelard Sanctuary.
As Commander in Chief, Ross can
claim sanctuary.

WILL

What part of this brings us closer
to killing Eliot? That was the
deal.

CHRIS

Ross first. Eliot second. Even if
Eliot gets away, we've got the rest
of our lives to hunt him down--

HARDY

-- what the hell else are you going to do with yourself?

WILL

Don't joke. You don't know what it feels like. I want to kill him close.

CHRIS

This is about saving a man who's trying to change the world.
(softly, just to Will)
Even if Ross fails, my life can't just be about death.

WILL

*If we don't lock him down here,
Eliot's going to spin his way out
of it, regroup, and come after us.*

We've never seen Chris this emotional--

CHRIS

I am not asking you.

Will gets it: redemption trumps revenge. He nods to Chris.

A KEY IN THE LOCK-- everyone stiffens.

HARDY

It's my guy. It's okay.

JEAN FRANCOIS pops the door open, starts pushing BAGS OF EQUIPMENT into the Apartment as we CUT TO--

TAKING STOCK:

- An arsenal of weapons and body armor, as well as TWO BLACK JUMPSUITS with U.S. SECRET SERVICE MARKINGS on the shoulders. Chris and Will immediately pull them on.

- TWO MOTORCYCLE HELMETS, SETS OF BULKY LEATHERS, and KEYS.

- Hardy unpacks a GENEVA TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT UNIFORM, along with a map that shows the FLOOR PLAN OF A BUILDING.

JEAN FRANCOIS

I could not get a functional ID on short notice, but I got the one thing I did not think possible--

He pops open a HUGE case for Erika. The MASSIVE RIFLE is--

JEAN FRANCOIS
 -- a TAC-50 with an AAC flash-
 muzzle suppressor. So quiet you do
 not even have to wear earplugs.

- ERIKA downloads PHOTOGRAPHS from a Mossad database--
 everyone who received Sde-OR training, AKA, the FACES OF ALL
HALCYON OPERATIVES. She sends the file to Hardy. He checks
 his PDA-- nods. Got it.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

TRAVELERS read the DEPARTURE SIGNS-- all of a sudden, flights
 are DELAYED-- DELAYED-- DELAYED-- everything down the board.
 What the hell? The answer is out the window--

-- where AIR FORCE ONE can be seen gliding in for a landing.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Walker and Eliot hustle through a hallway. Earpieces crackle--

VOICE(FILTERED)
 He just landed, sir.

INT. DARK APARTMENT - DAY

Waiting. The TELEVISION cuts to BREAKING NEWS: the
 PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE sweeps past SWISS REPORTER.

HARDY
His scheduler lied about the time.

All snap to action-- Will and Chris zip LEATHER MOTORCYCLE
 SUITS over their black Secret Service jumpsuits.

CHRIS
 Eliot will wait until Ross is
 speaking. They'll want him furthest
 from the airport when they attack.

WILL
 We hope.

The SOUND OF THRUMMING ROTOR BLADES bridges the CUT TO--

EXT. HIGH ABOVE GENEVA - CONTINUOUS

-- A BLACKED-OUT SECRET SERVICE HELICOPTER, flying a hundred
 meters above THE 40 VEHICLE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE. SECRET
 SERVICE SNIPERS hang from both of the helicopter's struts--

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A CITROEN pulls out first. Erika's driving, Hardy (in his transportation uniform) is in the passenger seat.

Will and Chris, wearing helmets, riding a pair of BMW TOURING BIKES, pull out behind them. We can assume they've stowed their weapons and gear in the MOTORCYCLE LOCK BOXES.

EXT. MANSION - GENEVA DAY

A SECOND BLACKED-OUT HELICOPTER lifts off the grassy lawn. Identical to the one flying cover for the President down to the uniforms the TWO SNIPERS on the struts are wearing.

In the driveway, **FOUR BLACK U.S. GOVERNMENT SUBURBANS** idle.

*NOTE: though they are indistinguishable from the Presidential Motorcade Suburbans, for clarity's sake, we'll always refer to these vehicles as **HALCYON SUBURBANS #1, 2, 3, and 4.***

TWENTY HALCYON OPERATIVES hustle into the Halcyon Suburbans. Dressed as Secret Service Counter Assault Teams (CAT). Same black jumpsuits Chris and Will put on. They too will be indistinguishable from the Secret Service CAT Teams.

As each **TEAM OF FIVE** fill a suburban, we recognize many of them from the photos. All wear RED TINTED GLASSES and HELMETS. Soon as they're all in, they head out-- flashing OFFICIAL lights as they zoom down the hill.

EXT. GENEVA TRANSPORTATION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Erika drops Hardy in front of the building. The SIGN matches the PATCH on his uniform: '*Transport Public Genevois*'.

As he walks towards the entry, he looks back at Erika, but keeps walking. Runs right into a MAN in the same uniform--

HARDY
Pardon moi.

-- as Hardy steps through the doors, we see a freshly stolen ID CARD in his hand.

INT. GENEVA TRANSPORTATION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The security is nowhere near the level of NSA, but there's still a GATE. Hardy swipes his ID CARD. He's in. As he walks into an elevator, we CUT TO--

INT. TRANSPORTATION CONTROL CENTER - DAY

-- Hardy following a CONTROLLER into--

A DARKENED NERVE-CENTER

It's chaos in here. Looks similar to CIA Operations Command, except these TECHS aren't used to the madness of re-routing *an entire city for the President of the United States*.

MANAGERS yell orders. WALL SIZE SCREENS show traffic flow, locations of trains and buses.

A GRID OF SMALLER SCREENS flash through TRAFFIC CAMERAS, some of which show the PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE approaching the massive UNITED NATIONS OFFICES OF GENEVA.

It's a perfect situation for Hardy to get lost in the shuffle. He strides right over to a FEMALE CONTROLLER. Sits.

She's so busy, she doesn't look up until she feels the HANDGUN pressed against her side. He speaks in German--

HARDY

(Do everything I say, and I'll be gone in five minutes. Make a fuss, I blow out your intestines. You'll die slow and the smell is awful.)

Hardy plugs his PDA into a port-- waits, then clicks her mouse, bringing up the files Erika downloaded from Mossad:

Photos of ALL THE OPERATIVES that trained in Israel.

HARDY

(Cross reference these photos with your camera's imaging systems.)

FEMALE CONTROLLER, with a couple mouse clicks, has the computers ripping through images-- sorting-- matching.

EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - DAY

Erika is parked on the street. Her EARPIECE crackles--

HARDY(O.S. FILTERED)

First hit-- Rue de Lyon.

-- off she goes, heading into traffic.

INT. THE MANSION - DAY

ELIOT'S CONTROLLER, got a hit--

ELIOT'S CONTROLLER
Sir, the computer just locked a
facial match from your watch-list.

BRINGS UP SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOOTAGE: *Hardy, swiping the
stolen ID through the turnstile.*

WALKER
How'd he get out of Poland unseen?

ELIOT
He's Hardy. Hold the fort--

WALKER
You certain we should go through--

ELIOT
(sharply)
It's thirty versus four. *Three*
after I deal with Hardy.

Eliot hustles out--

INT. TRANSPORTATION CONTROL CENTER - DAY

-- Hardy has an IMAGE OF A LATINO HALCYON OPERATIVE locked on
one screen, and the real-time CAMERA IMAGE of the same man,
waiting to cross the street. The light turns green.

EXT. GENEVA STREET - CONTINUOUS

A CROWD walks towards LATINO HALCYON OPERATIVE-- one of whom
is looking away. He sees Erika too late-- she rips both palms
straight forward, into his ribcage. The SOUND is repulsively
familiar. She acts like she's helping him keep his feet, but
she's really snatching his EARMIC and TALK BOX. By the time
he drops to his knee, unable to breath, she's already--

AROUND THE CORNER--

Plugging the TALK BOX into her PDA, downloading the
encryption to--

INT. TRANSPORTATION CONTROL CENTER - DAY

-- Hardy's traffic computer. He clicks a couple buttons. Now
that he's got ELIOT'S ENCRYPTION; he's able to tap into their
com systems. Hardy's earpiece crackles, and he can hear--

ALL OF ELIOT'S COMMUNICATIONS--

HARDY
Triangulate that signal.

Female Controller, hands shaking, manages to run it through her computer as WE CUT TO--

EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - DAY

-- Will and Chris riding towards the United Nations Building.

HARDY(O.S. FILTERED)
Here we go. Three hotspots.

They look at their PDA's-- A MAP OF GENEVA pops up with RED BLINKING DOTS. The hotspots are clusters of signals:

-ONE is up in the hills. We can read the COORDINATES.
-TWO is a cluster of FIVE SIGNALS, near the airport.
-THREE is a cluster of TWENTY, moving rapidly.

HARDY(O.S. FILTERED)
One will be Eliot's control center.
Two will be the building with the
jammer. Three is his strike team.

INT. CITROEN - PARKED - DAY

TIGHT ON ERIKA'S HAND-- writing COORDINATES with a SHARPIE.

INT. TRANSPORTATION CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Hardy closes his computer windows, speaks into his mic--

HARDY
Go to work, I'm out.

INT. THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hardy's only taken three steps out the door when--

POLICE VOICES
(Swiss-French, and German)
(EVERYONE GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!)

POLICE, GUARDS, and SUITED AGENTS have surrounded him. He turns. The DOOR to the control center seals behind him. TWENTY EMPLOYEES lie down on the floor, shaking.

HARDY
(sotto, into mic)
Coms are compromised. Kill 'em.

Hardy stays on his feet. Sees ATLAS, who talks into his mic--

ATLAS
We've got Hardy, sir.

-- as Hardy whips his gun up, Atlas FIRES! Hitting Hardy once in each shoulder. Arms are now useless-- Hardy tries to run-- another shot from Atlas blows Hardy's kneecap apart.

ELIOT(O.S. FILTERED)
Drug him.

Atlas whips a SYRINGE OUT-- injects it into Hardy's neck.

HARDY
Sodium Amato-- feels good. Feels
even better to have fucked-- you.

-- Eliot has arrived, hovering over drugged Hardy.

ELIOT
Hello, Hardy. Nice outfit-- are the
boys in uniform as well?

As Atlas rolls him over, Hardy digs deep. Even in his condition, he manages to strike Atlas. Who shrugs it off--

ON HARDY'S HAND

When he hit Atlas, he grabbed the SYRINGE with his other hand. His fingers draw back the plunger, fills it with AIR as he drags his arm towards his head; has to do it smooth and slow or Atlas will see the syringe--

HARDY
Not yet.

ELIOT
What's the plan, Hardy?

Hardy keeps it palmed, can't get Atlas, or Eliot. When his hand gets up beside his neck, he squeezes his fist-- Atlas snatches Hardy's hand-- the syringe hangs out. Plunger down. Hardy's eyes roll back as the AIR EMBOLISM hits his heart. He dies a few seconds later. *Smiling at Eliot.*

INT. UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY

President Ross ascends the podium. HUNDREDS OF U.N. ASSEMBLY REPS give him a standing ovation. *This is rock star love!*

INT. THE MANSION - GENEVA - DAY

Walker listens to his mic, turns to Yuri Povlovsky.

WALKER
Launch the program.

INT. TRANSPORTATION COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Every piece of technology in the entire room CRASHES!

PRESIDENT ROSS(PRE-LAP)
No longer will we heel to despots
for their oil--

INT. UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY

Looking over President Ross' shoulder as his teleprompter CUTS OUT. MIC isn't working either. He's speaking to himself.

PRESIDENT ROSS
No longer will we prop up regimes
that run counter to everything we
stand for--

EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Will stop at a red light. Turns GREEN-- PEOPLE step into the street-- as a TRUCK PLOUGHS RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

The President's SECURITY DETAIL, yanks Ross off the stage.

INT. ERIKA'S CITROEN - CONTINUOUS

All STOPLIGHTS are GREEN. A BUS in front of her rolls right over TWO SMART CARS as if they're traffic cones. Erika, driving like Mario Andretti, avoids the accidents.

She doesn't see the CAR CAREEN into her rear. The Citroen spins violently, whip-lashing ERIKA'S HEAD against the driver's side window so hard the *glass shatters*!

EXT. WIDE ON THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

THE PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE ROARS OUT--

At the first intersection, filled with DEMOLISHED CARS, the Motorcade splits into TWO GROUPS--

GROUP ONE heads off to the left--

GROUP TWO to the right; it's called the 'Secure Package'. FOUR SUBURBANS in front, FOUR SUBURBANS trailing. Sandwiched between them is CADILLAC ONE, affectionately nicknamed 'The Beast' by the President's Security Detail.

The Secure Package Motorcade drives over grass and sidewalks. Doing anything and everything to keep moving.

The SECRET SERVICE HELICOPTER, with snipers hanging from the struts, sweeps in overhead, flying cover for the motorcade.

PAN AROUND-- A HALF MILE BEHIND THEM--

-- the SECOND HELICOPTER sweeps in. IDENTICAL, down to the snipers on the struts (Second Helicopter is the one we saw at Eliot's Mansion).

EXT. CITROEN CRASH SITE - GENEVA - DAY

Through her shattered driver side window, we see Erika. Coming to. Blinking away the blood running down her face.

PULL BACK-- RISING SIXTY FEET UP-- until we can see--

A ROOFTOP-- where Five Halcyon Operatives guard the BARRAGE JAMMING SYSTEM. As an indicator light flicks green, we CUT TO--

INT/EXT. QUICK ROLLING IMAGES - CONTINUOUS

- Secret Service Agents next to the President--
- Secret Service Helicopter Pilots #1 and #2--
- and the Presidential Counter Assault Teams--

All hear a SQUELCH-- as their radios go dead.

EVERYONE
(snippets of chatter)
Over-- say again-- negative--

EXT. HIGH ABOVE 'SECURE PACKAGE' MOTORCADE - DAY

-- Eliot's Snipers (on Second Helicopter) open fire on Helicopter #1. They kill both Secret Service Snipers with two head shots. Then open fire on Helicopter #1's FUSELAGE--

EXT. STREETS OF GENEVA - CONTINUOUS

-- Will and Chris are hauling-ass through the chaos. They spot smoking Helicopter #1 falling out of the sky, about a 1/2 mile off. They gun their bikes towards-- the EXPLOSION!

EXT. TOP-DOWN - HIGH OVER GENEVA - DAY

The Nine Car 'Secure Package' Motorcade races down a street.

ONE BLOCK OVER-- HALCYON SUBURBANS #1 and #2 bob and weave down a parallel street, keeping pace.

TWO BLOCKS BEHIND-- HALCYON SUBURBANS #3 and #4 are trailing the Presidential Motorcade.

EXT. WIDE ON A THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Secure Package Motorcade turns down an on ramp-- entering a
SUNKEN SIX LANE FREEWAY-- traffic is crawling. They steer
their vehicles onto the shoulder, need to keep moving.

INT. CADILLAC ONE (AKA THE BEAST) - DAY

PRESIDENT ROSS, in the back, wears body armor over his suit.
Head of Detail, right beside him, scans for threats along the
sunken six lane freeway--

DETAIL #2
*No police radio, no cell phones.
Nothing. We still got nothing.*

EXT. HIGH OVER THE THOROUGHFARE - DAY

SECOND HELICOPTER BANKS OVERHEAD, snipers on the struts.

HALCYON SUBURBANS #1 and #2 skid to a stop on a BRIDGE ahead
of the motorcade. TEN HALCYON OPERATIVES pile out.

Two fire STINGER MISSILES--

-- Secret Service Suburbans are armored, but they can't stand
up to anti-tank weapons. The TWO LEAD SECRET SERVICE
SUBURBANS blow sky high! Incinerating the teams inside!

The Secure Package Motorcade, unable to move forward--
reverses, bashing cars out of the way--

EXT. OVERPASS BEHIND THE MOTORCADE - CONTINUOUS

HALCYON SUBURBANS #3 and #4 unload TEN MORE HALCYON
OPERATIVES. They fire TWO MORE STINGERS-- at the Suburbans,
reversing towards them. TWO MORE DIRECT HITS!

SCREAMING CIVILIANS are bailing out of CARS. The Motorcade is
now completely pinned in by evacuated cars, people, the
divider, smoldering wreckage, and the embankments.

INT. THE BEAST - DAY

HEAD OF DETAIL yells to the Driver--

HEAD OF DETAIL
Do not stop. Stay moving.

Driver guns them forward as another STINGER-- streaks in!

The Beast's automated defense systems kick into action--
SCREENS on the DASH read '*Infrared Countermeasures engaging*'

AND THE STINGER zips off course-- EXPLODING FIVE FEET AWAY!

The Beast's Oxygen systems HISS ON-- the SCREEN blinks
'sealing cabin'.

EXT. WIDE ON THOROUGHFARE - DAY

A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE is fired at The Beast.

INT. THE BEAST - CONTINUOUS

The same countermeasures kick on--

HEAD OF DETAIL
That one's an RPG-- INCOMING!

This time, the countermeasures don't work--

EXT. WIDE ON THE BEAST - CONTINUOUS

-- BOOM! THE AXLE'S BLOWN OFF! The Beast skids to a sparkling stop. Soon as 'The Beast' is no longer mobile-- All Twenty Halcyon Operatives rush to take positions-- TEN stay on the high ground, covering. The other TEN run down the embankment.

EXT. WRECKED CITROEN SITE - DAY

Erika works to remove A HEAVY BAG out of the back of her car, and what looks like a POSTER CARRIER.

The accident's taken a toll, but she's got a mission to complete. Gets the bag out. Lugs it across the street.

EXT. ABOVE THE THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Will and Chris skid to a stop. Peek over the lip, it drops down to the thoroughfare, where they get their first look at--

A WARZONE

TWENTY REMAINING SECRET SERVICEMEN are firing, establishing a defensive perimeter around The Beast-- but they're getting decimated. BULLETS ARE PINGING AND SPARKING EVERYWHERE!

Within seconds, they're down to FIFTEEN MEN.

CHRIS AND WILL

Strip off their motorcycle leathers, revealing their Secret Service CAT Jumpsuits underneath. They watch Second Helicopter a moment-- SNIPERS on the struts are picking off Secret Servicemen around the beast-- KILLING with each shot.

WILL
Snipers seem to know who to hit.

With everyone dressed as Secret Service CAT Member, it's impossible to keep track of who--

CHRIS
(nods, both know how)
Vintage Eliot; that's our way out.

EXT. SECOND HELICOPTER - LOOKING DOWN - CONTINUOUS

As a Sniper on the struts, targets another Secret Serviceman, we see his eyes through the RED LENSES, then CUT TO--

SNIPERS POV: all Halcyon Operatives are wearing INFRARED STROBES in their breast pockets to mark them as 'friendlies'.

EXT. TOP OF THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Will wait for SECOND HELICOPTER to thunder past--

CHRIS-- lays on top of a car, ready to drill anything that moves. Covering for Will, who sprints down the embankment.

A Halcyon Operative turns, about to shoot Will, when Chris' bullet drills him through the neck. Will dives on him-- snatches the Red glasses. Soon as he puts them on we CUT TO--

WILL'S POV-- immediately able to see the INFRARED STROBES. Now it's easy to separate the good guys from bad guys.

ON WILL-- pockets the STROBE, about the size of a pen, then scans for ANOTHER STROBE. Sees one blinking under a car-- ten feet away. He lays down and FIRES at--

A HALCYON OPERATIVE'S FOOT! Dropping him. Will is waiting. Fires twice-- into the Operatives mouth. Will's already rolling under the car-- towards the corpse, strips the RED GLASSES and STROBE. Then duck-runs back to--

CHRIS-- who pockets the strobe. Dons the glasses. Leapfrogs past Will, and runs towards The Beast.

INT. SECRET SERVICE OPERATIONS COMMAND - D.C. - CONTINUOUS

The set-up is similar to CIA's Operations Command. The logo on the wall is different; the egos are the same. And this is bad as it's ever been in here, watching LIVE SATELLITE FEEDS:

GOD'S POV-- looking down on the EIGHT REMAINING SECRET SERVICEMEN fighting to save the President.

TECHS key on TWO MEN sneaking up on the rear of the Beast (Chris and Will). Miraculously, they don't get shot by any of the attackers. Instead, they coldly gun down TWO HALCYON Operatives, as we SMASHCUT TO--

EXT. THE BEAST - SAME MOMENT

-- TWO SECRET SERVICEMEN watching Chris and Will do it, then pause behind a car, drop their strobes near a CORPSE, and duck-run over, diving beside the stunned SERVICEMEN--

WILL

We have a way out for the President!

SERVICEMAN #1

Who the fuck are you?!!

WILL

CIA GS-12's with medals you've never even heard of, so shut up and listen!

SERVICEMAN #2

Give me your authentication codes!

Chris stands up-- drills a bullet through a Halcyon Operatives head-- takes a bullet in the chest. Drops back.

CHRIS

Good enough?

WILL

You got, maybe, thirty seconds 'til you're overrun. Either Ross dies then, or you let us into the vehicle now!

INT. THE BEAST - DAY

Stunned Serviceman #2 throws a hand sign. Head of Detail opens the window. Chris dives in, immediately, he's got his gun pointed at Ross' head-- Head of Detail has his gun on Chris-- Will, through the window, aims at Head of Detail.

CHRIS

See my face? See his face? You've been warned about us?

PRESIDENT ROSS

Yes.

CHRIS
If Eliot was telling the truth,
you'd be dead right now. We got one
shot at getting out of this. Wanna
try or you wanna die?

INT. SECRET SERVICE OPERATIONS COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is desperate for any good news--

SATELLITE TECHNICIAN
SIR! Who's that?

ONSCREEN: a WOMAN assembles a RIFLE on a rooftop near the
location of the BARRAGE JAMMER. As they ZOOM IN, we CUT TO--

EXT. TOP OF A BUILDING - DAY

-- Erika, blood running down her face, aiming the TAC-50
SNIPER RIFLE. Six feet long. She marks her target carefully.
As she FIRES, we CUT BACK TO--

INT. SECRET SERVICE OPERATIONS COMMAND - DAY

-- the IMAGE OF ERIKA FIRING. Nearby-- the Barrage Jammer
disintegrates! The OVERLAY suddenly shows the jammer die.

Immediately, RADIO CHATTER FILLS THE AIR!

TECHNICIAN #2
*Line of sight radios are up! Phones
and routers are still down.*

They watch Erika-- yank SOMETHING out of the POSTER CARRIER--
She holds over her head. Techs ZOOM IN to read the SIGN:

*'Origin of netbot attack/location of CIA Tier 1 Target Yuri
Povlovsky: 46° 12' 0 N, 6° 9' 0 E.'*

SECRET SERVICE LEADER
*Shift the satellite, and vector a
strike team to that location--*

TECHNICIAN #4
-- sir! They're moving POTUS!

ALL EYES SPIN TO THE OTHER TOP DOWN IMAGE:

watching the remaining SIX SECRET SERVICEMEN surround the
Beast, covering THE PRESIDENT. They form a protective bubble,
then run him towards the REMAINING SUBURBAN.

THREE SECRET SERVICEMEN get shot on the way, but they get the President into the suburban. Slam the doors. The vehicle guns straight up the embankment. Looks like they might make it. Until a STINGER streaks in and BOOOMMM!!!!

The Suburban, with the President inside, blows sky high! Suddenly, you could hear a pin drop.

EXT. SECOND HELICOPTER - DAY

The Sniper looks down on the carnage as we CUT TO--

SNIPER POV: the only soldiers moving are all wearing STROBES, running into the Halcyon Suburbans. He looks around-- POLICE, now able to communicate, are hauling towards the battle zone.

INT. GOVERNMENT SUV - MOBILE COMMAND HUB - DAY

Eliot on a laptop, REWINDS SATELLITE FOOTAGE, WATCHING AGAIN:

The moment the Suburban bearing the President BLOWS-- he sees THREE MEN DIVE FROM WITHIN THE BEAST-- they snatch the infrared beacons (the ones Chris and Will placed under the nearby car) and slip them into their pockets.

ELIOT
(into mic)
The President is alive.

Fast forwards the footage-- to the direction they drove off.

ELIOT
They're trying to get him to the Abelard Sanctuary. Walker, pack it up and have all units collapse on the four entries--

INT. GOVERNMENT SUBURBAN - DAY

-- Will driving, Chris is holding his rifle, eyes panning for threats. And in the backseat--

PRESIDENT ROSS

-- is dressed like a Counter Assault Team Member, holding an M-5 Rifle. All three are wearing the infrared strobe in their pockets and the Red Sunglasses.

PRESIDENT ROSS
How can you be sure it's Eliot?

CHRIS

Cross reference the identities of the corpses back there with a CIA program codenamed Halcyon.

WILL

No matter what they tell you, it exists. We're part of it.

IN THE INTERSECTION AHEAD OF THEM

Second Helicopter drops in below building level-- the snipers start FIRING-- their bullets spiderweb the window.

Will leans down below the dash, floors it-- the Helicopter has to rise, but before Chris and Will are clear--

A HALCYON SUBURBAN-- rockets out and T-BONES THEM!

Chris-- ears ringing, blinks his wits back as Will grabs President Ross-- dives out with him--

WILL

CHRIS! COVER ME!

-- Chris doesn't have to think-- already laying down cover fire from the open door-- as Will shuttle runs Ross into--

EXT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Filled with DUMPSTERS and ALCOVES-- Chris stays in front of Ross, Will behind--

CHRIS

Closest entry is two more blocks!

EXT. THE ABELARD SANCTUARY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

An empty MAIL CENTER. Post Office Boxes line the walls. PAN OVER TO SEE-- Chris, Will and Ross running TOWARDS CAMERA.

Behind them, more Halcyon Operatives arrive, EIGHT TOTAL OPEN FIRE! Chris and Will take SHOTS TO THE BACK and HEAD but the body armor and helmets do the job.

ON CHRIS-- peeling off, buries himself in an ALCOVE--

CHRIS

Keep going!!

-- he reloads fast as a magician, starts firing back the way he came. Will and Ross keep running, only a block from the Mail Drop/Store Front now. Chris' cover fire is precise--

-- DROPPING TWO HALCYON OPERATIVES. With all their enemies behind them-- they've got a shot at getting Ross into the Sanctuary--

UNTIL TWO MORE HALCYON SUBURBANS SKID around the corner--

-- and stop right in front of the Mail Drop/Abelard Entry. SIX MORE OPERATIVES jump out and open fire-- along with--

ELIOT. He looks at--

WILL-- who throws Ross behind a DUMPSTER. CHRIS catches up, but gets shot in the arm as he and dives beside Ross. All taking cover between two dumpsters. A half a block from the Sanctuary, but on the wrong side of the alley. Surrounded.

CHRIS
Count to five--

Before Will can protest, Chris sandwiches himself into the space behind the dumpster and the building wall-- gun out in front of him, sliding towards Eliot's position.

WILL
(to Ross, fast)
*You'll see stairs inside. Go down.
Find the camera. Say 'Abelard'.*

TEN FEET AHEAD - OTHER SIDE OF THE DUMPSTER

Chris slips out. Got the drop on Two Halcyon Operatives, blasts them with headshots! Closing the gap so no one can fire without hitting friendlies. Now it's hand-to-hand-- and Chris, the best in the world, demolishes ONE-- TWO-- THREE HALCYON OPERATIVES.

A superhuman monster, taking out a lifetime of rage, his hands blur, too fast for film. FIVE HALCYON OPERATIVES lay into him as a unit. No one is that good. Chris takes blow after blow. Trying to keep them from hitting him with a Sde-Or killing strike. Clearly Sacrificing himself for--

WILL AND ROSS

Running out-- Will is firing forwards-- Ross is hosing bullets behind them. Halfway across the alley-- Will gets shot in the thigh-- blood spurts-- he stumbles, but they make it into the alcove-- Will kicks the door in, sees a STAIRWELL leading down. Throws Ross towards it--

EXT. THE ALLEY - DAY

-- then runs back out right as--

CHRIS gets locked up by an OPERATIVE-- just long enough for BUTES palms to flash into Chris ribs! The sickening sound. We know what it means. Still, Chris fights on. Won't quit--

Will becomes a God-- someone shoots him, he doesn't even feel it. Nothing can stop him from getting to Chris-- who falls to his knees, spitting bubbles of red froth. Can't breathe.

BUTES AND TALL HALCYON OPERATIVE

Move on Will, who's bleeding profusely, but it doesn't matter. Blocking punches, Will takes a glancing blow on purpose, to get inside and snatch Tall Operative's throat. Collapses it, then it's just Butes--

-- who kicks Will's knee. Will's tendons shred; knee turns to rubber, but Will is already ripping his palms out into Butes kidney. Gaining the advantage, Will, all he's got left, wraps Butes by the neck. Like cracking a whip-- snaps Butes' neck.

Chris, with indomitable willpower; red froth burbling from his mouth-- crawls forward-- crawling towards--

ELIOT, who strides into the Mail Drop/Abelard Entry.

THE LAST TWO HALCYON OPERATIVES stay way back from Will and Chris. Making sure they can't get to Eliot. Chris and Will are out of moves. Will, unable to stand, lays his body over Chris-- trying to shield him--

-- as the Last Two Halcyon Operatives aim their guns to finish Chris and Will-- both Halcyon Operatives are suddenly thrown back ten feet by the POWER of TAC-50 BULLETS!

EXT. A CAR NEARBY - DAY

Erika, TAC-50 laid on the hood, drops the gun, and runs towards Chris and Will.

ON CHRIS

Red froth bubbles down his face, commingling with the blood draining from Will. Chris claws at a TALK BOX from a dead operative. Will, eyes fluttering, about to pass out from loss of blood, fights to maintain consciousness. He manages to grab the Talk Box-- puts it in Chris' ear--

CHRIS

Eliot-- did you-- ever even meet
our dads?

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS - GENEVA ABELARD SANCTUARY - DAY

Eliot strides towards a CAMERA--

ELIOT
I'm sorry, Christopher, I didn't.

EXT. THE ALLEY - DAY

Erika runs up. Quick examination of Chris and Will, she tears her sleeve off, makes a tourniquet for Will's leg.

WILL
(passing out)
Eliot's-- in there--

ERIKA
What's your access code? I'm
Mossad, Will. I don't have one.

Will weakly shakes his head--

WILL
Won't work--

Chris can't talk anymore. Fading fast. SIRENS are getting close. Erika kneels beside him.

ERIKA
Christopher. Swiss Police got to
Yuri Povlovsky in time. His family
was with him. They're all safe.

Will grabs Chris' hand-- tries to smile through his tears.

WILL
-- after all that-- you saved them--
with a sharpie.

And for the very first time in a very hard life, a look of peace takes hold on Christopher Kilmoonie's face. He dies right there in his brother's arms. Erika drag-carries Will towards one of the MERCEDES. She gets him inside.

As she drives them away, we CUT TO--

INT. THE ABELARD SANCTUARY - GENEVA - DAY

-- very different from the Harbin Abelard Sanctuary. TWO PRIM SWISS MEN stand in a white, tech-heavy room-- *with the President of the United States*. Eliot enters. Ross reacts--

PRESIDENT ROSS
Arrest him.

SWISS MAN #1
Apologies Mr. President; we cannot.
But you will not be harmed here.

PRESIDENT ROSS
Where are we?

ELIOT
(goads him)
That's classified.

Ross tries to punch Eliot. Doesn't even get close. Eliot snatches Ross' arm in a finger lock, smashes his head against a table. *Eliot's still got his covert operative skills.*

He releases Ross before the Two Swiss Men have to intervene.

ELIOT
You ready to be civilized, Harry?

A pause. Ross' polish is gone. He's raw.

PRESIDENT ROSS
You gonna spin me? Tell me this is
about stability you sonofabitch?

On the side of his face, where Eliot smashed his head on the table, Ross has a BAND-AID on. Odd. He didn't have it before.

ELIOT
Harry-- what are the two things
Americans need to motivate them out
of their cushy existence?

Ross just stares back, not going to play the game.

ELIOT
Enemies. And heroes. I attempted to
give them both with one fell swoop.

For Eliot, everything is an equation for the greater good, and this is far more of a briefing than a justification.

ELIOT
The Mercury Initiative is a pipe
dream. It has zero chance of
affecting any significant change--

Eliot drops the bomb--

ELIOT
 -- unless you die for it. And
 America believes Russia, and big
 oil, are responsible.

There's our answer. Ross starts sweating.

ELIOT
 JFK was an atrocious President, but
 after his assassination, everyone
 whitewashed his image and waltzed
 his agenda through Congress. It was
 only after Martin Luther King was
 killed that Civil Rights became an
 American cause. Give us an enemy to
 vanquish, and a martyr who dies for
 something we believe in, then watch
 America get to work.

Ross suddenly sits. Feels his face-- the BAND-AID. Tears it
 off-- looks at it. A TINY CAPSULE has been smashed, leaving
 an INKY GREEN RESIDUE on the inside pad.

ELIOT
 Ten years from now, we'll no longer
 fear the demise of our empire. All
 for one life.

ROSS
 What'd you do to me?

The Two Swiss Men realize what happened-- too late. As they
 rip their guns up, Eliot punches his palm into Swiss Man #1's
 nose while kneecapping Swiss Man #2. As Swiss Man #2 falls,
 Eliot drives his knee up into his face, then grabs Swiss Man
 #1 by the head and smashes it into the wall.

ELIOT
 I'm a patriot, Harry. Killing you
 was the easiest decision I've ever
 made.

Ross can't breathe; choking. Dying. Eliot walks out--

INT. AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - ABELARD SANCTUARY - DAY

-- Eliot, striding towards a BANK OF TEN MONITORS, showing
 everything outside the sanctuary, and everything outside the
 FOUR EXITS. As he walks towards one of them, we DISSOLVE TO--

MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES - NEWS REPORTS--

- VICE PRESIDENT LEPAGE takes the oath of office

- *HEADLINE: 'A WORLD IN MOURNING'*
- *PRESIDENT ROSS' STATE FUNERAL*
- *Newly anointed PRESIDENT LEPAGE gives the eulogy*

PRESIDENT LEPAGE

His name shall now be spoken in the same breath as Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. Harry Ross stood not just for the most noble ideals of America, but for the most noble ideals of the human race.

- *NEWS REPORTS show CONGRESS congratulating themselves.*
- *HEADLINE: HARRY ROSS ENERGY PROGRAM sails through Congress'*

INT. DIRECTOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Director Anderson's sitting at his desk. Mason enters.

MASON

William Roosevelt contacted me two days ago. He filled in the gaps.

Hands the Director a SEALED FILE--

MASON

There were never any other teams. Every lead we were following was internally generated by Eliot.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Any clues to his whereabouts?

MASON

Word is Mr. Roosevelt is working in conjunction with all Abelard Signatories to track him down.

The two of them look at each other. Then the FILE.

MASON

Is there any *other* proof Russia had nothing to do with it?

MASON

Tim Walker. But he won't be talking. Ever.

(points to Sealed File)

I made sure that's the only copy.

DIRECTOR ANDERSON

Burn it.

EXT. A TROPICAL ISLAND - NIGHT

Exotic vegetation. Boats and buildings are Asian with Buddhist influences. FIVE BLACK SHAPES run below a PIER.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An ocean breeze flits the shears. In the darkness, ELIOT opens his eyes. SOMEONE is in the room with him.

ELIOT
I knew they'd find me eventually--

REVEAL WILL-- on top of Eliot instantly. Eliot tries to fight, but his resistance simply thicken his veins. An easy target for the syringe. After a few seconds, Eliot relaxes.

ELIOT
Feels like-- Tetrodotoxin?

Will is robotic. Whatever pleasure he thought he'd get isn't there. Paralyzed; Eliot can barely move his lips.

ELIOT
I'm glad it's you who came.

Eliot searches Will's face for a trace of emotion. A connection of any kind with the man he raised. He finds none.

WILL
Theodore Eliot. You have been adjudicated as an Abelard Violator. You have no viable defense.

ELIOT
I'm so sorry, William. But the needs of my country have always outweighed my love for you.

Will pulls Eliot's shirt open--

WILL
The only thing Chris ever cared about was your approval. He was just a kid. And you destroyed him.

-- revealing the JAGGED SCAR over Eliot's heart.

WILL
Do you remember what you told him about this? Or did you lie about that, too?

ELIOT
It wasn't a lie.

Will pulls out a pair of headphones. Places them on Eliot's head. Then pulls out an IPOD. THE ICON SHOWS:

'The Rolling Stones' -- 'Paint it, Black'.

He doesn't show Eliot the screen. He doesn't need to.

WILL
My brother believed that there are
limits to the things that can be
forgiven--

ELIOT
-- not if your intention is to save
more lives than are sacrificed.

Will draws his KNIFE.

WILL
I don't know the answer. But you're
about to find out.

As his finger moves to hit PLAY, he looks down at Eliot, who looks back. For the first time, we see fear on Eliot's face.

ELIOT
William. Please don't play it.

Only in this moment, does Will's facade drop. He cracks. Emotional. As he decides Eliot's fate, we FADE OUT.

- THE END -