

GRAY MAN

Screenplay by
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Based on the book by
Mark Greaney

New Regency
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War has taught me that each one of us contains every ingredient of the human recipe. The only question is how much of each attribute we allow- or force- to dominate our being.

- Eric L. Haney, founding member of Delta Force

The difference between a good man and a bad one is the choice of cause.

-William James

A BLACK SCREEN-- BRIGHTENING-- to TRANSLUCENT GRAY as--

- THE TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS -

-FOCUS SHARPENS-- looking at a LATEX GLOVE in EXTREME CLOSE UP-- stretched taught-- then SNAPPING-- over a MAN'S HAND.

-An unusual FUNNEL-SHAPED SCOPE. Gloved finger on a TRIGGER.

-SCOPE POV-- ZOOMING over the THAMES. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER-- BIG BEN on the left. Green trees. Summertime in **LONDON**.

-CROSSHAIRS ZOOM IN ON-- A FANCY BUILDING, as we CUT INSIDE--

INT. A FANCY OFFICE - DAY

-- fit for a British Lord. PAINTINGS of horses and hounds. SIR DONALD FITZROY (60's) a bulky, monument of a man, reads BLUEPRINTS: written in ARABIC. Flips the page to reveal-- a NUCLEAR LOGO drawn over a huge POWER PLANT.

INT. SCOPE POV - APARTMENT - DAY

CROSSHAIRS bullseye the back of FITZROY'S HEAD. As if sensing he's being watched, Fitzroy turns. Eyes looking into us-- as if challenging the shooter until-- TWO GIRLS (both 8, one cheerful, one serious) enter. Charging into his open arms.

GIRLS (O.S. FILTERED)

Grandad!

FITZROY (O.S. FILTERED)

You're a moment late, girls. Big Bird and Snuffleupagus just left.

The Girls are too old for the joke. The cheerful one laughs anyway. Their MOM (30) enters. Pecks Fitzroy's cheek--

MOM (O.S. FILTERED)

Hello, pop--

BEHIND THE SHOOTER-- looking up from the scope. Can't see his face, just his BODY in a WINDOW REFLECTION. Swift moving clouds clear; brightening his reflection. Grows FUZZY as we--

- END TITLE SEQUENCE: GRAY MAN -

INT. A DARK CONFINED SPACE - DAY

Calm, controlled breathing. Can't see a thing, but someone's in here-- very close. A CURSOR sweeps the screen:

- **AL HASAKAH, EASTERN SYRIA** -

BEARDED MAN (30's), feral; not to be fucked with, flicks open a HANDHELD SCREEN, the ghostly light reveals he's--

INSIDE A METAL CYLINDER

Five-feet high. Three-feet across. As if sealed inside an OIL DRUM standing on end. Seeing him stuffed in here should freak us out, like being buried alive. Bearded Man is unaffected. Wearing a jumpsuit, military gear. SWEAT drips off his face--

-- POOLING on the floor of the cylinder. SALT CRYSTALS on the edges. He's been in here for a long time. Waiting. Watching--

HIS SCREEN SHOWS: *a live camera-feed of a POWER PLANT ROOM.*

No windows. Crawling with WORKERS. HUGE MACHINES marked with NUCLEAR WARNING DECALS. Suddenly--

-- *TEN SYRIAN SOLDIERS* march into the room. Waving all WORKERS out, conducting a security sweep.

BEARDED MAN-- tenses. Stretches. As he does it, we notice for the first time, he appears to be floating. His ass hovers three inches off the bottom of the cylinder. He's got a HARNESS around his waist. TAUGHT ROPE stretches to the roof.

BACK ON HIS SCREEN: *Syrian Soldiers line the entry, salute as-- TWO SYRIAN GENERALS, ENGINEERS, and a NIGERIAN EXECUTIVE enter. Some kind of inspection.*

BEARDED MAN snaps his screen shut. Grabs the floor of the cylinder, picks it up, as if lifting a manhole cover. Light floods in from below. We finally get a good at his tiny room.

He's not trapped in some oil drum. He's crunched at the very top of a VERTICAL SHAFT. METAL LADDER, running down the side, descends THREE STORIES straight down. His ROPE is clipped to the very TOP RUNG of the ladder, right next to the ceiling.

NOTE: *the idea is that he's created a false floor below him. Anyone that looked up the shaft from below would never notice the 'ceiling' was three feet lower than it should be. An 'Inside Man' illusion to create his tiny hideout.*

Bearded Man drops, rope running through a gloved hand.

STRAIGHT DOWN ONE STORY. Stops in front of the FIRST EXIT--

-- looking out at the POWER PLANT ROOM he's been watching. The SYRIAN GENERALS, and the NIGERIAN EXECUTIVE (same men from the screen) are standing ten feet in front of him.

Bearded Man, zero emotion, fast, aims a GUN. FIRES TWICE--

-- BOTH BULLETS find their mark-- right through Nigerian Executives NECK! Esophagus, spinal cord blows out behind him!

Bearded Man, a well oiled machine, detaches his rope, clips it to the ladder rung right next to him, then leap-climbs up.

TWO SYRIAN SOLDIERS SPRINT TOWARDS THE LADDER SHAFT ENTRY--

-- guns out. YELLING IN ARABIC. They see THE ROPE, clipped to a rung. Rope snakes down two stories below. They look up.

No one there. Bearded Man has his false floor back in place.

-- SOLDIERS grab the rope. As they slide down, we RISE UP THE CYLINDER, PUSHING THROUGH THE FALSE BOTTOM--

BACK INSIDE THE DARK CONFINED SPACE

Bearded Man is shockingly calm as he dons a RADIATION SUIT. Hard to do in here, but he's practiced. Zips it up. Before pulling the MASK ON, he grabs a REMOTE DETONATOR--

INT. A VENTILATION SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

-- a SMALL CHARGE attached to the side, POPS! A MIST OF SOMETHING gets sucked through a grate as we CUT TO--

INT. WALL NEXT TO VENTILATION GRATE - CONTINUOUS

-- a NEEDLE ON A GEIGER COUNTER spiking, triggering RADIATION ALARMS. Warning KLAXONS SOUND as we CUT TO--

INT. PARKING LOT - DAY

-- SYRIAN WORKERS streaming out the front. MEN IN RADIATION SUITS, hurry in. Directing the evacuation. CLOSE ON ONE MAN leaving-- wearing a MASK. We recognize the eyes of BEARDED MAN as he strolls out the front exit, and we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ESTABLISHING - WIDE TROPICAL BOULEVARD - DAY

-- MILITARY JEEPS escorting TWO RANGE ROVERS through--

- ABUJA, NIGERIA -

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

BRITISH EXECUTIVE and FRENCH EXECUTIVE flank MARIE LAURENT (60's). Regal. Unflappable. Definitely the boss.

BRITISH EXECUTIVE
Nigeria's constitution is clear on
succession.

(MORE)

BRITISH EXECUTIVE (cont'd)
 If the President-elect dies before
 assuming office, his Prime Minister
 must be confirmed by Congress
 before being sworn in--

Driving towards PRESS and MOURNERS gathered around a MILITARY GATE. Driver hits a button. Shades roll up for all windows, shielding them from prying eyes and flashbulbs.

THE GATES OPEN, they don't slow, roaring into the THREE ARMS DISTRICT. Home to Nigeria's Congress, the Supreme Court, and--

EXT. THE DEFENSE MINISTRY - DAY

-- SOLDIERS open the Range Rover doors for them. MR. FELIX (40's) handsome and sharp, waits for Madame Laurent.

FRENCH EXECUTIVE
 Madame Laurent, this is Mr. Felix--
 the Prime Minister's Intelligence
 Advisor.

She extend a hand. They shake. No warmth from either one.

MR. FELIX
 Thank you for flying down on such
 short notice.

INT. DEFENSE MINISTRY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Madame Laurent and her Execs sit in a gaudy GOLD room. Mr. Felix, flanked by TWO GENERALS, controls a PLASMA SCREEN--

MR. FELIX
 Eastern Syria. Twenty hours ago.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: *different ANGLES than before-- show the NIGERIAN EXECUTIVE and SYRIAN GENERALS enter the power plant--*

MR. FELIX
 You can see the President-elect
 there, touring Syria's first
 nuclear power plant. The facility
 is guarded by five hundred soldiers
 and state of the art security--

-- a FLASH as Bearded Man's HANDGUN spits two bullets. IMAGE FREEZES: a shadow of Bearded Man in the ladder well.

MR. FELIX
 -- his killer is a contract
 assassin codenamed 'Gray Man'. He
 is considered the world's most
 accomplished singleton operator.

MADAME LAURENT

Identifying an assassin is usually the hardest part. How can you be certain that is the Gray Man?

MR. FELIX

Three weeks ago, paid informants in two separate Intelligence services revealed that the Gray Man accepted a contract to kill him.

MADAME LAURENT

And you still let him go to Syria?

GENERAL #1

The visit was top-secret, and the facility was exceptionally secure.

Mr. Felix hits a button. A NEW WINDOW OPENS-- Surveillance footage appears: *CONSTRUCTION WORKERS IN A HALLWAY-- TWO SEPARATE ANGLES, one coming, one going--*

MR. FELIX

The only lapse occurred three days prior to the assassination--

TWO BIRDS suddenly appear from behind the men, can't see where they came from, but both birds fly right towards the CAMERAS, flapping in front of them, pecking the lens.

MR. FELIX

-- there is a crawl space in the roof between the two cameras--

Seconds later, GUARDS ENTER, from both doors, shoo them away--

MR. FELIX

We think he made a feeder from a video camera to train the birds, then holed up somewhere inside.

FRENCH EXECUTIVE

And the escape?

MR. FELIX

Used a Cesium isotope, just enough to trigger the facility's radiation alarms. Probably stolen from a hospital X-ray machine--

Doors open. SECRETARY enters, addresses Madame Laurent--

SECRETARY

The Prime Minister's ready for you--

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

-- Madame Laurent is escorted in. ISAAC ABUBAKER (40's) stands with his back to her, staring at his brother's COFFIN, draped with a NIGERIAN FLAG. A PHOTO OF NIGERIAN EXECUTIVE AKA JULIUS ABUBAKER (50's) in military regalia on top.

Though Isaac Abubaker clearly hasn't slept, he still emanates a polished, magnetic warmth. Doesn't turn or look up--

ISAAC ABUBAKER

-- Madame Laurent, when you need advice, whom do you ask?

MADAME LAURENT

My father. He is well-versed in the burdens of running a conglomerate.

ISAAC ABUBAKER

And once he passes away?

MADAME LAURENT

It will get very lonely.

ISAAC ABUBAKER

My brother was the only person I ever trusted.

MADAME LAURENT

Do you have any idea who may have orchestrated his assassination?

ISAAC ABUBAKER

(finally looks up)

The Central Intelligence Agency. Julius was secretly negotiating to supply Syria with Uranium. CIA warned him repeatedly not to do it.

MADAME LAURENT

So they kill him, then give you the option to cancel the deal?

(he nods)

Isaac, you didn't ask me to drop everything and fly down here for a pep talk. What do you want?

ISAAC ABUBAKER

I was not elected by the people but selected by my brother. Right now, my only qualification is my DNA.

MADAME LAURENT

You're on the hunt for legitimacy?

He nods, waves for her to follow him-- DOWN A HALLWAY--

ISAAC ABUBAKER
To get it, I will need you to hunt
down the man who killed my brother.

MADAME LAURENT
We are not in the revenge business.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
This is not some negre ritual.

-- GUARDS flank a PRIVATE ELEVATOR. They enter. Doors close.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
Personally, I'd like to go after
the CIA Officer who organized it.
Politically, that's a non-starter.
I can't take credit without
painting a bullseye on my forehead,
and most Nigerians will find little
honor in me killing some doughy
suit who works in a cubicle.

BING! DOORS OPEN-- they enter NIGERIA'S version of the OVAL OFFICE. His TEAM sees both of them, and scatter.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
At my confirmation, if I announce I
have avenged a Nigerian hero by
hunting down and killing CIA's best
assassin, I go from pretender to
Presidential with one speech.

He sits at his desk. Waves for her to sit across from him.

MADAME LAURENT
Quid pro quo if I were to deliver?

ISAAC ABUBAKER
You keep what you've already got.

She's surprised, underestimated him-- and he knows it.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
The moment I go public with CIA's
plot, *every* Western company in
Nigeria becomes radioactive. None
more than LaurentGroup, our most
visible multi-national. My hearing
is in seven days.

(MORE)

ISAAC ABUBAKER (cont'd)
Bring me conclusive proof of the
Gray Man's identity and death
before then, I'll spin the story
into something that allows you to
retain your natural resource
concessions.

Everything's done with deliberate, sugar-coated charisma.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
Fail, Congress gets the unvarnished
truth, and I will have no choice
but to void six billion Euros of
LaurentGroup contracts and award
them to a *non-Western* partner.

MADAME LAURENT
Do that, and I will reunite you
with your brother.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
For what purpose? Revenge?

MADAME LAURENT
You're a cheeky bastard.

ISAAC ABUBAKER
And a gambler, and an optimist, and
I will have my pound of flesh. I
know the capabilities of your Risk
Management Operation, specifically
Mr. Reigel. If any devil can
deliver for you, it's him.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - DAY

Passing over the EIFFEL TOWER, the ARC DE TRIUMPH-- away from
the sexy part of **PARIS**-- towards the LA DEFENSE DISTRICT.

MADAME LAURENT (O.S.)
This is a simple business decision;
lose billions-- or kill one man.

INT. POSH OFFICE - COMMERCIAL HIGH-RISE - DAY

KURT REIGEL (40's) a tall, blonde, strongly built German is
on the phone. Easy on the eyes, but hard to look at.
Something about him elicits a skin-prickling danger. His
office is stocked with the HEADS OF ENDANGERED SPECIES--

MADAME LAURENT (O.S.)
I want a full partition between
intelligence and operations, Mr.
Reigel. No links to LaurentGroup.

REIGEL

We'll have to locate, and co-opt
his handler. Doing that quickly can
be a dirty business.

MADAME LAURENT (O.S.)

Whatever it takes.

REIGEL

Understood.

MADAME LAURENT (O.S.)

You have seven days to kill a
ghost.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - DAY

AN OLD LANDCRUISER barrels down a dirt road, surrounded by
hills of dusty, baked-beige nothingness found in--

- NORTHWESTERN IRAQ, 30 MILES FROM THE SYRIAN BORDER -

INT. LANDCRUISER - DAY

Bearded Man, AKA the GRAY MAN drives. Real name, known to
only a few people on earth is COURT GENTRY. He's shifting his
focus between the road ahead-- and a FIELD OF DATE PALMS with
a WALL OF BLACK SMOKE nearby. Keeps driving. Not his problem.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

TRUCKLOADS of battle-hardened AL QAEDA FIGHTERS, race towards
the DATE PALMS. The WALL OF SMOKE AND FIRE a kilometer ahead.

INT. MUD HUT - DAY

PRIVATE PHILLIPS (19) peeks out at source of the SMOKE: A
DOWNED U.S. ARMY CHINOOK HELICOPTER. Sees Al Qaeda arrive.

Blood seeps from Phillips leg; foot bent out at the wrong
angle. Charred uniform reads: 'Mississippi National Guard'.
Holding SERGEANT BAYLIS (23). Awake, but in bad shape. Then
Phillips hears a noise, turns. GUN UP. Aimed at--

-- IRAQI BOY (10), frozen at the door, terrified.

PHILLIPS

What do I do? The fuck do I do?

Phillips makes his choice. Gun drops; BOY instantly takes
flight. Phillips knows he just got both of them killed.

EXT. NEAR THE DATE PALMS - DAY

Ten Al Qaeda surround the TWO AMERICANS as they're dragged, fighting, towards Trucks. Baylis grabs a branch. Holds on. TALL AL QAEDA smashes his rifle butt down on Baylis' temple--

EXT. NEAR A TRUCK - MOMENT LATER

-- the Soldiers are dropped in front of AL QAEDA LEADER. Pink froth foams from Baylis' mouth. Leader reads their uniforms.

LEADER
Private Phillips. Welcome to--

-- *Leader's head snaps to the side, bursting like a grape!*
That's what happens when a BULLET the size of a fucking pineapple juice can hits your skull at a kilometer a second. Another Insurgent takes a bullet that *rips him in half!*

Insurgents drop. Yelling! Motioning towards a HILLTOP; marking the sniper's location as--

EXT. WIDE ON THE VILLAGE - DAY

-- MOST Al QAEDA jump in Toyotas, tear out towards the hill. Baylis and Phillips are tossed into a BLUE TRUCK. This one heads the opposite direction.

EXT. BLUE TRUCK - DAY

Phillips and Baylis in the back bed. TWO AL QAEDA GUARDS jab them with their guns. Pissed about their pals getting waxed. In front, DRIVER and NAVIGATOR crest a rise, slow down for--

A ROADBLOCK AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

Twin posts; sagging chain slung between. TWO BEARDED MILITIA visible. ONE sits on a plastic chair. Leaning against a wall. TWO eats Hummus. Half on the plate, half in his beard.

Driver yells in Arabic. Militia Two moves to lift the chain-- Al Qaeda Guard looks at Militia One-- then his head slips off the wall. Neck snapped. Guard looks back-- at Militia Two--

-- who slams the hummus plate on the windshield with his left hand, blocking the view up front. PISTOL in his right hand--

--PO-POP! Two nearly instantaneous head shots kill both Insurgents in back. Aims back at Driver and Navigator; both freeze. *Operators, in enemy territory can't take prisoners. Even if their hands are up.* PO-POP! He executes them. Nothing morally clean about these killings.

UNDER ONE OF THE CORPSES-- Phillips is covered until it's lifted away. Militia Two is Court. Eyes Phillips' leg while wiping the hummus from his beard. Speaks American English--

COURT
Get in the passenger seat--

Court feels BAYLIS' NECK. Breathing is too shallow, too fast.

PHILLIPS
I'll stay back with Baylis.

COURT
Not a request, kid.

INT. BLUE TOYOTA - MOMENT LATER

Court's driving like a bat out of hell.

PHILLIPS
There might be others.
(Court shakes his head)
How do you know?
(Court doesn't answer)
Because you're the sniper?
(no answer)
You're Special Forces then?

COURT
Enough with the questions.

Phillips sees Baylis: rolling around. Starts to climb back--

COURT
You want to survive, don't climb around with a fractured Tibia. Nick an artery, you're dead, and I'll be spending the next two days evading those shitheads for no reason.

Court checks the REAR VIEW MIRROR. Phillips sees DUST RISING--

PHILLIPS
That's them?
(Court nods)
You got any morphine in your bag?

COURT
You need to stay alert. When we get to those hills, I'm getting out, and you two will go on alone.

PHILLIPS

We got a FOB at Tal-afer. It's
where we were heading when--

COURT

-- I know; can't go there.

PHILLIPS

Why not? They'll give you a medal.

Court's withering look shuts him up.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - SIDE OF THE ROAD - GLOAMING

Court checks Baylis. Yanks a Keffiyah from an insurgent.

COURT

He never had a chance.

(hands him the scarf)

Wrap that around your face.

Court begins to strip Baylis' BODY ARMOR, nothing sentimental
about survival. Phillips falls apart now. Tears and snot.

PHILLIPS

*My fault. Fuck. My fault. I got him
out of the wreck. He was okay--
then this-- kid-- I knew he'd tell--*

Court straps his backpack on. Gathers his weapons.

PHILLIPS

-- what would you have done?

Phillips needs encouragement. Court looks human for a moment.

COURT

Same thing you did.

Phillips nods. Means a lot to a young, scared soldier.

COURT

FOB is due North, fifteen Klicks.
Keep that AK in your lap, mags next
to you. Don't speed. Don't stand
out. Shoot anything you don't like.
Get your mind around that. You're
gonna have to get real nasty to
survive the next half-hour.

PHILLIPS

Yes sir. What about you?

COURT
Already nasty, Private.

Phillip's mouth opens, clear he's going to thank him--

COURT
-- thank me by getting the fuck
home and forgetting my face. Go.

Phillips nods. Floors it, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. POSH OFFICE - PARIS - SUNSET

-- Kurt Reigel, BUZZED through GUARDED DOORS marked 'RISK MANAGEMENT OPERATIONS'. OLDER ANALYST hands Reigel PAGES. Falls into step beside him as Reigel reads--

REIGEL
-- six contacts, and none of them
knew a thing about the operation?

OLDER ANALYST
Either CIA ran it clean for once,
or they didn't do it.

ROUNDING a corner, towards a PLEXIGLAS-WALLED COMMAND HUB. FAT ANALYST passes Reigel a THIN FILE first--

FAT ANALYST
Interpol dossier on the Gray Man--
(then a THICK FILE)
-- and possible identities. Down to
a hundred fifty-two operatives.
(off Reigel's look)
Three years ago, there were nearly
a thousand.

OLDER ANALYST
Realistically, he could be anyone.

REIGEL
Let's keep the myth-building to a
minimum; the probability he got
this good on his own is near zero;
it's safe to assume he was trained
by a Special Operations Unit--

Flips through PHOTOS: *a progression of fit, wiry, men.*

REIGEL
-- which means he's in here. Where
are we on locating his handler?

OLDER ANALYST
We should have the name by tonight--

-- Reigel's focus is pulled through the CLEAR WALLS, into the command hub. TEN TECHNICIANS suddenly abuzz. WALL SCREEN MAPS show 'AL HASAKAH, SYRIA' at the center, and we CUT INSIDE--

INT. THE COMMAND HUB - MINUTE LATER

-- state of the art. You could run the spy service of a small country from here. Reigel hovers over nervous PONYTAIL TECH. Clear from the way he's acting, he's scared of Reigel.

PONYTAIL TECH
Chatter's coming from here; sixty kilometers East of Al Hasakah--

SATELLITE MAP shifts to NORTHWEST IRAQ. Speakers play ARABIC VOICES. Reigel listens carefully--

PONYTAIL TECH
They're saying a Special Forces team killed six of them and saved--

REIGEL
(way ahead of him)
-- foreign militia, Saudi dialect.
Now tracking a singleton operator--

PONYTAIL TECH
-- that's why I flagged it. They've followed one man into a marsh here--

SATELLITE MAPS ZOOM IN ON A MARSH as we CUT TO--

EXT. IRAQ - OVERLOOKING A MARSH - SUNSET

-- FOUR AL QAEDA jumping out of an OLD MERCEDES. MORE stand at the edge, boot-prints leading into THE MARSH--

REIGEL (O.S.)
How long have they been after him?

PONYTAIL TECH (O.S.)
Two hours.

COURT-- watches AL-QAEDA wade across the marsh-- he doubles back, carefully picking his way through REEDS-- then submerges himself. Perfectly still. Can barely see his eyes.

INT. BACK IN REIGEL'S TECH HUB - CONTINUOUS

Reigel points to a spot on the MAP: 'U.S. MARINE FORWARD OPERATING BASE TAL-AFAR'

REIGEL

Marsh is only fourteen kilometers from an FOB; any chatter about US troops engaging?

(Tech shakes his head)

If an American unit lost a man, Marines would've been out in force by now--

OLDER ANALYST

Maybe it wasn't an American team.

REIGEL

Maybe it wasn't a team.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Even though two million people live in the squalid city of--

- **MOSUL, IRAQ-**

-- there can't be more than a handful that like it.

INT. LOUSY CIA OFFICES - MOSUL - NIGHT

Sharp contrast to Reigel's palatial digs. Dirty COFFEE MUGS, a layer of dust. But the office of TRENT ARCHER (30's) a sharp-lookin' Texan with a teak-hard physique-- is spotless.

He's reading an 'INCIDENT REPORT' on the downed helicopter.

INT. CENTCOM OFFICE LOBBY - MOSUL - NIGHT

-- at a metal detector, Archer empties his pockets, WALLET, and a FERRARI RED CELL PHONE (distinctive looking). Swipes his 'CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY' ID. Name: 'TRENT ARCHER'. Heads out into the hot, sweaty night.

EXT. DINGY 1960'S STYLE RESTAURANT - MOSUL - NIGHT

AMERICANS and EUROS relax in a Military Contractor/News Media watering hole. Archer heads towards a bathroom as a well-endowed FRENCH WOMAN in conservative clothes exits, they bump into each other--

ARCHER

Looking mighty fine, Elaine.

(nods to her chest)

You gonna let those midgets out to breathe sometime?

ELAINE

Stuff it, Archer.

He couldn't care less. Especially when he checks his pocket and finds THE FLASHDRIVE she slipped him.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

Court, stock-still, in the exact same spot he was before watches FLASHLIGHTS move around in little clusters. None close. Finally moves for the first time in hours.

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

AL-QAEDA DRIVER-- smokes, looking out over the bog as COURT steps up behind him, KNIFES through the vocal chords. Not silent, like you'd expect, but real. Air hisses out. Sad moans. COURT, covered in wet mud, hops in the drivers seat. Backs down the hill without turning over the engine--

INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - MOSUL - NIGHT

Bustling with activity. Archer pushes past an ARMY DOCTOR--

ARMY DOCTOR
He's just come out of surgery--

ARCHER
Five minutes, doc. May save another soldier's life.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - EVENING

Archer hovers over Private Phillips, hopped up on drugs--

ARCHER
Incident report's been filed, makes your story official; apparently there's a G.I.-lovin' Arab super-soldier running around Iraq.

PHILLIPS
I don't know, man. He had a beard.

ARCHER
But spoke English?

Archer stays friendly, even though his words aren't--

ARCHER
I'm CIA Assistant Station Chief here. Before that, I was liaison to the DOD for wet-work operations during Iraqi Freedom. Renditions, Congressionally deniable actions were my specialty.

Phillips pales. Not in the same class as Archer and knows it.

ARCHER

Every piece of body language you've exhibited tells me you're lying. Before you get Court Marshalled--

PHILLIPS

-- he made it clear he wasn't hot on being tracked.

ARCHER

In case you got captured; Standard Operating Procedure for deniable assets--

PHILLIPS

-- he saved my life.

ARCHER

I respect what you're trying to do, but I got a man missing. His exfil's compromised, and if I don't get to him before those *Saudi Missionaries*, he's gonna die in a bad way.

(Phillips nods, sold)

You said he took off on foot; did you lie about his location?

Phillips shakes his head: no.

ARCHER

How did he act, after he saved you?

PHILLIPS

Real pissed-off. Not about them--

ARCHER

-- about stopping to help you?

Phillips nods. Archer pulls out an IPAD. Slaps the FLASHDRIVE in. A HUNDRED-FIFTY PHOTOS appear (clear the woman gave him Reigel's Interpol file on THE GRAY MAN)--

ARCHER

Look closely at every single one.

PHILLIPS

He's your guy but you don't know what he looks like?

ARCHER

I got four Delta Teams standing by to save his bacon, but I can't get authorization to send 'em based on your word. I need proof you're telling me the truth. ID him, I save your savior. Want to keep jawing, or return the favor?

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Court, driving, sees the LIGHTS BEHIND him. Looks at his watch. Digs in his pack for a ZIPLOCK with a SAT-PHONE, and waits. Only a moment before it rings. Right on time--

FITZROY (O.S.)

-- missed your exfil again, lad.

COURT

Couldn't be helped.

FITZROY

You sure about that?

(no answer)

Man starts breaking his own rules, he usually makes a pattern of it.

COURT

Just confirm the pickup, Confucius.

FITZROY (O.S.)

Simply voicing my concerns, lad.

You get yourself killed; I'll have to put off my retirement for years--

COURT

-- Fitz--

FITZROY (O.S.)

-- secondary extraction protocol; pickup at zero two hundred.

-- Court hangs up on him.

INT. REIGEL'S HELICOPTER - FLYING - NIGHT

Over WATER. Fancy decor, but loud as hell. On HEADPHONES--

FAT ANALYST (O.S. FILTERED)

Our man in Mosul's checking in; asked to talk to you personally.

REIGEL

Who is he?

FAT ANALYST (O.S. FILTERED)

Name is Trent Archer. We've used him before. Intel's been reliable, but this one sounds like a stretch.

(beat)

He wants to know how much you'll pay for CIA Special Activities Division's dossier on the Gray Man.

Reigel's face: are you fucking kidding me?

EXT. MOSUL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Archer runs up the steps of a LEAR JET--

INT. LEAR JET - NIGHT

Archer holds a CIA DOSSIER-- looking at DECADE OLD PHOTOS OF COURT. VIDEO-CONFERENCEING with Reigel, doesn't appear sold.

ARCHER

The Gray Man carries out the hit in Syria. Twenty hour later, a *super* soldier saves the two Americans, refuses to go to their base, even though he's being chased, and disappears like a fuckin' spirit--

-- Archer holds up the PHOTO OF COURT.

ARCHER

Name is Court Gentry. Used to be CIA's best door-kicker. Still the youngest SAD Operator they've ever had. Then--

Archer FLIPS through the FILE: *everything on Court, medical history, dental records, etc.*

ARCHER

-- eight years ago, he cracked. Last act as a soldier was murdering his commanding officer in front of thirty witnesses. When CIA issued a shoot-on-sight directive against him, he disappeared.

REIGEL (ONSCREEN)

Six months later, the Gray Man's name pops up for the first time.

ARCHER

Put it all together, no way it's a coincidence. Not in our world.

REIGEL (ONSCREEN)
For the amount of money we'd be
paying, I need more than theory.

ARCHER
I need more than you're offering,
since I'm gonna help you catch him.

REIGEL (ONSCREEN)
Mr. Archer, we believe CIA hired
the Gray Man for the hit.

ARCHER
No chance. We'd never destabilize
Nigeria right now.
(Reigel doesn't respond)
I've spent ten years working with
SAD. You want Gentry, you need me.

INT. REIGEL'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Archer's on REIGEL'S SCREEN as they come in for landing at
THE LONDON HELIPORT on the Thames--

REIGEL
If CIA finds him first, it's no
good. We need a body.

ARCHER (ONSCREEN)
I kept them in the dark. Both sides
want him dead; I'd rather earn a
nest egg than a pat on the back.

REIGEL
The plane will take you to France.
If your theory's correct, I'll see
you in the morning.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Looking down on the quaint roads of NOTTING HILL, LONDON.

INT. A LOVELY FLAT - NIGHT

Modern, but comfortable. An Architect's taste tempered with
kiddie accoutrements. SIR DONALD FITZROY and his two
FRATERNAL TWIN GRANDDAUGHTERS (*saw them all in the opening
scene*) are making PLAYDOUGH CREATIONS at the kitchen table.

CLAIRE (8), bright as a sunflower, has made a HAPPY BEAR with
a WREATH OF FLOWERS.

EVA (also 8) is the serious one, reflected in her SCOWLING
GIRL KNIGHT riding an ANGRY DRAGON.

Their mom enters: MIRANDA FITZROY (also from the opening), dressed for a date. Intelligent, adorable, an unintentional appeal that attracts the attention of everyone around her.

CLAIRES
You look like a princess, mummy.

MIRANDA
Thank you very much; I borrowed
your Grandad's clothes.

CLAIRES
No you didn't!!

EVA
He only wears suits.

MIRANDA
Come here girls.

Speaks softly, so the girls think they're keeping secrets--

MIRANDA
Remember what I told you?

EVA
Grandad's the oldest thing in
England.

Donald Fitzroy stifles his smirk--

MIRANDA
Exactly. Which means?

CLAIRES
He has to get lots of sleep.

The girls kiss Miranda on the cheeks.

MIRANDA
Now off to bed with you.

Eva and Claire moan and groan, but hurry off.

MIRANDA
Thanks, Pop. Be back by midnight.

FITZROY
Take your time. Hope he's a prince.

We recognize Fitzroy's voice, same man that called Court.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Miranda Fitzroy walks away. FOUR MEN sit in an SUV. Watching.

INT. MIRANDA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Fitzroy's drinking scotch. Doing paperwork. Doorbell RINGS. He heads DOWNSTAIRS. Opens the door to see Kurt Reigel and THREE SUITED MEN facing off with FITZROY'S BODYGUARD.

FITZROY
(no warmth)
Kurt. It's been a long time.

REIGEL
Before you were knighted.

FITZROY
An honorific of gentility; terribly
ill-suited for a man like me.

REIGEL
Thirty years in MI-6 shouldn't go
unrewarded by the Queen. I'm sorry
to track you down at your
daughter's home--

FITZROY
(to his Bodyguard)
-- Clive, wait upstairs, please.
(to Reigel)
We'll go to my office.

REIGEL
Sorry. We need to move quickly.

The Three Suited Men all have GUNS in hand before Clive can react. They handcuff him. Take Fitzroy's phone--

REIGEL
No need for concern. A few minutes
of cooperation will make you
millions. Then we'll be on our way.

INT. MIRANDA'S LIVING ROOM- MINUTE LATER

Reigel sits across from Fitzroy, eyes burning through him. The Suited Men blend into the background. GUNS in hand.

REIGEL
I need to find Court Gentry.

FITZROY

Long time since I've heard that name. What kind of trouble has he gotten into?

REIGEL

You should know. You vet his contracts, supply his logistical needs, assist with intelligence, payment, extraction.

FITZROY

Where did you hear this nonsense?

REIGEL

We know Gentry is the Gray Man. We know you're his handler. We know he stirred up a hornet's nest in Iraq, and now he's on the run. Which means we can end this quickly.

FITZROY

Who told you all of this?

REIGEL

The Nigerians caught a break identifying him, so I put out word I wanted the Gray Man for a job. Had a meeting with one of your cut-outs this afternoon. Ring a bell?

Fitzroy doesn't react. Reigel hands him a FILE--

REIGEL

Threats and force got us up the chain before they could warn you.

-- PHOTOS OF: FOUR BRITISH MEN (young, old, fat, skinny)-- bloodied up, tortured. TODAY'S NEWSPAPER next to all of them.

REIGEL

They haven't seen any faces, so they can be still be released. We are prepared to give you five million pounds in exchange for assistance neutralizing Gentry.

FITZROY

I would never betray one of my own.

REIGEL

I'll sweeten the pot.

FITZROY

The flavor doesn't matter when it
is the stew itself I don't fancy.

REIGEL

Mrs. Fitzroy passed away a couple
years ago, now it's just your
daughter and the twins?

Fitzroy is expertly hiding his rage, fury, and fear.

FITZROY

You so much as give my girls a
start, I'll stuff your bloody
stones down your throat.

REIGEL

Unfortunately for you, this isn't a
two-man dance.

FITZROY

Of course not. You control the
black machinery of a sixty billion
dollar conglomerate--

REIGEL

-- then you understand who you're
really dealing with. LaurentGroup's
revenues outstrip the GDP of most
countries. Any assistance you seek
in her Majesty's government will be
overridden at the highest level--

-- Fitzroy hears a CREAK, the Girls come out --

FITZROY

-- *girls, in your beds now.*
Everything's fine.

Reigel has stepped around a corner. So have HIS MEN. Watching
Fitzroy, but invisible to the TWINS as they plod back to bed.

REIGEL

There are eight men around your
house. Phone lines and security
have been adjusted. Your daughter
and her date are being followed.

FITZROY

Where is my bodyguard?

REIGEL

His life is in your hands. Same as
your cut-outs. Give me Gentry.

(MORE)

REIGEL (cont'd)
 Keep your family safe. Get rich.
 Never have to watch your back. Or.
 Things will get heavy. Fast.

EXT. THE ABANDONED AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Inky blackness. Hearing the low hum of a hulking LOCKHEED L-100 cargo plane. Lights off. Hard to spot. Waiting in--

- NORTHWESTERN IRAQ -

The rear ramp is down, surrounded by FIVE PROFESSIONAL MERCENARIES. Throat mics. Night vision goggles. Body armor.

MERC #1
 Guy's supposed to be hot shit, but can't make his exfil on time?

MERC #2
 If this is Fitzroy's best man, he's the guy who killed Milosevic. Snuck into a U.N. jail and poisoned him.

MERC #3
 I heard he did that job in Kiev.

MERC LEADER
 No way Kiev was a one man OP.
 Twelve man A-Team, minimum.

MERC #3
 Heard it was one guy, too.

A crackle in earpieces. Mercs toggle buttons on chest rigs--

COURT (O.S.)
 T-- sec--d out. Com--g i- hot. --e-
 st corner. Hold y--r fi--.

MERC GREEN NIGHT VISION - POV

-- spinning to mark a LOUSY TRUCK smashing through a fence, moving fast. Shot-to-shit, pluming smoke. No lights.

COURT (O.S.)
 I'm dragging four.

HEADLIGHTS in it's wake. First two sets, then FOUR.

EXT. ON THE TARMAC - MOMENT LATER

Court leaps out. The L-100 is already moving, Mercs stand on the back ramp. Covering Court as he sprints aboard.

THE PLANE PICKS UP SPEED, ACCELERATING. REAR DOOR CLOSES--

INT. REAR CARGO BENCH - NIGHT

Merc Leader kneels by Court, who pulls his helmet off. Sweat streams from his filthy beard. Can hardly lift his body.

MERC LEADER

You hurt?

COURT

I'm good.

MERC LEADER

Once in Turkey, we'll take you to a safehouse and watch your back until Fitzroy can arrange a pickup.

COURT

I appreciate it.

The other FOUR MERCS stare at Court. Trying to reconcile this normal-sized guy with his superhuman reputation.

INT. MIRANDA FITZROY'S FLAT - NIGHT

PILOT'S RADIO CHATTER coming from Fitzroy's LAPTOP. A SAT PHONE ready. It chirps. Reigel watches.

FITZROY

Standstill. How copy, Fullcourt?

MERC LEADER (O.S.)

Five-by-five Standstill. We have the package and are wheels up.

FITZROY

Understood. Status of package?

INTERCUT WITH PLANE AS NECESSARY

MERC LEADER

Looks like shit, sir.

FITZROY

Wait one.

Weight of the world as Fitzroy makes his choice--

FITZROY

Fullcourt, there has been a change in the operation. Cancel delivery.

MERC LEADER

Negative, Standstill. We can't return. Airfield is too hot.

FITZROY

Not what I mean. I need you to destroy the package.

INT. BACK COMPARTMENT - MINUTE LATER

Merc Leader, eyes Court in the back, snoozing. Merc Leader holds up two fingers to his men. All switch to CHANNEL TWO.

ON COURT

Sees Merc Leader. Standing outside the cockpit. Other Mercs have shifted positions. Reads their faces. Not decompressing.

COURT

Whatever you're all thinking--

-- weapons snap up. Court's reaction is instant. As Merc Leader FIRES, Court's already pushing off, diving towards a PALLET OF GEAR-- but a BULLET rips into his thigh!

BEHIND THE PALLET--- Court doesn't pause at all, just keeps running past it-- BLASTS Merc #2 in the face. One down.

Mercs open fire as Court spins back behind the pallet. HOLES IN THE FUSELAGE begin to SCREAM as pressurized air squeezes out, ripping metal. Each hole growing larger by the second.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

PILOTS hear the GUNFIRE, see the pressure gauges spinning. Shove their yokes in, sending the plane into a steep dive.

INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Holes still expanding; but pressure drops as the plane dives. Now a weightless environment. Court slams up against the roof, tumbles along it, towards the rear ramp, now the highest point in the cargo compartment.

MERC #3 AND #4-- floating in the air, fire up--

-- COURT, reels as two bullets stitch across his chest plate. Force of the impact knocks him back. Upside down; marks Merc #5 below. Never unstrapped, he's hanging helplessly. COURT drills a double tap through his neck. Two down.

MERC LEADER-- near the cockpit, arm anchored to webbing. Aims UP AT COURT-- who's tumbling near the top rear of the plane, thirty feet above. Mercs fly into his line of fire.

Merc Leader has to push off. RISING UP LIKE SUPERMAN! Aiming at Court, but waiting for his men to fly out of the way.

COURT sees him. FIRES straight down. Killing Merc Leader. Three down. Two to go. Pilots take the plane out of the dive, and just that fast everyone SLAMS DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR!

Court drills his hip, Merc #4 slams right down on him. Merc #4 doesn't get his wits back fast enough; Court twists his neck. CRUNCH! Scratch four.

Merc #3 dives towards the cockpit-- into the galley. Court grabs a RIFLE off the floor, combat glides forward.

Rear Door parts with a HOWL, plane noses up into a steep climb. Court loses his feet, dropping back toward the rear doors, opening. Court smashes into the bottom of the CARGO DOORS before they part all the way, lunges for webbing as--

Merc #3 reappears out of the galley, wearing a PARACHUTE. Uses the moment to fire down the cargo bay at--

COURT-- hanging on webbing. Legs dangle out to nothing. Marks Merc #3 flying down, towards him. Sees the parachute.

Fuselage has had it. Roof rips off. Court dives! Times it perfectly. His momentum transfers to Merc #3, smashing his head against the side of the plane, and then--

THEY'RE FREE-FALLING IN THE DARK

ROAR of engines replaced by a HOWLING WIND. Court holds on to unconscious Merc #3 for dear life. Spinning down. Court, behind him, slides his arms through the chute's shoulder strap. Hooks his legs round his torso. Spinning fast.

BEEEEEP! The Cypress Automatic Activation Device pops the reserve chute at 700 feet. WHOOSH, they decelerate. Not over yet. *The parachute is not designed for two people--*

SPINNING DOWN -- FASTER -- PINWHEELING

-- with no reference point, sky and ground look the same. Court senses they should be getting close. Spots the ground-- seconds to impact; yanks a lead line, changes the angle. CRUNCH! Lands squarely on Merc #3 as we SMASHCUT TO--

INT. MIRANDA'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

-- Reigel and Fitzroy. Listening to Radio Static.

FITZROY

After six days in the field, he was ambushed by a tier-one team moments before his plane disintegrated at 17,000 feet. I'm quite sure I have fulfilled my end of the bargain.

REIGEL

Only when we have confirmation of his death. Not before.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Court rolls off Merc #3's CORPSE. Impact caved the guy's ribcage in. Court searches him, finds a BLOW OUT BAG (fancy medical kit). Drops his own pants. Checks his gunshot wound. Passed right through his thigh. Bleeding. Gruesome.

Bandages himself, then strips Merc #3's pants off. Dons them. Rips his own pants; revealing PASSPORTS and MONEY sewn into the lining. On the horizon he sees the purple hint of dawn. Court starts limp-jogging off.

INT. MIRANDA'S FLAT - PRE-DAWN

DOOR CRACKS. Soft footsteps on stairs. Reigel and Two Guards shift behind doors as MIRANDA rounds the stairwell.

MIRANDA

What are you still doing up?

FITZROY

I should ask you the same question.

MIRANDA

(teasing him)

If you like, I'll fix up some tea and tell you all the details.

FITZROY

God no. I was just reminiscing.

She walks over. Kisses him on the forehead.

MIRANDA

Good night. Thank you.

She strolls away. Fitzroy relieved she didn't see anyone.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - KURDISTAN - MORNING

PLANE WRECKAGE SMOLTERS a half-mile away. FOUR LOCALS wave a JEEP over.

It skids to a stop next to MERC #3 (guy Court landed on). RESEARCH GUY examines him. Pull his clothes back, sees the crushed ribcage. Makes a call.

INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's sleeping. DOOR BURSTS OPEN. THREE MEN *in masks* rush the room. Guns right at her. Speaking in a terrifying whisper--

MASKED MAN

Want us to wake the twins this way,
or get them up yourself?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Miranda (no mask yet) holds Eva and Claire, both have creepy SENSORY DEPRIVATION MASKS on. EAR and EYE COVERS, so they can't see or hear. MIRANDA passes FIVE MASKED GUARDS, enters--

THE LIVING ROOM-- sees Fitzroy, zip-tied on the floor. BLOODED. Still struggling. Before Miranda can do anything, MEN snatch the girls, YANK A MASK ON HER, and we CUT TO--

REIGEL-- whispering to Fitzroy as he's lifted to his feet.

REIGEL

We're going to a secure location
where you will assist in the hunt--

EXT. HIKING UP A RIDGE - MORNING

Court, panting, dehydrated-as-hell, sees a PAVED ROAD below. Miles behind him, a plume of smoke from the plane is visible.

REIGEL (CON'T O.S.)

-- every safehouse, every
associate, every weapons cache,
every hunch you've got will be used
against him. Your girls will see no
faces, hear no voices. Soon as
Gentry's dead, they'll be released.

INT. OPEN-TOP HUMVEE - PAVED ROAD - DAY

TWO YOUNG KURDISH SOLDIERS on patrol slow down. They see COURT, limping in from the dusty desert. Court waves.

KURDISH OFFICER #1

(Look at his walk. Injured, yet
confident. He is Delta Force.)

KURDISH OFFICER #2

(SAS. I am certain.)

They hop out. Friendly. Court motions for water. He drinks.

COURT
Did I make it to Kurdistan?

They both nod. Spotty English, but they make a go--

KURDISH OFFICER #1
What happens with you?

COURT
Ran my truck into a ditch.

INT. OPEN-TOP HUMVEE - DAY

Officer #1 looks back at Court, pants down. MEDICAL KIT OPEN. SEWING his own leg up. Officer #1 mouths: *Delta Force*.

INT. ENTERING TOWN - DAY

Kurdish Officer #1 lays on the horn as PEOPLE pass in front of him. Surrounded by traffic, they look behind them, surprised to see-- Court's gone, and we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. HUGE CHATEAU - DAY

Massive grounds. VINEYARDS. APPLE ORCHARDS. Everything wonderful about the countryside in--

- NORMANDY, FRANCE -

-- A HELICOPTER lands on an ACRE OF LAWN as--

INT. CHATEAU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- Trent Archer watches. GUARDS open the door for Reigel. Heads out first. Then Fitzroy helps Miranda, Eva, and Claire out. All three girls wearing the SENSORY DEPRIVATION MASKS.

Archer stares at the children. Doesn't like this one bit.

EXT. MAIN CHATEAU ENTRY - DAY

Reigel walks towards Archer. Hand out--

REIGEL
Mr. Archer. Your theory was spot on.

Archer takes the hand. Wary. Fitzroy watches their exchange--

ARCHER
The fuck is this? Those are kids.

REIGEL

They're leverage. No need to fret.
Do your job, they'll be released.

(hands Archer a mask)

Follow the guards upstairs and see
that they get settled.

(Fitzroy approaches)

Sir Donald, our SAD specialist who
burned your man. You two play nice.

Reigel steps away. Answers a call. Archer follows Guards,
with the girls, and Fitzroy up a LONG WOODEN STAIRCASE--

FITZROY

You registered surprise when you
saw my girls. You haven't worked
with Reigel before, have you?

(Archer doesn't answer)

There's a physiological response
that occurs when a true psychopath
reveals himself. It's a universal
response, like ants under the skin.
When you feel it from Reigel,
you'll know you're as dead as I am.

INT. BEDROOM - CHATEAU - DAY

Guards lead Fitzroy into a BEAUTIFUL ROOM. Archer dons the
mask, nods to Fitzroy, he removes the masks from the girls.
Claire's been crying. Eva hasn't. She glares at the Masked
Men. Swelling from Fitzroy's beat-down on display.

CLAIRe

Grandad. What happened to you?

FITZROY

Had an accident, lass. I'm fine.

EVA

No you didn't. They did it.

FITZROY

This is no time for games. Do
exactly as you're told. We are not
trying to catch the people doing
this, we are trying to survive.

Miranda and Fitzroy step away from the girls. Whispers--

MIRANDA

It was warm outside; they took us
over the channel--

FITZROY

-- take your Sherlock cap off. The masks are for your protection. If you see anything that can implicate them, that's it. Best case scenario, they get what they're after, then they'll interrogate you and the girls--

Miranda recoils, Fitzroy pushes on. Gravely serious--

FITZROY

-- if you know nothing, they'll be able to release you. You must suppress everything you *think* you learned from me, and simply control the girls. Especially Eva.

Miranda nods. Gathers Claire and Eva close. Momma-bear.

MIRANDA

Most times the things I ask you to do make sense, don't they?

(they nod)

But every once in a while, I ask you to do something that doesn't. We're in a tight spot; the most helpful thing you can do to help-- is nothing. Can you do that for me?

CLAIRE

Nothing? I can do that.

MIRANDA

Wonderful. Eva?

EVA

I've never seen Grandad scared.

MIRANDA

He's got a plan to get us home.

EVA

What is it, then?

EDGES OF ARCHER'S EYES crinkle. Impressed. He heads out.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

Archer enters a huge, old-school Library. Immense fireplace, flanked by rare cognac on one side, the MODERN WORLD on the other. COMPUTERS, PLASMA SCREENS, manned by a COMPUTER TECH.

Reigel nods at Tech. He brings up a screen map: NORTHWESTERN IRAQ and SOUTHERN TURKEY. An OVERLAY shows the search area--

REIGEL

Plane went down here. We tracked him to a highway, but he would have left the area immediately--

ARCHER

Four days left, and he could be anywhere?

Tech points to a CG GLOBE, marked with FLAGS--

TECH

All Gentry's safehouses and caches.

Reigel points-- to a SECOND MAP. Shows A FLAT VIEW OF THE WORLD-- countries with LAURENTGROUP offices are highlighted.

REIGEL

We have branch offices in 40 countries; I have direct contact with their security services. One lead, his world shrinks quickly.

ARCHER

Who's gonna take him out?

REIGEL

We have five teams standing by. When we get a location, we encircle the target, and spring the trap.

ARCHER

They better be good.

MAP highlights locations of the STRIKE TEAMS-- spread across CENTRAL EUROPE to TURKEY--

REIGEL

With proper incentives, you can use the best Special Forces units a corrupt country has.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SYRIA - DAY

FOUR HAWKISH MEN study maps. Long and lean from their faces to their feet. A pound of fat between them.

REIGEL (O.S.)

Pakistani SSG. Green Beret-trained Waziri's from the tribal areas.

(MORE)

REIGEL (O.S.) (cont'd)
Stamina and stealth border on the
inhuman. They will run point if
Gentry hides in the wilderness.

EXT. CAFE IN ATHENS - DAY

TWO SERBIAN SPECIAL BRIGADE sit. Watching passerbys. Drinking water. No booze on duty. Thick, muscular, scary. FOUR MORE walk down the street towards a COP, who eyes them. Looks uncomfortable. These Serbs have that effect on everyone.

REIGEL (O.S.)
Serbian Special Brigade; especially
good with knives and subsonic
weaponry. Best used in public
areas; I've seen them hit a target
and disappear before bystanders
even noticed the corpse.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - GEORGIA - DAY

SIX LEBANESE load CLIPS for assault rifles. Their fingers are a blur. Perfect execution from a decade of experience. Oiling WEAPONS, changing batteries on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

REIGEL (O.S.)
Lebanese Hezbollah, trained by
Iranian Special Forces. May not be
the most skilled, but they offer
two unique advantages: they get
caught, law enforcement will
automatically default to a
terrorism investigation--

TWO LEBANESE move towards a window. Look out on a BAR filled with GEORGIANS watching football. Drinking. Carrying on.

REIGEL (O.S.)
And second--

ARCHER (O.S.)
-- they'll go after police.

REIGEL (O.S.)
Yes. Unlike SSG, their unit is
composed of brain-washed fanatics
who think they'll be rewarded for
killing the Godless.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

WIDE ON THE CABIN-- flying through a thunderstorm. PASSENGERS look terrified. Can't tell who the GROM units are--

REIGEL (O.S.)

I've also secured the services of a Russian GROM unit; the Kremlin's answer to Delta-Force.

-- then the plane suddenly drops eighty feet. Everyone screams-- except the FIVE RUSSIAN GROM OPERATORS-- sitting separately from each other. Their lack of fear makes them easy to pick out despite moustaches and long hair.

REIGEL (O.S.)

They excel at virtually every facet of covert operations including a mastery of linguistics and cultural norms; allows them to blend into nearly every European country.

A DRINK CART busts loose. GROM #1 grabs it as it sweeps down the aisle. FLIGHT ATTENDANT unbuckles to track it down. Staggering. Holding on. GROM #2 watches her. Plane drops, she falls. He catches her. Glances at her face, and one-hands the BARF BAG open, and under her mouth just in time.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

Archer takes it all in. Impressed with the set-up.

REIGEL

Each of their unit commanders will be paid a million Euros, plus expenses. Whatever team succeeds in killing the Gray Man and recovering his body within the next four days, will earn an extra ten million.

ARCHER

You're turning it into a game?

REIGEL

No. If we succeed, the likelihood is that we will do it through attrition. Sapping Mr. Gentry's strength, resources, and health.

ARCHER

That's only four. Who's the fifth?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

THE KOREAN is studying EVERYTHING Fitzroy gave Reigel on 'Gentry, Court'. He's shirtless. Turning pages with his LEFT HAND, an ORANGE and a KNIFE in his RIGHT HAND. Rolling the orange without even looking, slicing the peel one handed--

REIGEL (O.S.)
 An independent contractor from
 North Korea. Personally, I'd put
 his skills on par with Gentry's.

When the orange is perfectly peeled in ONE STRIP, he takes a delicate nibble; an amazing display of casual dexterity.

REIGEL (O.S.)
 Of course, the Korean has one
 sizeable advantage--

INT. UGLY EASTERN BLOCK AIRPORT - MORNING

Court in line at CUSTOMS, hands his PASSPORT over. Name is 'Francois Janet'. PHOTO SHOWS: Court with a trimmed beard.

REIGEL (O.S.)
 -- the Gray Man has no idea who's hunting him.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - DAY

Looking down on the medieval city of--

- SAMOBAR, CROATIA -

Red-roofed storybook houses; a gorgeous place.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Court's sleeping. Trimmed his beard to match the Passport. Medical supplies around him. Leg has been re-stitched.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

Guards lead Fitzroy into the COMMAND HUB AREA. He glances at the open SAD DOSSIER. Then at Archer--

FITZROY
 What's the going rate for turning traitor these days?

ARCHER
 Ask your boy Court.

REIGEL
 You've given us a list of all his caches, contacts, etc?
 (Fitzroy nods)
 What's his next move?

Everything Fitzroy's doing is emotionally complicated.

FITZROY

He hates flying over borders, since they scan his passport image. But he'll take a flight this time. Needs to put distance between himself and the last point of contact. Odds are slim he'll have new papers, so run the names I gave you. One is certain to pop up.

Reigel looks at Archer. He nods, it holds water.

EXT. CROATIAN FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Court sorts PRODUCE. Looks at his WATCH.

EXT. FRENCH CHATEAU - PATIO - DAY

Fitzroy surveying the grounds. Reigel brings out Fitzroy's SAT PHONE, plugged into a DEVICE. Archer follows.

ARCHER

He'll use a sat phone with a randomized IMEI chip. You won't be able to run a trace--

Reigel knows this. Hands Archer a HEADSET. Reigel dons his too. Device lets them listen in. Phone chirps. Right on time.

REIGEL

Find out why he saved the soldiers.
(off Fitzroy's look)
Selflessness is a glaring flaw.

COURT (O.S.)

You call that a rescue?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

FITZROY

The entire sector became a no-go zone after your little hero job. I had to hire a team that would do anything for money. What in God's name were you thinking?

COURT

I was driving past, then I wasn't. Felt good to do it, though. Better than I've felt in awhile.

FITZROY

That's two operations in a row
you've let your emotions get the
best of you. What's going on?

COURT

(earnestly)

I don't know.

FITZROY

You'll have plenty of time to think
it through; my sources tell me that
Isaac Abubaker wants you dead.

COURT

He knows I did the job?

FITZROY

Maybe you were recognized. Maybe
someone sold me out. Most likely,
the pieces were put together *after*
you let Private Phillips of
Mississippi see you in action fifty
miles from Al Hasakah.

ON COURT-- that sucks. Another reason not to trust anyone.

COURT

The kid sold me out.

FITZROY

Sorry. Shall I send another team?

COURT

No. I'm clear. Let me know if you
figure anything else out.

As usual, Court just hangs up on him.

INT. COURT'S FLAT - DAY

TIGHT ON PINK FLESH. A KNIFE SLICING. GUTS pulled out. PULL BACK. Fresh Salmon. Scaled. Filleted. Court makes perfect cuts. Sets it in a sizzling skillet. Flawless chef technique.

INT. DINING TABLE - EVENING

A gorgeous dinner for one. Plated beautifully. Enhances the sense of loneliness as Court eats. No one to share it with.

INT. COURT'S FLAT - EVENING

Frosting a small CAKE. Takes a piece out to the balcony. Sits. Eats. Something unquantifiably sad about cake-for-one.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

The PASSPORT PHOTO of 'FRANCOIS JANET' is onscreen next to the IMAGE Archer tracked down. Definitely Court.

TECH
Entered Belgrade this morning.

REIGEL
(to Archer and Fitzroy)
Draw up a list of everyone he knows within three hundred kilometers.

FITZROY
He's not in Belgrade. He'll be in Samobar, Croatia.

Reigel looks at him, at a screen with STRIKE TEAM LOCATIONS--

REIGEL
How many watchers can we get there?

TECH
Within three hours, twenty.
Lebanese are closest--

ARCHER
-- they'll stand out.

REIGEL
Have the Serbians run point.
Lebanese will back them up.

INT. BEDROOM - CHATEAU - EVENING

Eva hears something. Moves to the LOCKED WINDOW. They're on the third floor. A view of a wall across a courtyard.

EVA
Those are church bells. They're coming from there, right?
(Claire nods)
Well. If there's a church, don't you think, maybe, there's a town?

EXT. STREETS OF SAMOBAR - NIGHT

A WATCHER (50's) sits in an OPEL. Eyes carefully scanning a chokepoint on a bridge. Waiting. Hawking every PASSERBY.

INT. OPEL - NIGHT

Don't see the Watcher's hands, hear him pissing in a bottle.
Sets it down next to more full bottles; that's dedication.
Locks eyes on a MAN strolling over the bridge.

AT TWENTY FIVE METERS-- Court's features take shape. The watcher stares. Taking in everything. We SEE WHAT HE SEES:

CLOSE ON COURT'S FOOT-- as he steps down on his injured leg--
CLOSER-- a slight tremble, invisible to the untrained eye.

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Place is busy. Court's at the counter with his book. An open seat beside him. Able to look behind him in a mirror. Habit. Sees ATTRACTIVE SPANISH WOMAN (30's) getting hit on by a CROATIAN. Watches her as she sees the open seat, heads over.

SPANISH WOMAN

Can you please act like I am coming back to you from the ladies room.

Court doesn't do anything; the perfect response.

COURT

I'm not much of a talker.

SPANISH WOMAN

What if I ask a question you can't resist?

(Court's intrigued)

In five words, what is the coolest thing you have ever seen?

COURT

(thinking, then it comes)

Neil Armstrong-- on the moon.

SPANISH WOMAN

You are much older than you look.

COURT

I didn't see it live.

(smirks, first time)

Your Croatian is gone.

He starts to get up. She sags. Subtly wounded by rejection.

SPANISH WOMAN

You are waiting for a date?

(he shakes his head)

Married but removed your ring? Gay?

(no)

(MORE)

SPANISH WOMAN (cont'd)
 Ouch. I may not be Penelope Cruz,
 but to get rejected by a single
male drinking alone. In English,
 you would say I have hit my bottom.

She's not whining, just good-natured self-deprecation.

COURT
 Rock bottom. How'd you know I spoke
 English?

She points to his book, in English.

SPANISH WOMAN
 Are you always so mysterious?

COURT
 I'm suspicious of assertive people.

SPANISH WOMAN
 So am I. Usually. Two days ago my
 husband left me for his secretary.

COURT
 You're way too young for that
 cliche.

She smiles. A sweet moment. Then, a look in her eyes;
 sadness, kindness, *something*-- makes him disengage.

COURT
 Fun, smart, and pretty; not a
 chance in hell you'll get turned
 down twice tonight-- but I'm a
 lousy choice for your rebound.

She nods warmly. He places EUROS on the bar, heads out. Soon
 as he's gone. Her smile drops. Ominous. She heads towards the
 BATHROOM. Tucks an EAR-BUD RADIO in her ear--

INT. CITY METRO TRAIN - EVENING

-- the train slows, SERBIAN #1 listens through his EARBUD--

SPANISH WOMAN (O.S. FILTERED)
 Couldn't keep him any longer. He's
 walking towards the main station.

Train stops. Serbian #1 exits. Looks around the UNDERGROUND
 TERMINAL. One stairwell for coming and going. He hangs back.

EXT. METRO ENTRY - EVENING

Court descends into the bowels of the RAIL SYSTEM. Rounds a corner, into a TUNNEL. Hard surfaces. Noisy with COMMUTERS. Walks towards-- TWO LOVERS. Huggin'. Kissin' while--

KEEPING THEIR EYES ON SPECIFIC AREAS

One scans the street in front, the other behind. The YOUNG WOMAN sees Court; can't hide her recognition fast enough.

COURT-- watches her stiffen. Reads a train arrival sign: 1 minute. Strolls past them. At the corner, he SPRINTS--

FIVE FEET BEHIND HIM-- SERBIAN #2-- pulls his GUN, hustles to the corner, peeks his head around to get a quick look--

-- *face-to-face with Court*, burying a blade in the guy's NECK! As his corpse starts falling, Court grabs the GUN, doesn't come loose; called a death grip for a reason--

TEN FEET IN FRONT OF COURT

SERBIAN #3-- aims a GUN as Court drops, using the CORPSE as a shield as Serbian #3 FIRES! Court finally wrests the gun free-- blasts a fist-sized hole in Serbian #3's head, and tucks his own head. In the REFLECTION OF GLASS, he sees BEHIND HIM--

-- where SERBIAN #4 fires TWO BULLETS into Court's exposed back, but Court's already spinning, FIRING-- killing Serbian #4. No blood on Court's back. Blackened Kevlar visible through holes in his clothes as we CUT TO--

THE TWO LOVERS

-- happened so fast, they're still running up the stairs-- surrounded by panicked COMMUTERS. Court catches up, chops Male Lover on the neck, shoves a gun in Girl's side. Strips her EARBUD. WHISPERS something in her ear, escorting her up the steps. Nods for her to speak into her mic--

GIRL

Target is on the platform, trying to time the next train.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - CONTINUOUS

Serbian #1 watches PANICKED PEOPLE. Carefully eyeing every one of them. Stairwell is covered. Train arrival sign blinks zero as wind hits ahead of the ARRIVING TRAIN--

UNDER HIS JACKET-- he's got a MACHINE PISTOL unbuckled in the holster. All he needs is a target. But there's no Court--

EXT. ON THE STREET - MOMENT LATER

SERBIAN #5 and #6 hurry towards the stairwell; heading down. MACHINE PISTOLS up their coat sleeves, pushing PEOPLE out of their way-- one of whom-- is COURT-- heading up the stairs. Twenty feet ahead, he marks a YOUNG MAN at a bus stop--

COURT
English, Francais, Italiano?

YOUNG MAN
Italiano.

Court, points up the street, speaks in ITALIAN--

COURT
(I got a bum leg. My brother forgot his coat. Run the black Audi down?)

Court's holding out his COAT and a HUNDRED EUROS. Young Man grabs it, takes off with the coat under his arm.

EXT. NEARBY PARK - MOMENT LATER

SERBIAN #5 spots Young Man running away with Court's COAT.

YOUNG MAN-- catches the Audi at a red light. A WOMAN DRIVER. Confused, he turns back-- FOUR LEBANESE HEZBOLLAH surround him. See he's not Court. They spin and curse.

THE THREE REMAINING SERBIANS-- look furious. As POLICE stream towards the station, they have no choice but to scatter.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

Court's in back. Driver cruising out of town--

TECH (PRE-LAP)
Gentry killed half the Serbs.

-- his mood is very, very gloomy.

FITZROY (PRE-LAP)
He knows I betrayed him--

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - NIGHT

Fitzroy's guilt is etched on ever wrinkle of his face.

FITZROY
-- he'll sever all contact with my network.

Reigel stares at the PASSPORT PHOTO of COURT we saw earlier--

ARCHER

Still needs clean papers; he'll have to steal a passport.

REIGEL

Short term fix. Once it's reported, we'll be able to track it.

(points to the photo)

Get that to every forger within a days drive. Let them know we are willing to pay one million euros for the man in the photo.

ARCHER

If it gets to CIA, they'll put Gray Man and Gentry together. They get him first, there won't be a body.

REIGEL

If he slips out of Eastern Europe, he's gone. Send it.

INT. HALLWAY - SAMOBAR - NIGHT

LATEX GLOVES pick a lock. Enter COURT'S FLAT-- A SHADOW steps over to the curtains. Closes them, turns on a LIGHT.

THE KOREAN looks around. Court didn't leave much. Plates are cleaned. He opens the FRIDGE. Leftovers. The sad cake. He sniffs. A hunter. Getting a sense of his prey.

INT. TRAIN - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Court has purchased a LAPTOP. Connected to a WI-FI network. On a WEBSITE, he inputs a CODE. MEDIA FILES. Last one first:

A THERMAL IMAGE (from the opening scene). Fitzroy in his London office, looking into the CROSSHAIRS-- turning back--

GIRLS

Grandad!

-- hugging EVA and CLAIRE. MIRANDA steps in behind them.

When COURT took the footage, he wasn't aiming a rifle, but a LASER-AUDIO TRANSMITTER. Reading vibrations on the window.

IMAGE shows the Fitzroy's having a tea party in his office. Fitzroy's doing his best to be dainty as he scoops sugar.

CLAIRe

Why is it that when sugar gets wet, ants love it, but they won't touch it when it's dry in the pot?

FITZROY

Excellent question. Have you ever seen an ant wearing a cap?

EVA

Ants don't wear hats.

FITZROY

Not only do they not wear them, they hate them. Now-- what do you think this is?

He lifts the SUGAR LID, puts it on his head like a hat. Claire loves it. Eva heaves (tough crowd). Turns to Miranda.

EVA

How come he always makes it up when he doesn't have a proper answer?

MIRANDA

Because his brain is composed entirely of feathers and string.

Finally gets a giggle from Eva.

BACK ON COURT-- lost in the images. His favorite thing.

NEW FILE, going back in time: EVA and CLAIRE at 6, playing in a PARK. Must've been shot from a BENCH with a ZOOM lens. Eva hangs from a JUNGLE GYM-- Claire looks up fearfully.

EVA

Come on Claire, it's not scary.

OLDER FILE: Eva and Claire (5) at a zoo. Found a BUCKET of filthy water, splashing it on their faces. Miranda hurries over-- looks at the brown water--

MIRANDA

Girls! What are you doing?

EVA

We're wetting our faces!

CLAIRe

Yeah, we're wetting our faces.

EARLIER ONE: a BIRTHDAY PARTY, shot on a THERMALS, glowing WHITE as the girls blow out FOUR CANDLES--

BACK ON COURT-- watching all the history he's got of Eva and Claire's life; been there for a sequence of moments. And for the very first time, he looks worried.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Court walks off the train. Through gorgeous, medieval--

- PIRAN, SLOVENIA -

He pulls out the sat phone. Pauses, hesitant to call.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - NIGHT

FITZROY'S SAT PHONE RINGS-- everyone looks at it, stunned. Manna from heaven as they all don headsets--

FITZROY
Surprised you called.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

COURT
The only way to make this worse is
by lying to me. Why?

FITZROY
Very few things could force me to
betray a friend.

Court sags, just a touch. Hard to ask--

COURT
Your family?

REIGEL-- presses a button on the console, mutes the call--

REIGEL
Any chance he'd come in if he knew
they were in danger?

FITZROY
You don't survive in this business
as a Paladin--
(back into phone)
-- they haven't been hurt. I'm
trying to keep it that way.

COURT
Have they seen enough to ID anyone?

FITZROY
No. They masked the girls for
transport; haven't let them hear
any voices, either. If we manage to
get you, they can be set free.

COURT
What if I came in?

ON FITZROY-- definitely surprised by the question--

FITZROY
You'd consider it?

COURT
You're certain it would save them?

FITZROY
Yes. I'll do whatever it takes to
keep them safe. Why would you?

COURT
Same reason I engaged in Iraq. Same
reason I screwed up the hit before.
It stacks up.

(beat)
Where do they want to do it?

REIGEL scribbles something on a PAPER, Fitz reads it--

FITZROY
Zrinski Square. Zagreb. 6 AM.

COURT
I'll be there. You and me, are we
in the same boat here?

FITZROY
We are indeed.

LINE GOES DEAD. Fitzroy looks stunned. Same with everyone.

ARCHER
Does he know your girls?

FITZROY
Absolutely not.

ARCHER
Can't be that easy.

REIGEL
Maybe he's a better man than you
give him credit for.

EXT. ANCIENT WHITE BUILDING - PIRAN - NIGHT

Court climbs over a railing from the house above. Peeks in a
window, sees a security system, but a side door's open.

INSIDE

Walks down a hallway. Place is straight out of Architectural Digest. Plasma screens. Eames furniture. Hell of a view. Hears COUGHING. Nasty. Emphysema for sure.

MAURICE PATTON (70's), an African-American in bad health, sits at a table. Boozer nose. Smoking. TWO GUNS on a tray in front of him next to scotch and coffee. A hand on his lap.

COURT
Hello, Maurice--

Court looks at the guns--

COURT
-- .38 police snubby. 1911. You ever check those at a saloon?

MAURICE
Not since prohibition.

Court looks under the table. Sees a THIRD GUN pointed at him.

MAURICE
People change. You did.

COURT
I didn't sign up to get used.

MAURICE
Did you frag your fuckin' C.O.?

COURT
No. I snapped his neck. Guy had pliers in both hands, preaching Leviticus while bleeding out a fourteen-year-old kid who didn't know a goddamned thing. This was in the street, with Iraqi's watching.

Maurice eases up. Puts his GUN on the table.

MAURICE
Glad he was a nut. Place was medieval enough.

COURT
What about you?

MAURICE
White House politicizing of CIA; I kept getting in the way with reason and logic. Been out four years now.

COURT
(looks around)
Done well for yourself since.

MAURICE
Picked up a few tricks hiding
operation slush funds. Turns out
legitimate enterprises pay pretty
well for the exact same skills.

COURT
I'm in trouble.

MAURICE
That's obvious. You look like shit.

Maurice looks a whole lot worse. Both chuckle.

COURT
Been a rough couple days.

MAURICE
I've seen you after a rough couple
days, you've never looked this bad.

COURT
Not a kid anymore.

MAURICE
You never got to be a kid.

INT. MAURICE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Court's at the counter. Maurice cooking. Washes a witches
brew of PRESCRIPTION DRUGS down with his coffee/scotch.

COURT
Emphysema?

MAURICE
For starters. Lungs, liver, my
entire body's metastasizing.
Doctors give me six months.

Maurice is uncomfortable, so Court changes the subject.

COURT
How'd you know I was coming?

MAURICE
News floating around. Some kind of
hunt. Third world intelligence
agencies, first world bounty. Ten
million Euros;
(MORE)

MAURICE (cont'd)
aren't too many killers who could
justify that price. When I heard
about the shoot-out in Croatia,
figured it might be you. Know who's
footin' the bill?

COURT
Isaac Abubaker.

MAURICE
You took out his brother?
(Court nods)
Impressive hit. Who hired you?

COURT
Hamilton and Associates, out of
Switzerland.

Court stiffens, sees Maurice's PRETTY CARETAKER (50's),
sleepy, climbing up an interior stairwell--

MAURICE
Easy, kid. Just my caretaker.

Maurice heads towards her, they speak in Slovenian, she
touches his arm, looks at Court, back to Maurice. She turns
away; definitely something going on between them.

MAURICE
Sweet. Cute. And knows the score.
(back to business)
Hamilton and Associates aren't
involved in Nigeria.

COURT
We researched them, figured the
odds were high they were fronting
for either DGSE, or even CIA;
ironic in any other business.

MAURICE
Gotten lazy; you always need to
know who you're working for.

COURT
Julius Abubaker controlled the
cocaine smuggling route through
Ginea-Bisseau and was brokering
Uranium sales to Syria. At a
certain point, the world's a better
place without some people in it, no
matter who's picking up the tab.

MAURICE

If you say so. What have they got on you?

(off Court's look)

They got something or you'd be in Borneo or Patagonia by now.

Court takes a moment, then--

COURT

I have twin girls, Maurice.

MAURICE

You selfish motherfucker.

Maurice eyes him. Lays off. Court looks guilty enough.

MAURICE

They've been taken?

(Court nods)

Fuck are you doing here?

COURT

Wanted to spend my last night having drinks with an asshole.

Gets a smirk out of Maurice.

MAURICE

I'm your contingency plan?

COURT

Hope it doesn't come to that, but yeah. I need some things. Just in case.

EXT. BALCONY - PRE-DAWN

Hell of a view. The Mediterranean sparkles in moonlight.

MAURICE

How old are they?

COURT

Eight.

Maurice does the math--

MAURICE

Not Miranda.

COURT

They were an accident.

MAURICE

You accidentally slipped your dick
in your handler's daughter?

COURT

I shook her hand, and I was done.
We spent the next two years trying
to stay away from each other.

MAURICE

Why keep working with Fitzroy?

COURT

Best way to keep an eye on them;
and if they were ever in jeopardy,
I'd hand myself in; no questions.
Fitzroy doesn't know.

MAURICE

Ever met 'em?

COURT

Never even spoken to them. Couldn't
take the risk.

MAURICE

You sure 'bout that?

Court doesn't answer. Putting a wall up--

MAURICE

If I were a nice man, I'd keep my
trap shut, considering what you're
facing in a few hours, but you blew
this. You could've disappeared with
her. Would've been the right thing.

Court looks out. Hard to read. He stands.

COURT

Gotta get going, Maurice.

INT. THE DOOR - MINUTE LATER

Maurice hands Court a THICK ENVELOPE. Then CAR KEYS.

MAURICE

Zagreb, right?
(Court nods)
Park it at the train station. I'll
pick it up later.

COURT

Thanks Maurice.

MAURICE

Thank me by getting the fuck out of
here and forgetting my face.

A smirk between them. An old bit, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT/EXT. COURT DRIVING - DAWN

Red sky at sunrise. HUGE STORM CLOUDS to the WEST where--

EXT. THE CHATEAU - DAWN

-- the RAINSTORM pummels the grounds. Early GRAY LIGHT.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - DAWN

Fitzroy stands in the door. Watching. Sad. Claire wakes.

FITZROY

Back to sleep with you.

ON EVA-- eyes open. Watching her grandfather. He exits. Eva
stares at the rain. PULL FOCUS-- staring at the window.

INT. CHATEAU HALLWAY - THIRD FLOOR - DAWN

GUARD hears GLASS SHATTER. Pulls a mask over his face, throws
the door open to see Eva and Claire standing over a broken
MIRROR. Looks like it fell off the wall.

INT. CHATEAU LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Reigel and Archer watch Fitzroy. They speak so he can't hear--

REIGEL

We'll have Fitzroy see the girls
off. Then you'll take him out.

ARCHER

I didn't sign up for some Kraut
version of blood-in, blood-out.
I took your million; plenty to
wreck me if I ever talk.

Reigel stares at Archer. A long moment. Reigel heads off.
Archer absentmindedly scratches his arm. Fitzroy calls out--

FITZROY

-- felt that, didn't you? The ants?
Medical term is Formication with an
M. It's an instinctive response to
being hunted. Makes sense, since
killing me was a test. You failed.
Not too late to switch sides.

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - DAWN

The Twins load the mirror into a garbage bin. Guard carries it out. The CURTAIN over the window shifts, blown by wind.

GUARD locks the door behind him, EVA pulls the curtain back, revealing the BROKEN WINDOW, jagged pieces of glass. STORM Dumping water. They pick/pull the last shards of glass out.

CLAIRe

I think we should wait.

EVA

I can do it. I can get the police.

EXT. TOWN - MORNING

Court, on foot, tunes in the sights and sounds of--

- ZAGREB, CROATIA -

EXT. CITY SQUARE - ZAGREB - MORNING

RUSSIAN GROM UNIT spreads out. FLOWER DELIVERY VAN pulls up.

REIGEL (FILTERED O.S.)

Do not fuck around; do it as soon
as the van door closes.

EXT. STREETS OF ZAGREB - MORNING

Court on his SAT PHONE--

COURT

-- everything still on?

FITZROY (O.S.)

Last sunrise for the both of us.

COURT

I need to speak with the girls.

FITZROY (O.S.)

Why?

COURT

Nothing easy about suicide. I want
to know what I'm trading for.

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eva climbs OUT THE WINDOW-- looking down, high above the GROUNDS. Reaches for a drainpipe, loses her balance in the wind. Barely catches herself in time. Heads back INSIDE--

EVA
Maybe you're right.

CLAIRe
I'm not usually. I'll go.

EXT. THE CHATEAU - THIRD STORY - CONTINUOUS

Claire grabs the slippery pipe. Scared, but does it anyway. Squeezing her legs around it, she slides down. Difficult, since the back of the pipe is flush against the wall.

There's five feet in between the METAL PLATES attaching the pipe to the wall. So she slips down in stages, able to rest for a moment at the bottom of each section.

GETS DOWN ONE SAFELY--

Looks down. A long drop. Slips down the NEXT STAGE-- Still twenty feet up. She shimmies down, the drainpipe is too slick. Slips-- down-- almost falls-- just manages to squeeze the pipe with her legs hard enough to slow herself.

ONE-- TWO more stages-- onto the courtyard. Looks up at Eva, who waves. Claire squeezes through a FENCE-- and RUNS!

INT. HALLWAY - THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Archer, Reigel, and Fitzroy, Sat-Phone in hand stride towards Eva and Claire's GUARD. He pulls his mask on. Opens the door--

FITZROY
Eva, face the wall, please--

FITZROY sees Eva trying to keep the billowing Curtain down. REIGEL, thinking two-steps ahead, snatches Fitzroy's phone, hangs up before he can utter a word of warning to--

EXT. STREETS OF ZAGREB - MORNING

-- Court, hearing a dial tone. Calls back as--

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - OUTSIDE THE CHATEAU - DAWN

-- CAMERA SWEEPS OVER THE ORCHARD-- trees whip in the wind. Fat raindrops-- FLYING TOWARDS THE CHATEAU--

MALE VOICE/SNIPER (O.S.)
Command, this is Nest.

-- high over CLAIRE, sprinting towards the orchard-- keep going-- RISING UP--- up, up to--

THE NEST - ROOFTOP BALCONY AT THE CHATEAU--

-- slowing on A SNIPER RIFLE BARREL-- SCOPE REFLECTS the image of Claire's back-- running. In his crosshairs.

SNIPER
Target sighted.

PULL FOCUS-- see the snipers eye. Hears orders on his EARBUD--

ARCHER (O.S.)
Safe your weapon. We're coming out!

INT. CHATEAU MAIN FLOOR - DAWN

Reigel grabs an ASSAULT RIFLE, Fitzroy sees it, doesn't react fast enough. Reigel whips the BUTT ACROSS Fitzroy's face. Cracking teeth. Goes down in a bloody heap.

EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS - DAWN

Reigel, Archer and TWO GUARDS spot Claire, a hundred yards away, a blur in the rain. Running fast as her little legs can churn towards the APPLE ORCHARD. They follow.

INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

ANOTHER GUARD pops the door open-- throws Eva inside.

ANOTHER GUARD
The other got away--

Miranda spins towards her window, as we CUT TO--

EXT. CLOSER TO TOWN CENTER - DAWN

-- Court still listening to the PHONE-- RINGING. No one's picking up. Growing uneasy. His watch reads: 7:54 AM.

INT. TECH HUB - DAWN

Tech hears the RINGING SAT PHONE-- doesn't know what to do.

Fitzroy (face like ground beef) shackled to a chair, still trying to get free. Desperation-strength. Wooden armrests start cracking. Guard has to knock him out as--

EXT. EDGE OF THE APPLE ORCHARD - DAWN

-- Claire, terror on her face, makes it to the gnarled trees. Keeps going; now it seems even scarier. Being hunted in a horror movie. Rolls her ankle. Doesn't make a peep as--

REIGEL: motions for his team to spread out--

ARCHER: sees Claire, fifty feet in front of him--

CLAIRE: looks behind her, keeps running--

ARCHER: charging, hurdling branches and brambles--

REIGEL: hears something. Spots Claire. Rifle comes up--

CLAIRE: makes a sharp cut, crossing over a row--

ARCHER: sees Claire bolt from the trees in front of him--

REIGEL: tracking with his rifle. Dead-eyes Claire as--

INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

-- BRAAP! As the burst echoes off the stone, we see Miranda open her mouth to scream and--

EXT. A BLOCK FROM THE TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

-- Pigeons flap past Court. Watch reads: 7:57.

INT. MIRANDA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miranda, a mother's agony, stares out. Eva, for the very first time, starts bawling with guilt--

EVA
It's my fault--

INT. CHATEAU TECH HUB - CONTINUOUS

Fitzroy screams through busted teeth at Guard and Tech--

FITZROY
*You sign up to murder children?
That your dream when you took a job
here you fuckin' monsters!?*

Guard takes Fitzroy's tie. GAGS him.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD - DAWN

LOW ANGLE-- on Reigel striding through the grass-- towards--

BOOTS-- looking down on ARCHER. Burbling blood. Still breathing. FOUR BULLETS stitched across his heart. Must've dived in front of Claire to save her.

CLAIRE is staring at him. Frozen. Reigel, back to her, looks down at Archer. Gun to his head. He speaks sweetly to Claire--

REIGEL
Close you eyes, *Schatz*.

She does. BRAAP! Finishes Archer off. Then, as if he just mashed a bug, turns to face Claire. She opens her eyes. Looks at Reigel's gun, then up-- to his face: game changer.

REIGEL
Good thing you stopped running.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S ARM-- the HAIRS suddenly rise straight up.

CLAIRe
You're the bad man.

REIGEL
It's only simple when you're young.
(looks at the corpse)
How's it feel to be responsible for
your first kill?

She looks at him. Keeping it together.

CLAIRe
You did it.

REIGEL
I didn't mean to shoot him. Not
yet, anyway. I was about to let you
go. Now, a lot of people will have
to die because of what you did.
(her lips quiver)
If you fight me, I'll hurt you.

She lets him pick her up. But doesn't hold on to him. Goes limp like a rag doll. Makes him work. Reigel actually smiles.

EXT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Miranda holding Eva, can't tear her eyes away from the grounds. Guards appear from the rain. Then Reigel. Carrying Claire like a rag-doll. Miranda almost loses it. But as Reigel passes her off to a GUARD, Miranda sees she's okay. Then sees Reigel, unmasked. Miranda reacts; punch to the gut.

EVA
That's the man we're not supposed
to see?

EXT. NEAR THE PARK SQUARE - MORNING

Court enters the back door of a bakery. Finally hangs up. A desperate way about him. Eyes on the CLOCK TOWER.

Then, he looks at the FLOWER VAN where GROM LEADER casually chats with a LOCAL. Blends right in.

INT. TECH HUB - DAWN

Reigel hurries in-- hands Claire to Guard. Looks at a massively relieved Fitzroy. Tempered quickly when Fitzroy sees she's staring at Reigel's face.

TECH

Two to eight; he's been calling.

Tech hands Reigel a HALLIBURTON CASE as he races upstairs--

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guards shackle Miranda's hands behind the chair. A hateful, mess as she stares at MAN IN A MASK (we can tell it's Reigel by the eyes). He slams HEADPHONES over her ears.

ON THE HEADPHONES-- we hear what she hears. REIGEL'S VOICE IS LOUD, DISTORTED, SCARY--

REIGEL (O.S.)

Noise cancellation headphones--

MIRANDA

Where's my daughter?

Guard opens a door. Claire is staring at her. Door is slammed shut before Miranda can say anything. Reigel speaks fast--

REIGEL

-- only thirty seconds left to get out of this. You were taken as a bargaining chip to capture one man; he's agreed to trade for you, but insists on speaking to the girls first. If they tell him anything, you die. Understood?

MIRANDA

Quite an incentive to cooperate; why the headphones and ticking clock, then?

REIGEL

Twenty.

MIRANDA

Why not just put my father and the girls on the phone?

REIGEL
Fifteen--

That's it. Reigel GAGS Miranda. Grabs Eva. Takes her into--
THE ROOM NEXT DOOR-- Reigel in his mask, addresses Claire--

REIGEL
A man is going to ask if you've
seen my face. Tell him the truth,
I'll shoot your grandfather.

Holds the phone out, as Claire reaches, he pulls it back.

REIGEL
If you want to save your family,
you must make him believe.

Claire's shaking. Gone through too much. Eva takes over.

INT. A STAIRWELL - MORNING

COURT answers the VIBRATING PHONE. Wary. Doesn't say a word--

EVA (O.S.)
Can I speak to Granddad's friend?

COURT
This is Grandad's friend.

First time he's ever spoken to his daughter. Should be
heaven. Instead, it's a clutter of emotions. Eva is scared.

EVA (O.S.)
My name's Eva. My sister Claire is
right here, too. Say hello, Claire.

CLAIRe (O.S.)
Hello.

COURT
Are you and your sister okay?

BACK IN THE ROOM

Eva is doing everything to keep her voice from shaking--

EVA
Yes. Mom's okay too. Grandad's not.
He said he fell, but it's not true.

COURT (O.S.)
Did you see the faces of the people
that captured you?

EVA

No. We wore masks and earmuffs.

IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR

Miranda, gagged, cuffed to her chair, has her head down. Suddenly leaps to her FEET. Knees up, on to the table. Awkward, banging shins, chair's still shackled to her back.

COURT (O.S.)

What about your mother?

The Guard grabs at her-- arms still trapped, she gets her feet under her, jumps up and out OFF THE TABLE. Nothing acrobatic, anyone could do it to save their kids--

EVA (O.S.)

She hasn't seen anything.

Landing, the CHAIR COLLAPSES. Ouch! Doesn't matter, Miranda's able to whip her cuffed hands up. All to get her gag off and scream at the top of her fucking lungs--

MIRANDA

COURT, *THEY'RE LOOKING AT HIS FACE!*

ON COURT-- hears it. If he was angry before, it gets worse--

MIRANDA (O.S.)

-- *DON'T YOU DARE TRADE!*

Phone goes dead.

REIGEL-- steps back in front of Miranda. Slams the door, closing the girls off from him. Eerily calm.

REIGEL

You know who he is?

(Miranda nods)

Congratulations. You all get to die.

MIRANDA

I'm not about to play *Sophie's Choice* with you, motherfucker.
Take your mask off.

Reigel complies with aplomb. Face-to-face with Miranda--

MIRANDA

My girls only have one chance at survival. Tell Court where we are, then try to kill him on the way.

REIGEL

You really think he can rescue you?

MIRANDA

If you thought he was good before;
wait 'til you see what he'll do to
save his daughters.

She makes sure it lands on Reigel. Holding his gaze until
belief penetrates his mind. She nods; *that's right, asshole.*

EXT. ROOFTOP - EIGHT STORY BUILDING - MORNING

TOWER BONGS. SPOTTER eyes the square. Bongs finish. He senses
something in the silence. Turns as-- *COURT shoots him in the
head. Breathing hard, not from exertion. Animalistic.*

He strips SPOTTER'S PDA, gets a look at--

-- MAP OF DOWNTOWN, with DOTS ON IT. Marking TEN TEAMMATES
nearby. Suddenly, the DOT where he's standing starts BLINKING
'*EKG failure. Probable Casualty.*' Looks at the SPOTTERS
WATCH. Blinking the same thing, then an embedded KILL SIGNAL
ZAPS the PDA screen to black. Court's angry at his error--

COURT

Stupid. Focus--

Looks over the edge-- sees MEN IN THE SQUARE hurrying towards
his building. Court spins. Eyes a window washing basket, with
A SPOOL OF METAL CABLE. Lifts the corpse. Testing its weight.

EXT. BAKERY - MORNING

Same place Court was earlier-- Grom hurry in right as
SPOTTER'S CORPSE SMASHES DOWN OUT FRONT. Just long enough to
see a CABLE ATTACHED before it gets yanked back up-- WE RISE
UP FASTER-- to the roof-- see the WINDOW WASHING SPOOL
spinning-- WE RACE ACROSS THE BUILDING-- ANGLE DOWN ON--

-- COURT, a controlled descent. Heavier than the CORPSE
(using it like an elevator counterweight). Three stories from
the ground. Sees POLICE RIP PAST a street. SIRENS BLARING.

LOOKING AT A VAN-- A MAN climbs in, Court kicks off the wall
above it, spools down, lands on the back roof, soft as a
spider. Soon as he releases the ROPE, it ZIPS UP AGAIN.

EXT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Reigel marches downstairs-- SIX GUARDS assembled below--

REIGEL

No one leaves any of the Fitzroys alone. Not to cry. Not to piss.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - MORNING

Reigel smacks Fitzroy's mangled face to rouse him.

REIGEL

Morning, handsome. We found the Gray Man's Achilles Heel. Normally, that would be bad news for you, but your daughter gave me a reason to keep everyone alive.

Miranda, stands by the stairs with Claire and Eva. No masks.

REIGEL

If you knew, you'd have told him to come in right away, so this may come as a bit of a shock.

Reigel WHISPERS the truth in Fitzroy's ear. Fitzroy smirks. Bullshit. SHOCKED when Miranda's face confirms it.

INT. TROLLEY CAR - ABOVE GROUND - MORNING

Court wills the SAT PHONE to ring. Finally does. He answers.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY TECH HUB - MORNING

Everyone listens as Reigel talks to Court on SPEAKERPHONE--

REIGEL

Mr. Gentry, there is no longer any chance for a deal. You'll have to come rescue them yourself.

COURT (O.S.)

Fine, tell me where you're at.

REIGEL

When you're in shooting distance of Bayeux, Normandy, call, and I'll be more specific. If you're not here by eight PM Sunday, your family, for lack of a better word, will be disposed of. Anyone else shows, or we receive any inquiries, it will be open season on British children. If you tell a soul, I promise, we will know about it. Questions?

COURT (O.S.)
None you would answer.

REIGEL
Then game on.

EXT. STREETS OF ZAGREB - MORNING

Court sets a COUNTDOWN TIMER on his watch: 58 hours left.

Walking among factories in an industrial part of town. Pulls out the ENVELOPE MAURICE GAVE HIM. Opens it. Cash inside, a SINGLE PAGE that looks like it's been torn from a phonebook.

EXT. ZAGREB TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

The KOREAN is charming the pants off FEMALE BAKER. She's laughing. BEHIND HER-- POLICE are dealing with the SPOTTERS CORPSE, still attached to the ROPE. Korean eyes SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS in the bakery. POLICE CALL Female Baker out--

DOWNSTAIRS-- Korean finds the SECURITY SYSTEM, and we CUT TO--

INT. A CAFE - SLOVENIA - MORNING

-- Maurice having breakfast with his CARETAKER. On the phone--

MAURICE
-- wish I could say I was happy to
hear from you.

ON COURT - holding the PHONE BOOK PAGE out in front of him.

COURT
They're in Normandy. I need an
arsenal, Maurice.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MAURICE (O.S.)
Papers first, kid. Can't save
anyone from an E.U. jail cell.

Court doesn't want to bother, but knows Maurice is right.

MAURICE
Six, ten, and twelve down are names
and addresses of a couple off-the-
grid forgers.

Court eyes the PROPER NUMBERS. Committing them to memory.

MAURICE (O.S.)

Once you get that squared away, Nik Goerg gives you coordinates for my get-the-fuck-outta-dodge cache inside the E.U. At the shack door, take three steps South, and dig.

MAURICE-- stands. Walks away.

MAURICE

Twenty gets you in touch with a doctor anywhere in Europe. The shady kind. Got a feeling you're gonna need one if you survive.

(kind, but dead-serious)

If this didn't happen, my life was the best version of your future. Some sad shit. So. You got a shot at not ending up like me, you take it. End of sermon.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

Court buys a MOTORCYCLE and gear from a WORKER. Nothing flashy, an old bike with a good engine. Roars off--

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - MORNING

Tech, and Reigel all examine a map. A general route from Zagreb to Normandy plotted on it.

REIGEL

He'll need help. I want Gentry's background scoured. Who would he keep as an ace? Who would he turn to when he can't trust a soul?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

THE KOREAN studies Court on the footage of the bakery. Rewinds. ZOOMING IN ON: *Court's fearful face as the Sat-Phone rings-- doesn't look like the world's best killer.*

KOREAN

Tired. Rattled. Scared.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - EVENING

Sun still high in the sky, storm clouds on the horizon, looking down on a river splitting the city of--

- LJUBLJANA, SLOVENIA -

EXT. FRONT OF AN ALLEY - NIGHT

Court eyes a five foot tall door. Metal. Hard to spot, covered in HANDBILLS. TWO SOMALI MEN exit. Court crosses the RAIN-SOAKED street. His hands hunt around for an intercom.

COURT

Mr. Szabo. I need help. I can pay.

SZABO (INTERCOM O.S.)

(thick Hungarian accent)

You have references?

COURT

Maurice Patton.

INT. A LONG RATTY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Filthy. Court heads towards a light.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Part science lab, part library, part photo studio. LASZLO SZABO sits at a desk, eyeing Court as he enters. Eastern Block sixty (eighty in the face, forty in the physique).

SZABO

American, thirty-five. You don't carry yourself like a soldier or cop. This is a good start--

COURT

-- I'm just a guy who needs what you're selling. Quickly.

Szabo stands, reaches for a cane. Limps towards him. Reaches for Court's face, turns it left, then right.

SZABO

What am I selling?

COURT

A passport. Clean, not fake.

SZABO

How is Gayle?

COURT

Who?

SZABO

Maurice's wife, or course.

COURT

He never married. I know you need to establish my bona fides, but I'm in a rush. Nothing Belgian.

SZABO

An informed customer. You'll pass for a Kiwi. Five thousand Euros.

Court pulls the money out, shows it. Doesn't hand it over.

SZABO

Now, about your appearance.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Court cuts his hair over the toilet. Shaves. *Quick and precise.* Still careful to make sure not to leave any hair. Looks at himself in the mirror. Bags under his eyes. Decent haircut. With the beard gone, skin on his face is much whiter than his body. He grabs a bottle of tanner.

BACK IN THE WORKSHOP

Court looks pretty good. Ill fitting COAT, SHIRT and TIE. Kept his own pants on, since it won't show for the photo.

SZABO

Quite the metamorphosis. Sit.

Court takes a seat on the stool, facing a CAMERA on a tripod.

COURT

I need you to alter the photo.

SZABO

For two thousand more, nothing will flag, but you'll still look similar enough to pass a visual inspection.

(Court nods)

Now. We need a good Kiwi name.

(snapping photos)

Do you think Gray Man would work?

Court rockets to his feet as the floor drops out below him. And he's FALLING INTO BLACKNESS. SMASHING his head as on the side, hard, then again when he crashes down. KNOCKED OUT.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tech spins to Reigel--

TECH

Got a forger on the line.

SZABO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
You have let it be known you are
willing to pay for the man in the
picture you sent. I have him.

REIGEL
Let me talk to him.

SZABO (O.S.)
That won't be possible. He's twelve
feet below me, sealed up nice and
tight. I'd rather not ruin it and
get myself killed.

REIGEL
Care to calculate the odds of me
paying without proof?

SZABO (O.S.)
Give me a minute.

TECH
Call originated in Ljubljana. He's
got misdirection software on it,
but I'll cross reference it with a
list of forgers and lock it down.

REIGEL
Who's closest?

Tech pulls up the screens, showing the strike teams--

TECH
Lebanese. At an airport near Graz.

REIGEL
Put them in a helicopter. We need
them to land close.

INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

Szabo holds his SMARTPHONE up to the PHOTOS he took of Court--

INT. BRICK LINED CISTERNS - NIGHT

Court comes-to as FOOTSTEPS creak closer. Opens his eyes. Low
light, from the PLEXIGLAS DOOR, twelve feet above him. Half
his body on top of something soft and wet. A soggy MATTRESS.
He looks at his WATCH. LUMINOUS. Got about 49 hours left.

ON SZABO-- peeking his head over-- shines a LIGHT DOWN,
holding his CAMERA PHONE, spotlighting COURT. YELLING down--

SZABO

I presume you are an armed beast?
Think twice before discharging your
weapon. Two inches of hardened
plexiglas means you will be dodging
your own bullets.

ON COURT-- HEARS Szabo CREAK away. Court fingers the slick
brick all around, covered with mold and mildew. Seven feet
across. Circular. No way to climb up. Lifts the mattress--

-- underneath, he feels a THICK PIPE, source of the leaking
water. Pulls a LEATHER STRAP from his neck, strips it to
reveal a KEVLAR WIRE SAW. Then starts SAWING INTO THE PIPE.

INT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Reigel watches FOOTAGE OF COURT IN THE CISTERN. A thin smile--
eyes the PHOTO SZABO SENT. Same clothes. Definitely Court.

REIGEL

Sorry Court, no documents for you.

TECH

Got three possibilities.

REIGEL

Cistern would be in a basement--

Tech nods, gets to work adding in that piece of intel. Tech
locks down a location on a MAP--

TECH

Only one address on a ground floor.

INT. CISTERN - NIGHT

Court has his PISTOL on his lap, SPARE MAGAZINES next to it.
Boots off. Using his LEATHERMAN to pull BULLETS apart. Pops
the cap, taps GUNPOWDER out into his WATERPROOF BOOT.

INT. SZABO'S OFFICE - DAY

Szabo's at his desk, looking at the EMAIL Reigel sent of
Court. 'Francois Jenet' passport photo. It says 'REWARD'--

REIGEL (O.S.)

How much do you want?

SZABO

Half a million, wired now. Half
when you have him. I'm not opening
that hatch, and I'm not hanging
around for your goon squad.

REIGEL (O.S.)
You cannot leave him unattended.

SZABO
Had quite a few captives in there.
None have ever come close to
escaping. But if you expect me to
wait for a battle to start, there
are other parties willing to pay.

INT. TECH HUB - CHATEAU - NIGHT

Reigel and Tech exchange a look--

REIGEL
You've been contacted by the CIA?
(Szabo doesn't answer)
Give me the account numbers.

INT. CISTERNS - NIGHT

Court, has FIFTEEN BULLETS emptied of GUNPOWDER. Hears Szabo CREAK OVER AGAIN-- shifts his body to cover his work. Szabo's head appears, looking down on him.

COURT
You know there's no way they'll let
you live, don't you?

SZABO
I'm not planning on giving you to
them. Just taking their down
payment. Once your photo got out,
CIA let it be known they'd pay
quite a bit more. I've had fair
relations with them in the past.

COURT
Tell me you didn't call them.

SZABO
Station Chief here is ordering up
some heavies from Vienna to take
you into custody. I told him your
reputation was overrated. Old frail
Laszlo captured you all by himself.

COURT
They'll send a wet team. CIA has a
shoot-on-sight directive against
me. They don't leave witnesses.

SZABO

I'm not planning on hanging around
for them, either. Half from each
party is a fortune for Lazlo.

EXT. BUDAPEST FIELD - NIGHT

HELICOPTER lands. The SIX LEBANESE, all wearing backpacks,
carrying HEAVY BAGS leap out. A VAN pulls up.

INT. CISTERN - NIGHT

Court's got THIRTY BULLETS emptied out. Now he disassembles
one of the MAGAZINES, pulls the spring out, pours all the
gunpowder from his boot into the magazine. Packs it tight.

INT. SZABO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Szabo's packing everything he cares about. On the phone--

SZABO

(The next flight. One way.)

Szabo checks his computer. On the screen-- we see he's got an
ACCOUNT OPEN-- no money in it right now. Waiting.

INT. CISTERN - NIGHT

Court fills his DRY SOCK with all the empty bullet
cartridges, crams the power filled magazine in, lashes the
whole thing together with his boot lace.

Feverishly rips several lengths of fabric from the mattress,
ties them together to make a strand about fifteen feet long.

EXT. IN FRONT OF SZABO'S DOOR - NIGHT

The VAN pulls up. Lebanese leap out.

INT. CISTERN - NIGHT

Court PUTS HIS ONE REMAINING BULLET IN THE GUN, lashes the
gun to his SOCK GRENADE CONTRAPTION, barrel is aimed into it.
Ties his ten foot strand of mattress material to the TRIGGER.

Takes his PANTS OFF, ties the legs at the ankles. Hears Szabo
CREAK OVER-- then a MUFFLED EXPLOSION and a SQUEAL--

INT. SZABO'S OFFICE - DAY

-- Szabo sees FOUR LEBANESE rush into the office, guns up.
Szabo throws a RUG OVER THE PLEXIGLAS, hiding his prize.

SZABO
Where is my money!?

ON COURT-- In darkness now, fumbles around under the mattress, yanks rotted foam from it, stuffs it in his ears, then pulls the mattress to the side, kicks the THICK PIPE. Breaks right at the section he was sawing earlier--

-- WATER sprays, pumping FAST. Filling the cistern. Court stands in underwear, no pants, boots on his feet, sans shoelaces. Looks ridiculous, whatever it takes to survive. He whips his pants above his head filling them with AIR.

Ties them off at the crotch, makes them a FLOATATION DEVICE. Uses his other shoelace to tie the Sock Grenade to the top of the pants. Making sure to keep it dry-- water rising enough to float now, Court swims beside the pants and the mattress.

ON SZABO-- Guns aimed at his head, he's on the phone--

SZABO
You give me the money first!

LEBANESE LEADER
Give us the Gray Man.

Leader nods to his men. They start tearing the place apart--

IN THE CISTERN

Only a two feet of air left, Court's hyperventilating. He positions the SOCK GRENADE right at one of the hinges of the Plexiglas. Dives down under the mattress, holding the piece of string he attached to the gun trigger.

AT THE BOTTOM-- looks back up-- about to pull the trigger, when LIGHT FLOODS IN-- able to see the PANTS BOMB has floated away from the HINGE as we SMASHCUT TO--

THE OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

-- LEBANESE #2 looking down on the plexiglas door. FULL OF WATER, can't see more than a few feet down. Eyes the odd sock-pants-gun contraption floating. Cord runs over the mattress.

IN THE CISTERN

Still holding his breath. Looking up, just deep enough where he can't be seen. Lungs bursting. Waiting for LEBANESE #2 to look away. The moment he does, Court swims up. Shifts the Sock-Pants contraption under the hinge, inches of air left.

Gets a breath, the sock-bomb is about to get soaked. No time. Moves the mattress to wedge it in the right spot--

ON LEBANESE #2

Looking back-- thinks he sees a SHADOW-- as SMASH! The front door crashes open-- CIA BREACHING TEAM enters. LEBANESE ENGAGE. LEBANESE #2 drops on the plexiglas, FIRING OUT!

ON COURT

grabbing the pipe at the bottom as he yanks the cord. It pulls the trigger on the gun-- CONTRAPTION EXPLODES with a MUFFLED BOOM! *Ripping the plexiglas up at four hundred mph--* Lifting LEBANESE #2, his body crunches against the roof!

ON COURT

pushing off the bottom with all his might-- no idea what's waiting for him above, as he crawls out-- INTO A FIREFIGHT!

CIA HIT TEAM BLASTING away-- SHOOTING THE LEBANESE! Court doesn't hang around for this-- in his underpants, no shoes, he rolls to his feet, slipping on the linoleum, and dives down the hallway. Regains his feet, hands on a doorjamb as it shreds with bullets, slicing splinters into his hand.

IN THE BATHROOM

-- where he shaved, sees a HIGH WINDOW in the shower; about to jump up to it, when he sees his BACKPACK, sitting where he left it. Grabs it, throws it out, then slithers up and out, but with no pants, pulling himself out--

-- *HE DRAGS THE STITCHES IN HIS THIGH-- shreds them open. Bites back his impulse to scream as he squeezes out into--*

A SMALL COURTYARD

Tests a door-- locked, so he uses the IRON BARS on windows to climb up to the second floor balcony. Places the BACKPACK against the window, smashes it with his arm. One. Two. Three times before it shatters. Loud SNAPS of gunfire below--

INSIDE A BEDROOM

-- Court tries to avoid the shards of glass from the busted window, but it's dark, bare feet step on it, slicing them--

Crab-walking, listening; lights out, no noise. Hobbles into a BATHROOM, pulls SHARDS OF GLASS from his feet. Deep puncture wounds. No pants, we see the BULLET WOUND. Reopened. Nasty.

Cinches a HANDTOWEL over the wound, listens. Shooting's died down across. SIRENS in the distance. Gingerly walks into--

THE LIVING ROOM-- where he sees OLD LADY sitting on a couch, staring at him. He mimes pulling pants on. Wide-eyed, she points down the hall. He finds a CLOSET OF MEN'S CLOTHES.

Coveralls-- huge on him. Steel toed work boots are too big. Court pulls them on, grabs a bunch of SOCKS. Head's out.

INT. CHATEAU - SUNSET

Reigel oversee the Tech.

TECH

CIA got four, two Lebanese still in the game. Their Commander sounds like his men are out for blood.

Reigel looks at the screens. Searching for inspiration.

TECH

No contacts off Fitzroy's list within four hundred kilometers.

At an impasse. Reigel doesn't like this one bit.

EXT. SZABO'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

POLICE are all over the place. The Korean spots a SLOVENIAN DETECTIVE. As they shake, the Korean deftly hands him MONEY.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Slovenian Detective leads the Korean down a hallway-- striding past TRAYS OF FOOD. The Korean snatches a BOTTLE OF HOT SAUCE. From another tray, he takes a NEEDLE. The Detective flashes a BADGE. The NURSE backs off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Szabo's opens his eyes to see the Korean with the SYRINGE in the bottle of HOT SAUCE. Plunger back. Sucking up RED FLUID.

KOREAN

Who sent him to you?

SZABO

I want my money.

He squirts a touch of the HOT SUACE in Szabo's eye. Moves the syringe towards Szabo's arm.

INT. FITZROY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Fitzroy, shackled to the bed. IV in his arm. Swelling is bad, getting worse. His breathing sputters. Eases. He's okay.

INT. CLAIRE AND EVA'S ROOM - EVENING

Guard is inside the room with them now. Reading. Claire watches him. Looks at Eva. When she's sure the Guard can't see, she pulls out her prize. She stole ARCHER'S FERRARI RED CELL PHONE. Eva's eyes go wide. Speaking softly--

EVA
Where'd you get it?

CLAIRE
I took it from the man they killed.

GUARD
Either talk loud enough for me to hear, or shut up.

They stop talking. Only for a moment though.

EVA
You heard what he said if anyone else shows up?
(Claire nods)
What if we call Grandad's friend?

CLAIRE
We don't have the number.

GUARD
Keep going, I'll gag you up.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Talk about uncomfortable: Miranda, Tech, and Reigel sit close to each other at a long table. Miranda has one hand cuffed to the chair. The food looks great. Juicy FILET MIGNON. Rare.

REIGEL
I'd like to know how it happened; star-crossed lovers and all that.

Miranda stares at him; feeling out her next move--

REIGEL
Your girls can make it home with PTSD that will have them pissing their beds for a few weeks, or they can suffer far more lasting indignities. He will still come if there's only one of you left.

She chooses to speak breezily; to lessen Reigel's power.

MIRANDA

I met Court ten years ago; I was on holiday with my parents when the Queen's adversaries came calling. Court was nearby. Still in CIA, but he and my father had worked a difficult job together in Afghanistan. Dad called in a favor.

REIGEL

You must have made quite an impression.

MIRANDA

When a man kills five men and takes a bullet to save your life, yes, it does make quite an impression.

Reigel chomps away. Enjoying himself. Waves her on.

MIRANDA

I became pregnant, naively thought he'd leave it all behind. But my white knight wasn't much of a man. Left without so much as a goodbye.

REIGEL

The Gray Man is a deadbeat.

MIRANDA

This morning was the first time I've heard his voice in eight years. If you'd told me who you were after, we'd all be home now.

REIGEL

Rather ruthless, don't you think? The man volunteered to turn himself in knowing it meant a bullet in his head. Must count for something?

MIRANDA

Means he's the right kind of monster. Unlike you.

REIGEL

Even bad men love their mothers.

EXT/INTERIOR - MONTAGE - DAY

-Court rides the motorcycle past a SIGN. Subtitled translation: 'Villach, Austrian Border Checkpoint, 4 km'. He pulls down a dirt road. Hops off the bike. Heads uphill on foot. Towards Austria.

-SOMEONE watches Maurice's CARETAKER, cleaning his house.

-COURT, on foot, limps across GREEN FARMLAND. In a redoubt, he takes his boots off, bloody as fuck. Re-wraps them.

-MAURICE, in darkness, stumbles up a hill, drunk.

-COURT sits in the backseat of a bus. Passing a sign that reads 'Montlingen, Switzerland'. Watch reads: **38 hours left.**

INT. MAURICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maurice, sleeping, COUGHS, reaches for his DRUGS-- pops them. Downs his water. As he lights a smoke, the flash illuminates THE KOREAN. Maurice reaches for his GUN. Lifts it.

MAURICE

-- emptied the clip. And spiked my drugs. Sneaky little fucker.

(smacks his lips)

What did we use here; Sodium Amytol? Yeah. Rookie; may as well give me a handjob while we chat.

THE KOREAN

I read your prescriptions. Creates a problem when the threat of death makes the subject happy. The drug clouds the mind.

MAURICE

You have to get me talking first.

KOREAN

Look to your left.

Maurice looks over-- sees his Caretaker staring up at him. On the floor. Gagged. Bound. Maurice closes his eyes. Hardens.

MAURICE

You'll kill her anyway.

THE KOREAN

Yes. But quickly or slowly? It's surprising how long a human being can survive without skin.

The Korean stands. Pulls her over to the bed. Draws a KNIFE.

THE KOREAN

We have all night.

ON MAURICE-- hears a MUFFLED CRY, and we CUT TO--

EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS - NIGHT

-- ROAR OF A HELICOPTER, lifting off behind MR. FELIX (Isaac Abubaker's Intelligence Advisor). He shakes Reigel's hand--

REIGEL
Mr. Felix.

MR. FELIX
Madame Laurent's ace in the hole.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - NIGHT

They enter; Mr. Felix is flipping through PAGES, catching up. Reading about ASSETS in play--

MR. FELIX
He's been even more resourceful
than you expected--

Mr. Felix gets to Court's SAD DOSSIER. He starts flipping through. Pulls out the DENTAL RECORDS. Holds them up.

MR. FELIX
Makes verification a breeze.
Assuming you get him in time.

TECH
The Korean is checking in.

KOREAN (ON SPEAKER)
I'm sending you the location of
Patton's cache in Switzerland.

REIGEL
You're certain he didn't lie?

THE KOREAN (O.S.)
Only for the first half hour.

The Korean hangs up. Coordinates pop up on Tech's screen.

MR. FELIX
Who is that guy?

REIGEL
You heard about the job in Kiev?

MR. FELIX
I heard the Gray Man did it.
(beat)
It was the Korean? You're sure?

REIGEL
Of course; I hired him.

MR. FELIX
Why would he give you information
that helps the others?

REIGEL
He's an entrepreneur; the Gray Man
is his closest competitor.

EXT. SWISS VILLAGE - NIGHT

COURT walks through a small village. Dark. Rubbing his black rimmed eyes; one tired dude. Checks his watch. 34 hours. Heads uphill, away from town, towards the woods.

EXT. THE WOODS OF A VALLEY - NIGHT

Court hurries along a path-- leading into a CLEARING in--

- NORTHEASTERN SWITZERLAND -

He's exhausted. GRASSHOPPERS. BIRDS chatter with each other until he gets close. Then they grow quiet as we CUT TO--

INT. THE CHATEAU TECH HUB - NIGHT

MAP of the area shows one road only bisecting MOUNTAINOUS SECTION. VALLEYS on either side, with a pair of TOWNS.

REIGEL
Have SSG move in on foot from here.
Get everyone else in these two
towns as soon as possible.

SCREEN ZOOMS IN on the MOUNTAINS, on the CABIN COORDINATES-- a bowl shaped CLEARING with ROCK WALLS around.

MR. FELIX
Six kilometers from the insertion point to the cabin; insert them here, you'll cut the distance by--

Reigel, points to the map, slams the door on him with relish--

REIGEL
-- these walls act as a natural amphitheater. Drive too close, he'll be able to hear the engine. Don't worry. SSG can cover the distance in twenty minutes without so much as a snapped branch.

EXT. WIDE ON A TINY SHACK - NIGHT

Court, using a TAC LIGHT, circles around a UTILITY SHED, hidden in trees. Three steps from the front door, two right. Digs. FINDS A COFFEE CAN-- inside is a baggie. With KEYS.

AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE SHACK

His fingers find a THIN TOOTHPICK. Satisfied no one's been here, he uses the keys to unlock a RUSTY PADLOCK--

INSIDE

Court lights a KEROSENE LAMP. Walls hold MRE'S and MEDICAL SUPPLIES. Clean clothing. Tears his own clothes off.

Pulls off the BODY ARMOR he got from Iraq. Body is purple with bruises-- especially his back. He uses a mirror to check the wounds. INFECTED where the bullets punctured his skin. Nothing he can do. Devours the MRE's like a starving man.

BEHIND HIM, hanging on hinged by to the door is a SEVEN FOOT TALL MESH GRATE. Barely visible in the dim light.

Turns his attention to the GUNSHOT WOUND in his thigh. Infected as well. Injects himself with a ANTIBIOTICS. Starts cleaning the wound again. Wincing. Hurts like hell.

Court, eyes fluttering, finishes bandaging his feet. Unrolls a sleeping bag. Watch reads: 29 hours. Sets his watch alarm for 7 AM. Puts his clothes, body armor on. BACKPACK beside him. Kills the lamp, SOUNDS OF NATURE chirp nearby.

INT. VAN - PARKED - NIGHT

FOUR PAKISTANI SSG (the Hawkish, lean Waziris from before) load weapons. Prepping for an assault. Watches read: **4:30 AM.**

Use RED TAC-LIGHTS to study A MAP. Speak in Pashtu--

SSG LEADDER

(Two will set up here. Three here, four here. If he survives the explosion, we herd him towards these rocks. Our target is injured and exhausted; assume he's not.)

EXT. IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

SHAPES IN THE DARK-- even running flat out, they're very quiet-- NIGHT VISION POV-- watching the CABIN from afar.

EXT. WIDE ON THE CABIN - NIGHT

SSG LEADER-- wearing NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, whispers in a MIC--

LEADER
(One in position.)

NUMBER #2 (O.S. FILTERED)
(Two on West side. One window.)

NUMBER #3 (O.S. FILTERED)
(Three on East side.)

NUMBER #4 (O.S. FILTERED)
(Four on South. Near a shed. Fresh tracks; someone's here.)

SSG LEADER POV-- hits a SWITCH ON HIS GOGGLES, they flick to THERMALS: *Court's laying on the cabin floor.*

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON COURT-- sleeping like the dead. Fully unaware.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF CABIN - NIGHT

EITHER SIDE OF THE CABIN-- SSG take up covering positions. Leader, soft-walking, heads towards the porch.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Court's still out. Only sound is his breathing since--

RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR

-- SSG LEADER is exceptionally quiet. Gets the BREACHING CHARGE placed noiselessly. Moves back out. Silent as a ghost--

INSIDE

-- that's the problem. The ABSENCE OF SOUND wakes Court. Nature knows an interloper. May as well be an alarm.

Court grabs two BAGS OF GEAR, drop into a TRAPDOOR. THE BREACHING CHARGE EXPLODES. SHOCKWAVE RIPS IN! A FIREBALL--

EXT. WIDE ON THE CABIN - MOMENT LATER

-- Illuminates everything for fifty yards. Leader waves his team back in. MOST OF THE FLOOR is still in place. No Court.

Explosion shifted the floorboards, making the reinforced trapdoor obvious. Leader starts firing down. Pulls EXPLOSIVE from his belt. Stands back. BOOM! SHAPED CHARGE BLOWS DOWN!

INT. THE UTILITY SHED - CONTINUOUS

Court opens the trapdoor, leaps up from the tunnel with an explosion of dirt and air. A FOUR WHEELER ATV in front of him. Leaps on. ENGINE SPUTTERS.

Doesn't catch, but the headlights turn on. IN THE FLASH OF LIGHTS, he sees the GRIP has been MODIFIED, flicks lights off. Tries again-- as BULLETS DECIMATE THE THIN WOOD WALLS--

OUTSIDE THE SHED

The ATV explodes through the door. SSG FIRE as we CUT TO--

NIGHT VISION POV-- targeting the ATV, no lights. As it hauls-ass into trees, the GOGGLES get ripped off our head and we--

REVERSE OF COURT-- a hand over SSG #2's mouth, snaps his neck. Takes his SKORPION MACHINE PISTOL. Runs UPHILL--

ON A DIMLY LIT SHEEP PATH

-- Court sprints. Wall of rock looming ahead. No choice. Has to drop the DUFFEL BAG OF WEAPONS. Starts climbing. Fast. Looking back and down- sees THREE SSG enter the clearing.

Court leaps for holds. Sees a GAP in the rock. Keeps climbing to the top. BULLETS close in. No choice, has to drop. Falls EIGHT FEET-- lands awkwardly, might've cracked a rib. Squeezes through THE GAP he saw. Blocked from bullets. Grass underfoot as it opens up. He limp-scramble-runs upwards.

EXT. ROCK WALL - NIGHT

The Pakistani SSG are no joke. Leaping like mountain goats uphill, not taking the wall, but running around to an area not quite as steep. Sprinting. Closing fast.

EXT. NEARBY FARM - NIGHT

Court, crazy winded, running downhill, still got his BACKPACK, looks back. Sees SHAPES over a rise near the cliff, a hundred yards behind. Hurries towards a BARN-- CAR and a BIKE. Easy choice. Hops on the bike. And with his stolen NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, glides off, accelerating downhill.

INT. LIBRARY TECH HUB - PRE-DAWN

They're watching screens--

TECH

SSG has him heading West.

REIGEL

Then he'll hit Urnasch for a car,
or shift around it on foot.

TECH

Korean's there, along with Russian
Grom and five watchers in position.

Tech brings up a CAMERA FEEDS from the WATCHERS--

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY - EDGE OF TOWN - PRE-DAWN

-- Court biking towards a TOWN of five thousand. Behind him, sees a VAN heading downhill-- lights out. He throws the bike in the bushes, limp-runs towards town. Trying to think. What happened. So tired. Then, an electric bolt as he realizes--

COURT

-- *I told Szabo his name.*

Yanks his SAT PHONE out. Hits send. Last number he dialed.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

(This is the Piran Police.)

COURT

(already knows)

Why are you answering this phone?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

I'm sorry. Mr. Patton was found de--

-- Court hangs up. Guilt piles on. His error. His fault.

EXT. URNASCH STREET - DAWN

TWO RUSSIAN GROM cross a bridge-- ZOOM IN ACROSS THE RIVER--
TWO WATCHERS canvas the area--

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY - DAWN

Pakistani SSG are on foot now-- LEADER kneels by the bike.
Waves his men to follow COURT'S TRACKS, hot on his heels.

EXT. DOWN A SIDE STREET - DAWN

DELIVERY VEHICLES, etc. Town is waking up for the day.
WATCHER in a CAR sees a SOMEONE Limp towards an OLD CAR--

WATCHER 4-2

This is Four-Two, I may have him--

EXT. NEARBY - DAWN

-- TWO MORE GROM sprint. Silently rounding a corner. GUNS UP, aimed at the OLD CAR'S WINDSHIELD. If Court were inside, they'd have him. Side window is SMASHED, but no Court. He's--

HURRYING AROUND A CORNER

-- climbing a tree. Rolling over a WALL. Knows they're close. Spots TWO OPEN UMBRELLAS, drying out in a backyard. The sharp tip on one stands out. Snatches the inconspicuous weapon.

EXT. FROM A ROOFTOP - DAWN

Looking over the village-- we catch up to the Korean-- leaping down the outside of the building.

REIGEL (O.S.)

This is a closed channel. Head to street level. He'll ID the others and try to shake them.

Drainpipes-- to fire escapes-- on the ground in seconds--

REIGEL (O.S.)

Shift North of the bridge--

THE KOREAN

No. It's a natural chokepoint, he'll avoid it.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Court blends in with PEOPLE. Trying not to sweat. Holding the UMBRELLA. Eyes pass over a Grom soldier a hundred yards away.

EXT. A NARROW ALLEY - DAWN

Court looks out at a street in front of the river. Looks up the alley. Then towards the street. Sees a CABBIE smoking--

-- from the shadows, he detects the slightest flash, body tenses, reacting. Not fast enough to avoid a BLADE PLUNGING INTO HIS BELLY-- just manages to grab KOREAN'S WRIST before he's disemboweled. But the slice penetrates his abdominal MUSCLES, then across. Court, groaning, uses his free hand to jam the TIP of the umbrella up towards the Korean's face--

Korean avoids it, but it's just enough for Court to rip his free hand across his body, grab his HANDGUN--

Korean, knocks it away. Court prevents the blade from moving-- Korean twists-- serrating ABDOMINAL MUSCLE.

Even fully clothed, the SOUND of the cut, and Court's agony, should guarantee it's virtually impossible to watch-- if it pierces any further, Court's dead. Fighting like he knows it--

Court, all he can do not to scream, has to bite down on his lip 'til blood comes out. Pushes with both legs, slams The Korean into the wall while whipping his head forward--

-- a skull cracking HEAD BUTT; the loudest noise of the fight. Korean staggers, Court jabs the tip of his umbrella up again. Court's taller, the Korean has to go up on his toes to prevent the tip from entering the lower part of jaw. Now it's an odd, disgusting face off. Court slowly punctures The Korean's lower jaw, tip entering his mouth. Blood pours. Korean, free hand, twists the blade on Court's hip--

COURT
Ahhhhh--

COURT FOCUSES, leaps, propelling the tip of the umbrella into the Korean's brain. Court's passing out, can't let it happen, only seconds for a getaway. Takes the GUN, removes his tie, pulls the BLADE out with an agonizing MOAN--

-- shoves the tie into the wound. Nasty. Bleeding like crazy.

OUT IN THE STREET

Court sees LADY on a bicycle. Holds a hand out to stop--

INT. CHATEAU - DAWN

-- Reigel is watching his teams move. Watching them run. SEES A CAMERA PAN ACROSS THE KOREAN'S CORPSE-- massive amounts of blood near his head. Slimmer trail leading down the street--

WATCHER 6-1 (O.S.)
Command, this is six-one. I'm
tracking the subject.

IMAGE ON THE PLASMA SCREEN shows: A WIDE SHOT - MAN BIKING over a bridge. Pedalling like he's a hundred--

REIGEL
(mumbling to the screens)
Come on. Where are they--

TECH
-- Russians coming in on the West,
SSG on the other side. He's had it.

MR. FELIX
If that's him.

*SCREENS SHOW: he's trapped, spins a Silencer off his GUN.
FIRES into the air--*

MR. FELIX
What's he doing?

REIGEL
Attracting the police.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

Court's surrounded. TEN MEN run in on both sides of the river. Grievously wounded, no choice but to fall off the bike, then HOLD ON TO IT-- AS HE ROLLS OFF THE BRIDGE--

-- INTO THE RIVER-- FOLLOWING HIM DOWN-- UNDERWATER-- uses the bike to help him sink. DOWN. DOWN. ABOVE HIM--

MUZZLE FLASHES glow like orange fireflies. Bullets punch the water like silvery schools of fish. Peaceful now. Court hovers near the bottom. May lose consciousness, then wills himself back. Inserts his LEATHERMAN in the sidewall of a tire. BREATHING IN THE AIR. Gets the other TIRE FREE.

Letting the current take him. Breathing from his TWO TIRES.

INT. CHATEAU - MORNING

Reigel can't believe Court got away. LIVE FEEDS SHOW: everyone moving away as POLICE arrive.

MULTIPLE WATCHERS (O.S. FILTERED)
No eyes-- police arriving-- we need
to clear out.

MR. FELIX
Video won't do it. I need his body.

EXT. RIVERBANK OF A PARK - EDGE OF TOWN - DAWN

Court's a hundred feet up an embankment, buried between a tree and a wall, hidden in shadow. Breathing is shallow. White skin, blue, trembling lips. He feels a VIBRATION. Looks down. The RUGGED SAT-PHONE still works. Fingers fumble--

EVA (O.S.)
Hello?

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - DAWN

Reigel and TWO GUARDS hover over Eva. Phone is on SPEAKER, so Claire can read the phone number.

COURT (O.S.)
Hello, Eva.

Claire traces the number behind her, on the VELVET BEDSPREAD.

EVA
How'd you know it was me?

BACK ON COURT - holding his bloody wound.

COURT
You and Claire sound different.

EVA (O.S.)
Are you still coming?

Court gulps. Embers of life come back into his eyes--

COURT
Yes, I'm still coming.

EVA (O.S.)
(a child's intuition)
How come?

Court sits there. Spent. Will he say it? A long beat. Then--

REIGEL (O.S.)
Figured you'd need an elixir; can't
have you running off and dying in a
hole. You only have sixteen hours.

COURT
I don't-- but you do.

REIGEL (O.S.)
Considering the shape you're in, I
like my odds.

Court hangs up. Feels in his coat pocket. Pulls out MAURICE'S
ENVELOPE-- pulls out the TELEPHONE BOOK PAGE, runs a finger
down the list. Stops on the twentieth number down.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Court staggers down a street. Finds a closed bolted door, so
he plops down behind a dumpster. Waits.

SIRENS wail in the distance. Court hears a noise. Sees a
PRETTY SWISS-FRENCH WOMAN (20's) lean out the door. Looking
around. Court rises to his feet--

WOMAN
Allez.

She waves at him, then sees how badly he's injured, and runs over, putting her arm around him. Carrying him inside.

INT. DARK ROOM - MORNING

As they stagger in, Court is startled to hear the sound of DOGS BARKING, close. Woman turns on a light.

WOMAN

Parlez vous Anglais?

(Court nods)

Monsieur, I tried to tell your contact that my boss was out of town; he's on his way here now, but it will be a few hours.

COURT

No. You have medicine and bandages or he wouldn't have sent me here.

Blood pools under Court, laying on a metal table.

WOMAN

Doctor LePage has access to a nearby clinic; I do not. You need a hospital. Mon Dieu, you are cold--

She grabs a blanket, drapes it over his shoulders--

COURT

What's your name?

WOMAN/JUSTINE

Justine. And you?

COURT

How about Paul.

(she looks at him, what?)

Justine, you're a vet. That's close enough. I just need some blood and--

JUSTINE

-- a vet's assistant. I give baths. I hold dogs down. You are about to die.

COURT

I can talk you through what needs to be done. I need a couple units of O-positive, some antibiotics, and your hands.

Court pulls his shirt up-- chest is white. Blood pressure is so low, no blood comes out-- but this is the first look at the wound; a tie wadded up inside. Justine can't believe it.

JUSTINE
I cannot help you with that!

COURT
Imagine me with fur.

JUSTINE
How do you joke while bleeding to death.

COURT
No idea. Where's the clinic?

JUSTINE
A bandage first; otherwise you will not make it.

Court does his best to get his clothes off-- she helps. Gets a look at the most wrecked human body she's ever seen--

JUSTINE
What the hell happened to you?!

COURT
Shot in the leg. Stitches keep tearing, so it's infected. Same with the back. Hands got splinters, cracked my ribs falling down a hill, don't even look at my feet.

She pulls rubber gloves on-- looks at his gut. Puts a PAD over the wound, wraps a COMPRESSION BANDAGE AROUND-- tight.

COURT
We need to go right now.

JUSTINE
To a hospital.

COURT
The clinic. I need to get out of town. Have Dr. Lepage call over and cover for you.

JUSTINE
Do you not understand how badly injured you are? A few centimeters deeper, you would be disembowled.

COURT
I don't have a choice.

JUSTINE
The choice is between living and
dying, Paul.

COURT
I get blood, I'll be okay.

JUSTINE
I was just told to open this place--

Court rummages in his jacket-- pulls out the envelope from
MAURICE-- hands it to her, all the money. Soggy.

JUSTINE
How much is this?

COURT
A lot.

JUSTINE
I cannot. I don't want to go to
jail, or get wrapped up in--

COURT
-- Justine. If I don't get to
Normandy by tonight, two little
girls will be killed. I know it's a
shitty deal, but if you walk away
now, they're dead.

Court looks at her, emotional; Superman is begging.

COURT
Please.

INT. JUSTINE'S CAR - MORNING

Court's in the passenger seat of her 1981 LE CAR, a *bona fide tas de mierde*. Smoke comes out as they drive.

JUSTINE
If you can't even drive, what do
you expect to do when you get to
their location?

COURT
I can drive. Right now, we need to
put distance between us. Police are
locking everything down here.
(off her look)
We'll do a transfusion in the car--

As Justine switches gears, they grind, nosily--

COURT
-- not this one.

Court finds a PENCIL, writes a list on SCRAP PAPER--

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE CLINIC - MORNING

Parked. Court hears POLICE HELICOPTERS circling the river; he passes her the SCRAP PAPER, then the car's TIRE IRON.

COURT
Last one on the list should be with
the pediatric drugs.

JUSTINE
Dextrostat?

He nods. She steps to the window, looks at Court--

JUSTINE
You better not be lying to me about
your kids.

COURT
I didn't say they were mine.

JUSTINE
If they weren't, you'd be dead
already.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Justine pulls up in an SUV. Opens the door-- Court passed out. Blinks. She helps him climbs in the driver's seat--

JUSTINE
If you pass out--

COURT
-- I won't.

INT. SUV - MORNING

Justine dumps everything on her lap as Court drives.

JUSTINE
Three unit's O-positive, two bags
dextrose, transfusion equipment,
Morphine, and a suture kit.

COURT
And?

JUSTINE

Oh yes, the Dextrostat. I read the bottle. It is a very strong amphetamine. If the stitches are not perfect, even one pill will spike your blood pressure so much you will bleed to death quickly.

Court nods. Tucks the DEXTROSTAT into his pants pocket.

COURT

Police will have roadblocks set up.

JUSTINE

We can cut through Manet's farm.

EXT. WIDE ON THE TOWN - MORNING

POLICE CHECKPOINTS have been set up at all the roads--

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - MORNING

The SUV drives off a dirt road, onto pavement. Accelerates.

INT. SUV - DRIVING - MORNING

Justine has set up the TRANSFUSION EQUIPMENT. Tubes snake from the BLOOD BAGS hanging in back-- into Court's arms.

JUSTINE

-- second bag is *already* empty.

She switches it to a THIRD bag of blood.

JUSTINE

This attack, it will be just you?

COURT

Unless you're handy with a gun.

JUSTINE

(not amused)

You don't even have one.

INTERNET ACCESS is legal in European cars. Court's able to pull up info on: 'HAMILTON and ASSOCIATES' sees their world headquarters is in Geneva, Switzerland. Sees the ADDRESS.

JUSTINE

Odds are not so good for you?

COURT

Been lucky so far--

JUSTINE
Lucky? Your body is trash.
(Court looks at her)
I mean wrecked, no?

Court tries to smirk. Barely has it in him, as we CUT TO--

INT. BACKSEAT - FEW MINUTES LATER

-- BAGS OF DEXTROSE and ALL THREE BLOOD BAGS are empty. In FRONT, Justine has everything laid out--

JUSTINE
You look better.

COURT
Let's get this over with.

Threads the RAZOR SHARP HOOKED NEEDLE, dips it in antiseptic. She takes scissors, cuts the BANDAGE OFF, dumps antiseptic. Stings. He jumps. She just looks at him--

JUSTINE
If that hurts, this will not work.

COURT
It was cold.

Gets a smile out of her. Unfastens her seat belt, then his. She gets on her knees in the passenger seat. Uses TAPE to attach a PENLIGHT to the underside of the steering column, lighting her surgical station.

COURT
You'll have to go deep into the muscle to close it. If you stitch the skin, it will tear.

JUSTINE
Why didn't you ask for a numbing agent?

COURT
Cut's too deep. Whatever I say, do not stop.

Justine starts a half inch outside the wound. Courts okay until she TUGS IT-- his eyes roll back in agony.

JUSTINE
You start feeling clammy, nauseous, tell me. You cannot go into shock.
(he nods)
(MORE)

JUSTINE (cont'd)
Do you want to talk about anything,
to distract you?

Looking down at the HOOKED NEEDLE--

COURT
It'll have to be pretty thrilling.

For the rest of this scene, she shoves the needle in time with the questions-- uses gauze to wipe away the blood as she works. Wipe, antiseptic, then a stitch--

JUSTINE
How old are they?

COURT
Eight. I spoke to them for the first time yesterday.

JUSTINE
Ah. You are one of *those* men.
(Court doesn't answer)
Their mother is with them now?
(Court nods)
She was a fling, then?

COURT
No. I was crazy about her.
(Justine looks confused)
You can't leave what I do behind.

JUSTINE
Even for a family?

COURT
They'd never be safe. Only part of it, though, if I'm honest.

Talking to a stranger, sleep deprived, emotionally spent, trying to keep his mind off agonizing pain, this is the only scenario that would ever get Court to open up.

COURT
My dad trained SWAT teams on our ranch; wasn't the kind of person you want raising kids. I realized a long time ago, I'm just like him.

JUSTINE
Did you tell her that?
(he shakes his head)
So then, what, you kissed her one last time, and that was it?

COURT

She told me she was pregnant-- and
I never saw or spoke to her again.

Justine pauses to stare up at him: you sonofabitch.

COURT

Don't jab me, I know how it sounds;
that was the point.

JUSTINE

You wanted to make her hate you?

Court nods. Looks raw and open as his wounds--

COURT

Easier to move on that way. I loved
her. The best gift I could give her
was ammunition to hate me.

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - MORNING

Miranda is sitting with Fitzroy. His face has swollen
considerably. Mouth no longer bleeding, though. He can talk.

MIRANDA

I'm so sorry, dad--

FITZROY

-- shhh. I wish you'd told me-- but
I understand why you didn't.

A little cough. He winces.

FITZROY

Makes sense why I never managed to
track down *Mr. Soren Fletcher* from
South Africa, though.

MIRANDA

Picked up a few tricks from you.

Miranda starts to cry. Softly. Shaking. Wracked with guilt.

FITZROY

Took you long enough. You were
influenced from birth to fall for a
man like your father. It's not your
fault that it happened.

Fitzroy's warm. Steady. It helps. Guard eyes them both.

MIRANDA

I'm a mess, dad. We wouldn't be here if it weren't for him, but for the first time, I know he cares. If he makes it, I don't have the slightest clue how I'll react.

FITZROY

I'm somewhere between choking and hugging him, myself.

MIRANDA

(gets a little smile)
Can he really do this?

FITZROY

If he succeeds, skill won't be the deciding factor; the deck's too stacked against him. I'd never argue you can't loathe him for what he did, but you should understand what he'll have to endure to save you. A father throwing his body in front of a train for his family is one thing. Court will have to do it piece-by-piece.

INT. SUV - COURT DRIVING - MORNING

On a busier road, traffic passing. Justine looks up at him--

JUSTIN,

Almost done. Just need to pull it tight. It will be the most painful part. I will be as gentle as I can.

ON THE WOUND-- pulling it tight. Slowly-- closes perfectly. Bleeding stops. Justine smiles up at Court. Head hanging. Passed out. She feels the SUV run off the road as we CUT TO--

EXT. EDGE OF A FIELD - MORNING

POV-- DARKNESS-- Court hears--

JUSTINE (O.S.)

Please. Paul. Paul you must wake.

-- before Court opens his eyes, he instinctively reaches up, grabs Justine by the neck-- then releases--

COURT

Sorry. Sorry, Justine.

Court looks around. Sees the SUV fifty-yards away, she must've dragged him into the brush. Doesn't matter though, he sees THREE POLICE CARS. POLICE have guns up. Aimed at him.

JUSTINE

I could not wake you.

Court looks the other way, sees THREE MORE OFFICERS, guns up, coming in slowly. Very wary of him. Court looks at her. At all of them. Even in desperation, they've got him.

EXT. SUV - DAY

POLICE find his SCORPION MACHINE PISTOL; a big deal here.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

SWISS WATCHER, listening to a POLICE SCANNER, on his phone--

SWISS WATCHER

Police have him; they're waiting
for backup before transport.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Court, on the ground, wrist awkwardly handcuffed to an iron BENCH. Watch shows: 12 hours left. Justine's handcuffed next to him. SIX POLICE nearby: TWO YOUNG, TWO OLD, TWO FAT.

Court, eyes everywhere, marking traffic, looks out over gingerbread homes sprinkled amongst more modern structures.

COURT

Justine, soon as we're out of this,
I'll send detectives the whole
story. You'll be okay.

She looks down. As if her life is over.

JUSTINE

Out of this? Look around you.

Court, guilty, watches a road, twisting up and over a hill. A DELIVERY TRUCK is parked at the top of the hill. Something about it makes Court look downhill. Good thing-- THWIP! The METAL BENCH SLAT right next to Court's head FRAGMENTS!

COURT

Sniper-- everyone down!

Downhill, Court spots a VAN accelerating out of a gas station. Uphill, the OTHER VAN is cooking towards them too. Court, with his leg, pulls a LUGGAGE CART over to hide him.

COURT

*Sergeant, you need to lay down
cover fire on the sniper--*

POLICE fumble to draw guns, hampered by panic. Sergeant grabs his walkie-talkie. Speaks in SWISS-GERMAN. Court hears what he said, Court repeats it back in English--

COURT

*Not rescue me. Kill me. At least
get Justine inside.*

(Sergeant's frozen)

*They will kill your men to get to
me. We have to work together to
survive. Unlock my cuffs.*

Sergeant takes a SNIPER BULLET to the head-- DOWNHILL VAN'S DOORS OPEN. TWO MASKED MEN with MACHINE GUNS exit. Police, behind benched and luggage carts, fire unpracticed rounds--

COURT

UP THE HILL! SHOOT THE OTHER TRUCK!

LOOKING UPHILL-- TWO MORE MASKED MEN, armed, leapfrog each other, moving with quick confidence, like a pride of lions.

Court puts his boots against the iron legs of the bench, kicking hard as he can with both feet while pulling with his wrist, trying to break the iron piece he's manacled to off. Each kick cuts into his wrist. Agonizing pain. Justine, hugs the ground, but her wrist is attached to the same bench.

COURT

Goddamnit, they're flanking us!

Police Man #6 barks for backup as SUPERSONIC ROUNDS stitch up the concrete behind him-- into his legs and body-- *his bloody death throes last throughout the rest of the battle*.

The Four Remaining Police ignore him, as they fire blind, then reload slowly with jittery hands. Court's still kicking! His hand, cut off from circulation, is turning blue--

BULLETS SHATTER GLASS ABOVE HIM, shards rain down on the bench. SWISS POLICE #2 gets shot in the shoulder and hip, writhing on the ground in agony-- bleeding-- and finally--

-- Court breaks the bench arm free. Wrist still attached to a thirty pound PIECE. He lifts, allowing Justine to get free.

COURT

Inside!

She crawls inside as Court sprint-slides to Swiss Police #2--

SWISS POLICE #2
Help me--

Court yanks the handcuff key off his utility belt, grabs the COPS GUN, rolls off the platform, onto the tracks. Unlocks his shackle. Wrist swollen. Court crouch-runs low, below the lip of the platform, peeks back over, sees--

TWO POLICE still in the fight. Crouched behind poor cover.

COURT
Come to me!

Court spots movement behind the TWO POLICE-- TWO GUNMEN run through THE STATION, flanking position, got both Police Men and Justine dead to rights-- Court stands, and from twelve feet blasts a ROUND through GUNMAN #1's head-- who's body whiplashes back into GUNMAN #2-- as he fights to get around-- Court buries another shot through Gunman #2's neck.

COURT
Slide me his rifle!

Now that they've seen Court work, Police #3 grabs the RIFLE, slides it-- Court yanks the mag, it's full. Distant SIRENS--

COURT
When I say go, you're going to run up there, keeping her between you--

SWISS OFFICER #3
Downhill to the left is open--

COURT
-- that's their kill zone.
(pointing to each spot)
Sniper. Team One. Team Two. Creates a tactical crescent designed to look like an escape route. Amateur hour's fuckin' over; you want to live, put your rifles on semi-auto, fire one round each direction 'til you're empty-- heading up there.

The TWO COPS nod. Court grabs his BAG. Addresses Justine--

COURT
Tell 'em everything, just make sure police don't arrive before 8 PM--

Below the raised platform, Court runs across the tracks. Then, using a house for cover, edges around it, hears a RIFLE being reloaded. Hears the men YELLING IN ARABIC.

At ten feet, he steps around the corner, and on full auto--- BLASTS ONE MORE GUNMEN! Looks up the hill at the DELIVERY TRUCK. Empty. Ready to go. Court grabs a RIFLE. Pulls up the mask: dead Lebanese. Turns back at the Train Station--

COURT
Go!

THE TWO SWISS POLICE SHIELD JUSTINE-- running uphill-- firing back and forth as Court told them--

COURT-- aims uphill, waiting for the SNIPER to SHIFT! Court FIRES. Up the hill. Three shots, two hit. Sniper's down.

THE TWO DOWNHILL GUNMEN--

-- move parallel to the Police, trying to spot Court. About to open fire on the POLICE running uphill--

COURT fires up the hill, then spins. COVERING FIRE for Swiss Police and Justine-- allowing them to drop behind an embankment-- POLICE cars haul up from below. Court sees the Gunmen retreat towards their van at the gas station.

Justine's going to be okay, she looks back at him. He runs. Leaps in the UPHILL TRUCK. Zooms off, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. THE GIRLS BEDROOM - DAY

-- Claire looking at their Guard.

CLAIRES
I need to go to the bathroom.

GUARD
Leave the door open.

INT. CHATEAU BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Door open, Guard's shoulder visible. Claire turns the FAN ON pulls the cell phone out. Hits send-- can hear Eva. Crying--

EVA (O.S.)
I need to see my mom. I don't feel well, and--

She keeps BLATHERING while CLAIRE whispers--

CLAIRES
Hello?

COURT (O.S.)
Claire?

CLAIRe

Yes. I stole a phone. We didn't call the police, because of what they said they would do.

COURT (O.S.)

That's good. Is there a bad guy in the room with you?

CLAIRe

Yes.

COURT (O.S.)

Can you see out a window?

CLAIRe

I got out through it.

COURT (O.S.)

Did you see where the sun rose?

CLAIRe

Um. No. But it set to the--
(makes an L with her hand)
-- right of the window.

COURT (O.S.)

What direction did you run?

CLAIRe

Um. The apple orchard. I guess it would be towards where the sun set. There was loads of lawn.

COURT (O.S.)

Is the house made of stone?

CLAIRe

Yes. It's gray. A castle with a turret. There's a church not far. The way the sun rises, I think.

COURT

What's the color of the roof?

CLAIRe

Wood. And I saw a pond.

Guard pops his head in. Claire can't hide the phone in time.

INT. DELVERY VAN - PARKING LOT DAY

Court has DRAWN A DIAGRAM from Claire's answers.

A North-South configuration based on the sun: window-- apple orchard-- pond-- lawn-- area of the church. 'Stone' 'Turret' 'Wood roof'. Not nearly enough. Spots a MAN parking an OPEL.

INT. FITZROY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reigel holds Archer's cell phone in one hand. A gun in the other. Hovering over Fitzroy, gagged. Claire, crying in the corner, must've told him everything, since Mr. Felix has drawn a SIMILAR MAP.

MR. FELIX

What if she called the--

REIGEL

-- we're in an isolated location for numerous reasons, one of which is a long standing 'friendship' with the local Gendarmerie. If she called them, we'd know.

INT. STOLEN OPEL CAR - DAY

Court's looking towards a FANCY OLD BUILDING. EMPLOYEES exit, streets are busy. Cafes are packed for lunch in--

-GENEVA, SWITZERLAND-

Watch shows: under **8 hours left**. Frustration mounts-- CLOSE ON THE DOOR: 'HAMILTON AND ASSOCIATES'. ANDRE BAUMAN (50's) exits. BODYGUARD/DRIVER opens his CAR DOOR.

INT. MICHELIN-STARRED RESTAURANT - DAY

Court limps in. GORGEOUS BAR separate from the DINING AREA. HOSTESS tries to stop him, he pushes past her into the bar, behind the counter. Freezing FEMALE BARTENDER with one look--

-- eyes on BAR GOODS. Prepped for every old school drink you could make. Pockets her LIGHTER first, sees cleaning supplies near the speed rack. Dumps a SPRAY BOTTLE. Grabs a bottle of 'CASK STRENGTH' SCOTCH. Dumps it in the spray bottle along with CAYENNE PEPPER. Screws sprayer on. Aims up. Sprays--

-- flicks the lighter. FIREBALLS with each spray at the ceiling-- until FIRE SPRINKLERS come on. Court heads into--

THE MAIN DINING ROOM

-- everyone's hurrying out, getting soaked. Court marks--

COURT

Andre Bauman?

BAUMAN
I'm sorry. You are?

COURT
The Gray Man.

DRIVER/BODYGUARD is hurrying in behind Bauman. Court pushes Bauman hard while squirting DRIVER/BODYGUARD in the eyes with Scotch/Pepper. Drops him. Takes his KEYS-- and GUN. Locks an arm bar on Bauman, turns him.

OUT IN THE STREET-- Court uses the CROWD for cover, pops the trunk of Bauman's car. Throws Bauman in.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Court opens the trunk. BAUMAN blinks. Climbs out. Court takes BAUMAN'S SMARTPHONE, holds it in his hand with the gun.

COURT
I have two kids; they're about to die because of the job we did.

BAUMAN
(damning)
A man like you-- has children?

COURT
I want you to understand what you're dealing with; I don't give one fuck about your life. You have a weapons cache and answers. If the things you tell me save my girls, I'll call in your location when it's over. Lie, flies will find your body way before the police do.

BAUMAN
Clever deal.

Court pushes Bauman up the hill--

COURT
Who's after me?

BAUMAN
Word is you're being hunted by Kurt Reigel. Runs Risk Management Operations for LaurentGroup. He is amoral cubed.

COURT
They have billions in Nigerian resource concessions.
(MORE)

COURT (cont'd)

Isaac Abubaker leveraged a favor,
and sicced their attack dog on me?

(Bauman nods)

Your firm was the middleman. Who
really hired me? CIA? DGSE? Who?

BAUMAN

You don't know?

Court has no energy for a game face. Doesn't hide anything.

BAUMAN

You thought it was about Uranium.

(amazed, smirks)

Blinders of the hired gun; the
entire operation was a set-up.

Court blinks. *What?* Bauman actually smiles.

BAUMAN

My client hired me to have the
President-elect killed, then they
made sure his brother thought CIA
did it. The intention, from the
start, was to push Isaac Abubaker,
and Nigeria, away from the West.

COURT

Who's intention? Who's they?

BAUMAN

China.

As if Court's life wasn't bad enough.

BAUMAN

They're busily scooping up the
resources of Sudan, Niger, Congo;
all the countries the West has
embargoed. All countries the West
refuses to deal with. Resource-rich
Nigeria is a prize, but Western
powers have a death grip on it.
China's trying to shake it away.

COURT

And coming after me?

BAUMAN

All I know is that part wasn't
planned. You finally get to
understand what '*it's nothing
personal*' feels like.

Arriving at a WELL. Bauman looks in; angry and fearful.

BAUMAN

Tell Madame Laurent the truth,
broker it for your children's
release. She never lets emotion
trump her bottom line.

COURT

My girls have seen Reigel's face.

Bauman reacts: *death sentence*, and we CUT TO--

INT. STORAGE UNIT - OUTSIDE GENEVA - DAY

-- Court unlocking a DIGITAL COMBINATION. Enters. Pulls the cover off a BRAND NEW MERCEDES S-CLASS. IN THE TRUNK-- he's looking down on four aluminum cases, side-by-side:

INSIDE #1: an H & K MP-5 with AMMO and TWO GRENADES.

INSIDE #2: MORE GRENADES. FLASHBANGS. BREACHING CHARGES. And a CUBE OF SEMTEX EXPLOSIVE with a TWO REMOTE DETONATORS.

INSIDE #3: TWO GLOCK 19 PISTOLS. SILENCERS. AMMO.

Underneath the carpet, one more treasure. A TAC-50 SNIPER RIFLE with ammo. A HUGE GUN. Watch shows: 6 hours left.

EXT/INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Court's using the INTERNET on the car's NAVIGATION SYSTEM. Fast searches combined with cross-checks of GOOGLE EARTH.

Begins with a thirty kilometer radius around 'Bayeux, Normandy'. Searching churches. Has the DIAGRAM on his lap. Knows from the angle of the sun, the church is Southeast of the Chateau. Going to take awhile, but he's got hours.

Church-- Orchards-- Chateau. Fields of SHEEP-- CATTLE. Apple orchards-- vineyards-- spots the 'NORMANDY AMERICAN CEMETERY'. A grid of WHITE CROSSES. Keeps going--

Checks his stomach. The STITCHES are oozing a bit of blood. Not good. He heaves, goes back to the search.

REIGEL (PRE-LAP)

Our target has enough to figure out our location. There's no longer any point chasing him all over France.

EXT. QUICK SNIPPETS AND IMAGES - DAY

-- WATCHERS stand at OVERPASSES, SIDEROADS, STOPLIGHTS, Etc.

REIGEL (O.S.)
We have every route within ten
kilometers covered--

-- HELICOPTER circles. TWO PILOTS. TWO SNIPERS in the back.

REIGEL (O.S.)
-- anything suspicious gets checked
out on an overhead thermal system.

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - DAY

TWELVE OPERATORS (all our survivors) study a map.

REIGEL (O.S.)
Our two best units, Grom and SSG
have suffered few casualties.
Survivors of the other units will
reinforce them; gives us two five-
man hunter killer teams, and Two
Snipers in the helicopter.

EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS - DAY

Reigel and Mr. Felix approach ENGINEERS TRENCHING LINES for
EXTENSION CORDS-- then fold the grass back over, hiding it.

REIGEL
If he manages to evade them, he'll
still have to attack a fortified
position supported by eight more
soldiers and a 360 degree wall of
surveillance bearing bullet wounds,
sleep deprivation, and a lacerated
abdomen.

CAMERAS, THERMAL SENSORS are being attached to trees.

MR. FELIX
After what he's done, your
overconfidence is unsettling.

REIGEL
Overconfidence? I can smell a fox
pissed here. Taste rotted apples on
my tongue. It's like a General
forced back to the front, realizing
how much he missed it.

MR. FELIX
Combat?

REIGEL

Fear. Logic tells me he's a dead man; my body's making sure I don't forget we're taking on the most efficient killer since Oppenheimer.

(studying Mr. Felix)

This is what you wanted, isn't it? Or was personal jeopardy not part of your equation?

INT. COURT'S MERCEDES - LATE AFTERNOON

Sun has travelled across the sky. Court's driving through beautiful vineyards. Golden hour approaching. NAV SYSTEM shows he's entering NORMANDY. Still hunting for the spot.

A CHURCH POPS UP. THEN SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE CHATEAU-- spot checks his list: All there!

Elation fades as he examines the target. Won't be easy. A HUGE OPEN ZONE surrounding the entire estate. Don't need to read his mind to see the concern: how do you cross it?

INT. CHATEAU KITCHEN - DAY

Tech waves for Reigel and Mr. Felix. They don headsets.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

INT. COURT'S MERCEDES - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

COURT

Hello Kurt.

REIGEL

You've been sleuthing. Police reports had you in Geneva at noon. Better hurry, it's a five hour drive.

COURT

Turn around.

REIGEL smiles. We see it takes an effort not to look.

REIGEL

I wish. I saw the footage from the bridge; if you make it here, I'll be able to kill you with a spoon.

COURT

*In derr beschränkung zeigt sich
erst der Meister.*

REIGEL
(chuckles)
Still got a spark of life.

COURT
Let me talk to them.

REIGEL
They're fine. You'll have to take
my word for it.

COURT
Where are they, specifically?

REIGEL
I'm sure you'll be able to figure
it out. It was a good description.

COURT
Tricked by a little girl, Kurt?

REIGEL
Suppose I shouldn't be surprised,
given the gene pool.

-- Court (maintaining his track record) hangs up on him.

MR. FELIX
What did he say? In German?

REIGEL
An old saying: *In the reduction, a master reveals himself.*

INT. CHATEAU BEDROOM - DAY

Guard ushers the girls out into the hall-- they see Miranda and Fitzroy being led by TWO GUARDS out of their rooms-- Eva latches on to her mom. Claire makes a beeline to Fitzroy--

EVA
Where are we going?

INT. CHATEAU CELLAR - DAY

They're escorted past leaky limestone walls. LONG ROWS OF CHAMPAGNE in dusty racks. HUGE CASKS OF AGING CALVADOS.

The Fitzroy's are shuttled into a SIDE STORAGE area. Guards shackle them up, Reigel keeps going, heading towards--

A NEW TEMPORARY COMMAND HUB

They moved it down here. Wires run up walls. SCREENS STREAM: *HELMET CAMERA IMAGES. ONE FOR EACH OPERATOR. TWELVE LEFT. THERMALS-- motion sensors of the entire area online.*

As Reigel surveys his set-up, we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ESTABLISHING - NORMANDY - SUNSET

-- one of the most scenic places on earth. A EUROCOPTER creeps into frame. Scanning a CAR. Not Court's--

EXT. EDGE OF A ROAD - SUNSET

THREE PAKISTANI SSG and ONE LEBANESE tucked to the sides of a woodsy area. On a slight rise, they can see the road ahead.

They're looking out to the West (towards the Sunset)--

EXT. STONE FENCE - OTHER SIDE OF PROPERTY SUNSET

RUSSIAN GROM LEADER, #2, #3, and #4 are hidden, camouflaged, watching the whole open area of fields. Sun is behind them.

A LINE OF COWS crests the slope in the distance, trotting towards them. SERBIAN #1 is part of their team now.

EXT/INT. EUROCOPTER - SUNSET

Looking down. TWO HUNDRED CATTLE move towards the property, Not directly at it, could be moving them elsewhere. Herded by a MAN ON AN ATV. They ZOOM THE CAMERA IN-- not Court. Then--

WATCHER (O.S. FILTERED)
*I have eyes. Coming in Southwest.
Five kilometers out. Driving fast.*

HELICOPTER IMAGE: *sweeps around-- in the distance, they see A HUNDRED SHEEP. Herded by a SHEPARD and his SHEEP DOG.*

EXT. THIN LANE - SUNSET

Court's Mercedes is hauling. HELICOPTER sweeping towards him in the distance. Court drives up a rise, flooring it. Closing the gap. Long as he can wait-- before slamming the brakes.

INT. CHATEAU CELLAR - SUNSET

Reigel watches a HIGH ANGLE CAMERA HELICOPTER FEED, sweeping across the countryside-- towards Court's Mercedes--

EXT. THE EUROCOPTER - SUNSET

Two Snipers shift out the open side doors. Targeting. A half a mile from the Mercedes-- they OPEN FIRE. See FLASHES as--

-- COURT'S BULLETS RIP IN-- the helicopter keeps flying in, Snipers firing. Bullets keep coming. High stakes chicken.

EXT. ON COURT - SUNSET

Court, TAC-50 laying on the hood of the car. FIRING! BULLETS from the helicopter race in, exploding earth all around! Hitting the car. In a test of wills now--

FROM BEHIND COURT

-- we see him firing BOOM! BOOM! Ejecting finger-size shells-- ignoring everything else, the churning earth around him-- until he gets BOTH PILOTS. And as the helicopter banks, starting to fall out of the sky--

-- Court doesn't watch his handiwork; he's already, lifting the TAC 50-- dumping it in the car, and on the move again.

EXT. MERCEDES - DRIVING - EVENING

Dash reads: 7:12 PM. Map says he's 6 kilometers from the CHATEAU. Pulls the DEXSTROSTAT bottle out, reads it. French (with a subtitle): '*time release coating*'. Palms four pills. Uses a lighter, starts roasting the coating off--

EXT. NEAR WOODSY ROAD - DAY

SSG leader watches the SHEPARD open a fence. SHEEP pour out.

REIGEL (O.S. FILTERED)
Target is heading towards you.

SSG LEADER
Copy. He will not be able to drive through here.

SHEEP DOG nips and barks, herding SHEEP down the lane. Towards the CHATEAU-- blocking the entire road. Three Pakistani SSG and Lebanese #1 eye them. Hidden.

SSG LEADER
(in Arabic)
(You speak French, yes?)
(Lebanese nods)
(Tell the Shepard to turn back.)

LEBANESE
(What if it's Gentry?)

SSG LEADER
(It's not. The dog's responding to his owners commands.)

Lebanese nods. Steps out-- others cover. Staying hidden.

INT. MERCEDES - EVENING

Map: 2 kilometers. 7:30 PM. Court crushes the FOUR PILLS on the dash with the his knife, scoops it all into his mouth.

Drugs hit like spinach for popeye. Eyes dilate. Looks at the FRONT WINDSHIELD. Then at his STOMACH. BLOOD coming out.

EXT. WOODSY ROAD - EVENING

SSG LEADER sees the MERCEDES roll over the hill. FRONT WINDSHIELD SMEARED WITH BLOOD-- can't see if anyone's inside. Not going fast. Sheep jog out of the way, not spooked. But LEBANESE #1 knows it bad, pulls Shepard over the wall as--

EXT. THE WOODS - DUSK

-- COURT runs, carrying the heavy TAC 50. GRENADES hang on webbing. He's LOADED WITH WEAPONS. Pulls out one of the REMOTE DETONATORS. Lays down-- eyes in the SCOPE--

SCOPE POV-- looking at CATTLE. PANNING TO THE ATV--

EXT. STONE FENCE - DAY

Russian GROM watch the CATTLE herded by the MAN ON THE ATV-- heading towards them. GROM LEADER-- puts his gun down. Hurdles the fence. His Team covers him. Staying hidden--

MAN ON ATV looks at his military camo. Hops off.

RUSSIAN GROM LEADER
(perfect French, friendly)
(Sorry, sir. A group of us are in
from Paris, big paintball match.
Your cattle could cause injuries.)

LEBANESE #1 (O.S. FILTERED)
(alarmed)
*This shepard said a man wired him
money and bought all his sheep--*

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

-- Court jams his finger on the REMOTE DETONATOR-- THEN STARTS SHOOTING!

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

-- a SEMTEX EXPLOSIVE CHARGE under the seat BLOWS UP!

EXT. ATV - CONTINUOUS

-- Bullets pepper the ATV FUEL TANK-- AND BOOM!!! WE CUT TO--

INT. EAGLE'S NEST - CHATEAU - DUSK

-- SNIPER and SPOTTER scan their respective areas:

-100 *TERRIFIED SHEEP stampede towards them from the West.*

-200 *TERRIFIED CATTLE rumble in over the LAWN from the East!*
From up here, we see TWO GROM get trampled to death!

EXT. NEAR THE FAR SIDE OF THE APPLE ORCHARD - DUSK

Court, quietly, shifts in low grass, right next to a STONE FENCE. TAC-50 in hand. Court looks at his watch-- 7:50 PM.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST - DUSK

SNIPER and SPOTTER, see a muzzle flash-- too late to react.
SNIPER's HEAD WHIPS BACK!

SPOTTER POV - BINOCULARS WHIPPING AROUND TO SEE--

Court leaping the fence, left his rifle behind, as his *SECOND BULLET FILLS THE FRAME*, we SMASH CUT TO--

INT. CHATEAU CELLAR - DUSK

-- thermals, motion sensors, cameras show-- CATTLE AND SHEEP.
Rendering all their technology completely worthless--

INT. APPLE ORCHARD - DUSK

Court runs through the same area Archer was shot--

-- then he THROWS THE OTHER SEMTEX CHARGE at the main ENTRY GATE-- not far away--

EXT. EDGE OF THE ORCHARD - CLOSER TO CHATEAU - MOMENT LATER

Court, in the trees, runs perpendicular to the Chateau, eyeing the kill zone. A hundred yards of grass. Looks at his watch: 7:52. 8 minutes left. Yanks pins on--

THREE GRENADES-- THROWS

-ONE LEFT, far as he can.

-ONE RIGHT, far as he can, and the third--

-STRAIGHT AHEAD, out into the MIDDLE OF THE GRASSY LAWN--

INT. CHATEAU - DUSK

A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW-- THREE GUARDS, weapons up-- see a GRENADE EXPLODE in front of them. Sheep and CATTLE race around. Totally freaked out--

INT. CHATEAU - DUSK

A DIFFERENT SECOND FLOOR WINDOW--

THREE MORE GUARDS see the FLASH OF the FIRST GRENADE to their left, then the SECOND ONE BLOWS UP to their right-- then--

THEY SEE COURT-- running towards them as the THIRD GRENADE EXPLODES right in front of them and we SMASHCUT TO--

EXT. ON COURT - MIDDLE OF THE LAWN - CONTINUOUS

-- diving. RIFLE in front of his head to block shrapnel. Knows he's far enough away to survive the EXPLOSION ASSAULTING HIS SENSES. Moment it's safe, he's back up, charging through the COVER OF SMOKE. DIRT, GRASS, rain down!

Running-- the SIDE OF THE HOUSE appears. Fuckin' made it! He buries himself against the stone wall, ivy snaking up.

Looks back at the main gate, where he sees A VEHICLE RACING TOWARDS THE CHATEAU-- full of SSG-

Gasping for air, he pulls out his REMOTE DETONATOR. BLOOD draining on the ground. Tons of it. Stitches popped.

THE VEHICLE drives right through the gate-- and COURT BLOWS THE SECOND SEMTEX CHARGE! Like an IED, the kill zone is seventy feet, VEHICLE BLOWS SIDEWAYS from the shockwave, whip-rolling across the lawn.

Court's eyes turn, sees TWO GROM charging in back towards the house-- two hundred yards out. He FIRES to slow them down, then-- smashes the window above him, leaps up--

IN THE LIBRARY

-- he looks at his watch, 7:54. **Six minutes left.** Rounds the corner, into-- MR. FELIX. Court, gun up, right at him--

MR. FELIX
I'm just the Butler sir!

COURT
A Nigerian Butler?
(beat, gun at his face)
I look like I care if I'm wrong?

MR. FELIX
Cellar. They're in the cellar.

INT. TECH HUB - CELLAR - MORNING

Tech is working, definitely on edge. Waiting. SIX GUARDS surround Reigel. ONE CAMERA FEED shows COURT'S BACK--

TECH
Gentry's inside!

REIGEL
All assets collapse on me. Use the back cellar entry!

Watching HELMET camera feeds: TWO GROM run back--

REIGEL
Upend all the tables; you three cover that entry, you three cover the rear stairwell.

Reigel opens HEAVY DOORS to the SIDE ROOM, sees the Fitzroy's all tied up. Alive. Their Two Guards look nervous. Reigel better get his men under control--

-- the TWO GROM OPERATORS enter through a CELLAR ENTRY.

REIGEL
Two minutes. He's on deaths door--

COURT (O.S.)
(from the stairwell)
Wrong again, Kurt--

INT. STONE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

-- not really, though. It's bluster, since Court is white as a ghost. Bleeding to death as he forces Mr. Felix down the stairs ahead of him. Pulls his last grenade out, YANKS the pin. Holding the spoon down in his hand.

COURT
Your innocent Nigerian Butler is about to step out.

MR. FELIX
It's Felix! Do not shoot!

Court eases him out, around the corner, allows Court to a peek of what he's up against-- SIX SOLDIERS BEHIND TABLES, in front of a THICK PAIR OF DOUBLE DOORS--

MR. FELIX
(eyeing all the guns)
No one else can confirm he's dead.
No confirmation, no money.

ON COURT-- that's a piece.

REIGEL (O.S.)
One minute left. Then there's no
reason to keep the Fitzroy's alive.

Court's eyes are everywhere.

COURT
Felix here is about to die, means
no one gets paid. But I won't kill
anyone I see protecting the
Fitzroy's--

Court takes his finger off the GRENADE SPOON-- live. Five
second fuse-- Felix tries to struggle. Court's got him under
control. Court throws the Grenade out into the room--

COURT
-- the rest of you--

ON THE GRENADE - SLOW MOTION -

COURT (O.S.)
-- are fucked.

- EXPLODING IN MID-AIR! Shockwave SHATTERS EVERYTHING--
CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES, CALVADOS CASKS-- SHREDDING MR. FELIX since--
- COURT'S using him for cover, already running in BEHIND as--

COURT throws Felix's body over the Barricade--

-- TWO GUARDS dive into the ROOM WITH THE FITZROYS-- slam the
doors before Court can get there.

Court sees TWO MORE, bleeding, grabbing weapons. Court kills
them. The TECH is crawling away, Court shoots him in the back
of the head. Killing everything between him and the doors,
a real life reaper, looking for Reigel. Doesn't see him.

Court's watch ALARM BLEEPs. Time's up. Falls to his knees,
whole side is slick with blood all the way down to his boots--
gets his feet back. Heads towards--

THE HUGE DOORS

Court doesn't know what he'll find in there. We're as blind
as he is as he kicks the door. One, two, three times until--

IT CRASHES OPEN

Court rolls back. Peeks to see the Fitzroy's, tied up. Eva and Claire are blindfolded. Two Guards beside them. One still has a gun. Aimed down. No chances-- Court puts a bullet through his head-- rolls back behind the wall for cover.

COURT

(talking around the wall)
If they're not cut loose next time
I look, I double-tap your throat.

ON GUARD-- unshackles Fitzroy. Lays on the ground. Fitzroy quickly frees Miranda. Court peeks in at the girls. First time he's seen them up close. Then his eyes meet--

COURT

Miranda.

First time she's seen him in nearly a decade. He makes sure to keep his body tucked behind the door. Blood at his feet. Glances around the CELLAR ROOM. A fucking slaughterhouse--

COURT

Keep the blindfolds on the girls.

Miranda picks up both girls. Heavy, but knows she has to be the mule. Fitzroy and Court can't carry them and fight.

Fitzroy, finally free, invigorated. Strips GUARD of a knife. Court leads them out. Miranda with the girls. FITZROY last, viper-quick stabs Guard in the neck. Whispers in his ear--

FITZROY

I didn't make a deal.

INT. TEN CAR GARAGE - MORNING

Filled with at least a million dollars of CARS. Court raps on the rear GLASS of a BENTLEY, 'TINK TINK'. Moves on to a 7-series BMW, raps glass 'TUNK-TUNK'. Armored. Sees a WALL LOCKER. Unlocked. He grabs the keys. Throws them to Fitzroy.

Eva and Claire still blindfolded. Miranda's staring at him; eyes locked on the absolute wreckage of his body.

Court doesn't have the energy to say anything. Just a quick self-conscious look. Acknowledging so much with so little--

COURT

Fitz. I'll cover you.

Fitzroy opens the GARAGE DOOR-- hops into the driver's seat. Court pulls BAUMAN'S CELL out, hands it to Fitzroy--

COURT
Give that to Madame Laurent.

No time for questions, the Fitzroy's drive off. Court, rifle in hand stays conscious, almost done. Runs up the steps as--

REIGEL RUNS DOWN--

-- neither one of them get their guns out in time-- *they barrel into each other!* Court, coming in lower, gets Reigel, lifting him into the air, and--

EXT. POOL AREA - GLOAMING

-- crashing out, into TABLES, a CABINET filled with DISHES, FORKS, SPOONS, KNIVES. Court's lost most of his blood, weak. Reigel is uninjured, PUNCHING DOWN ON COURT'S FACE, laying waste to it; sees the FLATWARE all over. Grabs a SPOON, shoves it in Court's mouth, tries to jam it down his throat--

REIGEL
I told you.

Court hears something. Reigel drops the spoon, pulls Court's head up so he can see a POLICE HELICOPTER CIRCLING-- POLICE streak towards the gate-- surrounding Armored car--

REIGEL
Think they're safe now, don't you?

Reigel smirks. Shakes his head. Court, ungodly willpower, summons everything-- wrangles his leg between Reigel's, and grappling, flips Reigel, they roll towards the water--

Court, twisting Reigel's joints. We hear a POP. Reigel's leg is now out of it's socket. He screams! Court pops Reigel's other leg out. Moves on to Reigel's arm, POP, then the other.

He pushes Reigel into the pool face up. Court gently takes the spoon, puts it in Reigel's mouth, rolls him over to drown. Court collapses. Eyes the sky. That's it. They close.

IN DARKNESS - MINUTE LATER

A voice, in French.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
(If I couldn't see inside him, I'd
think he was made of something
else.)

COURT OPENS HIS EYES-- being carried on a stretcher towards a Medevac. FOUR POLICE OFFICERS surround him, guns in hand.

FITZROY, MIRANDA, CLAIRE, AND EVA

Are being kept back as they pass. The girls, blindfolds gone, stare at their father--

EVA
That's Grandad's good friend?

Court looks at his girls. At Fitzroy. At Miranda. All he can muster, but he manages to give his head a little shake.

MIRANDA
No. His friend didn't come.

CLAIRE
Then who's that?

Hardest thing in the world to say. Eyes locked on Court.

MIRANDA
That's nobody.

We FADE OUT-- hearing only the Blip. Blip. Blip of the EKG, in DARKNESS. As it FLATLINES, we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. OFFICE - LONDON - DAY

SEAL OF MI-6 on a MONITOR. Then ISAAC ABUBAKER appears, getting a standing ovation from Congress. PULL BACK TO REVEAL-- Madame Laurent watching with the HEAD OF MI-6.

MADAME LAURENT
Sounds like Nigeria has a bone to pick with China. Good news all around.

HEAD OF MI-6
Nigeria's new President has also agreed to cancel their Uranium contract with Syria. Leaves one last detail to address. This was sent to President Abubaker--

Opens an EMAIL FILE SHOWING: Andre Bauman, in the woods. (Court recorded their meeting on Bauman's Smartphone)

BAUMAN (RECORDED)
...the intention, from the start, was to push Isaac Abubaker, and Nigeria, away from the West.

He fast-forwards--

HEAD OF MI-6
 This last section-- was not--

FOOTAGE CUTS TO: *Court, recorded while driving the Mercedes--*

HEAD OF MI-6

I marked Bauman's location on this phone's map. Madame Laurent, I know why you came after me. Bauman's information will allow you to keep your contracts. Long as Reigel's dead, you'll have no reason to harm the Fitzroys.

HEAD OF MI-6

We have Bauman. We know everything.

MADAME LAURENT

I'm afraid Mr. Reigel went mad.
 Dangerous business, working in
 Africa. Infects the mind.

HEAD OF MI-6

Spare me. Fortunately for you, all of us want this business forgotten. So long as the Fitzroy's remain safe, none of it ever happened.

MADAME LAURENT

Sir Donald agreed to this?
 (he nods)
 He's hardly a forgiving man.

HEAD OF MI-6

He agreed to honor the terms as a tribute-- to his friend.

He offers his hand. She takes it, sealing the deal.

EXT. BRITISH ESTATE - DAY

CLOSE ON-- FEET OF A FOX-- sprinting across a CREEK
 CLOSE ON-- PAWS OF HOUNDS -- hot on it's heels.
 CLOSE ON-- HOOVES OF HORSES-- running flat out.
 WIDER ON-- MADAME LAURENT, in fox-hunting gear.

BA-BOOM!! Her red coat explodes in crimson; DOUBLE-BARREL-BLASTED off her horse!

A FIGURE, in duck hunting gear, steps from the foliage. Calmly, strolls towards her. We don't see a face, just SNIPPETS AND IMAGES of the body, not enough to tell who it is. Could be old, or young. Male or female. Can't tell.

MADAME LAURENT-- looks up. A glimmer of recognition on her face, or maybe-- it's just the strain of sucking her last breaths through lungs punched like a colander.

OTHER RIDERS watch. Zero surprise; *a set-up for certain*. Especially when we see one rider is Head of MI-6.

HEAD OF MI-6
Dangerous sport, hunting.

He looks at the FIGURE, already disappearing into the woods. A shadow in foliage, then nothing, and we FADE OUT.

-THE END-