

A DECONSTRUCTION OF REALITY

Written by

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3.0

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With your feet on the air  
And your head on the ground  
Try this trick and spin it, yeah  
Your head will collapse  
If there's nothing in it  
And you'll ask yourself

Where is my mind?  
Where is my mind?  
Where is my mind?

THE BOURNE RESURRECTION

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## EXT. HONG KONG FERRY - DAWN

JASON BOURNE (40s) stands at the front of a ferry. Before him- the Hong Kong Skyline. He's worn down, exhausted from being chased, a look of steely determination glints in his eyes.

## EXT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

Bourne reaches the base of the skyscraper. He looks up- fifty floors of metal and glass.

He goes into the building, swiping a key card as he does.

Around the corner sits an unconscious security guard.

## INT. ELEVATOR - DAWN

Keeping his head down, Bourne enters an elevator. He hits the button marked 48. He stands, shifting in place, watching the lights mark his ascension.

The elevator opens. He steps out into the hallway.

## INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

In the hallway, a YOUNG CLEANING LADY (25) pushes a cart down the hall. The hallways is clean, corporate- the walls made of frosted glass. The Cleaning Lady and Bourne glance at each other for a moment. She gives him the slightest of nods. Caught off guard- he smiles at her.

In that moment, a HENCHMAN (40s) jumps out from one of the hallway doors and opens fire-

-Bourne grabs the Cleaning Lady and dives head-first through one of the frosted glass panels. The Cleaning Lady screams.

Cleaning cart toppled over, Bourne grabs the mop sticking out and breaks it over his knee.

## IN THE HALLWAY-

The Henchman carefully steps down the hallway, gun at the ready.

## WHAM

-Bourne comes out swinging, wielding two halves of the mop like billy clubs. He snaps at the Henchman's arms, sending the gun out of his hand.

The two are in a stand-off. Bourne swings, hitting the Henchman on the side of the head with a dull *thunk*. He swings again. The Henchman grabs the mop handle only for Bourne to drop it and kick him straight through another glass wall.

The Henchman regains his footing, now armed with half a mop handle, and swings at Bourne, who ducks and strikes the Henchman in the gut, rises up, cracks him on the back of his head.

He goes down- unconscious.

The Cleaning Lady is curled up against a desk- hyperventilating. Bourne turns towards her. Behind Bourne, another door opens- a SECOND HENCHMAN.

CLEANING LADY  
(In Chinese)  
LOOK OUT!

Bourne turns-

BLAM.

The bullet hits Bourne straight in the face. Blood and brains splatter against the adjacent glass wall.

He slumps to the ground.

The Second Henchman looks up- sees the Cleaning Lady. The Cleaning Lady grabs the gun knocked on the floor next to her and pulls the trigger with her eyes closed- sending the Second Henchman on his back.

The hallway is empty.

The elevator door dings and opens. An empty elevator presents itself.

The Cleaning Lady gets up and sprints to the elevator, stepping over Bourne's dead body as she does.

The elevator doors shut on her.

A *phone begins to ring*.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TOM MILTON (29) sits in his underwear at a desk. It's the dead of night.

Tom looks to his cell phone, sitting on his desk. The screen brightly reads "BAILEY" in demanding letters. He hits the silence button.

In front of him, a computer screen glows brightly. The words: "The Cleaning Lady gets up and sprints to the elevator, stepping over Bourne as she does." in bold at the end of the page.

Tom takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes, frowning.

TOM  
Fuck.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom hops out of bed. One side of the bed is made, completely untouched.

He goes to his closet- half of the closet is stuffed with his clothes. The other half is completely bare.

As he pulls on his shirt, he notices a lone HIGH HEEL sitting in the dark corner of the closet. Sneering, he grabs at it.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom steps out in the Los Angeles morning. He walks to his car, dropping the high heel in the black garbage container sitting in front of his house.

Tom gets into his car and begins to start it. He stops and looks over to the black garbage container.

He gets out of his car, retrieves the shoe, and returns to his car with it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - MORNING

Tom drives down La Brea. The high heel sits on the passengers seat next to him.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - MORNING

The elevator opens. Tom steps into a production office, wearing a hooded sweatshirt and headphones around his neck. He is simultaneously in his element and vaguely out of place.

MISSY  
Hi Tom.

Tom approaches the front desk, where MISSY (26) sits, beaming at him.

TOM  
Hey Missy. How are you?

MISSY  
Fiiine. Are you here for Jeff?

TOM  
Uh, Jeff and Mike, yeah.

MISSY  
I don't see you on their schedule-

TOM  
Oh, no. I just wanted to run something by them- a little idea I had for the script- shouldn't take long.

MISSY  
Oh... Kay- why don't you have a seat and I'll let them know you're here.

TOM  
Thanks.

Tom takes a seat in the waiting area. On the wall behind him are posters for THE BOURNE IDENTITY, THE BOURNE SUPREMACY, THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM, THE BOURNE LEGACY and THE BOURNE CONSPIRACY.

Across the room is a framed poster. The entire poster is black- with the words THE BOURNE RESURRECTION and 2022 on the bottom.

Tom's phone makes a *ding*. He produces it from his pocket. The screen reads **MISSSED CALL: BAILEY**.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MIKE (50) and JEFF (55) sit on one side of the conference table. Tom sits on the other side. Mike exhales. Jeff rubs his eyes.

MIKE  
Let's just be clear. I don't think you kill off Jason Bourne in the opening. If you do, he has to either come back twenty minutes later- or...

JEFF

-Or it's a flashback movie.

MIKE

It's called *Resurrection*.

JEFF

Have we locked that in?

TOM

We've already established that  
Jason Bourne isn't a person, he's  
an *idea*.

JEFF

We tried that with *Legacy*.

MIKE

I mean, we didn't *really* try it.

TOM

This is the point! He fucking dies!  
Jason Bourne gets his head blown  
off in the first ten minutes of the  
movie and-and- the movie just keeps  
going from there!

JEFF

What do you mean it just keeps  
going? We hand it off to another  
Treadstone agent?

TOM

No! We hand it off to whoever- it  
becomes the cleaning lady's movie.  
SHE becomes Jason Bourne.

Silence.

MIKE

She's the spy? Like a *North by  
Northwest* kind of thing?

TOM

I'm saying she's a normal civilian  
who sees some fucked up shit, and  
we just are with her as she handles  
the situation-- or doesn't.

JEFF

So you're pitching us a Jason  
Bourne comedy.

TOM

NO! It's... Fuck Damon, Fuck Renner-  
you want realism in the franchise-  
let's get real! This guy would have  
his head blown off in five minutes.  
No one is going to see that coming!  
Shit happens and people have to  
deal with it in the real world,  
that's what people want to see!

Jeff and Mike trade glances.

JEFF

Look... Tom. We're really big fans  
of yours.

MIKE

We love what you did with the  
superhero genre. You really changed  
the game.

JEFF

But there's a difference between  
changing the game and changing the  
sport. Universal wants Jason Bourne  
6. Not Cleaning Lady 1. And we want  
you to win this.

Silence. MISSY knocks on the glass window to the conference room and indicates to her watch, pointing at Mike.

MIKE

I gotta- Jeff, can you-

JEFF

Yup.

Mike gets up to leave. Tom watches him, deflated.

JEFF (CONT'D)

We believe in you Tom. We believe  
in your voice and we believe in  
your vision. We believe you can  
reinvent the wheel, and that's what  
we want. But it still has to be a  
wheel. It's still gotta turn. Still  
gotta roll.

TOM

Right. I understand the metaphor.  
Okay.

He sighs.

JEFF

We really appreciate you bringing us in on the process like this. Feel free to call us up any time if you have more problems like this. We'd rather hear the bad ideas first so we can get to the good ideas sooner.

TOM

Sure. Thanks, Jeff.

JEFF

Looking forward to that draft. We're big fans.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Tom walks through the production office, raising his headphones to his head.

As he reaches the exit, he sees Mike offering a woman a seat in his office. He catches a glimpse of the woman- CHLOE (31) short black hair, a leather jacket, and combat boots.

Mike speaks to her animatedly. Tom slows his walk, but presses on.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Tom stands outside a building, bobbing his head to the music. He stares at a doorway.

A moment- then Chloe steps out. Tom takes off his headphones. He waves at her. She doesn't see as she lights a cigarette. She begins walking the opposite way down the sidewalk.

TOM

Hey! Chloe!

Tom breaks out into a run.

TOM (CONT'D)

Chloe! Chloe!

Chloe stops. She turns as he catches up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey. I thought that was you.

CHLOE

Tommy?

Chloe pushes her sunglasses up into her hair and hugs him, keeping her cigarette in her mouth.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck! I haven't seen you in forever.

TOM  
I saw you upstairs, I couldn't believe it was you.

CHLOE  
Well. It's me!

TOM  
What have they got you doing up there?

CHLOE  
Oh god, they want me to write this new Jason Bourne movie. Resuscitation?

TOM  
Resurrection. I think.

CHLOE  
One of those, yeah. Mike Gladstein was just saying they're still head-hunting for someone to crack it. They're doing the whole Battle Royale 'best draft wins' bullshit. What were you in for?

TOM  
It's a... Spec script they really like.

Chloe nods impressed.

CHLOE  
Oh, Fuck you. Of course.

TOM  
Well. Just, work real hard, you know.

She stubs out a cigarette and lights another one.

CHLOE  
What's it about?

TOM

Um... It's about a dimension-travelling alien who falls in love with the... President's... Daughter. It's like a 2021 Pocahontas.

CHLOE

Wow. Sounds like a tough sell.

TOM

Kind of writes itself actually.

CHLOE

Sure. Well, I'd love to read it when you get a chance.

TOM

I'll send it over to you one of these days. Have you seen anyone from AFI recently?

She shakes her head.

CHLOE

Not really, but I heard that Josh is doing something for Marvel.

TOM

That's... Unexpected. Josh. Wow.

CHLOE

Are you still married?

TOM

Still? Uh- no. Divorced. Actually. Just.

He holds up his left hand.

CHLOE

Aw. I'm sorry!

TOM

Yeah, no, it's okay, really.

CHLOE

Well, listen, I've gotta ditch. It was really good to see you though! Let's grab a drink or something in a few weeks.

TOM

Yeah- you too- okay-

Chloe walks down the sidewalk, lowering her sunglasses again.

CHLOE  
Send me that Pocahontas script!

TOM  
Will do. Good luck with Bourne!

Chloe turns to face him, still walking backwards, and puts a finger to her lips, 'shhh' before turning again.

Tom frowns.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

Jason Bourne lies on the ground, eyes open, bullet hole in his forehead. He blinks.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Tom sits down at his computer. He goes to facebook. He reaches Chloe Okomura's page. He scrolls through it for a moment, before clicking on photos.

He scrolls through photos of Chloe at Cannes, Chloe at an awards ceremony, holding a silver trophy while making a 'V' with her fingers and sticking her tongue out. He smirks at this.

Tom reaches a photo of Chloe and a group of young people standing on a grand set of outdoor steps. The header reads AFI Class of 2014.

Tom is in the photo, poking his head out from the crowd. He looks at the comments. "Babies" "OMG I'm so fat" "back when we believed we would have careers." - you get the gist.

At the far right of the photo stands an OLDER MAN, clearly not one of the students. He is tall with salt-and-pepper hair and a Van Dyke- even in the distant photo there's an indescribable glare in his eye.

Tom stares at the photo

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The man in the photo is inaudibly yelling- he stands up and tosses a chair behind him- it hits the brick wall and bounces to the floor.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tom contemplates for a moment. Then: switches his browser to google. He types in- RON SPARROW DIRECTOR.

He clicks on the first result. The phone rings.

Tom picks it up.

TOM  
Hello? Oh, hey Pop...

INT. PHO RESTAURANT - DUSK

TOM sits across a table from his father, LARRY (60) both sipping at their ramen.

LARRY  
So? You haven't said anything!

Tom shrugs.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Good? Is that good?

TOM  
I'm nervous.

LARRY  
You? You kidding? Nah.

TOM  
Pop, I've never. I mean... If I nab this, it's like... Five... Five hundred grand.

LARRY  
It's a lot of money. Proud of you.

Tom thinks about this.

TOM  
What if I don't land it.

Larry shrugs.

LARRY

Then it's a good learning experience. You're in the big leagues right now, I mean- *Jason Bourne*? I think you were about ten when the first movie came out, I remember taking you to see it.

TOM

It's a lot of money.

Larry waves him off.

LARRY

Forget the money. You're young. You're single again. You don't need money. You can float along like this for another decade if you need to. Money is great, but do it for the joy.

Tom nods- *good advice*.

TOM

I just feel like- if- if I can really nail a take on it. You know- really try to bring something different... I mean, they always say the best idea always wins

LARRY

It's true. It's true everywhere. The best idea always wins. Except in academia and politics. And wall street.

Tom looks at his phone.

TOM

Shit. I gotta go, Pop. Sorry.

LARRY

What?

TOM

I got a thing- I got a- I'm seeing a show, a professor of mine.

LARRY

Oh, that's right.

TOM

I told him I'd be there, you know-

LARRY  
Yeah, go, go- don't be late!

TOM  
Okay, bye Pop!

Larry watches Tom rush out of the restaurant. He smiles as he watches his boy sprint down the sidewalk.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

The small theater is dim. On stage, a young Woman and an older Woman wearing the same hospital gown stare at each other. Around them are panels of mirrors, reflecting back onto each other.

Their actions mirror each other. When one raises their right hand, the other raises their left, etc.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I look into the mirror and all I see are the choices I'm bound to make- no matter what, always getting older and squandering the seconds away.

OLD WOMAN  
I look into the mirror and all I see are the choices I never made. All that waisted potential. The person I always could have been, never came to be.

The light dims on the Young Woman. The Old Woman is now on stage by herself. She turns to the audience.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
From the inside looking out- I'm old. I've got wrinkles. Grey hair. I can't move like I used to. Nobody wants me the way they did.

The light dims again. The Young Woman is now illuminated.

YOUNG WOMAN  
But from the outside looking in, I'm still that same girl. Same wants. Same dreams.

The Young Woman begins to slide out of her hospital gown, revealing her naked body to the audience.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
This is who I am. Inside.  
Underneath. All around.

The light flickers a final time, revealing the Old Woman, naked before the audience.

OLD WOMAN  
You don't see what I see. You don't feel what I feel. And fuck you for judging me. I may be old, and tired. But I'm still that girl. I'm still that girl.

The lights fade down.

Tom sits in the audience, crowded amongst the rest with a perplexed look on his face. In darkness, the crowd begins to applaud. Tom joins in.

The lights go up. RON SPARROW (50s) stands in between the Young Woman and the Old Woman. Together they take a bow. Sparrow raises a palm to quiet the applause.

SPARROW  
I just want to say, we've got two phenomenal actors here, Ms. Jenna Douglass and Elaine Williamson, they've worked with me to try to deliver just a tiny kernel of fucking truth into our lives. Without them this never would have gone all the way to the stage.

He backs up and re-sparks the applause. Tom emphatically nods.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

A small group hangs around the front of the theater. Tom watches from the distance, eyes darting around the sidewalk. Sparrow steps out, shaking a few hands along the way, but briskly moving from the crowd to his car.

Tom chases after him, hopping into the street to get around the sidewalk crowd. A car honks at him.

He catches up to Sparrow.

TOM  
Ron! Ron!

Sparrow keeps walking.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ron!

SPARROW

Yeah?

He turns to see Tom.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Hey there.

TOM

Hey, it's Tom Milton- I was in your class in 2013-

SPARROW

Yeah, hey! Good to see you.

Sparrow extends his hand, still walking. Tom ambles to keep up.

TOM

Yeah, you too. Hey, I just caught your show-

SPARROW

You saw that thing, huh?

TOM

Yeah.

SPARROW

What did you think?

TOM

Well, I thought it was brilliant.

Sparrow slows down.

SPARROW

Really.

TOM

Yeah.

SPARROW

Brilliant.

TOM

Yeah.

SPARROW

What was so brilliant about it?

Tom hesitates- Sparrow's warmth has manifested into something else- aggression?

TOM

Uh... Well, it was beautifully directed-

SPARROW

And what was so beautiful about the direction?

TOM

... The... Blocking. And staging. I really liked the... Mirrors.

Silence.

SPARROW

Okay. Well hey, Tom, good to see you, really appreciate you taking the time to see the brilliant show.

Sparrow unlocks his car and gets in. Tom watches him. He hesitates, then goes around into the street and knocks on the window. Sparrow rolls it down.

TOM

Sorry, listen. Um- I was wondering if we could get... Coffee or something- I...

SPARROW

What's your problem?

TOM

What?

SPARROW

You clearly didn't come to see my brilliant show. You've got a problem and you think I'm going to solve it for you. Lets cut the foreplay, spit out the problem and I will help you. But don't waste half the night playing catch up when you don't give a shit.

TOM

... I... I'm working on a writing assignment for a big movie.

SPARROW

What movie?

TOM  
A... Big one.

SPARROW  
Uh-huh.

TOM  
And I'm trying to bring something new to it... I really... I want people to... Fucking... **Feel** something. Really punch them in their faces, but everyone seems to just want more of the same thing.

Sparrow eyes Tom.

SPARROW  
Huh.

TOM  
What?

Sparrow rolls his window up in Tom's face. Is he leaving? He hops out of the car, re-locks it and brushes past Tom.

SPARROW  
Are you coming?

Tom breaks out into a run to keep up with him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sparrow and Tom sit across from each other in the outdoor seating of a small bar. A musician plays a ukulele on the stage in the belly of the bar.

SPARROW  
Have you kept up with any of your classmates?

TOM  
One or two... Uh, I saw Chloe, today actually.

SPARROW  
Chloe. She's doing well for herself, huh? An Emmy now.

TOM  
Yeah. She's something.

SPARROW

And you? You had a run of success.  
Right out the gate, right?

TOM

Yeah, I- you know about that?

SPARROW

Alumni connection stuff. That movie  
really got you started, huh?

TOM

Yeah, it was a huge paycheck and I  
got a lot of offers after but...

SPARROW

But nothing came through.

TOM

Right.

SPARROW

And now, you've go a big movie on  
your hands.

TOM

Maybe.

SPARROW

What is it?

Tom looks around, uncertain.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Come on, spill it. I'm a fucking  
teacher, what am I going to do with  
that information?

TOM

It's the next Jason Bourne movie.

SPARROW

Is it gonna be with Damon, or the  
other guy.

TOM

Damon.

Sparrow whistles.

SPARROW

Sounds like some good problems.

TOM

Well, yeah. Like I said- I just...  
I really want to do something  
different with this movie.

SPARROW

Why?

Tom thinks about it.

TOM

I just don't want to go on  
autopilot and write some spy movie  
that anyone could write.

SPARROW

Change your fucking attitude, dude.  
You think anyone can do what Tony  
Gilroy does? You think that happens  
on it's own? Those movies are the  
creme de la creme of the spy genre  
in your generation, and you're  
calling it a dumb spy movie?

TOM

That's not what I mean-

SPARROW

Then what do you mean?

TOM

I just... I don't want to just  
follow in those footsteps. If I'm  
going to write something, I want to  
write something... New.  
Something...

SPARROW

You want the truth.

Tom stops.

TOM

Yeah.

SPARROW

I get it. So what is the emotional  
truth of this character?

TOM

What?

SPARROW

What is the emotional truth of  
Jason Fucking Bourne?

TOM

He's... He's a spy-

SPARROW

That's a job. Come on. What is the  
emotional truth. What is he after?

TOM

He wants to clear his name.

SPARROW

Why?

TOM

Because he's innocent.

SPARROW

So?

TOM

They government is trying to catch  
him-

SPARROW

So fucking what?

TOM

They'll kill him-

SPARROW

So fucking what?

TOM

He doesn't want to die-

SPARROW

Okay, neither does fucking anyone,  
that doesn't make him fucking  
special, so fucking WHAT? Why do we  
want to spend ANOTHER two hours  
with this shmoe? What the fuck is  
the point?

TOM

-He's thrown away his life to the  
government so he's lived less than  
any of us, and he wants- wants  
another chance.

Ding.

SPARROW

Ah. Second chances. Or in his case, what is this, the fifth, sixth movie?

TOM

Sixth.

SPARROW

Sixth chances. Get to the core. Make us care. Do you care? Do you give a flying fuck?

TOM

About Jason Bourne?

SPARROW

YES!

TOM

Yeah- He's-- yeah.

SPARROW

You give a fuck?

TOM

I think so?

SPARROW

GIVE A FUCK! GIVE A FUCK for Jason Bourne. Give a fuck for his second chance. What does that chance mean? What did he never get the chance to do? What is he fighting for? What is the primal choice that makes him get up in the morning and fight for? Are you asking these questions? Fucking find out!

Patrons sitting around Tom and Sparrow are staring at them. Tom shifts nervously. Sparrow pays them no mind- cool fucking cucumber.

TOM

Yeah... yeah. Okay. Okay.

SPARROW

You want to do something different- you do this for all of your characters. Put in the work dude. That's the only answer anyone should ever have for you.

Silence. Sparrow stares off at the ukulele player.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

If you're not using what's real,  
you're just wasting everyone's  
fucking time. Giving them an hour  
or two to forget that they're going  
to die. That's all that movies are.  
A distraction from the  
inevitability of our own demise.

Sparrow turns back to Tom.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Got it?

TOM

Yeah-

SPARROW

Good.

Sparrow gets up, leaving Tom at the table. A waiter comes over and delivers two drinks. Tom sits, dumbfounded.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Tom drives up La Brea. He looks to the seat next to him. The high heel sits tipped over on the passengers seat.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

The spot where Jason Bourne was laying is vacated.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom walks into his apartment. He takes off his coat and tosses it on the floor. He holds the high heel in his hand, placing it on his kitchen table.

He flops down on his couch, removing his phone. He opens up texts, and composes a text to BAILEY:

*We should have given it a second chance.*

He looks at the words, beaming back at them. He deletes them and lies down on the couch.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Tom (22) Chloe (24) and a gaggle of other STUDENTS sit in an empty room, dozens of chairs but no tables. They all talk amongst each other.

On the other side of the room, a door opens. Sparrow (50) steps in. The room instantly drops to a hush. He drops his bag by the door and removes his jacket.

SPARROW

Okay. Who wants to work.

The room is silent. Sparrow waits.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Chloe. Josh. Get up.

Chloe and JOSH (25) take their chairs to the front of the room. They turn them towards each other. Facing each other, full eye contact- there's silence.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Chloe first.

A long pause. Chloe's eyes pass over Josh.

CHLOE

You're fat.

Hushed giggles around the room.

JOSH

I'm fat?

CHLOE

You're fat.

JOSH

I'm fat.

CHLOE

You're fat.

JOSH

I'm fat?

CHLOE

YOU'RE FAT!

Silence.

JOSH

Why are you yelling?

SPARROW

Start over.

JOSH

Why?

SPARROW

No questions. Too intellectual.  
Josh start.

Josh groans, then turns his eyes to Chloe. A moment.

JOSH

I like you.

SPARROW

Start over. Too intellectual. Make  
an observation, not a feeling.  
Something physical.

JOSH

Can't I say I like her?

SPARROW

You can say her shoes are red.  
That's about the physicality. It's  
how you say they're red.

JOSH

Okay, okay.

He reconsiders.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Your teeth are straight.

Chloe laughs, a little embarrassed.

CHLOE

My teeth are straight?

JOSH

Your teeth are straight.

CHLOE

My... Teeth are... Straight.

JOSH

Your teeth are straight.

CHLOE

Stop.

JOSH

Stop?

CHLOE

Stop!

Tom watches, entranced with his fellow classmates.

JOSH

Stop.

CHLOE

Stop.

JOSH

... Stop.

SPARROW

Okay. Good- so, what we saw there  
was an emotional transaction.

Josh... Likes Chloe's... Teeth.

The class murmurs with laughter.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

And what did that make you feel  
Chloe?

CHLOE

Kind of weird.

SPARROW

Right. Because it's kind of a weird  
thing to say. You rest with the  
statement until you can have an  
honest reaction to it- that's why  
we repeat- to distil our reactions  
down to the truth. Good!

Sparrow looks *directly into camera*.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Who wants to work?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom awakens suddenly from the couch. He sits up, cracking his neck. He shakes his head.

TOM

Jesus.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tom is on the phone.

LARRY  
How was the play?

TOM  
It was... I don't know. Not really  
my thing.

LARRY  
Did you tell your teacher about the  
movie?

TOM  
Yeah, we talked about it.

LARRY  
What did he say?

TOM  
I don't know. I think he was  
helpful. I'm gonna sit down to  
write in a little bit.

LARRY  
Hey- just remember, I don't teach  
for the money. I teach because I  
enjoy it. Enjoy this! This is your  
dream.

Tom hesitates.

TOM  
Yup! Thanks Pop.

LARRY  
Alright. Get to work.

TOM  
Yup, you too.

LARRY  
Oh- hey.

TOM  
Yeah?

LARRY  
Have you talked to her at all?

TOM  
... No. No, I haven't. Have you?

LARRY

She called me. Wanted to make sure  
you were okay. Said you're ducking  
her phone calls.

TOM

...Okay. Thanks. I'm not... Doing  
that.

LARRY

Well call her.

TOM

Okay.

Tom hangs up the phone. He pauses.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tom sits down at his computer. He looks over to the high heel  
sitting on the kitchen table. His fingers tap at the keys.

EXT. HONG KONG FERRY - DAWN

JASON BOURNE (40s) stands at the front of a ferry. Before him-  
the Hong Kong Skyline. He's worn down, exhausted from being  
chased, a look of steely determination glints in his eyes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAWN

Keeping his head down, Bourne enters an elevator. He hits the  
button marked 48. He stands, shifting in place, watching the  
lights mark his ascension.

The elevator opens. He steps out into the hallway.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

In the hallway, a YOUNG CLEANING LADY (25) pushes a cart down  
the hall. *She now wears high heels.* The hallways is clean,  
corporate- the walls made of frosted glass. The Cleaning Lady  
and Bourne glance eye contact for a moment. She gives him the  
slightest of nods.

In the reflection of the frosted glass mirrors, he sees a  
HENCHMAN approaching him from behind.

In one swift motion, Bourne kicks the cleaning cart towards  
him and gets within arms reach. He grabs the Henchman's  
collar and slams his head into the glass wall.

The Cleaning Lady screams- Bourne turns- WHAM! Gravity and momentum coalesce as Bourne slams a SECOND HENCHMAN into the glass wall, shattering it.

SLAM! Bourne stomps down on the Second Henchman's head as the First Henchman regains his footing. Bourne chops him in the throat then uppercuts him to the floor. Silent, efficient. Lethal.

Bourne grabs the Cleaning Lady's hand and leads her down the hallway in the wake of broken glass and bleeding bodies. She loses a high heel as she runs.

He taps the elevator button. The door open--

TOM stands in the elevator, looking sheepish, hesitant.

Bourne blinks at Tom's presence- looks to the Cleaning Lady, then back to Tom.

BOURNE

....Hi.

SPARROW (O.S.)

What are we doing here?

Tom looks to his left. Sparrow is standing in the elevator with him. Bourne takes a step back as Sparrow approach him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

(to Bourne)

This isn't your fault. You're doing good work.

Sparrow steps into the hallway, holding a briefcase. Shattered glass, blood and bodies everywhere.

Sparrow begins to walk down the hallway. Tom peeks his head out of the elevator then steps out to join him.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

So where are we? What is this, first scene? Last scene?

TOM

It's like... In the first fifteen minutes. I think. Still figuring it out.

He picks the high heel up off the floor and hands it back to the Cleaning Lady.

SPARROW  
Who the fuck is that?

Tom looks to the Cleaning Lady, then to Sparrow, then back to the Cleaning Lady.

TOM  
She's the... Cleaning lady.

SPARROW  
I didn't ask what she does, I see  
her stupid yellow gloves, I'm  
asking who is she? Why is she here?  
What has she got to do with  
anything?

TOM  
I don't know yet- she's just...  
Seems important.

SPARROW  
Does she have a name?

TOM  
'Cleaning Lady' ....

Sparrow rolls his eyes and continues down the hallway. Tom looks to Cleaning Lady, who looks a little hurt.

BOURNE  
Should I just... Wait?

TOM  
Sorry- just-

Tom steps back from Bourne and Cleaning Lady, following Sparrow further down the hallway.

Sparrow stands over Henchman #2's dead body, crushed in face. He examines it.

SPARROW  
Might as well start here. What's  
the emotional truth of this  
character?

TOM  
He's a Henchman.

SPARROW  
'He's a Henchman'? He's just a  
piece of meat just here to be  
fucking killed like cattle?  
(MORE)

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Sixty seconds of screen time for some ass-hat stunt man? I thought you wanted to do something different! You have to treat these people like people! People are layered. They're good and bad. You can't get away with that anymore.

Sparrow turns to the Henchman and slaps him across the face. Henchman #2 opens his eyes, startled.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Hey! Dead guy! This mother fucker wants you to be a body. Do you really want that?

Henchman #2 shakes his head frantically.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Sparrow reaches into the briefcase he's holding and produces an iPad.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Let's see.

Sparrow begins to scrub through the time line of *The Bourne Resurrection*. We see a handful of scene's we've seen so far, and glimpses of the rest of the movie. Tom looks over Sparrow's shoulder, trying to get a glimpse of the action.

Sparrow arrives at the end credits. He stops.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Uh-huh.

He shows the iPad to Henchman #2.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Take a look at this.

Henchman #2 squints through the blood to see. There in the end credits it says HENCHMAN #2 next to the actor's name.

Sparrow looks over to Tom, supremely disappointed.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Henchman #2. You're telling me that you want to do something different with this genre, make people feel-but you've got a movie with Henchman #2 as an actual character?

HENCHMAN #2  
I have a life!

Tom jumps at the Henchman's guttural rage. He speaks with a European accent.

SPARROW  
He's got a life!

HENCHMAN #2  
I have a family!

SPARROW  
This guy has a fucking family!

Henchman #2 stands up and pushes Tom against the wall, then walks to the middle of the hallway.

HENCHMAN #2  
I'M A FUCKING PERSON!

Everyone is awkwardly silent at the sudden gush of emotion. Jason Bourne chews the side of his mouth on the other end of the hall, shifting uncomfortably.

SPARROW  
For this to REALLY be something special, you've got to go deep. You have **GOT** to go deep!

Sparrow points at Bourne.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Jason Bourne has had five movies dude. Do we care about him? Do we know where his parents are?

TOM  
That's the mystery of the character-

SPARROW  
And I think that's a lame excuse for the sixth movie. We're paper fucking thin here. Paper fucking thin.

Sparrow walks down the hallway, putting his hand on the shuddering back of Henchman #2.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
(to Henchman #2)  
Do you have anything you want him to know?

Sparrow and Henchman #2 look down the hallway to Tom, who stands like a deer in headlights. Henchman #2 aggressively wipes a tear away.

Gentle silence.

HENCHMAN #2 (MARTIN)  
My name is Martin Dalca. I'm forty-one years old. I was born in Romania and I never knew my real father.

Tom takes this in.

EXT. BUCHAREST - DAY

The Bucharest skyline sits in a haze of smog.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Ever since I can remember I have had to fight to stay alive.

INT. DALCA APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARTIN (10) lies on the floor, a slip of light illuminating terrified eyes. He is hiding underneath a bed in a room full of screams.

Martin's MOTHER (40) falls to the ground, inches in front of him. Her nose is broken- she is sobbing. A shouting MAN (Martin's 50 year old STEP FATHER) grabs her by an ankle and drags her towards him.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
My Step-Father would drink himself into rage- animalistic rage-

In slow motion, Martin's Step Father, smeared with blood on his face, beet-red, screams at Martin's mother, the veins in his head throbbing, spit flying everywhere. A belt hurdles through the air, anchored by his downward fist.

Under the bed, Martin's eyes narrow in fury.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
A boy can only withstand that for so long-

*Time speeds back up:* Martin flies across the room and grabs a KITCHEN KNIFE next to a pile of diced carrots. He scrambles across the room, and shoves it straight into his Step Father's side.

His Step Father stumbles, dropping the belt- shocked.

STEP FATHER  
(Why did you stab me? Oh my God!)

Martin backs up as his Step Father collapses, clutching his bleeding side.

His mother begins to scream, panicking.

MOTHER  
(Vasil? Vasil? Can you hear me?)

Martin's mother turns to Martin. She lunges at him, slapping at him.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
(GET OUT! GET OUT YOU BASTARD! YOU ROTTEN, ROTTEN BASTARD! YOU LITTLE LIFE RUINER!)

She hits Martin all the way up against the door, then shoves him out of the apartment and into the hall.

INT. DALCA APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wearing boxers, a tank top, and one sock, Martin is out in the hallway. Caked with blood and sniveling, Martin shivers. He clutches himself. The hallway light flickers.

Martin begins to walk down the hallway.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
I was ten years old when I became a man.

EXT. BUCHAREST - ALLEY - MORNING

Covered in dirt, Martin opens his eyes. He's hiding underneath a blanket. He sniffs.

He sits up. Three RATS squeal at his movement, scampering away from him.

Martin sits up, wrapping the dirty blanket around him. He sniffs again, beginning to walk down the alley.

He reaches a window. Sitting on the sill is a freshly baked golden PIE.

Martin considers for half a second, then grabs the pie. He breaks out into a run- WHAM:

-And falls straight into KOSTYA (40) a towering giant of a man with a prominent tattoo on his neck. Martin falls back on his ass- the pie is splattered all over Kostya.

The two stare at each other.

KOSTYA  
(A little thief.)

MARTIN  
(Please!)

Kostya picks Martin up by his ankle and suspends him over the ground. He begins to laugh.

KOSTYA  
(You should be careful who you steal from, little thief.)

Kostya tosses Martin into the wall head first. Martin's head splits open. He clammers to his feet, barefoot and bare chested, he holds up his fists, ready for a fight- fire in his eyes.

Kostya stops- seeing that fire. He laughs.

KOSTYA (CONT'D)  
(You're going to fight me, little thief?)

Martin spits blood. Kostya nods, impressed. He leans down to his knees- still towering. He brandishes his face towards Martin.

KOSTYA (CONT'D)  
(Not afraid of me? Then go ahead.  
You hit me and you make it count.)

Martin hesitates- then: WHAM. He hits Kostya right in the eye. Kostya winces at it- his eyebrow is cut open. He reaches into his leather jacket and produces a handkerchief. He dabs at the blood, examining it. He chuckles, and stands.

He walks towards the apartment, opening the door. He stops at the open doorway and turns back to Martin.

KOSTYA (CONT'D)  
(You ought to come in, little thief. Put on a shirt.)

Martin hesitates- unsure of what to do. Kostya sighs. He reaches into his back pocket and takes out a *switchblade*. He places it on the railing.

KOSTYA (CONT'D)  
(Hold onto that if it will make you  
feel better.)

Kostya goes inside, leaving the door open. Martin takes a step up the stairs, eyeing the switchblade. A moment, then he takes the switchblade and walks inside.

INT. KOSTYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin sits at a table. An OLD WOMAN serves Martin a bowl of soup. He has a spoon in one hand, the open switchblade in the other. He eats ravenously.

OLD WOMAN  
(Look at him, Kostya, he's  
starved.)

KOSTYA  
(He's a survivor, Mama.)

Kostya sits across from Martin, a glimmer in his eye.

KOSTYA (CONT'D)  
(Aren't you, little thief?)

Martin meets his gaze.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Kostya became like a father to me.  
And many others. But... Also,  
unlike a father-

EXT. BUCHAREST - ALLEY - DUSK

Martin and three other boys huddle on a street corner. A WEALTHY MAN and his GIRLFRIEND walk arm-in-arm down the street, passing the four boys. Martin keeps his eyes narrowed across the street.

Kostya is on the other side of the street, reading a newspaper. He nods. Martin nods back.

The four boys turn and follow the affluent couple down the alleyway like hyenas. They all remove switchblades.

The boys gain on the couple and push them both- sending their knives into the side of the Wealthy Man, pushing the screaming Girlfriend away. In a flash, they're all on top of him, stabbing him over, and over- in his arms, chest, legs, dozens of stab wounds.

The girlfriend cowers in the corner screaming.

Martin gets in the Wealthy Man's face, sneering.

MARTIN  
(Regards from your old friend.)

He jams his switchblade into the Wealthy Man's heart, then runs down the alley with his three companions.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Maybe it sounds sick to you. But it  
was a way to survive. To thrive.  
And we were a family.

INT. ROMANIAN HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

MARTIN (20) and several other young MEN take shots around a card table.

EXT. ROMANIAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Martin and the young men shoot up a car full of passengers.

EXT. BUCHAREST ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Martin and a YOUNG WOMAN dance together. He lifts her up.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
You do what you can in life. You  
love...

They kiss.

EXT. RATTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Martin peeks into a window. The same YOUNG WOMAN is having sex with another man.

Martin drops down on a crate below the window, a bottle of liquor in his hand. He begins to cry.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
...You lose...

He sniffs. He tears at his shirt, ripping it. He takes a piece of the fabric and stuffs it into the bottleneck. Removing a lighter, he lights the end.

He listens to the Young Woman moaning for a final moment, then throws the bottle through the window- it erupts with fire and screaming.

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Martin leans his forehead against a wall. He begins to bash his forehead into the plaster- cracking the wall. He stops, crying, and slumps down to the floor.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
And maybe... Just maybe...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

KOSTYA lies in a coffin, peaceful. Dressed in a black suit, Martin stands over him. He reaches into his breast pocket and produces the switch blade. He looks at it.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. BUCHAREST - ALLEY - DAY

Martin (10) picks up the switch blade from the railing. Kostya smiles at him.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Martin places the switch blade on Kostya's chest delicately. He hesitates for a moment.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Maybe you get through this life and  
die peacefully, surrounded by the  
people you love.

Martin takes the switchblade back, sniffing as he walks away from the coffin.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

Jason Bourne throws Martin to the ground and stomps on his head- crushing him.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
Or you die brutally. With no love.  
And no one to remember your name.

Out of focus, Bourne races down the hallway, leaving Martin to die on the floor.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Martin stands in the hallway, tears streaming down his face in righteous indignation. Tom shifts uncomfortably, hands in his pockets.

MARTIN

I have a name. I have a life. I have loved, I have fought, I have cried. I have **lived**.

Sparrow pats him on the shoulder.

SPARROW

That's good. Good work. Thank you.

Martin nods, a little embarrassed, and walks further down the hall, back towards Jason and the Cleaning Lady.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Now you can use this living, breathing person to your advantage. There are things about him as a character that have value that we as an audience inherently know by now.

TOM

Like what?

SPARROW

Take Martin's gun away from him. Give him his switchblade. Let's just see what happens.

Tom looks past Sparrow, to Martin. A look of hope in Martin's eyes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAWN

Keeping his head down, Bourne enters an elevator. He hits the button marked 48. He stands, shifting in place, watching the lights mark his ascension.

The elevator opens. He steps out into the hallway.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAWN

In the hallway, a YOUNG CLEANING LADY (25) pushes a cart down the hall. The hallways is clean, corporate- the walls made of frosted glass. The Cleaning Lady and Bourne glance eye contact for a moment. She gives him the slightest of nods.

In the reflection of the frosted glass mirrors, he sees a HENCHMAN approaching him from behind.

In one swift motion, Bourne kicks the cleaning cart towards him and gets within arms reach. He grabs the Henchman's collar and slams his head into the glass wall.

The Cleaning Lady screams- Bourne turns- WHAM! Gravity and momentum coalesce as Bourne slams MARTIN against the wall- BUT not without getting slashed across his cheek by Martin's switchblade.

Martin and Bourne square off- Bourne touches his face, sees he's bleeding.

Two steps forward, one step back- the two engage in a back and fourth jabbing contest, trying to get close enough without striking.

Martin takes the switchblade and drives it into Bourne's wrist. Bourne shrieks, buckles to his knees and sends his palm into Martin's knee.

Martin loses his balance and Bourne counters, sending him flying backwards. The knife frees from Bourne's wrist and the two begin to wrestle for it.

Bourne gets on top of Martin and begins applying leverage. The knife begins to turn towards Martin's throat.

MARTIN  
No- no- no-

Bourne shakes his head as he presses the knife closer to Martin.

BOURNE  
I'm sorry- I'm sorry-

Martin closes his eyes.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Martin looks at the switchblade.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - CONTINUOUS

Martin stares at the switchblade, centimeters from him.

MARTIN

-Kostya-

Bourne slams the knife down- Martin dies. Again.

Bourne scrambles to the nearby wall, gaining his distance from the fight. He winces in pain.

He looks down the hallway.

The Cleaning Lady, Tom, and Sparrow are at the other end of the hall.

BOURNE

Was that... Better?

The Cleaning Lady nods.

CLEANING LADY

Sadder.

BOURNE

**Sadder.**

Bourne considers this, impressed.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

What do you think?

TOM

Yeah- I like it. It's... It's good that it's not as easy for you to kill him-

BOURNE

Yeah.

TOM

-And you know- that whole- I mean that knife has so much meaning to him. You know? That's his **knife**, man.

BOURNE

That's HIS fucking knife. That knife has a life. Just like him.

Bourne gives a thumbs up.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

Okay. Cool.

TOM

So that's it- that's a scene.

Tom looks to Sparrow for approval. Sparrow looks unimpressed. He points down to the other end of the hallway.

SPARROW

You've got another henchman here,  
dude.

Tom, the Cleaning Lady, and Bourne all look to the first HENCHMAN who lies dead on the ground close to Bourne.

A phone rings. Tom looks to Bourne. Bourne looks to Tom. Tom looks to Sparrow, who stares at him, unimpressed.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom lies face first on the couch. His phone rings in his back pocket. Half asleep, he reaches for it with his opposite hand, struggling to unearth the phone.

TOM

Hello?

BAILEY (O.S.)

Tom.

Tom opens his eyes. He sits up.

TOM

Bailey. I have your shoe.

BAILEY

What?

TOM

No- nothing. I'm... What's up?

BAILEY

I've been trying to call you.

TOM

Yeah, sorry, I've been... Just trying to do this assignment.

BAILEY

Do you have time to meet this week?

Tom closes his eyes.

TOM

Uh... No. I can't meet this week.  
Maybe... Next week?

BAILEY

...Tom...

TOM

I'm just... Really busy, you know.  
Real busy. Things are booming.

BAILEY

Yeah. Look, um... Let's just...  
Monday, okay? I'll text you.

TOM

Monday might not be so good for me  
Bailey, really.

BAILEY

Okay, Tom.

She hangs up.

Tom sighs. He looks over to his laptop, glowing in a dark corner.

TOM

... Second chances.

He walks over to it. He sits down.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TOM AND BAILEY 'S HOUSE - DAY

*Inaudibly, Tom and Bailey (30) scream at each other. She rips his laptop off of the desk and slams it into the ground. Keys, plastic and metal fly everywhere.*

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom shakes the memory away. He begins to type.

MONTAGE of THE BOURNE RESURRECTION:

*-Jason Bourne in Hong Kong, fighting in the hallway.*

*- Bourne and the Cleaning Lady make an escape in the subways.*

*- The CIA begins to work to retrace his steps. Another OPERATIVE is activated.*

Tom types away furiously.

- *The Cleaning Lady stares straight ahead, locking eyes with the audience. We now see that she looks vaguely like Bailey.*

Tom stops typing.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DUSK

Tom drives up a hill. He makes a left turn and begins to ascend a hill.

EXT. AFI - DUSK

Tom parks in the AFI parking lot.

INT. AFI - HALLWAYS - DUSK

Tom walks down a cavernous AFI hallway. On the walls are photos of master filmmakers - Terrence Malik, David Lynch, Arronofsky- all framed and perfectly mounted.

Tom puts his eyes forward, continuing down the hall. At the end of the hallway, a gaggle of young men and women, all in their early 20s- clearly younger than Tom.

They all speak animatedly, shouting over each other, some laughing, others speak with consternation.

Tom weaves through the crowd and into the classroom.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - DUSK

Tom watches as the students begin to trickle in. He sits in the far back corner. The students all take their chairs and begin sitting. The clock on the wall reads 6:59.

Tom watches the clock with anticipation. The minute hand turns to 7:00.

The second door to the classroom opens and SPARROW walks in, bringing in a sudden hush with him. He drops his coat on the back of the chair on the front of the room and places his briefcase on the table.

SPARROW

Okay. Good evening. Who has some work to show me?

The students shift. Sparrow waits, attentive. One STUDENT raises her hand.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Okay. Liz. Single shot master.  
Let's look at it.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LIZ (22) stands at the front of the classroom, hooking up a laptop to an HDMI cable.

LIZ  
So I took a scene from The Godfather.

SPARROW  
Cool.

LIZ  
It's the scene where the... You know, the first scene where the guy asks for help for his daughter to Don Corleone.

SPARROW  
Okay. Let's see it. Lights.

The lights dim down. The screen flickers on.

*The screen shows two students from the class sitting on an outdoor bench. Nearby is a ROAD. Cars are frequently passing the frame.*

LIZ  
The sound is really bad. Sorry.

SPARROW  
Okay.

The class watches.

*On the screen- the two students, wearing jeans and t-shirts, speak inaudibly to each other. The camera is static, photographing them from afar.*

It's painful to watch. Tom winces. He looks over to Sparrow- only able to see the back of his head, Sparrow rubs his face.

The scene ends. The lights come on.

Silence.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Uhm. Okay. So. Liz.

Liz is sheepish, blushing, but smiling.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Why are you smiling?

LIZ  
Ummmm. I don't know.

SPARROW  
Is this funny to you?

LIZ  
No.

SPARROW  
Then why are you smiling.

LIZ  
I'm nervous.

SPARROW  
You're nervous. Okay. Good answer.  
Truth. Why are you nervous?

LIZ  
Well, I was originally going to do  
this scene in my apartment, but I  
couldn't get the location and I  
couldn't get a camera.

SPARROW  
Right.

LIZ  
I wanted it to be a lot better.

SPARROW  
And... I see you hired professional  
actors.

The class laughs. Liz looks to the two students in the class  
that appeared on screen.

LIZ  
Yeah, they helped me out.

SPARROW  
And when did you shoot this.

LIZ  
When?

SPARROW

Yes, when.

LIZ

Today. This morning.

SPARROW

Uh-huh. Why did you wait until the last second?

LIZ

Well, I tried to do it last week, but it just didn't work out.

Sparrow looks out to the classroom.

SPARROW

You guys buy that?

Silence. Sparrow rubs his eyes.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Okay. So. I think this work is terrible. This is really beneath you.

Liz gets a little more serious.

LIZ

Right.

SPARROW

I think that you did not look at the scene and really see what it needed, and instead it looks like you cobbled something together at the last second.

LIZ

Yeah.

SPARROW

You agree.

LIZ

Yeah- I just- I tried-

SPARROW

You mean you shot something else?

LIZ

No, I tried to shoot something else-

SPARROW

That's not trying- that's trying to try.

LIZ

Okay...

Silence.

SPARROW

I think that this is a fucking travesty. I think you are wasting your time, your wasting my time, you are wasting the classes time, and you- who is paying for this?

LIZ

For the class?

SPARROW

For you to go to this school. Who is paying for it?

LIZ

My parents.

SPARROW

Your parents. You are wasting your parents money, showing up to my classroom like this.

He stares through her. Hard. Tom watches from the back of the room, riveted.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Okay? I say this with all the love and respect in the world, because you are better than this.

Liz has tears in her eyes. She nods.

LIZ

Okay.

SPARROW

No. Not okay.

LIZ

Right.

Sparrow stands up and goes to the table in the front of the class. He leans against it. Now he's preaching.

## SPARROW

You cannot afford to show up with work like this. None of you can afford it. The cost is too great. And I am too terrified for all of you.

He points out the window.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

There are TEN THOUSAND other young writers and directors in this town that want to do exactly the same thing that you do. They've seen the same movies. They like the same books They are writing the same scripts. But they are giving it their all.

Silence. In a flash, Sparrow grabs a nearby chair and hurls it into the brick wall behind him.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

THE COMPETITION OUT THERE IS FUCKING RIDICULOUS PEOPLE.

His words echo in the classroom. Dead. Silence. Liz's eyes are full of tears.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

Statistically, only two of you are going to have a career in this industry. And I don't mean as famous directors. I mean, working in film PERIOD. I believe we can change that. But it has to start TODAY. WE have to start TODAY.

He turns back to Liz.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

You cannot ever do this again. EVER. Your characters are living life and death and GUESS WHAT. THIS IS LIFE AND DEATH. Because you will graduate and you will be eaten alive out there. This is life people. Fucking breathe it in. You are the bottom of the barrel and you want to be the one percent. You're going to do this assignment again, right?

Liz nods. Sparrow nods.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Okay. Thank you for sharing. Who is next?

The room is frozen solid. Tom stares at Sparrow, fired up.

EXT. AFI - NIGHT

Sparrow walks to his car. Tom runs along after him.

TOM

Ron!

Sparrow stops.

SPARROW

Hey. How's it going, kid?

TOM

Uh, it's good. That was a great class.

SPARROW

Oh. That. Yeah, you know. Once a year it seems like I've got to put the fear of god in them. Maybe it will get some of them thinking.

TOM

Sure, sure, I remember. I just wanted to thank you for the other night, it really helped.

SPARROW

Great. Glad to hear it!

TOM

I was wondering- just, to cut to the chase-

SPARROW

Yeah?

TOM

What... What constitutes as good writing? I mean, I know that The Godfather is good writing. I can see it, but when it's coming from you... How do you know anything you're doing is ever any good?

Sparrow eyes Tom.

SPARROW

You can't answer that on your own?

TOM

Well... I think that if it... Makes  
you feel something, is engaging...  
Or... Makes you think. It's good.

Sparrow shrugs.

SPARROW

There you have it.

He begins to walk again.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Didn't you already graduate?

He begins to disappear into darkness.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Objectives, obstacles, and tactics.  
If you get them right, you could be  
doing MacBeth. Done. To. Death. It  
will still be compelling.

He disappears into the night, leaving Tom under a  
streetlight.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom types furiously at the his computer.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Tom, Bourne and the Cleaning Lady are in an abandoned house.  
It's quiet and empty. The three of them stand in a triangle.

TOM

(to Bourne)

Okay, so what are you... What do  
you want right now?

BOURNE

Well I've gotta save her.

TOM

From?

BOURNE

The... The government guys. Over  
there.

Bourne points. In the other room, sitting on couches and reading magazines are four GOVERNMENT AGENTS. They all look up and nod at Tom.

TOM

Okay- so those guys are  
attacking... Her-

A beat. Tom looks over to the Government Agents.

TOM (CONT'D)

Guys?

They look up. Folding their magazines, they start to stand up and begin doing stretches.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to Cleaning Lady)

And where are you?

CLEANING LADY

I'm... Hiding under the sink?

The Cleaning Lady gets under the kitchen sink.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom looks at his computer screen. Amid the scene description is '**The Cleaning Lady hides under the sink, taking short, careful breaths.**'

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Bourne and Tom stare at her.

TOM

No.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom delete's the last sentence and replaces it with '**The Cleaning Lady runs up the staircase...**'

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Cleaning Lady runs up the staircase, one of the Government agents running behind her.

She gets to the top of the stairs- Bourne jumps in between the Cleaning Lady and the Agent and grabs his gun. Standing, they wrestle for it.

In the midst of their struggle, Bourne stops.

BOURNE

Stop- stop- wait a second.

Tom comes out from around the corner.

TOM

Yes? Jason? What?

BOURNE

I don't know, I just... It's kind of a weird move, I just step in between them and grab the gun?

TOM

Yeah, it's a signature Jason Bourne move.

BOURNE

I don't remember doing that.

TOM

That's the retrograde amnesia talking. Trust me, you do this all the time!

Tom ducks back around the corner. The struggle continues.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom types furiously '**Bourne hits the Agent furiously before pushing him down the stairs**'

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Bourne hits the agent with a deliberate, surgical strike before letting him fall down the stairs.

TOM

Hey- hey, hey, Jason?

BOURNE

What?

TOM

It actually says- you hit him furiously before pushing him down the stairs.

BOURNE

Yeah?

TOM

I just. That was more of a deliberate, surgical strike.

Tom mimes the blow Jason just delivered. Bourne looks at him, clueless.

BOURNE

Okay...

TOM

I want more... Fury.

BOURNE

Fury.

TOM

Yeah.

BOURNE

Okay...

The Agent comes back up the stairs- he and Bourne reset themselves, struggling with the gun. Bourne strikes him hard- he goes down.

TOM

Jason? Jason?

BOURNE

What, dude?

TOM

I'm just not getting the minutia of that fury.

BOURNE

Okay. So really- I felt like that was furious, but you want like... FURY.

TOM

Yeah. Exactly. Exactly.

The Agent comes back up the stairs. He and Bourne reset. They begin struggling for the gun.

On his exhales, Jason lets out half-hearted yells before striking his opponent and letting him fall down the stairs.

Tom pops out with a thumbs up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
That's great.

BOURNE  
That? Really?

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom writes '**EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**'

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bourne and the Cleaning Lady are in the hotel bathroom. She is stitching a gaping wound in his shoulder with a sewing needle.

BOURNE  
Feels like you've done this before.

She slips.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
Ow.

CLEANING LADY  
Sorry!

BOURNE  
Hey, Tom? What the hell?

Tom pokes his head from around the corner.

TOM  
Yeah?

BOURNE  
I mean I say it's like she's done this before and then she fucking lances me?

TOM  
Yeah- it's a cute moment. Cute bonding moment.

BOURNE  
Tony Gilroy wouldn't write this shit.

Tom fumes.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom stops- considers, then begins typing furiously.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bourne and the Cleaning lady continue stitching up his wound.

BOURNE  
Feels like you've gone this before-

The Cleaning Lady slips- the needle goes into Bourne's shoulder- **deep**.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
FUCK! Okay! Okay! Jesus!

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom continues typing. ...**Body floats in the water- lifeless.**

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Jason Bourne's body floats in the water- lifeless. Suddenly, he thrashes awake.

Bourne breaks the surface, gasping for air. Gunfire erupts-

Overhead is a bridge, where EMIL (40, villainous complete with a scar across his eye) is shooting. Bourne dives back under the surface.

The bullets hit the water and the tension shatters them.

ON THE BRIDGE: European police sirens haw in the distance. Emil turns towards the street, then back towards the bridge.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The Cleaning Lady races through traffic, dodging cars and mopeds.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Emil takes a breath and pencil dives into the river-

EXT. RIVER - DAY

-Directly onto Bourne! Emil's feet hit him square in the back, sending him down to the river-bed. Bourne struggles as Emil gets on top of him and wraps his arms around his neck.

Bourne struggles to keep his eyes open.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Cleaning Lady looks over the edge of the bridge. Bubbles rise in the river below her. She braces herself, then climbs up onto the railing.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Emil is strangling Bourne with fury. CRASH!

The Cleaning Lady lands right on top of Emil. Relieved of the pressure, Bourne shoots to the surface of the river- the current sweeping him and the Cleaning Lady away from the submerged Emil.

A loud DING interrupts the mood.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom looks over to his phone. There's a text message from Bailey. He swipes his phone and reads it:

*Tomorrow 4:30 at Gusto's. cu then. Heart.*

Tom purses his lips. Considers. He types.

**K.**

He turns back to his computer. Then he turns back to his phone.

*Heart.*

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bourne and the Cleaning Lady drive in a taxi, barreling down a highway hitting cars left and right.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom keeps writing.

EXT. OCEAN COAST - DUSK

Bloody, broken, one arm limp, Bourne and the Cleaning Lady stand on a beach- a light house strobes behind them. Before them are several dead bodies being taken by the current.

BOURNE  
We can't keep doing this.

He looks to her.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
I can't keep doing this.

The Cleaning Lady is in tears.

CLEANING LADY  
We can disappear! We can just  
disappear! We've won!

Bourne shakes his head- he's been down this road before.

BOURNE  
I've been here. I've been here so  
many times. The only way they'll  
ever let you go is if I'm dead.

Bourne offers her a gun. She won't take it. He takes her hand and forces it on her.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
You take this.

He hugs her close, shaking.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
It's okay. It's okay.

He breaks away from her and turns towards the ocean. He walks away from her.

The Cleaning Lady raises the gun.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom stops typing. He looks over what he's written. He presses *command + P*.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom sits on his couch, his computer on his lap. He drags his mouse over to a file labeled TLC. He clicks it and opens up photos.

He scrolls through photos of him and Bailey- wedding photos, vacation photos, a few scanned college photos- it's clear they've known each other for years.

Tom clicks on a photo of the two of them signing a piece of paper, smiling and looking to the camera- a blue pen rests in Tom's hand.

He settles on one photo of Bailey and Tom giving the camera the finger, standing below a neon sign that reads 'The World is Yours'.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Tom approaches MISSY.

TOM  
Hi, Missy.

MISSY  
Oh. Hi, Tom. I'll let them know you're here.

Missy gets up, leaving Tom in the empty waiting room.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mike and Jeff sit across from Tom. Tom is looking at the clock on the wall above them. It reads 3:30.

Jeff slides a bound stack of papers - the printed script to THE BOURNE RESURRECTION slowly to the middle of the table, then takes his hand off of it, as if he's just handled radioactive waste.

JEFF  
Is this a joke?

Tom looks to Jeff, then to Mike, then back to Jeff.

TOM  
Uh- no. That's it. That's my submission. That's Resurrection.

MIKE  
You're sure this isn't a joke.

TOM

What's funny about it?

JEFF

I gotta be honest... I don't really know what this is.

TOM

Which part?

MIKE

You've got pieces of four movies in this thing! We like the Bourne stuff, where the CIA thinks he killed the Korean spy-

JEFF

We have to specify *south*. We don't need a hacking situation.

MIKE

And we like the shit where he and the girl go on the run and take on the Triads, that's where it really picks up.

Tom nods- this was expected.

JEFF

But then there's this weird... Thirty minute segment that shows the lives of all the subordinate....

MIKE

*Henchmen*.

JEFF

Yeah, I couldn't keep track, Martin, Ivan, Boris-

MIKE

We don't need to know their life story. You can just say *Henchman #2*, and we get it.

JEFF

I'll say- I was interested in their stories, but that's just such a different kind of movie, you know? You set them all up and you get us caring about them and then Bourne just kills them.

Tom springs to life!

TOM

YES! Yes. That's it! That's my point! You care! We have to care about the people he's killing.

MIKE

Tom, they're bad guys! It's an easy trope!

TOM

No! That trope is dead! No one is just a *bad guy*. Osama Bin Laden isn't *just a bad guy*. People have layers- dimensions- you know? You can't just be evil, you can't just be good-

MIKE

Osama Bin Laden IS just a bad guy?

JEFF

What about this whole thing where she kills him at the end?

MIKE

Oh, see- I read that differently, I read that as she was going to, but in the last second she stopped and we'll see in the next one what happens. Was I right?

TOM

She kills him.

JEFF

But then how do we follow it up?

TOM

Look... You guys wanted me to reinvent the wheel- this is how you fucking do it!

Dead. Fucking. Silence.

MIKE

Tom- I'm sorry. We love your work.

JEFF

There's great writing in there. A lot of extra snippets you can use.

MIKE

But it's not this movie.

TOM

Hold on-

JEFF

We wanted to bring you in to have this discussion just to make sure we weren't idiots.

MIKE

We're big fans.

TOM

Mike-

JEFF

We're gonna go in a different direction for *Ressurection*.

Missy knocks on the window and taps her watch.

MISSY

We've got your next appointment waiting.

MIKE

Jeff, can you-

JEFF

Sure.

Jeff steps out of the conference room. Mike and Tom are alone.

MIKE

I really wanted this to work out, kid. I just can't figure out what you were thinking.

Mike extends his hand across the table. Tom takes it. They shake.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm glad we could have a talk this frank. We're big fans of you, Tom. We really are.

Tom nods.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Thunder booms.

Tom sets out onto the LA streets. Rain begins to fall.

INT. GUSTO RESTAURANT - DAY

Rain pours. Tom steps into the upscale GUSTO's soaking wet. He holds Bailey's high heel in his hands. A waitress approaches him.

He sees Bailey (30) sitting by the window. She doesn't just look like the Cleaning Lady- she IS the Cleaning Lady. He points to her and goes. He catches her eyes. She doesn't get up.

TOM

Hey.

BAILEY

Hey.

TOM

Sorry I was late, I was just-

BAILEY

Working.

TOM

In a meeting, yeah.

BAILEY

It's okay.

TOM

I have your shoe.

With one finger, Bailey slides a small folder across the table. Tom eyes it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Cut right to the chase, huh?

She smiles at him sweetly.

BAILEY

Get in and out of the scene as quickly as possible, right?

Tom smiles at this. *She listened to him.* He nods.

TOM  
Pen?

She reaches into her purse and takes the pen out. Tom stares at it. It's a shitty blue bic pen.

BAILEY  
What?

The rain rages against the glass next to them.

TOM  
We signed the lease to our first apartment with a pen just like this. Started our lives together with a shitty blue... Pen.

He nods to himself, then begins signing the papers within the folder. Bailey watches him carefully.

BAILEY  
One more, on the bottom.

TOM  
Right.

Tom finishes signing.

BAILEY  
Thank you.

Tom offers her the pen. She shakes her head.

BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Keep it. You're the writer.

Tears in his eyes, he laughs, struggling to keep himself composed.

TOM  
You...

He lets out a controlled sigh, then stands up.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Have a nice life, Bailey .

He begins to leave.

BAILEY  
Tom-

He stops. He turns back to her, hope in his eyes.

TOM  
Yeah?

BAILEY  
Can I have my shoe?

He's holding the shoe in his hands.

INT. MOVING CAR - DAY

Rain pelts against the windshield. Tom cries as he drives. He passes pedestrians in the rain. He turns on the radio. *Singin' in the Rain* is playing.

He watches them go by- a homeless man pushing a shopping cart, a young couple dancing under a street light. He changes the station- *Only Fools Rush In*.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom pulls his car to the curb. He turns off the car.

Clutching the steering wheel, he lets out an angry yell.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
Who wants to work?

Tom lets his head bang against the steering wheel. He closes his eyes, listening to the rain pelting against the glass.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
Who wants to work?

He opens his eyes and gets out into the rain.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rain pouring, Tom walks down the sidewalk towards his apartment.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
Come on. Don't be shy- who wants to work? Chloe? Good. Okay, who else?

Tom picks up the speed. He opens the door to his apartment building- it closes behind him-

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - DAY

-Leading him into his classroom, soaking wet.

Tom's classmates look at him. Sparrow sits at the front of the room.

SPARROW

Tom. Nice of you to join us. You're up.

Tom looks around, confused.

TOM

...Sorry I'm-

SPARROW

Come on. Let's go.

Tom takes off his jacket and goes to the other side of the room. There's an empty chair across from Chloe who sits waiting for him.

Tom sits.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Anytime you're ready. Tom, you first.

Tom looks Chloe up and down. She has a thin, embarrassed smile. Tom rests his eyes on her cleavage.

TOM

I like your tits.

CHLOE

(laughing)

You like my... Tits?

TOM

I like your tits.

CHLOE

(weirded out)

You like my tits.

TOM

I like your tits.

CHLOE

(defensive)

Don't like my tits.

TOM

(sorting it out)

Don't like your tits?

CHLOE  
(insistent)  
Don't like my tits.

TOM  
(resigned)  
Don't like your tits.

SPARROW  
Okay. Great, let's stop there. What  
is the exchange we see here?

A student raises his hand.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Josh.

JOSH  
Rejection.

SPARROW  
Well, we're seeing an advance being  
made, he's admiring Chloe, and  
she's saying that she doesn't want  
him to admire her in that way.

Sparrow stands up.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
When you're directing scenes.  
Writing scenes. You don't need all  
that dialogue. You don't need all  
that *STUFF*.

Sparrow turns towards the audience. The *camera* begins to  
close in on him.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
You just need the right word, or  
right camera move for a simple  
human transaction. A simple moment  
of truth.

*The camera closes in on Tom. Sparrow snaps out of the  
momentary trance and goes back to his seat.*

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
We're going to try something a  
little bit different now. Chloe? Go  
back to your seat.

Chloe does. Tom is up front by himself now.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Tom.

Tom sits before Sparrow.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Stand up.

He does.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Get yourself comfortable, wherever you want to be.

Tom wanders around for a moment, then sits on the table in the front of the room. Sparrow nods. He turns back towards the class.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

When you're dealing with scenes... Characters... Plot... It's all in service of the truth. When you're writing a character and their dialogue, you want to use these tools to get to their emotional truth using imaginary circumstances. So, Tom. What I want to do is construct an imaginary circumstance with me.

TOM

Okay. Anything?

SPARROW

Shut up. No. Not anything. It's going to be what I'm going to tell you. Are you parents alive?

TOM

Yes.

SPARROW

Both of them?

TOM

No.

SPARROW

Okay... Got a wife?

TOM

Uh, yes.

SPARROW

Good. She's healthy? Happy?

TOM

Yup.

SPARROW

Okay. We're going to create an imaginary circumstance involving your wife so we can uncover the emotional truth for your scenes and characters. Ready?

Tom looks back to the class- the entire room is ogling him. He is on stage here.

TOM

Yup.

SPARROW

Let's talk about the moment that she dies. Where are you when you hear the news?

Tom thinks about this.

TOM

I'm... In the hallways. Here at AFI. Uh... My phone rings, and it's her mother.

SPARROW

No.

TOM

No?

SPARROW

You're about to give us a scene of a phone call where someone tells you about something. You see, you're already distancing yourself from the raw emotion, placing location and people in between you and your wife.

TOM

Okay, okay, I got it. Um... We're...

INT. GUSTO RESTAURANT - DAY

*Tom looks at Bailey, frowning at him.*

EXT. TOM AND BAILEY 'S HOUSE - DAY

*Tom and Bailey lie in a hammock together.*

INT. TOM AND BAILEY 'S HOUSE - DAY

*Bailey lies in a reclining chair. She has IVs hooked up to her. She is thin, pale, bald and wheezing.*

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Tom blinks.

TOM

We're in our home.

SPARROW

What is she wearing?

TOM

She's wearing a hospital gown.

INT. TOM AND BAILEY 'S HOUSE - DAY

Indeed, Bailey is wearing a checkered hospital gown over her top. Below that, sweatpants- a dark stain on the knee.

TOM (V.O.)

And sweatpants. With that ketchup stain from the one time we ever went to McDonalds in the entirety of our relationship.

EXT. MCDONALDS - NIGHT

*Tom and Bailey sit outside a McDonalds, laughing together. Ketchup spills out of Bailey's burger- she laughs in feigned frustration.*

EXT. LAUNDRYMAT - NIGHT

*Bailey frowns as she rubs at the stain in the pants.*

TOM (V.O.)

She could never get it out.

INT. TOM AND BAILEY 'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom surveys Bailey's frail body. At her feet, furry pink socks.

TOM (V.O.)  
And those furry pink socks that  
give me hives when she sleeps with  
them on.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Tom's eyes are closed.

TOM  
She's wearing those too.

SPARROW  
How does she look?

INT. TOM AND BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom looks at Bailey. She is balding, her hair is thin.

TOM  
She's losing her hair. It's from  
chemotherapy. I can see her  
skeleton trying to poke out of her  
skin. Her eyes look so tired.

Bailey looks out at Tom with sad eyes.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Sparrow paces around Tom. Tom takes a deep breath.

SPARROW  
Let's go to the actual moment that  
she dies. Okay?

TOM  
Okay.

INT. TOM AND BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bailey is looking out the window. Her breathing is irregular.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
She's struggling to breathe. She's  
squeezing your hand-

Bailey grabs Tom's hand. Squeezes it. Tom is crying.

SPARROW (V.O.)  
She looks over to you.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Tom has tears running down his face. Sparrow is right behind him.

SPARROW  
What do you say to her? Something  
you've never heard before. Don't  
think, just say it.

INT. TOM AND BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom wraps his arms around her. He clutches her.

TOM  
I'm so sorry I fucked everything up  
and I love you so fucking much.

He clutches her frantically.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Sparrow's voice is calm.

SPARROW  
In her last breath, she says  
something to you, what is it,  
something you've never heard  
before, say it now.

INT. TOM AND BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Calm, Bailey kisses Tom's cheek.

BAILEY  
Just try to enjoy the ride.

They're clutching each other. Tom breaks from her. She is in his arms- lifeless.

INT. AFI - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Sparrow steps away from Tom. Tom is gushing tears and snot. Sparrow turns to the classroom.

SPARROW

The entire relationship. Boiled down to one interaction. "I am so sorry I fucked everything up, and I love you so fucking much." Countered with "Just try to enjoy the ride."

Sparrow looks over to Tom, beaming.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Take a bow, Tom.

The class gives Tom scattered applause as he wipes his tears. Tom looks down to his feet.

On the floor is the shitty blue bic pen.

Tom reaches down to pick it up. He looks up.

The classroom is empty.

*The Camera pulls back from Tom.*

Sparrow stands behind him.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

That was pretty impressive shit.

TOM

What?

SPARROW

I've been teaching for twenty years you know. I had a handful, maybe three students that ever really threw themselves into the work like that.

Tom looks around.

TOM

What's happening here?

SPARROW

I want you to stick with me here. You became addicted to that feeling, didn't you?

TOM

The truth.

## SPARROW

It's our job to create an experience. To help people make sense of their fucked up days. Or... TO give a little bit of escapism. That's the name of the game.

Tom stands up.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

Tom, this has been fun. We had a little bit of AFI, we had a little bit of Jason Bourne. You threw in some stuff about your ex-wife, but you didn't really go into the amount of detail we were all hoping... But you've kind of got to get to the fucking point.

Tom grabs his coat and walks towards the door.

## SPARROW (CONT'D)

Oh, come on! We're just starting to get somewhere!

## INT. AFI - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Tom runs down the hallways. The photos of famous filmmakers are moving- they're all *laughing at him*.

Tom dives towards the door- blowing it open-

## INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tom slams the door behind him, soaking wet from the rain. He snaps on the light.

## TOM

I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming. Weird dream, weird dream time.

He walks towards the hallway when BANG!

A gunshot rings out.

Tom hits the floor, shrieking.

A Man in the shadows begins shooting at Tom. Tom hops over his couch- stuffing and feathers fly in the air.

The shooting stops. Tom looks under the couch. A pair of feet step towards the hall.

Tom reaches into his shirt pocket, grabbing something. He watches as the feet take a step backwards- the *spring forward*, leaping over the couch-

-Tom turns onto his back, whipping out the shitty blue ball point pen- stabbing MARTIN in the neck.

Martin gags as blood spatters on Tom's face.

Tom wrestles to get out from under Martin. He pushes the gun away as Martin clutches his neck. Tom backs up, putting his hands on his head.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What- what? What?

Martin extends his bloody hand to Tom, as if asking for help. Tom backs up- right into JASON BOURNE.

Tom shrieks. Bourne slams Tom against the wall, covering his mouth.

BOURNE  
Do you want to get out of this alive?

Tom nods, frantically. Bourne releases Tom.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
We don't have much time. Do you have a newspaper?

TOM  
Listen man, I'm having some weird fucked up dream or something right now-

BOURNE  
Look! You need to get it together, Milton. I don't have time to explain, but we're not in a dream and you're not having one of your little writing sessions. Training is over.

TOM  
Training is over?

BOURNE  
Newspaper- paper towels, something.

Tom nods.

TOM  
Right-

He goes to the drawer under the kitchen sink, taking out a thin stack of newspaper.

BOURNE  
Roll it up for me.

Bourne goes to the oven and turns on the gas, opening the door. Tom rolls up the paper. Bourne snatches it from him and stuff it in the toaster. He pops the timer down. He's efficient, surgical. **Bourne is back.**

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
We've got one minute.

Bourne heads for the door. Tom stands, flabbergasted.

TOM  
What the fuck is happening?

He follows Jason Bourne into the night.

EXT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bourne approaches Tom's car, looking around for followers.

BOURNE  
Unlock it.

Tom pats down his pants. He shakes his head.

TOM  
I don't have my keys.

BOURNE  
I've got mine.

Bourne slams his elbow into the window. It shatters. He pops the lock and gets in the car.

TOM  
Jesus-

BOURNE  
Get in!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bourne rips out the wiring underneath the steering wheel.

TOM

You can actually do that?

BOURNE

Tom, I need you to think. How did you get to your apartment?

TOM

What?

BOURNE

LISTEN! How did you get to your apartment just now?

TOM

I drove here.

BOURNE

Are you sure?

TOM

Yeah I...

Tom stops. Bourne starts the car.

BOURNE

You didn't drive here, did you. You ran down the AFI hallways and crashed into your own apartment.

Tom realizes Bourne is right. He nods. Bourne slams into gear, the car peels away from Tom's apartment as it blows up.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

The car cruises down a highway, Bourne deftly avoids traffic, swerving between lanes, weaving around cars.

BOURNE

I've been trying to put the pieces together, but I'm missing information. I need you to tell me the first thing you remember.

TOM

What, in my life?

BOURNE

I don't mean ideas- not abstractions. What's the very first thing you can remember.

Tom thinks.

TOM

I don't understand the question!

BOURNE

Tom, he's coming for you-

TOM

Who!

BOURNE

I don't know! All I know is that I have to protect you, and I can't do that unless you tell me the rules!

TOM

Protect me from what? What rules?

CRASH.

The car collides head on with an oncoming truck.

INT. STATIONARY CAR - NIGHT

Bloody, dazed, Tom blinks. His head is cracked open. He looks over- the air bags have deployed.

TOM

Jason? Jason?

Bourne stirs. His eyes flutter. He looks over to the passenger's window. Tom does as well.

Sparrow is leaning down to the window. He makes a rolling gesture with his hand- the international sign for *roll down your window*.

Tom does.

SPARROW

What the fuck are you two doing?

TOM

What?

Sparrow grabs Tom by his collar and drags him out onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Traffic is piled up around the accident. Tom stumbles to his feet, squaring off against Sparrow.

TOM  
Help! Help!

SPARROW  
Stop it. Stop it, Tom.

TOM  
HELP ME!

Jason gets out of the car. He stumbles over the hood, reaching for Sparrow- he slips, trips, and falls unconscious to the ground.

Tom gains distance from Sparrow. Cars honk in the held up traffic, headlights surround them.

SPARROW  
Tom, stop it. Tom. STOP IT.

All at once, the honking stops. Tom looks into the headlights. He squints. All of the cars are empty.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
You've done some good work, kid.  
Good effort here. But you can't  
just meander around for hour after  
hour without arriving at a point.

Tom is really upset- shaking.

TOM  
What's happening to me?

Sparrow purses his lips and gives Tom his first ever genuine look of sympathy.

SPARROW  
You've been trying to make sense of all of this without any real narrative flow. It's very avant garde of you, but if you ever expected Universal to pay for Jason Bourne resurrection, you should have known this wouldn't fly.

TOM  
I didn't get the assignment! I failed.

SPARROW

So what.

TOM

So what, so NOTHING! Whatever! I'll just move on, do another movie, write something else, fuck it man! Fuck it, fuck you!

SPARROW

Come here.

Tom freezes.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

I want to show you something. Come here. Seriously.

Hesitantly, Tom takes a step towards Sparrow. Sparrow puts an arm over Tom's shoulder and points.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

What do you see there?

Tom searches.

TOM

Where?

SPARROW

Right there. What do you see. It's going to take you a second. You gotta see outside the box.

Tom blinks.

TOM

Where?

Sparrow looks right into the camera.

SPARROW

There.

Tom joins his look- right into the camera.

*Looking from behind Tom and Sparrow, a FILM CREW stands in front of them. Cameras with crew, a small sound team, a DIRECTOR watches a monitor with headphones. A script supervisor takes notes.*

Tom looks over his shoulder-

*180 degrees to a SECOND FILM CREW catching a second angle of coverage.*

Tom backs up.

TOM

Oh god-

SPARROW

I've been trying to tell you for a while, pal, I'm sorry.

TOM

What is this?

SPARROW

This is a movie. We're in a... Fucking movie. There's a script. There's a camera crew- there's actors-

TOM

Shut up.

SPARROW

You're starring in a movie about a writer, god help us. You've got a whole lot of people who have been very patiently waiting for something to happen and-- you've confused the movies with real life!

Tom backs up shaking his head venomously. The film crew adjusts itself around him.

TOM

That's not true. That's impossible.

SPARROW

Okay, you're skeptical. That's fine. Look at that guy. Who is that guy?

Sparrow points at Jason Bourne, lying on the pavement.

TOM

That's... A figment of my imagination Jason Bourne?

SPARROW

Ma-Maaaa? Mah! Matt Damon? That's Matt Fucking Damon, dude.

Tom bends down look- he *DOES* look a lot like Matt Damon! Tom shakes his head incredulously.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
You ready to get skull fucked?  
You're in a movie where Matt Damon  
is playing Jason Bourne, who is now  
back to playing Matt Damon.

Tom backs up.

TOM  
No.

Sparrow steps forward- gaining on him. The film crew isn't trying to hide anymore- they are surrounding them.

SPARROW  
Your father? Larry? The audience  
didn't even know his name. Paper  
fucking thin. Eating ramen noodles  
and never to be heard from again?

TOM  
I don't have to talk to my dad  
every day!

SPARROW  
Your ex-wife? Bailey? Everything we  
know about her came from that  
fucking exercise of imaginary  
circumstances- WHO THE FUCK IS SHE?

TOM  
Please stop it-

SPARROW  
You've been playing around  
pretending to be Charlie Fucking  
Kaufman and Tony Fucking Gilroy,  
we're 80 minutes in and guess what,  
we're fucking bored of your shit.

TOM  
I'm just doing the best I can-

SPARROW  
And I'll do you one further. You.  
Are Tom Milton. Paper thin, Tommy  
Milton. A character in a movie. A  
writer wrote you. An actor plays  
you, motherfucker. You're ten  
different people's slice of  
reality.

(MORE)

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
A freak in a really misguided  
attempt at cinema. A movie with  
scenes that are way too long. You  
are a device to help the people out  
there-

Sparrow points into the lens- *at us.*

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
-make sense of their reality.

TOM  
NO!

SLAM!

Tom belts Sparrow directly in the face.

Absolute fucking chaos breaks out. Tom turns to THE CAMERA and punches it- cracking the lens. It falls on its side, catching a brutal scuffle lopsided.

POV switches to *ANOTHER CAMERA, shaky and held above the crowd as Tom fights against the film crew shooting his life.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Let me out! LET ME OUT  
MOTHERFUCKERS!

Tom kicks at the DP before grabbing the boom pole from the sound guy and swinging it around- *we hear it all.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
You get the FUCK AWAY FROM ME!  
DON'T FOLLOW ME! GET THE FUCK AWAY!

Tom runs.

The camera in fact does not follow him. He stays shattered on its side- however the sound of Tom running can still be heard loud and clear.

Black screen.

INT. BLACKNESS - NIGHT

*The sound of Tom running.*

TOM (O.S.)  
Oh my god oh my shit oh my sweet  
fucking god oh shit oh jesus-

*-and so on.*

*The sound of a metal door opening. Echoing footsteps as Tom scales a set of stairs in what must be some kind of concrete staircase. He pants loudly into his mic. Another door slams.*

*He gasps for breath- it feels like an eternity.*

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh god what is happening. What is happening.

*Tom lets out a small sob. It echoes into the cavern of nothingness.*

There's an entire minute of silence.

Yes, it's very uncomfortable.

SPARROW (O.S.)

Tom?

TOM

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP! JUST SHUT  
YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!

SPARROW

What are you doing, kid?

Tom is crying.

TOM

I don't want to do this anymore.

SPARROW

Come on, open your eyes.

TOM

I don't like this.

SPARROW

Why?

TOM

If I'm just a character in some  
stupid movie then what's the  
fucking point?

SPARROW

It's not about what to show or not  
to show. It's about creating a  
catharsis for the audience.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Tom opens his eyes. It's extremely dark in the cramped janitors closet. Sparrow stands in the doorway. Tom looks up at him, pale as a ghost.

SPARROW

You are a character in a movie.  
Fact. People are watching you.  
Fact. If they're not watching it in  
a theater, they're watching it in  
their homes, or maybe on a city  
bus. You can't control anything  
except for what goes on this screen  
right here. THIS Is our reality,  
and it's all you've got. Because if  
they get bored, they'll turn you  
off, forget you, and then you're  
truly dead.

Tom looks up at Ron. Then into the camera.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
That's right. There they are. Wave  
hello.

Tom waves, in a daze. Sparrow kneels to the floor to meet  
Tom's gaze.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
Now, by my count, we're about 85  
minutes into this movie.

TOM  
85?

SPARROW  
This ain't Lord of the Rings, kid.  
You've only got a little while  
until they start rolling the  
credits. That's our lifespan, dude.  
That's all we get. This is your  
story. You want truth? You want to  
make us FEEL something? Then accept  
the reality of the situation, and  
do something with it.

Tom rises and pushes Sparrow.

TOM  
I'M NOT YOUR FUCKING MONKEY! I'M  
NOT HERE FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT!  
YOU WANT ME TO SING AND DANCE AND  
DO ALL THIS SHIT FOR YOU- OKAY!  
HERE WE GO!

In the hallway outside of the Janitors closet, a BRASS BAND  
begins to play, much to Tom's surprise.

He watches them play- they look back at him, uncertainly.

SPARROW  
You're not dancing.

The band comes to a slow halt.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom steps out into the hallway, surrounded by the Brass Band.

Tom looks to Sparrow. He holds in his tears.

TOM  
I feel like I'm blowing it.

Sparrow nods sympathetically.

SPARROW  
Well... yeah. We're all blowing it,  
a little bit. You think anyone is  
really happy with their lives?

Tom considers this.

TOM  
Okay.

Sparrow smiles.

SPARROW  
You got about ten minutes. What do  
you want to do with it?

TOM  
God. Okay. I guess... Fix my  
marriage and... Fix this movie.

SPARROW  
It's all about second chances.  
Remember?

Tom breaks through the brass band, walking down the hallway.  
Sparrow follows.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - SUNSET

Bailey stands by a railing of the Griffith Observatory,  
looking out over the city.

From far away, across the parking lot- Tom and Sparrow watch  
her.

SPARROW  
Is this going to be a little bit of  
'Say Anything?'

A MAN comes up behind Bailey . We don't see his face, but the  
back of his head looks an awful lot like Matt Damon's. He  
puts his arm around her. She twists into him, smiling-  
surprised. She hugs him and gives him a quick kiss before  
beginning to speak animatedly.

Tom watches this, surprised.

TOM

Wait, what the fuck is that?

SPARROW

Surprised?

TOM

She can't... I mean, this is my movie right, who the fuck is that guy?

SPARROW

I guess if you're not going to write scenes with her, she's just going to do her own thing.

Sparrow looks over to him.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

What? Does that not make sense?

TOM

Not really.

SPARROW

So. Rewrite it.

Tom watches the couple walk around the observatory.

TOM

No... Maybe another time.

Sparrow smiles at this.

SPARROW

Sure.

Tom turns towards the city.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Last stop?

TOM

I guess so.

SPARROW

Okay. Go get em.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Tom walks up to MISSY.

TOM

Hi Missy.

MISSY

Hi, Tom.

TOM

Hey- so I know you and I haven't ever really spoken, but I always like what you wear and you've got a good... Like, look about you that makes you a likeable character and you're always really soothing to see, but there hasn't been much else other than that, so I just wanted to say sorry that I'm... I don't know. So self absorbed. You never got to be a real character. Are Jeff and Mike in?

Tom walks past Missy and into the office.

MISSY

Uh- ?

Tom walks into the belly of the production office.

In the conference room, Jeff and Mike are speaking with Chloe. Tom looks to the ceiling.

TOM

Of course.

Tom bangs on the glass window. Everyone turns to him. He waves.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom opens up the glass door.

TOM

Hey guys! How convenient that you're all here! It's like someone's writing this.

JEFF

Tom, we were actually in a meeting-

TOM

Uh-huh. I bet you were.

MIKE

Dude, you can't just come in here.

TOM  
What were you guys talking about?

JEFF  
The Bourne Movie.

TOM  
Predictably, but what specifically.

Jeff and Mike eye each other nervously.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Yeah- I'm sorry, I just... Let's just- hey Chloe, sorry- let's just skip the angry at me part because we don't have a lot of time left, and lets just get on with the show.

JEFF  
Show?

TOM  
I've got a pitch for you. All of you. You too, Chloe.

CHLOE  
Who the fuck do you think you are?

TOM  
I'm just getting through my movie here-

CHLOE  
No, hey- hello?

Tom stops. Chloe is standing up now.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
I got the same fucking education as you, you can't just go around playing god because you figured it out.

TOM  
Sorry?

CHLOE  
Get the fuck out of here, Tom!

Tom hesitates.

TOM  
...No.

Angry, Chloe stomps around the table, grabs Tom by his shirt collar and picks him up-

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey- hey!

And tosses him through the glass divider. Tom rolls to his feet. He grabs a *stapler* off of the nearest desk, opens its mouth wide and brandishes it defensively.

Chloe grabs a pair of scissors and the two of them face off in the middle of the production company.

Chloe swings for Tom- misses. Tom swings the stapler and punches a staple into the back of her hand. She swings at him again- the scissors go into his shoulder.

Tom yells in agony, buckling under the pain. Chloe withdraws the scissors- raises them again and swings down over Tom's head.

Tom catches her wrist at the last possible second- the scissors are centimeters away from Tom's face. He struggles to keep her at bay.

Chloe scowls at him, putting all her strength downwards.

BANG.

Chloe's brains get blown out.

Bloody, bruised and broken Jason Bourne stands on the opposite end of the production company, lowering his gun.

Tom gasps for breath, and nods at Jason.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thanks Jason Bourne.

Jason Bourne gives Tom the thumbs up.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom takes a seat at the conference room table. Jeff and Mike stare at him speechless.

TOM  
Sorry about that.

Tom takes a deep breath.

TOM (CONT'D)

The Bourne Resurrection takes place ten years after the original. Sticking with the trope of the movies we all know and love, Jason Bourne is framed by a government agency for a crime he didn't commit.

EXT. OCEAN COAST - DUSK

Jason Bourne sits on the rocks of the ocean coast, looking out to the sea. He rubs his fingers through his hair.

TOM (V.O.)

But Jason isn't out for vengeance. All he wants is a second chance at life.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom is seated at the conference room.

TOM

This time he falls in love. With a cleaning lady.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAY

IN SLOW MOTION: Bourne falls through a shattering glass wall with the Cleaning Lady in his arms, firing at MARTIN as he does so. He holds onto her tightly with one hand.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff sits up.

JEFF

What's the Cleaning Lady's name?

Tom thinks about it.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Jason is falling in slow motion- The Cleaning Lady is clutching him tightly. She loses one of her high heels.

Time speeds back up. Martin flies through the air, jumping towards Bourne with a SWITCH BLADE in his hands.

Bourne catches the blow with crossed wrists, barely deflecting it. Inches away from him is a shitty blue bic pen.

Bourne struggles to keep Martin's knife at bay while reaching for the pen.

He grabs it, and shoves it into Martin's neck. He pushes Martin off.

BOURNE  
What's your name?

She is curled up against the nearby wall. Bourne sits up, offers her a hand.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
It's okay. It's over. It's done.  
What's your name?

She looks deep into Bourne's eyes.

BAILEY  
Bailey.

Bourne smiles.

BOURNE  
Bailey.

The elevator bell dings. Bourne looks to it.

BOURNE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get us out of here now.

Bailey watches as Bourne stands up, gripping the bloody bic pen.

INT. HONG KONG SKYSCRAPER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bourne steps into the hallway just short of the elevator doors. They open- another guard steps out-

SHUNT!

Bourne shoves the ballpoint pen into the guard's hand, causing him to drop his gun. He chops at the guards throat and sends his elbow onto his shoulder, effectively silencing him.

He looks to a SECURITY CAMERA in the corner, and then to Bailey.

BOURNE

Bailey. It's gonna be safer for you  
if you come with me.

Jason is holding her shoe. He offers it to her.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Mike listen, engaged.

MIKE

But why is it going to be safer if  
she comes with you?

TOM

He doesn't want to get any more  
blood on his hands. There are  
cameras watching them everywhere.  
He's not going to let someone else  
die because of him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bailey is stitching up a gash in Bourne's shoulder. She  
pricks him. He winces.

BOURNE

First time?

BAILEY

Sorry.

He smiles.

BOURNE

It's okay.

TOM (V.O.)

He will fight for her. He will die  
for her. Because it doesn't matter  
if she loves him. It's not even  
about love.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tom stands, orating before Jeff and Mike.

TOM

It's about getting a second chance  
at being the person he was, before  
he was Jason Bourne.

EXT. OCEAN COAST - DUSK

Bourne and Bailey walk along the coast, wrapped around each other. All smiles.

TOM (V.O.)  
You wanted me to reinvent the franchise. This is how you do it. Give us something to hope for. Show a little behind the curtain. Give us a little more Matt Damon than Jason Bourne-

*Indeed, Bourne is talking more animatedly than we have seen him in three movies.*

TOM (V.O.)  
Sure, we'll give you villains. International terrorism. Brutal fights with everyday household objects. Fine. But this is a story about life.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Jeff look at each other, then back to Tom. Tom blinks at them.

TOM  
Did any of what I just said make any sense?

Smiles come over their faces.

INT. CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Grauman's Chinese Theater is packed to the brim. On the screen- *Jason Bourne and Bailey run down a hall before jumping out of a window.*

Tom sits in the audience, watching the movie. His eyes drift across the audience. He sees his father, who nods at him proudly. He nods back.

He sees Mike and Jeff. He sees Chloe, sitting in a wheel chair with her head bandaged. She sits next to Martin, who ignores Tom. Tom smiles with embarrassment.

On the screen, a dripping wet Jason Bourne talks to Bailey.

BOURNE

This isn't me anymore. I've been running in circles for so long, I don't even know who I'm running for or why. How long can you punish someone? How long can someone take that kind of punishment.

In the audience, Matt Damon gives Tom the thumbs up. Tom smiles politely, then gets up.

INT. CHINESE THEATER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom walks along the hallway, looking at black and white hollywood photos.

BAILEY (O.S.)

Hey stranger.

Tom turns. Bailey is there, dressed in a ball gown. Tom smiles at her.

TOM

I didn't think you'd come.

BAILEY

How do I look?

TOM

You look great.

BAILEY

Why aren't you happy?

TOM

What do you mean?

BAILEY

Dude, you wrote a Jason Bourne movie! You're like the shit now. You've been talking about this since we were twenty- why aren't you fucking psyched?

TOM

I'm... I don't know. I'm psyched. It's just hard when it's...

BAILEY

What?

TOM

Movies aren't real. You know? None  
of it's real.

Bailey goes up to him and gives him a big hug.

BAILEY

Are there people in there watching  
that movie? Having an emotional  
experience?

TOM

... Kind of.

BAILEY

Then it's real.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

Try to enjoy your fifteen minutes.  
You're only a writer.

Tom nods. Bailey starts to walk away.

TOM

Bailey.

She stops.

TOM (CONT'D)

If I told you that... You were a  
character in a movie- right now,  
and that everything is just... Fake  
and you're just a construct of  
someone's imagination, what would  
you say to me?

She thinks about it.

BAILEY

Like... All *\*this\** is a movie?

TOM

Yeah.

BAILEY

And our life is a movie.

TOM

Yeah.

BAILEY

If you're the one calling all the shots, I guess in this hypothetical reality in which I'm a movie character in a movie you've written, I'd ask you why we ended up divorced.

TOM

I don't know. You were the one that was pushing for it.

She gives him a sly little smile.

BAILEY

You gonna let your characters push you around like that?

That makes him smile.

TOM

You should see how I pushed Jason Bourne around.

Bailey makes her way down the hallway.

TOM (CONT'D)

Bailey?

BAILEY

Mmhmm?

TOM

For what it's worth... I'm sorry that I... I don't know. I'm sorry I couldn't keep us together.

BAILEY

Make sure someone cool plays me.

She disappears on the other end of the hall.

TOM

Yeah...

Tom walks down the hallway towards a pair of double doors.

INT. CHINESE THEATER - LOBBY

Tom walks to the lobby. He goes to the concessions stand. An USHER waits for him.

USHER  
Movie's almost over.

TOM  
Yeah.

USHER  
Want to take a snack for the road?

Tom considers.

TOM  
Um... No thanks.

Tom looks around.

USHER  
Help you with something?

TOM  
I'm just looking for a... Friend. I  
thought he might be here. But he's  
not here.

USHER  
Maybe he's watching the movie.

TOM  
Yeah. Maybe.

USHER  
You should get back in there.  
You're missing the ending.

TOM  
It's okay. I know what happens.

The Usher smiles at him.

USHER  
Are you sure?

Tom looks at the Usher, then back to the lobby doors.

TOM  
... No. I guess I'm not.

Tom heads towards the theater.

INT. CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Tom resumes his seat.

Jason Bourne and Bailey walk along the beach. Closing moments of the film. They're arm-in-arm together.

They pass TOM, sitting on a beach bench.

He waves to them. They wave back, smiling. Tom watches them walk along into the distance.

SPARROW (O.S.)  
You've had fifteen minutes where  
you are literally God-

Tom looks over to Sparrow, who has appeared next to him.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
-You are the author of your  
reality. You can fly! You can  
create entire worlds! That folding  
city thing they did in Inception-  
you could have done that- and  
instead-

TOM  
I didn't want to turn it into a  
different kind of movie.

Sparrow shakes his head.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I was looking for you in the lobby.

SPARROW  
I wanted to be here instead. Where  
are we?

TOM  
Maui.

SPARROW  
Better than the Chinese theater.

Tom nods. The two friends look out to the sunset together.

TOM  
Think anyone is going to enjoy  
this?

Sparrow laughs.

SPARROW  
I don't know. Not your problem  
anymore. The movie's over.

TOM  
I'm glad you were here for this.

SPARROW  
Glad to be here.

The END CREDITS begin to roll.

The image doesn't fade out. Instead, it stays, for the entire credits. Tom and Sparrow talk back and forth, commenting and joking on the names in the credits.

SPARROW (CONT'D)  
You think Tony Gilroy will get a special thanks?

They laugh when they see he does.

The credits end.

TOM  
We're still here.

Sparrow nods.

SPARROW  
Yup. Post-credit's scene. Lucky you. Mr. Marvel.

TOM  
Something important is supposed to happen, right, like some sequel shit?

Tom turns- looking for a clue- only to come face to face with a gun barrel.

He follows the gun barrel up a suited arm, until he reaches the face-

-of Daniel Craig as James Bond. He smirks at Tom.

Tom gets up- on his feet in a flash and begins to run across the beach, towards the camera-

CUT TO BLACK.