

(from the series created by
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DARKNESS...

Just words on a screen, and a familiar VOICE: "The following takes place over 24 hours - beginning at 12 p.m., Central European Time." Then we FADE IN on:

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NOON

EuRail, Munich to Prague. PASSENGERS on their laptops and BlackBerries. The looks of concern on their faces tell us that a CRISIS is brewing somewhere. A bad one.

Some watch a NEWS TICKER overhead. It's in German, but we recognize a few words: "Russia," "China"... and "War."

But one passenger seems unconcerned. This is MIA. She's 32 and striking. Might be German, or Czech. Hard to say. Before her is a MINI-LAPTOP on which a VIDEO-FILE is running:

First image in the file is the face of a man, JACK BAUER - ageless, unyielding, uniquely American. Mia studies it.

Then VIDEO-CLIPS begin to fill her screen, a patchwork of surveillance footage, archived news footage, events chronicling the history of this one man. Bauer...

As histories go, his hasn't been pretty. We see images of people he's killed, battles he's waged, lines he's crossed. But also lives he's saved, tortures he's endured... Then:

We PUSH IN on that screen, and those surveillance and news clips give way to images more familiar to us, retelling eight years of Jack's service to his country... MUSIC UNDER, as:

Images come at us fast, then faster: Jack saving Presidents, saving cities, taking bullets for people. Music building...

Mia - awed by this violent, heroic history - one we've born witness to - the images becoming a BLUR: Jack saving lives, but taking some too. Music reaching a crescendo now.

Mia - absorbing it all, dizzied... until an image that we've never seen before fills her laptop screen:

Jack... at the gravesite of TERI BAUER. His wife. Gone.

Then the file ends. Mia hits DELETE. The screen goes dark.

BLACKNESS... giving way slowly to the light of 200 VOTIVE CANDLES. Flickering, beautiful... And we are:

INT. CHURCH - LOCATION UNKNOWN - NOON

The pulpit of an old European church. Small, humble, lovely.

We PULL BACK, slowly, to take in a few rows of pews, empty.
The stillness feels centuries old. We go FARTHER BACK:

The walls are stone, the windows stained glass. But nothing
moves, no one's here... until the very back row.

...where Jack Bauer sits - alone and silent.

Still ageless, still unyielding... but damaged too, his eyes
open but lifeless. Sitting in this empty church - not
praying, maybe just thinking. Or seeking solace. Then:

FOOTSTEPS approach. A Priest leans into frame: FATHER TOMAS.

FATHER TOMAS (IN CZECH)
Valtr. It's noon.

Jack nods without expression, rises, exits frame. We DRIFT
DOWN - through the floor of this venerable church - to:

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT - "REC ROOM" - CONTINUING

Two CZECH YOUTHS, early 20's, sit on a beaten sofa, playing a
VIDEO GAME. It's getting heated. Father Tomas walks by. Jack
follows. The Youths note Jack with some derision:

CZECH YOUTH #1 (IN CZECH)
Hey Old Man. Wanna try?

CZECH YOUTH #1 mockingly offers his joy-stick as Jack eyes
the tv screen: *animated soldiers firing at armed terrorists*.
He smiles thinly and shakes his head.

Father Tomas grabs the remote, gestures to the kids, "One
moment please", and hits a button - replacing the video game
on that tv screen with a CNN BROADCAST:

"China, Russia on the brink of war." FOOTAGE of Chinese and
Russian troops mobilizing, weapons being moved, and U.S.
PRESIDENT LAUREN SNOWE arriving in Beijing, as we hear:

CNN REPORTER (V.O., THRU TV)
As the world braces for war,
President Snowe has arrived in
Beijing this afternoon for 11th hour
talks with Premier Jao in an effort
to re-start the peace process. But
her prospects look dim.

Father Tomas looks to Jack, to see if all this is landing.
Jack indicates nothing... just walks away. Father Tomas
breathes out a sigh, returns the remote to the Czech Youths.

That fast, CNN's report is replaced by that video game... *

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT "DINING ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

This is a SOUP KITCHEN, source of sustenance for 50 CZECH DOWN-AND-OUTERS who line up with trays. Lunchtime.

A HUGE METAL VAT is carried from a small kitchen... by Jack. He sets it down at the end of a cafeteria line and grabs a ladle. The 50 bums await. Father Tomas nods.

...and the line begins to move, one lost face after another, Jack filling every bowl. Some of the men mumble "Dekuji vam," (thank you). Some don't speak at all, too damaged.

Jack is paying a penance here. Or hiding. It's hard to say. An AMERICAN HOMELESS GUY gets to the front of the line:

AMERICAN HOMELESS GUY
Hey, do you speak any English? I'm
trying to get back to the States.

Jack shakes his head. American Guy moves on. Jack notes a MOTHER and DAUGHTER at a table; the kid is 9. So sad. A CZECH SCHIZOPHRENIC reaches the front of the line: *

CZECH SCHIZOPHRENIC (IN CZECH)
*You ready for war? I saw it on the
news!* *

This guy has a PIE-TIN strapped to his chest, like body armor. Jack doesn't reply. The Guy moves on. *

Then the doors to this Dining Room burst open. Jack's head whips around quickly at the sound. The disturbance is:

UNNAMED HOMELESS GUY (IN CZECH)
Fight!

Father Tomas is up in a hurry. The Bums follow him out...

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT - "REC ROOM" - RESUMING

Those two Czech Youths have dropped their joysticks and are now rolling on the floor. And it's gotten ugly:

Czech Youth #1 is getting pounded by CZECH YOUTH #2 - blows to the head. Father Tomas jumps in. Czech Youth #2 pushes the Priest away, and pulls a SHIV from inside his boot.

He's just about to strike Youth #1 with it, when Father Tomas jumps in again. So it's the Priest's arm that gets slashed, badly. Blood gushes. He weakens, drops to his knees.

Czech Youth #2 goes pale, terrified by what he's just done, and runs away, disappearing into a stairwell. Jack hurries to Father Tomas, who is writhing on the floor.

JACK (IN CZECH)
Get an ambulance! And towels and water!

A BUM runs for a phone. Jack kneels by the Priest. Blood is everywhere, and Jack knows why:

JACK (IN CZECH)
He hit an...

But Jack doesn't know the word in Czech... so:

JACK (IN ENGLISH NOW)
He hit an artery. Stay still.

Father Tomas nods, afraid. Jack whips his shirt off, fashioning a TOURNIQUET. Wraps it around the wound...

...and, just like that, everything in here comes to a STOP.

No one moves. Or speaks. Everyone staring at the same thing:

Jack's shirtless torso - a map of horrible SCARS, half-healed WOUNDS. The signs of torture, lots of it: on his chest, his back, his arms. Clearly, a history of Hell.

The Homeless Guys, even Czech Youth #1... they're all struck dumb. Staring. *Who is this guy???* Jack tightens, stuck.

JACK
(hushed, to Father Tomas:)
I'm sorry, I can't help you any--

FATHER TOMAS
I understand. Go.

JACK
You're going to be fine, there's an ambulance coming for you.

FATHER TOMAS
Go.

Jack nods, grateful. There's not much else to say. We CUT TO:
EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BLDG. - PRAGUE - 12:40 P.M.

Three storeys high, in Prague's Jewish Quarter.

*

Jack, in a borrowed shirt, throws a look over his shoulder to be sure no one's behind him, (it's a habit), then enters. *

INT. JACK'S BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUING

Someone's in our way: a NEIGHBOR, carrying bags of groceries. Jack rushes past her, to a staircase...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - UNIT 2B - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Small, functional. Jack crosses to a closet, pulls out a DUFFLE BAG, throws it on the bed - because it's time to go.

A PHONE rings. An answering machine picks up. We hear Jack's outgoing message, in CZECH. Then a dial tone.

He opens a bedroom dresser: there are shirts inside, and a GUN, and an empty bottle of AMBIEN, prescribed to "VALTR TYNEK". He pockets it, grabs a clean shirt.

Also in the drawer is a picture: of Jack, his wife Teri, their daughter Kim. Ancient history now. He shuts the drawer.

Then he hears *something falling*, outside his front door. That fast, he's got that gun drawn. Next thing he hears is: *

NEIGHBOR (IN CZECH, THRU DOOR)

Shit!

He crosses to the front door, gun poised, opens it slowly.

...to find that same Neighbor, on her hands and knees. Her grocery bags just tumbled. Items everywhere... *

Could be a trap. Jack's used to thinking that way. He looks up and down the corridor - then at this woman, struggling to wrangle her groceries, cursing at herself in Czech.

JACK (IN CZECH)

Do you need some help?

She turns, her smile disarming. Grains of RICE around her. *

NADIA (IN CZECH)

Hell yes. Thank you.

NADIA BYDICH, a fiery beauty of 30. Jack eyes the hallway again; we hear a COUPLE arguing behind a closed door down the hall. Jack leaves his gun behind, bends down to help Nadia. *

NADIA (CONT'D)

So clumsy.

She's bought the things people buy when rumors of war are floating: bottled water, batteries, canned food...

And Pop-Tarts? There are three boxes of them. Nadia blushes.

NADIA (CONT'D)
They relieve stress. It's been proven.

Jack breathes out a smile. He likes her.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I'm Nadia, by the way.

JACK
Valtr.

NADIA
You have to tell me - what do you do?

That caught Jack. He stiffens.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I asked the landlord about you. I said, "Who is that man across the hall from me? He never talks! He's never here!"

Is she investigating? Or flirting? Hard to say.

Then the door down the hall is opened angrily and SLAMMED SHUT, and a HULKING MAN (we just heard him fighting with his wife) storms at us. But Nadia's focus is Jack.

JACK
I'm in publishing. I edit books.

NADIA
Oh. American books?

Wait. That was in English. She smiles warmly, teasing:

NADIA (AGAIN IN ENGLISH)
Your Czech is... a little shaky. Yes?

She's playing, not grilling him. We're about 95% sure...

JACK (IN ENGLISH)
Yes.

Nadia laughs, having fun. Meanwhile, Hulking Man nears. But the spilled groceries are blocking the hallway. And the guy is in no mood to wait. So he steps over them, awkwardly.

...grazing Jack's shoulder ever so slightly. Then he's gone. Jack, hyper-vigilant, watches him go. It's Hell, always thinking of yourself as a target...

They've got the groceries (except for the rice), together now. Nadia opens her door. 2A. Same layout as Jack's.

NADIA

I left a note under your door last week - about a beautiful dinner I'd made too much of. Did you not get it?

JACK

I did. It was very kind of you. But I'd eaten already.

NADIA

How about tonight then? To say thank you for your help. I really am quite a cook, despite the Pop-Tarts.

*

She's flirting, no doubt about it now. And she is pretty...

JACK

Another time maybe. Thank you.

NADIA

The news is so scary today, it would be a comfort to do something *normal* - like cooking a dinner for someone.

*

*

*

That was sincere. But impossible.

*

JACK

I'm sorry. I can't.

*

NADIA

No. I can see that.

*

*

He shuts his door and heads down the hallway...

EXT. JACK'S BUILDING - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges, looking for threats real or imagined, and starts down the street...

*

EXT. PRAGUE - JEWISH QUARTER - BILKOVA STREET - DAY

Jack exits a PACKED MARKET with a single bag. Behind him, SHOPPERS stock up anxiously. A SHARP SOUND turns his head:

*

*

...it was just a pane of glass falling off an open-bed MOVING TRUCK, crashing noisily on the sidewalk. Jack walks away.

EXT. PRAGUE - JEWISH QUARTER - DUSNI STREET - DAY

Jack buys four PRE-PAID PHONES at a kiosk...

EXT. PRAGUE - JEWISH QUARTER - PARIZSKA STREET - DAY

Jack crosses a street. A MOTORCYCLE blows by - loud, and too close. Jack eyes it, then approaches a CROWDED PHARMACY. But: *

On his way in, he sees a NINE YEAR-OLD GIRL. Crying. Upset. The *same* girl we saw with her mom at the Soup Kitchen...

A few feet away is a guy we presume to be her *father* - call him AMBROZ - seething with anger, yelling at the poor kid.

Something stirs in Jack - that ancient, hardwired impulse to help... He ignores it, enters the crowded pharmacy... *

INT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER *

Jack gets a refill on his Ambien, prescribed to "Tynek, Valtr." He looks out the storefront window, on to the street: *

The little girl is still out there, still crying. But now Ambroz is yelling louder, in her face. She looks so scared.

Again, an impulse to help. Again Jack shakes it off.

EXT. JEWISH QUARTER - PARIZSKA STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges - and comes to a stop:

...because Ambroz is now forcing the little girl into a car. *
And she is resisting, crying.

No choice anymore. Jack is who he is. He approaches the car - just in time to grab Ambroz' hand. Speaking in English:

JACK
Maybe you should take it easy. She's
just a kid.

AMBROZ
Who the hell asked you?

Ambroz yanks his hand free. Jack allows it, eyes the Girl:

JACK (IN CZECH)
Everything okay here?

AMBROZ
It is a family matter. None of your
concern.

JACK
 You're probably right.
 (Czech, at the Girl)
 You okay?
 (exasperated, in English:)
 Are you okay?

AMBROZ
 She's fine. Just a brat.

JACK
 Your daughter?

AMBROZ
 That's right.

JACK
 Then what's the rope for?

Ambroz pales a bit... because *there is indeed just a hint of ROPE peeking out from under the backseat*. Ambroz can't believe Jack spotted it. Neither can the girl. She's shaking.

AMBROZ
 I think it's time you move along now.
 Before you meddle with something that
 has nothing to do with you.

JACK
 Probably right about that too.

Then, that fast, Jack disables the guy. A single punch to the throat - and Ambroz drops to his knees, unable to breathe.

Jack leans in, reaches for the girl.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Where's your Mom? I'll take you to
 her.

The Girl reaches a hand out to him - terrified but grateful.

...as a flickering RED LIGHT begins to bounce off the windows: *an approaching POLICE CAR*. Jack turns...

Oddly, Ambroz *smiles* - as the ARRIVING CZECH COPS emerge from their squadcar, guns drawn - on Jack. He freezes, not resisting as they put him on the ground... *
 *

INT. PRAGUE - JOSEFOV POLICE STATION - 1 P.M.

Jack sits on a bench. The Girl, (her name's KATYA), sits beside him. A DESK SERGEANT, (DALEK), calls out:

DALEK
You're free to go, Sir. You're not
being charged.

JACK
I'll wait until her mother arrives.

Dalek eyes him, annoyed. The feeling in here is creepy and corrupt. And tense. (On a TV in a corner, more CNN coverage of Russia and China on the brink.) Katya looks pretty shaky. *

KATYA
Thank you.

Jack nods. He's eager to get out of here... but fairly certain that she's not safe within these walls. Then:

ANICKA (O.S., IN CZECH)
Katya? Baby?

KATYA
Mama!

Katya springs up as ANICKA METKOVA arrives. (We saw her at the Soup Kitchen.) 35, normally a calm mother, now frantic.

ANICKA
Baby...
(they embrace)
What happened? What happened?

KATYA
A man tried to grab me.

ANICKA
How did you get away?

KATYA
Him. He's American.
(pointing at Jack)
It was on Parizska Street. He knocked
the other man down. *

Anicka's at a loss. She turns to Jack, in English: *

ANICKA
You were at the church this morning. *

JACK
I'm glad she's okay.

And Jack heads out, in a hurry. But:

ANICKA

I don't know how to thank you. You saved her. I'm Anicka.

She extends her hand. He has to take it.

JACK

Valtr. Tynek.

ANICKA

They'd been threatening us. But I--

Again, Jack can walk away... or he can delve. He delves:

JACK

You know who did this?

ANICKA

Yes.

(quietly)

My husband was killed last year. The Czech mafia. I promised not to testify in the trial but... this is how they make sure of it.

JACK

You should be telling the police this. Not me.

ANICKA

The Police are part of it.

That hangs there, ominous. Jack eyes Dalek behind that desk; the guy is watching a bit too closely. Great.

JACK

I wish you luck.

ANICKA

Wait. Please.

(Jack turns)

Is there a way I can reach you?

He studies them: a mother and child, surrounded by who-knows-how-many corrupt cops in here - with Dalek watching...

JACK

No.

Anicka sags. Jack feels lousy about it. But he goes - just as *
another COP enters the station. (Call him ZIDEK.) It's just a *
 moment, but Jack sees something that's off:

...the look Zidek trades with Dalek... Then:

ZIDEK
Mrs. Metkova?

ANICKA
Yes?

ZIDEK
I'm Officer Zidek. I'll take you and
your daughter home now.

Jack goes. Last thing he sees before the door closes behind
him is the look of uncertainty on Anicka's face. Fear.

He decides to ignore it. Just has to. He exits the station...

EXT. JOSEFOV POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

We're outside the station. Jack is long gone now.

The station doors open. Zidek emerges, leading Anicka and
Katya down some steps, around a corner, to:

EXT. ALLEY BESIDE THE STATION - CONTINUING

A SQUADCAR waits in this alley. AN UNIDENTIFIED COP sits
behind the wheel. Anicka hesitates, frightened.

Katya, sensing the fear, squeezes her mother's hand.

ZIDEK
In.

He opens the rear door. Anicka climbs in, followed by Katya.

INT. SQUADCAR - CONTINUING

Zidek gets in the passenger side, grunting with annoyance.

...until he finds a service revolver pointed at his face.

...held by Jack, in the driver's seat, wearing the uniform
hat of a Czech Metro Policeman.

JACK
Your partner's in the trunk.

Zidek nods soberly. Anicka and Katya watch, breathless.

JACK (CONT'D)
Tell whoever's paying you, these two
are off-limits. Understand?

ZIDEK

Yes.

CRACK. Jack butt-ends the guy with that gun. Zidek's head snaps back; he's out cold. Jack turns...

Katya is terrified now, shaking. Anicka holds her.

JACK

Do you have somewhere to go that's safe? Is there anyone you know you can trust?

ANICKA

Please. Take me to Veltrusy.

Jack pauses. He knows he should run away - now. But...

JACK

How far is that?

ANICKA

Thirteen kilometers.

He decides. The squadcar pulls away. We CUT TO BLACK:

...filled by the "24" act-break **TIME-POP**, a clock advancing not by seconds but by minutes... to "1:31 p.m." Then:

INT. "PEOPLE'S HALL" - CONF. ROOM - BEIJING - EVENING

U.S. PRESIDENT LAUREN SNOWE, (50, dynamic, solid), sits opposite CHINESE PREMIER JAO, (60, decent but strained). A feeling of tired tension hangs. SUPER: "**Beijing, China.**"

Snowe's CHIEF OF STAFF is FRANK WERBLIN, (42, a grinder, always at her side.) Her Lead-Advance Secret Service Agent is TED LODGE (40, vigilant, played Point Guard at Cornell.)

PRESIDENT SNOWE

Mister Premier, I implore you.
Billions of people are depending upon
your good judgment today. Innocent
civilians. Children.

PREMIER JAO

We see them with the same eyes,
Madame President.

PRESIDENT SNOWE

Then you must stand down and return
to the table.

PREMIER JAO
Diplomacy has had its chance. Without
trust it is impossible.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Mister Premier, the world sees you as
the aggressor here. You know that.
(Jao is silent)
The Canton Text has--

PREMIER JAO
--The Canton Text is a fraud, Madame
President, I assure you once again.
It was never sent.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I've seen it, Mister Premier. Details
of a pre-emptive Chinese strike on
Moscow--

PREMIER JAO
It was fabricated. You must believe
me.

Snowe sighs - knew this wouldn't be easy... Then:

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Mister Premier, we've also received
intelligence concerning a possible
Chinese strike on American cities. On
our West Coast.

PREMIER JAO
More fabrications. More lies.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Until that's proven I am compelled to
treat them as a very real threat.

PREMIER JAO
Madame President, we have our hands
full with Russia at this moment. Why
would I want to antagonize a friend
as powerful as the U.S.?

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Mister Premier, why would you want to
antagonize anyone? War on this scale
would be disastrous. For everyone.

Jao doesn't reply. Snowe refuses to look discouraged...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - KANIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

ETHAN KANIN, 60, famed in these halls, stares at his computer screen, deeply troubled. He sighs, rises, and leans into:

INT. WEST WING - KANIN'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUING

Kanin's secretary sits at her desk. Her name's GWYN.

KANIN

How quickly could I add another level of encryption to my computer files?

GWYN

Is there a problem, Mister Kanin?

KANIN

Nothing an answer to my question wouldn't solve.

Gwyn nods tightly, rebuked. Kanin feels lousy about his tone.

KANIN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Gwyn. I just need some added security on my files.

GWYN

I'll have an I.T. guy in here immediately.

KANIN

Thank you.

Then he goes, out a door, into:

INT. WEST WING - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

...past two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and a door that reads, "Office of the Vice President." Kanin enters. We CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LONDON - 12:30 P.M.

CHLOE O'BRIAN talks into a hands-free phone, at a desk. Above her is a masthead: "BRAILLE INSTITUTE OF GREATER LONDON."

CHLOE (INTO HEADSET)

I'm sorry, but you're just going to have to re-send them. The shipment wasn't picked up.

(annoyed)

Well, gee, I'm going out on a limb here, but maybe the problem had something to do with the fact that

(MORE)

CHLOE (INTO HEADSET) (cont'd)
the recipient is blind. I'm sorry if
that's an inconvenience for you.

(a beat)

No. I'm not British. How'd you tell?

The reply makes her roll her eyes, exasperated.

CHLOE (HEADSET, CONT'D)
Just re-ship it. Okay?

SUPER: "London, England." She clicks off, turns in her chair.

...to find a guy staring at her with puppy-dog eyes. This is
CYRIL, hopelessly smitten with her.

CYRIL
I love it when you kill people.

CHLOE
Cyril. Don't you have work to do?

CYRIL
Yes. And I'm keen to do it. But I
need your help. I've got software
issues. Are you any good with
computers?

CHLOE
Me? No. I hate those things.

Chloe heads down a hallway. Cyril follows.

CYRIL
Dinner then.

CHLOE
Why does this keep happening to me?

CYRIL
Very informal, no pressure. Couple
bottles of wine. Or lunch in the park
- and you can bring your son! I'd
love to meet him. What do you say?

GRAY (O.S.)
Cyril?

That's GRAY PEARSON. He's 40, the boss. Cyril and Chloe stop.

CYRIL
Yes Sir?

GRAY
Enough. Back to your desk.

CYRIL
Yes, Sir. Sorry, Chloe.

She nods. Cyril returns to his desk. Gray waits pompously.

GRAY
Chloe, on behalf of the Braille
Institute, I apologize for any
discomfort caused by--

CHLOE
Don't worry, Gray - I'm not gonna sue
anybody. But can I get back to work
now? People need canes and stuff.

INT. PRAGUE - SUBWAY STATION - DUSK

Mia emerges from a Prague Metro train at the Namesti
Republiky station, her mini-laptop in a briefcase now.

She heads for a bench beside a turnstile, where a MAN waits.
At the sight of her, he rises, walking away.

...leaving a non-descript BACKPACK beneath the bench.

Mia grabs it, casually, and exits the station...

EXT. VELTRUSY - "SAFE HOUSE"/INT. SQUADCAR - DUSK

Small town, 12 miles north of Prague, by the Vltava River.

Jack pulls the squadcar up to a COTTAGE, way off the beaten
path. Anicka eyes it.

ANICKA
Do you remember it at all, Katya?

KATYA
No, Mama.

ANICKA
*I didn't think you would. We stopped
coming here when you were two.*
(at Jack, in English)
*My grandparents lived here. The
family still owns it.*

JACK
Where've you been living?

ANICKA
Where we can. It's been hard since my
husband died. I lost my job.

JACK
Let's get you two inside.

He gets out, Zidek's service revolver in hand. TRACK THEM:

ANICKA
We'll be okay here. You don't have to-

JACK
You should leave the country. These people will keep coming after you.

ANICKA
I know. I have to save us.

At the door, Anicka reaches behind a plant, finds a key.

ANICKA (CONT'D)
High-level security, as you can see.

JACK
You need to be more careful now.

A knowing nod from Anicka. She opens the door.

ANICKA
There's coffee, I think...

INT. "SAFE HOUSE" - VELTRUSY - CONTINUING

Anicka flips on a light... and all Hell breaks loose:

First blow is a BILLY-CLUB across Jack's forehead. He goes down in a heap. The rest is a blur, mere seconds:

Anicka and Katya scream. FIVE MEN descend on them. Anicka is shot. Katya is shot. Jack tries to get to his feet...

BOOM. The billy-club again, back of his skull. BLACKOUT.

SECOND TIME POP. The clock advances to "5:26 p.m."...

EXT. NAVAL OBSERVATORY GROUNDS - D.C. - 12:26 P.M.

Leaves underfoot. We're jogging. TILT UP to find NORMAN ORSER, 60, in U.S. ARMY sweats, running alongside CARL BRYANT: (45, a lifetime pol, humorless.) We're BEHIND them:

ORSER
Now that we have a location on Bauer,
I'd like you to take another look at
his file.

*
*

BRYANT
I've looked at the file. And I think
we should let the order stand.

ORSER
I see.

BRYANT
Bauer has "shoot on sight" status
from half the countries in the world.
Including us.

ORSER
Our way of thanking him, I guess, for
his tireless service to his country.
(no reply)
He can be a friend.

BRYANT
Dangerous friend to have, Norman.

ORSER
But a much more dangerous enemy, I
promise you. And he won't stay dark
forever. It's not in him.

BRYANT
Like I said, let the order stand.

Not a request. Orser considers that. Then we hear:

UNNAMED SECRET SERVICE AGENT (O.S.)
Mister Vice President?

REVEAL NOW TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS jogging behind us, a
protective detail. (They've been out of earshot.)

BRYANT
Yes?

UNNAMED SECRET SERVICE AGENT
You wanted to know when you'd hit
twenty-five minutes, Sir.

BRYANT
Thank you.
(at Orser)
You go on ahead without me, General.
Unless this requires firther debate.

ORSER
No Sir. You've been abundantly clear.

*
*

*

Vice President Carl Bryant and his detail peel off. General Orser keeps running... *

INT. UNDEFINED SPACE - UNDEFINED TIME

Jack awakens, his hands cuffed behind him... in DARKNESS.

Everything hurts. There's a BANDAGE where he was clubbed in the back of his head. He tries to move, but there's no room. Then he understands why: he's in the trunk of a car.

And it's moving.

He kicks at the metal above him. Locked, of course.

He wriggles toward the corner of the trunk, where the left brake-light is. Gets there - (actually, his cuffed hands get there. He's facing away from it, *doing this blind*.)

A wire-harness runs to the brake light. Jack yanks it free - grabbing at wires inside sheathing... then he feels it: a RETAINER CLIP. He pulls it loose. A thin metal pin...

And, that fast, going by feel alone, he picks the lock on the cuffs. His hands are free. Now he just needs a way out.

Carpet beneath him. He lifts it up. There's the spare tire. It won't help. But beneath the tire is a jack... and a CROWBAR. He grabs it - turning to his next target:

The car's BATTERY is mounted here in the trunk, sitting on a Mopar performance tray. Cables and routers extend from it through holes into the back seat.

Jack takes the crowbar and jams it under the battery's TOP. One hard tug and the top comes off, like a lid, as:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CAR (AUDI CAB) - MOVING - CONTINUING

Zidek is driving this car, an Audi Cab. The "battery" light on his dashboard just started pinging. HMMMM. JUMP BACK TO:

Jack, in the trunk. Now comes the dangerous part:

He takes a deep inhale (in a second the air in this trunk will be unbreathable) and dunks one of the hand-cuffs into the uncapped battery. We hear a splash...

...as metal hits liquid - battery acid. Sulfuric acid. Corrosive fumes instantly rise. Yellow and hot. Deadly.

He pulls down the CANVAS MOUNT separating the trunk from the backseat of the car, drops the hand-cuffs onto the backseat. *

In an instant, the SULFURIC CLOUD begins to fill the inside of the cab. Zidek turns, shocked, choking, panicking.

...as Jack, who still hasn't taken a breath, wedges the crowbar into the trunk latch. It gives. He kicks the trunk open. LIGHT AND NOISE HIT HARD, as:

EXT. PRAGUE - HIGHWAY - CONTINUING - LATE AFTERNOON

Instant chaos. HIGHWAY TRAFFIC around us - 65 m.p.h. - but:

Zidek, gasping, hammers the brakes: 65-to-zero in an instant.

Jack is rocketed back into the trunk. The trouble is...

The car behind us, a Skoda Yeti, is also doing 65. It slams into the Audi, effectively ejecting Jack out of the trunk.

He bangs into the Skoda's windshield, rolls over its roof, off the back, landing hard on the highway. Looks up to see:

A TRUCK, 18 wheels and many tons, thundering toward us. The truck's wheels lock up as its DRIVER jumps on the brakes. But one of those tires is coming right at Jack. He's done.

Split-second. He rolls, just as the truck smashes into the Skoda, crushing Jack beneath a tire...

...Nope. It missed him by an inch. Now he's looking up at the truck's axle. Cars screeching all around him.

...and the feet of Zidek, coming this way. Then we hear it:

ZIDEK (O.S.)

Bauer!

And that tells Jack everything - all of it bad. It's all been a set-up. His cover is blown. Disaster.

But he can't fix it unless he survives this assault. So he rolls out the other side of the truck - into traffic in the surrounding lanes. Running, dodging fast-moving cars.

Zidek sees him. Fires. More cars skidding. Lots of ANGRY CZECH DRIVERS cursing, slamming into things and each other.

Up ahead is the HIGHWAY DIVIDER. Jack hops over it. Now he's got FIVE MORE LANES to cross. With bullets flying.

Jack runs through traffic -- cars at 65 m.p.h., 70 m.p.h. --

Up ahead is a RAILING: the edge of an OVERPASS. It'd be a blind leap, and we're thirty feet up--

*
*

But cars are screeching and Zidek is firing. So Jack runs... and jumps - blind - 30 feet off the ground. Falling...

Mid-air. A STREET below us. Trees - coming at us too fast...

Jack slams into the canopy of a tree. Plummeting, banging into branches, unable to protect himself. Then:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

THUNK. He hits ground. Hard. Middle of a street. A VW about to run him over. He gets to his feet, bleeding, and stands in front of the VW. It screeches to a halt. Then:

BANG! *Zidek is firing at us again* - from that overpass 30 feet up. Jack races to the VW's passenger door. Gets in.

INT. VW - CONTINUING

VW DRIVER, naturally, is more than a little spooked.

VW DRIVER (IN CZECH)

What are you--

JACK

Go. Go.

A bullet just pinged off the guy's hood. Terrifying.

VW DRIVER

What do you want?! Who are you?!

JACK

I'm not anybody. Just drive!

Too late. ANOTHER BULLET rips through the driver's side window, killing the VW Driver instantly.

JACK (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Jack leans across the body and floors it. The VW pulls away.

EXT. LONDON - GOWER STREET - 4:26 P.M.

Chloe emerges from work, exiting the building... to find Cyril, waiting out here for her. Grinning.

CHLOE

Bloody hell.

CYRIL

I could make you so happy.

CHLOE
Yes. You could. By leaving me alone.

CYRIL
That's fantastic! I love how
mysterious and edgy you are.

CHLOE
You're supposed to love how nice I am
to blind people, Dummy.

CYRIL
See? *Edge*. I love that!

She walks away. He follows. We do too.

EXT. GOWER STREET - SIDEWALK - CONTINUING

He's right on her tail.

CYRIL
You have to admit: you're a bit
intrigued.

CHLOE
Actually I--

But that fast, A GUY ON A MOTOR-SCOOTER rips around a corner -
barrelling on to the sidewalk as if aiming for Chloe.

Cyril moves fast, pushing her aside at the last moment. The
motor-scooter plows into him instead. He goes down hard.

CHLOE
Hey!

Scooter Rider gets to his feet and speeds away, fast.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Get back here!

But he's gone. Chloe kneels beside Cyril, his eyes shut. A
small CROWD begins to take notice - people drifting over.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Cyril... Are you okay?

Then, that fast, a *SIREN* can be heard - an ambulance coming.

Huh? Chloe looks up. The AMBULANCE skids to a stop. Something
is definitely off. Way off. Two PARAMEDICS pile out, making
their way through a few BYSTANDERS to the scene.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

How'd you guys get here so--

Before she can finish she feels the world's most discreet STING in her arm, a hypodermic needle poking her without anyone in the crowd even noticing.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Hey!

But that's all she can say before the world gets fuzzy. She starts to stagger, her head spinning. PARAMEDIC #1 steps in:

PARAMEDIC #1

Gurney!

He and his PARTNER put her on a gurney, as:

INT. BRAILLE INST. OFFICES - CONTINUING

Gray stands at a window, watching all this without alarm. As the ambulance speeds away, he grabs his phone, and:

GRAY (INTO PHONE)

Clara, please send out an e-mail to all employees: "An urgent family-health issue has forced Chloe O'Brian to return to the states this evening. She has asked that we all respect her privacy during this difficult time. Let's meet tomorrow to discuss how best to cover for her during her absence." Thank you.

Gray hangs up. We CUT TO:

INT. "PEOPLE'S HALL" - CONF. ROOM - NIGHT

Premier Jao and President Snowe, in tense silence.

PREMIER JAO

I thought we might work through dinner, if that's all right.

PRESIDENT SNOWE

I appreciate your dedication.

Jao nods, then gestures to his STAFFERS. Instantly, place-settings are put down, as Frank Werblin leans in:

WERBLIN

(quietly)
Madame President. A word, please.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Excuse me, Mister Premier.

Jao nods again. President Snowe rises, drifting into:

INT. PEOPLE'S HALL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

Snowe and Werblin, with Lodge and his team watching...

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Your timing was perfect, Frank. I
needed a little break.

WERBLIN
Madame President, the C.I.A. believes
it may have a location on Jack Bauer.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Oh.

The impact on her is instant - and palpable. Sadness.

PRESIDENT SNOWE (CONT'D)
I'd always hoped, the next time
someone mentioned that name to me -
it would be to report his death.

WERBLIN
Yes, Ma'am.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Because it would have spared me a
truly impossible decision.
(a beat... then:)
I want his shoot-on-sight status
rescinded.

Werblin pauses. Maybe he heard that wrong.

WERBLIN
Ma'am?

PRESIDENT SNOWE
He has saved this country too many
times, and paid too high a price for
it. I can't be the President who
orders his death.

WERBLIN
Madame President, you wouldn't be
ordering anything. You'd simply be
choosing not to stand in the way of
an existing order. I don't have to
(MORE)

WERBLIN (cont'd)
remind you that his actions have
resulted in the deaths of--

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I know his history, Frank. And I know
that he deserved better than he got.
If he can be found safely I want him
left alive.

WERBLIN
Madame President, you have enough on
your mind right now without--

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I can't ask other leaders to do the
right thing if I'm not willing to do
it myself. Can I?

WERBLIN
Perhaps you should bear in mind the
message that your decision would
convey to the Chinese. Their history
with Bauer is not a good one - and
we're asking them for their trust.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
Frank, the day I let any nation
dictate policy to me - particularly
as it applies to a patriot like Bauer
- you may feel free to remove me from
my office, because I won't be worthy
of it. Are we clear on this?
(no rebuttal)
Thank you.

She returns to the Conference Room. Werblin sighs, pulls out
his BlackBerry... and sends a text:

*"Unable to pull POTUS away from talks. Until further notice,
order on Bauer stands."*

Conflicted but resolved, he hits SEND...

INT. PEOPLE'S HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

Snowe sits, exchanges a tight smile with Jao. We JUMP TO:

INT. "PEOPLE'S HALL" - SMALL KITCHEN - CONTINUING

CHEFS, SUPPORT STAFF - all under the watch of more U.S. and
CHINESE SECRET SERVICE.

...until, a problem: oil spills from a saute pan, sending
flames on to a TOWEL. It catches fire quickly.

That fast, a FLASH-FIRE. Everyone moves to put it out - the eyes of five SECRET SERVICE AGENTS briefly distracted.

...as a single hand taps drops from a small vial onto an otherwise-perfect meal sitting on a plate. Then the plate is lifted and carried through swinging doors, back into:

INT. "PEOPLE'S HALL" - CONF. ROOM - CONTINUING

*

As the fire in the kitchen is easily contained behind him, a WAITER carries that plate across the room.

...toward President Snowe. She smiles wearily...

*

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KANIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ethan Kanin is at his desk, looking shaky. We peek over his shoulder at an e-mail on his computer screen:

It's in Chinese.

He types back, the characters converting from English to Chinese. Kanin eyes them, unsettled.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Mia sits on a bed, opens that non-descript backpack.

Inside, a HANDGUN. She quietly places a clip into it...

*

INT. JACK'S APT. - EARLY EVENING

Jack storms in, livid - like an animal awakened from hibernation. He grabs his HANDGUN: an H&K USP Compact. Heads out again...

*

*

*

INT. JACK'S BLDG. - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUING

He's about to pound on Nadia's door, when a SOUND distracts him, coming from down the hall: the door to the next unit.

It's ajar, tapping lightly against the jamb...

That Hulking Man emerged from here, after fighting with his wife. Jack moves to the door, nudges it open, gun poised:

...the place is EMPTY. Barren. Not a stick of furniture - as if no one had lived here for months. Jack backs out.

...and heads back to Nadia's apartment. He pounds on her door. No answer. Pounds again. Nothing. So he kicks her door in, revealing:

*

INT. NADIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Just like it looked a few hours ago. Furnished. Lived in. He hears a shower running - pauses outside the bathroom door.

Hears the shower turn off, pushes the bathroom door open --

INT. NADIA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUING

Nadia, just stepping out of the shower. She gasps, startled. *

JACK
Are you in this?

NADIA
What?!

JACK
Are you in this?

He nears her - gun in hand, scary as hell. Bleeding, enraged.

NADIA
Please, I don't know what you're
talking about!

Jack puts the gun an inch from her face. Terrifying.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Please...

JACK
How much do you know about me?

NADIA
Nothing! What you told me!

JACK
Don't lie to me.

NADIA
Please! I was just flirting! I don't
know many people.

She cries. He's recalculating, but not backing off:

JACK
The man down the hall. Who was he?

NADIA
I never saw him before. That place
was always empty.

JACK
Then who are you working for? Who are
you working for? *

NADIA
I work with diapers and bottles!
(Jack's silent) *
I'm a baby nurse. Please put that
down. You're scaring me.

Sure enough, the SCRUBS of a nurse hang on the door...

Awkward silence. Clearly, she's not what he thought/feared
she was. Now he has to re-think on the fly. It'd be easier if
she had some clothes on.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Who are you? Really.

Chagrinned, he pulls some money from his wallet, offers it.

JACK
I broke your door. I'm sorry.

He turns. Then he's gone...

EXT. JACK'S BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER (EVENING)

Jack exits, carrying a full DUFFLE BAG over his shoulder. He
walks right past the VW we saw him escape in before.

...and breaks the window of a Ford. Slides in. A moment
later, he and the Ford have vanished down the street...

INT. NADIA'S APT. - RESUMING

Nadia, naked beneath a towel, stares at her shattered door,
the fear she just experienced fully landing now. *

She sags against a wall, and begins to weep...

...as FOOTSTEPS approach - in the hall.

Nadia shuts her door. The broken doorframe makes it
difficult, but she leans against it to keep it shut - and
peers through a peephole.

...to find a WOMAN approaching: *

...Mia - knocking on Jack's door. No answer. Nadia keeps
looking through that peephole. *

...as Mia pulls out a gun, opens Jack's door - and steps in.

Nadia is terrified now - she keeps watching, as:

Mia scans Jack's apartment. Just missed him. She turns... *

...and notices the broken jamb on Nadia's door.

Nadia's eyes go wide, backing away from the peephole.

...as Mia pushes Nadia's door open, quietly.

Two women, eye to eye. One armed, one nearly naked. Nadia can barely breathe.

MIA (IN ENGLISH)

Your neighbor. Where is he?

So Mia's an American. Nadia is breathless. We CUT TO:

INT. "PEOPLE'S HALL" - CONF. ROOM - BEIJING - NIGHT *

An informal dinner, as the talks continue: *

PREMIER JAO

What you have to understand is that
we paid for that oil. Twenty-five
billion dollars, granting us
exclusive access to all the Kazhak
oil fields... *

Then he stops, because President Snowe just started GASPING.
Audibly, violently. As if she suddenly can't breathe.

PREMIER JAO (CONT'D)

Madame President?

Instantly, Lodge and FIVE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are on her, a
protective bubble, RADIO-COMM flying:

LODGE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

Med-Action, Isis. Med personnel to
Site-One for evaluation. Notify
primary and secondary med facilities
to stand by... *

Snowe is in trouble: eyes rolling, *not breathing at all.* A
MED-TEAM races in. Premier Jao's SECRET SERVICE CADRE
appears, pulling him away. *

LODGE (CONT'D)

All units, be advised. Prepare to
deploy your assets...

INT. GAO LIANG'S APARTMENT - BEIJING - NIGHT

GAO LIANG does push-ups on the floor of his tiny apartment. He's 30, muscular, handsome, determined.

...and, at the moment, *distracted* - as a pair of HIGH HEELS come into frame, inches from his face. He grins.

PAN UP... to find his wife, LIN CHEN, wearing a sexy little-black-dress, and those heels. Lin is a stunner. Giggling.

GAO LIANG (CHINESE, W/SUBTITLES)
What's this?

LIN CHEN (CHINESE, W/SUBTITLES)
Something I just bought. Do you like it?

GAO LIANG
A lot.

LIN CHEN
How much?

He pops up to his feet, kisses her. It gets heated in a hurry; these two are very much in love...

But his CELL-PHONE goes off. A loud intrusive buzz.

LIN CHEN (CONT'D)
Don't get it.

Duty calls. He eyes the readout on the phone, then sags.

GAO LIANG
It's the base.

He answers the phone. We stay with Lin Chen, disappointed. Gao Liang's call ends quickly. He eyes her. *

GAO LIANG (CONT'D)
My God... *

He rushes to his computer... *

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - EVENING

Chloe awakens, disoriented. Does a mental checklist: *I'm alive, I'm in an ambulance - both good.*

But my hands are bound. And Cyril is on a gurney beside me, with a bullet hole in his head. Chloe shudders...

The ambulance comes to a quick stop. The back door is opened by those "Paramedics". Chloe gets a glimpse of where she is - maybe a tarmac? Or an industrial park?

Then a sheet is thrown over her, obscuring her view.

INT. G-4 AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Chloe is pushed down into a plush seat, her ankles cuffed to a rail beneath it. The sheet is removed from her head.

She's in a G-4, on a private airstrip. And here's Gray:

GRAY

Now. Let's have another chat about you and computers. Hmm?

INT. BEIJING - "PEOPLE'S HALL" - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

President Snowe is on a gurney, flatlining on every level.

A MEDICAL TEAM surrounds her, led by her Physician, GREER. The Secret Service team remains in a protective bubble.

LODGE

What're you seeing?

DOCTOR GREER

She's negative for Anthrax and Ricin. *

LODGE

Can we rule out chem or bio?

DOCTOR GREER

No.

LODGE

Can we rule out radiological?

DOCTOR GREER

No. I don't know what it is. *

LODGE

Okay, let's get her out of here.
Cover and Evacuate.

The Secret Service team gurneys Snowe away, as:

LODGE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

Motorcade, from Lodge: get the secure package with Ambulance One in the lead. We're going to primary hospital. Notify Hospital Agent to
(MORE)

LODGE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE) (cont'd)
 set up a quarantine bay at the E.R.
 with c-b-r gear and have Hammer Team
 meet us with all testing equipment.
 We do not know what this is yet. Get
 the Mil-Aide into the spare limo. I
 want the football sequestered.

The MILITARY AIDE, an Army Lt. Colonel carrying a metal
 briefcase, is ushered outside. Through doors, we see:

A massive security apparatus in motion outside - the
motorcade, twenty vehicles, with an AMBULANCE rushing to the
 front of the line. Snowe's gurney is rushed outside, as:

EXT. "PEOPLES' HALL" - SAME

*

The Waiter who tapped those drops makes a silent, unseen exit
 from the building, vanishing from our frame...

INT. PENTAGON - ORSER'S OFFICE - DAY

General Orser is at his desk, doing a crossword puzzle.

His COMPUTER BEEPS, alerting him to an EYES-ONLY E-BULLETIN.
 He taps in a flash-code. Then a second code - gaining him
 access to an inter-office e-mail:

*"All Department Keys. POTUS in critical condition, heart
 attack in Beijing. Report for emergency briefing."*

Orser doesn't react at all, just finishes his puzzle...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Footsteps, moving quickly. We PAN UP.

...to find AARON PIERCE, the truest Secret Service Agent of
 all time, moving quickly down this hall. Calm urgency.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KANIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Pierce blows past Gwyn at her desk, into Kanin's office:

PIERCE
 Mister Kanin, the President has
 suffered a heart attack in Beijing.
 We're instituting an immediate
 lockdown on the Vice President and
 all key personnel. I need you to come
 with me, please.

Kanin shuts his eyes for just a moment, horrified - like a
 man who somehow knew this was coming - then gathers himself.

KANIN

Of course.

He rises. They exit the office. We CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE - CHURCH - EVENING

We're back where we started - the old church. Jack enters, hurrying through the sanctuary.

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT - SERVICE PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A place for custodial supplies. Jack enters, throws open a closet door - kneels down to the floor of the closet:

He moves some supplies aside, revealing a hidden LATCH in the floor. Pulls it open. Inside, a BOX. He opens it...

MONEY has been stored here. Lots of it. In different currencies. Jack shoves it all into his duffle bag, until:

FATHER TOMAS (O.S.)

No goodbye?

Here's Father Tomas, with a kindly smile. His arm bandaged.

JACK

My cover's been blown.

FATHER TOMAS

I'm sorry. I should have been more careful. *

JACK

It had nothing to do with you. *

FATHER TOMAS

Does it have anything to do with this? *

He nods to that TV down the hall. Coverage of the crisis. *

JACK

No. But people might come here, looking. You should think about leaving - at least for a while. *

FATHER TOMAS

I'll be fine.

JACK

If they tie you to me, it won't be safe here for you anymore.

FATHER TOMAS
How can I leave?

Visible over the Priest's shoulder is that dining room: *fifty hungry customers, awaiting dinner...*

FATHER TOMAS (CONT'D)
We'll miss you, Jack.

Jack reaches into the duffle bag, pulls out a stack of Czech currency, extends it to Father Tomas.

JACK
Take this. Please.

FATHER TOMAS
Something tells me you're going to be needing it more than I will.

JACK
I owe you, Father.

FATHER TOMAS
You don't.

JACK
(re: Homeless Guys)
For them then.

Father Tomas acquiesces. Jack puts the money on an old desk.

FATHER TOMAS
Our door will always be open to you, Jack. You know that.

JACK
Thank you, Father.

They shake hands. There's a bond here.

FATHER TOMAS
Now go - before I start asking you to serve dinner.

Jack treasures this man - but there's no time to say so. He throws his duffle bag over his shoulder and heads out, as:

EXT. JACK'S APT. - SAME

Mia - a bloodhound - stands outside Jack's building, examining the broken glass from the Ford he just stole... *

THIRD TIME POP - the clock advances to "7:54 p.m."...

EXT. PRAGUE - JOSEFOV POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack sits in his stolen Ford, parked across the street from that police precinct house. His only lead is inside: *

Dalek, the crooked Desk Sergeant - who emerges from the station at the end of a shift, descending the steps.

Jack starts up the Ford...

INT. PRAGUE - HLAVI NADRAZI TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Big, and nearly empty now. Jack is surveilling Dalek, who buys gum at a news-stand, then heads for a platform.

Is he going somewhere? Jack follows - at a distance.

INT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUING

A few more steps, Jack following discreetly... until he freezes - just saw something impossible:

Dalek, approaching a pair of ghosts.

Katya. And Anicka. Waiting for a train on this platform.

Wait. Hold it. *Jack saw them both killed four hours ago.* *

Nope. They're fine. Receiving instructions and a cell-phone from Dalek - Anicka taking it all in with a sober nod like the professional she is.

Jack watches, waiting until they're all facing the tracks. Then he approaches, quietly. The platform is still...

A second later, Dalek feels a gun in his back. He turns quickly, and Jack punches him in the kidney. Dalek doubles over. Anicka and Katya know enough to stay still.

JACK

Do everything I say. Walk.

A TRAIN rumbles noisily into the station. It's headed for Romania, which tells Jack a lot. He guides his three captives down the length of the platform - no one saying a word. *

As the train pulls out again, he prods the three of them to a short set of steps at the end of the platform... *leading into the TRAIN TUNNEL itself.* Katya starts weeping.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUING

They drift deeper into the tunnel, alongside the track. *

...until the light from the station has vanished, becoming a darkness punctuated by bare blue bulbs affixed to the tunnel walls, every twenty feet. A ghastly glow. Katya stops.

JACK
Keep moving.

She weeps, looks up at him like a lost waif.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sweetheart, you've played that card already. Keep walking.

ANICKA
She's frightened.

JACK
An hour ago she was dead.

DALEK (IN CZECH) *
Don't worry. We're all going to be fine. Him, they're going to carry out in a box.

There are scores of recessed SERVICE ALCOVES to our left. Cramped, tiny - most of them claimed by HOMELESS PEOPLE who retreat down here to sleep. We pass a few of them... until:

JACK (CONT'D)
Here.

He prods them into:

INT. TUNNEL - EMPTY ALCOVE - CONTINUING

There are tattered, filthy blankets at our feet, discarded SYRINGES, a few diapers. Not pretty.

Jack faces his captives: Katya, frightened. Dalek, defiant. Anicka - her eyes darting, looking for a way out.

JACK
Okay. Who hired you? And what do they want from me?

No reply. Clearly, these three have been briefed not to talk.

Jack, no time for this, fires the gun at Dalek's left leg, blowing a kneecap off. Dalek crumbles, howling.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who hired you? And what do they want from me?

Katya is now legitimately terrified. And Dalek is in near-shock from the pain. In the distance, we hear ANOTHER TRAIN coming, way down the tracks. Jack shouts at Anicka:

JACK (CONT'D)

What do they want from me?

ANICKA

I'm a storyteller. They paid me to tell you a story. I don't know anything else.

JACK

Who hired you?

ANICKA

I don't know.

JACK

Who hired you?

Dalek can't help it; that made him spit out a laugh: a twisted, bleary-with-pain chuckle, scaring Katya further. The NOISE of that train grows closer - bearing down on us...

JACK (CONT'D)

Something funny?

DALEK

Very. But you'll be dead before you find out.

Dalek grins a knowing grin... until:

Jack, in a flash, tosses the guy out of the alcove - into the path of that train just as it reaches us. Katya screams.

But just before impact, Jack grabs the back of Dalek's collar, suspending him here - the train almost taking skin off the tip of Dalek's nose. He shuts his eyes tight...

...until the beast has muscled past, pushing noise and air... Jack reels him back in, lets him sag against the wall - a bleeding, rattled wreck.

Anicka and Katya tremble - their protector utterly neutered.

JACK (CONT'D)

Tell me what all this is.

Again, Anicka's not saying a word. And time is short.

...so he points his gun at the kid. Katya. Her eyes go wide in pure terror. A grown-up with a gun to her head...

JACK (CONT'D)
What is all this?

She sobs, shaking. But Anicka, oddly, seems untroubled.

ANICKA
 What? You want me to tell you *another* story?

...and just like that, Jack understands. He lowers his weapon, slightly awed, and studies Anicka.

...who smiles a wry smile, unintentionally confirming it.

JACK
 You're not her mother.
 (at Katya)
 Is she?

Katya shakes her head, so frightened...

KATYA
 They have my real mother.

Anicka glares at the kid, which tells Jack that he's just been told the truth. Now what?

Before Jack can think it through, he freezes - because:

Voices suddenly arise, from down this tunnel - accompanied by the spill of several FLASHLIGHT BEAMS on the tunnel floor outside this alcove, growing nearer. Jack turns to Dalek:

JACK
 You know who that is?

DALEK
 You can't guess?
 (Jack is silent)
 Like I said, you're dead.

JACK
 You first.

Jack grabs Dalek, this time tossing him out of the alcove and on to the track and FIRING into the dark. The rest is a blur:

Before Dalek can identify himself, GUNFIRE ERUPTS from down the tunnel, shredding the guy. Four shooters, maybe five.

And VOICES, approaching. American voices. One pokes through:

UNSEEN APPROACHING VOICE (O.S.)
Is it Bauer?

More voices call back. Jack looks around - no good options appear. And the VOICES are getting closer.

But above him, in the ceiling of this alcove... is a hatch. It's got a circular handle, like you'd see on a ship.

Jack turns it. The hatch opens... revealing a VERTICAL CONCRETE SHAFT, with steel rungs leading up.

He eyes Anicka with an unspoken threat - and Katya with an apology - and ascends, pulling the hatch shut behind him. *

INT. SHAFT - ABOVE THE ALCOVE - CONTINUING

Jack climbs the rungs up to another concrete SHAFT, running parallel to the track but ten feet above it.

He crawls through, reaching a point where other shafts split off in several directions. To his right is one leading over the tracks themselves:

INT. 2ND SHAFT - CONTINUING

He's now crawling perpendicular to the tracks, directly over them. But of course he can't see them from in here.

Then this shaft intersects with another. He turns:

INT. 3RD SHAFT - CONTINUING

He's crawling parallel to the tracks again, having crossed over to the other side of them. Up ahead, another hatch, as:

INT. ALCOVE #1 - RESUMING

Anicka and Katya haven't moved. SEVERAL SUITS run past this alcove now. One of them, (call him BATES), stops. He eyes the body of Dalek, then looks to Anicka and Katya. *

BATES
The man you were with.

Katya is silent... but Anicka wordlessly points to that HATCH overhead. Bates nods, then opens it.

INT. ALCOVE #2 - SAME *

Jack drops through a similar hatch into ANOTHER ALCOVE. *

This one is across the tracks from Anicka, and 50 yards down the line. It boasts a mini-fridge, and a microwave oven - and a HOMELESS CZECH MAN of about 50. He turns, sees Jack... *

...and immediately adopts the pose universal to Czech homeless people: on his knees, hands in front of his face as if at prayer, rocking back and forth, asking for mercy.

Trouble is, Jack needs silence.

JACK (IN CZECH)

Quiet.

Homeless Czech Man keeps mumbling, pleading. Obviously ill. Jack gets to the edge of the alcove, peeks out:

FOUR GUYS IN SUITS, fanning out, looking for him - almost within earshot of this alcove.

...while the Homeless Guy is still mumbling. Loud.

Jack pulls out some Czech cash, thrusts it at the guy.

JACK (CONT'D)

Quiet.

Homeless Guy sees the money. A moment of silence. Then he's so damn happy and grateful that he slaps his hands together again and starts mumbling and crying loud Czech Thank-You's.

Jack covers the guy's mouth - just as we hear a NOISE, directly above:

...the hatch above him, beginning to turn open...

INT. ALCOVE #1 - RESUMING

Anicka heads for the tracks. Katya doesn't understand.

ANICKA (IN ROMANIAN)

You should go.

KATYA (IN ROMANIAN)

They'll take me to my mother now?

ANICKA

Go. This doesn't involve us anymore.

Anicka hurries away, leaving the kid here.

INT. ALCOVE #2 - RESUMING

The hatch opens. Bates drops down...

...as Jack emerges from shadow, holding a GUN tight against the back of Bates' head. *

JACK
One sound and you're dead. Give me your weapon.

Bates does as told, handing over his gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
Cell phone and Comm unit.

Bates pulls his COMM wire from his ear, hands the whole device over. Then his cell-phone. Jack studies it.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is American issue.

BATES
Does that surprise you?

JACK
Your i.d. Now.

Bates hands it over. Jack eyes it, sickened: "Bates, Robert. U.S. Central Intelligence Agency."

JACK
How did you find me? *

BATES
Does it matter? *

JACK
I don't do this anymore. I don't want this anymore.

BATES
What'd you think, it's like a membership at a gym? You can just quit anytime and walk away?

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

Between the tracks is a MEDIAN of STEEL STANCHIONS. Anicka walks along this thin strip. Katya follows. A train nears.

KATYA (IN ROMANIAN) *
You said if I did everything I'd be sent back to her.

ANICKA (IN ROMANIAN) *
Stop complaining. Leave me alone.

Katya sags. All around her are those GUYS IN THE SUITS, guns poised, searching. And ANOTHER TRAIN approaching loudly.

INT. ALCOVE #2 - RESUMING

Jack pockets Bates' stuff. The sound of that train builds.

BATES

Listen. You're done. But if you let
me bring you in you might live
through this. *

Jack hits "last number dialed" on Bates' phone, and hears:

HOTEL VOICE (THRU CELL)

Hotel Jiricna...

Jack considers that, yanks Bates toward the hatch, as:

BATES

Give up, Bauer. There's a war coming;
people are itchy. And you aren't
bulletproof. *

JACK

Let's go.

He pulls Bates back. The train's coming. But just then:

ANOTHER AGENT drops down through that hatch. Jack turns,
fires, killing the guy. But in that split second...

...Bates pounds Jack from behind. The gun falls. Bates grabs
it. Just about to squeeze off a shot, when:

Jack charges him, head down like a linebacker, driving Bates
back. The train is barrelling down, almost on us. Jack
bulldozes Bates out of the Alcove, as:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. TUNNEL - RESUMING

Katya sees that same train coming, and her face just hardens. *
With all the rage a kid can muster, she pushes Anicka... *

INT. ALCOVE #2 - RESUMING

In the same split second, Bates is driven into the path of
that oncoming beast. A sickening, concussive thud, as:

INT. TUNNEL - RESUMING

Anicka is hit by it too. Last thing she sees before dying is *
the face of the little girl she so mistreated.

INT. TUNNEL - OUTSIDE ALCOVE #2 - CONTINUING

The train blows past us. Then Jack jumps onto the track and:

Using the noise of the train as cover, he opens fire on the FOUR SUITS who came here with Bates.

Two of them fall. SUIT #3 takes cover. SUIT #4 runs at Katya.

JACK

Down!

She drops. Jack takes out #4... Then starts darting in and out of stanchions, ducking fire from SUIT #3.

...until Jack has a clear line on the guy. ONE SHOT - which wounds the guy but doesn't kill him. That was the idea...

Jack hurries over, kicks Suit #3's gun away. The guy is bleeding from the shoulder, his breathing shallow. Jack leans over him - to make sure he gets every word:

JACK

Whoever sent you, you tell them I'm done. Do you hear me? I'm out. I don't want to kill anyone else.

SUIT #3 nods. Jack grabs a jacket off the body of Suit #4, shoves it inside Suit #3's jacket, to stanch the bleeding.

Katya is watching the whole thing...

INT. HLAVI NADRAZI STATION - NIGHT

Jack leaves a TICKET BOOTH. Katya sits on a bench. He approaches, hands her a ticket - to Bucharest, Romania.

*

JACK

It leaves at ten. You can wait here until then.

KATYA

I can't come with you?

JACK

No.

KATYA

Why? Where're you going?

JACK

Somewhere else.

She nods. He turns to go. We see the ticket in *his* hand: a one-way fare to Berlin. Jack eyes it, as:

KATYA
I'm sorry.

JACK
Be good.

Then he's gone - around a corner... when he stops.

A TV overhead: a CNN report about the President's collapse. "*Vice President Carl Bryant is in the White House at this hour, assuming provisional control of the government.*"

He shakes it off, finds a board telling him that his train to Berlin won't leave for another 90 minutes. Perfect. *

He heads over to a KIOSK, tourist information, brochures. He rifles through them... until he finds one from Hotel Jiricna.

He opens it, gets an address. Then he's gone...

INT. GRAY'S G-4 - MOVING - NIGHT

Built into the cabin of Gray's G-4 is a sprawling COMPUTER TERMINAL. Several hard-drives, five screens. *

Chloe, hand-cuffed to a chair, faces them; Gray stands behind her. Computer code streams in front of her.

CHLOE
What's this?

GRAY
It's a file, written by your friend Jack Bauer. Roughly twelve years of missions, recorded in detail.

CHLOE
So?

GRAY
The encryption on the file was written by a co-worker of his. You. *

Picture's getting clearer now - but not in a good way...

CHLOE
That was a hundred years ago.

GRAY
Fourteen months, actually.

CHLOE

And they were designed so he could
add firewalls and trip-wires
independent of me.

GRAY

But we both know he didn't, since the
whole idea of the file was to give
him some insurance in case he
suddenly died or disappeared. You'd
have these records, things he'd want
the world to know.

CHLOE

Why do you want them?

GRAY

Sentiment. I'm a real history buff.

She studies him, a long beat. Then:

CHLOE

I'm sorry, Gray. I can't do that.

GRAY

I thought as much.

Casually, he picks up a phone. Dials. Waits. Then:

GRAY (INTO PHONE)

You can move in on Miss O'Brian's son
now. And kill him.

Chloe's eyes just went wide.

CHLOE

No!

GRAY

Haven't left me much choice, Chloe.

He hangs up. Her heart's already pounding...

CHLOE

Please don't do this. Please, Gray.

GRAY

It's the last thing on Earth I want
to do. But if you won't co-operate...

CHLOE

Gray, he's four.

GRAY
Then help me.

CHLOE
By betraying Jack.

GRAY
Okay. Protect Jack - and kill your
son. Better?

That landed with a thud. She's silent.

Then a faint, "Okay," barely audible. Gray smiles.

GRAY (CONT'D)
I'll call off the dogs.

He grabs a phone, starts dialing. She studies him.

CHLOE
Who are you? Who do you work for?

GRAY
Same person everyone works for:
myself. Now do as your told.

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - E.R. - LATE NIGHT

A TEAM OF DOCTORS operate on President Snowe. Tense but professional. We follow Dr. Greer out the E.R. doors to:

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - E.R. - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

Lodge stands guard. Greer hands him three stapled pages.

LODGE
What's this?

DOCTOR GREER
Toxicology report.

Lodge knows without looking what it's going to tell him...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

General Orser emerges from an elevator, four floors beneath the White House. He looks troubled, deeply, as he enters:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BUNKER - SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUING

Vice President Bryant sits somberly, Kanin at his side. Around him, CABINET MEMBERS, the JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF, SECRET SERVICE, led by Aaron Pierce. Orser enters.

*

ORSER

Good news, Mister Vice President. The surgeons expect her to survive.

Instant relief in here, some pats on the back, a few prayers of thanks. Bryant seems most thankful of all.

ORSER (CONT'D)

But there's some... troubling news as well.

(that stopped things)

The toxicology report revealed a high concentration of cerberin in her blood.

BRYANT

What's cerberin?

ORSER

A derivative, blocks the calcium ion channels in the heart muscles.

(a beat)

The President was poisoned.

Not good - but the feeling is more disgust than shock. Kanin tries to look surprised, but he isn't - as Bryant launches:

*
*

BRYANT

I want our military status elevated to DefCon 2, and call-signs on all governmental communications changed to classified codes. Elevated threat levels posted at all ports and points of entry, and all Congressional leaders sequestered to safety-bunkers. And get the President out of there, as soon as it is medically practicable. Until I see evidence to the contrary, we're going to consider this to be a hostile wartime act.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

No one disagrees. Kanin's eyes find the floor...

EXT. EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

*

DefCon 2 going into effect. AIR FORCE PILOTS hurry to their jets - the state of readiness accelerating, quickly...

*
*

INT. GAO LIANG APT. - LATE NIGHT

Gao Liang and his wife, Lin Chen, have not moved for hours.

*

Holding hands, desperately concerned... as he sees something on his computer screen, (in Chinese): an urgent message. *

Gao and Lin read it with instant dread. Her eyes well. *

GAO LIANG
I'm being called in. *

A frightened hug. Gao tenderly brushes her tears away. *

LIN CHEN
I'll get your bag. *

He nods. She rises, heads for the bedroom door, still in that great little black dress. She gets to the door. *

...and her jaw drops. Just saw something impossible:

...another Gao Liang.

Her HUSBAND'S EXACT DOUBLE, in every detail - so identical she has to throw a look at Gao in bed to make sure he didn't suddenly transport himself across the room.

Nope. He's still in bed. Yet his exact double is standing in the bedroom doorway.

...and he just lifted a GUN in her direction.

PFFFT. A silent shot, before she can scream. Lin drops in a heap. The real Gao Liang looks on, in shock, as the GAO DOUBLE crosses to him, raises that gun.

Then, quickly, the real Gao Liang is shot as well.

The Gao Double quickly spots what he'd come here for: on a dresser, Gao Liang's I.D. badge - from the Chinese Air Force. Gao Double grabs it...

EXT. PRAGUE - CHARLES BRIDGE - NIGHT

Prague's most famous location, populated at all hours by tourists, couples, artists, jugglers, paupers. The Hotel Jiricna is on the other side of it, across the Vltava River. *

Jack crosses the bridge, his eyes on the Hotel. Faces on all sides of him: people texting, web-surfing, eager for news about the impending WAR and President Snowe. *

...when Jack realizes that he's being followed:

There are TWO MORE SUITS fifty yards behind him and closing fast. He picks up his pace - subtly.

Then he gets a break, some unintended cover:

Two TOURISTS in PHILADELPHIA EAGLES JERSEYS, ice cream cones in hand, step between Jack and the Two Suits, obscuring the line of fire.

The Two Suits move faster, trying not to draw too much attention. But those damn Eagle fans are in their way.

Jack catches glimpses of them in a reflection of glassware being sold by a VENDOR on this bridge. A dizzying display.

Up ahead we spot a WOMAN, taking pictures of the Vltava:

It's Mia. And Jack is heading right at her, unaware...

The Two Suits move past the Eagles fans - just 20 feet back now. The crowd is thinning. Jack reaches for his gun. *

Suits, closing in. Jack's just about to turn... *

Instead, he gets a shock. *Mia - a complete stranger to him - turns away from the river, and:*

MIA

Duck.

JACK

What?

MIA

Duck.

Before he can react, she drops her camera, whips out a gun...

...and fires. FOUR SHOTS, the bullets missing Jack by inches.

...but hitting the Two Suits... and the two Eagles' Fans.

Four men down, just like that. People scatter. Mia hurries over. Jack turns...

...to find that those Eagles Fans weren't just carrying ice cream cones. All four of the now-dead men were armed.

He looks back to Mia. *Who the hell is this lady?*

MIA

They were CIA. Staked out here to kill you.

JACK

How'd you know?

MIA

I was part of the detail.

She produces her i.d.: "Barrett, Mia. U.S. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY". Which means she's been tracking him all this time not to kill him but to protect him. *

Jack's still processing it all, when:

MIA (CONT'D)

This won't be the end of it. You know that. Follow me.

And she takes off, on foot - leaving Jack, four bodies, and a bunch of stunned Czech citizens.

Jack runs, following Mia. Shocked faces watch him go. *

EXT. KRISOVNICKA - OLD TOWN - CONTINUING

On the other side of the Vltava now, Mia gets to an old Saab, but before she can throw open the door:

Jack's got his hand to her throat, and a gun to her head -
backing her up against the Saab, his eyes murderous.

JACK

Talk. Who ordered this - and how you knew where to find me.

MIA

Sorry, I'm new in this country. Was that Czech for "Thank you?"

JACK

Who ordered this?

He winces a bit - the pain in his head. Shakes it off...

MIA

You really wanna do this here - with a couple hundred witnesses and the Czech Police on the way?

JACK

Do I look like I give a shit? Talk.

MIA

The Agency sent us here to kill you; I decided not to do it. I can explain why if you want - as soon as we're in the car. And as soon as it's moving. *

A tense, silent truce... then Jack nods. They get in the car.

INT. MIA'S CAR - CONTINUING

Mia pulls away, at gunpoint. Jack's in back - the pain in the back of his head beginning to throb. *

MIA

We knew where to find you because your location was traded to us.

JACK

What're you talking about?

MIA

The back of your head. You've practically got a beacon in there. *

He puts a hand to the bandage. Wait. They put a Goddamn homing device in his head. Jesus.

MIA (CONT'D)

The Russians implanted it after they captured you - then they called us up and started negotiating.

JACK

"Us"?

MIA

The Agency's been looking to check the box on you since you went dark. So we got your location. The Russians got something in return. Everybody's happy. *

JACK

What'd you trade for me? *

MIA

Our latest Intel on Chinese nuclear capabilities. *

(Jack takes that in) *

Yeah, it's come to that. There's a combat knife in the glove compartment. Might hurt a bit, but we oughtta cut that thing out of you before another team can be put together. *

JACK

First I need you to pull over and get out.

MIA

Huh?

JACK

Nobody who was on that bridge is gonna rush forward to i.d. you. You can tell your superiors that I pulled the trigger and then stole your car. You'll still have a career.

*

MIA

If it was my career I was worried about, I probably wouldn't've just taken out four of my fellow agents, okay? They punched in this morning swearing to the same oath I did.

*

*

She's angry. It hangs there, until she breathes it out...

MIA (CONT'D)

They didn't even know who you were. Just doing their jobs.

JACK

Why'd you stop them?

MIA

Because I did know who you were. And I thought you deserved better than to buy it on some Czech bridge.

(Jack lets that go)

And because I'm scared.

That got his attention.

JACK

Of what?

MIA

Something's *off*, inside The Agency. Way off.

(he's waiting...)

Everything about the order on you was backwards. First, it didn't come through the usual chain of command. Just a text - I got it in Munich. With a video-file on you, left in a mailslot. Instead of sending me to the Prague office, I'm supposed to find a guy in a subway station leaving a backpack under a bench. I call my superior to ask about it, and I'm told he's been sent to Warsaw on

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

MIA (cont'd)

Classified Leave, incommunicado for
at least two weeks. With China and
Russia talking war? And a DefCon
level suddenly fluid?

*
*
*

(Jack takes it all in)
The whole thing felt... inauthentic.
Like the command structure had been
subverted.

(taking a risk here:)
And I think it's got something to do
with what happened to the President.

JACK

(knows better)
She had a heart attack.

*
*
*

MIA

It wasn't a heart attack.

JACK

Maybe. But it's not my fight anymore.

*

MIA

How about a war tearing up all of
Asia? And strikes launched on U.S.
cities to drag us in? Then would it
be your fight?

*
*
*
*
*

A pretty good argument. She awaits an apology. But...

*

JACK

I know what you just risked for me,
Mia. That's your real name?

*

MIA

(fuck you)
Yes.

JACK

I appreciate it. But I don't wanna
have anything to do with people like
you anymore.

Mia studies him, thrown: *Maybe I was wrong about you...*

*

MIA

Listen, I'm all-in now. And I need
you to explain all this to me.

JACK

Maybe you're not hearing me. I just
wanna find out who's after me, put an
end to it, and disappear again. I--

MIA
What about the President?

JACK
I don't care about the President. *

MIA
She's trying to stop a war! *

JACK
Good for her. Now she's its first
casualty. She should've known better. *

Mia eyes him, so disappointed. *

MIA
You changed.

JACK
Ya think?

MIA
Great. What do I do now?

JACK
My advice? Walk away.

He gets out of the car. She sighs, frustrated. *

EXT. STREET - AT MIA'S CAR - CONTINUING

He starts to go...

...but that *implant in his head finally gets him*. He falls
back a bit, steadies himself on her hood. *

Mia gets out, takes his arm. *

MIA
I'm pulling that thing out of you,
whether you want me to or not. We
need sutures, and some alcohol. *

JACK
I'm fine.

MIA
There's a Pharmacy up the street.

He acquiesces. She leads him back into the car...

EXT. PRAGUE - ALLEY BEHIND PHARMACY - NIGHT

CRASH. Mia just broke through the glass part of a back door.
She opens it, breaking into a PHARMACY. *

Jack watches her from the car, his face a mask...

EXT. VANDENBURG AIR FORCE BASE - DAY *

American B-2 BOMBERS scramble, taking off into the desert... *

INT. G-4 - ON THE GROUND - NIGHT

Gray studies those five computer screens, pleased. *

CHLOE

I've left trip-wires in each program.
These are the over-ride codes.

She slides him a sheet of paper - sick about it.

GRAY

Thank you. You must be exhausted.
Would you like to rest?

CHLOE

I'd like to go home and see my son.

GRAY

Of course. You've earned that.

...which is when Gray slugs her, hard across the mouth, then
turns to one of his HENCHMEN: *

GRAY (CONT'D) *

Get me General Orser... *

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BRYANT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Vice President Bryant sits, reading a SECRET SERVICE THREAT
ASSESSMENT on the President and her current status.

Opposite him is Ethan Kanin, looking somber but calm.

BRYANT

Do you believe in prayer, Ethan?

KANIN

I do, Sir.

BRYANT

I wish I did. I imagine it'd be a
great comfort in a time like this.

KANIN
Yes, Sir. It is.

BRYANT
A President of the United States
poisoned - by the very country she's
trying to help. My Goodness.
(a beat)
Proof that blind faith in people can
be a dangerous thing sometimes.

*
*

KANIN
Will that be all, Sir?

BRYANT
Yes, thank you.

Kanin nods, heads for the door. Then stops, turns:

KANIN
Sir?

BRYANT
Yes?

KANIN
I hope you won't lose yours.
(Bryant is a blank...)
Your faith in people.

Bryant breathes out a self-effacing smile.

BRYANT
No chance of that, Ethan.

KANIN
Glad to hear it, Sir.

Kanin goes.

...passing Orser in the doorway:

KANIN (CONT'D)
General.

ORSER
Ethan. Mister Vice-President.

BRYANT
Come in, General.

Kanin leaves, shuts the door... and all pretense goes away:

*

BRYANT (CONT'D)
How fast can you get to Odessa? *

ORSER
It's already been arranged.

EXT. PRAGUE - WENCESLAS SQUARE - NIGHT

The most famous public square in the Czech Republic. Ageless, classic. And vast. Almost empty tonight.

INT. MIA'S SAAB - PARKED - SAME

We're in shadow, the Square visible from here. On Mia's lap are sutures, alcohol, a needle, and two PILLS. In her hand, a COMBAT KNIFE. Jack eyes it. *

MIA
Last chance on the Vicodin. I won't think any less of you.

JACK
You really should get out of here.

MIA
And go where? Turn around.

She's about to begin; Jack stops her. *

JACK
Listen. When people get too close to me, they have a tendency to wind up--

MIA
--dead, I know. That's in your file too. But you're my only way out of this. So turn around. *

He faces the side window. She peels that BANDAGE off the back of his head, braces herself, and *digs the combat knife, lightly, into the base of skull*. Jack barely winces.

She removes the knife, impressed. Blood runs down his back.

...as she hands it to him: a tiny, bloodied TRANSMITTER DEVICE, fresh from his skull, now resting in his palm. He eyes it without expression. *

MIA (CONT'D)
Not much of a gold watch, is it?

JACK
I didn't expect any better.

MIA
No, you wouldn't. But it hardly makes
me wanna spend the next twenty years
taking one for the team.

No reply. She begins to stitch him up. Again, no anaesthetic.

MIA (CONT'D)
Truth is, whether that's in you or
not, you'll always be findable.

JACK
Why's that?

MIA
Same reason you couldn't walk away
from a little girl being pushed into
a car. There are some parts of you
that just can't be cut out.

JACK
That almost done?

MIA
Sorry. Did I cross a line?

He's silent. She fishes another suture through. His eyes are
on that tiny, bloodied TRANSMITTER... *

EXT. PRAGUE - WENCESLAS SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER *

Jack and Mia cross the square without a word. In his hand is
the transmitter. We TRACK THEM, as: *

MIA
We shouldn't be here. It's too
crowded.

JACK
Right now, crowded is what we want.

He kneels down and buries the TRANSMITTER in a planter-box in
the dead center of the square. Mia watches him...

Then it's done. He leads her away... *

EXT. BEIJING - TANGSHAN MRAF BASE - GUARD POST - NIGHT

The Gao Liang Double pedals up to a guard post on his
bicycle, looking exactly like the man he just killed.

He presents his I.D., and is quickly waved in.

CRANE UP... to reveal an AIR FORCE BASE replete with every kind of flying warship imaginable: fighters, tankers... and bombers. Lots of them. The Gao Double glides on to the base.

EXT. WENCESLAS SQUARE - WIEHL HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Mia, in shadows, waiting. She sips a coffee.

MIA

Sip?

JACK

No.

MIA

Of course not.

A silent beat... until she just has to ask:

MIA (CONT'D)

Your file says you had to kill your own father. And your brother.

JACK

That's right.

MIA

And your mother died when you were--

JACK

I know what it says.

She leaves it alone. And he isn't embellishing...

Then, FOOTSTEPS grab their attention. Fifty yards away, CLACKING on the stone underfoot. Jack turns.

A WOMAN, her face unseen to us, is approaching the spot where Jack left the transmitter. Jack and Mia watch, ready to move.

The Woman gets to the spot... and looks around, confused. There ought to be a person standing in front of her, the source of the signal.

She digs into that planter-box, and sees it: the transmitter. She bends down. Jack and Mia watch her every move.

...until the woman turns, and Jack's eyes go wide:

...because it's Chloe.

Jack stares, slack-jawed. *How the hell could...?* He starts toward her. Mia tries to hold him back, whispering:

MIA

Jack.

Forget it. He heads for Chloe.

...who still hasn't seen him. We hear what she's hearing, through a device in her ear:

GRAY (THRU CHLOE'S EARPIECE)

You are so close to seeing your son
again...

Chloe nods, to no one, her hands shaking. Then she turns.

...and sees Jack, approaching. He's seventy feet away - moving along a WALL for cover.

JACK

Chloe.

CHLOE

Stop.

JACK

What're you--

CHLOE

Stop.

He stops, maybe sixty feet from her. Tears come to her eyes.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Please. Don't come near me.

JACK

What're you doing here?

CHLOE

Please.

JACK

What're you--

Then, oddly, she opens up her raincoat.

...revealing that she's got a SUICIDE HARNESS on underneath.

Her entire torso, wired with explosives. It takes Jack's breath away. Mia too. Silence just hovers...

CHLOE

I was never good at measurements. How
many feet are you away from me?

JACK

Don't move, Chloe. I can disassemble it. I know how to do that.

CHLOE

I wasn't supposed to show you until you were within fifty feet. They want to bring you in.

JACK

How many are there?

She nods. We hear:

GRAY (THRU CHLOE'S EARPIECE)

Why is he stopping, Chloe?

CHLOE

They're everywhere.

Jack, still protected on one side by that wall, peeks around it - eyeing the rooftops overlooking the square:

SNIPERS, taking positions at three locations...

JACK

Chloe, I've got snipers at your twelve, two, and five. Just need you to come toward me.

CHLOE

No.

JACK

It's okay. It can be defused. But you have to come toward me.

CHLOE

They'd never let that happen...

JACK

C'mon, Chloe. It'll be okay.

*

CHLOE

Why did I think I could go through with this...?

*

*

JACK

It's me they want, not you.

*

CHLOE

They're gonna kill me anyway; there's no percentage in keeping me alive.

(MORE)

CHLOE (cont'd)
(ashamed)
I gave up your files. Everything I'd encrypted for you.

*
*

JACK
It doesn't matter. We just--

CHLOE
I thought that was all they wanted from me. That was really stupid, I guess.

JACK
Chloe, please. Come to me--

CHLOE
Then we both die.
(Jack's silent)
I'm so sorry...

She turns, starts to drift away from him. He cannot let her do that.

So he does something it's just not in his nature to do:

He surrenders - hands up, dropping his weapon, moving away from the wall and:

*

JACK
(aloud)
I'll come in! I'll come in! Don't hurt her!

Chloe turns. Their eyes meet. She can't believe it.

CHLOE
Jack?

JACK
It's okay. I'll be okay.

CHLOE
No! I can't be the reason they get you. Not after all this...

*

Then, GUNFIRE, from a roof. Narrowly missing Jack. Chloe sags

*

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I can't be the reason they win...

*

And she starts to RUN AWAY.

*

JACK
No!!!

*

INT. UNNAMED WINDOW - CONTINUING

Overlooking the Square, Gray barks into a COMM UNIT:

GRAY (INTO COMM UNIT)
We're losing range. Goddammit!

EXT. WENCESLAS SQUARE - RESUMING

Chloe hurries away, crying. Jack starts to follow - but:

...in a flash - she EXPLODES. A massive fireball, erupting through the square.

Jack is knocked to his feet, windows behind him shattering. Mia has to turn away.

And Chloe is gone, evaporated. Jack stares at the flames, too shocked to move.

...as those SNIPERS open fire. Bullets shred the Square. They don't have a great angle at him, but he isn't moving.

Mia rushes to him, dodging bullets.

MIA
We have to go!
(Jack doesn't move)
Jack! We have to go!

Jack still hasn't moved. Bullets flying...

MIA (CONT'D)
You can mourn her later. But we're gonna die if we stay here.
(Jack is numb)
Jack!

A lost look in his eyes. He half-nods, barely.

And she pulls him away. We stay here, with the flames and debris that used to be a friend. Gone now...

EXT. VODICKOVA STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mia's Saab awaits. She literally has to push Jack into the passenger side. Then she gets in and speeds away.

INT. MIA'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUING

Prague on both sides of us, a blur. Mia looks in the mirror, shaken. They're not being chased. Jack is in shock...

MIA

I don't have a safe-house to go to.

Where am I driving?

(no answer)

Are they behind me?

Jack tries to get his wits back. Can't do it.

MIA (CONT'D)

Jack?

He can't talk - too stricken with grief and shock.

MIA (CONT'D)

Christ.

She drives out of frame. We CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE - BAR - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

A tired bar. Mia stands at the window, scanning the street. Nothing threatening out there. Jack sits, silent.

Then he rises, gestures to the Mens' Room. She nods. We FOLLOW HIM through this bar. A few faces taking note of him.

This place has a sense of humor: a bottle of Vodka hangs upside-down from the ceiling, connected by RUBBER TUBING to look like an I.V. line into the arm of an inflatable Dummy.

The I.V. catches Jack's eye as he drifts by like a ghost...

INT. BAR - MENS' ROOM - CONTINUING

He enters, eyes himself in the mirror. Pure self-loathing. Then he reaches into his front pocket, extracts something:

...that prescription for Ambien. We CUT TO:

INT. BAR - AT THE WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Mia, still looking for threats. Then she hears:

UNNAMED BAR PATRON (O.S., IN CZECH)

Holy Hell!

And that fast, Mia knows. She bursts out of her seat, rushing to the sound. A CROWD has gathered by the Mens' Room door. She pushes through. People murmuring...

And there's Jack, on the floor of the Mens' Room. Gone. An empty bottle of Ambien at his side. She responds, instantly:

MIA
 (aloud, to the crowd:)
 Move!

They part. She rushes to the bar - yanks the RUBBER TUBING free from that hanging I.V. gag. Grabs a knife, cuts a length of the tubing.

Rushes back into the bathroom, sits Jack up, wedges his mouth open. No response in his eyes. The crowd watching.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Jack. Jack.

She feeds that thin tubing into his mouth, down his throat, far as she can. Then holds it there, as...

She holds the other end up to the SINK, turns on the water.

In seconds, he starts gagging, his stomach filling with water. Then he pitches forward involuntarily.

...and vomits on to the floor. The crowd turns away, wincing. Mia doesn't flinch. He's face down, upchucking...

JACK
 Please. Please let me die.

MIA
 No!

He stops retching. She sits him up again... His eyes open. She *grabs his face*, furious:

MIA
 You can't do this! Do you understand me!? You can't bail on me like this!

He's coherent, but barely. And she is livid, distraught.

MIA (CONT'D)
 She's dead. It sucks. I'm sorry. But I'm dead too if you don't help me out of this! You have to help me!

At last, a response: he nods. She studies him, relieved.

MIA (CONT'D)
 We can't stay here. You know that. Where the hell do we go?

Just getting his wits back. A long beat... then:

JACK
Serbia. Get me to Serbia.

MIA
What's there?

He doesn't reply. On his face, we CUT TO: *

INT. C-130 TRANSPORT - MOVING - NIGHT *

General Orser is a passenger, flying over the Atlantic. His BlackBerry beeps. He eyes a text:

"Target NOT acquired."

Orser types a reply: "*Target will head to Serbia next. Activate units there.*" The C-130 drones through the night...

FOURTH TIME-POP... The clock advances to "3:04 a.m."

INT. MIA'S SAAB - DRIVING - PRE-DAWN

Darkness across the Central European countryside. Jack drives now, aching. Mia's in the passenger seat. *

MIA
I am sorry about your friend. *

JACK
She had a kid. A little boy. Must be four now.

MIA
I'm sorry.

JACK
Chloe was always risking too much to protect me. And I let her. I asked her to... But I never did the same for her. *

MIA
She didn't die because of you, Jack. She died because she believed in something.

She touches his hand, their first contact. Jack's impulse is to pull away, but he doesn't. Truth is, he likes her.

JACK
You were *right* - about something being off. What just happened to her, (MORE) *

JACK (cont'd)
it wasn't Agency. Our location was
auctioned off to somebody else.

MIA
Who else wants you dead?

JACK
You want a list?

MIA
There's a list?

He almost smiles. Out the window we see the Serbian forest.

JACK
We're here to find a forger, he
helped me go dark last year. No one
else could've sold me out.

MIA
You started here. I read that.

JACK
My first Black Op. A target named
Viktor Drazin.

He's thinking back. Mia studies him...

JACK (CONT'D)
That whole mission, there were two
things I kept thinking about, to get
me through. My family and my country.
It's how you know what to do.
(with regret...)
But I don't have either anymore.

MIA
You have a daughter, right? Kim.

JACK
She doesn't know where I am. Or if
I'm even alive. It was the only way I
could protect her. And my country
thinks I'm a liability...
(silence, then:)
I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be
fighting for this time.

MIA
Yourself? Me? The world? It doesn't
matter. Just don't give up again.

They pass a sign that reads, "Apatin, Serbia." A small town,
nestled in forest. The Saab leaves our frame...

EXT. RATKO HOME - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Mia stand outside a small forest cottage. The door is unlocked, and ajar. They slip in...

INT. RATKO HOME - CONTINUING

Small, with windows on all sides. Forest at night.

In the main room we find the tools of a master: inks, papers, pens, phony documents, special cameras and printers, binding machines. Jack and Mia take note of it all.

...then they spot the body on the floor. SAVA RATKO.

He was roughly 60, thin, gaunt. Here's why: there are "works" by his side. Heroin on a bent spoon, a syringe...

MIA

That's him?

JACK

We have to go. Someone got to him.

He kneels down, touches Ratko's carotid artery.

JACK (CONT'D)

An hour ago, maybe less. Let's go.

(Mia's a blank)

Needle mark's in his right arm.

MIA

So?

JACK

Look at his left hand.

Mia notes Ratko's left hand. It's shrivelled, useless.

JACK (CONT'D)

He lost it in a shell explosion, ten years ago. We have to go. Now.

But before she can take a step, a PHONE RINGS two feet away, shattering the silence. Mia pauses. Uh-oh.

An instinct tells Jack the call is for him. He picks up.

But he doesn't say a word, just waits... Then he hears:

VITTER (THRU PHONE)

Welcome back.

That's MICHAEL VITTER. (We'll meet him soon.) Jack is silent.

VITTER (PHONE, CONT'D)

I want you to know, if you and your friend walk out with your hands up, no harm will come to you. *

JACK (INTO PHONE)

I know this voice. Vitter.

VITTER (THRU PHONE)

Vitter? Michael Vitter died on a Black Op in the Serbian forest ten years ago. You should know, Jack. You brought the folded-up flag to his parents, didn't you?

Jack's wheels are turning, putting all of this together...

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Yes I did.

VITTER (THRU PHONE)

My body was the only one you never recovered. Didn't that bother you, even a little?

JACK (INTO PHONE)

What does Orser want with my files?

Silence. Vitter wasn't expecting that. Neither was Mia.

JACK (PHONE, CONT'D)

He would've had enough clearance to keep your survival classified - and enough pull to keep you provisioned all these years. What's he doing? *

VITTER (THRU PHONE)

I'll say it again. Surrender and no harm will come to you... or to your daughter back in the States. Or her kid. Teri, right? Nice touch.

Jack's eyes just turned murderous...

VITTER (PHONE, CONT'D)

So. Do you have an answer for me?

(Jack is silent)

Jack?

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Yes... Go fuck yourself. *

Profanity. From Jack Bauer. Vitter pauses, then:

VITTER (THRU PHONE)
I told him this wouldn't work...

...which is when this tiny cottage ERUPTS WITH GUNFIRE.

The phone is blown out of his grasp, literally - as every window in here explodes, bullets flying. Jack throws Mia to the floor by the bed, covers her. They both grab their guns.

...as the place is STORMED BY AN ATTACK TEAM - TEN HITTERS - bursting through what used to be windows, an onslaught.

Jack and Mia are surrounded. The noise is deafening, smoke everywhere, the walls getting shredded by gunfire.

Jack turns. HITTER #1 bursts through the shattered window right behind us. Jack fires, takes the guy out. HITTER #2 storms around a HALF-WALL. Mia drops him.

From the floor, Jack grabs the bed by its frame and hoists it onto its side, creating a bit of a bulwark.

...and revealing a door in the floor.

JACK
Cover me!

Mia fires from behind the bed as Jack crawls to the body of Hitter #1 - stripping the guy of a sub-machine gun and TWO GRENADES. Then Jack crawls back, but:

...a sound lands five feet away - a GRENADE, tossed at us from behind that half-wall. Jack moves fast:

He grabs the body of that fallen Hitter #1 and smothers the grenade with it - diving away just as:

IT EXPLODES, sending pieces of Hitter #1 all over this room. But Jack and Mia are unhurt. He opens up with the sub-machine gun, a burst of suppressive fire.

...until a few sounds stop him. The CLACK of another grenade landing a few feet away. Then a *second*, a *third*, a *fourth*.

This whole room's about to blow. He grabs Mia, throws open that door in the floor, pushes her into:

INT. COTTAGE - CRAWL-SPACE - CONTINUING

He pulls the door shut, dives, covers her with his body. BOOM! Shrapnel and smoke blow through. But they survive.

Directly above, the Hitters rush the bedroom, zero visibility in all the smoke. Their footsteps fall heavily...

Jack, flat on his back, motions to Mia, pointing up: "Three here. Three over there." She nods. They open fire, blasting through the floor.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Bullets shred the floor from below. THREE HITTERS fall, dead.

...as Jack and Mia crawl away, *beneath the Main Room now.*

Listening... footsteps above... he indicates to her again: "Two here. One over there." Another nod.

And they open fire again - riddling the floor of the Main Room above them - taking out all three Hitters. We hear the bodies fall. Then Jack rolls out from the crawl space.

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUING (NIGHT)

He gets to a knee - just in time to see HITTER #7 running out of the house to escape the hell from below.

BANG. Jack drops the guy. Mia rolls out.

...which is when Jack sees something that infuriates him:

A MAN, watching all this from the comfort of his CHEVY SUBURBAN in the driveway, a Bluetooth comfortably in his ear.

Jack knows this man. We do too, if only by voice.

JACK

Vitter.

MICHAEL VITTER: handsome, with jet black hair. He's Jack's age, with a similar background, but minus the integrity and moral compass. Their eyes meet, a frozen moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

(at Mia)

I count two more in there.

MIA

I got 'em. Go.

He rises, starts a sprint for the Suburban.

Vitter, who came here to watch Jack's death from a ringside seat, now changes plans, starting up the Suburban.

No good. Jack, at a dead sprint, fires at the tires - blowing them up. He's 50 feet from Vitter now. 40. 30...

Vitter gets out of the crippled Suburban and runs for it.

EXT. APTIN FOREST - CONTINUING (NIGHT)

A footrace. Vitter running for his life. Jack closing in...

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. RATKO HOME - RESUMING

Mia hears the Hitters re-grouping inside the cottage. Then she sees something that gives her an idea:

A trellis, leading up to the roof. She climbs, as:

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

Vitter running. Jack chasing. He tackles Vitter.

EXT. RATKO HOME - ROOF - CONTINUING (NIGHT)

Mia reaches the roof. There's a chimney, she nears it.

INT. RATKO HOME - CONTINUING

HITTER #8 and HITTER #9 stop in their tracks. #9 motions silently: "She's up there." #8 nods. They drift to the sound, nearing the fireplace...

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

Jack and Vitter, an ugly fistfight, in and out of darkness:

The only light in this forest is coming from the Suburban's HEADLIGHTS 100 yards away. So there's a *strobe effect* - arms and bodies in disorienting flickers.

*
*

INT. RATKO HOME - RESUMING

Hitter #8 and Hitter #9 take up positions, but:

EXT. RATKO HOME - ROOF - RESUMING

Mia's got something in her hand: the GRENADES Jack took off Hitter #1. She pulls both pins. Counts to three...

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

Jack and Vitter, slugging it out in the flickering strobe of the pitch-black forest. Back and forth...

INT. RATKO HOME - RESUMING

Hitter #8 and Hitter #9 open fire, blasting the ceiling.

...when they hear an awful sound. They turn, as...

...two grenades land in the fireplace and spill toward them.

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

Vitter lands a solid combination, knocking Jack down...

INT./EXT. RATKO HOME - RESUMING

EXPLOSION. The Hitters blown to pieces.

Mia, on the roof, can exhale now. It's over.

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

Jack is on his back -- then a scissor kick -- Vitter goes down. Jack gets to his feet. Vitter tries to rise.

But Jack grabs him by the shoulders and throws him, head first, into the trunk of a tree. We hear the THUNK, as:

...Vitter drops, out cold. END SEQUENCE.

INT. RATKO HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Mia looks through the wreckage. Bodies and blood, everywhere. *

Then, a CLICK behind her. She turns:

HITTER #10, left unaccounted for, pops up from behind a kitchen counter. Has her right in his sights.

She's a goner. She knows it. We hear the BANG.

...as the back of Hitter #10's head is blown off.

...courtesy of Jack, who just arrived at the house, firing with his free hand while bearing an unconscious Vitter.

Hitter #10 slumps. Mia looks to Jack. Now it's over.

INT. RATKO HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Michael Vitter is in a chair, still unconscious, restrained by ropes. A FIRE now burns in the fireplace.

Jack puts a POKER in the fireplace, then begins to fill a pot with water - as Mia eyes Vitter:

MIA

Who is he?

JACK

His name's Michael Vitter, one of the men on my team for the Drazin operation. Missing and presumed dead.

MIA

And this "Orser." He was your C.O.?

JACK

He trained us. Put us here.

MIA

There's a general at the Pentagon named Orser. Intel Guy, specializes in Chinese Nuclear Ordnance.

JACK

Same guy.

Jack carries the pot toward Vitter, dumps some water on him. Vitter wakes up, startled. *

Then he sees Jack's face, and the condition of this cottage, and the bodies on the ground... and he remembers.

VITTER

Shit.

JACK

Where's Orser?

VITTER

I wish I knew.

CRACK. Jack just threw a right cross, jolting Vitter back.

JACK

Talk, Michael. No one's ever gonna know how I found out.

VITTER

That how it works?

JACK

It's the best I can offer. C'mon, Michael. Help yourself.

VITTER

To what? An early grave?

That POKER is red-hot now. Jack grabs it. Vitter tightens.

JACK
I truly don't want to do this. But I
don't have a lot of time.

VITTER
Listen to me - nobody was ever gonna
go near your daughter or your grand-
daughter. That was just talk.

JACK
Thanks. That's a great comfort.
Where's Orser?

VITTER
Jack, please. Don't do this.
(desperate, at Mia)
Please don't let him!

JACK
She's Agency. This isn't gonna bother
her at all. Is it?

MIA
Nope. I'm good with it.

JACK
So what's it gonna be?

VITTER
I can't.

A SICKENING SOUND as the poker is pressed onto Vitter's leg.
He screams in agony. His flesh burning and smoking.

VITTER (CONT'D)
Get it off! Get it off!

JACK
Don't pass out on me. DO NOT PASS OUT
ON ME!

Jack lifts the poker off Vitter's flesh now. Vitter gasps.

...as Jack pours some water directly on to the wounds. That
hurts as badly as the poker did. Vitter shrieks...

Then he starts sobbing. Jack's expression never changes.

VITTER
Helluva time to find out I'm a pussy.
Shit.

JACK

No one has to know that either. Just give me what I want.

VITTER

Please don't make me, Jack. I'd be a dead man.

JACK

You're a dead man either way. Talk to me and you'll leave a better-looking corpse. Where is he?

VITTER

Jack. Please.

JACK

Where is he?

VITTER

I don't know anything about--

Jack presses the poker into Vitter's ribs now.

JACK

THEN TELL ME WHAT YOU DO KNOW!

Vitter shrieks again. It even startles Mia.

Jack removes the poker. Vitter sags, weeping.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where is he!?

Vitter finally spits it out, between sobs, hating himself:

VITTER

Ukraine. Odessa.

*

JACK

What's he doing there?

VITTER

I really don't know. I don't. Please.

(Jack waits...)

He had plans. I don't know what they are. But he didn't want you unaccounted for. That moral compass of yours.

MIA

The President. Was that Orser too?

Vitter's silent...

*

MIA (CONT'D)

*

Does it go higher than Orser? Does it
go outside the military?

VITTER

It goes everywhere...

*

Mia looks to Jack. Things falling into place now...

*

MIA

Still don't care what happened to
her, Jack?

Not a bad point. Jack considers it, turns to Vitter:

JACK

Okay. Call him.

VITTER

Huh?

JACK

Call him. Tell him you just killed me
and you want to be brought in.
(Vitter hesitates)
You've got no options, Michael.

Vitter knows that, too well. He sags, resigned.

VITTER

Cell's in my pocket.

Jack unties the restraints, freeing Vitter's hands. Vitter
pulls a cell-phone from his pocket, scrolls for a number,
hits DIAL... and waits... until:

ORSER (THRU CELL)

Yes?

VITTER (INTO CELL)

Bauer's dead.

ORSER (THRU CELL)

Oh. Well.

*

VITTER (INTO CELL)

He took out my entire team.

*

ORSER (THRU CELL)

(fondly)
Of course he did.

VITTER (INTO CELL)
Can I come in?

ORSER (THRU CELL)
The plane's waiting at Bela Crkva. *

VITTER (INTO CELL)
Thank you, Sir.

End of call. He hands the cell over to Jack.

VITTER
Hear that? The disappointment in his voice?

JACK
He's a great guy. Let's go. *

He rises... then notices that Vitter hasn't moved.

VITTER
I, uh, I think I'll pass - if ya don't mind.

JACK
We need you to get us on that plane.

VITTER
Orser's not great with surprises, Jack. And I'd rather not spend the last few hours of my life flying to Ukraine. Better just to end it, right here. *

In other words: "SHOOT ME." Jack eyes him.

...as Vitter looks around, thinking. He spots that poker...

VITTER (CONT'D)
I always liked it here. The forest.

He suddenly grabs the poker, and charges at Jack, when:

BANG. *Mia just dropped him with a single shot to the chest.*

Vitter falls. The hot poker lands amid a pile of WOOD SHARDS. *

JACK
We needed him.

MIA
He didn't seem that excited about co-operating.

The wood shards light up like kindling. Jack stamps them out, then rifles through Vitter's pockets - finds Vitter's PASSPORT, heads over to RATKO'S WORK-BENCH...

*
*
*

He starts to cut Vitter's PHOTO out of the Passport, until:

*

MIA

*

Wait a minute. We have to call this in first.

*

JACK

Let's just get to the plane.

MIA

Hey. Stop this.

She grabs his arm. That brings things to a halt:

MIA (CONT'D)

We just got credible evidence of a link between an Army General and an attack on the President. That's pretty big news - and it oughtta be shared with someone who can do something about it. You're done with all that? Good for you. But a couple of us are still in the fight, okay? So call it in. You can brood later.

That caught him. And she isn't apologizing. A beat passes...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - LATE NIGHT

Aaron Pierce stands guard outside Bryant's Office. His cell rings. He doesn't recognize the number.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)

This is Aaron.

JACK (INTO CELL)

Aaron. It's Jack Bauer.

That's a bomb. Pierce needs a second to reboot...

PIERCE (INTO CELL)

My Goodness. Jack. You're alive. I should've known.

JACK (INTO CELL)

I don't have a lot of time. Are you still operating under the assumption that the President had a heart attack?

So much for "How have you been?" *

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Jack, you know I have to report this
call. You're still "shoot-on-sight." *

JACK (INTO CELL)
Aaron. Are you operating under the
assumption that the President had a
heart attack? *

Not a duckable question. And Pierce knows Jack well. So... *

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
No. We are not. *

That was crucial. Jack continues:

JACK (INTO CELL)
The order to take her out came from a
General, working in the Pentagon on
Chinese Nuclear Ordnance. His name's
Orser.

Bullseye. Pierce weighs it, reluctantly - then: *

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
He was in the White House this
afternoon, visiting the Vice
President.

JACK (INTO CELL)
He's now in Odessa. I'll be there
soon. What's his connection to the
Vice President? *

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Orser's a confidante, for years now.

JACK (INTO CELL)
Then you have to consider the Vice
President a potential conspirator.

Another bomb. Pierce reins in a reaction.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Jack, I'm his Lead Advance Agent. *

JACK (INTO CELL)
Orser wrote a White Paper, twelve
years ago, projected military
scenarios. He's coming after me now
because he knows I kept a copy of it. *

That's the first Mia's heard of this. She's all ears.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Scenarios...

JACK (INTO CELL)
Assassinating a President on Chinese
soil to start a conflict. The U.S.
and Russia siding together against
the Chinese. Sound familiar?

Mia's wheels are turning. Pierce's too...

JACK (CELL, CONT'D)
You're going to have to investigate
him from your end - why he went to
Odessa and who knows he's there.

PIERCE
Fine. But you need to stand down
until I get those answers.

JACK
Sorry. Can't do that.

PIERCE
Jack. You don't have a lot of friends
left. I can't--

JACK
They killed Chloe, Aaron. Blew her up
right in front of me.

Silence. Pierce is staggered, saddened...

PIERCE
Jack, I'm--

JACK
Do this for me. Please.

...which is when Vice President Bryant emerges from his
office, surrounded by Kanin and several staffers.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
We're going to have to continue this
at another time.

JACK (INTO CELL)
Call me when you can.

CLICK. Mia eyes Jack, proud of him... We RETURN TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OUTSIDE KANIN'S OFFICE - RESUMING

Bryant is slowed... by the stricken look on Pierce's face.

BRYANT

Everything all right, Aaron?

Pierce pauses, studying the Vice President. *Could this guy be involved with all this?* Then a look to Kanin, who looks away.

PIERCE

Yes Sir. We should be going.

Bryant and his team head down the hall, Pierce out front.
...as Kanin peels away from Bryant, crosses to Gwyn's desk:

KANIN

Gwyn, I'm going to head home; think I
might be getting a touch of the flu.
I'll be reachable on the cell.

GWYN

Okay, Mister Kanin. Hope you feel
better.

Kanin smiles thinly and heads out. Gwyn watches him go...

EXT. NORAD - NIGHT

*

A threat of unGodly force, right before our eyes: MISSILE
SILOS, cranking open... as:

*

*

EXT. MILITARY BASE - ODESSA OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

*

General Orser debarks his giant transport plane.

RUSSIAN GENERAL VITALY BORZIN stands on the tarmac, pleased
by Orser's arrival. Orser approaches.

BORZIN

General Orser.

ORSER

General Borzin. Good to see you.

BORZIN

It's great work we begin now. Come.

Borzin leads Orser away...

INT. PRAGUE - CHURCH - MORNING

Father Tomas, asleep in his tiny room. He awakens...

...to find a GUN in his face - held there by Zidek, (the crooked cop), and Ambroz.

ZIDEK
Where's Bauer?

The Priest looks entirely unsurprised... and unafraid.

EXT. PRAGUE - BUS STATION - SAME

Nadia, suitcases in hand, gets to a TICKET COUNTER.

NADIA (IN CZECH)
I need a ticket, please.

TICKET COUNTER GUY
To where?

NADIA
Anywhere.

INT. MIA'S SAAB - BELA CRKVA AIRPORT - SERBIA - MORNING

Jack stares absently... as if somehow aware of all the damage he's left in his wake - until:

MIA (O.S.)
Jack?

He turns. Visible through Mia's windshield is a G-3, its door open, sitting on the tarmac of this tiny AIRPORT. Jack and Mia get out and approach the G-3.

EXT. BELA CRKVA AIRPORT - AT THE G-3 - CONTINUING

Standing at the open door of the G-3 is a CO-PILOT. He's armed, and not overly friendly.

Jack and Mia give him a nod, then climb the short steps onto:

INT. G-3 - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUING

Six big seats in here, plenty of leg room.

And one more guy with a gun: BARNES, a thug in a suit. He stands in Jack's path, eyeing him with instant suspicion.

BARNES
Are you Vitter?

JACK
That's right.

BARNES
Got some i.d.?

JACK
What're you, the flight attendant?

They study one another, neither flinching... until Jack
"reluctantly" shows him the doctored Vitter i.d.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can I grab a seat now?

BARNES
(re: Mia)
Who's this?

JACK
Mrs. Vitter.
(Barnes is waiting...)
She's not on your manifest because
she doesn't exist. Understand?

BARNES
Armed?

JACK
Of course.

BARNES
It'd be better if you weren't.

In other words, "Hand over your guns. Now."

The tension hangs. Co-Pilot's watching. Jack smiles... then:

JACK
Sure. No problem. Honey?

He and Mia hand over their guns. Barnes nods.

BARNES
The General asked me to call him as
soon as you were on board.

JACK
Great.

BARNES
Enjoy your flight.

Jack and Mia pass a FLATSCREEN TV and a fully-stocked BAR.
The Scotch is MacAllan Single Malt. They sit in back.

Barnes nods to the Co-Pilot, who secures the cabin door and heads for the cockpit. We see a PILOT at the controls, then the cockpit door shuts. Barnes sits in the front row.

Instantly, he pulls out his BlackBerry and types: "Need photo i.d. of Vitter uploaded asap."

EXT. BELA CRKVA - TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

The G-3 begins to taxi toward the runway...

INT. G-3 - MOVING - SAME

Jack can't see what Barnes is doing, but he's got a pretty good idea. So does Mia.

Then a LAVATORY DOOR opens behind them. GRICH, another armed thug, emerges. He passes them, sits next to Barnes.

...who indicates, semi-discreetly, that there might be a problem with the two passengers in back. Grich nods, reaches for the plane-phone.

Great. Jack and Mia factor in the new component.

EXT. BELA CRKVA - RUNWAY - CONTINUING

The G's jet engines roar as the RUN-UP begins...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. G-3 - RESUMING

The feeling of speed is immediate, powerful.

...but Barnes isn't paying attention. His BlackBerry just PINGED: an e-mail, with an attachment. He clicks on it.

...as Grich dials that phone...

Jack twenty feet back, knows he's about to be outed...

INSERT - BARNES' BLACKBERRY SCREEN. "Image downloading." A tiny spinning circle tells us a picture is coming...

The plane builds speed. 80 mph, 90, 100...

Jack, unarmed, looks for assets. Mia too...

The BlackBerry image downloads from top to bottom. First thing Barnes sees is Vitter's hair - jet black...

The nose of the plane lifts off the ground...

More of the picture fills in: Vitter's forehead, eyes.

...as we see JACK'S EYES - searching, scrambling...

The G's rear wheels lift off as well now. We're airborne.

The rest of the image fills in. Vitter's face.

GRICH (INTO PHONE)
General, we have Vit...

*

...as Barnes shows Grich the image. We're fifty feet in the air, and climbing fast. 100 feet... Grich lowers the phone.

Barnes and Grich grab their guns and turn in their seats, as:

THUNK. A bottle of MacAllan's just came down on Grich's head like a cudgel, knocking him cold to the floor.

...courtesy of Jack, who has made his move, mid-takeoff. Barnes draws on him. Jack jumps him. They fall to the floor.

Mia springs forward, gets her knee on Grich's back, securing his weapon. Jack gets to Barnes' gun. Looks like we've won.

...until the COCKPIT DOOR flies open, and the Co-Pilot appears, gun drawn, firing at the first thing he sees: Mia.

A single shot, tearing into her arm. Jack fires back, hitting the Co-Pilot in the chest, then puts a bullet into Barnes.

We're at 600 feet now, 700 feet, climbing... Co-Pilot, staggering, fires again.

Mia fires - just as we hit an AIR POCKET. The bullet misses the Co-Pilot and strikes the Pilot in the back of the head.

That fast, we're in a NOSE-DIVE. 600 feet. 500 feet...

And there's nothing Jack can do about it. We're plummeting back to Earth. Jack grabs Mia, covers her.

200 feet, 100 feet, then:

INT. G-3 - COCKPIT - CONTINUING

The GROUND, surging toward us. IMPACT coming. And here it is:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUING

The G-3 CRASHES into trees and Earth. Tumbling forward. A WING just snapped off...

INT. G-3 - CABIN - CONTINUING

Everything goes flying, end-over-end, like contents in a blender. Bodies, bottles, the noise is deafening.

...but Jack keeps his grip on Mia.

EXT. FOREST - RESUMING

The G-3 flips onto its back and hurtles into one last tree, finally coming to a stop, in pieces. But it doesn't explode.

INT. G-3 - CABIN - RESUMING

Darkness. Just some slanted light through a few windows.

Jack is alive. Mia too. Battered and bruised, but alive.

His arms are still around her - that gets her attention. The bodies of Barnes, Grich, and the Co-Pilot splay at odd angles around them. Jack pushes one of them aside.

JACK
Anything broken?

MIA
No.

JACK
Can you walk?

MIA
I think so.

He rises, throws open an upside-down door. Light spills in.

Then he climbs to what used to be a GALLEY, also upside-down, opens a few cabinets...

...until he finds a FIRST-AID KIT. Inside, some alcohol, and a roll of GAUZE BANDAGE.

He carries them back to her, tears open her shirt sleeve, exposing the wound where the bullet hit her.

JACK
It went right through. You should be okay.

She nods. It's bleeding badly. Jack uncaps the alcohol.

Grich begins to stir, groggily. Jack shoots him. The stirring stops. Then Jack returns to Mia:

JACK (CONT'D)
Might sting a little.

MIA
A little? I'm not you.

He *applies the alcohol*. She winces. He starts wrapping the wound - then hands the gauze to her, so she can finish up. *

...as he searches Grich's body, grabbing the guy's CELL-PHONE. Then Barnes' body, grabbing a pair of HAND-CUFFS.

JACK
There's a train station a mile from here. How are you with languages? *

Mia is dazed: by her wound, by Jack's efficiency...

MIA
That's where I started in The Agency.
Language Analyst.

JACK
Any Serbian?

MIA
Some.

JACK
Good. Are you ready?

He tears the gauze, tucks in a loose end, pockets the rest - and extends a hand to her. She eyes him, slightly awed.

MIA
Maybe you *haven't* changed.

He ducks that one, leads her to the door... *

INT. PRAGUE - CHURCH - BASEMENT SERVICE PORCH - MORNING

Father Tomas bleeds badly from the face, his head sagging. He's been tied to a chair.

The false floor in that closet has been searched, yielding nothing. And Zidek and Ambroz are getting angry.

ZIDEK (IN CZECH)
Again. Where is he?

FATHER TOMAS (IN CZECH) *

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
against an ungodly nation--"

CRACK. Zidek throws a brutal right cross at the Priest, snapping his head back. Father Tomas is barely conscious.

ZIDEK

Where is he?!

FATHER TOMAS

*"O send out thy light and thy truth:
let them lead me. Let them bring me
unto thy holy hill and to thy--"*

ZIDEK

Stop saying that!

CRACK. Another punch. Father Tomas doesn't flinch...

INT. SERBIA - BELA CRKVA TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Mildly busy. A few SERB COPS keep watch. Jack and Mia enter.

His hands are cuffed, a jacket thrown over them. That catches the notice of SERB COP #1, who drifts over:

SERB COP #1 (IN SERBIAN)

What's this?

Mia holds up her CIA I.D. and explains, in flawless Serbian:

MIA (IN SERBIAN)

*He's a person of interest in an Intel
case, U.S. citizen, remanded into my
custody for rendition to our Odessa
Office. Is there any decent coffee in
this station, or should I wait until
I'm on the train?*

Jack tries not to look impressed, but he is. Very.

EXT. BELA CRKVA TRAIN STATION - MINUTES LATER

A TRAIN pulls away from the station...

INT. TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - MOVING - MORNING

Jack gazes out the window. Mia studies him...

MIA

You should get some sleep.

JACK

I'm okay.

MIA
You're not tired?

JACK
I've had days like this before. Ya
get used to them.

She breathes out a smile.

MIA
Who was it that you called? Someone
in the White House? *

JACK
It's better I don't tell you.

MIA
Really.

JACK
For your safety. And his.

MIA
Still don't trust me. Wow.

She rises, moves away. He watches her go.

INT. COMPARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUING

A tiny bathroom. Mia, upset, unwraps the gauze bandage,
examining the gunshot wound in her arm. It's nasty.

Jack appears behind her in the mirror.

JACK
Let me get that.

She resists, but he does it anyway... pulling fresh gauze
from his pocket, re-wrapping it. An inch between them.

JACK (CONT'D)
His name is Aaron Pierce. Lead
Advance Agent for the Vice President.

MIA
He's solid?

JACK
Maybe the only one left.

MIA
Good.

He keeps his focus on her arm. She watches him, touched.

MIA (CONT'D)

Listen... I'm sorry for *pushing* you before. About your past. I had no right. We've all done things we're ashamed of.

*
*

JACK

(done with her arm now)

How's the pain?

*

She shrugs. He starts to back out. She stops him.

And the moment hangs. No space between them. It's silent and intimate and difficult. But right.

She kisses him. Softly. He allows it.

First time he's felt himself breathe, maybe in years.

MIA

That *wasn't* in your file.

*

JACK

Mia...

*

It's tough for him. Another soft kiss. She touches his face.

MIA

Ya know, we don't have to get off this train in Odessa. We can just keep going, and let your friend Pierce figure all this out.

*

JACK

Is that what you want?

MIA

It'd just be nice to see you sleep. Unbothered. I want that for you.

That touched him. He takes her hand...

JACK

Someday. Maybe.

...until his CELL RINGS. Of course. He recognizes the number.

For the first time in a long time, he's in the middle of a moment that is begging not to be interrupted. He feels torn about that. But Mia nods, gently:

MIA
Answer it.

He appreciates the gesture, answers the phone:

JACK (INTO CELL)
Aaron.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. PIERCE'S CAR - MORNING

Pierce, alone in his car, parked by the Potomac.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
General Orser, according to the
Pentagon, left for Boca Raton last
night. Family emergency.

JACK (INTO CELL)
And where's Bryant?

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Asleep, in his residence.

JACK (INTO CELL)
Unless I'm very wrong he's expecting
to wake up as President.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
The President is out of surgery and
expected to make a full recovery.

JACK (INTO CELL)
She won't get out of China alive,
Aaron. Orser won't allow it.

Pierce processes that. It's not a happy thing...

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
I can't do much without proof, Jack.

JACK (INTO CELL)
You're gonna have to find some. Who
do you know in the Executive that's
solid? Who can be trusted?

Pierce considers that... a long beat... then:

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
I believe I have someone.

JACK (INTO CELL)
Okay. Get back to me.

He shuts the phone. Mia's still just inches away.

MIA

We're walking into a shit-storm. You know that.

(he nods)

Are you afraid?

JACK

Not for me.

They kiss again. But this time it builds. Fast.

He picks her up, backs her out of the bathroom, into the compartment. Pawing at each other... as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LATER MORNING

The train pulls in to Odessa. *

INT. TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - SAME

Mia must've drifted off. Her eyes open. She looks around. *

Jack's not here. On a pillow is a NOTE. And we've pulled into the station. She grabs the note...

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - SNOWE'S ROOM - NOON

President Snowe awakens. Weak, barely alive. She's in a private suite in Beijing's best hospital.

As soon as her eyes open, Lodge is at her side. Werblin too. *

LODGE

Madame President.

WERBLIN *

Madame President.

She tries to talk. It's an effort. They lean in.

She tries again - pained, the words halting...

PRESIDENT SNOWE

What... happened to me?

LODGE

There was an attempt on your life, Ma'am. Poison.

(she nods, saddened)

Our investigation is underway. And

(MORE)

LODGE (cont'd)
we'll be airlifting you out of here
as soon as the doctors give the okay.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
No.

That was immediate - but just a whisper. The men pause.

WERBLIN
I'm sorry?

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I need to see Premier Jao.

Werblin doesn't like that idea much. Lodge hates it.

LODGE
Madame President, until we know the
nature of the threat against you, we--

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I want to see him, immediately.

LODGE
Madame President, you're not out of
the woods yet, medically speaking.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
That's why I want to see him.
(Werblin hesitates)
Do it, Frank. Call him.

EXT. TANGSHAN MRAF BASE - TARMAC - NOON

Gao Liang's Double, *dressed in Gao Liang's flight-suit now*,
crosses the tarmac.

Rows of Hong-6H Attacker-Bombers await him.

These are sleek, powerful machines, carrying Kong-Di-63
CRUISE MISSILES under each wing. The Gao Double approaches
one of the Bombers. No one gives him a second look...

EXT. ODESSA TRAIN STATION - LATE MORNING

*

Jack walks away from the train - alone - a decision that
feels lousy but necessary. Until he hears:

MIA (O.S.)
Hey!

Damn it. He was mere feet from an exit. He turns... to find
Mia storming toward him, livid.

MIA (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

JACK
I decided you were better off staying
on that train.

MIA
I get to decide that. Not you.

JACK
You wanted to wake me up again. Well
you did it. But now let me--

MIA
No, I wanted to figure this thing out
- together. If I wanted to ride a
train by myself I could've stayed in
Munich.

JACK
Mia, I only know how to do this
alone.

MIA
No. No. We're in this together. I--

JACK
My best friend DIED last night -
because of me. Don't you understand?

Silence. The force of that surprised them both.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't let that happen again. I care
about you.

She doesn't know what to say...

JACK (CONT'D)
The Agency has an office here. You
can go back in. And I'll call them to
verify that you've been my hostage
all day.

MIA
Yeah, I'm sure a call from you would
mean a lot to them.
(he considers that)
I'm not safe there. Not anymore. You
know that.

Truth is, he does know that. But he's scrambling...

MIA (CONT'D)

And the reason I wanted to stay on that train was because you were on it too. You're all I've got right now.

She moves in closer. He wishes she wouldn't.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna die on you, Jack. I promise. But I don't love my chances without you. Ya know?

He's got a brutal decision to make. On his face, we CUT TO:

INT. THE HOME OF ETHAN KANIN - KITCHEN - MORNING

Kanin hasn't slept. His wife, EVELYN, puts a cup of tea in front of him. He smiles, grateful. Evelyn sits.

EVELYN

So. Are you going to tell me?

Kanin sighs, tight...

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I have eyes, Ethan. I know what I saw yesterday. And I know you've been a wreck for a few weeks now. Are you going to tell me why?

KANIN

I wish I could.

EVELYN

The President - my dear friend - almost died. And everyone I know is buying bottled water and batteries. It's not a great time to tell me I don't have a high enough security clearance.

*
*

(Kanin nods, rebuked)

Do you know something about it?

A beat... then:

KANIN

Yes. I just learned it too late.

That felt unsettling. Very. Even though she expected it.

EVELYN

Should I be scared?

KANIN

I am.

Evelyn's just about to reply... when there's a knock at the kitchen door. They turn.

...to find Aaron Pierce, standing here. Kanin, sensing why Pierce is here, opens the door.

KANIN

Aaron.

PIERCE

Sir, I think we need to talk.

INT. VICE-PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gwyn (Kanin's Asst.), sits on a sofa - pensive and shaky.

Vice-President Bryant is at his desk, calmly dialing a number. He smiles at her with warmth and confidence.

BRYANT

You've done the right thing, Gwyn.

She nods, trying to convince herself. Then:

BRYANT (CONT'D)

(into phone now:)

We have a problem with Ethan Kanin...

Our **FIFTH TIME-POP**... the clock advances to "11:02 a.m."

INT. ODESSA - PRIMORSKY BLVD. - CAFE - LATE MORNING *

Jack and Mia sit in a high-end cafe, looking out a window.

In Jack's hand is Grich's CELL-PHONE, scrolled back to a text message with the words "Hotel Londonskaya." *

...which is right across Primorsky Boulevard from here. *

MIA

What can you tell me about Orser?

JACK

He hand-picked us, trained us. A natural leader.

(has to say it)

Most patriotic man I ever met.

MIA

Until today.

JACK

I can promise you, whatever he's doing now, he's convinced himself that it's in defense of his country. It's how he's wired.

MIA

You admire him?

JACK

I did.

MIA

He is consistent, I'll give him that.

*
*

She gestures out the window...

...to Orser, leaving the Hotel Londonskaya, in unmarked gray sweats, jogging down the street. Then he's gone.

*

Jack rises.

INT. KANIN HOME - STUDY - RESUMING

Kanin and Pierce are now alone. Door closed.

KANIN

Okay. Tell me what you know.

PIERCE

Sir, evidence has come to light concerning the attempt on President Snowe's life. A breach in both the Executive and the Military.

(reluctantly)

It's possible that the Vice President is complicit in this conspiracy.

That was a bullseye... but Kanin's not jumping in yet.

KANIN

Go on.

PIERCE

General Orser seems to be its architect. He's in Odessa at the moment. Is all of this a complete surprise to you?

*

KANIN

No.

PIERCE

I see.

They study one another...

PIERCE (CONT'D)

My source is en route there now, to intercept the General.

KANIN

Alone?

PIERCE

Yes Sir.

KANIN

Mind if I ask who it is?

PIERCE

It's Jack Bauer.

KANIN

Oh.

(a beat)

Somehow that makes me feel better and worse at the same time.

PIERCE

Yes sir. I experienced a similar reaction.

EXT. ODESSA - PRIMORSKY BLVD. - LATE MORNING

*

Jack leads Mia across the street to the Hotel Londonskaya.

*

JACK

How's your Ukrainian?

*

MIA

Good. Why?

JACK

He won't be here alone.

She doesn't get it. They vanish into the hotel...

EXT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Another motorcade arrives at the hospital. This one belongs to the Chinese. A limo door opens.

Premier Jao emerges, entering the hospital. We CUT TO:

INT. HONG-6 ATTACKER BOMBER - AFTERNOON

The Gao Double, piloting this beast, takes off.

INT. HOTEL LONDONSKAYA - ORSER'S SUITE - LATE MORNING *

FOUR UKRAINIAN SOLDIERS sit at lap-tops in this PALATIAL SUITE, their focus total. Must be serious business. *

Nope. They're playing the same VIDEO GAME we saw the Czech Youths playing this morning. Four armed men, linked into the same video-game chatroom.

Then, a knock at the door. No one wants to get it.

UKRAINIAN SOLDIER #1 (IN UKRAINIAN) *

What is it?

An answer comes back through the door:

MAID'S VOICE (O.S., IN UKRAINIAN) *

Excuse me. I have towels.

Ukrainian Soldier, annoyed, nods to the other three. Everyone hits PAUSE. He rises, opens the door. *

A gun in his face. Jack and Mia step into the suite, as:

The other three Soldiers go for their side-arms, too late.

Three shots. They all go down. Soldier #1 tries as well.

BANG. Dead. It's taken mere seconds. But:

...in another part of the suite, a FIFTH UKRAINIAN SOLDIER peeks his head out from a BATHROOM, unseen by Jack or Mia. *

His fellow soldiers have just died. And his gun sits on a table, maybe fifteen feet from here. He might be able to get to it without being seen or heard. Maybe.

Jack and Mia, unaware, check the four bodies. All dead.

MIA

Why would Orser have Ukrainian soldiers as bodyguards? *

JACK

Because they're expendable. *

MIA

Oh. *

Silence.

...as Soldier #5 slinks across the room to his gun...

...while FOOTSTEPS can be heard in the hallway outside this suite, approaching the front door. Jack crosses to it, tucks himself in behind the door.

It opens. Orser, sweaty from his run, enters.

...to find bodies on the floor. The door shuts behind him.

And he *knows*, without even turning.

ORSER

Well good for you, Jack.

INT. KANIN HOME - STUDY - RESUMING

Kanin sits at his desk before a computer. Pierce behind him. On the computer screen is *the e-mail we saw Kanin reading yesterday. In Chinese.* Pierce stares at it. *

KANIN

These are falsified papers, used two days ago to get a Taiwanese prisoner into Beijing. He was then given an i.d. and a security clearance that got him into the kitchen at the Peoples' Hall.

Kanin scrolls farther down... to a PASSPORT PHOTO.

...of a YOUNG TAIWANESE MAN we've seen before: the "WAITER" who *tapped those drops onto President Snowe's plate.*

KANIN (CONT'D)

The papers were generated by someone in the Pentagon.

That sickens Pierce. He needs a second to digest it.

PIERCE

Sir, there isn't a general crazy enough to think war with China is a good idea.

KANIN

No - unless it's Russia that's fighting it. *

Pierce considers that...

PIERCE

Can I assume the Canton text is...

KANIN

False. Also generated in the Pentagon
- by the same people who are trying
to kill the President.

(sick about it:)

Thing is, I think I could have
stopped all this.

Pierce leaves that alone. Kanin sighs, full of regret.

Then, that fast, he's DEAD.

A single shot, through the Study window, into the back of
Kanin's skull.

Pierce reacts immediately, gun drawn, pulling Kanin down to
the floor while scrambling to the window.

Nothing moves out there. No sign of a sniper.

And Kanin is dead. Pierce dials a cell-phone, hurriedly.

PIERCE (INTO CELL)

Get me the President's detail in
China...

INT. HOTEL LONDONSKAYA - ORSER'S SUITE - RESUMING

Orser, Jack, Mia... and four dead bodies.

ORSER

Still quite the soldier, I see.

JACK

Uh-huh. And what about you?

ORSER

That's what I'm doing here, Jack -
fighting for my country's future.

JACK

Let me guess - the President didn't
agree, so she had to go. Is that it?

ORSER

What're you telling me - you never
went around a chain of command
before? Your whole career was built
on defying orders you knew to be
wrong. That's all this is.

Across the suite, still unseen, UKRAINIAN SOLDIER #5 has
gotten closer to his weapon now. Almost in his reach. *

Jack doesn't see the guy. But Orser does...

ORSER (CONT'D)
(re: Mia)
Who's she? *

JACK
She's Agency.

ORSER
Official Agency? Or the one that
actually does things?

JACK
Have you ordered another attack on
the President?

Orser's silent. That's not good. Jack dials his cell.

...as Ukrainian Soldier #5 reaches for his gun, inches away. *

ORSER
She's a dinosaur, Jack. I tried to
make her see that. *

MIA
She dies and a war happens. *

ORSER
Sorry. Peace is bad for business. *

Jack, cell-phone to his ear. We hear ringing... then: *

PIERCE (THRU CELL)
Yes, Jack.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. KANIN'S HOME - STUDY - MORNING

POLICE have already arrived. Evelyn is in a corner, sobbing.
And here's Pierce, trying to do his job - beside the body...

JACK (INTO CELL)
Aaron, where are you?

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
With Kanin. They killed him, Jack. *

JACK (INTO CELL)
Jesus. Where's the President?

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Beijing Charity Hospital.

JACK (INTO CELL)
Get her out, immediately. There's a
secondary attack staging. *

PIERCE (INTO CELL)
Did Orser give you this?

JACK (INTO CELL)
It's imminent. Get her out!

He hangs up... just as Ukrainian Soldier #5 gets to his gun -- *
taking dead aim on Mia --

She reads the reaction on Orser's face -- turns:

MIA
Jack!

He turns. FIRES. So does Ukrainian Soldier #5... *

...barely missing Mia. But Ukrainian Soldier #5 goes down. *

Now Jack turns to Orser, his eyes murderous.

ORSER
He was acting on his own, obviously.

JACK
You're going to recall that secondary
strike. Now.

ORSER
Sorry, Jack. I can't.

INT. HONG-6 - ATTACKER-BOMBER - DAY *

The Gao Double pilots the Hong-6. We hear INCOMING RADIO,
calling this aircraft urgently. Gao Double ignores the calls. *

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - SNOWE'S ROOM - DAY

President Snowe sits up in bed. Premier Jao is at her side.

PRESIDENT SNOWE
I thank you for coming, Mister
Premier.

PREMIER JAO
In light of your courage, Madame
President - how could I not?
(MORE)

PREMIER JAO (cont'd)

(pats her hand)

I owe you an apology - for failing to
protect you as a guest in my country.

*
*
*

PRESIDENT SNOWE

No. I owe you an apology. Evidence
has come to light proving the Canton
Text to be a fake. I'm sorry to have
doubted you.

*
*
*
*
*

That meant the world to him. He studies her.

*

PREMIER JAO

Then, if you're still willing to
participate, perhaps we might restart
the talks with Moscow.

*
*
*
*

The President's eyes just went wide. Thrilled... But:

*

Lodge enters, hurriedly. All business.

PRESIDENT SNOWE

Ted?

LODGE

Madame President, we have to evacuate
you from this hospital - immediately.

Five more AGENTS enter, ready to push her out of here...

INT. HOTEL LONDONSKAYA - ORSER'S SUITE - RESUMING

*

Jack - his gun at Orser's head now:

ORSER

The recall codes are all fail-safed.
They can only be sent from our base
of operations.

JACK

Then take me there. Now.

*

ORSER

Fine. It's right across the street.

*

Jack looks out the window - nothing but a non-descript
NAUTICAL SUPPLY WAREHOUSE across the street. Huh?

*

Orser rises, grinning... despite the guns pointed at him.

*

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Lodge and his team push the President's gurney.

LODGE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)
 Command, this is Lodge. Be advised we
 are evacuating Isis from the
 facility, approaching south elevator.
 Clear all strap-hangers.

*
*
*
*
*

PRESIDENT SNOWE
 What's the status of the threat?

LODGE
 It's imminent. We don't know much
 more than that.

*

EXT. ODESSA - PRIMORSKY BLVD. - LATE MORNING

*

Jack and Mia lead Orser across this street.

*

ORSER
 I don't why you're so disappointed in
 me, Jack. You always hated policy
 driven by politics.

*
*

JACK
 Killing a President isn't policy.
 It's Treason.

*
*

ORSER
 It's fiscal Darwinism. You'll
 understand soon enough.

*
*

JACK
 Or maybe I just kill you.

ORSER
 Go ahead. See if it makes a
 difference. This involves every
 single branch of the U.S. Military
 and Intelligence communities. Cut off
 the head and watch how fast another
 one grows back.

*
*

MIA
 I say we cut it off anyway.

*

ORSER
 Nice to meet you too, lady.

*

They arrive at that non-descript Nautical Supply Warehouse.

*

It's unremarkable, poorly-maintained, invisible in its
 average-ness... But its windows are whited out; its door is
 leaded glass. And there's a serious SECURITY PAD guarding it.

*
*
*

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The gurney emerges from an elevator, pushed by Lodge and his team as they race around a corner. Premier Jao alongside.

PRESIDENT SNOWE

Are the other patients in danger?

LODGE

Ma'am, the other patients aren't
President of the United States.

EXT. ODESSA - OUTSIDE THE "SUPPLY BLDG." - RESUMING *

At the leaded-glass door. Orser awaits a nod from Jack, but:

MIA

Jack. Let's not do this.

(Jack turns)

Let's just put this guy down in an
alley somewhere and get out of here.
It's still not too late to go dark.

JACK

Soon as the strike's called off.

(at Orser)

Open it.

Orser keys some numbers in to the pad, then swipes a security *
card. We hear a CLICK...

INT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - RESUMING

Lodge and his team push the gurney to daylight - the exit - *
with the ENTIRE MOTORCADE waiting...

LODGE (INTO SLEEVE-MIKE)

Command from Lodge. Be advised,
notify hospital to begin general
evacuation as soon as the President
is safely off-site.

INT. ODESSA - "SUPPLY BLDG" - SECURITY LOBBY - RESUMING *

Jack, Mia, and Orser enter an empty lobby. An UNMANNED METAL *
DETECTOR blocks Jack's view of the rest of the building - *
until he turns a corner... *

And he and Mia see what's in here. No people, no soldiers: *

...just unmanned MILITARY DRONES. Thousands of them - sleek, *
compact - in neat, efficient rows. Jack takes it all in... *

ORSER

See? Just merchandise.

(no reply)

Drones, made in the U-S-of-A. A technology no one else has mastered. They're last year's version, but we'll keep that our little secret.

JACK

And you're selling them to Russia.

ORSER

That's the beauty of the thing - we're selling to China too, shadow governments in both countries. We make twice as much that way.

It takes a second for that to sink in. Jack and Mia both look a little sickened. Orser just grins, as we RETURN TO:

INT. HONG-6 ATTACKER BOMBER - SAME

Radio calls to this aircraft are growing in intensity. Again, Gao Double ignores them - activating his missiles - as we see where's he's been headed all along:

The hospital. He has it in his sights now...

INT./EXT. - BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - RESUMING

Lodge and the gurney emerge into sunshine, with Premier Jao right alongside the President. Two motorcades await...

INT. ODESSA - "SUPPLY BLDG." - RESUMING

Orser, utterly unafraid:

ORSER

Think about it, Jack. They're the only two armies big enough to challenge us. But if we can start a war between them? They wind up weakened and destabilized, we're re-established once again as the only true Superpower. And we make a profit along the way! Our economy jump-started, our debt status reduced. It's a win, all the way around.

Jack tries to put his disgust aside. It's an effort.

JACK

Give me the recall codes.

ORSER
That's gonna have to wait a few
minutes.

JACK
Give me the recall codes!

ORSER
My twelve o'clock's about to get
here! Can't keep a customer waiting,
can I?

Jack puts his gun under Orser's chin.

JACK
The codes...

ORSER
Sorry, Jack. You're too late.

And there's that confident smile from Orser again...

...as he throws a look to a huge TV SCREEN on the wall to
Jack's left. Jack and Mia turn.

There's SATELLITE IMAGERY on the screen - zeroed in on that
hospital in Beijing. And Jack knows what he's about to see:

INT. HONG-6 ATTACKER BOMBER - RESUMING

The Gao Double fires his missiles. Both of them.

EXT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - SAME

Lodge and his team grab the President off the gurney, when:

UNNAMED SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Incoming!!!

They turn... to the see the vapor trail of two air-launched
land-attack CRUISE MISSILES side-winding right at us:

*Lodge puts the President on to the ground, covers her body
with his own -- just in time for:*

Impact -- THE HOSPITAL SLAMMED BY THE CRUISE MISSILES --

A massive explosion as the building shudders, glass and metal
and cement flying, ground shaking; it's seismic.

Lodge and his men shield Snowe, all of them instantly buried
in the debris, covered by it.

INT. ODESSA - "SUPPLY BLDG." - RESUMING

And there it is, beamed in live from some military satellite deep in space. *Charity Hospital, a smoking wreck.*

ORSER

At last. Profit - unimpeded.

Jack just EXPLODES - grabbing Orser by the collar, up against a wall - no doubt Jack's going to blow the guy's head off. We're sure of it. So's Orser. And Mia.

ORSER (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do, Jack? Kill me?
For rescuing my country's economy?

JACK

No. First I'm gonna see you answer for all this. And for Chloe.

ORSER

Oh. A trial? Is that it?

JACK

Yeah. I'm gonna drag you into the light, where people like you can't survive.

ORSER

You're an enemy of the state, Jack. Who're you gonna hand me to?

JACK

I don't--

GENERAL XIAN (O.S.)

General?

...which is when Jack turns - they all do - to see a CHINESE GENERAL named XIAN rounding a corner, flanked by TWO CHINESE SOLDIERS. Xian looks awfully confused.

...but just for a second - because that fast...

THREE GUNSHOTS. Xian and his men go down. Jack wheels...

...to find Mia - her gun now trained on Orser. Jack is lost.

JACK

What're you doing?!
(Mia's silent)
What're you doing?!

In a blur, his gun is now aimed at her. We CUT TO:

EXT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - RESUMING

The hospital is barely standing, huge chunks of it gone now. Flames pour out windows. Patients and staff stagger out, disoriented. Countless others have just died inside.

We find the President's limo, or the top of it anyway. The rest is buried - chunks of the building, everywhere...

...as that Hong-6 Attacker-Bomber flies away... *

INT. ODESSA - "SUPPLY BLDG." - RESUMING *

A stand-off. Jack aiming at Mia. Mia aiming at Orser.

MIA

Put your gun down, Jack. Everything's okay.

JACK

What're you doing?!

ORSER

You don't know?

No. Jack doesn't. And he's reeling.

ORSER (CONT'D) *

Jesus, Jack. She couldn't've made it much clearer. *

Jack looks to her, his eyes desperate.

JACK *

What's he talking about, Mia? *

She hates admitting this... but she has to: *

MIA *

I'm Russian Army. Military Intel.
(means it)
I'm so sorry...

Jack replays that in his head; it *has* to be a joke - right?

EXT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - RESUMING

We find that pyramid of Agents protecting the President. They unpile now. Five men, covered in debris.

The last of them, directly atop the President, is Lodge. His eyes open. Blood streams from a wound on his forehead.

LODGE
Madame President?

But the President's eyes remain closed. Oh no...

INT. ODESSA - "SUPPLY BLDG. " - RESUMING

Jack is silent, unable to integrate what he's just heard...

JACK
You need to lower your gun. Now.

MIA
(re: Orser)
As soon as he's dead.
(Jack's reeling)
It serves both our interests, Jack.

JACK
Put your gun down, Dammit!

MIA
Okay.

She puts it on a desk. Jack grabs it. Orser studies her.

ORSER
Lemme guess. Moscow couldn't find
this place - but they knew Jack
would. So they stapled you to him.
Right?

MIA
I hated lying to you, Jack.

JACK
Stop talking, Mia...

MIA
Would we have wound up here if I'd
told you from the start I was--

JACK
Please, Mia. Don't make me kill you.

ORSER
Okay. Now everyone knows who everyone
is. I think you'd better come with
me, Jack. Home.
(a beat)
(MORE)

ORSER (cont'd)

I can give you your name back. I can give you your country back. And your family.

MIA

You're getting worked, Jack.

ORSER

"Worked" is what happened when she told you she was CIA. Everything she's ever told you has been a lie - can you say the same about me?

EXT. BEIJING CHARITY HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - RESUMING

The President's eyes are still closed. Then they open.

...which is when she - and we - realize that Premier Jao has been beside her throughout the whole ordeal.

And he's alive. Snowe's eyes begin to well. We CUT TO: *

INT. "CTU" - RESUMING

Jack studies them both, his head spinning... Then:

JACK

Let's go.

He starts to yank Orser away.

MIA

Jack.

JACK

Stay here. Or don't. I don't give a damn. You did your job. Just don't ever let me see you again.

He brushes by her, contact. That makes it worse.

MIA

We're on the same team. Aren't we?

JACK

What team is that? *

He pulls Orser away.

EXT. PRIMORSKY BLVD. - CONTINUING *

Jack, with Orser at gunpoint, exits the phony nautical supply building - pushing Orser across the street. *

ORSER

What're you gonna do, Jack - fly me back to D.C.? Think they'll welcome you to town with a parade?

JACK

I don't need a parade. I just want out.

ORSER

Out? That's a joke. You're in, forever.

Then BANG - a *SNIPER'S BULLET* blows his head off. He falls. Dead. The next shot hits Jack in the side. He's down. *

Cars SCREECH to a halt. Some speed away. PEDESTRIANS FLEE. *

MIA

Jack!!!

She races out of the building, gets to his side. MORE GUNFIRE rains down. Mia drags him to safety behind a car. He's barely breathing. Mia looks over the hood of this car. *

The gunfire is coming from across the street - the hotel, an upper floor - we can't see the Shooter. Mia returns fire. *

MIA (CONT'D) *

Where're you hit? Can you walk?

Jack doesn't answer. We hear SIRENS in the distance, approaching fast. That's not good - and Mia knows it. *

MIA (CONT'D) *

C'mon. I can take you somewhere safe. But we have to get out of here. *

He doesn't move - even amid MORE GUNFIRE, MORE SIRENS... *

MIA (CONT'D) *

Jack, they'll arrest you. Or kill you. You're gonna have to trust me. *

Chaos all around them. Mia should run. She knows that, but: *

MIA (CONT'D) *

Please, Jack - let me help you. I don't wanna watch you die. I know who you are now. *

(a beat) *

And you're not done fighting yet. I know it. *

Decision time. He holds out his hand. She takes it. *

...pulling him to his feet. MORE GUNFIRE shreds the sidewalk around them. And POLICE CARS RACE INTO VIEW, as... *

She pulls him away - around a corner, vanishing... with all this chaos behind them... *

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BRYANT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bryant is at his desk. On a TV - CNN'S COVERAGE of *President Snowe and Premier Jao arriving in Moscow for talks.* *

Bryant eyes it with a sense of dread. The door opens. *

Pierce and SEVEN OTHER SECRET SERVICE AGENTS file in, followed by the ATTORNEY GENERAL. *

PIERCE
Mister Vice President, we're going to need you to come with us, Sir.

BRYANT
What for - is there another threat?

PIERCE
No, Sir. You're being remanded to the custody of the Justice Department. Pending a formal filing of charges against you.

BRYANT
Charges?

PIERCE
Treason. And Conspiracy to Murder the President. Come with us, please. *

Bryant pales. We CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN BORDER - DAY

A car is waved through a security checkpoint - onto Russian soil. We CRANE DOWN, looking into the backseat: here's Jack. *

He's been patched up now, at least on the outside. He glances out the window. *

JACK
I don't have a lot of friends here. *

Mia is beside him. She takes his hand. *

MIA

You have me.

*

Jack breathes out a smile. It's a start...

*

He is sick of death - and far from home. But he's not alone anymore, and his eyes no longer look lifeless. The car fades into the Russian countryside as we GO TO BLACK:

*

*

...for our **FINAL TIME-POP**... the clock advancing by seconds until it has reached "12:00 p.m." again.

Then those numbers begin to blur, becoming two lone digits:

"24"

FADE OUT

-THE END