

AMERICAN ASSASSIN

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY SQUARE - NIGHT

1

SUPER: **Belgrade, Serbia**

A pair of hard-looking Serbians stand guard outside an old stone building. An occasional pedestrian hurries past on the wet cobblestones, collar turned up.

REVEAL a "local" across the street, leaning on a wall --
SURVEY ONE.

 SURVEY ONE
 (low, into a throat mic)
 Front entrance, clear.

2 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

2

A second "local" sits in a car, eyes locked on a back door, one Serb standing sentry.

 SURVEY TWO/RADIO (V.O.)
 Back entry clear.

3 I/E. A DELIVERY VAN - NIGHT

3

A Delivery Van is parked half a block away. INSIDE an AMERICAN SPECIAL OPS TACTICAL TEAM is arming up-- silenced automatic weapons, body armor, etc. No uniforms.

4 INT. TEMPORARY CONTROL - NIGHT

4

Bare room. Low light. Drawn shades... pulled back an inch.

STAN HURLEY, scans the street below. Face of a man who's seen it all, done most of it.

 HURLEY (INTO MIC)
 Copy that. Everybody stand by.

A JUNIOR AGENT monitors laptop screens showing various surveillance images of the building while a Geiger counter is clicking away.

 JR. AGENT
 Radiological signal is constant.

Hurley looks at a THERMAL IMAGE of the second floor: one FIGURE seated in a room, TWO guard the door. But there is movement down the hall-- another FIGURE approaching.

HURLEY

Where'd that guy come from? How'd
he get past our perimeter?

The Jr. Agent scrambles to scan his other monitors--

JR. AGENT

No idea sir... he's not Vladik's.
All his men are accounted for.

Hurley stares at the FIGURE walking...

MATCH CUT TO:

5

INT. TARGET BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

5

THE MAN moving down the hall, seen from the back. Lean, well-built, indeterminate age and ethnicity. Moves with stealth, efficiency... like a Ghost. That's what we'll call him.

AT THE DOOR

The two GUARDS startle as they look up and see the Ghost approaching.

CHIEF GUARD (IN SERBIAN)

Turn around!

They frisk him and relieve him of a Glock 9. They turn him back around. The Chief Guard freezes-- the Ghost is holding his knife out, point first, at the man's chest... he smiles. Flips it over, offers it up.

6

INT. TEMPORARY CONTROL - NIGHT

6

Hurley stares intently at the image.

JR. AGENT

You think that's the buyer?

HURLEY

We need confirmation.

7 INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

7

VLADIK, (Serbian underworld), looks up as the door opens and the Ghost is admitted. One of the BODYGUARDS follows him inside and closes the door.

Vladik slides a LEAD-LINED ALUMINUM CASE across the desk. The Ghost opens it: a dull gray hunk of METAL: URANIUM-235.

The Ghost uses a portable GAMMA RAY SPECTROMETER to take a reading... 185.7.

VLADIK
Highly Enriched. As promised. Now
you wire the money.

He slides a phone across the desk... The Ghost picks it up.

8 INT. CONTROL - NIGHT

8

Jr. Agent looks up from a laptop.

JR. AGENT
Got an outgoing call!

HURLEY
Trace it. If it's a wire transfer--

SURVEY ONE/RADIO (V.O.)
Problem!

Hurley looks out the window-- one of the Serb Sentries is heading directly for Survey One.

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

The Serb stops three feet from Survey One. In Serbian:

SERB
You have a light?

Problem is Survey One doesn't speak Serbian. Smiles.

SERB (CONT'D)
Light?

Something in Survey One's demeanor makes the Serb double take. Stare... at the bulge in Survey One's coat. Serb reaches into his coat to draw a weapon!

PHHTT! PHHTT! Survey One's silenced rounds cut him down!

The second Serb sees it, opens his mouth to yell! Cry is cut short as Hurley, appears, wraith-like from darkness and slides a knife into the base of the man's skull, instantly severing the brain stem. One fluid motion.

Pulls the Serb into deep shadow, lowers him to the ground, silent, gentle. Into his mic, quiet:

HURLEY

Contained. Hold position. Waiting for confirmation...

Survey One nods.... A beat. Hurley checks his watch. Seconds tick.... A dead quiet beat.

BANG! BANG! TWO GUNSHOTS SHATTER the silence!

Survey One falls forward to reveal the first Serb, bleeding from two holes but still alive, sitting up, gun in hand!

Hurley quick draws his weapon -- a natural extension of his body -- fires a single silenced round, finishing the man.

Then... all hell breaks loose. More Serbs react to the shots, exit the building and return fire! Hurley moves, firing, dropping one guard, another...

The van doors kick open and the Tactical Team emerges, weapons lined, firing silenced rounds with lethal precision as Hurley sprints for the building lobby.

10 INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Vladik and his bodyguard can't help but look out the window. Reflex. Not the Ghost. Snaps the phone shut and is moving. Swipes a LETTER OPENER off Vladik's desk and guts the BODYGUARD before he can even turn around.

Vladik tries to reach for his gun but the Ghost is too fast -- puts the letter opener into Vladik's neck with practiced efficiency-- the same technique as Hurley.

Not a sound from either kill. The Ghost snaps the case closed.

11 INT. TEMPORARY CONTROL - NIGHT

11

JR. AGENT

We lost the trace!

[illegible]

Tactical Team follows Hurley into the lobby, up the stairs, sweeping: "Clear!" "Stairs?" "Clear!"

13 INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT 13

They push inside to find -- bodies, no Uranium, no Ghost.

HURLEY

Track him.

Tactical Leader snaps on a Geiger counter. It crackles.

Holding it out front, they follow the trail -- down the back stairs, through a door, into:

14 EXT. ALLEYS - NIGHT 14

Moving fast. Spreading out. Hurley motions one Operator right, two others straight ahead, goes left.

With Hurley, moving down an alley, turning into another.
Something ahead, lying on the ground, prone.... Survey Two,
throat cut. Checks the man, dead. Looks around, panning.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Geiger counter leads the Tactical Leader and an Operator to a parked car. Pop the trunk. Inside, the aluminum case.

TACTICAL LEADER (INTO RADIO)

This is Artemis. Radiologicals
secure.

16 EXT. ALLEYS - NIGHT 16

Hurley reacts to the call... processing.

HURLEY

Where?

TACTICAL LEADER/RADIO (V.O.)

Side street. Trunk of a car.

HURLEY

(on instinct)

Don't open it!

17 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

17

Too late -- the Operator is already lifting the lid...
KABOOOM! The case EXPLODES!

IN THE ALLEY

Hurley sprints. Rounds the corner and slows as he sees... the burning car, bodies... He hears sirens approaching. ON HURLEY'S FACE... the whole mission has gone to shit.

FADE OUT.

18 EXT. OFFICE PARK, SUBURBAN VIRGINIA - DAY

18

All poured concrete, glass and manicured landscaping.

MITCH RAPP (late 20s, casual suit) looks up at a six-story building. He's handsome, clean cut... but there is something intense and haunted in his eyes. Something dangerous. He glances at his watch, then starts toward the building.

CUT TO:

19 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO)

19

The view from a surveillance camera of an empty stairwell and a locked door. Mitch enters frame. Takes out a LOCK PICK--

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of Mitch's HANDS working. Quick, skilled.

RESUME SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

as Mitch opens the door and exits the stairwell WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to track him onto another SECURITY MONITOR. REVEAL a bank of monitors, showing security camera feeds covering every inch of the building.

NOTE: From this point on we INTERCUT between tight, hand-held coverage closely following Mitch and B&W surveillance views of the same.

20 INT. SIXTH FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

20

High-ceilings, open floor plan. Looks like a high-tech firm, deserted for the weekend. Only sign of a life is A CUSTODIAN mopping the floor by reception.

Mitch waits for him to turn his back, then slips past.

21 INT. CORNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 21

Mitch uncovers a WALL SAFE concealed behind a picture frame. Places strip-shaped charges of C-4 on the hinges... a flash, wisp of smoke and a muffled THUMP. The door swings open.

Inside is an object about the size and shape of a hockey puck. As soon as Mitch lifts it, a red light starts flashing on the underside.

22 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. An alarm has been tripped.

MAN (V.O.)
Take him down.

REVEAL the speaker: a MAN in a gray suit wearing a HEADSET,
in front of the bank of monitors.

23 INT. SIXTH FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 23

The "Custodian" gets the message over his ear piece. Drops the mop and draws a gun.

IN THE STAIRWELL (VIDEO)

TWO operatives jog up the stairs, guns out--

DING! The ELEVATOR opens, disgorging TWO more.

ANGLE ON MITCH

as he exits the corner office-- he sees movement reflected
in a WINDOW. He immediately turns the opposite way and moves
low into--

THE CUBICLE DIVIDERS turn the office floor of desks and workspaces into a MAZE. MOVE WITH MITCH deeper toward the center of the room--

A HIGH ANGLE SECURITY CAM VIEW -- REVEALS Mitch at the center of a closing net, as the operatives converge on him from all sides.

INTERCUT - The WATCHERS in the surveillance room.

HEADSET
You've got him surrounded.

MOVING CLOSE over the shoulder of the Custodian as he advances, gun raised... he rounds a corner and--

INTERCUT - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

HEADSET

What the hell is he trying--?

ON THE MONITOR MITCH touches wires together and--

A BRIGHT ORANGE FLASH erupts from the wall followed by a crackling shower of SPARKS! He turns away from the ELECTRICAL SHORT and moves off without looking back--

ON THE TWO OPERATIVES

As they round the corner to the SERVICE CORRIDOR and see BLACK SMOKE pouring from the wall...

A LOUD POP! Another flash and--

The LIGHTS GO OUT. Sprinklers come on.

IN THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The MONITORS are suddenly obscured-- streaked with water and lack of light. Mitch disappears.

The Man with the Headset begins to sweat.

27 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

27

The LEAD OPERATOR hears over his ear piece--

HEADSET (V.O.)

We're blind.

LEAD OPERATOR

The lobby is locked down. It's his only exit. He's not getting out.

The Custodian and the others arrive, guns drawn. They take up positions covering all possible escape routes. Then WE HEAR SIRENS approaching...

28 EXT. OFFICE PARK, SUBURBAN VIRGINIA - DAY

28

FIRE TRUCKS and STATE POLICE pull up. They pile out and move toward the building--

29 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

29

The Lead Operator moves to the MAIN DOOR to meet them...

LEAD OPERATOR
False alarm, officers.
Everything's under control.

The Lead Trooper glances at the men lurking and is immediately suspicious.

LEAD TROOPER
Gonna need to see some I.D. Fire
and burglar alarms were both
tripped.

A SECOND TROOPER who has come in spots one of the OPERATORS concealing a weapon-- DRAWS his own gun:

SECOND TROOPER
Drop the weapon!! Hands where I
can see them!

Chaos as people start to scream--

LEAD OPERATOR	LEAD TROOPER
These men are private	Shut your mouth! Hands on
security, licensed to carry--	your head!
you are making a mistake--	

30 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

30

They are watching the scene play out through blurred CAMERAS in the lobby--

HEADSET
(snatches up a landline)
Dammnit! Get me state police HQ.

31 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

31

A dangerous stand-off as the nervous TROOPERS cover the OPERATORS-- the Lead Operator is furious:

LEAD OPERATOR
You are interrupting a federal
government training exercise!
Check my I.D.!

At that moment Mitch emerges from the emergency stairwell. He points at the Lead Operator:

MITCH
That man has planted a bomb in this
building!

HARD CUT TO:

32

EXT. OFFICE PARK SUBURBAN VIRGINIA - MOMENTS LATER

32

WHAM. The Lead Operator is shoved to his knees on the grass, hands cuffed... the State Troopers have them all lined up. Mitch is the last one to be added to the line-up.

As Mitch's knees hits the dirt the "hockey puck" device tumbles out; it starts beeping LOUDLY and flashing green.

LEAD TROOPER
Is that the detonator?! Where's
the bomb?

MITCH
There is no bomb.

The Second Trooper looks up from his cell phone and tries to get the attention of the Lead Trooper--

SECOND TROOPER
Pete, you need to--

But the Lead Trooper is still focused on Mitch, holding the device--

LEAD TROOPER
Then what the hell is this?

MITCH
Not positive, sir. Some sort of
egg timer?

SECOND TROOPER
PETE. You need to take this call.
(off his look)
It's somebody from Langley.

A Third Trooper looks up from inspecting a WEAPON.

THIRD TROOPER
These are airsoft guns...

The Lead Trooper looks from Mitch to the Lead Operator in cuffs. Starts to realize...

LEAD TROOPER
A training exercise...?

Mitch's eyes flick to the "egg timer."

MITCH

Don't look at me. My job was just to get out of the building with that thing before it turned green. Thanks for your help, officer.

Everybody is glaring at him: instructors, cops... Mitch is unfazed. He won.

33

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

33

The MAN in the headset deflates.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Your exercises always such a cluster-fuck?

REVEAL that standing behind him, arms folded, is STAN HURLEY.

IRENE KENNEDY (30s, carries herself with the calm strength of somebody who knows she is in charge sharp) is also seated in the back of the room, looking on.

HEADSET

(red-faced)

Nobody's ever deliberately set off the alarm before...

KENNEDY

Nobody's ever passed that test before either.

Kennedy dismisses Headset with a jerk of her head. Kennedy hands Hurley a file with Mitch's PHOTO clipped to it.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I'm putting him in your program.

Hurley flips it open. Scans...

HURLEY

You recruited him out of graduate school?... no combat experience... c'mon Irene, this kid has barely fired a gun.

KENNEDY

He's fluent in three arabic languages. He studied MMA and boxing since he was fifteen. You can teach him to shoot.

HURLEY
This isn't the kind of guy I need,
Irene.

He offers the file back.

KENNEDY
I disagree.

She holds his gaze. Doesn't take the file.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
His name is Mitch Rapp.

Name doesn't mean anything to Hurley (but it means a lot to
20 million fans).

HURLEY
He's going to break.

KENNEDY
Give it your best shot.

DRIVING MUSIC propels us to...

34 EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON - AERIAL

34

Rolling hills and forest beginning to change to fall colors.
A light rain falls.

A BLACK SUV winds its way along the tree-lined two laner.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Nervous?

35 I/E. SUV - AFTERNOON

35

Kennedy rides in back with Mitch Rapp who stares out the
window.

MITCH
Should I be?

KENNEDY
I was.

MITCH
You went through this course?

KENNEDY
I went through a course. This one
is... different.
(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
It's not about becoming a CIA
officer. It's not about becoming a
soldier. You understand?

MITCH
I understand.

She turns to look at him, to make sure he does.

KENNEDY
If you have any doubts, now is the
time to walk away.

He returns her look. Doesn't say a word.

The SUV crests a hillock, to reveal what appears to be a
rustic hotel -- a wood-frame main house with a porch. The
SUV pulls to a halt.

MITCH
(before exiting)
Thank you.

KENNEDY
We'll see.

Mitch gets out of the vehicle. Hefts his pack and heads off.

36 INT. BUNK ROOM - LATER

36

A converted dining hall, now home to a dozen bunks. Five
other RECRUITS unpack. They barely look up as Mitch enters.

They are all buff, cropped hair, obviously ex-military.
Mitch is the odd man out. VICTOR (the biggest recruit),
gives Mitch a once-over. Snorts dismissively.

Mitch ignores him. Stows his bag.

37 INT. HURLEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

37

Wood panelled walls, worn leather furniture. Hurley sits at
an oak desk, reading glasses on his nose. In this setting it
would be easy to mistake him for a college professor.

A knock on the door. Mitch enters.

MITCH
I'm here for my psych eval.

Hurley takes off his glasses.

HURLEY

Take a seat.

Mitch does. He watches Hurley flip through his file slowly.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

You've had a colorful life.

MITCH

If you say so.

HURLEY

Says here you were kicked out of
four different boarding schools?

MITCH

The authorities didn't appreciate
my individualistic streak.

HURLEY

I know the feeling.

Hurley offers a small smile. He closes the file. Pulls out
a set of white cards with INK BLOTS for a Rorschach test.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

You done this before? First thing
that comes into you head...

Mitch responds quickly and flatly as he flips them:

MITCH

Bat... swimming... fire... death...

Hurley abruptly changes gears and drops the cards.

HURLEY

You enjoy puzzles, Mitch?

MITCH

Sure.

HURLEY

Me? I can't stand the things. All
those little pieces that have to
fit together just right to make
sense... And you...

(leans across the desk)

You puzzle me. I can't quite put
it together; what's a nice college
boy like you doing here?

MITCH

You're the shrink. At least,
you're pretending to be one for
this little test.

HURLEY

What makes you think this is a
test?

MITCH

Everything is a test.

A beat. Hurley nods to himself. Then--

HURLEY

Let's talk about your parents.

Mitch goes still.

Hurley doesn't say anything. Just waits. Mitch understands
the game. Realizes what's expected. He speaks matter-of-
factly:

MITCH

Arthur and Sylvia Rapp. Aid
workers. We moved all over when I
was growing up: North Africa, the
Middle East... They were kidnapped
and killed by terrorists in
Afghanistan when I was twelve.

HURLEY

Same people they were trying to
help?

MITCH

Not specifically.

HURLEY

How did they die? Specifically?

MITCH

(hesitates)

Their car was ambushed on the road
at night and they were taken to a
compound somewhere in the
mountains. I'm told they were both
executed by a single bullet to the
back of the head the next morning.

HURLEY

You never saw the bodies?

MITCH

I was twelve years old. They
didn't think it was appropriate.

Hurley nods.

HURLEY

Was it appropriate for them to lie
to you?

Mitch blinks, unsure where Hurley is going.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Sometimes the Agency covers things
up to spare family members from
unnecessary pain... but doesn't
everybody have a right to know the
truth?

He watches Mitch's face closely for a reaction. Just a
tightening of the jaw. Hurley stands and opens a LAPTOP. He
starts a video file and spins the computer to face Mitch.

ON SCREEN WE SEE a grainy and familiar horror show: a man and
a woman on their knees in a cinder block room. Hooded
militants with AK-47s, barking orders in Arabic.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

For some reason, those sick fucks
like to tape these things...

ON MITCH as he watches the screen. His breath quickens at
the sight of his parents. Their tear-streaked faces are
caked with dried blood. Footage of their last moments.

ARTHUR RAPP (V.O.)

...my name is Arthur Rapp. And I
am an American citizen...

On the tape Mitch's mother is weeping and furious -- spittle
coming from her mouth--

SYLVIA RAPP (V.O.)

Don't give them the satisfaction!

A Militant brings a long knife toward Arthur's neck--

ON MITCH'S EYES, riveted to the screen as WE HEAR the sounds
from the video: a SCREAM, followed by shouts of "Alluh
Akbar." Then an inhuman wailing coming from his mother.

Slowly he looks up at Hurley.

MITCH
I've seen enough.

HURLEY
Don't you want to see how it ends?

MITCH
I said turn it off.

HURLEY
The best part is coming up--

WHAM! Mitch lashes out with a right hand that catches Hurley on the jaw. The blow knocks Hurley back into the wall. Stuns him for a brief moment. Then...

Hurley braces his back against the wall, puts his foot on the heavy wood desk and shoves it hard-- the DESK smashes into Mitch at groin level, doubling him over. Hurley moves with surprising speed -- grabs Mitch by the back of the head and smashes him face-first into the desk, stunning him.

Before Mitch can recover, Hurley wraps the ELECTRIC CORD from his desk lamp around Mitch's neck. Cuts off his air supply--

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(catching his breath)
What was your mistake? Come on
son, you made three already.

Mitch claws at the cable but Hurley keeps him pinned there--

HURLEY (CONT'D)
One, you swung across the desk.
Can't get your weight behind the
punch that way. Two, you came at
me bare-handed. A professional
will always find and use a weapon.
Anything can work.

He gives the electric cord a friendly tug to remind Mitch how simple it is.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Three: you let emotion cloud your
judgement.

He releases the electric cord from around Mitch's neck. Mitch slips to the ground, gulping air.

Hurley looks down at him.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
 Never let it get personal.
 (glances at his watch)
 Training starts tomorrow at oh-five-
 hundred. You're gonna want your
 beauty rest.

First lesson complete, class dismissed.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. TRAINING FIELD - PRE-DAWN

38

POV from a hundred yards out: The six recruits, stripped down to shorts, stand in the mud as rain pours down and M-80s explode at their bare feet. Instructors stalk between shivering men, shouted insults drowned out by the pounding rain.

ANGLE ON HURLEY BY THE MAIN STRUCTURE

Leaning on a wall, sipping hot coffee, watches, unreadable. Turns back inside.

TIME LAPSE - as the recruits are forced to stand all day.

39 EXT. TRAINING FIELD - EVENING

39

Rain's down to a drizzle. Several recruits are swaying. All shiver uncontrollably. Mitch, still standing, stares ahead.

The RECRUIT to his left has reached his breaking point-- tears and snot run down his face uncontrollably. His knees buckle and he teeters.... Mitch reaches out a hand to steady him and--

ZAP! An instructor TASES Mitch! 22,000 volts knock him off his feet. The Recruit he was helping collapses.

Mitch looks up and sees Hurley beside the Instructors, dispassionate.

HURLEY
 Run 'em.

INSTRUCTOR
 OBSTACLE COURSE NOW!

He fires a burst from an automatic rifle into the air above their heads. Everybody instinctively ducks.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

We fire live rounds here above and
behind you! So keep low and keep
moving!

The recruits start to jog. Mitch pulls the Taser diodes from his chest, runs/limps/stumbles after the others. The RECRUIT to his left is left lying in the mud...

40 EXT. LONDON - NIGHT 40 *

Aerial establishing shot of the city moving toward... *

EXT. KENSINGTON - NIGHT *

A stone and marble building on Upper Phillimore Gardens: *

SUPER: **Embassy of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan**

41 INT. RECEPTION AREA - JORDANIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT 41

Uniformed GUARDS, DIPLOMATS, hors d'oeuvres, champagne, etc.

KENNEDY moves through the crowd until she locates her boss: THOMAS STANSFIELD (tall, patrician) who chats with a Sheik. She catches his eye and Stansfield excuses himself.

42 INT. HALLWAY - JORDANIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT 42

Stansfield and Kennedy head down a corridor. A man stands at a door. Opens it. They enter...

43 INT. LIBRARY - JORDANIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT 43

Three IRANIAN counterparts are waiting for them. General VAFA ROSTAMI (50s, Western suit) flanked by his two deputies: KASSAM HEMMADI (traditional dress) and AZAD ASHANI (world-weary, suit and tie).

The Deputies and Kennedy exchange wary glances as they watch their respective bosses step forward to face one another.

STANSFIELD

Thank you for meeting me, General.

GENERAL ROSTAMI

Who can turn down an invitation
from the director of the CIA?

Rostami gestures to a seat at a table. He pours a cup of tea for Stansfield.

GENERAL ROSTAMI (CONT'D)
I brought this tea from Tehran.

STANSFIELD
(sips)
It's excellent.

GENERAL ROSTAMI
It was kind of our Jordanian hosts to allow us to meet like this. It has been too long. To what do we owe the honor?

STANSFIELD
We have intel that somebody is looking to acquire enriched Uranium on the black market.

GENERAL ROSTAMI
(smiles tightly)
Your message said it was a matter of mutual interest, Thomas. That is not a promising start.

STANSFIELD
I'm not talking about your uranium enrichment program. Personally? I'm not worried about Iran having a bomb.

GENERAL ROSTAMI
Why not?

STANSFIELD
Because we have so many more.
(lets that land)
What I am worried about is a terrorist organization acquiring one. You should be too.

Minister Hemmadi steps forward, unable to contain himself:

HEMMADI
I don't think they'd use it against us.

The other Deputy, Ashani, puts a hand on his arm. Stay cool. Stansfield looks up and makes eye contact with Ashani.

STANSFIELD

No, but if they set it off in Tel Aviv how long do you think it will be before the Israelis hit Tehran?

Stansfield returns his gaze to Rostami.

GENERAL ROSTAMI

We don't control the terrorists.

STANSFIELD

(his turn to smile)

Of course not. Unless you count funding, training and protecting them. Let's leave the bullshit to the politicians; we all know you back half the Jihadist groups out there. And I don't expect you to stop anytime soon.

Stansfield glances at the two deputies once more.

STANSFIELD (CONT'D)

But a nuke is different.

(beat)

I came here to share some information with you, Vafa. That's all. For your own good, I suggest you consider it carefully.

GENERAL ROSTAMI

Is that a threat?

STANSFIELD

It's a reminder.

(stands)

Thank you for the tea.

44

INT. JORDANIAN EMBASSY, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

44

Stansfield walks rapidly, Kennedy hustling to keep up.

KENNEDY

Do you really expect Rostami to reign in the extremists? He's one of the worst of them.

STANSFIELD

I wanted to send a message. It wasn't just for Rostami.

ON KENNEDY as she considers the other two Iranians.

45

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - AFTERNOON

45

The recruits are lined up across from Hurley, each holding a rubberized SOG combat knife.

HURLEY

Whatever your environment, whatever
your weapon, your purpose is to
complete your mission.

Hurley's eyes land on Mitch...

HURLEY (CONT'D)

And your mission is to kill me.

A beat. Mitch hesitates. Hurley's eyes bore into his.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

You waiting for me to die of old
age, son?

Mitch moves! Fast. Hurley doesn't. He waits till the last second, then catches Mitch's wrist, pivots and twists: Mitch lands hard on the ground. Looks up at Hurley, kneeling over him, knife in hand.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Never hesitate. Always know your
target.

Hurley presses the knife against Mitch's throat. Hard.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Go for the carotid if you want
silence.

(demonstrating)

The windpipe, if you want speed.

He stands and turns to the group.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

In any fight, any real fight only a
fool relies on his strength and
skill. There is always somebody
stronger, somebody faster. You need
to find an advantage. Make sure
the odds are in your favor.

Tosses the rubberized SOG knife at Mitch's feet.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Far as I'm concerned, this is a
real knife. Try again.

Beat. Mitch scoops the knife, attacks. Hurley GRABS THE BLADE, then viciously ELBOWS Mitch in the side of the head! Knocking him to the ground.

MITCH

What the hell-- you said act like it's a real knife! Who grabs a blade?!

HURLEY

The man who wants to stay alive.

CUT TO:

46

INT. COMPUTER TRAINING ROOM - DAY

46

ON A MONITOR -- images of men and women flash by, fast. Various poses, clothing, lighting conditions, sizes, ages, ethnicities, etc. Faster and faster.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

These are your targets. It is your job to identify them.

REVEAL MITCH - watching the monitor, images reflecting off his pupils. Electrodes are taped to his head, chest, arms.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE the other recruits, each at his computer station. The MONITORS go to black. At each station a large, arcade-style projection screen comes to life showing life-sized projections of people moving -- some across, some towards them -- in an urban environment.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Every correct match earns you a point...

The RECRUITS grab Glock .45s fitted with laser POINTERS and aim at targets:

One of Mitch's targets lights up green -- a facial match from before, now in different clothes. Another. A third.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

...every mistake earns you more juice.

A recruit to his left stifles a curse.

Mitch glances over, misses his shot-- red. The miss triggers a SHOCK delivered through the electrodes -- his muscles spasm.

Targets come fast and furious as backgrounds shift and the mind fights to remember patterns, identify targets...

One of the recruits grunts, pulling off his electrodes. A second drops his Laser-gun, tears his electrodes off, reaching his limit. A third doubles over, convulsing.

Mitch keeps firing. Targets come at an impossible speed now. With every miss, the electrical charge increases. Muscles spasm, nerves scream.

Only Mitch and Victor remain, firing, gritting teeth with every miss.

Mitch is stone cold, dealing with the pain, pushing through.

VICTOR

FUCK!

Tears his electrodes off.

Hurley watches Mitch. Still firing, last man standing.

47

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - DAY

47

*

Sunlight gleams off the gold leaf of the Albert Memorial.

*

The Ghost (tailored suit, sunglasses) walks down a manicured gravel path toward a Middle Eastern Man sitting alone on a wrought iron bench, smoking and reading the Times... Kessam Hemmadi.

*

*

*

*

The Ghost takes a seat.

*

HEMMADI

Saalam aleichum.

(lowers his paper)

*

I heard there was some trouble in Belgrade. Three Americans dead.

THE GHOST

Should I have killed more?

HEMMADI

This messiness does not inspire confidence.

THE GHOST

You are a man of faith... have some.

The Ghost smiles thinly.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)
I spoke to Sharif; he has located
the other items we require. You
need to send him the money. Two
million.

Hemmadi frowns at the Ghost.

HEMMADI
You demand more and more money, yet
I see no evidence of progress.

The Ghost stares at him intensely. Quiet.

THE GHOST
It was you who first came to me,
Minister. What you have asked for
is no small thing.

HEMMADI
The Council does not have endless
patience. And mine is not the only
voice. Others are beginning to
have doubts about you... they
question whether you have even
obtained what you claim.

A beat. The Ghost nods to himself. Rises.

HEMMADI (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Without turning:

*

THE GHOST
To erase their doubts.

Hemmadi watches him walk away.

*

49

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - EARLY MORNING

49

Towers, walls, cables, barbed wire and mud. This is old
school, built hard to make hard men. Mitch and the other mud-
splattered recruits run. Automatic fire tears through the
air above and behind them.

Climbing a wall covered in grease. A recruit, near the top,
falls, takes out another, below. Both get up, climb.

Mitch is out in front. Victor on his heels.

Mitch makes his way across a cable, muddy water underneath. A burst of gunfire is followed by a LOUD GRUNT behind him. Mitch turns. Five yards back on a parallel cable--

VICTOR grasps his neck, hit! Blood pours from the wound.

He falls into the muddy water and flounders.

MITCH

Man down! Hold your fire!

The other recruits are farther away. They either don't hear or don't stop. Mitch sees Victor go under. Nobody else close by... he makes a split-second decision and dives in.

MUDDY BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch drags Victor sputtering to the edge of the water. Victor coughs and spits.

VICTOR

I'm fine, get off me!

Mitch releases him and steps back.

MITCH

You're welcome.

Mitch stares at the blood dripping from Victor's neck for a beat. Victor spits out mud, then walks off.

HURLEY (PRE-LAP)

What the hell was that?

50

INT. HURLEY'S OFFICE - LATER

50

Mitch stands on the carpet, towed-dry, still filthy.

HURLEY

You want to be a hero? Help your fallen comrades? Go join the Marines.

MITCH

It's a training exercise. What was I supposed to do? Let a man die?

Hurley takes a breath. Appears to cool off.

HURLEY

No. No, you did the right thing. The problem is... I don't need people who do the right thing.

Hurley moves closer. Speaks softly:

HURLEY (CONT'D)
 When you look down the scope of
 your rifle at a suicide bomber and
 see the face of a 13 year-old boy,
 are you gonna have the stones to
 pull the trigger?

ON MITCH as Hurley's words sink in: how far will he go?
 Where does he draw the line?

CUT TO:

51 INT. SHOWERS - LATER

51

Mitch stands with his eyes closed and lets the water wash
 over him.

When he opens his eyes he sees Victor step under a shower.
 His back is to Mitch. As the water cleans the mud from the
 wound on Victor's neck, Mitch gets a look at the injury. It's
 a thin line -- like a knife cut. No burn marks.

Mitch clocks it, then looks away before Victor turns.

52 INT. HURLEY'S OFFICE - EVENING

52

Kennedy sits behind Hurley's desk, making herself at home.

KENNEDY
 What is your problem with Rapp?

Hurley is pacing like he's the one called onto the carpet.

HURLEY
 I can't control him, Irene. I've
 been down that road. I don't want
 to make that mistake again.

KENNEDY
 That was different Stan.

HURLEY
 We're creating weapons here. I
 want to be able to aim them when
 we're done. I need operators who
 will follow orders.

KENNEDY

Interesting coming from a man who
has spent his entire career
ignoring them.

Hurley locates a bottle of scotch in a cabinet. Two glasses.
He sets them down and pours.

HURLEY

This is all too personal for Rapp.

KENNEDY

Why do you think I recruited him?
This kid's been training to do this
since the day his parents were
murdered. He just didn't know it.

She takes her scotch and downs it. He stares at her.

HURLEY

Okay.
(throws back his drink)
But don't come crying to me when
his *individualistic streak* shows up
in the field and fucks us in the
ass.

CUT TO:

53

INT. HEATHROW TERMINAL - DAY

53

Passengers gather at the gate. A loudspeaker announces the
boarding call for the flight to Istanbul.

The GHOST is among the first class travellers. He dials a
CELL PHONE as he moves forward in line. Smiles as he makes
way for a woman in a wheelchair to roll past him...

CLOSE ON THE CELL PHONE SCREEN: "CONNECTING." The Ghost
discreetly drops the cell phone in a trash can as he moves
forward to board the plane...

54

EXT. NORTH LONDON SUBURB - DAY

54

A low angle view of a row of modest brick buildings. A
placard reads: ISRAELI CULTURAL AFFAIRS. In the foreground
a MOTORBIKE with a carrier case is padlocked to the wrought
iron gate outside.

A beat. WE HEAR the muffled sound of a mobile phone ring--

BOOM!! The bike explodes shattering every window on the block! OFF the FIREBALL WE CUT TO:

55

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

55

Mitch stands alone facing a target, head down, eyes closed. He takes a breath... then opens his eyes and lightning fast grabs a Glock 9 from the table, jams in a mag and squeezes off half a dozen rounds.

ON THE TARGET: a perfect grouping...

KENNEDY (O.S.)

When you showed up you could barely load the gun, nevermind hit the target.

He turns to see her. Takes out his ear plugs.

MITCH

So when are you going to put me in the field?

KENNEDY

When Hurley says you're ready.

Mitch shakes his head.

MITCH

Hurley... Hurley's an asshole.

KENNEDY

Yes he is. He's also done more for his country than the next 100 men combined, so watch your mouth.

Beat.

MITCH

What does he expect from me?

KENNEDY

Perfection.

She fixes him with a glacial stare.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I went to great lengths to get you into this program. And I've gone to great lengths to keep you here. All because I saw something in you. Don't prove me wrong... I hate being wrong.

She holds his look for a beat. Her phone rings. She glances at the number and immediately picks up... her face darkens.

56 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

56

An SUV winds up a long drive toward a large Colonial house overlooking the Chesapeake Bay.

Thomas Stansfield sits on his porch, waiting.

The SUV parks. Kennedy gets out and approaches, valise in her hand.

STANSFIELD

Irene.

KENNEDY

Director.

57 INT. STANSFIELD'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

57

She briefs Stansfield in his study, referring to a file:

KENNEDY

...half a kilo of C4 laced with less than a gram of enriched U-235. It was a dirty bomb, but just barely. They could've done a lot more damage if they'd used more and if they'd set it off in a more crowded section of London.

STANSFIELD

Where did they get it?

KENNEDY

Isotopes match the Uranium from Belgrade. Means whoever did this has another 15 kilos at least.

STANSFIELD

(a beat)

This was a demonstration. They're saving the rest for a real nuke.

KENNEDY

I agree. But to build one they need the other components. After the bombing, Mossad pointed us in the direction of a man who just happens to have been assembling them...

Kennedy hands him a file. He opens it to a photo of a middle-aged Pakistani MAN.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
His name is Hamdi Sharif. Four days ago he purchased a Russian-designed beryllium tamper.

Stansfield looks up at her.

STANSFIELD
Then we don't have much time.

KENNEDY
I'm asking for the go-ahead to take him out. It's our best chance to stop this plan before the device goes operational. Interrupt the supply chain.

Stansfield thinks for long beat. He's experienced enough not to order a man's death lightly. Finally...

STANSFIELD
Start putting the op together.

58

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

58

Surveillance photos of a farm house laid out on the hood of a Ford F-150, illuminated by a red tactical light. Passport pictures of a Caucasian female.

INSTRUCTOR
Target is an American defector situated in a defended safe house...

The Instructor briefs the four recruits who wear dark civilian clothes, breath visible in the chill air.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
...your mission is to infiltrate the structure and retire her before she can be exfiled. This is a two-man team exercise. You go in together, you come out together. Fall out.

Teams move out at a fast dog trot, disappear into the night.

59

EXT. TREE LINE - NIGHT

59

Lights burning in the distance. Foliage shifts to reveal Mitch and Victor, sweat steaming off their backs. Metal irrigation piping just to their left.

Survey the area with night vision infrared scopes.

THEIR POV: A man standing by a barn. Another, on the roof. Both uniformed and heavily armed. Special Forces.

Suddenly, movement to the left. The other two RECRUITS are illuminated by big kleigs. A half dozen shooters close on them, firing!

Slugs impact the two, knocking them back. Men swarm over them, dragging them away.

VICTOR

Rubber bullets. Ouch. Hazards of getting sloppy.

(leans back)

You know, I have to admit, I didn't think you'd make it this far.

MITCH

Night's still young.

VICTOR

Yes, it is. So how do you want to do this, partner?

Mitch's eyes are locked on a set of distant headlights moving toward the farm. Checks his watch, then looks up at Victor; offers him a water bottle. Victor reaches over a three-inch irrigation pipe to accept the bottle.

MITCH

I'm thinking I go in alone.

VICTOR

(smiles)

That's funny.

MITCH

No really. I'm going alone.

And then Victor realizes that Mitch has CUFFED his wrist to the pipe. Pulls on it.

VICTOR

What the fuck are you doing, Rapp?

MITCH
See you around. Partner.

Heads towards the farm house. Victor yanks on the cuffs.

VICTOR
Rapp? RAPP! MOTHERFUCKER!

Mitch is... gone.

60 EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 60

The pickup approaches, Instructor at the wheel. He nods to a sentry who waves him through.

He parks outside the farm house and heads inside. A beat.
Mitch slides out of the truck bed and scrambles silently into the shadows....

Makes it to the side of the house. Looks up. Tracking satellite dishes and wires are clustered around a second story window. Climbs.

61 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 61

A uniformed SPEC OPS SOLDIER mans a battery of monitors.

62 EXT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 62

Mitch snaps open his knife, starts to jimmy the window.

63 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 63

Soldier reacts to a flashing alarm, focuses on it. His room! Turns, drawing a side arm. Too late. Mitch is in. Takes the gun away from the man, fast, pivots -- the way Hurley did to him. Soldier crashes down. Before he can yell out, Mitch cold cocks him.

A beat. Mitch looks at the monitors. Multiple images of the farmhouse. The target in the living room. Lots of soldiers. Too many. Mitch checks his watch....

64 EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 64

Alarms blare! Lights kick on. A half dozen soldiers run out, weapons lined. Then lights snap off! All of them.

65 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

65

A half dozen uniformed soldiers push into the darkened hallway -- everything is movement and shadow -- taking up positions. Two run for the living room. A third. Push in.

66 INT. LIVING ROOM - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

66

Soldiers manhandle the target back, guns panning.

SOLDIER #3

Door! Door!

Everyone focuses on it. Then the Soldier who shouted shoots one soldier, then the other. They go down hard, moaning.

Mitch -- in uniform -- lines the weapon on the target.

TARGET

You made your point. You don't have to do this.

MITCH

Okay.

Shoots her in the chest.

TARGET

FUCK!

Lights snap on. Hurley steps into the room, surveys the damage as the target and soldiers sit up.

HURLEY

You failed.

MITCH

Tell that to her.

HURLEY

This was a team exercise. You left a man out there. Go back and get him.

MITCH

He's not part of my team. He's part of yours.

(tosses him the cuff keys)

You go get him.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

How did you know?

They turn to see Kennedy has entered the room.

MITCH

That wound on his neck wasn't made by a bullet. He cut himself with a knife.

(beat)

He wasn't here to be tested. He was here to test us.

Beat. Hurley and Kennedy exchange a look.

HURLEY

You have a debrief in five. Get cleaned up.

Mitch nods, heads out. Kennedy turns to Hurley.

KENNEDY

Training's over.

67 EXT. ISTANBUL - AERIAL - AFTERNOON

67

A place where the ancient meets the modern. Bustling. Crowded. A panoply of cultures whose clash is as old as time.

SUPER: ISTANBUL

68 INT. IMMIGRATION - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

68

Teeming with people. Foreign sounds and smells. Mitch in line -- hands the guard a Canadian passport. It's STAMPED.

69 INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

69

Mitch falls into step with Hurley.

HURLEY

You know what you have to do here, Rapp?

MITCH

No, sir.

HURLEY

Keep your mouth shut, your eyes open. You're back up. Don't get clever.

They pass through doors, to:

70 EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

70

Angle towards a waiting mini-bus, DRIVER standing on the curb.

HURLEY
Say hello to your lead.

Hurley opens the door to reveal Victor, sitting inside.

MITCH
Hey partner.

Victor scowls as they climb in and shut the door.

As the mini-bus drives away, we pull back to a sign in several languages: "WELCOME TO ISTANBUL."

71 I/E. MINI-BUS, DRIVING - DAY

71

As they drive into the city center Mitch and Victor scan Sharif's file -- photos of Sharif, his mansion, cars, a lavish party, uniformed Turkish Generals present:

HURLEY
Target is a Pakistani arms dealer
with ties to the Turkish military.
Means he's protected 24/7.

VICTOR
What about Turkish Intelligence?

HURLEY
They don't like Sharif any more
than we do, but they won't move
openly against their own military.
They're providing non-official
support.
(beat)
We have three days to get it done.

72 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

72

An industrial district. The mini-bus pulls into a garage as a MAN scans the street.

73 INT. LOBBY - INDUSTRIAL SPACE - AFTERNOON

73

A TURKISH MAN in a suit leads Hurley, Mitch, and Victor by a single FEMALE receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
They're expecting you.

She pushes a button. Doors open to reveal an industrial elevator. Once on, it rises.

74

INT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - AFTERNOON

74

The top floor of a vacant industrial loft. Large windows looking out over the city. The place is bare bones, a temporary HQ. Computers, cables, monitors, photos of the target, a house, a street, an office building, etc.

They're greeted by EDIZ, a dapper young Turkish Operative.

EDIZ
Welcome, welcome. Your flight was okay? You want coffee?

HURLEY
American coffee. Please.
(without preamble)
The man at the garage door was standing there for all the world to see. Downstairs, the receptionist greeted us in English. Why not send out announcements?

EDIZ
Very sorry, I will speak to them.

Hurley shakes his head.

HURLEY
Just tell us what surveillance you've got.

ANNIKA (O.S.)
(British educated accent)
We've been in place for a week. I hope that meets your expectations.

They turn and see a startlingly beautiful, exotic looking WOMAN. Raven hair, almond shaped eyes. And like Mitch, something beneath -- sorrow.

HURLEY
Depends on what you've seen and whether you've been made.

ANNIKA

Sharif meets with his personal assistant, Civan Kamil at eight sharp. Goes over the day's business with coffee. Two cups. Black...

INTERCUT WITH IMAGES OF THE SAME:

ANNIKA (CONT'D)

Leaves the house at eight-fifteen. Mercedes S Class with a driver, bullet proof glass, armor plated. Two security in a lead car, Fiat sedan. His personal bodyguard, Antoin Kruger, ex SAS, rides with him. Then there's his military protection-- six men, two SUVs. He's in his office by nine. Lunch everyday at one, cooked by his own chef so poisoning would be difficult. Three days a week, he sees his twenty year old mistress in one of his three mansions. Stays long enough for the Viagra to kick in. Doesn't use a condom. Home to dinner with the wife and kids by seven.

(stares at Hurley)

And if we'd been made, we would've picked it up on the taps we've got on his land-line and cell. Good enough?

Mitch can't help but be somewhat taken.

HURLEY

For now. Mitch, I want you eyes on. Find me something out of the ordinary, something that breaks his pattern.

(re Annika)

Take the tour guide as your date.

75

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

75

A POV from a quarter mile out. Sharif, in his office, wagging his finger at Kamil, yelling unheard insults, throwing a sheath of paper at the younger man, storming out.

A beat and he exits the mansion, with Kruger, Kamil trailing, steps into the waiting Mercedes.

As they pass through the gates, a Fiat slots into lead position. A beat, and two black SUVs, pull out from the street, follow.

Mitch, with Annika, tracks the cars, checks his watch.

ANNIKA
Eight-fifteen.

MITCH
He's heading for his office?

ANNIKA
By nine.

MITCH
Let's make sure.

Climbs in the car. Annika watches, follows, stepping into the driver's side.

76

INT. CAR - MORNING

76

Mitch and Annika tracking the Mercedes, three cars ahead, through bustling second world traffic. It pulls to a stop in front of an office building. SUVs pull up behind. Four MEN - plain clothes military police -- step out, eyes panning. A beat and Kruger steps out of the Benz, scans, then motions Sharif out. Kamil follows. The three enter the building.

Mitch checks his watch: 8:57. Annika parks.

ANNIKA
There's a cafe across the street.
We'll be less conspicuous there.
(turns to him)
We are a couple but remember, this
is Turkey, not America. A
traditional country. You may hold
my hand, nothing more.

MITCH
This isn't my first time doing this
you know.

ANNIKA
Yes it is.

She gets out of the car.

77

INT. CAFE - DAY

77

Mitch and Annika sip coffee in a cafe adjacent to Sharif's building. Without taking his eyes off the building:

MITCH

So... if couples hold hands, what do you do on a first date?

ANNIKA

Nothing.

MITCH

Wow.

She turns to face him.

ANNIKA

Mitch...

He looks over at her, flashes a smile.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)

There will never be anything between us. In the real world, we don't even exist. You understand me?

He wipes the smile off his face. Nods seriously.

MITCH

(in Turkish)

I understand you perfectly.

She looks surprised... and a little impressed.

ANNIKA

Your Turkish is good.

MITCH

So's your English.

ANNIKA

It should be, I'm a British citizen.

(off his look)

My father was studying there when I was born.

Mitch's eyes look over her shoulder. Then he suddenly reaches over and pulls her close, lips to her ear. She pulls back, eyes flaring but he holds her tight. Quiet:

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MITCH
Nine o'clock.

She follows his gaze. Sharif, Kamil, and Kruger just exited the office building, head towards them... past them and towards the waiting Mercedes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(quick, precise)
What's Kamil's relationship to Sharif?

ANNIKA
I told you --

MITCH
How does he feel about him?

ANNIKA
He's scared to death of the man.
Why?

Mitch grabs her hand. In Turkish with subs:

MITCH
Let's go, my love.

Mitch leads her towards Sharif... bumps Kamil as they pass. Kruger glances back as he follows Sharif into the car. The convoy pulls away.

ANNIKA
What was that?

Mitch tracks the Benz, holds up Kamil's smart phone. Beat.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
That was foolish. And lucky.

MITCH
You make your own luck.

78 INT. ISTANBUL SAFE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

78

Hurley studies the smart phone. Victor, to the side, steams.

HURLEY
And who authorized you to make contact?

MITCH
I took the initiative.

VICTOR
 (shakes his head)
 He's a liability. He could have
 been made.

MITCH
 I wasn't.
 (to Hurley)
 11 a.m.. Tomorrow. A meeting at a
 hotel restaurant on Akbiyik street.
 That's the anomaly.

VICTOR
 Until the kid tells his boss he
 lost his god damn phone. Then --

MITCH
 He won't.
 (eyes on Annika)
 He's too afraid of Sharif to let
 him know he screwed up.

Beat. Annika nods. Hurley.... stares at Mitch.

HURLEY
 We go tomorrow.

Victor looks at him.

VICTOR
 What about the military escort?

HURLEY
 I'll handle it.

79 EXT. AKBIYIK STREET - MORNING

79

A park. Children in swings, mothers watching them play under
 the shadow of Hagia Sophia's twin spires. Mitch and Annika
 sit on a bench, watching the children.

MITCH
 Life is simple at that age.

ANNIKA
 Not always.

Mitch glances at her.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
 Stop thinking about what comes
 next... You don't want to lose
 your nerve.

MITCH

I won't.

ANNIKA

To kill a man is not such an easy thing.

Mitch looks at her.

MITCH

It shouldn't be.

Annika see the purpose on his face. Calm. Deadly.

To his left, the Fiat and the Mercedes pull up to a restaurant across the street. SUVs glide to a stop. Officers get out. Kruger exits the Benz, pans the area, signals Sharif to follow. As they enter the hotel:

MITCH (CONT'D)

(into his mic)

Survey Two. Target is on site.

80 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

80

An Action Team on station. Full tactical mode -- grids of Istanbul on monitors, NSA Keyhole miltat images of Akbiyik street, Turkish police and military traffic tracked, radio signals hacked. Kennedy in the middle of it all.

CIA OFFICER

(aside to Kennedy)

Military security is still there.

KENNEDY

(eyes on a clock -- local
time Istanbul)

Wait.

81 EXT. CELIK'S BUILDING - DAY

81

A stone and stucco luxury building, deep balconies with wrought iron railings, etc.

82 INT. STUDY - DAY

82

GENERAL MAHIR CELIK, fifties, wearing a tailored military uniform -- one of the Generals we saw in the photos of Sharif's mansion party -- enters, closing the door behind. Walks towards a big mahogany desk, passing a leather sofa, a matching chair, another. Freezes.

Hurley sits on the second chair, eyes on Celik. A snake staring down its prey. Celik slows.

GENERAL CELIK

Whatever it is you want, you need to understand that you are a dead man. My men --

HURLEY

Which ones? The four plain clothes on the street, the spotter-sniper team on the opposite roof or the one posing as a maintenance man in the lobby?

Celik... stares. Who the hell is this guy? Focuses.

GENERAL CELIK

It appears you have me at a disadvantage, sir.

Quick, reaches under the table, comes up with a hidden .45. PULLS the trigger. CLICK.

Hurley holds up a clip.

HURLEY

I do.

A beat. Celik sweats.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

You have a security detail on Hamdi Sharif. I think you should give them the day off.

A staring contest. Celik loses. He looks down at the phone on his desk... reaches for it.

83 EXT. AKBIYIK STREET - DAY

83

Mitch and Annika watch as the LEAD MILITARY OFFICER answers his cell... straightens, a reflex. Then shouts an order. All pile into the SUVs. A moment later, they're gone.

84 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

84

Satellite feed shows the SUVs speeding away.

CIA TECH

(surprised)

Military escort is pulling out...

Kennedy suppresses a smile and speaks into her headset.

KENNEDY

Lead, you are go for final green.

85 EXT. AKBIYIK STREET - MORNING

85

Only Mitch's eyes track Victor as he steps out of a car. The briefest eye contact and Victor is angling for the restaurant.

Mitch stands, starts for the restaurant.

ANNIKA

It's been good working with you.

He pauses, eyes on her.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)

Be careful.

A moment between them.... He nods, heads across the street, twenty paces behind Victor who's just entered the restaurant.

86 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

86

Mitch steps in, eyes panning -- Sharif at a table, seated across from another MAN. Kruger standing behind Sharif. Victor heads for the table, hand close to his vest.

In the mirror behind Sharif, his breakfast GUEST catches sight of Victor approaching...

The GUEST stands abruptly and angles towards Victor. We see his face -- The Ghost. Passes by Victor... keeps walking.

Victor stumbles just a little. Turns to track The Ghost, genuinely confused. We see blood pluming on his chest. He falls. A WOMAN screams!

Mitch looks from Victor to the Ghost... who now holds Victor's gun. They lock eyes for a brief moment before a passing waiter obscures them...

Mitch draws his gun and moves to cut off the exit.

The Ghost changes direction, removing the SUPPRESSOR from the pistol as he goes...

BAM! BAM! The Ghost shoots the Waiter-- he crashes to the floor. Screams erupt. The Ghost shoots another civilian.

Chaos. Patrons panic, leap to their feet, blocking Mitch's line of sight.

Mitch pushes through the streaming mass of restaurant patrons. Head swivels. The Ghost is gone. Sharif and Kruger have disappeared.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
Status?

87 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

87

Room heard the shots, the screams. PAN across their faces--

KENNEDY
Survey Two. I need your status,
now. Right now! Target?

MITCH (V.O.)
Survey Two. Target is gone.

KENNEDY
Lead?

88 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

88

Mitch eyes move to Victor, arterial blood pooling around him.

MITCH
Dead.

89 INT. CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

89

Hurley at the wheel, hears the call. Keys his microphone, cutting in:

HURLEY
Control. Survey Two, exfil to
secure location Bravo Delta.
Confirm?

90 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

90

Mitch's eyes swing to the front doors. The Mercedes and the Fiat are gone. A long beat. It's now or never.

HURLEY (V.O.)
Survey Two. Confirm?

Mitch moves... for the back doors.

91 INT. CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY 91

Hurley reacts to the static. Knows.

HURLEY

Shit.

Pulls a hard U-turn in traffic, burning rubber. Downshifts and floors it.

92 INT. KITCHEN - HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY 92

Restaurant EMPLOYEES pull back as Mitch pushes through. Back doors loom. He kicks them open, steps into:

93 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 93

The Mercedes pulling away, the Fiat close behind. Mitch sprints after...

94 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT 94

A figure, seen on monitors, exiting the hotel, glancing up... disappearing under awnings. Kennedy swings to a CIA Tech.

KENNEDY

Who is that? Track him! Do not lose that man!

CIA Tech bangs at a keyboard. Multiple images of the street. The area where he should be. The Ghost is...

CIA TECH

Gone. He's just gone.

EXT. AKBIYIK STREET - DAY

Heavy traffic. The Mercedes and Fiat speeding off. Mitch clocks a motorcycle COURIER gliding to a stop, stepping off the bike, pulling the keys out.

Suddenly Mitch is close to him, one hand held out, for the keys.

MITCH

(Turkish)

I need your bike.

COURIER

What are you --

Freezes. Looks down. Sees the gun in Mitch's hand, pressed against his chest... releases the keys.

Mitch steps on the bike, slides the key in. Engine roars to life and he accelerates after the Mercedes.

Annika sees it, angles for her car.

A beat. Hurley pulls up, gets out of his vehicle.

95 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

95

On multiple monitors: The street. Hurley. Police cars converging on the area from multiple angles. Sharif's Mercedes. Mitch on the motorcycle.

KENNEDY

What the hell is he doing?

96 EXT. AKBIYIK STREET - DAY

96

Scanning the area, taking in the street, the half dozen police cars speeding towards the scene, the variables. All of them.

HURLEY

What did you expect? I'm shutting this operation down. We're getting out.

Climbs back in his car and speeds away.

97 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

97

Kennedy turns from screens to a Tech:

KENNEDY

Get our Turkish assets on the line. See if they can bring him in before this gets worse.

98 EXT. ISTANBUL STREETS - DAY

98

Mitch pushes through traffic, slicing between cars. Fast. Too fast. Catches a truck mirror in the shoulder. It flies off. Sees the Fiat a quarter mile up, turning. Angles the bike to the left, knee inches from asphalt, rights it, blows down the alley... clocks the Mercedes ahead.

99 INT. MERCEDES - DAY 99

Kruger, with Sharif, clocks Mitch, gives an order in Turkish into his mic as he pulls a cut down silencer-equipped AR15 from under the seat.

100 EXT. ISTANBUL STREETS - DAY 100

Mitch rounds the corner, hard, sliding into traffic, between cars. SNAP! SNAPSNAPOSNAP! Automatic fire tears by his head, digging into parked cars. One look back and he sees the Fiat, one of Sharif's men leaning out, firing. Mitch pops the curb, driving down the sidewalk. Fiat follows leaving a fucking mess in its wake.

Turns a corner, Fiat a beat behind. Glances back again, accelerating...

SMASH!!! Mitch's BIKE SLAMS into a crossing car! Mitch is catapulted over the hood, airborne...

At the last second he tucks and rolls before impacting the ground.

ON THE FIAT as it slides around the corner-- driver stands on the brakes and swerves to miss the bike/car collision. Sparks fly as the FIAT sideswipes a parked car and smashes to a halt.

A BEAT as everything comes to a smoking standstill...

101 EXT. FIAT - DAY 101

The bodyguard in the passenger seat is out cold. The DRIVER is semi-conscious. His eyes flutter open and he peers up through the cracked windshield and sees...

MITCH approaching. He's limping, gun out...

Mitch cracks the driver's head with his gun, then pulls him out of the Fiat. Gets in, floors it, gears grinding. As it speeds away, the passenger door opens and the second guard tumbles into the street.

102 INT. MANSION - NIGHT 102

Shaking hands pour a big Bourbon. Pull back to Sharif, gulping it down. His twenty year-old MISTRESS stands to the side. Kruger's at the window, looking out.

SHARIF

Where the hell were the Turks!?
What do they think I pay them for!?

Kruger shakes his head.

SHARIF (CONT'D)

Have the plane readied. We're
getting out.

Kruger hesitates, exits. We stay on the window where we
catch a glimpse of Mitch, coming over the wall.

103 INT. MANSION - VARIOUS - NIGHT

103

A lock wiggles, pops. Mitch pushes into the laundry. Moves
through. Pantry. Kitchen.... Foyer. A grand staircase.
Heads up. Long corridor. Ahead, a door to the master
suite.... Slowly pushes it open.

104 INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

104

Empty. Big bed. Desk. Laptop. Sound of a shower... turned
off. Beat. Sharif appears, towel around his waist, freezes.

Mitch is lining his weapon. Pulls the trigger!

Same instant, the Mistress DIVES into frame, clawing at
Mitch's face.

Shot goes wide, clipping Sharif's neck. Blood spurts. He
SCREAMS!

Mitch elbows the Mistress-- then Sharif is on him, driving
him into a full length mirror. Shards fly. Blood everywhere.
Gun slides out of his hand, discharging on impact, hitting
the Mistress square in the chest. She drops, gurgling blood.

Mitch throws Sharif off, reaches for the gun. Door's kicked
open by Kruger. Mitch lunges for him, wrapping him up,
driving him into the wall. Slugs from Kruger's AR-15 riddle
the ceiling, burning Mitch's face, till it fires dry.

Kruger swings the empty gun at Mitch's head but he steps
inside. What follows is a close quarters battle between two
highly trained fighters who refuse to yield. Both know the
consequences of failure and it's not pretty. Exchanges are
fast and brutal.

Kruger draws a knife, attacks, slicing Mitch's arm, forcing
him back.

He grabs a silver service tray from the night stand, uses it to deflect the blade -- jams Kruger's arm against the wall, hits the edge over and over with an open palm.

Tendons tear and the knife falls. Kruger spins, elbow impacting Mitch, sending him reeling back. Kruger's on him now. They roll. Kruger slides behind Mitch, starts to choke him. Mitch reaches back, gouging at the man's eyes... headbutts him. Kruger's nose explodes -- blood and snot flow, tears obscure vision.

Mitch pulls away, angles for the gun, trips on Sharif, falls. Kruger's on him, choking him from the front now, draining the life out of him.

Mitch's hand finds a shard of mirror... DRIVES it into Kruger's neck. Again. Again. Blood spurts.... The man's grip relaxes as he slides off Mitch.

Mitch stares at Kruger's still twitching body, shifts to the Mistress, lying in a pool of blood, to Sharif who is crawling towards the door, blood pulsing weakly from his wound.

He reaches for the gun.

On Sharif. The Pakistani senses a presence, turns, looks up at Mitch who looms over him, burned, covered in blood, with the gun in his hand.

Sharif opens his mouth to speak. Whatever words he might have uttered are drowned out by the BLAST of Mitch's gun.

Mitch stares at the body, at Kruger... at the Mistress. A long beat.... The sound of a siren and he snaps back into operational mode, moves to the desk, grabs the laptop, exits the suite.

105 EXT. EASTERN EUROPEAN STREET - NIGHT

105

Brick lined streets and old stone. Middle European architecture. A statue in a square.

SUPER: **CIA SAFE HOUSE, Sofia, Bulgaria**

106 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - BULGARIA SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

106

Mitch, cleaned up, new clothes, bruises visible on his face and neck, sits on one side of a metal table. Hurley and Kennedy sit across from him.

KENNEDY

After your lead was killed, you were directed to exfil to location Bravo Delta. You received this order?

MITCH

Yes.

KENNEDY

But you instead continued your pursuit of the target.

MITCH

I had a mission.

HURLEY

Your mission was to obey your orders.

MITCH

(turns to Hurley)

My mission was to kill the target.

107 INT. BULGARIA SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

107

From the other side of a two-way mirror, Annika and the local Station Chief watch the debrief...

108 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

108

Kennedy stares at Mitch for a beat.

KENNEDY

And how did you feel after it was done?

MITCH

He was an enemy combatant who was facilitating the murder of innocent people --

KENNEDY

We're not talking about him, we're talking about you.

MITCH

I'm fine.

A beat.

HURLEY
How did you do him?

MITCH
A gun.

HURLEY
And the others?

MITCH
A piece of glass for the bodyguard.
The woman was an accident.

HURLEY
You get the shakes yet?
(Mitch doesn't answer)
Lotta guys get the shakes, cold
sweats, nightmares... some even puke.
Everybody feels something after
that first kill.

Mitch holds out his hand. Rock steady.

MITCH
How about feeling at peace?

109 INT. BULGARIA SAFE HOUSE - LATER

109

Kennedy and Hurley enter a secure room. Shut the door.

KENNEDY
You were right, Uncle Stan; Rapp's
a loose cannon. I should've
listened to you. He's out.

Hurley looks at her, eyebrow raised, just a bit. She stares
back, giving him exactly zero satisfaction...

HURLEY
Take a look at this...

Hurley taps his access code into a work station and brings up
an aerial surveillance photo of the street in Istanbul -- the
Ghost exiting the hotel.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Height and build match our friend
from Belgrade... and I've got an
idea who he is...

She knows where he's going.

KENNEDY

Don't get side-tracked Stan. The Ghost has been off the grid for years--

HURLEY

Tell me you aren't thinking the same thing.

KENNEDY

Even if you're right, it doesn't matter. They completed their transaction before we got to him; that man has what he needs to build a nuke.

HURLEY

And we've got dick.

KENNEDY

We have one lead.

(beat)

We found evidence of a two million dollar transfer to a Cyprus bank on the computer Rapp lifted from Sharif's home.

HURLEY

(puzzling it out)

They already have the components: radiologicals, tamper, trigger...

KENNEDY

And now they need a physicist to assemble them.

A look between them.

HURLEY

And he has to be paid in cash 'cause he doesn't trust the fuckers. I don't blame him.

(grins)

We'll take him when he shows up to collect.

Kennedy and Hurley both rise.

KENNEDY

Anything you want for this Stan, say the word.

HURLEY

I want Rapp back in.

A beat.

KENNEDY
After this?

Hurley nods but offers no further explanation.

HURLEY
I'll take the Turkish girl, too.
(off Kennedy's look)
I don't trust her. I'd rather keep
her close.

110 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - AERIAL - DAY 110

Establishing: We're racing over blue water. White sand beaches ahead, then whitewashed homes, Greek architecture. Countryside. Beautiful, bucolic. Cattle and horses. A city looms. Church domes, minarets.

SUPER: **Cyprus**

A world unto itself, where east meets west and Greek Orthodox Christianity pushes up against Sunni Islam; Turkish Cypriots on one side, Greeks on the other, with the United Nations' "Green Line" in between.

111 EXT. TERMINAL - NICOSIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 111

Mitch clears customs, heads down the long walkway. Hurley falls into step. Barely looks at him.

HURLEY
You went AWOL in Istanbul. Do it
again, nobody's coming for you.

AS THEY CLEAR FRAME REVEAL a MAN following behind them: lean and rangy, nose broken many times over. Raises a cell phone.

112 EXT. TAXI STAND - DAY 112

Mitch and Hurley meet up with Annika in line.

MITCH
We have a tail.

Hurley grunts.

ANNIKA
We have four. Hired muscle. Turkish Cypriots. Black sedan.

She's looking the other way, covering their backs, eyes on the black sedan -- parked a dozen yards away on an airport-only access road, deep in the terminal's shadow. Three men arrayed around it.

MITCH

Take one and squeeze him?

HURLEY

(glances at them in a reflection)

They're messenger boys. They won't give us anything we don't know.

MITCH

What then?

HURLEY

I talk to them.

MITCH

What--?

Hurley's already striding towards the car and the men.

HURLEY

(arms extended, loud)

Any of you boys know where a rich American can get some fine pussy around here?

Men react. What the fuck? And then Hurley's close. Too close. Drives his palm into one's nose. Before the man hits the ground, a second has caught a fist to the throat. Third tries to pull a knife. Mistake. Goes down screaming with a broken elbow.

Hurley reaches into the car, grabs the driver's head, DRIVES it into the steering wheel. Comes back bloody. Pulls the keys, turns, walks back towards the waiting cab.

Didn't take seven seconds. No one even noticed.

Mitch stares as Hurley walks by him, climbs into the cab.

Mitch, with sunglasses and a short sleeve shirt, Hurley, with reading glasses, scanning a TABLET, sit across from each other over coffee. Mitch keeps one eye on the building across the street-- whitewashed, five stories, reinforced doors: a private bank.

ON HURLEY'S TABLET: reports on various terror attacks, each one with a list of suspects that includes a fuzzy surveillance image titled: "UNKNOWN MALE."

Mitch uses the curved reflection on a brass coffee pot on the table to try to catch a glimpse of what Hurley is reading:

MITCH

You gonna let me in on the full picture here?

HURLEY

Sure. There are some bad guys planning a bad thing and it's our job to stop them.

Mitch looks at him.

MITCH

You're still testing me.

Without taking his eyes off the Tablet.

HURLEY

You think because you killed a man, you somehow earned my respect? Any asshole can pull a trigger.

Mitch stares back out across the street, blood starting to boil just a little.

MITCH

So what kind of asshole does that make you?

Still reading; hint of a smile:

HURLEY

Am I starting to get under your skin, Mitch? 'Cause I do that.

114 INT. OFFICE - PRIVATE BANK - DAY

114

A Turkish Cypriot BANKER types on a computer across from Annika -- hair up, elegant low cut dress, heels -- stunning. Her purse is on the table, directly over the computer case. Her key chain is to the left, with an angle on his keyboard. In Turkish with subs:

BANKER

I have opened a numbered account for you, Ms. Demir. When will you be transferring the funds?

ANNIKA
As soon as I get home. Thank you.

Stands. As does the banker.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
May I use your restroom?

115 INT. WOMAN'S ROOM - PRIVATE BANK - DAY

115

Annika locks the door -- places a netbook on the counter, then the keys and a small box -- jacks the box into the computer's HDMI port.

Screen animates, fast. The bank logo appears -- she cloned the Banker's hard drive.

A password prompt appears. She pulls a data stick embedded in a key, jacks it into another port.

Passwords appear, automatically typed out, letter by letter -- she recorded the Banker's keystrokes.

She types: "Sharif, Hamdi." Account data scrolls.

116 I/E. CAFE - DAY

116

Mitch leans into Hurley just a bit.

MITCH
 Whatever problem you have with me?
 It's your problem.

Hurley's eyes come up. Studies Mitch, interested, contemplative even.

HURLEY
 What is it you think we do for a living?

Mitch waits for a server to move past.

MITCH
 We kill people who need to be killed.

Hurley stares at him.

HURLEY
 (abrupt)
 Seventeen.
 (MORE)

HURLEY (CONT'D)

That's how many men and women, just like Sharif, I've retired. And I never took pleasure in a single one. We kill because we have to. Once you start to like it, once you start getting off on the power, once you let it get personal, you stop being a professional.
(eyes squarely on Mitch)
And if you're not a professional, what are you?

Glances up at Annika, who is approaching from the bank across the street.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Tell me something I want to hear, darlin'.

Annika sits between them. Mitch glances at her.

ANNIKA

We're in their system. When that transfer from Sharif's account is picked up, we'll know it.

HURLEY

Amazing.

ANNIKA

What's that?

HURLEY

(eyes on Mitch)
What a nice set of tits and a smile can do.
(rises, to both)
Call me when you get a hit.

MITCH

What are you going to do?

Hurley's already walking away. A beat.

ANNIKA

(dry)
Your superior has a lovely way about him.

MITCH

...Yeah.

117

INT. GARAGE - DAY

117

Cavernous and poorly lit. A 12 by 12 foot tented "clean room" in the center. A two-foot cylinder is the shell of the bomb. Lead-lined cases with the enriched Uranium, tamper, bomb parts, etc. are laid out on a table.

The Ghost holds the plastic sheeting aside to show Hemmadi.

HEMMADI

How many dead?

THE GHOST

In the initial blast? Tens of thousands, maybe more. Depends.

HEMMADI

And afterwards?

THE GHOST

The city will be uninhabitable for generations.

A long beat. Hemmadi smiles.

HEMMADI

This will be a great victory for our Cause.

THE GHOST

Yours, perhaps.

Hemmadi looks at him.

HEMMADI

Ibrahim.... That is a Sunni name, is it not?

The Ghost's eyes flick to Hemmadi's ever present Bodyguard.

THE GHOST

I told you. Don't use that name.

HEMMADI

...Do you practice Salah, brother?

The Ghost doesn't answer.

HEMMADI (CONT'D)

You may have forsaken God, but he has not forsaken you. What you do, you do for Him.

THE GHOST

What I do, I do for my own reasons.
And your money. Seven million
dollars, Minister. Unless anybody
still has doubts?

A long beat. Hemmadi nods, raises his cell phone. In Farsi:

HEMMADI

Go ahead. Transfer the money.

Hangs up.

HEMMADI (CONT'D)

When will it be done?

THE GHOST

It takes some time to configure the
weapon. Transport leaves in two
days. Another for delivery.

HEMMADI

I will pray for our success. And
for you.

Hemmadi exits, Bodyguard trailing. We go with Hemmadi, up
concrete stairs, by naked rebar, into a lobby -- chipped
paint, cracked tiles -- onto a street.

118 EXT. STREET - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

118

A Turkish Cypriot slum -- decaying apartments, piles of
garbage, street vendors, poor people. He steps into one of
two waiting SUVs. They speed away.

119 I/E. CAFE - EVENING

119

TIME PASSES as Mitch and Annika sit, waiting, patiently
watching men and women come and go from the bank.

Annika has a bluetooth earpiece on. Suddenly turns to Mitch.

ANNIKA

Cash withdrawal from Sharif's
account. Two million, U.S..

Mitch looks to the bank entrance. Scanning the traffic in
and out. He keys in on a man, fifties, balding, who exits
with a heavy bag in his right hand.

Mitch raises his smart phone. SNAPS a photo.

120 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 120

Hurley stares at a laptop screen. On it, the photo of the mark. Biometric scan running. Details -- name -- BORYS BARTOSH -- CIA history, etc. -- "Ukrainian national" "Nuclear physicist" -- scroll. He dials his phone. Without preamble:

HURLEY
Stay on him.

Hangs up.

121 EXT. STREET - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - EVENING 121

Mitch, eyes on Bartosh, who's heading for a waiting cab, lowers the phone. Looks at Annika, across the street. She angles for a parked sedan. A beat and Mitch heads for it.

122 EXT. GREEN LINE - NIGHT 122

The U.N.-controlled line dividing the island between Turks and Greeks. Idling cars and trucks. Green barriers. A sign, in multiple languages reading: "Leaving The Republic of Cyprus." United Nations SOLDIERS checking identification as dogs sniff for drugs and explosives. A few cars are pulled over, trunks popped, seats pulled out.

Bartosh's cab. One lane over, two cars back, Mitch's sedan.

123 INT./EXT. SEDAN - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - NIGHT 123

Mitch, at the wheel, Annika, next to him. A couple. He offers a UN SOLDIER Dutch passports. They're scanned and the Sedan is waved on.

Mitch pulls forward, following Bartosh's cab. Passes under a sign, again in multiple languages, reading: "Welcome to the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus."

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

An illuminated sign -- Denizkhizi Hotel. Posh, expensive, the kind with liveried doormen.

Pull back to Mitch, standing in shadow. Annika approaches.

ANNIKA
He's in 448.

Mitch's eyes take in the fourth floor.

MITCH
So we wait, follow him when he
moves.

ANNIKA
Yes. But not out here.

Off his look, she holds up a keycard -- 449.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
I got the suite next door.

She holds out her hand.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
We are a couple.

A beat. He takes it in his.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
That means you should smile.

124 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DENIZKHIZI HOTEL- NIGHT 124

Mitch and Annika pass by room 448. Unlock 449. Enter.

125 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - DENIZKHIZI HOTEL - NIGHT 125

Annika places the "Do not disturb sign on the door," locks
it.

Mitch goes to the window, checking the street. Dials his
phone. Answered immediately.

HURLEY (V.O.)
Code in.

MITCH
Victor-Charlie one-one-oh-nine.

126 INT. HOTEL ROOM - OTHER - NIGHT 126

Hurley stands by the window, looking out at the city.

HURLEY
Confirmed.

MITCH (V.O.)
Denizkhizi Hotel, suite 448. We
have the room next door.

HURLEY
I want to know if he moves.

Hangs up.

127 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - DENIZKHIZI HOTEL - NIGHT 127

Mitch lowers the phone, looks at Annika who's prying an electrical outlet off the wall with a knife. She slides a flexible wire -- pinhole camera on the tip, other end jacked into her netbook -- into the wall.

MITCH
You like this work, don't you?

ANNIKA
It's not a question of like or dislike. It's what I know.

She runs into a wall stud. Again...

Mitch puts his hand over hers. Gently guides it. Light blurs the netbook screen... then Bartosh's room comes into focus in extreme wide angle.

Bartosh sits on his bed. Shakes out a handful of pills.

MITCH
What is that he's taking?

Annika hits a key and the image is enlarged. She adjusts focus until the label of the bottle is visible.

ANNIKA
Sleeping pills.

Bartosh washes them down with about a fifth of vodka. Falls back onto his bed.

MITCH
With a vodka chaser... that pretty much does it for this show for the next 12 hours.

He glances over at Annika and finds she isn't looking at the netbook. She's looking at him.

ANNIKA
So what are we going to do while we wait?

She's staring at him boldly. A challenge. An invitation. He doesn't back down from it.

She leans forward, kissing him. He responds...

After a beat they separate, catch their breath.

MITCH

This is probably a bad idea.

ANNIKA

Probably.

She kisses him again. Hard this time. It's passionate. Real. She pulls away. Stands. He watches her walk away from him, through the open doorway to the bedroom....

Her back to him, she unclasps her dress. It falls away revealing her body-- long legs, perfectly smooth, caramel skin.

Mitch walks up behind her. He places his hand on her bare waist. She shivers at the touch. He slowly moves it around to cover her belly. She clamps her hand over his... and moves it down...

WIDE SHOT - THE MONITOR IN THE FOREGROUND shows the video of the sleeping Physicist in the room next door. Through the doorway we see Annika turn to Mitch and the two of them grope at one another as they fall to the bed...

128 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

128

A delivery van pulls up.

Doors swing open. Three hard TURKISH CYPRIOTS exit silently. One of them holds the door for their leader as he gets out... THE GHOST.

129 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

129

Annika and Mitch lie tangled, post-coital.

MITCH

Thought you said there'd never be anything between us.

ANNIKA

Who said there is?

She smiles and sits up, wrapping the sheet around herself.

130 EXT. HOTEL - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

130

The Ghost and his men walk down a side alley. Rap on a door.
It opens. A hotel SECURITY GUARD is waiting for them. A handshake. The Security Guard nods respectfully to the Ghost and hands over a HOTEL KEY.

131 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

131

Annika strokes his bare arm. Softly:

ANNIKA

I know about you Mitch... about
your parents.

He sits up, immediately guarded.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)

I am a spy, remember.

(beat)

Is that why you're here? For
revenge?

A long pause. Mitch weighs his response.

MITCH

Not revenge. Retribution.

She looks at him quizzically.

ANNIKA

What do you mean?

MITCH

Revenge is personal. Retribution
is about more than just me.

(looks into her eyes)

I want everybody who ever committed
or wants to commit an act of terror
to pay a price. I want them to
suffer the pain and agony they have
caused in equal measure... I want
to balance the scales.

She holds his gaze, seeing a glimpse of how driven he is.

132 INT. STAIRWELL - HOTEL - NIGHT

132

The Ghost and company moving up, silent, all business.
Third floor.... Fourth... Pushing into:

133 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT 133

Passing by room numbers... 445, 446... 447... 448.

The Ghost slides the card key in 448. Light flashes green, he opens the door...

134 INT. BARTOSH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 134

The Ghost freezes in the doorway. The room is empty.

135 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME 135

ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN -- unattended.

In the background, Annika rises from the bed and crosses to the bathroom. The surveillance camera shows The Ghost's team advancing into the room next door--

136 INT. BARTOSH'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME 136

The Ghost pans. Others exchange looks. Where's Bartosh?

Turkish with subs:

THE GHOST
Check thoroughly.

His men push past, searching every inch of the suite -- closets, bathroom, etc. The Ghost stays put, eyes roving around the room-- window, A/C vents, etc.

Eventually his eyes note a small detail: a CABLE TV CONNECTION above an electrical outlet...

He moves closer to inspect it... pulls gently on the cable. Recognizes the PINHOLE CAMERA and trailing cable. Looks at the wall to the adjoining room--

137 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 137

Mitch suddenly HEARS the CLICK of a doorknob turning. Instantly alert, he slips out of the bed and moves into the darkened main room to check the netbook screen--

Bartosh's room is empty.

Mitch snaps into operational mode -- reaches for his weapon. As he swings around, one of the Ghost's men is already inside the suite coming toward him!

Mitch moves to raise the gun but a second MAN blindsides him and drives him into the wall. Gun is torn from his hand.

Mitch headbutts one -- blood spatters. The two others tackle him. An elbow to one man's chest breaks ribs, a knee to the crotch sends him to his knees.

CRACK! Third man brings the stock of his weapon onto Mitch's head, driving him to his knees. Mitch freezes. Gun is pressed against his head now. Slowly raises his hands, interlocks them behind his head.

Sees Annika exiting the bathroom. She's grabbed, forced to her knees next to him.

The GHOST hangs back as one of his men, a TURK, steps in front of Mitch. The Ghost nods for him to commence:

TURK
(to Mitch)
Where is he?

MITCH
I don't know who you're --

The Turk SLUGS Mitch in the face. Hard.

TURK
Where is the Ukranian?

MITCH
I told you. I don't --

WHACK! The fist impacts Mitch's head again.

The Turk looks to the GHOST.

THE GHOST
(Turkish, with subs)
*Take his eyes first, then his cock.
It'll give him something to chew on
while we question the girl.*

Third man, big, powerful, no neck, SEIZES Mitch's head, holds it in a vise-like grip as another pulls an ugly-looking switchblade. He moves towards Mitch.

But Mitch is focused on The Ghost -- hanging back, in shadows, by the door. Eyes lock.

Blade obscures Mitch's vision, closing on his right eye.

Annika, staring, shakes her head.

THWACK! A single high velocity round cuts a hole through the window! Man with the knife is blown back, good size chunk of his head rendered mist.

Mitch MOVES! Grabs the man behind him and flips him over!

Turk in front of Annika tries to line his weapon on Mitch. She grabs the hand. Weapon discharges, blowing a hole in the ceiling. He turns on her--

Mitch angles for the door but the Ghost is gone. The Turk he just flipped tackles him. Both men crash into the bathroom.

Annika's slammed against the wall. Slides down as the Turk lifts his gun toward her. She tries to push it away -- a losing proposition. Her free hand fumbles for the dead man's knife.

138 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

138

Mitch is thrown bodily into the shower. Glass rains, a shard slicing his chest. Blocks a vicious right. Blows exchanged. Fast, hard, punishing. A close quarters fight in a confined space. Mitch pivots. The man's hand slams into tile. Bones break. Mitch grabs his head, DRIVES it into a wall. The man drives his elbow into Mitch's ribs. Something inside tears.

139 INT. MITCH'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

139

The Turk almost has the gun on her head when Annika's hand grasps the knife. She DRIVES it into the Turk's thigh!

140 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

140

Mitch is driven into the wall. Drywall cracks. He drops, low, punching the big man in the crotch. Man doubles over. Mitch grabs his head, DRIVES it into the sink. Porcelain shatters. Water gushes out, as the man slumps down.

He turns. Annika, blood on her shirt, at the door. He pushes by her, grabs a weapon, heads into the hallway.

141 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

141

Mitch pans. Door to 448 is open. They enter...

142 INT. BARTOSH'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME 142

Empty. They exchange looks. What the hell? Mitch's eyes move to the window, staring out, mind going a mile a minute, trying to put the pieces together.

Sirens close in the distance. Mitch ejects the clip, clears the chamber, tosses the gun away, and they're moving.

143 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME 143

Bellboy, attendants, hotel patrons, stare as Mitch and Annika, bloodied, walk fast through the lobby.

144 EXT. HOTEL - DAWN 144

Police cars visible, closing fast. They turn away, quick. Walk to the corner, turn.

Another police car, heading towards them.

A beat-up TAXI screeches to a stop. Passenger door swings open.

Hurley looks out at them from the driver's side.

Mitch and Hurley's eyes meet.

HURLEY
Meter's running. Get in.

145 INT. HURLEY'S CAR - TRAVELLING - MORNING 145

Hurley makes a hard right, barrels through an intersection, another right, checks his six, slows... blends in to traffic.

Annika's in the back. Mitch sits in the passenger side, staring straight ahead, smoldering and silent.

In front of them, the Green Line looms.

146 EXT. STREETS - DAY 146

Turkish language signs have been replaced by Greek -- we're on the southern/Greek side of the island now. Hurley makes a hard right into a warren of alleys. A building looms. Hurley turns into a courtyard garage-- stone walls of the building all around, shielded from the street. Security gates close behind.

147

EXT. COURTYARD GARAGE - DAY

147

Hurley parks. The three get out, dried blood caking Mitch and Annika. She stares at Hurley for a beat. He stares back, walks to a door, looks directly at a surveillance camera set above the door.

HURLEY

Colton Porter. Billings Group,
Montana.

VOICE

Hold, please.

Long beat. Door unlocks. Hurley pushes it open. It's then we realize it's made of two inch steel and this is a CIA safe house. Stairs lead up.

Annika leaves the two of them and goes inside.

Hurley watches her go, then turns to the car and pops the trunk. Inside, mouth duct taped, hands and feet bound, is Borys Bartosh.

HURLEY

Hello again, Borys. I have
questions. You have answers.
Let's share, shall we?

TEARS the tape off. Bartosh opens his mouth. Gasps for air.

BARTOSH

Please, I can't breathe--

Hurley slaps him.

HURLEY

I didn't ask the question yet. Who
hired you?

Bartosh hesitates, breathing hard. Hurley slaps him again.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

That was the question, Borys.

BARTOSH

(accented English)
I don't know.

HURLEY

You don't know? Fine. You don't
need to breathe.

Hurley shoves the tape back over his mouth. Over Bartosh's muffled protests Hurley slams the trunk.

Turns calmly back to Mitch who is putting it all together.

MITCH

You knew they'd come for him. So you grabbed him first.

HURLEY

I had a hunch. Yeah.

MITCH

We could've been killed. Why didn't you tell us?

HURLEY

You were otherwise occupied.

The blood rises in Mitch's face.

MITCH

The guy was out of it; we only took our eyes off him for an hour...

HURLEY

Lot can happen in an hour.

MITCH

I made a mistake.

HURLEY

You think that was an accident?

MITCH

What're you saying?

HURLEY

You're either the player or you're the one getting played, lover boy.

Hurley opens the trunk once more.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Still don't know anything Borys?

Barthosh tries to speak, head shaking, scared. Hurley lifts a can of gasoline from the trunk and douses him, splashing the fuel on his face, in his eyes.... Barthosh thrashes like a fish. Hurley simply slams the trunk shut again.

Mitch is watching him.

MITCH

Who was the man in the hotel suite?

Hurley stares back at Mitch. Weighs what to tell him.

HURLEY

People call him the Ghost because he just... disappears. He's worked for the Syrians, Iranians, Hezbollah. They know him as Adem Ibrahim.

Mitch senses something...

MITCH

Who is he to you?

HURLEY

A miscalculation.

(shakes his head)

He was one of the best recruits I ever had. Always knew he'd be good at killing. Just didn't realize that he'd enjoy it so much... by the time I figured out what he really was, it was too late. I couldn't control him.

Hurley looks at Mitch for a beat... then turns away. Hurley puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it. Pops the trunk.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

You a smoker, Borys? It's a nasty habit. Very bad for your health...

He rips the duct tape off Borys's mouth and shoves the lit cigarette into it. Borys's eyes go wide as he sputters and struggles to keep the glowing tip away from his gasoline soaked face.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(amused with himself)

Last cigarette.

Borys is huffing and puffing in panic, which only makes the cigarette burn faster...

BARTOSH

Wait! Wait! I have something for you! Please! The target! I hear them talking!

HURLEY
(calm)
I'm listening.

BARTOSH
Israel! They said Tel Aviv!
That's all I know. I swear!

Hurley lifts the cigarette from Bartosh's mouth and takes a contented drag himself. Casually shuts the trunk again.

HURLEY
Some days I love my work.

Smiles at Mitch.

148 INT. HOTEL SUITE - GREEK SIDE - DAY

148

Close on a long gash. A hand, blood caked under fingernails, attempts to dress the wound.

Pull back to Mitch, no shirt, face swollen, dried blood on his knuckles, cleans the wound on his chest-- poorly.

ANNIKA (O.S.)
Let me help you.

He looks up. There she is, in the hallway.

MITCH
I'm fine.

ANNIKA
You're not.

Her hand closes over his, takes the sponge. She finishes wiping the wound. Puts some gauze in place and bites the tape off with her teeth.

Drops the sponge into a basin filled with pink water.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
I thought that man at the hotel was going to kill you.

MITCH
So did he.

ANNIKA
There's nothing wrong with being afraid, Mitch.

MITCH

I am afraid. I'm afraid that I'm
not going to stop him in time.

A beat. She rises. A hint of frustration.

ANNIKA

I will draw you a bath.

MITCH

Thank you.

She kisses him on the forehead. Gentle. Linger. Intimate. Heads into the bathroom.

ANNIKA (O.S.)

And tomorrow we will search for
Ibrahim.

ON MITCH as he reacts to the name: "Ibrahim."

149

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

149

Steam billows, fogging mirrors. Water splashes into the tub. Annika tests for temperature. Satisfied, she shuts off the valve. Turns. Starts. Mitch is there, eyes on her.

ANNIKA

You startled me.

MITCH

Who are you?

Reading the cold monotone.

ANNIKA

You know who I am.

MITCH

Ibrahim.

ANNIKA

What about him?

MITCH

I never told you that name.

ANNIKA

You did.

Mitch GRABS her, pushes her up against the wall.

MITCH

Who the fuck are you? Who do you
work for?

ANNIKA

...You're hurting me.

A beat. He stares... relaxes his grip.

She spins, DRIVING an elbow into his face. Without
hesitation, he PUNCHES her in the jaw. Her head bounces off
tile.

She slides down, dazed. He grabs her, supporting her.
Almost gentle. She tries to knee him in the groin. He
blocks. She drives her head into his face, knocking him
back.

She lunges for the door. He tackles her. They roll into the
bath tub, fighting fiercely, without regard for gender. She
kicks at him, trying to break free, does.

He grabs her from behind, pivots her around, one hand around
her chest, the other at her throat.

SPLASH! Drives her head into the bathtub. HOLDS her there.
Bubbles blossom from her nose and mouth. Her legs kick at
him.... Ten seconds.

He PULLS her out. Faces close.

MITCH

Who are you?

She stares at him. Shakes her head. He SLAMS her down
again. Legs kick, arms flail. Weaker. Fifteen seconds this
time. Pulls her up.

MITCH (CONT'D)

...Please.

She just looks at him. He FORCES her down a third time.
Twenty seconds. Her body arches as oxygen bleeds out of her
system. Water floods her lungs. Struggle slows.

He pulls her up again. Just stares at her as she GAGS, water
gurgling from her mouth. Is about to push her down again
when:

ANNIKA

Wait!

He hesitates.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
I am Iranian. I penetrated Turkish
Intelligence five years ago.

A beat. Mitch stares at her.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
This whole thing is an Iranian
operation. We're financing it.

MITCH
You're lying. Why would Iran buy a
black market nuke when they're
eighteen months away from building
their own?

ANNIKA
Because we know your country will
never let us get one. The
hardliners in Tehran are losing
power, and the only way they
believe they can keep it is by
having the war this kind of attack
will start.

MITCH
(beat)
You've been reporting to Tehran
this entire time.

ANNIKA
Depends which Tehran you mean.

Mitch starts to force her back in again.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
You need to LISTEN to me!

He hesitates. Fast, sucking air, trying to regain her wind:

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
This is not simple. Iran is not
simple. It is not the monolith you
imagine. There are those among us
who know the insanity of attacking
Israel. When we discovered the
plan, that Ibrahim was involved, we
tried to stop it. And when that
failed, I was sent to help you do
what we could not. That is why we
gave you Sharif, why I helped you,
and why I haven't killed you while
you slept.

Mitch's eyes bore into hers. Can he trust her?

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
You may not believe this, but we
want the same thing.

A moment. Mitch pulls a cell phone from his pocket, tosses
it to her.

MITCH
Get your control on the line.

150 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - EVENING 150

Annika sits, right hand cuffed to an eye-bolt set in a metal
table, also bolted to the floor.

Pull out, through a two-way mirror to:

151 INT. INTERVIEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - EVENING 151

Mitch stares in at Annika. Pull back some more to reveal the
small room, recording devices lining one wall, a safe to the
side. Through glass doors, we see that we're in another
shitty apartment with metal doors, furniture, laptops and
secure com-links, surveillance monitors of the surrounding
streets, alleys, and buildings.

Hurley, seated at a table, bottle of Ouzo in front of him,
glass, stares at Mitch. A beat.

HURLEY
Iranian, huh?

Mitch doesn't answer. Hurley... nods.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
You did good.

Closest thing to a pat on the back he's ever gotten from
Hurley.

MITCH
I spoke to her handler. A man
named Ashani. He said you'd know
him.

Hurley stares a beat. Changing gears:

HURLEY
Azad Ashani. An old acquaintance.
We worked Iran-Contra together.

MITCH

He says he'll only talk to you.
The old place, two hours from now.

HURLEY

Anything else?

MITCH

Just that you owed him a bottle of
Scotch.

Hurley smiles slightly. He stands. Pulls a shoulder holster rig -- 9mm silenced Beretta, left hand pull, two cartridges on the right side, balancing it out -- off, sets it on the table....

MITCH (CONT'D)

(staring)

I'm going with you.

HURLEY

No you're not.

...Then a double edged four inch combat knife from the small of his back....

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Beirut rules. Come alone...

...And an ankle holster with a 9mm pistol, from his right angle.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

...or not at all.

Hurley gathers his weapons, angles for the safe, punching in a digital combination. Opens the door to reveal Annika's netbook. Places his weapons inside.

MITCH

Without Bartosh, Ibrahim can't arm
the bomb.

HURLEY

You willing to take that chance?
I'll be back in four hours.

MITCH

And if you're not?

Beat.

HURLEY

Find Ibrahim and kill him.

Crosses out. Mitch tracks him.

152 EXT. CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - GREEK SIDE - NIGHT 152

Hurley walks out, checks reflections in a shop window. Moves on.

A beat. Mitch appears, waiting until Hurley is almost out of sight... follows.

153 EXT. NICOSIA STREETS - GREEK SIDE - VARIOUS - NIGHT 153

Mitch turns a corner... another... Hurley up ahead, moving down a side street...

Hurley pauses at an intersection.

Mitch slides into a doorway, waits...

A passing van partially obscures his vision for the briefest moment. When it clears, Hurley is... gone.

Mitch sprints to the spot Hurley had been, pans. The man just disappeared.

154 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 154

Low light. Long shadows. AZAD ASHANI (one of Rostami's two deputies from the Jordanian embassy) sits alone in the small, tree lined park. Hurley approaches from the side, bottle in a paper bag under his arm, sits next to Ashani. Without looking:

ASHANI

(accented English)

What a strange world. First you are the Great Satan, then you sell us weapons, then you sell Saddam weapons to kill us, then you kill Saddam.

HURLEY

All in a day's work.

Hurley holds the bag out for Ashani who takes it. Pulls the bottle from the bag, studies it. A fine old Scotch. The Iranian looks at Hurley.

ASHANI

It's pleasant to see you again. I wish it were under better circumstances.

HURLEY

You and me both. The girl was good.

ASHANI

Is good. And thank you.

Beat.

HURLEY

Your people are trying to start a war. I'm too old for another war. You want to tell me how to stop it?

ASHANI

The man running the operation is Kassan Hemmadi.

HURLEY

Minister of the Interior Hemmadi?

Hurley lets out a low whistle. Ahani unscrews the Scotch cap, savors the smell.

ASHANI

I will help you end this madness, but it cannot be traced to me.

Hurley nods.

ASHANI (CONT'D)

We tracked Hemmadi's movement through his cell phone, here, on Cyprus, over the past week. Three days ago he made a call to wire seven million dollars to a numbered bank account. The call was made from this address...

He offers Hurley a piece of paper. Hurley pockets it.

ASHANI (CONT'D)

And something else. After you took the Russian, Hemmadi brought in another physicist. One of ours.

A beat.

HURLEY
How long do I have?

ASHANI
Hours.

HURLEY
(stands)
Thank you.

ASHANI
Thank me when it is done.

Lifts the bottle to take a pull...

It SHATTERS. Ashani's head SNAPS back, blood and brain blowing out of the back of his cranium.

Hurley watches him slump forward, fall, looks up. Three men approach from the darkness, weapons lined. Nowhere to run.

155 INT. CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - MORNING

155

Mitch, asleep on a hard backed chair, feet up, wakes with a start as the door opens. Reaches for his gun, freezes.

Kennedy enters, followed by a CIA ACTION TEAM, carrying cases, gear.

KENNEDY
Where is he?

MITCH
I don't know.

She kicks his legs off the table. Stares hard.

KENNEDY
Do I look like I'm playing around?
Where the fuck is he?

Mitch sits up.

MITCH
He went for a meet with Azad Ashani.
(glances at his watch)
Was supposed to be back three hours ago.

KENNEDY
Stupid son of a bitch.
(to an officer)
(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 Scan the police, hospitals, morgues
 -- anything in the last six hours.

The CIA OFFICERS of the Action Team are already unpacking, setting up, jacking into computers, etc...

Meanwhile six more men enter. Civilian clothes, except for combat boots, heavy packs and long alloy cases-- they break out high end weapons -- M-4s, Glocks, etc. These are SOG (Special Operations Group) OPERATORS.

CIA OFFICER #1
 (off his screen)
 Local PD pulled a body from the harbor an hour ago. Gunshot to the head... No ID yet but the description fits Ashani.

KENNEDY
 Christ. Get me Stansfield.

OFFICER #1 grabs a secure phone.

MITCH
 Just one body. There's a chance Hurley's still alive.

She starts to walk. Mitch trails.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 We have to find him.

Off her look -- dangerous.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 The man knows things. Operations. Agents. Secrets. You leave him out there, they will squeeze every last detail out of him.

Kennedy ignores Mitch. To an Officer:

KENNEDY
 Where are we with the radiological scans?

CIA OFFICER
 Nothing yet. NRO's tasking a satellite now.

KENNEDY
 Tell them I want eyes in the sky -- get me a Global Hawk.

Mitch glances at the SOG Operators.

MITCH

You let them go in there hot and Hurley--

KENNEDY

Ninety-five percent. That's the chance Middle East desk puts on an Israeli nuclear response.

(cold)

Stan knew the risks when he walked out that door. And if he were standing here right now his only question would be why we're wasting breath talking about him.

The Officer, cradling the phone, cuts in:

CIA OFFICER #1

The Director's in a meeting.

KENNEDY

Pull him out.

MITCH

Let me put together a rescue op.

KENNEDY

No.

MITCH

(low, intense)

You're just gonna write him off?
He's --

KENNEDY

(equally intense)

--the closest thing to family I have left. And it doesn't matter. The only thing that does, is getting that bomb.

MITCH

If we don't try, he's a dead man.

KENNEDY

Then I will no doubt see him in hell.

Door to the interview room opens. Two men escort Annika, hands cuffed in front of her, jacket over them, through the room and towards the door. Passes Mitch. Doesn't make eye contact.

MITCH
What are you going to do with her?

KENNEDY
She's on the next flight to
Langley. We'll interrogate her
there.

Door closes and Annika is gone.

MITCH
And then?

Kennedy stares at him....

KENNEDY
Go home, Mitch. We'll handle this
from here.

He stares right back.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
That's an order.

CIA OFFICER #1
Director Stansfield, ma'am.

She turns, heads for the officer who's holding the secure
phone up.

Mitch just... stares. A beat. Looks out the window, sees
Annika entering an SUV with heavily tinted windows.... Looks
at Kennedy, on the phone, deep in conversation.... His eyes
move to the interview room... to the SAFE.

Mitch grabs a backpack leaning on a wall and enters...

156 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SAFE HOUSE - DAY

156

Mitch punches in the digital combination -- lock disengages --
opens to reveal Hurley's weapons and Annika's netbook.

A BEAT LATER -- Mitch quietly slips out the door, the
backpack over his shoulder.

157 EXT. SLUM - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

157

We push through a maze of alleys -- decaying apartment
buildings, narrow passageways, steep stairs and barred
windows.

Gnarled, old men sit on stoops as tired women hang laundry and children play soccer on unpaved roads shared by street vendors -- to a familiar apartment building -- two black SUVs just visible under an awning.

Two CYPRIOTS -- close cropped hair, lean and hard, pros -- stand sentry. By them, into:

158 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 158

A hallway -- exposed wires, chipped paint, garbage on the floor -- down a flight of stairs.

Two more MEN stand at a door. We hear a muffled WHACK!

Through it, into:

159 INT. GARAGE - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

Hurley lies on a crude table, no shoes, hands over his head, manacled to a long chain. His face is bruised, one eye swollen shut, dried blood around his nose and on his shirt.

A CYPRIOT swings a long cane at his wrecked feet. WHACK!

Hurley's body convulses, but he says nothing. His good eye is locked on the "clean room" where an IRANIAN NUCLEAR PHYSICIST arms the bomb. Hemmadi and his Bodyguard look on.

Hurley eyes the Ghost.

HURLEY

You have a small dick, don't you?

The Ghost looks over at Hurley who looks somehow amused in spite of his condition, laughing at a joke only he can hear.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's it, isn't it? That's why I'm alive.... You want me to know you beat me. You want me to be, impressed.

The Ghost motions to the Cypriot who drops the cane, moves to a car winch, activates it. Hurley's pulled up, by his arms, ends up hanging just off the ground, chain threaded through a meat hook affixed to the bare ceiling.

The Ghost approaches, studying Hurley.

THE GHOST

I did beat you, Stanley. And you should be, impressed.

HURLEY

Nah... you're just the hired help.

The Ghost smiles.

THE GHOST

And what does that make you?

160

INT. SUV - TRAVELLING - GREEK CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

160

Annika in the back seat -- passenger side -- two CIA officers up front. Driving.... Driving....

IMPACT! The driver's side of the SUV caves in! Everyone's thrown to the right as AIRBAGS DEPLOY! SUV moves laterally, smashing into a parked car. STOPPING cold.

A beat. Officers, Annika, groggy, shocked, try to shake off the impact... look around.

Driver's door is pulled open. Light floods in. Driver reacts to Mitch, draws his weapon.

One move, Mitch takes the man's gun away, and DRIVES his head into the steering wheel. When it snaps back, he's unconscious.

Second officer, going for his weapon, freezes, stares down the barrel of Mitch's/Hurley's silenced Baretta.

MITCH

Keys.

A beat. The second officer pulls the handcuff key.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Uncuff her.

The man turns, reaches back to Annika who's hands are extended, but whose eyes are on Mitch, uncuffs her.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Now cuff yourself to the steering wheel.

The man does. Slow. Snap.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 (to Annika)
 You okay?

She nods. He opens the back door.

161 EXT. STREET - GREEK CYPRIOT SIDE - MOMENTS LATER 161

The vehicles are tangled, radiators hissing, coolant pissing onto the street. Bystanders staring.

A local COP pushes through, taking in the scene. SEES...

MITCH a block away, leading Annika by the hand into an outdoor market. Cop follows, blowing his whistle. In seconds, they're gone. We stay with the Cop for a beat as he makes a call on his radio.

162 INT. CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - DAY 162

Kennedy is studying a monitor when an OFFICER approaches, leans in, quiet:

CIA OFFICER
 Transport with the girl just got hit. She's gone.

KENNEDY
 Who?

CIA OFFICER
 Rapp.

A beat. Kennedy shakes her head.

KENNEDY
 Son of a bitch.

163 EXT. STREET - GREEK CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 163

Mitch, backpack slung over one shoulder, pulls Annika along.

ANNIKA
 Why?

MITCH
 Because I need your help. Ashani was the last person to see Hurley. Why did he want to meet?

Mitch stops in an out of the way spot in the shade. He opens the backpack and takes out her netbook.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Can you find out?

She looks at Mitch. Looks at her netbook. Then nods and accepts the computer. She opens it up...

164

INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

164

The Ghost unrolls a dirty rag containing rusted knives, tools, torture implements, etc. on a workbench.

HURLEY
(smiles, knowing)
Manicure?

THE GHOST
You used to call it Twenty
Questions.

HURLEY
Like the game show. Can't wait to
get started.

The Ghost starts to lay out the tools -- slow, methodical.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Looks like someone's been
practicing. Very nice technique.
Not too fast, not too slow. Let
the subject see the tools, let them
think about what's coming.
Imagination's always the worst.

The Ghost selects a pair of pliers and turns.

THE GHOST
Let's test that.

Nods to one of his men who releases Hurley's left arm, places it on a small table, straps it down, tight.

The Ghost approaches, clamps the pliers down on Hurley's pinkie finger. Hurley's eyes are locked on The Ghosts'.

THE GHOST (CONT'D)
Where's the rest of your team?

Hurley stares at him, shakes his head.

HURLEY

What was your mistake? Come on,
son, you made three already.

The Ghost smiles. He's heard this before. Hemmadi stares,
genuinely confused.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

One, you never open with the real
question. You start slow. You
work your way into the subject's
head. That's the fun of it.

THE GHOST

Last chance, Stanley.

HURLEY

Two. You never change the rules.
Very confusing to the subject. You
said Twenty Questions. I blew the
first one so come on, let's go.

The Ghost RIPS off Hurley's fingernail! Hurley roars/laughs.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

DAMN if that doesn't wake you up in
the morning. Can't wait for the
next one. This is FUCKING great!

Hemmadi watches Hurley and the Ghost with concern, as if they
are both insane. The Ghost clamps the pliers on Hurley's
left ring finger.

HEMMADI

Is this necessary?

HURLEY

(to Hemmadi)

Don't interrupt! I'm trying to
conduct a lesson here! He wants to
know if my team is outside. What
my assets in place are. My
countermeasures. If it's safe to
move his bomb. But he doesn't know
how to ask. Do you Adem? So what
do you say we try it again?

The Ghost tears the nail off. Hurley lets out another roar.

Annika's face reflected in the netbook screen as Farsi
scrolls. Stops. A cell phone number, tracking coordinates.

ANNIKA

Our people have been tracking
Hemmadi's secure cell phone....
they found an address on the North
side.

Mitch stares at it, memorizing it. Eyes catch movement. A police car has stopped, twenty yards away. Two COPS are climbing out, eyes locked on them...

MITCH

A ferry for Beirut leaves in forty-
five minutes. You should be on it.

One of the Cops calls something in on his radio.

Without hesitation, Mitch starts walking towards them.

As he passes a newspaper kiosk, he GRABS a map of Cyprus,
quick scans it as he walks.

Cops focus on Mitch, realize he's coming directly at them!
Striding, arms extended.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey, can you help a lost tourist?

A brief moment of confusion on the Cops' faces -- is this the right guy? Then he's close. Too close. One drops his radio, reaching for his nightstick. Too late. Mitch takes it away. Two moves and the Cops are down!

Mitch steps into:

166

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

166

Jams the map onto the dash, turns the engine over. Passenger door opens. Annika steps in.

MITCH

(stares ahead, cold)
Go home, Annika.

ANNIKA

No.

MITCH

I don't have time to --

ANNIKA

Ashani was my uncle.

He looks at her. Eyes hold. This man meant something to her and she is not going to let his murder go unpunished. A beat. Ahead, seen through the windscreen, two more cop cars approach, sirens blaring, lights flashing.

MITCH

Do these cars carry automatic weapons?

ANNIKA

Yes. A lock box in the back. Also a shotgun.

Mitch puts the car into gear. Burns rubber into traffic... heading directly for the oncoming police cars.

167 EXT. STREET - GREEK CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 167

Mitch's police car speeds towards the two -- a game of chicken at forty mph, fifty....

168 INT. POLICE CAR #1 - DAY 168

Driver, eyes wide, CRANKS the wheel. Car spins out of the way!

SMASHES into parked cars!

169 EXT. STREET - GREEK CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 169

Police car #1 coming to rest, broken. Mitch's car barrels through. Police car #2 pulls a hard U-turn, follows.

170 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 170

Pliers, on Hurley's index finger. Blood pools on the table. Middle finger's already been removed. Hurley's head is down. He's half conscious.

THE GHOST

We are here because of you,
Stanley. You put a gun in my hand,
you trained me, you used me and
then you discarded me... like a
piece of trash. Of course the
American government doesn't like
loose ends. That's why you sent
those men to kill me.

(smiles)

(MORE)

THE GHOST (CONT'D)
 But if you want something done
 properly, you need to do it
 yourself, right Stanley?

Hurley mutters something under his breath, too quiet to hear.
 The Ghost leans in:

THE GHOST (CONT'D)
 What's that?

Hurley mutters again. The Ghost leans in some more, offering
 Hurley his ear.

Hurley lunges forward, catches The Ghost's ear between his
 teeth and clamps down! The Ghost screams!

Hurley grinds his teeth down and yanks his head back, taking
 the top third of the ear with it. Hurley chews on the ear
 like a maniac.

The Ghost stumbles back, one hand on his ear, blood pouring
 through his fingers, the other holding a gun, lined on
 Hurley's head.

Hurley... spits the ear out, at The Ghost's feet.

HURLEY
 (hoarse)
 Three. Fear isn't a motivator.
 Respect is.

The Ghost pushes the barrel up against Hurley's forehead.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
 All you are is a loaded gun. No
 honor. No purpose. You never took
 a stand for anything in your
 pathetic excuse for a life.

The Ghost's finger tenses on the trigger. And then... he
 lowers the weapon.

THE GHOST
 Maybe not. But today, I start.

Hurley looks from the Ghost to the bomb...

NUCLEAR PHYSICIST
 (to Hemmadi, with subs)
The device is armed, Minister.

A beat. Hurley taking in the Iranians... understanding....
 To Hemmadi:

HURLEY
You don't know, do you?

Hemmadi looks at Hurley.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
The kind of shitstorm you've
brought down on yourself.

HEMMADI
(focusing on the Ghost)
What is he talking about?

HURLEY
You poor dumb fuck. Israel is your
target. His is the United States.

A beat. Hemmadi exchanges a troubled glance with his
Bodyguard. The Bodyguard is confused, a step behind...

CRACK! The Ghost fires a single shot and Hemmadi's bodyguard
falls to the floor, dead.

Hemmadi stares at The Ghost who approaches him, gun lined.

HEMMADI
Don't shoot me.

THE GHOST
I won't.

A squelching sound-- REVEAL the knife in the Ghost's hand as
he twists it deep into Hemmadi's mid-section with surgical
precision.

171 EXT. GREEN LINE - AERIAL - DAY

171

A long line of vehicles waiting to cross from the Greek to
the Turkish side. UN Soldiers checking vehicles.

Three police cars barrel down the emergency lane a quarter
mile from the checkpoint.

172 EXT. GREEN LINE - DAY

172

UN Soldiers look up, react. The lead police car -- Mitch's --
blows by, angling into a lane, trading paint with an idling
truck, loosing a side mirror.

Pursuing police stand on the brakes, sliding to a stop as UN
Soldiers surround. Cops get out. An unheard screaming match
begins.

173 INT. MITCH'S POLICE CAR - TRAVELLING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 173

Mitch glances back in the rear view. Downshifts.

174 INT. CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - DAY 174

An OFFICER looks up from a headset.

CIA OFFICER

A police car just ran the Green
Line.

Satellite telemetry is entered. Images on a screen shifts to
show the Green Line, seen from on high. Chaos.

KENNEDY

Rapp.

175 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 175

THUMP. The bomb is set on a workbench. A STEEL CYLINDRICAL
DEVICE containing fifteen kilograms of Uranium-235 encased in
a Beryllium tamper. Death in a shell. Hurley stares at it.

HURLEY

D.C. or Manhattan?

THE GHOST

Does it matter?

176 INT. MITCH'S POLICE CAR - TRAVELLING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 176

Mitch drives, scanning the map, turns. The neighbourhood is
poor now -- unpainted walls, garbage piled in the streets.
The back of a black SUV just visible in an alley.

ANNIKA

There.

She's pointing towards the entrance of the apartment building
-- a narrow alley -- two MEN standing outside.

Mitch angles for them.

177 EXT. STREET - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 177

The two react to the police car as it slides to a stop.

Door opens and Mitch steps out, gun lined. FIRES. Silenced rounds. The two drop, holes in their heads, before they had time to process.

Mitch moves to the trunk, pops it.

A metal gun box inside, padlocked. PFFFT! Blows the lock off, opens the box to reveal an AK and a riot shotgun.

One motion: checks the AK, drives a clip home, jacks a round, tosses it to Annika.

Grabs the shogun and a box of shells. As he speed loads, he pans the area -- multiple structures, alleys, entrances. No way to know exactly where Hurley is.

ANNIKA

He could be anywhere in here.

Mitch places the shotgun on the car's roof, pulls out his smart phone, jacks a key fob into a port, dials.

Somewhere...

178 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

178

...a phone rings. The Ghost focuses on Hemmedi's body. A beat. Walks to the body, turns it over, pulls a cell phone out of the jacket pocket, answers.

Farsi, with subs:

MITCH (V.O.)

Minister Hemmadi.

THE GHOST

The Minister is unavailable.

MITCH (V.O.)

He'll want to talk to me.

THE GHOST

Who is this?

179 EXT. STREET - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

179

Mitch freezes. Knows he's talking to the Ghost. A beat. A decision made. In English now:

MITCH

You know who it is.

180 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

180

And The Ghost knows he's talking to Mitch. Eyes on Hurley, hanging there. A beat, then:

THE GHOST
You're too late. Hurley's already
dead.

181 EXT. STREET - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

181

MITCH
I'm not coming for him. I'm coming
for you.

THE GHOST (V.O.)
(chuckles)
I like that. I like you. We
understand one another. We are not
so different, you and I. We both
want the same thing.

MITCH
What's that?

THE GHOST
Revenge.

Mitch glances at his smart phone... it shows a satellite-generated map of the area, concentric rings are honing in on a location...

THE GHOST (CONT'D)
Too bad only one of us will be
satisfied in the end.

MITCH
I like my odds better than yours.

THE GHOST
Why is that?

MITCH
You won't be happy unless you kill
a million people. I only have to
kill one.

THE GHOST
Ah, but you don't know where I am.

Mitch's phone locks onto a location, four hundred yards to the south-west, flashing.

MITCH
You sure about that?

Hangs up. Grabs the shotgun. He and Annika head towards the warren of structures that lead to the apartment building. Two shiny black SUVs are parked in the alley, visible now. Bodies of the two men he just shot are to the side.

ANNIKA
What was Ibrahim doing with Hemmadi's phone?

MITCH
Hemmadi's dead.

Mitch reaches down, grabs a radio and earbud headset from one of the dead Cypriots.

MITCH (CONT'D)
How much security did Hemmadi have?

ANNIKA
One bodyguard with him at all times. He'd have at least three more standing by.

MITCH
The enemy of my enemy is my friend.
Do you know their command codes?

Annika nods. Mitch grabs a second radio, tosses it to Annika.

ANNIKA
When shall I send them?

He starts up a steep set of stairs, putting in the earbud.

MITCH
I'll give you a signal.

We go with him for a beat as he turns a corner, angling towards the apartment building.

182 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH SIDE - MOMENTS LATER 182

Mitch climbs over a low wall, moving silently to a high vantage point. Takes in the building, misses nothing:

A CYPRIOT standing sentry at the front door.... Another patrolling... Two IRANIANS, in suits, no ties, fifteen yards from the door... a THIRD, ten yards from them.

All watching different angles... A mess of wires running from a pole, into the building, taped to the walls....

Mitch turns back to the street he came from, levels the shotgun, and fires into the police car's gas tank!

KABOOOM!

The car blows, black smoke billowing.

Everyone reacts, staring, hands dropping to guns.

183 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 183

The Ghost reacts to the muffled explosion outside. Glances at Hurley, processing... knows that Mitch is out there.

184 INT. CYPRUS SAFE HOUSE - DAY 184

A plume of black smoke suffuses the satellite feed.

CIA OFFICER
What is he doing?

KENNEDY
...Sending us a message.

Kennedy stares. A beat. A decision made. Turns to the SOG Operators.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Get there now!

Operators are moving, weapons and packs in hand.

185 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 185

Cypriots moving. Mitch waits. Hears, via his headset:

ANNIKA/RADIO
(in Farsi with subs)
*Lion-four-four. Code one
extraction.*

Mitch watches Hemmadi's Iranians react to the call, start moving the opposite direction, toward the building, guns drawn.

He drops down, angles for the apartment lobby and the Cypriot Sentry, who stares at the rising smoke.

The sentry turns, sees Mitch, tries to bring his weapon to bear. Too late. Mitch strikes the man with the shotgun stock. He crumples.

186 INT. GARAGE - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY 186

The Ghost grabs a large padded duffel bag, puts it on the work bench, lifts the bomb up, places it inside, zips it shut.

187 INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH CYPRIOT SIDE - DAY

Mitch, moving through the lobby, eyes panning the ceiling, tracking the mess of electrical wires.

A CYPRIOT emerges ahead of him, reacts, brings his weapon up, too fast, firing a burst from his AK that goes wide.

BOOM! Mitch's shotgun blast wings the Cypriot who dives behind the wall, tries to slide his weapon around.

BOOM BOOM BOOM. Mitch, walking fast, blows holes through the near wall. Blood spatters the far wall and the body falls.

Mitch drops the shotgun, draws the Beretta, follows the wires, steps over the man's body, angles for a door, into:

188 INT. COMMON AREA - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 188

Communications gear. A crude electrical conduit box.

189 INT. GARAGE LEVEL - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 189

The Ghost, duffel in hand, heads for a parked sedan, pops the trunk when KERCHUK! Lights snap off! The Ghost, others, react.

Now the only illumination are bands of dim sunlight coming through a few high windows, streaked and dirty.

The Ghost pans... draws his weapon, lines it on Hurley who is still hanging there.

Pivots his weapon, fires at a door as it is kicked open!

An IRANIAN AGENT catches two slugs in the chest. A SECOND, behind him, FIRES an automatic burst, rolls in. The third.

A low visibility firefight. Hemmadi's Iranians versus The Ghost's Cypriots. Muzzle flashes illuminate the garage.

Concussive roar of semi-automatics echoes off the walls. The sick sound of full metal jackets impacting flesh and bone. Guttural screams. One Iranian goes down. Two Cypriots. A second Iranian.

On Hurley, hanging there by one arm, the other dripping blood. Bullets streak by him. Helpless.

He squints, focusing on something we can't quite make out. A figure, wraithlike, fast, angling through gunfire, towards him, weapon in hand. The Ghost?...

...Mitch grabs Hurley, supporting his weight, lines the Beretta on the chain. Fires a silenced round. Catches Hurley as he collapses. Drags him back, towards the cover of the parked van as the firefight continues around them, three Cypriots closing on the last Iranian, focused on the man.

By the van now, low.

HURLEY
Where's the cavalry?

Mitch just looks at him, reloading the Beretta.

MITCH
This isn't exactly an official op.

Hurley knows Mitch went off the reservation again. For him. Shakes his head.

A blast of automatic fire cuts down the last Iranian agent. Cypriots emerge from cover. Hurley tracks them.

HURLEY
Son of a bitch has a bomb. I say
we take it from him.

Mitch draws the 9mm from his ankle holster, offers it to Hurley, butt first. Hurley accepts with his good, right hand.

A beat and they rise, guns lined, firing!

Mitch cuts down a Cypriot. Another. Hurley drops the third. Silence.

Mitch emerges and sweeps through the garage, gun lined...

No Ghost, no bomb.

A sound up ahead. Mitch moves for a side door. Hurley limps behind on wrecked feet, willing himself forward, every step a victory.

190 INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY - DAY 190

Heat and water mains line the ceiling. Annika, gun lined, moving... A sound. She tenses.

191 INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY - 50 YARDS AWAY - DAY 191

Another angle. Mitch, weapon lined, steady, Hurley -- limping, blood trailing behind him -- moving down the passage way.

Hurley stumbles. Catches the wall for support. Mitch looks back. Hurley's weak. One foot's broken, the other's a mess. Waves Mitch on. A beat. Mitch goes... turns a corner... freezes.

192 INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY 192

The Ghost, forty feet away. Duffel with the nuke at his feet. Gun in his hand. Barrel pressed up against Annika's rib cage. Mitch's only shot is through Annika.

THE GHOST

You can put the gun down now, or
she can die.

Mitch is rock steady.

MITCH

Doesn't matter. You're not walking
out of here.

THE GHOST

Then pull the trigger.

Mitch tries to get an angle. None. The Ghost's dead eyes bore into him.

Annika takes in Mitch.... She takes in the bomb.... She takes in the stairs leading up and away....

Mitch's finger tenses on the trigger. Suddenly Annika reaches for the Ghost's gun, small fingers wrapping around the trigger.

Mitch reads it. The Ghost reads it. What the fuck? Her eyes find Mitch's...

And she PULLS the trigger!

She falls away from the Ghost. Mitch fires! The Ghost dives as a slug slices his shoulder. Gun clatters away and The Ghost throws himself through a doorway, abandoning the nuke.

Mitch is there in an instant, gun up. Looks up the stairs. The Ghost disappearing around a corner.

He turns back to Annika, kneels by her. She stares up at him. Tries to speak. No words come.

A shadow looms. Hurley pushes forward, stops, takes in Annika, the bomb.

He looks at Mitch.

HURLEY
I got the bomb. I got her.
(beat)
Finish it.

One last look at Annika. Mitch takes the gun and moves, up the stairs.

We stay with Hurley and Annika, the bomb resting next to them. He kneels by her, pulls the hair from her face, gently.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
Stay with me, beautiful.

193 INT. STAIRS - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 193

Mitch pounding up the stairs. Door ahead. Kicks it open.

194 EXT. ROOF - APARTMENT BUILDING - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 194

Mitch pans, vision obscured by pigeon roosts, hanging laundry. Rooftops all around -- multiple levels -- some high, some low. No Ghost.

Spots a streak of blood on a hanging sheet. He races to it, pushes it aside... follows the blood trail through layers of hanging fabric until he comes to the edge...

Below, a square, streets, people, traffic, congestion....

And The Ghost, pushing through the square, angling for an outdoor marketplace.

Mitch angles along the roofline, to a drain pipe, grabs hold, slides down...

195 EXT. STREET - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 195

Lands, runs for the marketplace, cutting through traffic.

Drivers stand on their horns. A near miss. Another.
Shouted insults. Mitch ignores, crossing, into:

196 EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 196

Stalls. Hundreds of them set up on a grid pattern. Fresh fish, vegetables, clothing, etc. And everywhere, people, moving, obscuring vision. No Ghost....

Then a glimpse of him -- two aisles over, eight stalls up -- heading for the back exit.

Mitch follows, moving fast, gun under his coat, closing... pushes out of the market into:

197 INT. ALLEY - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 197

Mitch scans the alley -- no Ghost. A score of people. Garbage containers. A half dozen doors leading into other buildings, across the alley. No one looks at him.

A beat. Mitch locks on a small boy, sitting on a stoop in front of a door... something in the boy's expression makes him look closer. Fear. The boy knows he's not supposed to talk. But his eyes dart to the door behind him...

Mitch moves for that door.

198 EXT. RIVER DOCKS - TURKISH SIDE - DAY 198

The Ghost drops down a dozen steps onto a lowered quay, angles for a small flat-bottomed fishing boat. Unleashes the moorings, pulls the engine cord. Rumbles to life.... heads up the narrow waterway, towards a larger one, a hundred yards ahead--

SMASH! Mitch jumps from the dock onto the moving boat and lands on the Ghost. Both go down, hard. Roll, come up as the boat, rudderless and without power, bounces along the quay.

Mitch tries to bring the 9 to bear. The Ghost grabs a pike and swings it.

Impact knocks Mitch back. The Ghost pins him against the cabin, grabbing the 9 with both hands. PULLS the trigger.

Over and over. BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! Powder burning both men, deafening them until the gun clicks empty.

The Ghost drives his knee into Mitch. Mitch blocks. Headbutts The Ghost, knocking him back a step.

They engage, close quarter hand to hand. Nothing pretty here. Just a blur of speed and lethality. Fists. Feet. Knees. Elbows. Heads. Everything is a weapon. Everything is a target. Bone crushing impacts. Blood flies. Cartilage tears. Neither man gives an inch.

A knife appears in The Ghost's hand -- he comes in low, driving it at Mitch's liver.

And Mitch **catches** the blade in his left hand. Blood seeps around the metal.

The Ghost tries to pull it free, can't. Mitch won't let him.

The Ghost's eyes come up, locking with Mitch's -- inches apart -- and what he sees chills what soul he has left: retribution.

SQUELCH. The Ghost straightens. Confused. Shocked eyes move down to his own stomach.

Hurley's knife, in Mitch's hand, is lodged deep inside of him, lacerating his spleen and liver, the tip puncturing his lung. Mitch twists. Slowly. A long moment and The Ghost slides down, very dead.

Sound overhead. Mitch glances up at the Blackhawk helicopter banking into frame. The SOG Operators arriving on site...

Mitch looks down at the Ghost's body on the floor of the boat as it drifts. A long moment... Mitch rolls the Ghost's body overboard. Watches it sink.

199

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

199

White, clean, light muted by drawn drapes. A vase of flowers on a side table.

Hurley, in a hospital bed, bandaged, stares at the television.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...an Iranian delegation arrived in London this morning for a diplomatic summit...

News footage of GENERAL ROSTAMI, smiling, waving to cameras.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
The choice of General Vafa Rostami,
head of Iran's Republican Guard,
signals Iran's intention to
continue a hard line stance--

The sound mutes.

HURLEY
(turning his head)
What the hell --

Kennedy stands in the door, flowers in one hand, the remote
in the other. Director Stansfield is next to her.

STANSFIELD
Good to see you're feeling better.

HURLEY
I should be in the field.

Kennedy replaces the flowers in the vase, dumps the old ones
in the garbage.

KENNEDY
Without fingernails?

Hurley looks at her.

HURLEY
They tried to kill a million
people.

KENNEDY
Yes, they did.

She opens the blinds. Morning light pours in.

HURLEY
You know Hemmadi wasn't the one who
ordered it.

STANSFIELD
Thought had crossed my mind.

HURLEY
So what are we doing about it?

STANSFIELD
Nothing.

HURLEY
Jesus Christ! We need to send them
a message.

STANSFIELD

What do you suggest, Stan? Bomb
the country, maybe?

HURLEY

It would be a start.
(indicates Rostami on TV)
But I'll settle for him.

STANSFIELD

Rostami is political.

HURLEY

Fuck political. You know he was
balls deep in this.

STANSFIELD

(smiles)
Get better, Stan. Office isn't the
same without you.

He exits.

KENNEDY

I'll see you tomorrow.

Starts out.

HURLEY

Where the hell is Rapp, anyway?

KENNEDY

Who?

HURLEY

The guy who saved my ass. And
yours. The one you wanted to drop
after Istanbul.

KENNEDY

(slight smile)
Oh, him.

HURLEY

What?

KENNEDY

I was never going to drop him.

Hurley eyes her.

HURLEY

...You sneaky bitch. You wanted me
to take him.

KENNEDY

That's the second nice thing about you, Stan: you're consistent.

HURLEY

What's the first?

KENNEDY

You're obstinate.

She heads for the door.

HURLEY

You didn't answer my question.

KENNEDY

I sent Rapp on a vacation...

HURLEY

Vacations are for pussies.

KENNEDY

I think you'd like this one.

And she's out.

200 EXT. LONDON - AERIAL - EVENING

200

Establishing: Downtown skyline. Illuminated.

SUPER: **London**

201 EXT. THE DORCHESTER HOTEL, TERRACE - NIGHT

201

*

Champagne and caviar with a view of the Thames. Rich and powerful older men, with younger beautiful women.

*

*

Rostami glad-hands with a British DIPLOMAT, makes small talk we don't hear, but his eyes are on two beauties -- one blond, one brunette -- young, dressed to kill, and very available.

Rostami whispers to an AID as he watches the young women-- clearly more interested in sex than diplomacy.

Rostami takes his leave of the Diplomat with a fake smile and heads out, flanked by two BODYGUARDS, into:

202

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

202

As they approach an elevator, a MAN falls in behind them-- baseball cap obscuring his features, towel over his shoulders, tucked into his collar. A hotel guest returning from the gym.

*

Doors open. Rostami and his Guards enter, followed by the MAN in the cap who makes his way to the back of the elevator.

All face forward. Typical elevator protocol.

As the doors start to slowly close, the man looks up.

MITCH RAPP.

Elevator doors close.

THE END.