



ANGEL HAS FALLEN

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY OF TALLINN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT pushing in over the pitch black Baltic Sea. The twinkling lights of a city suddenly appear, like something out of a vintage Christmas card. Industrial port area giving way to the medieval Old Town within.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **TALLINN, ESTONIA**

We circle in on the HOTELL PALACE below. Tallinn's five-star best. The very picture of Old World charm and tranquility. Except for...

THE TWO-MAN COUNTER-SNIPER TEAMS

positioned in the shadows of the hotel roof below. Also on the rooftops across the street. Keeping silent watch from above.

SNIPER #1 (V.O.)
Alpha Team, all clear.

SNIPER #2 (V.O.)
Bravo Team, all clear.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - HOTELL PALACE - CONTINUOUS

An exquisitely opulent suite, like something befitting a President. Which is a good thing, because...

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ALLAN TRUMBULL

leans forward in his overstuffed chair. Dressed in a crisp shirt and tie. Face a mask of concentration.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **ALLAN TRUMBULL**
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

TRUMBULL
(not looking up)
You look nervous, Agent Davis.

U.S. Secret Service Special Agent **BRODY DAVIS**, late 20s, stares at Trumbull from across the table. High testosterone, highly confident. Impervious to his own mortality.

DAVIS
Impossible, sir.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Trumbull, Davis and three other SECRET SERVICE AGENTS sit around the table. Poker game in progress.

DAVIS

Bet's still the max, Mr. President.

TRUMBULL

I heard you the first time...

Trumbull finally looks up from behind his cards.

TRUMBULL

Call.

DAVIS

Sure about that, sir?

TRUMBULL

I'm the President, young man. I always have to be sure.

Trumbull tosses his chips into the large pile at the center of the table.

TRUMBULL

(turns to next player)

Pete?

Special Agent **PETER YEE**, mid-30s, Chinese-American, studies his cards, features unsure.

TRUMBULL

(after a beat)

So how's Tommy liking Georgetown?

YEE

(preoccupied with his cards)

He loves it, sir...

TRUMBULL

That place costs 63 grand a year, right?

YEE

Don't remind me...

After a beat, Yee looks up. Regards Trumbull suspiciously.

Is the President playing some kind of mind game with him?

Trumbull stares back, unblinking. Total poker face.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TRUMBULL'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE BANNING, 40s, fit, eyes missing nothing, strides down the carpeted hallway. Up ahead, a pair of suited AGENTS are stationed outside the suite's double doors. Both with shaved heads and fierce hard-as-nails stares.

Already on the balls of their feet, the agents stiffen at Banning's approach, pulse rates quickening. Even among alpha males, Banning is the Alpha Male.

BANNING
(nods toward suite)
What do we got in there? Bloodbath
or mercy killing?

AGENT #1
Couldn't say, sir.

BANNING
I vote bloodbath.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Banning enters, takes in the scene in an instant.

BANNING
Better run, fellas. Run for your
lives.

Yee continues studying his cards.

TRUMBULL
While we're still young, Agent Yee.

BANNING
Don't let that butter smooth
baritone lull ya, guys.

Trumbull chuckles.

BANNING
There's the laugh too. You're all
fucked now.

That does it for Yee, who folds his cards. The other players follow suit. Only Davis and the President remain.

Beat. Davis regards Trumbull, eyes predatory.

DAVIS
I'm all in.

Davis shoves the rest of his chips into the pot. Trumbull looks up.

TRUMBULL
You wouldn't be sandbaggin' a
sandbagger now, would you Agent
Davis?

BANNING
Now you're *really* fucked.

After a beat, Trumbull pushes in the rest of his chips as well.

TRUMBULL
What do you got?

Davis takes his time, places his cards on the table.

DAVIS
Me? Ah, just... four jacks.

The air goes out of the room. Trumbull imperceptibly falters.

TRUMBULL
I'm the President of the United
States. You're supposed to let me
win.

Davis shrugs, triumphant.

BANNING
Here it comes...

Almost reluctantly, Trumbull reveals his cards.

TRUMBULL
Four *kings*.
(standing)
Good game, son.

Davis blinks, shell-shocked.

DAVIS
What the -

Banning hands Trumbull his suit jacket.

BANNING
New fish never learn.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Banning and Trumbull stride down the hall together. Escorted by Davis, Yee and the rest of Trumbull's **PRESIDENTIAL PROTECTION DETAIL**.

BANNING
(knowing Davis can hear)
Tried to warn him -

DAVIS
(to Banning)
Hey, didn't you get promoted?
Shouldn't you be back in DC working
on a PowerPoint or something?

TRUMBULL
Mike's allergic to paperwork.

Banning glances back at Davis.

BANNING
That's what the new Director's for.

Up ahead, standing outside the hotel's Presidential Suite, looms a hulking Estonian bodyguard, **HENDRIK SAAR**, late 30s. An unsmiling colossus (think The Mountain from *Game of Thrones*) with an impenetrably stony gaze.

BANNING
(extends hand)
Mike Banning, Secret Service. Head
of the Special Agent Division.

Saar stares at Banning's hand, unmoving.

BANNING
(to Trumbull)
Does he speak English?

Trumbull takes in Saar's towering 6-foot-9 physique.

TRUMBULL
Something tells me he can speak
whatever the hell he wants.

After a beat, Saar turns. Opens the suite's double doors.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull enters with Banning and Saar. Across the room, Estonian President **JOHANNES KROSS**, 60s, bespectacled, stands and extends his hand.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **JOHANNES KROSS**
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF ESTONIA

KROSS
 Mr. President -

The two leaders shake.

TRUMBULL
 President Kross -

KROSS
 Thank you for making this meeting
 possible.

The two sit. The suited **HOTEL CONCIERGE**, 20s, hipster
 sideburns, finishes arranging a polished serving tray upon
 which sits a box of expensive CIGARS, an antique CIGAR-
 CUTTER, and a bottle of Remy Martin Louis XIII COGNAC in a
 Baccarat decanter.

CONCIERGE
 (to Kross in Estonian,
 subtitled)
 Compliments of the hotel, Mr.
 President.

KROSS
 (in Estonian, subtitled)
 Thank you.

CONCIERGE
 (in Estonian, subtitled)
 Will there be anything else, sir?

KROSS
 (in Estonian, subtitled)
 No, that will be all.

The concierge bows, and exits the room. Banning watches him
 go.

BANNING
 (to Trumbull, low)
 We'll be right outside, sir. Just
 yell if you need us.
 (beat)
 I'll probably hear ya.

Trumbull smiles.

Banning shoots a final look at Saar, before following the
 concierge out the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Closing the double doors behind him, Banning turns to Davis.

BANNING
We still under the radar?

DAVIS
Yessir.

BANNING
Good.

Banning's eyes sweep the hallway, but he doesn't go anywhere.
Beat. The two share a look.

DAVIS
C'mon boss, you gotta let go. We
got this.

BANNING
Right.
(finally relents)
I'm gonna take a lap.

Banning turns and walks down the hall, toward the elevators.

AT THE ELEVATORS

The concierge waits by the elevator doors. *DING!* The doors open, and a uniformed WAITER pushes a rolling serving cart out into the corridor.

Banning clocks the waiter as the two pass in the hall. His gaze takes in everything about the man in an instant. *Eyes downcast, jittery. Slightly scuffed left shoe. Bead of sweat on his temple. Razor nick on his chin.*

The waiter continues down the hall.

Banning turns, watches as Davis and Yee thoroughly inspect the waiter and his cart before allowing entry into the presidential suite.

DAVIS (V.O.)
(crackling in Banning's
earpiece)
Jesus, I said we got this.

Reluctantly, Banning turns away.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator almost shuts when - A HAND - reaches inside, parting the doors. It's Banning. He steps into the car with the concierge, gives him a polite nod.

The elevator descends.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull sits with Kross.

KROSS

As you're aware, Mr. President, the massive "snap exercises" staged by the Kremlin continue along our border, a mere 100 miles to our east. We're talking 40 to 80,000 troops. And Russian warplanes routinely probe our airspace -

TRUMBULL

Estonia has every right to be alarmed. You don't want to be the next Ukraine.

Kross nods.

KROSS

Our country's defense spending has consistently exceeded NATO's target of 2 percent of GDP. We have conscription, of course, but in a nation of only 1.3 million, that's an army of less than 6,000 troops. Without outside help...

TRUMBULL

I understand.

KROSS

As of today, President Trumbull, not a single American or NATO combat soldier is based anywhere east of Germany, let alone the Baltics. So if the worst were to happen...

TRUMBULL

You do realize that any move by us to permanently deploy a brigade here would be regarded as a grave escalation?

Kross knows this is true.

TRUMBULL

We'd be risking war with a country
possessing the largest arsenal of
nuclear weapons on earth.

Out of earshot, a discreet knock at the door. Saar cracks it open. Davis stands outside with the waiter.

DAVIS

(re: waiter)

Says he was summoned. You know
him?

Saar's glance flicks to the waiter. The two share a look.

DAVIS

He's clean.

After a beat, Saar allows the waiter inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Banning makes small talk as the elevator descends.

BANNING

That Remy Martin's some pricey shit.

The concierge grunts.

BANNING

I was at the Four Seasons in L.A. a
while back. They had a bottle of
the Rare Cask, 42,6. Those bad
boys go for what, 20 grand a pop?

Again, barely a nod from the concierge.

BANNING

What's up your ass? Mom tag you on
Facebook again?

The concierge shoots Banning an annoyed look.

BANNING

(grins)

Oh, so you do understand.

The elevator continues down.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Kross's face looks pained.

KROSS

So what other options do we have then? We have the right to protect ourselves and our citizens.

TRUMBULL

Yes, you do.

Trumbull leans forward.

TRUMBULL

I know exactly how you feel, President Kross. I grew up in Mississippi. I'm not sure what you know about the Deep South, especially during the time I grew up, but I saw enough injustice to last a lifetime. I don't like injustice. And I despise bullies. And this bully along your border is really starting to piss me off.

Trumbull looks Kross square in the eye.

TRUMBULL

The day Estonia joined NATO was the day you fell under the protective umbrella of Article 5. Period. So rest assured, no matter what happens, we'll stand by you just as surely as we'd defend our own Eastern seaboard.

Kross visibly relaxes.

KROSS

Thank you, Mr. President. I just needed to hear those words from you myself.

Kross reaches for a cigar.

KROSS

Will you join me?

TRUMBULL

(slight smile)

I'm afraid my cardiologist would kill me.

KROSS
Some coffee then?

Trumbull nods. Kross signals to the waiter across the room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator stops, and the doors part.

The concierge exits and heads left down the hall. Banning exits and turns right.

POV BANNING: Eyes tracking the concierge walking away in a WALL MIRROR. The concierge quickly glances back over his shoulder before disappearing around the corner.

Banning instantly spins and follows him.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MOVING

The concierge turns another corner. Down another dimly lit hall.

Hanging back, Banning continues to follow.

The concierge pushes open a swinging door and disappears into the kitchen.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Moving quickly, the concierge crosses the busy hotel kitchen. His eyes flick to a thick-browed KITCHEN WORKER across the room.

POV BANNING: Peering through the small window in the kitchen door, he sees a subtle look pass between the two men.

The kitchen worker removes his apron. Quickly follows the concierge out the back door.

BANNING
(whips wrist mic to his
mouth)
Lock it down, Davis. *Lock it down
now!*

Banning draws his weapon and pursues.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The waiter prepares to serve the coffee.

Holding his cigar in one hand, President Kross inserts his fingers into the antique cigar-cutter. Moves to snip the cigar just as

DAVIS AND YEE BURST INSIDE

DAVIS/YEE
(guns drawn)
Nobody move!

CLOSE ON: Kross holding the cigar-cutter.

Cobra-quick, out of nowhere - SAAR - grabs hold of Kross's wrist - an instant before Kross CUTS THE CIGAR -

Davis and Yee roughly throw the waiter AGAINST THE WALL - coffee cups and saucers SHATTERING - the waiter stares back in shock, eyes wide - GUN BARRELS in his face -

The whole room freezes.

EXT. BACK ALLEYS - CONTINUOUS

Banning moves quickly through the maze of back alleys.

BANNING
(into wrist mic, flat)
The concierge. I'm on him.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Davis and Yee spin, stare across at Saar.

With a dexterity surprising for such a behemoth, Saar reaches out and gingerly removes the cigar-cutter from Kross's trembling hand.

CAMERA TRAVELS INSIDE the antique cigar-cutter - WHERE WE SEE - *it's filled with plastic explosive, winking mercury switch contact points mere centimeters apart.*

It's a booby-trapped bomb.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The concierge and kitchen worker turn the corner into a darkened alley.

In the shadows, an idling MERCEDES CLS63 AMG SEDAN waits. Two muscular MEN in military haircuts and leather jackets stand by the car, smoking.

The concierge and kitchen worker hurry for the car. The waiting men flick their butts into the surrounding darkness.

BANNING (O.S.)
So which of you ass-clowns is in
charge of this shit show?

The four men all spin as

BANNING

steps from the shadows. He advances, Sig Sauer P229 raised.

CONCIERGE
(in accented English)
You need to stay the fuck out of
this.

Banning stops. The concierge stares back daggers.

BANNING
Well, you need to rethink those
sideburns. So how 'bout we call it
even and -

NOW EVERYTHING HAPPENS VERY FAST

In the blink of an eye, the two men in leather jackets WHIP DRAW their pistols - *BLAM! BLAM!* - Banning DROPS them both before they can even fire - PINPOINT ROUNDS TO THE HEAD -

The kitchen worker whips up a PP-2000 submachine gun - OPENS FIRE ON FULL AUTO - Banning DIVES behind a dumpster as the FURIOUS BARRAGE punches holes through the dumpster - chunks of brick wall EXPLODING behind him -

Banning furiously RETURNS FIRE - the kitchen worker SPRAYS BACK - an unholy FUSILLADE OF LEAD - PINNING BANNING DOWN -

The gunman BLOWS through his full 44-round magazine - ejects the spent mag - SLAMS in another as

BANNING

rolls from behind the dumpster - TWO QUICK ROUNDS drop the gunman where he stands - body CRUMPLING to the ground -

THE CONCIERGE

dives into the idling Mercedes - SLAMS it into gear and PUNCHES THE GAS - the car ROCKETS FORWARD -

Banning stands at the far end of the alley - UNMOVING - as the sedan SCREAMS STRAIGHT FOR HIM - headlights BLINDING - 700-hp engine a SUPERCHARGED ROAR -

Banning calmly sights down his P229. ROARING sedan 40 meters away and closing.

BLAM! The first shot stars the windshield. 30 meters.

BLAM! The second shot cracks it. 20 meters.

BLAM! The third round punches through the glass - DRILLING THE CONCIERGE THROUGH THE EYE - KILLING HIM INSTANTLY -

Banning DIVES AWAY as the Mercedes rockets past - engine SCREAMING - the sedan NEVER SLOWS - JUMPS the curb at 60MPH - flies a short wingless distance into a cinderblock wall - AND EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL OF FLAME -

Banning slowly stands.

His eyes stare at the RAGING INFERNO, face lit by the flickering flame. As local police vehicles race for the scene, approaching SIRENS wailing...

FADE OUT:

EXT. MALIKOV DACHA - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - MORNING

A luxurious, imperial-style country estate outside Moscow. Romanov-era magnificence.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **MALIKOV DACHA**
20 KM OUTSIDE MOSCOW

IN THE VERSAILLES-LIKE GARDENS

Birds chirp, serene. A team of uniformed GARDENERS tends to the expansive, immaculately-maintained grounds.

The mistress of the house, **DOMINIKA MALIKOV**, 50s, delicately prunes her exquisite *Jardins de Bagatelle* hybrid tea roses. Classic features, the bearing and refinement that only marriage to one of the world's richest men provides.

INT. MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Priceless antiques. Ornate chandeliers. Opulent tapestries on the walls. CAMERA MOVES past a FORMAL MOTHER/SON PORTRAIT on the mantel of Dominika Malikov and her son - the concierge from the shootout last night. We HEAR the accented voice of a BBC NEWSCASTER reverberate through the cavernous halls.

IN THE KITCHEN

BBC NEWS plays on the wall-mounted TV. **DEMYAN MALIKOV**, late 50s, imperious, strides into the high-ceilinged room. One of the masters of the universe, untouchable. Wearing a flawless \$60,000 hand-tailored Kiton K-50 suit.

Malikov pours fresh-squeezed juice from a crystal decanter. Jerks up when he hears -

BBC NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Gunfire erupted last night in the Estonian capital of Tallinn, in what authorities are calling a failed assassination attempt on the Estonian President's life.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: A HEADSHOT PHOTO of Dominika's son (the "concierge") shares the screen with a PRESS PHOTO of billionaire Malikov.

BBC NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Sergei Loktev, stepson of Russian billionaire industrialist Demyan Malikov, and three others have been identified as the perpetrators of the plot, which occurred as Estonian leader Johannes Kross was hosting a private meeting with American President Allan Trumbull.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: The photos flip to one of Mike Banning.

BBC NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
All four assailants were reportedly shot and killed by this man, U.S. Secret Service agent Mike Banning...

Malikov's cold eyes watch the report, emotionless.

EXT. GARDENS - MALIKOV DACHA - SLIGHTLY LATER

Dominika continues pruning her roses.

A lean, lethal-looking man approaches. This is **ILYA AVERIN**, 30s, the Malikovs' head of security. A true apex predator. Everything about the man exudes ruthless menace.

Averin bends, whispers in Dominika's ear. Her eyes go wide. Up fast, she drops her pruning shears and races frantically for the house.

INT. MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Dominika bursts inside. She spins, and sees her husband.

The two LOCK EYES.

EXT. MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

POV OUTSIDE: Through the tall windows, we see Malikov slowly approach his wife inside. His lips are moving, but we can't hear what he says.

Dominika suddenly falls to her knees, face stricken. Malikov reaches down to comfort her.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Sweeping aerial view of the Washington Mall. The seat of American power.

EXT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME

A modern-looking, 9-story building on H Street in the heart of Washington.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **U.S. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON, DC**

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

HOLLIS MCKINNEY, early 50s, sits behind an enormous oak desk. Yale-educated, hair as short as his patience. Behind him is an "ego wall" of framed photos of McKinney with various senators, dignitaries and celebrities.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **HOLLIS MCKINNEY
SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR**

MCKINNEY

So now this shitstorm's on my head.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Banning stands across the desk from McKinney.

BANNING

It's all politically correct
bullshit, sir. And you know it.

McKinney absently fondles a crystal SWAN PAPERWEIGHT on his desk.

MCKINNEY
That may be, but it's my reality.

BANNING
A reality of photo ops and swan
paperweights?

McKinney SLAMS the paperweight onto his desk.

MCKINNEY
You weren't even supposed to be
there, goddammit!

BANNING
Well thank God I was.

MCKINNEY
You're the head of the Special
Agent Division now, Banning. Not
still standing post, walking rope
lines. Act like it.

BANNING
There was enough Semtex in that
cigar-cutter to blow Kross's head
clean off, sir. God knows what
else -

MCKINNEY
That's what Davis and his team were
there for. You picked them. You
trained them. Let them do their
job.

McKinney stares hard at Banning.

MCKINNEY
Look, the Mike Banning "shoot-up-
the-city" approach does not work
for me. I'm the one that has to
deal with the blowback.

Beat. McKinney takes it down a notch, leans back in his
chair.

MCKINNEY
All I'm saying is, there's a
different way of doing things.
There's such a thing as restraint.

Banning's having none of it.

BANNING

Call me crazy, but if someone wants to kill me for no other reason than I don't believe in their book of bullshit, I'm not gonna sit around waiting for my head to get chopped off. And if some sociopathic, land-grabbing oligarch with more money than God wants to blow up a President, I'm not gonna answer that with *restraint*.

MCKINNEY

We don't even know the Russians are involved yet. There's been no confirmation -

Beat. The two hold each other's gaze.

MCKINNEY

Listen, I know we don't have the same kind of relationship you had with my predecessor. And that's fine. But you're on *my* watch now. And on my watch, the first order of business will always be diplomacy.

Banning doesn't lower his gaze.

BANNING

Sometimes the only diplomacy is a bullet.

They lock eyes, clearly seeing the world differently.

BANNING

Will that be all... sir?

McKinney nods. Banning heads for the door.

MCKINNEY

You know something, Banning...

Banning stops, turns.

MCKINNEY

...I don't like you very much.

BANNING

(beat)

Don't be ridiculous. Everyone likes me.

He walks out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Banning strides down the hall. His cellphone RINGS.

BANNING
(into cell)
Banning.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull stands behind his Oval Office desk, staring out the curved windows to the Rose Garden.

TRUMBULL
So how'd it go with the Director?

INTERCUTTING

BANNING
You have an All-Seeing Eye or something?

TRUMBULL
(chuckles)
As a matter of fact...

Banning scowls.

BANNING
You know how in nature... when parents eat their young?

TRUMBULL
Filial cannibalism, I believe it's called.

BANNING
Yeah, that.

Trumbull chuckles.

TRUMBULL
Listen Mike, why don't you take a few days off. You've earned it.

BANNING
I don't know, sir -

TRUMBULL
Spend some time with Leah and your little girl. Doesn't she have a birthday coming up?

Banning can't help but smile.

BANNING
That she does. Three years old
already, can you believe it?

TRUMBULL
It's settled then. The country'll
still be here when you get back.
(joke)
We hope.

Banning relents.

BANNING
Yessir.

TRUMBULL
(beat)
You know, I could let slip you were
my first choice for Director. Take
some of the wind out of McKinney's
sails...

BANNING
Nah. But did you have to pick such
a prep school secret-handshake
tight ass?

Trumbull smiles.

TRUMBULL
If you ever change your mind...

BANNING
Not a chance, sir.

TRUMBULL
(smiles)
Take care, Mike.

BANNING
You too, sir.

EXT. BANNING'S HOME - SILVER SPRING, MD - LATER / NIGHT

A modest two-story Tudor in the suburbs outside DC.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - BANNING'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN: Demyan Malikov is interviewed one-on-one
by the BBC.

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)

You're a former lieutenant colonel in the KGB. You own or control virtually all your nation's natural gas and petrochemical industries, with a personal net worth of 38 billion. Your support was pivotal in bringing the current Russian regime to power. It's not overstatement, Mr. Malikov, to say you're an extremely powerful man.

MALIKOV (ON TV)

(relaxed smile)

If you say so.

Dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, Banning sits in the dark. Watching the interview on his wall-mounted TV.

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)

Our sources indicate your strong interest in the newly-discovered oil shale deposits in southern Estonia, yet we're told your attempts to acquire these rights in recent negotiations with President Kross were summarily rebuffed -

Malikov holds the interviewer's gaze.

MALIKOV (ON TV)

Are you accusing me of something?

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)

It seems hard to believe that it's just coincidence that your son -

MALIKOV (ON TV)

(corrects him)

- stepson -

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)

- that your *stepson* was the alleged leader of the assassination plot against the Estonian President, yet you had no knowledge of this?

Malikov leans forward.

MALIKOV (ON TV)

Let me make this perfectly clear.
I had absolutely no involvement
whatsoever in the unfortunate
events in Tallinn. I'm a
businessman, not an assassin.

INTERVIEWER (ON TV)

But your stepson -

MALIKOV (ON TV)

Acted independently, of his own
accord. These are the acts of
rogue elements, adherents to an
extreme form of Russian
ultranationalism. Perhaps my
stepson became involved with them.
If so, I am deeply saddened.

(pause for emphasis)

But make no mistake, I denounce his
actions.

Leah enters the room, and Banning mutes the TV. She snuggles
next to her husband on the couch.

BANNING

Is she asleep?

LEAH

(sighing)

Finally. She hates closing her
eyes... always afraid she's gonna
miss something.

Leah looks up at Banning.

LEAH

Who does that remind you of?

Banning smiles.

LEAH

(beat)

It's so nice to have you home.

They kiss.

INT. MALIKOV DACHA - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - MORNING

A sumptuous, chandelier-filled breakfast room. Morning
sunlight filters through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Demyan Malikov, dressed impeccably, sits at one end of the elegant table. Reading the morning paper and sipping espresso.

CLOSE ON FRONT PAGE: We see an article about the assassination attempt, complete with side-by-side photographs of Mike Banning and Sergei Loktev (the "concierge").

DOMINIKA (O.S.)
How can you read those lies about
Sergei?

Malikov's wife, Dominika, sits at the far end of the table. Still in her robe, she's clearly grief-stricken, possibly sedated.

DOMINIKA
Your lies.

Malikov turns the page, briefly glances at his wife but says nothing.

DOMINIKA
What do you intend to do about it?

MALIKOV
(doesn't lower paper)
Nothing.

Dominika stares at him across the table.

DOMINIKA
Nothing?

MALIKOV
(puts paper down,
irritated)
What would you have me do, Dominika?

Two attractive FEMALE SERVERS (ANNA, IRINA) - both 20s, they could be twins - enter the breakfast room, carrying silver-domed trays. The trays are set before Malikov and Dominika. Domes simultaneously removed and the servers exit.

Malikov places his paper aside, begins eating his breakfast with relish.

DOMINIKA
All he ever wanted to do was
impress you...

Dominika doesn't touch her food, instead opting for a few pills from a prescription bottle. She chases it down with vodka.

DOMINIKA
...but that wasn't possible, was
it?

Malikov shoots his wife a dark look.

MALIKOV
(a warning)
Don't.

Dominika refuses to lower her gaze.

DOMINIKA
Because he wasn't your son. He
wasn't your blood.

Malikov slurps his espresso, continues eating.

DOMINIKA
Did you have to publicly denounce
him?

Anna and Irina re-enter the room, carrying trays with
decanters of juice.

DOMINIKA
Did you have to spit on his grave?

MALIKOV
(looks up)
I can't afford any suspicion.
None.

Malikov continues to eat.

MALIKOV
You know that.

Dominika continues to stare at her husband.

MALIKOV
(chewing, contemptuous)
And if he hadn't been so stupid as
to get himself killed...

Beat. Dominika shoots Anna an imperceptible look. She
selects a specific decanter and pours juice into Malikov's
glass.

MALIKOV
What exactly do you expect me to
do, Dominika? Go to war with the
United States? You're fucking
delusional...

Malikov guzzles the juice, continues to eat when

HE VIOLENTLY STARTS TO CHOKE

Malikov clutches his throat, gasping for air. He tries to rise, and instead crumples to the floor, glass SHATTERING. His eyes stare up at his wife, pleading.

Dominika doesn't move to help.

Foaming at the mouth, Malikov convulses on the floor. Continues to stare up in utter shock at his wife. Dominika calmly gets up and crosses the room. Stands over her husband, dying in agony.

Dominika stares down at him, face a cold hard mask. She takes a slow deliberate sip of her vodka.

DOMINIKA

That's exactly what I expected you to do.

Malikov goes still. He's dead. Staring eyes unseeing.

Dominika stares down, having transformed before our very eyes from a weak, grief-stricken woman to a pitiless "*don't-fuck-with-me*" Griselda Blanco/Lady Macbeth sociopath.

Averin enters. He and Dominika share a knowing look.

DOMINIKA

Remove that.

And just like that... she's in control now.

EXT. BACKYARD - BANNING'S HOME - DAY

The entire backyard is decorated in JUNGLE SAFARI MOTIF for a toddler's birthday party (life-size cardboard palm trees, tiki torches, etc.). Balloons everywhere. "HAPPY 3RD BIRTHDAY, LYNNE!" banner strung high.

Dressed in a cute SAFARI OUTFIT, 3-year-old **LYNNE BANNING** plays in the backyard with her father. She stands at attention in front of Banning.

BANNING

Okay, pumpkin... what's the most important thing when we play hide-and-seek?

LYNNE
(proudly)
Silence.

Banning grins.

BANNING
Very good.

Across the yard, Leah (wearing a matching safari outfit), smiles as she blows up inflatable ANIMAL BALLOONS. Ties an enormous giraffe to a chair.

BANNING
(to Lynne)
And what's the second most important thing?

Lynne frowns, unsure.

LYNNE
Camel-frog?

BANNING
Camouflage, close enough.
(beat)
Okay, ready to play?

Lynne salutes her father.

LYNNE
Aye, aye Daddy.

Banning turns and starts to count.

BANNING
10... 9... 8...

Lynne scrambles as fast as her little legs will take her and hides. Leah looks on, in heaven. Whole family home and safe together.

BANNING
3... 2... 1... ready or not, here I come!

Banning and Leah share a quick smile, as Banning playfully begins the search.

INT. MALIKOV DACHA - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - SAME

A dark room. Heavy ornate furniture.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: Banning's headshot PHOTO stares back at us.

Dominika's fingers work the keyboard. Scrolling quickly through more IMAGES. Banning on duty, standing next to the presidential Beast, etc.

Dominika sits half in shadow, features bathed in the laptop's bluish glow.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: A final PHOTO of Banning receiving an award. Wife Leah standing beside him, holding their infant daughter, Lynne.

HOLD ON Dominika's enraged face.

INT. BANNING'S HOME - LATER / AFTERNOON

DING-DONG!

The doorbell RINGS, and Lynne races for the front door. Leah opens the door, and her daughter squeals with delight as the first PARTY GUESTS arrive.

INT. WASHINGTON DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME

International PASSENGERS arrive and are processed through customs.

Post-customs, dressed as ordinary businessmen, Averin and three other fit-looking MEN move down the concourse. Movements fluid, eyes alert.

It's a 4-MAN HIT TEAM.

It's frightening how easily these trained killers have just entered the country.

BY THE BAGGAGE CAROUSELS

Averin and his men are met by an ordinary-looking MAN, early 50s, thinning hair. He's a Russian **SLEEPER AGENT**.

They all wordlessly move through the sliding doors and exit the terminal.

EXT. BANNING'S BACKYARD - LATER

The birthday party's in FULL SWING. Surrounded by her friends (all wearing jungle animal party guest HEADPIECES - lions, tigers, elephants, etc.), Lynne is positively glowing.

She rips open a wrapped present, explodes with joy when she sees the gift inside.

EXT. U-STORAGE FACILITY - SAME

A rolling metal door RATTLES up. A mammoth DODGE RAM 3500 pickup truck is parked inside. Matte black, hemi V-8, jacked tires.

The sleeper agent enters with Averin and his hit team. He grabs a large metallic case, opens it. Inside are AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, SILENCERS, SPARE MAGAZINES, etc.

EXT. BANNING'S BACKYARD - LATER

Party games. Wearing a jungle safari hat, Banning plays with the children in the backyard. Wearing their animal masks, they SWARM Banning, whooping with joy.

Banning playfully succumbs to their mock-siege, disappearing under the pile of SQUEALING KIDS.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC CT6 (MOVING) - SAME

A black Cadillac CT6 SEDAN zooms down the highway, followed by the Dodge Ram 3500.

Inside both vehicles, behind tinted windows, Averin and his men prep their weapons. Slapping in mags, racking slides. Hands practiced and efficient.

EXT. BANNING'S BACKYARD - LATER

Surrounded by friends and neighbors, Lynne stands over her birthday cake. Three candles flickering.

CHILDREN

(singing)

*Happy birthday to you... Happy
birthday to you... Happy birthday
dear Linnie... Happy birthday to
you...*

Lynne leans forward, and gives a mighty blow.

Whoosh! The candles all EXTINGUISH. The cheering of the guests slowly fades, going faraway...

FADE OUT:

EXT. BANNING'S HOME - LATER / NIGHT (RAIN)

The witching hour. Suburban street silent, dark. A light RAIN falls.

INT. BANNING'S HOME - VARIOUS ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

POV VIDEO SECURITY CAMERAS: Living room. Dining room. Kitchen. Shimmering MOTION DETECTOR BEAMS crisscross the home's interior, protecting every access point.

Banning's state-of-the-art smart home is quiet, secure.

When suddenly... the entire advanced security system inexplicably SHUTS DOWN.

RAPID-FIRE FLASHCUTS (SIMULTANEOUS): The cameras go dark... motion detector beams wink off... electronic deadbolts unlock...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning and Leah sleep side-by-side. Rain gently patters the windows outside.

The bedside digital alarm clock WINKS OFF.

INT. CADILLAC CT6 - OUTSIDE BANNING'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Parked on the quiet street outside Banning's house, Averin (sitting in the passenger seat, sleeper agent behind the wheel) finishes hacking Banning's sophisticated security system remotely.

AVERIN
(into headset, in Russian,
subtitled)
Go.

DOWN THE BLOCK

The other THREE ASSASSINS exit the Dodge Ram 3500 truck. Wearing flip-down night vision monocles and full body armor, they swiftly converge on the Banning house.

INT. STAIRWELL - BANNING'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The FIRST ASSASSIN stealthily creeps up the stairs. Silenced machine pistol leveled.

He reaches the landing, and moves ghost-like for the master bedroom door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The assassin soundlessly pushes open the door.

He steps inside, weapon leveled. Banning sleeps under the covers... but Leah's side of the bed is EMPTY.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

The assassin FIRES three silenced rounds into Banning's sleeping form.

Suddenly, the sound of a toilet FLUSHING. The assassin spins. Moves quickly toward the ensuite master bath.

IN THE MASTER BATHROOM

The assassin silently edges into the darkened master bath. HEARS the running toilet behind the closed toilet door.

In one smooth motion, he raises his weapon and FIRES a silenced burst through the toilet door. KICKS OPEN THE DOOR AND

THE TOILET IS EMPTY

When out of nowhere -

BANNING

DIVES onto the assassin from behind - LOCKS him in an unbreakable hold - the two SILENTLY STRUGGLE -

BANNING
(into assassin's ear)
Who sent you?

ASSASSIN
(struggling, gasping for
breath)
Fuck you -

Banning SNAPS HIS NECK. The assassin falls to the floor, dead.

BANNING
Wrong answer.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Banning rushes back into the bedroom. Pulls Leah from her hiding spot inside the closet.

LEAH
(voice tight)
The baby -

Banning nods. Moving fast, he whips back the bedcovers - revealing the mattress beneath -

BANNING
(low)
They cut the power - I don't know
how many there are -

Banning finds a HIDDEN SEAM, yanks hard - the mattress RIPS OPEN - Banning's hand reaches inside and pulls out the FN P90 SUBMACHINE GUN hidden within -

BANNING
Stay close.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

FN P90 raised, Banning quickly leads Leah down the hallway. Pushes open his daughter's bedroom door.

IN LYNNE'S BEDROOM

Banning grabs Lynne from her bed.

LYNNE
(groggy, confused)
Daddy?

BANNING
Shhh, baby... it's alright...

Banning smooths his daughter's hair, comforting.

BANNING
(voice calm)
We're gonna play hide-and-seek,
okay?

Lynne nods, pressing her lips together and keeping silent.

Banning hands their daughter to Leah, spins for the door.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

They move quickly back down the hall. Turn the corner for the back stairwell when

A SECOND ASSASSIN

leaps from the darkness, SMASHING Banning into the wall. The FN P90 goes flying, CLATTERING down the back stairs.

The assassin SLAMS Banning into the wall again, plaster EXPLODING. A brutal flurry of furious CLOSE QUARTER BLOWS.

It's a ferocious, yet almost completely silent, fight to the death.

Down the hall, Leah shields Lynne. Hands desperately fumbling for the clasps to the square AIR FILTER GRATE in the wall.

What is she doing?

The assassin STUNS Banning with a vicious blow to the throat. Banning falters, falling back.

Behind them, Leah YANKS the air filter grate from the wall. Reaches inside and grabs a RUGER .380 HANDGUN hidden within.

Down the hall, the second assassin whips up his COMBAT KNIFE. Readies to plunge it into Banning's chest when

BLAM!

The assassin falls off Banning, dead.

INT. CADILLAC CT6 - OUTSIDE BANNING'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Averin's head SNAPS UP at the sound of the gunshot inside the darkened house.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - BANNING'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Stunned he's still alive, Banning spins to see

LEAH

holding the smoking pistol in her hand.

BANNING
(floored)
Where'd that come from?

Leah's glance flicks to the air filter grate.

LEAH
This one's mine.

The two share a look.

BANNING
(gallows humor)
I knew there was a reason I married
you.

Without warning, the wall beside Banning's head EXPLODES with a burst of silenced gunfire from below. Banning and Leah dive for cover as...

THE THIRD ASSASSIN

fires up the back stairwell with his silenced automatic weapon. A furious BARRAGE OF BULLETS rakes the walls.

Thinking fast, Banning pulls Leah and Lynne into the spare bedroom.

IN THE SPARE BEDROOM

Banning slams and locks the door behind them.

Some scattered boxes. Tiny window. Sliding closet door. Nowhere to hide.

Last stand.

With cat-quick reflexes, Banning pulls his wife and daughter to the floor just as

THE SPARE BEDROOM DOOR

is riddled with GUNFIRE from outside the hall. SHREDDING the walls across the room, plaster flying.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The third assassin stalks down the hall, firing on FULL AUTO. Turning the spare bedroom door into KINDLING.

IN THE SPARE BEDROOM

The assassin CRASHES through the shredded door like it's not even there. Eyes sweeping the room...

THE BEDROOM IS EMPTY.

Some scattered boxes. Tiny window. Sliding closet door.

The assassin RAKES the closet door with his weapon, blasting it into a storm of splinters.

He stalks forward, RIPS OPEN the obliterated sliding doors...

The closet is empty.

Working fast, the assassin's hands move quickly over the closet floor and walls. He finds a hidden latch, and rips back

A HIDDEN SIDE PANEL

built into the closet wall. The assassin stares inside.

An ESCAPE LADDER, bolted to the interior wall, descends into the darkness below.

EXT. OUTSIDE BANNING'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Averin approaches the house, wary. Then abruptly stops short. He stands stock-still, listening.

Without warning -

A SILVER CHEVY TAHOE

CRASHES THROUGH THE GARAGE DOORS - aluminum shrapnel
EXPLODING IN A SPRAY - Averin instantly whips his OSN-Saturn
9x19 SUBMACHINE GUN to his shoulder -

AND IN THAT SPLIT SECOND

Banning, behind the wheel, and Averin LOCK EYES.

Banning wildly SPINS the wheel - CAREENS from the drive and across the yard - *PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!* - Averin FURIOUSLY FIRING AFTER HIM -

IN THE TAHOE

The vehicle BOUNCES crazily across the yard - CRASHES through a hedge, JUMPING the curb - SLAMS onto the street - bullets RAKING the Tahoe's frame, windows SHATTERING -

BANNING

Get down!

Leah covers Lynne's body with her own in the passenger seat, glass RAINING DOWN around her. Banning PUNCHES THE GAS, ROCKETS down the quiet street.

ON THE STREET

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Averin fires a WITHERING FUSILLADE of silenced rounds after the fleeing Tahoe. As the Tahoe ZOOMS past the parked CT6 and

THE SLEEPER AGENT

leans out the driver window - sights down the barrel of an odd-looking PISTOL - FIRES A SINGLE SHOT AND -

A GPS TRACKER BULLET

thuds into the rear liftgate of the Tahoe. Red LED blinking.

Averin jumps into the sedan. The sleeper agent PUNCHES THE GAS and the CT6 ZOOMS after the Tahoe.

IN THE TAHOE

HAMMER DOWN, Banning reaches for his wife and daughter.

BANNING
Are you alright?

Leah nods, eyes wide with fear.

LEAH
(panicked)
What's going on?!

Banning WHITE KNUCKLES the wheel, eyes clocking the rearview.

LEAH
Mike!

BANNING
STAY DOWN!

IN THE CT6

The speeding sedan SCREAMS after the Tahoe. Averin slaps in a fresh mag, racks the slide.

NIGHTTIME SUBURBAN STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES

The Tahoe CAREENS wildly through the empty suburban streets. BLASTING through stop signs, BARRELING around corners. Not stopping for anything.

The CT6 pursues.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning's eyes flick to the rearview.

POV REARVIEW: The CT6 inexorably CLOSES.

ON THE STREETS

The Tahoe ZOOMS over the rain-slick streets. Flies over RAILROAD TRACKS, goes AIRBORNE. SLAMS violently back onto the road, SPARKS FLYING.

IN THE CT6

Averin leans out the window. FIRES after the fleeing Tahoe in short, controlled bursts.

IN THE TAHOE

Rounds PEPPER the vehicle, metal pinging. Glass SHATTERS.

Leah instinctively DUCKS. Banning GRIPS the wheel tighter, heart pounding furiously.

The CT6 SCREAMS after them, RIGHT ON THEIR ASS NOW.

LEAH
(scared out of her mind)
Mike!

ON THE STREETS

Barely slowing, both vehicles zoom up a curving on-ramp and onto ROCK CREEK PARKWAY.

ON ROCK CREEK PARKWAY

Pursued and pursuer SCREAM DOWN the four-lane, tree-lined PARKWAY. WHIPPING PAST slower vehicles in their path, ZOOMING beneath railroad trestles.

It's a 100 MPH life-and-death automotive ballet. Arc sodium lamps bearing mute witness to the frantic chase below.

UP AHEAD

Hidden in concealment behind a bridge support, a TOWNSHIP PATROL CAR waits in its speed trap.

The Tahoe and CT6 blast by in a ROAR OF SCREAMING ENGINES. Both doing 100-plus.

The POLICE OFFICER, early 20s, slams his car into gear. ZOOMS after them.

IN THE CT6

Averin sees the patrol car pursue, lightbars FLASHING.

He imperceptibly nods to the sleeper agent.

THE PATROL CAR

closes fast, supercharged engine rising to a DEAFENING ROAR. Pulls abreast of the speeding Cadillac.

POV POLICE OFFICER: He's suddenly staring straight into the barrel of Averin's gun.

Averin opens up at POINT BLANK RANGE. Bullets EXPLODE through the cop's driver side window, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

The patrol car CAREENS wildly into the stone wall guardrail. CARTWHEELS OUT OF CONTROL, flipping over repeatedly in its METAL-TWISTING DEATH ROLL.

The CT6 zooms after the Tahoe.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning takes the next curve, wheels barely staying on the rain-streaked road.

POV REARVIEW: The CT6 roars after them, CLOSING FAST.

He can't outrun them.

IN THE CT6

The speeding sedan rapidly closes. Averin sights down his weapon for the KILLING BURST.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning's eyes dart, every sense on overload.

BANNING

HOLD ON!

BANNING STANDS ON THE BRAKES - Tahoe SCREECHING TO A SLEWING, TIRE-SMOKING STOP - as the CT6 ROCKETS PAST - Banning SPINS THE WHEEL, HARD - BLASTS THROUGH a hanging chain and onto a paved PEDESTRIAN/JOGGING PATH -

ON THE JOGGING PATH

The Tahoe ZOOMS down the PITCH BLACK PATH, barely wide enough for the speeding truck. Dark woods pass outside in a WHIPPING BLUR.

LEAH

Mike...

Tree branches SLAP the Tahoe, overgrowth RAKING ITS SIDES.

LEAH

Mike!

Banning grips the wheel, eyes slits.

BANNING

Trust me.

ON ROCK CREEK PARKWAY

The CT6 REVERSES QUICKLY back up the parkway. CAREENS onto the cutoff into which Banning disappeared.

ON THE JOGGING PATH

The CT6 ZOOMS DOWN the dark path, pursuing.

The Tahoe is gone.

ON THE STREETS OF GEORGETOWN

The Tahoe SHOOTS from the far end of the jogging path, CAROMING onto residential roadway again. The streets of upper Georgetown.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning checks the rearview. The CT6 is gone. His heart returns to his chest when

HEADLIGHTS sweep out of nowhere and

SLAAAAAAAAAM!

The Tahoe VIOLENTLY ROCKS, Banning almost losing control. He spins, eyes wild -

THE BLACK DODGE RAM 3500

SLAMS into them again... the third assassin behind the wheel. The malevolent machine BEARS DOWN, ENGINE ROARING.

Banning PUNCHES THE GAS, hands spinning the wheel. His mind races. *How did they find him?*

CLOSE ON: The TRACKER BULLET embedded into the Tahoe's liftgate. Inexorably blinking.

There is no escape.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning swings the wheel hard, jumps a low curb. Zooms onto 35TH STREET NW, careening down the insanely steep, half-cobblestone street.

ON 35TH STREET NW

Both vehicles ROCKET down the narrow, precipitous decline. BOUNCING VIOLENTLY over uneven pavement, GOING AIRBORNE through cross streets. CLIPPING parked cars, Banning's side mirror gets SHEARED OFF.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning stares through the windshield, heart HAMMERING in his chest. Leah beside him holding onto Lynne for dear life.

The bottom of the hill's coming up fast. TRAFFIC passing on M Street. The light is RED.

Banning PUNCHES THE GAS - BLASTS THROUGH THE RED LIGHT - ACROSS FOUR LANES OF TRAFFIC - NEVER SLOWING - cars WILDLY SWERVING out of their way - and screams straight onto FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BRIDGE -

ON KEY BRIDGE

Banning CLENCHES the wheel, eyes checking the rearview. Pickup still right on his ass.

The two vehicles BARREL across the bridge. DODGING and SWERVING past slower traffic. They blast forward, SIDE-BY-SIDE.

The pickup violently SWERVES - SLAM! - SMASHING the smaller Tahoe against the concrete barrier wall - Tahoe's whole side panel BUCKLING -

SLAM! The Ram CRASHES into them again. The Tahoe is trapped. Nowhere to go.

The third assassin stares down at Banning from the cab of the pickup - knows he's got him - swings the wheel hard for the final CRUSHING BLOW when -

BANNING

spins with Leah's Ruger...

BANNING
Cover her ears.

...and UNLOADS THE FULL CLIP into the assassin's windshield.

The top-heavy truck goes AIRBORNE, doing ninety-plus - whole vehicle STANDING ON END - FLIPS over the barrier wall, wildly CARTWHEELING off the bridge - and disappears into the BLACK WATERS of the Potomac below -

The Tahoe ZOOMS off the end of the bridge, speeding into the refuge of Northern Virginia.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning lowers the empty gun. He and Leah share a look. They both can breathe again.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Bullets suddenly RAKE the Tahoe's chassis. Banning spins.

It's Averin!

The CT6 roars after them, closing fast.

Pedal buried to the floor, Banning desperately flees down the highway through Rosslyn. CT6 right on his ass.

IN THE CT6

Averin slaps in a fresh mag. Speeding sedan pulling close to FINISH THEM OFF.

IN THE TAHOE

Banning's eyes narrow, mind racing.

He knows where he's going, if only he can make it in time.

Frantically, Banning punches a number into his cellphone.

BANNING
(into phone)
This is Banning, Secret Service!
I've got shooters on my ass!

THE CT6

swings up beside the Tahoe - Banning shoots a glance over -
AND HE AND AVERIN SHARE A FINAL LOOK -

Averin sights down his weapon.

BANNING
(into phone)
Comin' in hot! No time to knock!

Averin squeezes the trigger just as -

BANNING VIOLENTLY WHIPS THE WHEEL

Tahoe CAREENING off the road - almost OVERTURNING - and CRASHES straight through the Wright Gate entrance and onto...

EXT. JOINT BASE MYER-HENDERSON HALL - CONTINUOUS

...the joint-service MILITARY BASE near Arlington. The Tahoe brakes to a SCREECHING HALT. SOLDIERS come running, M-4s leveled.

Banning leaps from the bullet-pocked Tahoe, hands held high.

BANNING
Secret Service!

SERGEANT
(holding up his hand)
HOLD YOUR FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Several soldiers RUN past Banning, toward the SMASHED front gates.

OUTSIDE THE GATES

Inside the stopped CT6, Averin stares across at the army base. Armed soldiers race forward. Approaching SIRENS of pursuing cop cars growing LOUDER.

No choice. The sleeper agent HITS THE GAS.

The soldiers rush forward. Snap rifles to shoulders.

The fleeing car is already gone.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. BASE COMMANDER'S OFFICE - JOINT BASE MYER - LATER

Sometime before dawn. Banning sits with the **BASE COMMANDER**, 40s, in his spartan office.

President Trumbull, obviously just awakened, stares back from the VIDEO CONFERENCE screen.

TRUMBULL
I've seen a lot in my time. But
attacking a Secret Service agent's
family on U.S. soil...

Beat. Trumbull's face conceals a barely controlled rage.

TRUMBULL
How are Lynne and Leah?

BANNING
They've been better, sir.

TRUMBULL
Whatever it takes, Mike, we're
going to keep them safe. You have
my word.

BANNING
Thank you, Mr. President.

The base commander leans forward.

BASE COMMANDER
Goddamn Russian oligarchs...
everyone knows they're really the
ones in charge over there -

TRUMBULL
Except it's not Malikov.

Banning looks up.

BANNING
What?

TRUMBULL
He's dead. Just came over the wire.

Trumbull and Banning hold each other's gaze.

TRUMBULL
Natural causes... apparently.

BANNING
(sarcastic)
Apparently.

They all share a look.

BANNING
I got a good look at one of the
fuckers -
(catches himself)
...sir.

TRUMBULL
Good. I'll have intelligence pool
their resources, give you
everything they've got. But we
need to get you out of town.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - SAME

It's dark. We can't see where we are.

Averin speaks into a secure, encrypted SAT PHONE.

AVERIN

He's on a military base outside DC.

INT. MALIKOV DACHA - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - SAME

Dominika speaks into her corresponding sat phone.

DOMINIKA

He can't stay there forever...

Her eyes narrow, mind working.

DOMINIKA

...his President will move him.

Beat. Dominika makes her next play.

DOMINIKA

Initiate Icarus.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. BEDROOM - SUBURBAN TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

It's early. An ordinary suburban dad, **DANIEL REYES**, 40s, Latino, close-cropped hair, is awakened by his ALARM CLOCK in his middle-class McLean, VA townhouse.

Reyes scrubs a hand across his face and crawls from bed. Pads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Reyes enters the kitchen, groggy. Crosses to the Keurig machine on the counter, turns it on.

Reyes turns, and his eyes grow wide in shock...

HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN ARE GAGGED AND DUCT-TAPED TO CHAIRS

WTF! Reyes gapes, speechless.

Standing behind Reyes's bound family is the sleeper agent.

REYES
(blinks, confused)
Bill? What the hell are you -

A silenced PISTOL is pressed to the side of Reyes's head, cutting him off. It's Averin.

AVERIN
Here's what you're going to do, Mr. Reyes.

INT. BARRACKS - JOINT BASE MYER - LATER / DAY

Lynne watches TV across the room. Banning sits with Leah.

BANNING
I never thought my job would put you two in danger.

LEAH
It's not your fault.

Banning reaches out, takes his wife's hand.

BANNING
Don't worry... I'll get us through this...

Leah holds his gaze, face worried.

LEAH
You're the one who always protects everyone else...
(beat)
Who protects you?

There's a KNOCK on the door.

BANNING
(calling)
Yeah?

The door opens. The uniformed SOLDIER stationed outside peers in.

SOLDIER
They're here for you, sir.

EXT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Banning leads his wife and daughter from the barracks. More uniformed SOLDIERS stand guard outside.

REVERSE ANGLE: Agent Davis (who we met earlier in Estonia) stands with his FULL SECRET SERVICE SECURITY TEAM fanned out behind him, waiting in front of their bulletproof MOTORCADE. All wearing dark suits and shades, weapons at the ready.

Banning leads his family forward, Leah carrying Lynne.

BANNING

Looks like the gang's all here.

DAVIS

Yessir.

(turns to Leah)

Mrs. Banning. I'm Special Agent Davis. Wish we were meeting under better circumstances.

LEAH

Me too.

Davis turns his attention to Lynne.

DAVIS

And you must be Lynne. Aren't you cute as a button.

(smiles, reassuring)

You can call me Brody. I'm gonna be taking care of you.

Lynne smiles back, shy. Davis turns and starts walking with Banning.

DAVIS

(aside to Banning)

Thank God she takes after her mother.

Banning fires right back.

BANNING

(re: Davis's cocky demeanor)

Looks like someone opened up their juice box all by themselves this morning.

The two share a look, grin. Banning and his family get into the waiting presidential limousine (aka "THE BEAST").

INT. "THE BEAST" - CONTINUOUS

Banning sits with Davis. Leah and Lynne across from them.

Davis hands Banning a secure, encrypted iPad.

DAVIS
Straight from the top. Your eyes
only.

Banning opens the iPad.

CLOSE ON IPAD SCREEN: Digital files of current and former Russian COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENTS. Each subject's file labeled as "KGB," "FSB," etc. onscreen.

DAVIS
Both hitters from your home, the
third they pulled from the
Potomac... total black holes.
Israeli passports, all high-end
forgeries. Not a clue on them to
tell us who they really are, where
they're from, or who sent them.
(beat)
You saw one. Maybe we'll get
lucky.

Banning starts flipping through the classified files.

DAVIS
(into wrist mic)
Package secure. Let's move.

The motorcade rolls out.

INT. HANGAR - ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

The ordinary suburban dad, Daniel Reyes, walks through the shadows of the cavernous aircraft hangar. And we see that... he now wears an Air Force mechanic's jumpsuit.

Reyes strides from the hangar, out into the blinding sunlight. A massive airplane sits on the tarmac...

AIR FORCE ONE

Tall as a six-story building, long as a city block, the enormous plane is awe-inspiring. Signature blue-on-white paint job gleaming, fuselage emblazoned with the words "United States of America," the American flag, and the Seal of the President of the United States... it's the most recognizable aircraft on earth.

The other jumpsuit-wearing members of the Air Force's **PRESIDENTIAL AIRLIFT GROUP (PAG)** - the element of the 89th Airlift Wing responsible for Air Force One's maintenance and operation - methodically go about their assigned pre-flight tasks.

A fresh-faced AIRMAN addresses Reyes.

AIRMAN
Ready for final inspection, sir.

Equipment Specialist Reyes nods, face tense. Carrying his digital clipboard, he climbs the rear maintenance stairs and enters the massive Boeing VC-25A.

EXT. MOTORCADE (MOVING) - SAME

Banning's motorcade rolls down the highway.

INT. "THE BEAST" (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Leah distracts Lynne with a VIDEO GAME APP on her cellphone.

Across from them, Banning continues scrolling through the classified intelligence files.

CLOSE ON IPAD SCREEN: Headshot after headshot of scary-looking dudes. A rogue's gallery of certified badasses.

And then... a grainy FILE PHOTO of Averin stares back at him.

BANNING
(low, to Davis)
There's our dead-eyed asshole -

DAVIS
You sure?

BANNING
As fuck.

DAVIS
(reading from file)
Ilya Averin. Ex-Spetsnaz, former head of the Russian Presidential Security Service...

BANNING
Looks like our boy took a little walk on the wild side after that... helping Malikov murder his way to the top...

CLOSE ON IPAD SCREEN: Gory FILE PHOTO after FILE PHOTO of Averin murder victims. Each more gruesome than the last.

Davis stares down at the increasingly horrific PHOTOS.

DAVIS

Shit -

BANNING

These fuckers don't play.

They both stare down at the FINAL PHOTO of Averin.

DAVIS

But if Malikov's dead...

CLOSE ON FINAL PHOTO: Bare chested, muscular torso covered with imposing RED MAFIYA TATTOOS, Averin glares back with his malevolent stare.

DAVIS

...who's this guy working for now?

INT. CARGO HOLD - AIR FORCE ONE - SAME

Reyes moves through the belly of the aircraft, checking off items on his clipboard.

His eyes dart, nervous. He's alone.

Face a mask of anguish, Reyes removes a small next-gen EXPLOSIVE DEVICE from a hidden compartment in his toolbox. Quickly plants the bomb in an unseen spot inside the fuselage.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Reyes strides from the aircraft, clipboard in hand. Signals to the waiting SECRET SERVICE AGENTS outside.

REYES

Good to go.

The lead agent speaks into his wrist mic, relaying the all clear.

Reyes disappears into the shadows of the nearby hangar.

EXT. MOTORCADE (MOVING) - SLIGHTLY LATER

Banning's motorcade rolls past the airfield's heavily guarded perimeter. Arrows across the tarmac, stops.

The protective agents quickly exit their vehicles, form a secure cordon. Weapons out, eyes alert.

EXT. "THE BEAST" - CONTINUOUS

Banning and his family step from the limousine, blinking in the harsh sunlight.

They look up and see...

THE PRESIDENT'S DISTINCTIVE PLANE

looming over them on the tarmac. Leah and Lynne stare up in awe.

LEAH

Is that what I think it is?

Banning's cellphone suddenly rings.

BANNING

(into phone)

Banning.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Secret Service Director McKinney speaks into his desk phone.

MCKINNEY

So how you holding up?

INTERCUTTING

Banning crosses the tarmac with his family.

BANNING

(sarcastic)

You know me. Love to get out of the office.

MCKINNEY

Listen, I know this is hard for you. But you need to let us run the show on this one.

Banning and his family climb the air stairs with Davis.

MCKINNEY

Just keep your head down, and your family safe. Follow Davis's lead. We'll protect you.

Banning shoots a dubious glance at Davis.

MCKINNEY
These things have a way of sorting
themselves out.

BANNING
(not buying it for a
second)
Yessir.

Banning clicks off. He and Davis reach the top of the air stairs.

DAVIS
Is there *anyone* you trust?

BANNING
Yeah... me.

Banning disappears inside the plane.

INT. CABIN LOUNGE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Think the interior of a first-class hotel, except with seatbelts on all the chairs.

Leah and Lynne sit together in leather-upholstered luxury. A female STEWARD approaches.

STEWARD
(kneels down beside Lynne)
I bet you're hungry...

Lynne looks up at her mom. Leah nods.

LYNNE
(to steward)
Can I have breakfast?

STEWARD
This is the President's plane,
sweetie. You can have whatever you
want.

Leah smooths her daughter's hair.

LEAH
How about some pancakes?

Lynne vigorously nods.

STEWARD
(smiling)
Pancakes it is.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Four massive General Electric CF6-80C2B1 jet engines REVVING, the Boeing 747-200B taxis onto the runway.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
(filtered)
*Angel, this is Skymaster... you are
clear for take-off...*

INT. CABIN LOUNGE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Banning secures Lynne's seat belt.

BANNING
So, pumpkin... ready for your first
plane ride?

LYNNE
(not scared)
Yep.

BANNING
Good girl.

Beat. Banning glances up, and he and Leah share a look.

BANNING
We're safe now.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The massive Boeing takes off in a THUNDER OF ENGINES.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
(filtered)
Wheels up. Angel is airborne.

INT. CABIN LOUNGE (TAKING-OFF) - CONTINUOUS

Engines LOUDLY THRUMMING, Leah reaches out and takes Lynne's hand, reassuring.

Davis catches Lynne's eye, shoots her a wink. Lynne smiles back, warming to the agent.

INT. CARGO HOLD (AIRBORNE) - SLIGHTLY LATER

In the shadowy cargo hold, CAMERA MOVES to the digital readout of the altimeter affixed to the planted explosive device as the plane ascends.

CLOSE ON ALTIMETER: 10,000 feet... 10,500 feet... 11,000 feet...

INT. CABIN LOUNGE (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

The female steward serves Lynne her pancakes. Leah reaches over, begins cutting them up for her.

STEWARD

Mrs. Banning, can I get you some coffee?

LEAH

That would be great. Thank you.

EXT. SKY OVER ATLANTIC - CONTINUOUS

The President's plane continues to climb through the cloud-filled sky.

INT. CARGO HOLD (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

The altimeter on the explosive device keeps rising.

CLOSE ON ALTIMETER: 22,000 feet... 23,000 feet... 24,000 feet...

INT. CABIN LOUNGE (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

POV BANNING: He peers out the window, into an infinity of cottony white.

Banning turns from the window, sees Davis keeping careful watch on his family. He's a good agent. Lynne eats her pancakes (cute).

BANNING

You planning on having kids?

DAVIS

Me?

(shakes his head)

Hell no.

Davis makes a face.

DAVIS
Months of no sleep? Play dates and
soccer practice? No thanks. All
yours, boss.

Across the way, Leah helps her daughter pour syrup. Sweet
moment. There's an undeniable appeal.

BANNING
Sure about that? Family's nice.

DAVIS
Positive.

After a beat, Davis looks over.

DAVIS
(serious)
Doesn't mean I wouldn't die for
yours though.

Banning and Davis share a long, meaningful look.

INT. CARGO HOLD (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

The altimeter continues to climb.

CLOSE ON ALTIMETER: 28,000 feet... 29,000 feet... 30,000
feet...

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

The device EXPLODES.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

KA-BOOOOOM! At 30,000 feet, Air Force One ERUPTS IN A
SPECTACULAR FIREBALL OF FLAME.

It's a gut-wrenching, heart-stopping beat. We almost can't
believe what we're seeing...

IN SLOW MOTION: Long, grotesque fingers of WHITE SMOKE
eerily plume through the sky (think the *Challenger* disaster).
Debris floating down, big chunks of what used to be Air Force
One.

There can be no survivors.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
*Angel, this is Skymaster, come
 in...*
 (no response)
Angel, do you copy?

Still no response.

We stare in horrified disbelief. A frozen, unimaginable
 slice of a nightmare.

OVER INCREASINGLY URGENT, GARBLED MILITARY CROSSTALK -

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL (V.O.)
 (filtered, slowly fading
 away)
*Angel has fallen... repeat, Angel
 has fallen...*

[NOTE: This will be the jaw-dropping holy fuck final shot in
 the movie's trailer.]

SLAMCUT TO:

INT. CABIN LOUNGE (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

Banning and his family sit safely in their plane. Very much
 still alive.

What the hell's going on?

Leah turns from the window. Stares across at her husband and
 Davis.

LEAH
 Why'd we leave from Dulles?

Banning looks up.

LEAH
 I always thought Air Force One
 left out of Andrews?

Banning and Davis share a look.

BANNING
 It does. We're on Air Force Two.

LEAH
 (confused)
 What?

DAVIS
There are actually two Air Force
Ones, ma'am.

LEAH
I know that...

Leah blinks, instantly understanding the gravity of their situation.

LEAH
We needed a *decoy*?

Banning holds his wife's frightened gaze.

The phone in Davis's armrest suddenly RINGS. He picks up.

DAVIS
(into phone)
Davis.

Davis listens... and his face goes white.

INT. DINING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - SAME

Trumbull has a working lunch with several members of his STAFF.

An AIDE rushes up, whispers in Trumbull's ear.

TRUMBULL
(looks up)
Excuse me - gentlemen, ladies.

Trumbull stands, places his napkin on the table.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trumbull enters the empty conference room. **RAY MONROE**, his National Security Advisor, stands there. Face somber.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **RAY MONROE**
NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

MONROE
Air Force One is down.

Trumbull reacts.

TRUMBULL
How?

MONROE
We don't know yet, sir. All
contact was lost at 30,000 feet.

TRUMBULL
Banning?

MONROE
Safe on Angel Two.
(beat)
Unfortunately, your suspicions were
correct.

Trumbull exhales. Sits heavily.

TRUMBULL
(mind working)
Since the Cold War, we've known
they've had their tentacles
everywhere. But to actually get to
Air Force One...

He locks eyes with Monroe.

TRUMBULL
I want to know how this happened.

MONROE
We're on it, sir.

Trumbull's mind churns.

TRUMBULL
Who else knows?

MONROE
No one. Both planes were flying
dark, completely off-grid. Fathom
cloaking, per protocol. Debris,
assuming any is found, would be
more than 100 miles offshore -

TRUMBULL
Button it up. Complete news
blackout. Q-5 priority, need-to-
know only.

MONROE
Yessir.

Trumbull rises. Heads for the door, then stops.

TRUMBULL
And Ray -

Monroe looks up.

TRUMBULL
I'll be the one contacting the
families.

MONROE
Yes, Mr. President.

Trumbull exits.

EXT. REYES TOWNHOUSE - MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - LATER

A Toyota minivan SCREECHES into the driveway. Reyes, still wearing his Air Force mechanic's jumpsuit, leaps from the vehicle. Races up the front steps.

INT. REYES TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reyes bursts inside, calling for his wife.

REYES
(frantic)
Julia! Julia!

IN THE KITCHEN

Reyes rushes into the kitchen... and stops short.

CLOSE ON REYES'S FACE: Utter horror etched across his features. It's clear he's staring at his SLAUGHTERED FAMILY.

Unable to speak, face frozen in horrified disbelief, Reyes slowly sinks to his knees.

AVERIN

steps from the shadows behind Reyes.

In one smooth motion, he pulls a *karambit*, a vicious-looking curved fighting knife, and savagely IMPALES Reyes through the temple, killing him instantly.

Averin jerks the blade free. Reyes falls forward, dead.

The sleeper agent steps beside Averin. They both stare down at Reyes's lifeless form.

SLEEPER AGENT
What now?

Lightning fast, Averin spins and SLICES THE SLEEPER AGENT'S THROAT with the *karambit*.

The sleeper agent's eyes bug from his head, dead on his feet. He crumples to the ground, lifeless.

Averin wipes the crescent-shaped blade clean. Stares down at the sleeper agent, blood pooling.

No loose ends.

TIME DISSOLVE:

EXT. RED SQUARE - MOSCOW - DAY

Majestic, onion-domed ST. BASIL'S CATHEDRAL looms beside the fortress-like KREMLIN, mythic symbol of centuries-old Russian power.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **MOSCOW**

INT. KREMLIN - SAME

Russian President **PAVEL VASILYEV**, 50s, a big bear of a man with a widow's peak, sits alone in a darkened conference room.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **PAVEL VASILYEV**
PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION

Vasilyev's gaze fixes on the large wallscreen. Trumbull stares back at him.

VASILYEV
President Trumbull... what can I do
for you?

TRUMBULL
(flat)
Oh, I don't know, Pavel. How about
we start with Air Force One getting
blown out of the goddamn sky this
morning?

Vasilyev reacts.

VASILYEV
I hadn't heard -

TRUMBULL
Nor will you. Nor will anyone.
That is, unless you want to start
the next world war.

Vasilyev is genuinely stunned.

VASILYEV
You'll forgive me, Allan... but I
truly have no idea what you're
talking about.

Trumbull stares hard at Vasilyev. A long, tense beat.

TRUMBULL
You know what? *I believe you.*

The two leaders hold each other's gaze.

TRUMBULL
There's a kill order out on one of
my men and his family. Mike
Banning.
(beat)
Make them call off the dogs.

VASILYEV
Who exactly is "them"?

TRUMBULL
Don't play games with me, Pavel.
We all know who put you in power.

Beat.

VASILYEV
The Malikovs? I can't control what -

TRUMBULL
(cuts him off)
You can. And you will.

Another long, tense beat.

TRUMBULL
Are we clear, Mr. President?

VASILYEV
(beat, reluctant)
I'll see what I can do.

TRUMBULL
Thank you.

Vasilyev reaches out to disconnect the video conference.

TRUMBULL
Oh, and Pavel...

Vasilyev looks up.

TRUMBULL
Stay the hell out of Estonia.

Trumbull's screen GOES DARK.

EXT. TRUMBULL'S JEKYLL ISLAND COMPOUND - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Under the bright sun, an armored SUV MOTORCADE rolls down the desolate island road.

The motorcade turns off the road, passes a bulletproof GUARDHOUSE GATE. Manned by uniformed SECRET SERVICE cradling automatic weapons.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **PRESIDENT TRUMBULL'S SUMMER RETREAT
JEKYLL ISLAND, GEORGIA**

CAMERA CRANES UP: Giving us a full bird's-eye view of the entire SPRAWLING COMPOUND. Bounded on one side by the Atlantic Ocean - landward sides patrolled by armed TWO-MAN TEAMS roving the sandy dunes - all ringed with high fencing topped by razor wire -

IN THE MOTOR COURT

The motorcade rolls down the gravel driveway. Parks before the impressive, 8-bedroom shake shingle BEACHFRONT RETREAT.

Banning steps from his vehicle, blinking in the bright sun. Cellphone to his ear.

BANNING
(into phone)
...that's right, Averin. Alpha-Victor-Echo, Romeo-India-November. Retask whatever you can. This is our window. Maybe we get lucky. Thanks.

Banning clicks off.

DAVIS
Who was that?

BANNING
Old friend.

Banning's eyes clock the surroundings. No other homes in sight. Isolated, secure.

They will be safe here.

Leah emerges from the vehicle, holding a sleeping Lynne.

Davis and the other agents escort them inside.

EXT. MALIKOV DACHA - OUTSIDE MOSCOW - DUSK

In the fading light of day, another MOTORCADE pulls before the imposing estate. GUN-TOTING GUARDS everywhere, it's like an armed camp.

Russian President Vasilyev steps from his limousine, removes his sunglasses. Clocks the heavily-fortified grounds.

He strides purposefully toward the dacha's front door.

INT. LIBRARY - MALIKOV DACHA - SLIGHTLY LATER

Flanked by Anna and Irina, Dominika sits in her late husband's library. Vasilyev across from her, face dark.

VASILYEV

You're sending unsanctioned hit teams to the United States? Are you out of your mind?

Dominika stares back, eyes hard.

DOMINIKA

I watched for years as Demyan blackmailed, tortured and killed everyone in your path, putting you where you are. You owe me.

VASILYEV

This is the American President we're talking about, Dominika.

DOMINIKA

Not my problem.

Vasilyev leans forward.

VASILYEV

(an order)

Let me make myself clear, Mrs. Malikov. You're going to recall your men, end this vendetta. Now.

DOMINIKA
(confused, thinking the
deed is done)
What?

Vasilyev sees her confusion.

VASILYEV
You don't know?

Beat. Vasilyev sits back, shaking his head.

VASILYEV
Your "target", evidently, is still
alive.

Dominika reacts.

DOMINIKA
That's impossible. No one could
have survived that blast...

VASILYEV
(firm)
You need to let this go.

Dominika doesn't respond, mind working.

VASILYEV
(leans forward again,
menacing)
It would be in your best interest.

The threat is implicit in Vasilyev's words.

Dominika looks up. Stares back, hard as fucking nails.

DOMINIKA
It would be in your best interest
to stay the fuck out of this.

Vasilyev falters, taken aback.

VASILYEV
Is that a threat? You really think
you can get to me?
(dismissive)
You're fucking delusional...

Dominika doesn't lower her gaze. Eyes black as anthracite.

DOMINIKA
Funny, my husband said the very
same thing... just before he died.

Dominika smiles. Scary as fuck.

Vasilyev involuntarily shudders. After a beat, he abruptly gets up and strides from the room.

EXT. MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Vasilyev moves quickly for his limousine. His own security detail easily outnumbered and outgunned by Dominika's men.

POV VASILYEV: Dominika's men stare back at him. Faces dark, weapons ready.

At any moment, they could all just open fire.

INT. LIBRARY - MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Through the tall arched windows, Dominika watches Vasilyev hastily get into his limousine. Raises the sat phone to her ear.

DOMINIKA
(into phone, flat)
Banning's still alive.

POV DOMINIKA: The motorcade hurriedly speeds away, dust trailing in its wake.

EXT. TRUMBULL'S JEKYLL ISLAND COMPOUND - NIGHT

FIRE TEAMS patrol the perimeter. Searchlights sweeping the sandy drifts.

INT. BEDROOM - TRUMBULL'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Leah cuddles with a sleepy Lynne in a giant king-sized bed. Reads her a bedtime story.

LEAH
(reading)
On the far-away island of Sala-ma-Sond / Yertle the Turtle was king of the pond / A nice little pond. It was clean. It was neat / The water was warm. There was plenty to eat / The turtles had everything turtles might need / And they were all happy. Quite happy indeed /

Lynne snuggles against her mother, as Leah turns the page.

LEAH

(still reading)

*They were... until Yertle the king
of them all / Decided the kingdom
he ruled was too small / "I'm
ruler," said Yertle, "of all that I
see / But I don't see enough.
That's the trouble with me /*

Banning enters the room.

LYNNE

(perks up)

Daddy!

Banning sits on the bed, kisses his daughter on the forehead.

BANNING

Whatcha doin', munchkin?

LYNNE

Reading stories with Mommy.

Banning and Leah share a quick smile.

BANNING

(to Lynne)

Listen... I just wanted to tell
you, that you did such a good job
today.

LYNNE

(beaming)

I did?

BANNING

Yep. And I'm so proud of you.

Banning addresses both his wife and daughter.

BANNING

We all just need to hang in there a
little bit longer, okay? Then we
can all go back home.

LEAH

How does that sound, Lynnie? Does
that sound good?

Lynne nods, tired. A light KNOCK on the door. Davis stands
in the doorway.

DAVIS
Sorry to interrupt, sir. I've got
the President and the Director.

IN THE HALLWAY

Banning and Davis move down the hall, into the main study.

IN THE STUDY

CLOSE ON SCREEN: SPLITSCREEN HI-RES IMAGES of Trumbull and
McKinney stare back from the oversize desk monitor.

TRUMBULL
You okay, Mike?

BANNING
(skips the small talk)
The flight crew. How many?

TRUMBULL
(solemn)
Eleven.

Banning lowers his head, features pained.

BANNING
Fuck.
(beat)
I never thought anyone would have
to die for me.

A somber beat.

MCKINNEY
Ex-Soviet sleeper, probably here
for decades. Compromised one of
the PAG airman.

BANNING
How the hell did they do that?

TRUMBULL
(beat)
They had his family.

The rest is left unsaid. They all let this sink in.

DAVIS
Goddamn Russians.

TRUMBULL
I'm applying pressure wherever I
can, Mike.

BANNING
I appreciate that, sir.

MCKINNEY
But Demyan Malikov's gone. What do
they still want with you?

The question hangs there. Beat.

Banning's cell RINGS. He checks Caller ID, answers.

BANNING
(into phone)
Banning.

Banning listens, face intent.

BANNING
Thanks, man. I owe you.

Banning clicks off. Turns back to Trumbull and McKinney.

BANNING
Averin works for Dominika Malikov
now.

DAVIS
Who?

BANNING
Wife of Demyan. I killed her son
in Estonia.
(beat)
NSA trapped and traced a burst
transmission, uplinked through
Dubai. It's her.

Beat. They all now know who wants Banning dead.

MCKINNEY
FBI, Homeland Security, everyone's
looking for this prick. If Ilya
Averin's still here, we'll find
him.

BANNING
(isn't so sure)
Or he'll find us.

Banning's mind races, impatient.

BANNING
I'm not waiting around for that -

MCKINNEY

Banning, you need to let us handle this. Keep your head down, lay low. That's an order.

Banning's not convinced. His glance flicks to Trumbull.

TRUMBULL

I agree with the Director on this one.

(beat)

Your family needs you, Mike.

Beat. Trumbull's eyes move to Davis.

TRUMBULL

Take good care of him, Agent Davis.

DAVIS

Yessir.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strobing lights. Tribal house EDM.

Carrying two large black duffel bags, Averin coolly moves through the swirl of GRINDING BODIES. Pulsing music DEAFENING.

POV AVERIN: Eyes clocking the club, he makes eye contact with the hardcore SECURITY, all wearing Secret Service-style earpieces. He sees them, and they see him.

They allow him to pass.

At the back of the club, Averin slips behind the bar against the far rear wall.

A hulking BODYGUARD stands watch by a door. A glance from Averin. The bodyguard steps aside, opens the door.

Averin strides through.

UNDER THE NIGHTCLUB - VARIOUS ANGLES

Down a set of dim stairs. Through a series of dark twisting corridors. Thump of the club overhead growing ever more faint.

Averin reaches an ominous-looking STEEL DOOR. Raps on it once.

The door opens, and Averin enters.

INSIDE THE ROOM

It's large, with bare cinderblock walls. A massive ARMORY is built into the far wall, bristling with weapons.

In the room are more than forty RED MAFIYA SOLDIERS. Stone cold killers. Eyes dark, shaved heads, bodies covered with ink.

Averin tosses both duffels to the ground. The most dangerous-looking MAFIYA SOLDIER steps forward, unzips both bags.

CLOSE ON BAGS: Cold cash inside. \$10 million US.

Averin and the lead soldier share a long, hard look.

AVERIN
(matter-of-fact)
Ready to go to war?

EXT. TRUMBULL'S JEKYLL ISLAND COMPOUND - NEXT DAY

A perfect cloudless sky. Roving TWO-MAN TEAMS patrol the dune-covered perimeter.

200 METERS OFFSHORE

A trio of 12-foot Secret Service PATROL BOATS monitor the shoreline. Pair of AGENTS on each boat sweeping the horizon with high-powered Zeiss binoculars.

MARITIME AGENT #1
(into wrist mic)
Narwhal One, clear.

MARITIME AGENT #2 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Narwhal Two, clear.

MARITIME AGENT #3 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Narwhal Three, all clear.

AT THE MAIN HOUSE

Banning stands on the wide VERANDA with binoculars. Keeping watch himself, unable to relax.

DAVIS (O.S.)
I've always wanted to have a deck
like this.

Davis joins Banning on the veranda.

BANNING
(not lowering his
binoculars)
Yeah, we got one in our new house.
It's nice.

DAVIS
Really? How big is your deck?

Banning lowers his binoculars.

BANNING
That's kind of a personal question,
don't you think?

They both chuckle.

DAVIS
(clocks the circles under
Banning's eyes)
When was the last time you actually
slept?

Banning returns his gaze to the horizon.

BANNING
I'll sleep when I'm dead.

DAVIS
For you, I guess that's a "never".

BANNING
(beat)
Here's hoping.

Banning flexes his leg, and his knee loudly POPS.

DAVIS
(grins)
What the hell, old man? Need some
super glue?

Banning chuckles, fires right back.

BANNING
What the fuck kind of name is
"Brody" anyway?

Davis laughs.

DAVIS
What's wrong with it?

BANNING
I dunno. Just screams that
coddled, helicopter parent,
"Everyone-Gets-A-Trophy" horseshit.

They both laugh.

DAVIS
(beat, turns serious)
Mom died when I was six. Dad was a
fuckin' tweaker, loved the pipe
more than my brother and me.
(eyes faraway, recalling
painful memories)
Asshole...

BANNING
Lot of those in this world.

Davis looks through the window. Inside, Leah watches Lynne playing with her doll.

DAVIS
(beat)
This is your antidote?

Banning nods.

After a beat, his eyes return to the shoreline. Uneasy.

BANNING
We should think about moving.

DAVIS
What? We got this bitch locked
down.

BANNING
(beat)
Just a feeling...

Davis clocks the same terrain as Banning. Full security in every direction.

DAVIS
You worry too much.

Banning looks over.

BANNING
That's what keeps me alive.

EXT. TRUMBULL'S COMPOUND - VARIOUS SHOTS - LATER

A gentle wind blows off the sea. Sound of the WAVES breaking on the shore. It's tranquil, serene.

ROVING TEAMS with automatic weapons patrol the sandy dunes. MARITIME UNITS anchored offshore, eyes scanning the horizon. GATEHOUSE SENTRIES alert, watchful.

INT. STUDY - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning sits before a secure, encrypted LAPTOP.

He presses his fingerprint to the biometric security pad, feeds in his special high-access codes...

CLOSE ON SCREEN: It's the EYES-ONLY ELECTRONIC FILE on Dominika Malikov. There isn't much, but Banning scrutinizes what little there is...

Notoriously reclusive and enigmatic... Kiev middle class upbringing to pinnacle of Russian power elite... recent death of husband deemed "highly suspicious"... now controls estimated empire worth \$38B...

Banning clicks through the sparse nuggets of information.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: A black-and-white SURVEILLANCE SHOT of Dominika stares back. Dark eyes seeming to fix Banning with their inscrutable stare.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Seagulls flit through the cloudless sky above.

Suddenly, a local SCHOOL BUS churns down the desolate island road. Dust pluming in its wake.

AT THE GATEHOUSE

The sentries eye the approaching bus. Yellow paint winking in the late afternoon sun. Empty of students inside.

INT. HALLWAY - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning exits the study, strides down the hallway. His cell suddenly RINGS.

BANNING
(into phone)
Banning.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
You know who this is?

Banning stops short. Blood freezing in his veins.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
You killed my son.

BANNING
Your son was a fucking assassin.

Beat.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
He didn't deserve to die.

BANNING
Well, I guess no one's ever the
asshole in their version of what
happened.

Another beat.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
So now I'm going to kill you and
your family. That sounds fair,
doesn't it?

BANNING
You know, lady... I'm trying to
decide just exactly how fucked up
your universe really is.

We can hear the smile in Dominika's voice.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
You think those gold-braided
hallways you patrol protect you,
Agent Banning?

A long, tense beat.

DOMINIKA (V.O.)
They don't.

Click. The line goes dead.

We can see from the look on Banning's face - he knows it's
already too late -

THE FOLLOWING ALL HAPPENS SIMULTANEOUSLY...

EXT. 200 METERS OFFSHORE - CONTINUOUS

The three Secret Service boats gently bob on the mirror-like sea.

IN THE NEAREST BOAT

Standing along the gunwale, the TWO AGENTS peer through their binoculars. Nothing but empty ocean to the horizon.

When suddenly -

MASKED FROGMEN

BURST FROM THE WATER'S SURFACE - literally at the agents' feet - silenced, PLASTIC-ENCASED WEAPONS in their fists -

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Both agents are DOUBLE-TAPPED in the head. The first agent topples from the boat, disappearing into the sea. The second crumples to the deck, dead.

Three FROGMEN leap into the boat. The first rips off his scuba mask and re-breather... it's Averin.

Moving fast, they seize control of the boat. Toss the second dead agent over the side.

IN THE NEAR DISTANCE

The other two boats are similarly hijacked. Dispatched agents dumped into the sea.

EXT. COMPOUND PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS

A two-man Secret Service team marches past. When suddenly -

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

AN ASSASSIN POPS FROM THE SAND - MOWS DOWN both agents with a burst from his silenced weapon - they both crumple, dead -

AROUND THE PERIMETER

More assassins POP from their hidden SPIDER HOLES. Silently CUT DOWN the nearest agents where they stand.

AT THE GATEHOUSE

The passing school bus suddenly BRAKES to a jolting stop. Directly in front of the gatehouse.

Before the guards can even react -

A LAW ROCKET LAUNCHER

juts from an open bus window, FIRES. *WHOOOSH!* The gatehouse EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL OF FLAME.

IN THE BUS

MORE GUNMEN pop from the other open windows - automatic weapons UNLEASHING A WITHERING FUSILLADE OF FIRE - RAKING the compound grounds - RIDDLING protective agents who fall in BLOODY HEAPS -

Kevlar-clad ASSASSINS leap from the bus's rear exit door. Quickly BREACH the perimeter and race forward, firing their weapons ON FULL AUTO.

INT. HALLWAY - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning SPINS at the first sound of gunfire. Instantly draws his weapon and races down the hall.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - OVERHEAD SHOT - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA STARES DOWN FROM ABOVE ("GOD'S EYE" VIEW): As the COMMANDEERED BOATS streak forward from the sea - SPIDER HOLE ATTACKERS racing forward through the perimeter fence - bus ASSAULT TEAM vaulting forward from the road -

The enemy converges on the compound from every direction.

INT. HALLWAY - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning sprints down the hall. Davis rushes around the corner, carrying two FN FNC-80 ASSAULT RIFLES. Seriously heavy artillery.

He tosses one rifle to Banning. Banning deftly catches it, continues running.

Davis races after him, barking into his wrist mic.

DAVIS
(into wrist mic)
Narwhal One, come in. Coach House,
do you read?

A response of silence.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banning bursts into the bedroom.

BANNING

Leah!

Leah huddles in the corner with Lynne, eyes wide with fear.

Banning grabs his family, RUSHES them from the room. Davis brings up the rear.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - VARIOUS ANGLES - CONTINUOUS

The forty-plus Red Mafiya ATTACKERS surge forward from every direction, FURIOUSLY FIRING.

The outnumbered Secret Service agents RETURN FIRE, dropping several attackers.

The enemy KEEPS COMING.

EXT. SEAWARD LAWN - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT fires back at the onrushing enemy.

A green LASER DOT suddenly appears on his forehead. The agent's skull EXPLODES like a grenade, drilled by a perfect headshot.

SLAMCUT TO:

EXT. COMMANDEERED BOAT - 50 METERS OFFSHORE - CONTINUOUS

Averin expertly FIRES his SV 98 Sniper Rifle as the boat ZOOMS for shore. Racks the bolt and FIRES again, dropping another agent.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning RUSHES his family downstairs. Bullets PUNCH the walls, plaster EXPLODING.

Davis races past a window - AND SEES - an attacker with a shoulder-mounted LIGHT ANTITANK WEAPON (LAW) right outside on the lawn. Without hesitation, Davis FIRES through the glass, KILLING the enemy an instant before he fires. The attacker spins, dead on his feet, triggering the rocket - *WHOOOOOSH!* - which screams from its tube, VAPORIZING a trio of enemy attackers.

EXT. BEACH FRONTING COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Averin's boat ROARS up onto the shore, beaching itself in the sand.

The other two assassins leap from the boat, sprinting for the main house, already FIRING. Averin continues FIRING his sniper rifle, drilling Secret Service defenders with PINPOINT KILLSHOTS.

INT. CENTER HALL - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning rushes his family down the center hall.

An assassin suddenly CRASHES through French doors, into the house. Banning BLASTS him into oblivion.

Another ATTACKER rushes them from behind. Davis spins, DROPPING the attacker with a short burst as the enemy FIRES. Davis takes the round, falters. Keeps running.

EXT. COMPOUND GROUNDS - VARIOUS ANGLES - CONTINUOUS

Two attackers race forward, FIRE their shoulder-mounted LAWS. VAPORIZING the mansion's whole veranda in a pair of MASSIVE BLASTS.

The dwindling Secret Service defenders FIGHT VALIANTLY, but are SYSTEMATICALLY CUT DOWN. Inexorably overrun by their numerically superior foe.

INT. KITCHEN - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Smoke and flying bullets fill the air.

Banning and his family are chased down the hall, FUSILLADE OF BULLETS raking the wall. They dive into the kitchen, wounded Davis COVERING THEM from behind.

IN THE PANTRY ROOM

They rush into the large pantry off the kitchen. A frantic Banning barks into his radio mic.

BANNING
(into mic)
Centurion, this is Sandstone. Do
you read?

EXT. FORT STEWART, GA - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

The sprawling military base unfolds below. Well-kept olive drab uniformity, rows of choppers parked on the tarmac.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **FORT STEWART-HUNTER ARMY AIRFIELD**
77 KM DUE NORTH

FORT STEWART (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Copy, Sandstone. This is Centurion -

BANNING (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Sandstone is being overrun!
 Repeat, we are being overrun!

ON THE TARMAC

Alarm klaxons BLARING, pilots and flight crew race for their QUICK RESPONSE FORCE (QRF) CHOPPERS.

FORT STEWART (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Copy, Sandstone. QRF is Oscar-Mike.

INT. PANTRY ROOM - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning opens a concealed CONTROL PAD in the wall. Punches a five-digit code into the cypher lock.

BEEP! A hidden TRAPDOOR unlocks in the floor.

Banning RIPS OPEN the trapdoor. Concrete steps descend to an ESCAPE TUNNEL below.

BANNING
 (to Leah)
 Go!

LEAH
 (scared out of her mind)
 You're coming, right?

Banning looks up. Across the room, Davis SLUMPS against the wall, torso BLOODY. Continues to FIRE down the hall.

BANNING
Davis!

DAVIS
(grimacing in pain)
Don't wait for me -

Davis continues FIRING down the hall. Leah hesitates, eyes panicked.

LEAH
Mike -

BANNING
(spins on Leah)
I'll be right behind you! Go!

Face filled with fear, Leah obeys. Rushes with Lynne down the steps.

Banning SLAMS the trapdoor behind them, dives across to Davis.

DAVIS
(looks up, face pained)
I'm okay...

An assassin rushes forward, behind Davis. Banning spins, FIRING past Davis. Drops the attacker, saving Davis's life.

The two share a quick look.

BANNING
(dry)
What the fuck, man? Thought you
were my protection detail -

DAVIS
Not enough Kevlar in the world to
keep your ass safe.

Banning slaps in a fresh mag.

BANNING
Now you tell me.

INT./EXT. MAIN HOUSE - VARIOUS ANGLES - CONTINUOUS

The dwindling Secret Service defenders are methodically WIPED OUT. Attackers swarming the entire house.

INT. PANTRY/KITCHEN AREA - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banning and Davis are the LAST MEN STANDING.

The two FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE, desperately covering each other. Holding back the onrushing enemy through sheer guts and balls.

DAVIS
(slapping in a fresh
magazine)
You sure picked the wrong woman to
piss off...

Banning unleashes a burst, RIDDLING two more attackers.

BANNING
Is there ever the "right" woman to
piss off?

Davis glances at Banning. He's got a point.

More attackers rush down the hallway. Davis CUTS THEM DOWN.

DAVIS
(sarcastic)
I think we got 'em on the ropes...

Banning TAKES OUT another attacker.

BANNING
(clearly about to be
overrun)
Yeah, they should be wavin' the
white flag any second...

EXT. AIR ABOVE GEORGIA COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Flying in attack formation, three AH-64D Apache Longbow HELICOPTER GUNSHIPS scream in low over the flat shoreline. Turboshift engines HOWLING.

LEAD PILOT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Sandstone, this is Falcon Six -
sixty seconds out -

EXT. BEACH FRONTING COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Averin tracks for final defenders through his RIFLE SCOPE. Scans the windows of the main house.

POV AVERIN: Through his TDRM-DI Advanced Sniping reticle... Banning suddenly appears in Averin's crosshairs.

INT. PANTRY/KITCHEN AREA - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A green LASER DOT suddenly appears on Banning's forehead. Across the room, Davis sees it.

DAVIS

GET DOWN!

Banning dives away, just as a BULLET punches the wall where his head was an instant before.

Jesus, that was close.

Banning glances at Davis, who shoots him a knowing look.

BANNING

Don't let it go to your head.

Banning's radio stutters.

LEAD PILOT (V.O.)

(filtered)

Sandstone, this is Falcon Six - 30 seconds out -

The enemy keeps coming.

Davis FIRES A LONG BURST down the hall, dropping another attacker. *Click! He's out.* Davis discards his empty weapon, draws his Sig Sauer P229. Continues RAPID-FIRING as more attackers rush forward.

Across the room, Banning takes out more assassins with short, controlled BURSTS.

Davis's pistol runs dry.

DAVIS

I'm out!

EXT. BEACH FRONTING COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Averin smoothly whips a LAW to his shoulder. Fires the rocket - *WHOOOOOSH!* - straight through the window where he previously saw Banning -

INT. PANTRY/KITCHEN AREA - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KA-BOOOOM!

The whole world SEEMS TO EXPLODE. Banning flies through the air, SMASHES violently into the wall.

A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE BLOTS OUT ALL SOUND

Smoky debris everywhere. Grimacing in pain, Banning shakes his head clear. His weapon is gone. Ears ringing, face bloody, Banning crawls for Davis. Hand desperately groping for his sidearm.

Davis spits blood, an UNHOLY MESS. Face and neck HORRIBLY LACERATED, he's bleeding out.

Banning's radio squawks.

LEAD PILOT (V.O.)
(filtered)
Falcon Six - have target in sight -

Banning and Davis LOCK EYES.

DAVIS
(fading fast)
Do it...

The two men share a long final look. No choice.

BANNING
(into radio)
Falcon Six, this is Sandstone.
Expend all ordnance on me. I say
again, dump everything on my
position. Sandstone out.

He tosses the radio, GRABS Davis. Starts pulling him across the debris-strewn floor.

DAVIS
No man...

Banning stares down at the mortally wounded Davis.

DAVIS
...I'm done.

BANNING
(refusing to give up)
Fuck you are -

He keeps pulling Davis across the floor. An enemy RUSHES forward. Banning FIRES twice, dropping the attacker in his tracks.

Davis suddenly slumps, dead weight in Banning's arms.

Banning looks down.

It's clear that Davis is dead.

Beat. Banning gently closes Davis's staring eyes.

INT. APACHE GUNSHIP (MOVING FAST) - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter gunships zoom in. The LEAD PILOT triggers his FIRING BUTTON.

EXT. APACHE GUNSHIPS (MOVING FAST) - CONTINUOUS

The gunships simultaneously OPEN FIRE. ADM-114N Hellfire missiles SCREAMING from their tubes, 30mm M230E1 chain guns BELCHING FLAME.

The guided missiles, outfitted with thermobaric "enhanced blast" warheads, streak for their target below...

INT. PANTRY ROOM - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...as Banning DIVES into the escape tunnel, reaching for the trapdoor handle above as...

EXT. TRUMBULL'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

...the missiles DETONATE into their target, ERUPTING IN A CATAclysmic BALL OF FLAME as...

INT. PANTRY ROOM - MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...the RAGING INFERNO devours everything in its path, racing for Banning just as he pulls the trapdoor SHUT...

EXT. TRUMBULL'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

...the entire compound EXPLODING IN A GARGANTUAN, ALMOST BIBLICAL FIREBALL OF FLAME...

The entire frame WHITES OUT.

FADE OUT:

EXT. TRUMBULL'S COMPOUND - SLIGHTLY LATER

FADE BACK UP: Thick smoke billowing, two Bell V-280 Valor TILTROTOR AIRCRAFT swoop in, hovering. Twin propellers whirring.

Two dozen ARMY RANGERS fast-rope down from their open side doors. Secure the perimeter of the destroyed compound below. Corpses of scattered attackers and defenders BURNED BLACK.

There are no survivors.

EXT. BEACH FRONTING COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Rhythmic waves lap the shoreline. Dead protective agents lay sprawled, blood pooling.

The three Secret Service boats remain beached on the sand... SV 98 sniper rifle abandoned at water's edge...

Averin is gone.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A beat-to-shit DODGE PICKUP with attached camper cab rolls down the nearby road.

INT. DODGE PICKUP (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A local fisherman, **HAP BEAUCHAMP**, a grizzled 50, drives. Staring through the windshield at the black smoke rising from across the dunes.

EXT. NEARBY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The pickup pulls onto the shoulder, stops. Hap gets out, eyes fixed on the smoke-filled sky in the near distance.

HAP

What the -

IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE SHOT: The sandy earth SUDDENLY MOVES at Hap's feet...

A HIDDEN TRAP DOOR

POPS OPEN from the scrub-covered ground. Hap blinks, wide-eyed. Face incredulous.

HAP

(beat)

Where the fuck did you come from?

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. DODGE PICKUP (MOVING) - LATER / NIGHT

Hap drives north on the interstate. Radio tuned to a news station.

RADIO NEWSMAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

...in other news, an explosion earlier today at President Trumbull's summer retreat in Jekyll Island, Georgia badly damaged the presidential compound. Authorities are attributing the blast to a defective gas line on the property. No injuries are reported, as fortunately no one was on site at the time of the incident.

(beat)

And now to sports...

Hap's glance flicks to the radio, clearly knows this is all bullshit.

He continues driving through the night.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - PENNSYLVANIA BACKWOODS - LATER / NIGHT

The middle of fucking nowhere.

The Dodge pickup slowly rolls down a desolate dirt road. Anonymous woodlands stretching in every direction.

SUPER THE LEGEND: **NEAR BLUE RIDGE SUMMIT, PENNSYLVANIA**

The dirt road suddenly dead-ends... into the side of a STONE MOUNTAIN.

Nowhere to go.

INT. DODGE PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Hap brakes, stares through the windshield.

EXT. DODGE PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

The idling engine drones. Smoke curling from the truck's tailpipe.

When suddenly...

THE MOUNTAIN STARTS TO OPEN

The entire hillside amazingly - *impossibly* - rolls back on steel-reinforced tracks.

Hap stares, dumbstruck.

After a beat, he drives inside.

INT. RAVEN ROCK MOUNTAIN COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

The pickup rolls forward. Into an enormous, high-ceilinged underground facility, like something out of an early James Bond movie. Catwalks crisscross overhead, uniformed GUARDS with automatic weapons staring down.

This is...

SUPER THE LEGEND: **RAVEN ROCK MOUNTAIN COMPLEX (AKA "SITE R")
PRESIDENT'S EMERGENCY DOOMSDAY BUNKER**

The blast-proof door ominously rolls shut behind the truck. Closes with an echoing CLANG.

Dumbfounded, Hap turns off the engine. Slowly steps from his pickup.

He gapes, eyes wide. Overwhelmed by the enormity of the immense facility.

A figure strides forward to greet him. Hap blinks in disbelief as...

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

walks up, hand extended.

TRUMBULL
You must be Hap.

Hap shakes Trumbull's hand, numb. Face to face with the most powerful man in the world.

HAP
(stumbling, no idea what
to say)
M-M-Mister President... sir...

The pickup's camper cab suddenly OPENS... and Lynne, Leah and an injured Banning emerge.

Trumbull moves forward, past Hap. Banning and the President LOCK EYES.

They made it.

INT. INFIRMARY - SITE R - LATER

A freshly-bandaged Banning is treated by a presidential PHYSICIAN and attending NURSE.

Trumbull walks in. He and Banning share a look.

TRUMBULL

Remind me never to invite you to my house again.

The two smile. Trumbull sees Banning's blood-soaked bandages off to the side.

TRUMBULL

So he's not bionic.

PHYSICIAN

(not looking up)

Flesh and blood, just like the rest of us...

TRUMBULL

Yeah, if the rest of us pissed napalm and shit razor wire.

The physician can't help but grin. Trumbull sits across from Banning.

TRUMBULL

How you feelin'?

Banning stares at Trumbull, pointed.

BANNING

You know she's not gonna stop, right?

TRUMBULL

(turns to the others)

Give us the room, please?

The physician and nurse exit, shut the door. Trumbull and Banning are alone.

TRUMBULL

You and your family are safe now. I guarantee it.

Banning doesn't look so sure.

TRUMBULL

(ruminating)

They do things like this, and they count on the fact we'll respond with a sense of civility. Exactly the kind of civility with which they haven't acted...

BANNING

Fuck civility.

The two share a look.

TRUMBULL

Listen, Mike. I don't care how much money she's got. How many men she controls. She's not getting in here -

Banning's eyes clock his surroundings.

BANNING

I'm not gonna spend the rest of my life hiding in a goddamn cave.

TRUMBULL

A 12-billion-dollar cave.

Banning holds Trumbull's gaze. Beat.

BANNING

I'm not gonna spend the rest of my life hiding in a goddamn 12-billion-dollar cave.

The two share a sardonic smile.

BANNING

What's my alternative? Wait for weeks, months, years? Never knowing when they're going to hit next?

(beat)

No. I put my family in harm's way. I have to get them out of it.

TRUMBULL

Let's say I agree with you. How?

BANNING

(mind working)

They think I'm dead. Right now, time's on my side. What I do with it determines whether my family lives or dies.

Trumbull holds Banning's gaze.

BANNING

You know as well as I do there's
only one way this can end.

The president nods.

BANNING

I know your hands are tied.
Plausible deniability or some shit -

The two manage weak smiles.

TRUMBULL

(beat)

Tell me what you need.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - SITE R - SLIGHTLY LATER

Dressed in tactical black, Banning marches down the wide corridor.

Blast-proof walls. Emergency operations center. Secure communications rooms. Everything that makes this the president's true "Underground Pentagon" nuclear bunker.

INT. PRIVATE LIVING AREA - SITE R - CONTINUOUS

Leah sits on a rollaway cot, holding a set of girls PINK PAJAMAS. She looks exhausted, nerves frayed. Lynne's under a blanket, mid-temper tantrum.

LEAH

(talking to blanket)

C'mon Linnie... I'm not playing
around. Put on your pajamas.

LYNNE

(muffled, defiant)

No.

Banning enters the spartan room. Leah looks up. At the sight of her husband, she begins to break down a little.

BANNING

You okay?

Leah blinks, jaw quivering. Banning crosses the room, gently pulls the blanket off Lynne.

BANNING

Hey Pumpkin, you gotta give Mommy a break.

Lynne is clearly over-tired, a typical grumpy 3-year-old up past her bedtime. In one smooth motion, Banning picks her up in his arms.

BANNING

C'mon, time to brush your teeth.

Leah hands Banning Lynne's pajamas, as Banning carries his daughter into the bathroom.

Leah takes a moment to regain her composure. Exhales.

CLOSE ON LEAH'S FACE: As she listens to her husband and daughter through the open bathroom door.

LYNNE (O.S.)

Why do I have to brush my teeth?

BANNING (O.S.)

Because if you don't, they'll fall out.

LYNNE (O.S.)

So?

BANNING (O.S.)

So? If you don't have teeth, you won't be able to eat any more pancakes.

LYNNE (O.S.)

(after a beat)

Oh.

BANNING (O.S.)

"Oh" is right.

CLOSE ON LEAH'S FACE: She manages a tiny smile, wipes away an errant tear.

Banning and Lynne emerge from the bathroom. Lynne now wears her pink pajamas. Banning tucks her into bed.

He turns to his wife. Banning reaches out, and gently moves a strand of hair behind her ear.

Leah's eyes search Banning's. Holding on by sheer force of will.

LEAH
We can't run forever.

BANNING
We're not going to.

She stares deep into her husband's eyes.

LEAH
What are you going to do?

BANNING
(beat)
Finish it.

They hold each other's gaze. Leah knows there's no other way.

Lynne rolls over, looks up at her father.

LYNNE
Daddy -

BANNING
Yes, baby...

Banning gently adjusts Lynne's covers.

LYNNE
(beat)
Where's Brody?

Banning holds his daughter's gaze.

BANNING
Agent Davis had to go away.

Beat. Lynne's eyes move to Banning's tactical clothes.

LYNNE
(confused)
Where are you going?

BANNING
I need to take care of something.

LYNNE
When are you coming back?

Banning smiles down at her, reassuring.

BANNING
Soon.

Lynne's face doesn't look so sure.

LYNNE
You promise?

Banning's gaze flicks from Leah to his daughter.

BANNING
(staring deep into Lynne's
eyes)
I promise.

HOLD THE BEAT: An emotional moment between father and daughter.

PRE-LAP: Sound of powerful aircraft engines THRUMMING...

CUT TO:

EXT. 36,000 FEET IN THE AIR - NIGHT

Seven miles above the earth. Pitch black.

Four Pratt & Whitney F117 turbofan engines ROARING -

A BOEING C-17 GLOBEMASTER III

A stealth military transport - painted matte black - ZOOMS
INTO FRAME -

SUPER THE LEGEND: **SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE ESTONIA-RUSSIA BORDER
36,000 FEET**

INT. C-17 CARGO HOLD (AIRBORNE) - CONTINUOUS

In the empty hold, lit EERILY RED by the lone bubble light on the wall, Banning sits alone.

CLOSE ON BANNING'S DARK, STARING EYES

FLASHCUT: In Banning's house - Banning pulls his wife and daughter to the floor just as - THE SPARE BEDROOM DOOR - is riddled with GUNFIRE from outside the hall - SHREDDING the walls across the room, plaster flying -

FLASHCUT: The frantic chase through the suburban streets - Banning WHITE KNUCKLES the wheel, eyes clocking the rearview -

LEAH
Mike!

BANNING
STAY DOWN!

FLASHCUT: In the kitchen pantry of Trumbull's compound -
bullets flying - Banning hustles his wife and daughter into
the escape tunnel -

LEAH
(scared out of her mind)
You're coming, right?

BANNING
I'll be right behind you! Go!

Face filled with fear, Leah obeys. Rushes with Lynne down
the steps.

SLAMCUT BACK TO PRESENT

Banning's jaw sets, face a mask of resolve.

His earpiece suddenly crackles.

PILOT'S VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Twenty seconds to drop.

Banning pulls on his BLACK-VISORED HELMET and OXYGEN MASK.
Dressed all in black, web harness strapped with ordnance and
equipment.

With a mechanical whine, the plane's REAR HATCH starts to
retract.

Banning stands, crosses the empty hold. Body held rigid in
the BUFFETING WIND. He moves to the VERY EDGE of the
retracting ramp.

Utter blackness beyond. A frozen void. The wind HOWLS, air
outside minus-80 degrees below.

Banning stands there, SILHOUETTED against the black sky.

BANNING'S POV: He stares into the empty, soulless night.
The jump light suddenly turns GREEN - and Banning LEAPS INTO
SPACE - AND WE GO RIGHT WITH HIM -

We DIVE through the blackness - PLUMMETING through space -
howling wind a FREIGHT TRAIN IN OUR EARS -

We ROCKET DOWN - a human missile - plunging at TERMINAL VELOCITY straight through the radar detection zone - through the frozen clouds - they clear - twinkling lights of scattered towns below - we SCREAM DOWN - HURRICANE-LIKE WIND HOWLING -

The Earth RUSHES UP - frighteningly fast - at the last possible second - the CHUTE deploys - WHOOSH! - Intruder RA-1 tactical canopy FLARING - wind instantly CEASING and EVERYTHING GOES TOTALLY SILENT -

Banning expertly "flies" the advanced paraglide chute down. Dark countryside unfolding below.

EXT. CLEARING - INSIDE RUSSIAN BORDER - CONTINUOUS

An open clearing in the trees.

Like a ghost from above, Banning SWOOPS IN - quick-releases his equipment rucksack on its lanyard cord - disengages his chute - sticks the landing - ALL WITHOUT A SOUND -

Working quickly, Banning removes his helmet and oxygen mask. Gathers his chute, pulling a Colt M4A1 SOPMOD ASSAULT RIFLE from his rucksack.

When suddenly -

A 30-MILLION CANDLEPOWER SPOTLIGHT

STABS from the wooded darkness. Banning freezes, blinded. And sees...

A MECHANIZED RUSSIAN BORDER PATROL UNIT

Four FEDERAL BORDER GUARD SERVICE TROOPS, all wearing dark green camo, AN-94 assault rifles pointed directly at Banning's head. Their truck-mounted 1600 watt Nightsun SEARCHLIGHT fixes Banning in its dazzling glare.

Banning drops his weapon, slowly straightens. Hands raised over his head.

BANNING

Thank God. The welcome committee.

The LEAD BORDER GUARD steps forward.

LEAD BORDER GUARD

(heavy Russian accent)

American?

BANNING
(sarcastic)
You guys don't miss a trick.

The guards trade looks, laugh.

BANNING
Something funny?

LEAD BORDER GUARD
A lot is funny.

The lead border guard levels his weapon at Banning's chest.

LEAD BORDER GUARD
America fucking pigs.

Banning stares down their barrels.

BANNING
Yeah, I get that a lot...

A tense beat.

The border guards stare, faces dark. Banning gestures toward the whole unit.

BANNING
You guys are good. I'll give you that.

LEAD BORDER GUARD
(contemptuous)
We actually protect our borders here.

BANNING
Yeah...
(beat)
That's what we thought.

The lead border guard stares at Banning, confused.

BORDER GUARD
Who's "we"?

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

Out of nowhere, silenced rounds DRILL the border guards, virtually simultaneously. They drop like puppets, strings amputated.

Banning looks up, and sees -

HENDRIK SAAR

(who we remember from the movie's opening sequence in Estonia). The hulking behemoth steps from the darkness of the treeline, cradling his silenced weapon.

BANNING

Some backyard you got here.

The Estonian giant strides forward, not saying a word. Stoic as always.

Banning retrieves his M4A1. He and Saar share a look.

BANNING

Thanks for coming.

Saar barely grunts. Turns and reaches for the nearest fallen border guard.

EXT. ROAD - LATER / DAWN

First light of dawn on the horizon. The border guard truck speeds down the highway. Deeper into Russia.

INT. BORDER GUARD TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Saar drives, Banning shotgun. Both now wearing the uniforms of the Federal Border Guard Service troops.

Saar easily navigates the roads with their incomprehensible Cyrillic road signs.

CLOSE ON DASH: A GPS unit runs. Banning's final destination - the Malikov dacha - steadily BLINKING.

Banning glances over at Saar. The hulking mute drives in silence, meaty hands gripping the wheel. Stolen uniform almost comically small on his oversized frame.

BANNING

You eat a lot of vitamins as a kid?

A response of silence.

BANNING

You're probably wondering why I reached out to you...

(beat)

Aside from having to cross 400 miles of hostile Russian heartland.

Saar keeps driving, eyes fixed on the road ahead.

BANNING

I read your file...

(beat)

You grew up outside Piusa.
Grandfather raised you. He was a
potato farmer, right?

Saar keeps driving. Banning turns, stares out the window.

BANNING

After the Soviet Union fell, the
Red Mafiya moved in. Expected your
grandfather to pay protection. He
refused.

(beat)

So the mob got their revenge by
killing his workers. All eighteen.
Six of 'em were kids, two babies.
They picked the infants up by their
feet... smashed their heads against
the rocks. Buried them in a
shallow grave.

Beat.

BANNING

So your grandfather found out who
did it, where they were...

(beat)

And he did what needed to be done.

Banning glances over at Saar.

BANNING

You helped him. You were twelve.

Saar continues staring straight ahead.

BANNING

So I figured that... you might just
hate these fuckers as much as I do.

After a long beat, Saar looks over. Still says nothing.

BANNING

(after an even longer
beat)

I bet you kill at parties.

Saar almost smiles.

They continue driving in silence.

CLOSE ON GPS SCREEN: The Malikov dacha's location continues to steadily BLINK.

UP AHEAD

A pair of Lada 4x4 SUVs are angled across the road. A dozen federal *politsiya* stand by the vehicles, weapons bristling. Roadblock.

Saar pulls the truck to a stop, thirty meters away.

Banning's eyes flicker. THICK WOODS press in on both sides of the road. Boxing them in.

This doesn't look good.

The truck engine cools, ticking.

A bullet-headed FEDERAL POLICE OFFICER steps forward from the roadblock. Raises a bullhorn to his lips.

FEDERAL OFFICER
(amplified, in Russian,
subtitled)
STEP FROM THE VEHICLE!

Saar's hand slowly moves for his weapon on the seat between them.

CLOSE ON REARVIEW MIRROR: Banning's eyes flick to the rearview, and see... a BPM-97 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER pull up behind them. Mine-resistant, ambush-protected, pair of badass GShG-7.62 miniguns jutting from its gun turret.

A dozen more federal *politsiya* spill from the vehicle, armed to the teeth.

FEDERAL OFFICER
(amplified, in Russian,
subtitled)
STEP FROM THE VEHICLE - NOW!

Banning stays Saar's hand. The two share a look.

BANNING
They know.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE - Saar SPINS - moving impossibly fast for a man his size - LEAPS from the truck - DIVES INTO THE TREELINE as the *politsiya* OPEN FIRE -

Bullets whining, Saar DISAPPEARS into the woods - miniguns on the BPM-97 opening up after him with a CHAINSAW ROAR - SHREDDING trees like kindling -

Several *politsiya* RACE after Saar, pursue him into the woods. The others all spin, WEAPONS TRAINED on Banning inside the truck.

If he moves, he's a dead man.

Very slowly, Banning steps from the truck. Hands held high.

The bullet-headed federal officer steps forward.

FEDERAL OFFICER
(in accented English)
Welcome to Mother Russia.

He BRUTALLY SMASHES Banning in the face with the butt of his rifle. Everything goes BLACK.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SOMETIME LATER

POV BANNING: His eyes SLOWLY OPEN. The world swims back INTO FOCUS.

He's tied to a chair in the middle of a crumbling Iron Curtain shithole. Looks like an abandoned warehouse. Water drips from holes in the roof.

Averin stares down at him. The two LOCK EYES. Men in matching dark tracksuits - RED MAFIYA HENCHMEN - stand in the four corners of the room.

BANNING
(re: tracksuits)
What, Adidas had a sale and no one told me?

A door suddenly opens, and...

Flanked by Anna and Irina, Dominika Malikov enters the room. Impeccably dressed in a fashionable *ushanka* fur hat.

Dominika moves forward with a predatory grace. Sits in the empty chair across from Banning.

She stares into Banning's eyes. After a beat...

DOMINIKA
Sergei was my only child. It was a very difficult pregnancy. I had to be hospitalized the last two months before he was born. The doctors weren't sure he was going to make it. My little boy...

Dominika blinks, reliving painful memories.

DOMINIKA

When they placed him on my chest
that first time, and I looked into
his eyes, I felt this incredible
surge of love, like nothing I'd
ever known. From that moment, my
entire being... my purpose... my
life... was dedicated to that
little boy, my son.

Dominika looks up, stares deep into Banning's eyes.

DOMINIKA

You took him from me.

BANNING

(dismissive)

Haven't we been over this already?

Averin SLAMS Banning in the face with his fist, hard. Bones
crunch.

DOMINIKA

You should have stayed out of it.

Banning stares back, eyes defiant.

BANNING

Tell ya what, Natasha. How 'bout
you take your sad stories... and
your ridiculous furry hat... and
shove 'em up your ass.

Averin viciously HAMMERS Banning again. A flurry of BRUTALLY
SAVAGE BLOWS. Really working him over.

Averin steps back. Banning stares up at him, eyes filled
with hate.

BANNING

(spits blood)

You and me, friend? We're gonna go
round.

Dominika leans forward. Locks eyes with Banning.

DOMINIKA

Before you die, you're going to
tell us who was helping you.

BANNING

Then get the fuck on with it.
Cause I'm not tellin' you shit.

DOMINIKA

Oh, I know you won't be telling me.
(beat)
You'll be telling *him*.

The door opens, and a **TALL MAN** enters. Fastidiously neat, he looks like a well-groomed accountant. The man crosses the room, carrying a BULKY CASE.

Dominika stands.

DOMINIKA

(ominous)
If I were you, I'd start talking.

Dominika and Averin turn to go, followed by Anna and Irina.

BANNING

Not staying for the fun?

Dominika stops, looks back.

DOMINIKA

I'm not a sadist, Agent Banning. I pay people to do that for me.

Her eyes flick to Averin.

DOMINIKA

Besides, Mr. Averin has a plane to catch.
(beat)
Pennsylvania, as a matter of fact.

Banning's face drains. His eyes flick to Averin.

DOMINIKA

That's where they are right? Your wife and daughter?

Averin stares back, eyes black soulless pools.

DOMINIKA

(off Banning's look)
Of course they are.

Dominika and Averin turn and walk out.

Banning STRUGGLES furiously against his binds, but it's useless. The henchmen in the four corners of the room keep watch.

The tall man opens his case on a dusty work table.

TALL MAN
(not looking at Banning)
My job is to keep you alive as long
as possible...

He proceeds to pull out, in order: A gas BLOWTORCH... a circular BONE SAW... and a JAR OF ACID...

TALL MAN
(turns and looks at
Banning for the first
time)
Do you understand what that means?

BANNING
Yeah. That you're a fucking
psychopath.

The tall man smiles, crosses to Banning.

TALL MAN
This is how it's going to work...

Quick as a cobra, the tall man conjures a surgical knife and STABS Banning through the back of his hand, impaling him to the arm of the chair!

Banning's eyes BUG WITH PAIN. The tall man studies him, like a bug under glass. Enjoying this.

BANNING
(through gritted teeth)
You sick fuck -

The tall man leisurely turns, and picks up the BONE SAW.

TALL MAN
You're going to talk... then you're
going to die...

He plugs the saw into the wall.

TALL MAN
...in how much pain... is entirely
up to me.

The tall man turns with the bone saw. Banning stares up at him.

BANNING
I'm seriously gonna... fuck your
shit up...

The tall man smiles.

TALL MAN
That's what they all say.

He switches the power on. The circular blade murderously
WHIRS.

Banning struggles against his binds. They don't budge. The
side arm of the chair WOBBLES slightly, but doesn't give.

The tall man lines up the WHIRRING SAW with Banning's impaled
hand. Ready to sever it at the wrist.

*We've seen Banning in some pretty deep shit before. But none
deeper than this.*

The WHIRRING BLADE moves closer to Banning's exposed wrist -
Banning stares, eyes wide - SCREAMING SAW ABOUT TO CUT INTO
FLESH-AND-BONE WHEN -

CRAAAAAAAASH!!!!

The massive BPM-97 SMASHES through the warehouse wall,
BURYING two henchmen beneath the rubble - Banning HEADBUTTS
the tall man, who drops the saw - whirring blade SLICING the
tall man's own thigh on the way to the ground - he stumbles
back, bleeding - bone saw SKITTERING to the concrete floor,
blade JERKING TO A STOP -

Saar LEAPS from the BPM-97, weapon leveled - CUTS DOWN the
remaining two henchmen with PINPOINT ROUNDS to the head,
before they can even fire - Banning SNAPS the rickety chair
arm with a powerful JERK OF HIS ARM - BREAKING FREE - YANKS
the KNIFE from the back of his hand and CUTS HIMSELF LOOSE -

The tall man spins for his bulky case. Reaches inside and
pulls out a *kukri*, a heavy, forward-curved Gurkha knife with
an 18-inch blade. The thing looks like a fucking sword.

Across the room, Saar swings his gun on the tall man.

BANNING
Wait -

Saar's glance flicks to Banning.

BANNING
This motherfucker's mine.

Banning advances, holding the smaller surgical knife.

TALL MAN
(evil grin, re: knife)
Mine's bigger than yours.

Banning wades in. The tall man LUNGES FORWARD with his massive *kukri*, huge blade WHISTLING through the air. He's incredibly quick... *but Banning is quicker.*

In one smooth motion, Banning avoids the tall man's blow - lunges forward - and BURIES THE SURGICAL KNIFE IN HIS THROAT - the man's eyes bug, disbelief in his eyes - nerveless fingers dropping the *kukri* - the bladed weapon falls, spinning - and Banning snatches it out of midair - spins the *kukri* in his hand - and before the tall man can even react -

BANNING BURIES THE KUKRI IN THE TALL MAN'S HEAD

Nearly cleaving his skull in two - the tall man stares, eyes wide - Banning JERKS the blade free - he crumples to the ground, dead -

It's over, just like that.

Banning stares down at the huge knife in his hand.

BANNING
(admiring)
Whaddaya know? Size *does* matter.

Banning turns to Saar. The two share a look.

INT. LIBRARY - MALIKOV DACHA - LATER / DUSK

The fading light of day streams through the tall windows. Dominika pours herself a drink.

Averin strides in with his 10-MAN KILL TEAM. Ex-military. The baddest of the bad. All hefting serious firepower, go-bags slung. They look ready for war.

Dominika regards the kill team coolly.

DOMINIKA
I don't care how it's done. Shoot them in the head when they come out to see the sky. Gas the whole fucking mountain, I don't care. I want them dead.

Averin nods, turns with his men to go.

Across the room, Anna looks up from her cellphone.

ANNA
I can't reach the warehouse.

Dominika's head snaps up.

DOMINIKA
What?

Dominika and Averin share a pointed look.

They both know what this means.

DOMINIKA
Change of plans...

Dominika turns. An ENTIRE WALL filled with surveillance screens stares down at her. Monitoring every square inch of the property.

DOMINIKA
Fortify the grounds. Triple the guard.
(beat)
He's coming.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - WASHINGTON, DC - SAME

The most famous residence in the world.

INT. WEST WING - SAME

Trumbull grabs a secure line from an AIDE.

TRUMBULL
(into phone)
Mike?

INT. BPM-97 (MOVING FAST) - SAME

HAMMER DOWN, Saar drives. Banning holds a sat phone to his ear.

BANNING
(into phone)
She knows where Leah and Lynne are.

INTERCUTTING

TRUMBULL

Mike... they're in the safest place
on Earth. Behind 100 million tons
of rock and blast-proof steel.

BANNING

I don't care. I'm taking her out
first.

Trumbull processes this.

TRUMBULL

She'll know you're coming.

Banning's jaw sets. Knows this is true.

TRUMBULL

You're walking into a trap.

BANNING

She wants a war... I'll bring her a
fucking war.

He clicks off.

EXT. MALIKOV DACHA - LATER

The sun sinks low on the horizon.

ARMED MEN are everywhere. Cradling automatic weapons,
wearing dark suits, shades and coiled earpieces.

*They look exactly like the U.S. Secret Service protecting the
White House back home - only badass Russian-style. Hardened,
stone-faced killers.*

ON THE WALL

A suited sentry's earpiece crackles.

AVERIN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered)

All sectors. Report.

SENTRY #1

(into earpiece, in
Russian, subtitled)

Sector One, all clear.

IN THE MAIN COURTYARD

More sentries stand watch.

SENTRY #2
(into earpiece, in
Russian, subtitled)
Sector Two, clear.

IN THE MANICURED GARDENS

Even more sentries.

SENTRY #3
(into earpiece, in
Russian, subtitled)
Sector Three, clear.

REMOTE CAMERAS incessantly track in a whirl of servos.
Fortified HEAVY MACHINE GUN NESTS ensconced in the mansion
turrets staring down.

The place is a fucking fortress.

Banning is coming to FIGHT AN ARMY.

EXT. PRIVATE DRIVEWAY - MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

A tranquil, elm-lined GRAVEL DRIVEWAY leads straight to the
estate house. 600 meters long. A lovely, manicured expanse.

Suddenly, a growing ROAR OF ENGINES and...

THE BPM-97

BARRELS straight down the driveway, dust trailing in its
wake.

The speeding personnel carrier ZOOMS FORWARD - NOT STOPPING
FOR ANYTHING -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The manicured grounds suddenly SEEM TO EXPLODE - anti-tank
MINES buried in the driveway DETONATING IN RAPID FIRE
SUCCESSION - erupting in HUGE GOUTS OF SHRAPNEL AND FLAME -

The mine-resistant BPM-97 keeps coming. Runs the MURDEROUS,
FIERY GAUNTLET at top speed...

...and makes it through.

THE DACHA DEFENDERS

ALL OPEN FIRE AT ONCE - an absolutely astonishing FUSILLADE OF BULLETS rakes the oncoming vehicle -

The FURIOUS BARRAGE doesn't let up - assault rifles, submachine guns, heavy weapons - all firing ON FULL AUTO - vicious TORRENT OF LEAD strafing the vehicle's armored sides -

Still, the BPM-97 keeps coming.

Bullets RAKE the onrushing vehicle as - NEVER SLOWING -

THE BPM-97 BLASTS TROUGH THE STEEL-REINFORCED MAIN GATES

Shrapnel EXPLODES IN A SPRAY - the vehicle ROARS into the dacha's OUTER COURTYARD - gunmen continuing their UNRELENTING TORRENT OF FIRE -

A courtyard defender flips an RPG to his shoulder - FIRES - the rocket SCREAMS FROM ITS TUBE - scores a DIRECT HIT on the vehicle's right front tire -

The BPM-97 bucks violently, goes AIRBORNE - flies through the air, engine SCREAMING its death throes - CRASHES to earth on its side - heavy armor digging HOT GROOVES in the courtyard turf -

The vehicle SKIDS TO A JARRING STOP - ENGINE STILL RUNNING - tires spinning in the air - going nowhere -

The enemy gunmen march forward, continuing to FURIOUSLY FIRE - just BLASTING the absolute shit out of the now immobile vehicle at POINT BLANK RANGE - the bulletproof windows buckle under the UNRELENTING FIRE - bullets PUNCHING the glass - gunfire RIDDLING the vehicle's interior -

The lead gunman raises his hand. All firing stops.

The crippled vehicle, utterly SHOT TO SHIT, lays on its side. Out of action, engine still RUNNING.

The gunman approaches the vehicle, wary. Weapon raised, he YANKS open the driver door -

No one's inside.

HE SEES - TOO LATE - the BRICK affixed to the accelerator - steering wheel tied in place with heavy rope -

BY THE MAIN GATES

Banning suddenly steps from the shadows. Thumbs a remote DETONATOR.

BANNING
Fire in the hole, mother--

KA-BOOOOOOOM!

The entire booby-trapped BPM-97 EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL OF FLAME. VAPORIZING every gunman surrounding the vehicle.

Banning whips up his M4A1 and OPENS FIRE, advancing. RIDDLES the nearest defenders with pinpoint bursts.

Saar steps beside him - AND WE SEE - he wields a GShG-7.62 minigun UNDER EACH ARM - massive muscles bulging - both weapons ERUPT WITH A CHAINSAW ROAR -

A FEROCIOUS FUSILLADE OF FIRE SPEWS FROM EACH WEAPON - pair of four-barreled rotary machine guns BLAZING AWAY at 3,500 rounds per minute -

The miniguns MOW DOWN the dacha gunmen like tenpins - CHURNING through stone balustrades - OBLITERATING machine gun nests - gunfire sweeping the courtyard like a METAL-JACKETED SCYTHE -

Banning RAPID-FIRES his underslung M203 GRENADE LAUNCHER -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

HIGH-EXPLOSIVE (H-E) rounds EXPLODE among the defenders with dead-center precision. DECIMATING everything within their 5-meter KILL ZONES.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

Banning and Saar advance on the dacha mansion, side by side. BLASTING everything in their path. Like a pair of bullet-spewing AVENGING ANGELS OF DEATH.

A defender appears behind Saar. Flips an RPG to his shoulder and FIRES. Saar dives behind a column, too late. The rocket DETONATES into the column, entire portico COLLAPSING atop Saar, burying him in an AVALANCHE OF RUBBLE.

Banning spins, RIDDLES the RPG gunner where he stands. Turns back to the smoking rubble.

Saar is gone.

No time to mourn. Banning whirls, FIRES his final grenade. It BLASTS three onrushing gunmen into oblivion.

Banning tosses the empty M4A1. Unslings a Heckler & Koch MP5 from his back, SHOOTS his way into the dacha.

INSIDE THE DACHA

Moving fast, staying low, Banning KEEPS FIRING. The enemy defenders RETURN FIRE with practiced precision.

Banning advances, needing all his skills to survive against his expertly-trained foe.

A gunman pops from hiding, FIRES and misses. Banning SHOTS him low. The gunman falls to his knees. A HEADSHOT finishes him off.

Banning slaps a fresh mag into his MP5. Keeps advancing.

He SHOTS a gunman behind a pillar. Grabs the man and SPINS him - using him as a HUMAN SHIELD - SHOTS a second gunman in the throat - then a final KILL SHOT to the first gunman's head -

The one-man wrecking crew that is Mike Banning methodically marches forward, BLOWING AWAY everything in his path.

IN THE NEXT HALLWAY

Banning RIDDLES another pair of onrushing defenders.

An enemy gunman pops from hiding, UNLOADS HIS FULL MAG. *CLICK!* His gun runs dry. Banning leaps forward. The enemy drops his weapon, dead to rights. Holds up his hands.

GUNMAN

(heavy Russian accent)

Hey, c'mon man - can't we work something out -

Banning keeps coming, conciliatory.

BANNING

Sure, what'd you have in mind?

Before the gunman can even respond - *BLAM!* - Banning SHOTS HIM DEAD - keeps advancing -

The shootout RAGES as Banning battles deeper into the massive estate house. Defenders FURIOUSLY FIRING, but inevitably FALLING before Banning's systematic advance.

Banning tosses his empty MP5. Draws a pair of Glock 18 HANDGUNS. Continues firing, TWO FISTED, down the hallway. CUTTING DOWN every defender before him.

Banning keeps advancing. Unflinching. Implacable.

When suddenly -

ANNA AND IRINA

burst from nowhere, OPENING FIRE with matching Steyr Aug
bullpup assault rifles on FULL AUTO. Banning dives behind a
low wall, FEROCIOUS FUSILLADE raking the room.

The two women stand in place, FURIOUSLY FIRING.

Banning stays low. EXPLODING furniture and FLYING plaster
RAINING DOWN all around him.

CLICK! CLICK! Anna and Irina blow through their magazines.
Expertly pop the empties, SLAP in fresh mags.

ANNA
(calling)
Had enough?!

IRINA
Ready to quit yet?!

BEHIND THE LOW WALL

Banning checks his Glocks. Only one round left in each.

ANNA AND IRINA

edge forward, eyes scanning like predators. Weapons leveled,
fingers on the triggers when

BANNING

LEAPS UP - from behind the FAR OPPOSITE END of the low wall.

BLAM! BLAM!

Two PERFECT SHOTS drill both women between the eyes.

BANNING
Nyet. And nyet.

Anna and Irina crumple like broken dolls.

Banning strides forward, drops the empty Glocks. Continues
down the hall.

INT. GRAND HALL - MALIKOV DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Banning KICKS OPEN the heavy door. Enters the room and stops
short.

POV BANNING: Eyes taking in the whole space in an instant.

Soaring columns. Ornate stone statuary. Marble floors.

Dominika Malikov sits at the far end of the cavernous room.
Averin by her side.

BETWEEN THEM STANDS AVERIN'S 10-MAN HIT TEAM

The assassins glare at Banning with flat, malevolent stares.

BANNING
(re: the havoc he's just
wreaked)
Not the best day for the Motherland.

Dominika stares across at Banning, face dark.

DOMINIKA
You have a nasty habit of surviving.

BANNING
(beat)
Every man needs a hobby.

Dominika slowly stands.

DOMINIKA
(voice rising)
You come here... *INTO MY FUCKING
HOUSE!*

She stares at Banning, eyes black with hate.

DOMINIKA
You. Messed. With. The. Wrong.
Family.

Banning holds her gaze.

BANNING
No. You did.

Impossibly fast - Banning WHIP DRAWS a backup GLOCK - BLOWS
AWAY the three nearest gunmen IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE -

The other killers draw their weapons - start BLASTING AWAY -
Banning DIVES behind the nearest statuary - bullets EXPLODING
everywhere -

Pistols BLAZING - bullets WHINING - the FEROCIOUS CLOSE
QUARTERS GUNFIGHT finale unfolds. Statuary EXPLODES, stone
columns RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE. Dominika watches in fury as
Banning CUTS DOWN two more of her men with pinpoint shots.

His handgun RUNS DRY. Banning slaps in a final mag.

Averin BLASTS AWAY at Banning across the room. Banning FIRES back. A bullet WINGS Banning in the arm. He flinches, KEEPS FIRING.

Banning's gun clicks on empty. He drops it, lunges forward.

The Russians CHARGE him. Wielding an assortment of FIGHTING KNIVES and MELEE WEAPONS.

Banning WHIP DRAWS two *ballistic knives* from their hidden sheaths.

In the blink of an eye, he FLICKS both wrists - triggering the buttons on the knife handles - the DETACHABLE BLADES of the ballistic knives SHOOT ACROSS THE ROOM - KILLING two onrushing enemy simultaneously -

The killers keep coming. Banning draws his KA-BAR combat knife.

DOMINIKA

Kill him!

It's HAND-TO-HAND now. The final three killers SWARM Banning. Averin can't get a clear shot.

It's UGLY, BRUTAL. BLOOD FLIES from lethal SLASHING BLOWS, jugulars SEVERED. Knife whipping the air, Banning CUTS HIS WAY forward, like a demon possessed. SLICING AND DICING for every bloody inch.

The last of the killers is CUT DOWN by Banning's blade. Crumples to the floor, dead.

Banning stands amidst the carnage. The place looks like an ABATTOIR. Mutilated henchmen littering the blood-streaked floor.

Banning sees a fallen HANDGUN on the floor. He moves toward it when - *BLAM!* - the gun is sent skittering across the floor by a bullet -

Banning looks up. Averin stands 10 meters away, smoking gun in his fist. Slide locked back on its now-empty magazine.

The two LOCK EYES.

Averin discards the useless weapon. Calmly moves toward Banning, features ominous.

AVERIN

(after a beat)

Ready to die?

BANNING
Skip the foreplay, willya?

Averin WHIP DRAWS a pair of *karambits* from their concealed sheaths. Expertly spins the claw-like blades in his hands.

Shit's about to get real.

They LUNGE for each other in the same instant. Averin's two curved blades vs. Banning's trusty KA-BAR. The lethal blades slash the air, insanely fast. A blinding flurry of STRIKES AND COUNTERSTRIKES.

The two ferociously BATTLE. Averin TAGS Banning on the arm, mercilessly pressing his assault. Banning BATTLES back, slicing Averin high on the cheek. Deadly blades whistling with inhuman speed.

It's an epic, drag-out, no-holds-barred FINAL SHOWDOWN.

Banning lunges forward, relentless, knife WHIPPING THE AIR. Spins one of the *karambits* from Averin's hand. It clatters away.

The SAVAGE BATTLE continues. Steel on steel. Each scores hits on the other with expert SLASHING BLOWS.

Averin swings his blade in a blinding overhead arc. At the last instant, Banning BLOCKS the strike, both weapons COLLIDING in a glancing blow that sends them both spinning from their combatant's hands.

The two face each other, circling.

Both bleeding. Breathing hard.

It's down to bare hands now.

They wade in. ATTACKING each other like savage beasts. Fists FLYING, blood SPRAYING. An unrelenting barrage of BONE-CRUSHING BLOWS.

Banning viciously HEAD BUTTS Averin in the face - BREAKING AVERIN'S NOSE - Averin stares, eyes murderous - tasting blood for the first time - ENRAGED - AVERIN ATTACKS - slips into full destruct mode and PUMMELS Banning with a WITHERING SERIES OF MERCILESS BLOWS -

Banning - exhausted - slowing - takes a SAVAGE BLOW to the THROAT - he falters - Averin spins Banning - SEIZES HIM FROM BEHIND - a vise-like HALF-NELSON HOLD - Banning is helpless in Averin's IRON GRIP -

Averin SQUEEZES - cuts off Banning's air -

CLOSE ON BANNING'S STARING EYES

FLASHCUT: In the precariously teetering "Beast" in *Olympus Has Fallen*, Banning cuts PRESIDENT ASHER'S seatbelt free as Asher begs Banning to save his wife. Banning pulls the president free as the limo plummets from the icy bridge, killing MAGGIE ASHER.

SLAMCUT BACK TO PRESENT

Banning futilely STRUGGLES - losing strength -

AVERIN
(in Banning's ear)
You're inferior...

FLASHCUT: Wreckage of Marine One in *London Has Fallen*. A bloody, impaled LYNNE JACOBS stares up at Banning. Light fading from her eyes. She dies.

SLAMCUT BACK TO PRESENT

Banning's vision GRAYS - pulse POUNDING in his ears -

AVERIN
You're weak...

FLASHCUT: Trumbull's Jekyll Island compound. Davis suddenly slumps, dead weight in Banning's arms. Banning looks down. It's clear that Davis is dead.

SLAMCUT BACK TO PRESENT

Banning's eyes ROLL BACK - LIFE DRAINING FROM HIM - WHOLE WORLD TURNING DARK -

It's over. He's done.

FLASHCUT: In the Site R bunker, Lynne stares up at her father.

LYNNE
When are you coming back?

Banning smiles down at her, reassuring.

BANNING
Soon.

Lynne's face doesn't look so sure.

LYNNE
You promise?

Banning stares deep into his daughter's eyes.

BANNING

I promise.

SLAMCUT BACK TO PRESENT

And somehow - IMPOSSIBLY - Banning RALLIES FROM THE BRINK -

With one final desperate BURST OF ENERGY - Banning slides down - slips from Averin's STEEL GRIP - POWERFULLY KICKS HIS LEGS BACK OVER HIS HEAD - CRACK! -

HE'S FREE.

A blow that for anyone else would have SNAPPED THEIR NECK. But this is Averin.

Banning and Averin share a FINAL LOOK - as both DIVE for their fallen knives AT THE SAME INSTANT - Averin spins - *karambit's* lethal blade CLEAVING THE AIR - but Banning is faster -

AND DRIVES HIS KA-BAR STRAIGHT THROUGH AVERIN'S MOUTH

Impaling his head to the LARGE TAPESTRY hung on the wall behind him.

BANNING

You're finished.

Averin stares up at Banning, light fading from his eyes.

He's dead.

Banning slowly stands - AND WE SEE - the hanging wall tapestry to which Averin's head is now speared is the classic *Achilles Defeated Hector* by Peter Paul Rubens.

INT. SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Dominika rushes down the marble hallway.

DOMINIKA

(into earpiece)

Start it up, I'm on my way.

She crashes through French double doors, fleeing the mansion.

INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Banning hears TURBINES distantly winding up. Grabs a fallen handgun and sprints from the room.

EXT. OUTER COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Dominika jumps into the waiting JETCOPTER. The chopper lifts off in a WHINE OF ENGINES. Banks up and away, WHEELING up over the trees.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Banning races down the hall. Sprinting for all he's worth.

EXT. OUTER COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Banning BURSTS from the mansion, into the outer courtyard. Eyes frantically searching the sky.

The chopper is gone.

Banning feels all hope recede. When suddenly

THE JETCOPTER

swings up and over the looming dacha, behind him. Throbbing rotors a SCREAMING ROAR.

Banning raises his handgun when

THE CHOPPER PILOT

thumbs his firing button. Two S-24 240mm ROCKETS scream from their tubes. Banning dives behind the PILE OF RUBBLE (that was Saar's final tomb) as both rockets EXPLODE in twin geysers of FIERY FLAME.

Swirling debris and choking smoke fills the world. The hovering chopper swings down.

IN THE JETCOPTER

Dominika stares through the chopper windscreen.

The drifting smoke slowly clears. Only smoldering rubble and flickering flame remains.

Dominika thinly smiles when -

BANNING

BURSTS from the pile of rubble... GShG-7.62 minigun gripped in his arms.

The chopper pilot lunges for his firing button... BUT BANNING IS FASTER.

And in that microsecond of frozen time -

BANNING AND DOMINIKA LOCK EYES THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN

The minigun opens up with a CHAINSAW ROAR - OBLITERATING the chopper canopy - RIDDLING the pilot in his seat - DECIMATING the main rotor shaft -

The jetcopter DROPS LIKE A STONE - turbines SCREAMING their final death throes - CRASHES NOSE FIRST INTO THE GROUND - FUEL TANK RUPTURING - AND EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL OF FLAME -

INCINERATING DOMINIKA MALIKOV ALIVE.

Banning slowly emerges from the smoking rubble. Drops the empty minigun.

The FIERY REMAINS of the jetcopter continue to BURN.

It's over.

Off to his right, the rubble suddenly MOVES.

Banning grabs a discarded weapon. Eyes staring.

The enormous mound of brick and stone SHIFTS - and then - IMPOSSIBLY -

SAAR

emerges from the pile of rubble. Covered head-to-toe with soot and dirt, but alive.

The two share a long look.

BANNING
Back from the dead?

Saar barely grunts.

BANNING
(tossing him a gun)
Now you're just showing off.

Saar catches it, one-handed.

The two walk off together, side-by-side down the long driveway.

BANNING

(beat)

You know Hendrik... this could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Saar shoots Banning a look.

SAAR

(finally speaks)

Fuck that shit.

They share a laugh. Walk off together through the smoking haze.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. CAFETERIA - SITE R - DAY

Or maybe it's night... who knows... we're in an underground nuclear bunker.

Leah and Lynne sit together at a table. Eating their meals, not tasting them. Faces masks of worry.

Leah looks up. And sees...

BANNING

standing in the doorway. Looking like he's been to hell and back. But alive.

Banning and Leah share a long look. A whirlwind of emotions passes between them.

Lynne turns, and sees her father.

LYNNE

Daddy!

Lynne runs to her father. Banning sweeps her up in his arms, holding her tight.

Leah crosses to her husband, tears in her eyes. He made it.

The three embrace. Banning and Leah hold each other's gaze. Banning gives an imperceptible nod. Letting Leah know their family is finally safe.

Tears of joy and relief spill down Leah's cheeks.

BANNING
Ready to go home?

Leah nods, body melting into her husband's. Their daughter secure between them.

Banning turns, and sees

TRUMBULL

The president strides forward, sat phone to his ear.

TRUMBULL
(into phone)
...just wanted to let you know,
President Kross, the situation we
discussed? It's been resolved.
Estonia won't be bothered anymore.

INT. KADRIORG PALACE - TALLINN, ESTONIA - SAME

Estonian President Kross holds the secure line to his ear.

KROSS
(into phone)
That's wonderful news, Mr.
President. Thank you.

INT. CAFETERIA - SITE R - SAME

Trumbull's eyes stay fixed on Banning.

TRUMBULL
Don't thank me. Thank Agent
Banning.

Trumbull clicks off. He and Banning share a look.

TRUMBULL
(beat)
What took you so long?

BANNING
Customs was a bitch, sir.

Trumbull smiles.

TRUMBULL
Nice to have you back, Mike.

Trumbull claps Banning on the shoulder, before turning and walking away.

Leaving Banning and his reunited family together.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Banning stands across the desk from McKinney. Echo of their earlier scene in his boss's office.

McKinney flips through a CLASSIFIED FILE on his desk.

MCKINNEY
So, the Malikovs were taken out by
a rival syndicate. Dacha outside
Moscow...

CLOSE ON FILE: SATCOM PHOTOS of the devastation left in the wake of the dacha attack.

BANNING
Looks that way, sir.

MCKINNEY
...nasty business, that.

McKinney reaches the last of the photos. He looks up, shoots Banning a superior grin.

MCKINNEY
(oblivious to Banning's
involvement in Russia)
I told you these things have a way
of sorting themselves out.

Banning holds McKinney's gaze.

BANNING
Yes, sir... it appears they do.

McKinney closes the file with a self-satisfied smirk.

BANNING
Will that be all?

After a beat, McKinney nods. Banning turns and heads for the door.

MCKINNEY
(calling after him)
Oh, and Banning... goes without
saying you'll be staying out of the
field from here on out. You read
me?

Banning halts at the door. Just the hint of a smile.

BANNING
(not turning around)
Loud and clear, sir.

But his face says it all... *no fucking chance.*

Banning exits.

SLAMCUT TO BLACK