

UNTITLED CYBER STORY

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THIRD DRAFT

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INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - 2:37 A.M.

THE MASSIVE OCTAGONAL TRADING PIT - ABSOLUTELY EMPTY

Computer monitors, though, display data even though no one's there to read it: changing values of the world's commodities. It's ghostly.

MOVE INTO a cluster of Monitors. INTO NUMBERS. Closer until we perceive PIXELS. CLOSER until we're inside a PIXEL. CLOSER...

AND WE SURGE INTO THE ELECTRONIC UNIVERSE/ANIMATED

We're in a stream with PACKETS of data - gigabytes and terabytes, boxcars of the stuff - each in a PIPELINE... and we SEE parallel pipelines. They're driving towards a fortress-like BLUE WALL. The BLUE WALL is a Cyber Security Firewall. PACKETS of data stream an identifying PASSCODE. They are allowed through ports in the BLUE WALL. Meanwhile--

ANOTHER PIPELINE-- a BLUE UNIT like the units that make up the BLUE WALL is approaching. It streams its passcode. It's recognized as valid. FIREWALL units separate, allowing it through.

OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIREWALL-- the BLUE UNIT emerges and continues on towards the exposed SERVER.

CLOSER-- the BLUE UNIT's surface starts to disassemble. It was a false front. A facade. Now we SEE what was beneath: is: a scarlet cluster of ominous shapes.

THIS IS A VIRUS.

The facade was the INJECTOR - like a Trojan horse - to get inside. Now, we SEE the PAYLOAD. It's a suite of programs, malware to do different things. INSIDE and FREE, it moves down a wide flat BUS leading to the CPU. Component parts of the virus break off. Each has a different destination where it will perform a different task. The majority slam into the CPU...

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - CLOSE ON ONE COMPUTER MONITOR--

displaying commodities prices. They fluctuate normally. MOVE into one. SOYBEANS. This one's price rises and falls in normal increments. BUT a change occurs now. We SEE that each time there is a rise, that rise doubles. A two becomes a four. A three becomes a six. A six becomes a twelve. It's price is climbing higher and higher!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH SEA - NIGHT

A POINT OF LIGHT slashes over dark waters: a rusting buoy tossed about by a slantwise rain. Waves crest against its sides. THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE approaches.

TITLE: THE NORTH SEA, 6KM WEST OF ROTTERDAM

A 20-FOOT PILOT BOAT slices into view, fighting hard against the white caps--

I/E. PILOT BOAT / NORTH SEA - CONTINUOUS

Onboard the boat, A HARBOR PILOT (30s, seasoned) stares into the storm. A radio in hand, he speaks in Dutch-accented English:

HARBOR PILOT
--bearing one-one-seven, six knots.
Starboard'll give us our best lee.

THE HANDSET CRACKLES back tinny:

CAPE SIZE BRIDGE (V.O.)
One-one-seven. Six knots. Ladder
to starboard. Copy that.

Through the windscreen--

Impossibly large, a CAPE SIZE BULK CARRIER, 360 meters long, a 200,000 ton deadweight, emerges from a dense fog.

A BANK OF LIGHTS mounted on the freighter strikes up, illuminating the roiling sea. A hatch halfway up the side of the hull of the carrier opens. A SAILOR unfurls a ladder down the side of the ship.

The PILOT BOAT rollercoasters over the vessel's massive bow wave. Then it maneuvers skillfully into the harsh wash of light. It angles toward that ladder, slowing, tossed by waves, speed even with the hull of the bulk carrier.

The pilot on the rolling deck grabs the wet ladder, ascending, PELTED BY ICY SPRAY.

INT. ROTTERDAM TRAFFIC CONTROL - THAT MOMENT

A RADAR SCREEN shows two co-joined beacons: the capesize bulk carrier and the pilot boat. Hundreds of other anchored ships are displayed. A bank of windows looks out on the MASSIVE PORT below.

A TRAFFIC CONTROLLER watches his radar. All at once--

PING. An alert. A box of text FLASHES on his monitor. Speaking in Dutch, subtitled in English (as noted by *italics*):

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
Hey Berman.

SENIOR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER BERMAN rouses. For no reason he was reading "Catcher in the Rye" in Dutch. Meanwhile...

I/E. CAPE SIZE CARRIER - THAT MOMENT

The pilot and sailor approaching the bridge--

HARBOR PILOT
Long crossing?

CAPE SIZE SAILOR
Not bad. Ten days. We got
satellite internet now.

INT. ROTTERDAM TRAFFIC CONTROL - TRAFFIC CONTROLLER + BERMAN

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
*I assigned them a berth. Harbor
pilot's on board already...*

BERMAN
Doesn't matter.

INT. CAPE SIZE CARRIER - BRIDGE - THAT MOMENT

The Pilot greets the carrier's CAPTAIN (40s, weathered):

HARBOR PILOT
I'm going to pilot you to berth
LG20, sir.

Captain answers his radio/telephone.

CAPTAIN
Traffic controller's on the line.
Berman. He wants to talk to you.

SECONDS LATER

Pilot holds a handset to his ear. In Dutch now--

HARBOR PILOT
Yeah?
(beat)
Why?
(pause)
What am I supposed to do?

The captain looks up, concerned.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROTTERDAM TRAFFIC CONTROL

BERMAN
*Put her at dead slow and make for
Hull. She cannot enter my harbor.
Understand?*

Berman hangs up and looks at the pelting rain.

INT. CAPE SIZE CARRIER - BRIDGE - SECONDS LATER

Harbor Pilot turns to the captain and other OFFICERS staring at him expectantly.

HARBOR PILOT
You're denied entry to Rotterdam.

CAPTAIN
Why? What's going on?

HARBOR PILOT
Your insurance coverage was revoked.

CAPTAIN
That's crazy. What kind of shit is this?

HARBOR PATROL
Something about the valuation of your cargo--

CAPTAIN
What? Two hundred thousand tons of soybeans. Soybeans are soybeans. Their value, our insurance, is always the same.

HARBOR PILOT
AIG sent out an automated notice. What can we do?
(checks note)
At today's prices, your cargo's four times what you're insured for. AIG pulled your certificate.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - DAY

ABSOLUTE CHAOS--

TITLE: CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

RUNNERS panic. A FLOOR BROKER places an order with an ORDER CLERK. Complicating things: the broker and clerk are SEPARATED BY A HUNDRED FEET. They communicate using OPEN OUTCRY -- A HAND SIGNALLING SYSTEM. All the exchanges play out with blazing speed.

THE BROKER holds BOTH HANDS UP, five fingers each, palms in.

A RUNNER jots it down:

RUNNER
Whole soy?

ORDER CLERK
Running up.

ADJACENT SCREENS display other markets. We SEE soy prices rising in...

MUMBAI.

DALIAN.

JOHANNESBURG.

TRADERS shout in their native languages as SOY PRICES SOAR, no end in sight.

The broker fights FOOT TRAFFIC to hold up TWO FINGERS SIDEWAYS and his FIST POUNDS HIS FOREHEAD ONCE--

His clerk calls to Runner--

ORDER CLERK

Seven...hundred...

BROKER pounds his head three more times--

ORDER CLERK

--Seven hundred thousand.

A BOARD overhead reads:

SOY 2942'0

FLOOR BROKER 2

It's up twenty-one hundred since open.

On the board, the price jumps up again:

SOY 3003'4

INT. U.S. PENITENTIARY - CANAAN - HATHAWAY'S CELL - DAY

One slender barred window to the sky outside. A meticulous, obsessively neat prison cell. Electronic gear, books. Lying on a bunk: NICHOLAS HATHAWAY (mid 30's). Muscular from prison weightlifting, tight-cropped black hair. He wears cheap headphones. He reads a dog-eared copy of Baudrillard's "The System of Objects." Silence interrupted by--

METAL SLAMMING ON METAL. A SORT TEAM GUARD outfitted in RIOT GEAR opens a slot in the cell door.

SORT GUARD

Hathaway. Cell search. Hands!

Hathaway's eyes go up to the guard. BLACK KEVLAR HELMET. The PHALANX OF GUARDS visible behind him. Hathaway doesn't hear, doesn't answer. He takes off headphones.

SORT GUARD

Hands!

Hathaway puts the book down, marking his place. He sits up on the edge of the bunk, looks at the black visor through the slot. He stands at his pace.

SORT GUARD
Hands at the port!

A beat. Hathaway regards them indifferently.

Door slams open. SORT Team moves into the small space with practiced precision. One SORT GUARD pulls Hathaway's hands behind his back.

SORT GUARD
Everything.

A second Guard starts TEARING out Hathaway's gear. Papers fall to the floor. Stepped on. Family photos crushed.

HATHAWAY
Don't step on that.

SORT GUARD
Shut up.

The guard SLAPS A CUFF on Hathaway's left wrist. More belongings trashed.

Hathaway blows.

HE HEAD-BUTTS THE OFFICER IN THE FACEMASK BACKWARDS, SPINS.

All hell breaks loose. Hathaway chops two short jabs. SORT GUARDS rush in.

First SORT Guard is down.

Others PILE ON Hathaway. Close quarter. Hard. BATONS swing. Hathaway falls under the blows across his shattered belongings.

INT. USP CANAAN - CELL BLOCK - MINUTES LATER

The body-armored guards march a wounded Hathaway down a CELL BLOCK AISLE.

Cell block is filled with DOZENS OF CORRECTIONAL OFFICERS tossing other cells. At one open door, a GUARD carries out a TV and places it on a waiting hand cart filled with other consumer goods.

As PRISONERS see Hathaway led past, RAUCOUS CHEERS go up. Hathaway, inexpressive, looks forward, taller than the guards leading him.

INT. USP CANAAN - ASSOCIATE WARDEN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A painted cinder block office with a few Western mementos. Hathaway sits across from ASSOC. WARDEN JEFFRIES (60s). Guards on either side of Hathaway.

ASSOC. WARDEN JEFFRIES

How?

Hathaway stares back. The look says "are you kidding?"

ASSOC. WARDEN JEFFRIES
Bureau of Prisons is filing.
You're looking at two years tacked
onto your sentence.

Associate Warden looks at a spread sheet:

ASSOC. WARDEN JEFFRIES
Every inmate in your cell block's
been on a shopping spree since
February with \$890 a month
mysteriously added to each man's
commissary account.

No reaction. Jeffries reaches into his desk and tosses a
cheap CELL PHONE onto its surface.

ASSOC. WARDEN JEFFRIES
Did you do it with this? Hack into
Accounting off a goddamned cell
phone?

HATHAWAY
Yeah...

Hathaway leans in. Associate warden believes he's getting
somewhere.

HATHAWAY
I used it to call the North Pole
and convince Santa to make
Christmas come early this year.

INT. USP CANAAN - SOLITARY - MINUTES LATER

BLINDING OVERHEAD LIGHT. Hathaway is TOSSED into solitary.
The door slams. He looks around the bare cell. Nothing. A
hole in the floor. Doesn't matter. There's an inner current
that flows through him. He tells himself they haven't
invented the hard time he can't handle. He lowers to the
floor and starts doing push-ups. He will work out on his
body and his mind.

The bass-heavy rhythm of Jay-Z & Kanye West's "NO CHURCH IN
THE WILD" blasts. His spirit is indomitable. It defies the
authority of this place. Music CROSSES us into...

A WORLD AWAY: INT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A MAN IN PEOPLES LIBERATION ARMY UNIFORM in a modern space
ties a tie. EPAULETS identify him as a Captain. He is CHEN
DAWAI (30s, athletic).

Chen crosses to his iPhone in a speaker dock -- the source of
"NO CHURCH IN THE WILD." He plugs in an earphone, pockets
it, exits.

EXT. CHEN'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

A CHAUFFEUR opens the door to a HONGQI HQ3 sedan. Chen slips inside. The car pulls out.

I/E. HONGQI HQ3 (MOVING) / GUANGZHOU STREETS - DAY

The HQ3, Jay-Z and Kanye West move through the Cantonese urban wild: hyper modern, relentlessly developing.

TITLE: GUANGZHOU, GUANGDONG PROVINCE, CHINA

As the car nears SCIENCE CITY, we and Chen SEE...

PROTESTERS -- some men, mostly women -- block a set of streets with pickets outside of Science City's gates. Their anger is legible in any language.

INT. GUANGZHOU OFFICE TOWER - MINUTES LATER

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PROTEST, now seen from ten stories ABOVE. Reveal we're in a MEETING ROOM. PLA insignia in crimson silk and a PRC flag dominate the wall. Not looking at the protest is LIEUTENANT COLONEL ZHAO (late 40s, a company man).

Zhao is at a conference table among a collection of grim-faced PLA OFFICERS waiting on him. Tough men. Opposite them is Chen. Zhao's eyes lift to Chen. In subtitled Mandarin--

ZHAO

Captain, you do understand why this isn't merely about the price of tofu?

CHEN

Soy's used as a protein filler as well as animal feed. Food prices are rising across the board because it takes one pound of soy to put a half pound of meat on poultry. Soy goes up, everything goes up.

Next to Zhao, MAJOR YUAN (early 40s) addresses Chen:

YUAN

How did the run-up in soy futures occur, Captain Chen?

CHEN

There is no reason for it. No catastrophic weather or crop disease. No shortage. I believe the Chicago market was invaded and manipulated.

YUAN

Hacked?

CHEN
Yes.

YUAN
Don't they have cyber security?

CHEN
Inadequate...apparently.

A few ironic expressions.

ZHAO
State actor or an individual?

CHEN
Individual actor. An expert black hat hacker. Who else would be motivated to manipulate soy?

ZHAO
Any way to identify the hacker?
Origins of the hack?

CHEN
I can't tell until I see code he wrote.

YUAN
How'd they managed to get in?

CHEN
To answer that question, sir, I need access to the Chicago Board of Trade.

Zhao regards the protesters before turning to Chen.

ZHAO
We'll make the calls.

INT. HACKER "COLLEGE" - AFTERNOON

The basement to a basement. Cinder block walls, exposed wiring, strips of harsh overhead lights. Dozens and dozens of desks fill the space, each manned by a CHINESE FREELANCE HACKER between the ages of 15 and 20. They are all PLUGGED-IN: furiously engrossed in their own PC terminals and headphones. When we see text, it is English or European languages. The only sound is their typing.

Settle on LIU XIAPANG (17, wiry). Liu hammers in code, totally focussed. His mobile phone lights up, an incoming TEXT MESSAGE. Liu reaches for the device with his left hand, muting it without even looking at the screen.

The phone lights up again. It VIBRATES. Angry, Liu stops, reads the message on the screen.

He tears off his headset and exits.

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - AFTERNOON

Liu waits at a noodle stall. PATRONS crowd various food stands in this rundown section of Guangzhou. DISCOVER Chen walking through the CROWD. Chen's dressed down into a T shirt, shades, shell jacket and athletic pants. He squeezes in next to Liu, gets a bowl.

CHEN
So what do you know about the spike
in soy?

Liu pauses mid-bite, lighting up. Laughs:

LIU
It was a hack in Chicago!

CHEN
Keep your voice down.

LIU
Central Committee taking heat on
the protests, huh, bro?

Liu slips a Marlboro. Chen pulls it out of his month, tosses it.

LIU
(rises to go)
I didn't come out to get pushed
around, okay? I was in the middle
of something--

Chen grabs his wrist, locks it, forcibly re-seats Liu.

CHEN
Sit your skinny ass down.

An ENVELOPE suddenly appears between their two bowls. Liu snaps his wrist away from Chen, examines the envelope. A stack of CURRENCY'S inside.

CHEN
Yours. Fish around. Give me
something. That's one. Two, you
stay ready. I may call on you.
Consider this a retainer.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Rows of rack-mounted servers in blue light run the length of the floor. LEDs blink rapidly. FANS HUM.

A crowd of SIX I.T. OFFICERS, FBI Special Agent CARLY BARRETT (40s, half-Hispanic), CBOT I.T. DIRECTOR JEFF ROBICHAUD (40s, dry) listen to a young CHICAGO TECH'S presentation--

CHICAGO TECH
The virus knew our system right
down to our build numbers--

ROBICHAUD
Did it get in covertly?

CHICAGO TECH
Exact opposite. It masqueraded as
an update for our security
firewall. Our system INVITED it
in.

A SECRETARY (20s) enters, interrupting:

SECRETARY
Mr. Robichaud?

ROBICHAUD
Not now, please.

SECRETARY
Someone's on I think you'll want to
talk to.

ROBICHAUD
Who?

SECRETARY
He wouldn't give his name. He's
calling from China. Their Cyber
Blue Team.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - ROBICHAUD'S OFFICE - DAY
SPECIAL AGENT BARRETT listens silently on another extension.

ROBICHAUD
--you're talking about something
that if it had happened, is not
public knowledge yet...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An ocean away, Chen...

ROBICHAUD (V.O.)
Let's suppose you're right. We
were hit by a malworm. If that
were true, you know who's my first
suspect?

Chen surprises us with a PERFECT AMERICAN ACCENT:

CHEN
Listen, my country imports fifty-
eight million tons of soy annually.
(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)

If we were going to start fixing prices, this is not one we want to see go up.

ROBICHAUD (V.O.)

Even if I buy that, why should we send the code of the virus to you?

CHEN

Because I'll get it anyway by working on it for two, three weeks - we're doing this with or without you - but during that time, your cyber breach leaks out. Traders question the integrity of their trades. It's better for you and for us if we work together and move faster.

INT. CHICAGO FBI - POLLACK'S OFFICE - DAY

S.A.C. HENRY POLLACK (50s, a lifer) looks at a thin folder with CHEN DAWAI'S photo visible. Barrett and Robichaud are across from Pollack.

POLLACK

Why are they so atypically direct?

BARRETT

Because their food crisis has put protesters on the street, which in China can morph into a mass movement like that.

(snaps fingers)

Mass protest? The PRC moves fast.

POLLACK

What do we know about this guy?

BARRETT

Chen Dawai. Grandson of a famous military commander, Chen Yi, who goes back to the guerilla days of the 1920's. Son of China's Undersecretary for Trade to the UN in the 90's. So he was educated here, Bronx High School of Science, Computer Sciences at M.I.T. Summa Cum Laude. A princeling. Now he's a rising star on the PLA's Cyber Blue Team.

POLLACK

What are the drawbacks of giving up the code?

ROBICHAUD

It'll surface anyway. There are no drawbacks. And the Board of Trade can't take the heat.

POLLACK

From our point of view we're inviting them into the hen house. You'd have to monitor extremely closely what they do and do not have access to.

BARRETT

Okay. But I'd still rather have them on our team and us on theirs, for once.

POLLACK

Send the code.

INT. GUANGZHOU OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Chen and Zhao back in the conference room from their first meeting, now much quieter.

ZHAO

They're proposing running a Joint Task Force to investigate...

Zhao's eyes move to the window. The CROWD OF PROTESTERS outside is larger in the fading light of evening.

ZHAO

You fly tomorrow.

INT. CHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chen in front of his computer, typing at a terminal. Snatches of text from an email visible on the screen:

- FROM: BARRETT, CARLY (FBI)
- TO: CHEN DAWAI
- CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE
- VIRUS' CODE
- FOR YOUR EYES ONLY
- ENCRYPTED DOWNLOAD

Chen navigates to an FBI-administered secure site. Watches the progress bar as the CODE OF THE VIRUS DOWNLOADS.

Chen opens another window on his laptop, the virus' code filling the screen. His eyes narrow in a cold recognition. He speaks in English, to himself:

CHEN

Holy shit.

INT. GUANGZHOU BAR - NIGHT

AN UPSCALE BAR in downtown Guangzhou filled with working professionals from the tech center. Seated at the bar sipping a dry Martini: LIEN (30s, fine features, hair down, casual). A NEW ENTREPRENEUR (30s, expensive haircut) approaches:

ENTREPRENEUR TYPE
 Hi, honey. I bet Shum, over there,
 you were in sales. Was I right?

Lien looks up. Dry.

LIEN

No.

Chen arrives, takes a sip of Lien's martini.

CHEN
 (to Entrepreneur Type)
 She's not interested.

ENTREPRENEUR TYPE
 You her boyfriend?

CHEN
 No, I'm her brother. The answer's
 still no.
 (guy doesn't move)
 Hey, I'm talking to you!

Chen has a harsh directness and eye to eye contact the
 Entrepreneur Type recognizes. It's called central authority.
 He splits.

LIEN
 You cost me a drink.

CHEN
 He's not your type.

LIEN
 All boys, no men in Science City,
 huh?

CHEN
 Let's go for a walk.

MINUTES LATER

Lien and Chen have moved to a secluded booth in the back of
 the bar. Things are quieter here.

LIEN
 Tomorrow? I can't.

CHEN
 English might be better.

Chen looks around at the crowd. Keep things confidential:

LIEN
 We're up and running in 62 days.

CHEN

They sent me this black hat's code tonight. A major hit. Chicago Board of Trade. When I looked at the code, I knew...

LIEN

What?

CHEN

I got to have a network engineer with me I can trust. Really trust. Like one hundred percent. On my side, at my back.

We hear his urgency but not the reason why. She, though, understands both.

LIEN

Sure. What time do we fly?

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Barrett waits at a gate in the International Terminal at O'Hare, sun hard through the windows. The door opens. PASSENGERS deplane.

Chen -- good suit and tie -- emerges with Lien. Barrett approaches:

BARRETT

Carly Barrett, FBI.

CHEN

Chen Dawai, PLA. This is my partner, Chen Lien.

LIEN

(off Barrett's look)
Same surname. Common in China.

BARRETT

Long flight? Can we get you something to eat, get you settled in your hotel?

A bit formal:

CHEN

Thank you very much. We're here to work, Special Agent Barrett. We're ready to start.

INT. CHICAGO FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

DANIELS

--the virus can be broken into two parts: an injector and a payload.

(MORE)

DANIELS (CONT'D)
 Now looking at each closely, what
 we've been tripping over is that
 these two sections--

CHEN
 --were written by different
 authors.

DANIELS
 How'd you know?

DANIELS is a 20s, clean cut computer forensics expert. The
 VIRUS CODE is projected on a screen.

Half-eaten containers of takeout are spread across the room
 as are Chen, Lien, Barrett, Pollack and assorted FBI AGENTS.

DANIELS (CONT'D)
 The language in the injector's code
 is lean, graceful. The payload, on
 the other hand, feels frenetic--

CHEN
 Not frenetic. Overwritten.

Daniels realizes he's being schooled:

DANIELS
 Yes. So the question we're dealing
 with is how many actors are we
 looking for? I'm thinking two
 actors, gentlemen.

Chen turns to Barrett:

CHEN
 You have somewhere we can talk?

INT. CHICAGO FBI - POLLACK'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Chen, Lien, Barrett and Pollack in his office:

CHEN
 An intern could have written that
 report.

POLLACK
 Daniels is one of our better techs.

CHEN
 I hope not. The point is, we don't
 have time to pace ourselves by the
 slowest guy in the room--

POLLACK
 And who do you need if not Daniels?

BARRETT
 And "joint" in "Joint Task Force"
 implies "mutuality". As in what
 bright ideas are you bringing to
 the dance?

Without missing a beat:

CHEN
 Nicholas Hathaway.

BARRETT
 Who?

CHEN
 I need Nicholas Hathaway. He's a
 convicted hacker serving fifteen
 years in U.S.P. Canaan in Waymart,
 Pennsylvania.

POLLACK
 A black hat hacker holed up in
 Canaan is hitting our financial
 markets?

CHEN
 No. We need Hathaway furloughed
 out of prison so he can help with
 the investigation.

Chen lets this land. Then:

CHEN
 When you pull his jacket, you're
 going to say "impossible." I don't
 mean to be abrupt, but to save us
 time, I want you to know -- about
 Hathaway, I am not asking.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - CHEN'S SUITE - MORNING

A towering view of Lake Michigan. Chen in a T shirt and
 running shorts cuts into a plate of poached eggs in his hotel
 suite, a selection of the day's papers laid out meticulously
 before him, more news displayed on an iPad.

A KNOCK at the DOOR. Chen answers. Barrett enters with a
 folder tucked under her arm.

BARRETT
 You're right. Impossible.

Chen opens the folder, glancing at a photo of Hathaway before
 shutting it, going back to his breakfast.

BARRETT

This guy was a one-man spear phishing machine, hit every major bank, ran up forty-six million in damages. And that's only what we know about...

Chen doesn't answer.

BARRETT (CONT'D)

You want DOJ to do anything other than laugh, you better give us something.

Chen stops eating.

CHEN

Daniels said two authors of virus. He was right. I don't know who wrote the code in the second half. But the first half he called "lean and graceful"? It's a RAT. A Remote Administration Tool. It was ripped-off and modified. One of the original authors of the RAT is me. I co-wrote it as a prank ten years ago at MIT. My partner? The genius lead author?

BARRETT

Nicholas Hathaway.

CHEN

If FBI is serious about analyzing this code? It is Hathaway. Task force only makes sense with him on it.

EXT. SCRANTON FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Waiting in shades in harsh sun is ASSISTANT US ATTORNEY STEVEN REINKER (40s, buttoned down) and DEPUTY US MARSHAL MARK JESSUP (30s, Mid-Westerner in the big city). Reinker checks a watch as a Crown Vic pulls up to the curb.

TITLE: SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

The Crown Vic stops. Reinker and Jessup get in. Crown Vic pulls out.

INT. CROWN VIC (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Barrett drives, does the introductions:

BARRETT

Assistant US Attorney Reinker and U.S. Marshal Jessup.

CHEN

A pleasure.

REINKER

Hathaway will be fully monitored with an ankle bracelet. U.S. Marshal Jessup will accompany every step he takes. We don't like what he's doing, he makes a wrong move, we bust him back. Understood?

CHEN

Perfectly.

A beat. Chen offers up:

CHEN

Don't condescend to him.
(off Reinker's look)
Hathaway. Don't condescend to him.

REINKER

I've talked to a few convicts in my time.

INT. USP CANAAN - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Institutional. TWO GUARDS are stationed against the wall. Reinker sits alone at a table.

A BUZZER SOUNDS. Reinker looks up to see TWO MORE GUARDS lead Hathaway. He sees a muscular man, dark hair cut short, in chains--

REINKER

Mr. Hathaway. How you feeling today?

No answer. Hathaway sits. He stares at Reinker. He doesn't blink, he doesn't move. Pure immobility. If Reinker's intimidated, he doesn't show it. He pushes a stack of printouts across to Hathaway.

MINUTES LATER

Hathaway paging through the paperwork on the Board of Trade strike:

HATHAWAY

Commodities market. Spike in soy. First I heard of it. Don't get a lot of new news in here.

REINKER

Well, today's your lucky day. That's what we're here to fix. How'd you like to furlough out of this place right now?

Reinker pushes multiple copies of a thick DOCUMENT across to Hathaway, flipped open to the signature page, hands him a Mont Blanc pen.

REINKER

Sign on the last page and we'll get you processed.

Hathaway flips it back to the top sheet and starts reading through the document.

REINKER

If you want to study the whole document, go ahead. I can come back in a week...or a month...

HATHAWAY

I'm done.

And Hathaway slides the document back.

REINKER

You didn't sign.

HATHAWAY

Why would I sign it?

REINKER

Because...of the generosity of U.S. Attorney's Office to grant you a furlough.

Hathaway looks over his shoulder.

HATHAWAY

You talking to me or someone else walk in here?

REINKER

What?

HATHAWAY

The Assistant U.S. Attorney, the U.S. Attorney, both of you can stick a furlough up your ass.

REINKER

I'm sorry?

HATHAWAY

You're sorry? Why are you sorry? I insulted you. What are you sorry for?

REINKER

Look...don't come up into my face with your--

HATHAWAY

You look. You gonna raise me up outta here for a couple of weeks to solve your "Board-of-Trade-got-hacked" crisis?

(MORE)

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

For a "furlough?" Then dump me back? Are you kidding? You know how much headway you're gonna make on a strike this big without somebody like me? Ze-ro.

REINKER

This isn't a negotiation.

HATHAWAY

I'm making it one, sonny.
(brushes threat aside)
You want me? Pass this upstairs. If my assistance results in the identification of the guy you're after, you commute my whole sentence. I come up empty, you can toss my ass back in the can. I'll do my time. You don't like those terms, piss off.
(calling off)

Guard.

(back to Reinker)

Interview's over.

INT. USP CANAAN - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Chen, Lien, Barrett as Reinker enters. Off his expression and...

REINKER

(to Barrett)

How badly do you want this guy?

CHEN

I told you--

Barrett looks at Chen. He nods. Barrett nods to Reinker.

REINKER

D.C. has to redraft. --You better be right.

EXT. USP CANAAN - NIGHT

A CLATTERING OF METAL. A prison gate slides open. Hathaway in an ill-fitting suit, sunglasses -- the clothes he checked in with four and a half years earlier.

Opposite him Barrett, Jessup, Chen and Lien stand waiting by a pair of Crown Vics. Lien perks up at Hathaway's appearance: the tight, muscular man not conforming to her notion of hacker.

Hathaway's face is inexpressive. Like stone. He walks towards Chen. Chen takes off his shades. When they're within feet from each other--

HATHAWAY

(low)
You sly dog.

Hathaway and Chen embrace. Hathaway's big hand tight against Chen's back. Holding him tightly.

CHEN

(low)
So great to see you, bro.

HATHAWAY

(low)
Not half as much as it is for me to see you.

A moment, and then a moment longer for both of them. Hathaway's emotions, released, now submerge again for the others.

EXT. WILKES-BARRE/SCRANTON INT'L AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

A row of small aircraft line the tarmac. Chen, Lien, Barrett, Jessup and Hathaway walk toward a United commuter jet with other passengers. Hathaway looks indifferent to his surroundings.

VERY CLOSE: in reality HATHAWAY'S reacting to EVERYTHING. People's clothes are TOO BRIGHT. TOO COLORFUL. The tarmac is too wide, too open - no walls, razor-wire or guards. Agoraphobia disorients him..

A twin prop ROARS. Hathaway STARTLES. Lien sees, takes his elbow.

LIEN

You okay?

After three years of monochrome confinement, this is too much, too fast. Sensory overload. He looks at Lien. Her hand on his arm. Close to this woman and the perfume she's wearing. He lies:

HATHAWAY

I'm fine.

He withdraws, compels himself to walk in a straight line towards the ramp and plane. It's refuge. Lien watches his awkwardness and determination.

INT. UNITED FLIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Onboard. Lien, Hathaway and Chen are seated at the back. In the confined space Hathaway breathes easier, focuses, relaxes.

Chen pulls a laptop from his carry-on.

HATHAWAY

How the hell did you pull this off?

CHEN

I asked politely.

HATHAWAY

You? Bull-shit.

CHEN

I've developed significant
diplomatic skills over the years.

(beat)

The malworm?

Hathaway takes the Mac Air and examines it. He hasn't held contemporary hardware in four years. What astonishes him is its light weight and thinness.

HATHAWAY

Wow...

On the keyboard, though, it's like it was yesterday. He's lightning fast. THIRTY FEET AWAY AT THE COCKPIT DOOR--

Barrett and Jessup with the plane's CAPTAIN who looks over paperwork.

UNITED CAPTAIN

Both carrying?

JESSUP

Yes.

Jessup reveals a sidearm in a shoulder holster. Barrett does the same. Captain signs paperwork--

UNITED CAPTAIN

Please keep them out of sight if
you can help it.

Barrett's eyes drift to the back of the plane and the glow of the laptop lighting Hathaway. She strides down the aisle, visibly angry. Hathaway spots her approach.

CHEN

He ripped off and repurposed our
code.

BARRETT

What the hell is this?

CHEN

(startled)

What?

BARRETT
Our agreement requires a Task Force member's approval and presence for his computer access.

CHEN
I approved it.

BARRETT
A DOJ Task Force member's approval.

CHEN
Now you imposing new conditions, moving the goal posts?

Hathaway snaps closed the laptop, confronts her:

HATHAWAY
Hola, Chica. You people came to me. How you propose I do my work? On an abacus?

BARRETT
"Chica--"?

Jessup walks back:

JESSUP
What the hell's going on?

BARRETT
(to Chen)
--every string I could, I pulled to get a convicted felon sprung because you asked, Mister Chen.

CHEN
Captain.

BARRETT
"Captain" Chen.

CHEN
And I didn't ask. I told you: you deliver him or we do it on our own.

BARRETT
Well I am happy to bust his smart ass back to U.S.P. Canaan and put yours on the next flight to China.

LIEN
Enough, please!

Her voice cuts through. Everyone quiets.

LIEN
My brother misunderstood your arrangement, Special Agent.
(MORE)

LIEN (CONT'D)

He apologize for any offense he cause.

BARRETT

That'd mean a lot more coming from him.

INT. UNITED JET (FLYING) - MINUTES LATER

The plane in flight. Barrett, a row in front of them, turns around and eyes Chen. She nods to go ahead.

Chen's stare back... The plane banks left.

HATHAWAY

That was "diplomatic..."
(Chen looks...)

CHEN

I got latitude. You're the one's gotta stay cool.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - MORNING

A keycard swiped across a locked door. The panel goes from red to green. Jeff Robichaud holds the door for Hathaway, Chen, Lien, Barrett and Jessup on the second floor of the exchange above the trading pits.

Hathaway nods at Robichaud as he passes through. His face betrays nothing, but his eyes scan everything like it's brand new. Robichaud stops Barrett before following:

ROBICHAUD

Is that Nicholas Hathaway?

BARRETT

Yeah. Is there a problem?

ROBICHAUD

He cost B-of-A north of seven figures when I was there in '02. When'd he start working with you guys?

BARRETT

Five hours ago.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - SERVER ROOM - MINUTES LATER *

Hathaway examines a rack of servers. This is the inner sanctum, computer central. Robichaud crosses the space, a USB stick in hand--

ROBICHAUD

Our trading servers. This is where the infection hit. Take a look around. I have to run the morning backup...

He plugs the USB stick into a machine and starts a data transfer. Hathaway eyes it.

HATHAWAY
These systems are airgapped?

ROBICHAUD
Exactly.

JESSUP
Translate that?

LIEN
How to protect your computer system from invasion? You do not connect it to the internet. No wires; no wi-fi. No nothing. It's its own Local Area Network.

Referencing Robichaud's USB drive--

CHEN
Everything has to get uploaded and downloaded manually.

HATHAWAY
Whoever brought the virus in had to physically enter the room. Plug it in.

ROBICHAUD
Only we reviewed keycard scans, surveillance tapes. No unauthorized entry. Now we're thinking maybe a routing weakness--

HATHAWAY
Too complicated.

ROBICHAUD
Well, what you're proposing is impossible.

HATHAWAY
What do you prefer? Casper the Ghost?

ROBICHAUD
There is only one person authorized to access the airgapped terminals.

HATHAWAY
Yeah, who's that?

ROBICHAUD
Me. And password is a number that changes every 30 seconds.

Robichaud unplugs the USB drive, heads for the next machine.

CHEN

And maybe you walked it in and infected your system unknowingly.

ROBICHAUD

I scan this routinely. It's clean.

HATHAWAY

No, it's not.

(to Barrett)

What about some pre-approval right now?

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hathaway mounts Robichaud's drive on Chen's laptop. He types for a few moments before spinning the screen around so Robichaud can see it.

HATHAWAY

Maybe a ghost would've been easier to accept, huh?

Robichaud's face falls as he sees what's on the screen.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

It's a hidden partition. The virus is essentially text. Small, under a meg. You wouldn't have picked up on the lost space.

BARRETT

(to Robichaud)

Somebody loaded the virus onto your drive. Who on your staff is able to lay hands on that? You ever leave it on your desk?

ROBICHAUD

I suppose so...

HATHAWAY

Who works here who doesn't like you? Recently hired? Fired?

ROBICHAUD

No...Except...Shit...

Robichaud still shaken. Remembers--

CHEN

You fire someone?

ROBICHAUD

Lozano. His grandmother passed away. He left two weeks ago. John Lozano. He was only on the job for a month.

BARRETT
He have access to your office?

ROBICHAUD
Yes. --I'll pull his employment records.

HATHAWAY
Everything in his jacket will come up phony.

Hathaway flicks Robichaud's PHOTO ID BADGE:

HATHAWAY
Where's his photo ID? That's the only thing won't be fake.

(to Barrett)
I earn my keep for the day? How about letting me see what these jagoffs did to our code?

(beat)
Real food for the first time in four years is also not a bad idea.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - SERVER ROOM - DAY

PIXEL CLOSE on a computer monitor as lines of code fly by one after another. Reveal Hathaway at the terminal scrolling through the mess as fast as he can. His face tight. PUSHING INTO HIS SCREEN--

VIRUS ANIMATION

See the CODE. Not as numbers, but ENGINES to do something... What that is remains a mystery. PULLING BACK OUT--

SERVER ROOM

Hathaway moves aside clutter on the desktop in irritation. Take-out food surrounds him: Italian beef sandwiches from Portillo's, pizza from Gino's.

HATHAWAY
Our RAT. He used it as his off the shelf Injector. The shit he wrote himself, his payload? It's double ugly. Redundancies. Long lines of code that connect to nothing.

Hathaway VISUALLY HIGHLIGHTS the incomplete sections of code.

CHEN
Like bridges to nowhere.

Lien and Barrett hover in the background. Lien offers up:

LIEN
Maybe he not finished writing.

Hathaway while eating Italian beef and peppers, looks at her.

HATHAWAY
Goddamn, that's good.

BARRETT
Her idea or Portillo's?

HATHAWAY
(to Chen)
You've got the ability to move a commodity any way you want. What do you do?

CHEN
I play it long and low key. What I do not do is one big spike in 24 hours. I play it out month after month. Less detectable. More money, less risk.

HATHAWAY
Right. But our guy jacks one commodity four hundred percent in twenty-four hours. Flashy. Our actor knows he's gonna bring down the heat.

BARRETT
But he doesn't care. Why?

CHEN
Cause he needs a lot of cash very fast.

Hathaway points to his monitor. Lien at another monitor studies the DISJOINTED CODE, the UNFINISHED SECTIONS--

HATHAWAY
(realizing)
Maybe Board of Trade isn't his big hit. Maybe this is like funding for the hit. Like this is prelude. He steals our injector cause it's easier, cause it's off the shelf. While he's busy writing code for what's next...

LIEN
The code to nowhere? Code for a bigger score?

HATHAWAY
The real hit is still to come...
(beat)
And if he doesn't care about the heat, it's cause he's offshore and he feels safe.

Lien approaches Chen. Speaking in Mandarin:

LIEN
 Big profiteers, who were they? All
 the big winners in the soy spike.
 We need to pull their trading data.

CHEN
 How do we get our bureaucratically
 constipated "partners" to disclose
 private financial records?

LIEN
 Try something other than a frontal
 assault this time.

CHEN
 Frontal assaults are kind of my
 thing.

An unlikely third voice joins the conversation. IN MANDARIN:

BARRETT
 For once we're in agreement. And
 you two want to sidebar, maybe do
 it where no one's listening.

HATHAWAY
 ...goddamn, girl.

An uneasy silence.

CHEN
 You didn't say you spoke Mandarin.

BARRETT
 You didn't ask.

They're interrupted by A KNOCK at THE DOOR. Robichaud.

ROBICHAUD
 Lozano's photo.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - ROBICHAUD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A PHOTO pulled up on Robichaud's computer. A
 Latino, not much more than 24. Hathaway peers in at the
 screen, eyeing something. Barrett sees his reaction.

BARRETT
 Recognize him?

HATHAWAY
 No. But what's on his neck?

He points at a partially seen tattoo on Lozano's neck.

ROBICHAUD
 Kid had a lot of tattoos. He wore
 long sleeves on the trading floor--

HATHAWAY
Routine surveillance tapes...?

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - SECURITY - MINUTES LATER

Various shots of Lozano walking the floor, corridors and in the restroom. In one, his shirt's unbuttoned as he's shaving.

HATHAWAY
There.

BLOW-UP: TATTOO. A SNARLING VISAGE on Lozano's back and neck. Barrett dials her cell.

DANIELS (V.O.)
Daniels.

BARRETT
It's me. Jump on the LEAA database. I want a list of Latino males under thirty with priors for carding, identity theft, who were in West Texas prison gangs. Our cowboy has a tattoo on the back of his neck. *Los Aztecas.*

DANIELS (V.O.)
What's the tattoo?

BARRETT
Face of Stone.

Hathaway regards Barrett again: she knows her stuff.

INT. CHICAGO FBI - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

ROBICHAUD
That's him.

Robichaud picked one of five displayed mugshots. "John Lozano."

DANIELS (V.O.)
Roman Reyes. Did two years for carding in Huntsville. After his release he moved back to LA.

POLLACK
I'll have L.A. pick him up right now.

HATHAWAY
I wouldn't. You don't know, personally, who they'll send. How they'll roll up on him. He's gonna know how to watch his home turf. Monitor his grid. I did.
(MORE)

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

We got a better shot coming up on
him sideways ourselves.
(others look at him)
This is why you brought me here...

Barrett nods "yes" to Pollack.

JESSUP

I'll escort Hathaway to LA.

CHEN

(to Lien)
You should go, too. If we find
him, we want to know how he's
routed his system to talk to the
main Actor.

LIEN

Okay.

BARRETT

(to Chen)
That makes you and me on the money.
Unless you think you can do it
alone?

CHEN

I've done alright so far.

BARRETT

Let's see how you fare with the
financial sector.

I/E. CHEVY IMPALA / CITY TERRACE - DAY

In hills five miles east of Downtown LA. Rundown bungalows
and four flats from the 20's and from the early 60's, stucco
on stilts. Graffiti. It's a war zone.

Jessup's Impala cruises to a half block from outside a small
apartment building -- stucco and barred windows.

JESSUP

Not exactly a kingpin's villa.

HATHAWAY

Carder. Not kingpin.

Jessup reaches for his door handle. Hathaway gestures to
himself and Lien:

HATHAWAY

We go in. He closes down and
lawyers up, he sees you.

JESSUP

(ironic)
I'm not dressed down enough?

HATHAWAY
It's more he's my type.

JESSUP
You a Cholo now?

HATHAWAY
You got a business card? One with
your number? It gets strange,
we'll text. Keep your eye on the
door in case he bolts. Five
minutes.

Jessup lifts Hathaway's pants leg to check and display his
ANKLE BRACELET.

JESSUP
Keep my eye on you, too.
(beat)
Five minutes.

Jessup hands Hathaway a card with the U.S. MARSHAL CREST on
the face.

Hathaway and Lien exit the car and cross the street.

INT. ACADIA RESTAURANT - DAY

Chen, Barrett and Robichaud are led through the space by a
pretty HOSTESS.

CHEN
Who are we meeting with?

ROBICHAUD
Gary Baker. Executive Vice
President, Trading Operations.

And as Robichaud speaks, GARY BAKER (60s, a silver fox)
stands up at a table fifteen feet away.

BAKER
Jeff.

ROBICHAUD
Gary. How's Cheryl?

BAKER
She's fine. Just fine.

ROBICHAUD
So glad to hear it.

And they shake hands, businesslike. Crisp. Barrett
exchanges a look with Chen as they sit.

MINUTES LATER

A bottle of red is decanted by a SERVER.

ROBICHAUD

These are the folks requesting your assistance, Gary.

CHEN

We believe that run-up you saw was designed to generate operating funds for a second strike.

BAKER

Another attack? Elsewhere, I hope?

CHEN

Probably. But much bigger than the run up in soy.

BAKER

I see. If not the Board of Trade, though, I'm afraid I can't be of help.

(beat)

And who did you say you were with, Mr. Chen?

CHEN

Cyber Blue Team.

BAKER

Great name. "Panache." Cyber Blue Team. A boutique consultancy on the Beltway, I suppose?

There's a pause.

CHEN

We're the high-security cyber section.

BAKER

Of?

CHEN

Of the PLA. Peoples Liberation Army. Of the Peoples Republic of China. You know, that real big place on the other side of the world.

Baker closes down.

BAKER

(to Barrett)

What you're requesting is to turn over private financial records to the FBI and to a foreign power on thousands of investors who've committed absolutely no crime. My primary responsibility is to my brokers and traders.

(MORE)

BAKER (CONT'D)
I'm afraid we couldn't possibly
accommodate you.
(smiles)

CHEN
So you're protecting the person who
manipulated your market?

BAKER
No, you're casting your net too
wide. You'd like to see my data?
Come up with something more
focused, more in the way of
probable cause than your hunch.

Baker puts on reading glasses to study his menu. A WAITER
approaches:

WAITER
Are we ready to order or will you
need a little more time?

BAKER
I think we're ready.

CHEN
I don't think so.

Chen rises. Barrett takes his arm and stops him leaving.

BARRETT
Gary, may I call you Gary? How's
this for more focus? In fifteen
seconds, I get Laura Greer on the
phone at Commodities Futures
Trading Commission. I say, "Laura,
I'd like you to launch a formal
investigation into one Gary Baker
for withholding evidence, impeding
an investigation, for aiding and
abetting cyber terrorism. And he's
the head of the Chicago Board of
Trade, so if it leaks to CNN in the
next ninety minutes, so it makes
the noon news cycle as well as the
nightly news, well that's OK too."

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Baker enters with a hard drive, ripshit:

BAKER
All soy transactions. Sequel
database file. From 24 hours
before through the hack. And
listen, lady. This data does not
leave the building!
(steps towards Barrett)
You understand?

Chen suddenly is in Baker's face and blocks his eyeline to Barrett.

CHEN

Hey! She is Special Agent Barrett.
And you address her as such. Not
"Listen, lady." You got that?

He surprised himself as much as anyone. Baker leaves, slamming the door.

INT. REYES' APARTMENT - FOYER

Reyes' mailbox, emblazoned on a DYMO-style tag, is full. A US POSTAL SERVICE card declares they tried to deliver a package yesterday.

HATHAWAY

Too late. He split. What'd he
leave inside?

Lien checks Jessup and the car. She nods. Hathaway rings the Manager's bell.

EXT. REYES' APARTMENT - MANAGER, MRS. NOVO'S DOOR

MRS. NOVO (70s, tough) opens her door.

HATHAWAY

I'm Deputy US Marshal Mark Jessup,
Mrs. Novo--

He passes to her Jessup's business card. Lien looks at Hathaway: is he really doing this?

HATHAWAY

Your tenant Roman Reyes - we have
reason to believe - is in danger.
And he's not answering his bell.

MRS. NOVO

Who you kidding? You need warrant.

HATHAWAY

Of course. It's onna way. We want
to make sure he's OK up there,
first. Then we'll leave and wait
for the warrant.

(beat)

Call my office if you want.

Mrs. Novo looks down at Jessup's card and then back up to Hathaway as--

INT. REYES' FOYER - THAT MOMENT

KEYS INSERTED IN A RUSTY DEADBOLT. Mrs. Novo opens the door for Lien and Hathaway.

MRS. NOVO
 Look around. I stay right with
 you. No take anything.

HATHAWAY
 You stay right with me.

I/E. CHEVY IMPALA / CITY TERRACE - THAT MOMENT

Jessup walks down the street towards an ELOTES VENDOR.

JESSUP
Ese, 'mano. Que pasa?

ELOTES VENDOR
Que 'onda, Guero?

JESSUP
Elotes.

The vendor looks at Jessup, white guy, but dialed in.

As Jessup pays for his elote, he hears a WOMAN'S SCREAM. He runs.

INT. REYES' APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Jessup breaks into the tiny studio, his 9mm up, clearing space. Fast. Professional. The place is a mess: fabric over the windows, takeout containers, expensive cognac and a pharmacy of drugs on a coffee table, computers and computer equipment on every possible surface.

Hathaway stares at him. Re-directs his eyeline: a mattress on the floor--

ROMAN REYES, very dead, his skin a clammy blue, *Los Aztecas* tattoo visible on his back and neck. A tourniquet is wrapped tightly around his arm, spittle dried on his face. A syringe lies near him on the floor. A bag of white powder is spilled across the bed.

Mrs. Novo, pale, grim.

JESSUP
 Who's the old lady?

Jessup's dialing his cell phone.

HATHAWAY
 The building manager. Mrs. Novo.
 (beat)
 She let you into the unit.

JESSUP
 Me?

HATHAWAY
Yeah. I told her I was you. To
protect you. From getting jammed
for allowing a felon to do an
illegal entry.

JESSUP
Hathaway--
(no service)

Returning to his cell phone--

HATHAWAY
It's the hills. Try the porch.

He does.

JESSUP (O.S.)
This is Deputy United States
Marshal Mark Jessup. Send an
ambulance...

Hathaway, meanwhile, moves quickly to one of the computers,
opens a SAFE-MAIL.NET BROWSER PAGE: encrypted email. He
looks at the few UNREAD MESSAGES messages, zeroes in on one:

FROM: anon738@efnet.ru
SUBJECT: --drop--

Hathaway clicks open the message. The entire content is an
address in Koreatown followed by "20:30?"

Hathaway looks up. No one's coming. Jessup is still on the
phone outside:

JESSUP (O.S.)
Hold on. Lien? Lien, what's the
address here?

Hathaway's fingers fly across the keyboard. He clicks REPLY,
creating a new message. "Confirmed." And he sends the reply.
Then, typing rapidly, he goes into Reyes' SENT items and
DELETES the message he just wrote. Finally, he returns to
the original email and MARKS IT UNREAD.

JESSUP
Hey.

Hathaway looks up. Jessup re-enters. Jessup seems not to
have noticed Hathaway's illicit computer access.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Chen's process records of trades in the files from Baker in a
conference room. Barrett enters, closing her cell:

BARRETT
That was Jessup. Reyes. Heroin
overdose. Dead end.

CHEN
Great.

BARRETT
We better hope we find answers
following the money--

SUDDENLY: Chen stops how he was processing the accounts.
Saves his work. Starts over. He starts typing in new
commands.

BARRETT
What're you doing?

CHEN
We're doing it wrong. Looking for
buyers is wrong. We should be
looking for sellers.

BARRETT
Run it backwards?

CHEN
(nods)
Anybody buying soy that day would
have bought at about the same time:
when the market opened. Only our
players would have known it's a 12
hour spike, would know exactly when
to sell.

EXT. REYES' APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Lien and Hathaway stand by the Impala.

Jessup is across the street talking to an LAPD SERGEANT.
Police tape. CRUISERS line the block with their lightbars
on.

LIEN
A dead-end.

Hathaway shakes his head. She looks to him expectantly. He
lowers his voice:

HATHAWAY
Reyes got an email. A meet tonight
in Koreatown. A "drop," it said.
Cash from the Board of Trade? The
sender of the email doesn't know
he's dead.

LIEN
(low)
You tell Jessup?

HATHAWAY
He'll set-up a stakeout you can
spot ten blocks away. I want to
see who shows.

LIEN
You get in not enough shit for one day?

HATHAWAY
I play it my way and it works?
Great. It don't, at least I own it.

LIEN
What good that do you? Something don't work. Why you want to own it?

HATHAWAY
It means, like, I don't beg for permission. ...like, you know: "It's better to ask for forgiveness than beg for permission"?

Lien mulls that over. To her the distinction isn't overwhelming.

ALT:

LIEN
I'm going.

HATHAWAY
Why?

LIEN
Look after you for brother.

HATHAWAY
No.

LIEN
I go or you not go...

INT. DOWNTOWN MARRIOTT - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Hathaway stands in the door to a hotel room. Jessup and Lien on the other side in the corridor.

JESSUP
6:00 AM flight back to Chicago.
I'll be at your door at 3:45.

Jessup holds up a room key:

JESSUP
Your electronic door lock is monitored. You go in or go out, alarms go off all over L.A.

Lien, from the corridor, exchanges a look. Jessup closes the door.

INT. DOWNTOWN MARRIOTT - HATHAWAY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Hathaway grabs THE GUEST SERVICES BINDER on his end table. He opens the binder and SNAPS OFF the tabs from the metal spine to use as screwdrivers.

MOMENTS LATER

The door lock is half-way out of Hathaway's door. He twists wires together, creating a circuit loop, bypassing the door. He continues dismantling the lock. Then--

INT. DOWNTOWN MARRIOTT - LIEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lien brushes her hair out in front of a mirror in her room. She considers her appearance. A KNOCK at the door. She answers.

Hathaway stands there.

HATHAWAY
Hey, babe. Ready?

INT. LOS ANGELES TAXI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Inside a cab. Lien and Hathaway regard the passing architecture and lighted signs of LA as the taxi travels west out of downtown.

Hathaway pivots, his eyes settling on the nape of Lien's neck. On loose strands of silken hair, the pulse under her skin, the allure of her pulls at him. She's unaware. Hathaway forces himself to look out the window.

EXT. KOREATOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The cab pulls up to the curb in a seedy stretch of Koreatown. Few English-language signs in sight. Hathaway and Lien step onto the pavement. He checks a watch:

HATHAWAY
9:30. We're early. Hungry?

LIEN
Starved.

INT. KOREATOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dimly lit, vinyl booths. COOKS work a grill and steam table. An ELDERLY KOREAN MAN picks at a plate of barbecue.

Hathaway and Lien are in a booth in the corner as a WAITER sets down plates of food and a large bottle of Kirin. Lien points to the old Korean man across the way:

LIEN
You think he is our meet?

HATHAWAY
Why do I doubt that?

She laughs.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Cheers.

They drink. Hathaway, half-unaware, looks at Lien, looks around. He's in awe. No guards. No bars. He looks at Lien again. He zones out...a regular guy out to dinner with a good-looking girl. His glass of beer...

LIEN
You look... So far away?

HATHAWAY
I can get up. Leave. Stay. Go anywhere. I'm not used to that.

Looks at his beer. He stares at the golden bubbles in the glass through the condensation.

LIEN
How do you like it?

HATHAWAY
Like we're in a Miller commercial on a hot day.

LIEN
You go to MIT. "Very special, smart man," my brother said. How did it happen?
(no answer)
You don't want to say, that's okay.

Hathaway looks at her directly.

HATHAWAY
I got into MIT on a scholarship. My dad was a factory worker and a single father with two younger brothers and a sister behind me.

LIEN
Your mother?

HATHAWAY
She ran out on us...
(doesn't finish)
I was a short order cook on breakfast shift at a residence hall for extra cash, I met this girl. We went out.

LIEN
OK...?

HATHAWAY
We were in a bar, some guy got in my face about her. Later I found out he's her old man. Maybe she used me to get him jealous, I dunno. He started a fight. When it's over, he's in the hospital. I'm arrested.

LIEN
Where was Dawai?

HATHAWAY
He had left a semester earlier.
(beat)
Prosecutor told me to plead and they'd knock it back to a misdemeanor: fine and probation cause Harvard guy's family's prominent and they got the State's Attorney to file against me for felony assault.

LIEN
You fought it?

HATHAWAY
Sure. Cause I'm so smart. I got sentenced to eighteen months at M.C.I. Norfolk. So I traded academia for gladiator academy.

LIEN
Then?

HATHAWAY
I got out. Twenty-two. And not a lot going in Silicon Valley for ex-cons with no degree.

LIEN
Carding?

HATHAWAY
That and war driving. Hacking into point-of-sale systems. Then I'm wholesaling internationally and making more money than all the guys from Cambridge put together. Then the Feeb caught up with me. I got 13 years.

LIEN
Regrets?

HATHAWAY

Banks paid the losses, not the people. I don't burn people. Banks are chiseling everybody all the time anyway. I don't feel sorry for banks.

LIEN

I am sorry. For what happened to you.

HATHAWAY

Do not feel sorry for me. I did the crime. I was doing the time. And time wasn't doing me.

LIEN

What's that mean?

HATHAWAY

I wasn't letting time do me. You do your own time. Hold onto who you are in there by dedicating yourself to workin' out on your body and your mind.

Lien takes in what he said. Then:

LIEN

Open your eyes, Nicholas Hathaway.

HATHAWAY

How's that?

LIEN

Your defiant words are like you still in prison. Defy their authority over you. Respectfully, you not in prison anymore. You must get your mind away from where you are not and see where you are. Very fast. Right now. You have no choice.

HATHAWAY

What do you know about where I been?

LIEN

Nothing. But I never allow myself get intimidated merely because I don't know a thing.
(smiles)

HATHAWAY

You mean you're not a penologist? Not an expert on Life and Times in America? What is it I am supposed to start seeing so fast?

LIEN
Wide world we in.

HATHAWAY
Korean restaurant. Koreatown.

LIEN
(leans in)
You will find yourself in rapid stream of decision-making. Big choices. Cause people that work against us are high-speed, world class hackers. To be the genius coder, outsmart, out-think, like my brother say you are, you must know where you are, what you want. Not defiance made at walls that are not there.

*
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*

This is the last conversation Hathaway ever expected to have in a Korean restaurant with a beautiful woman.

LIEN (CONT'D)
Not easy. Change should be gradual. Not jump in deep end of pool. But I believe my brother. You very strong man, Nicholas Hathaway. Smart man. I have faith in you.

Hathaway can say nothing. No bullshit. No glibness. His and Lien's eyes connect. She's telling him the survival rules he worked out apply to the rigid structures of prison life. They won't work for him in the very wide world with subtle enemies coming out of the shadows. She has faith in him. He looks at her. Then the elderly man gets up to leave. She and Hathaway are alone. Seconds pass.

LIEN (CONT'D)
If contact come to meet Reyes, what we do?

HATHAWAY
Depends how big he is.

INT. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Out in the hall, a JANITOR works a floor polisher. Barrett scans the trading data. Then:

BARRETT
Here. Chen!

Chen crosses to Barrett. A spreadsheet is across her screen.

BARRETT
Three identical trades. Three different accounts. But they sell within a second of each other.
17:57.

CHEN
Unloading at the top cause only
they know when that is.

BARRETT
They're the only ones who timed
perfectly when to dump.

Chen jumps back on his laptop.

BARRETT
What's that?

CHEN
Foreign routing numbers. Overseas.
From the same country. All three.

BARRETT
What country?

Off Chen's look--

INT. KOREATOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

THE KOREAN WAITER clears the table for Hathaway and Lien.

KOREAN WAITER
What else? You want bill?

HATHAWAY
Give us a few minutes.

KOREAN WAITER
You not order, you give up table.

Hathaway looks around. They are the only patrons left.

HATHAWAY
You're really hurting for seating.
I see 'em lined up around the
block, there.

He stares the waiter down. The waiter exits, CURSING UNDER
HIS BREATH IN KOREAN.

LIEN
Maybe our guy is no-show?

HATHAWAY
A half-hour late? A pro like Reyes
would have split.

LIEN
Do we leave?

Before he answers, Hathaway catches a GLINT OF MOVEMENT
across the restaurant. At the ceiling A CLOSED CIRCUIT
SECURITY CAMERA is pointed right at them. Its red light
glowing brighter. Ominous.

Lien sees Hathaway react. She doesn't spot the camera.

LIEN
What is it?

HATHAWAY
Restroom. Keep an eye on the table.

Hathaway stands. Glides out of the booth, walking toward the back, eyeing the cook and waiter eating their crew meal in the kitchen watching GARISH KOREAN TV.

RESTAURANT CORRIDOR

Dimly lit, graffiti on the walls. Hathaway pauses at the door to the restroom.

KOREAN TV blares from the kitchen. He enters the UNMARKED DOOR opposite into a room which shares a wall with the restaurant.

RESTAURANT STOREROOM

Hathaway tracks the LOOSE CAMERA CABLING from the ceiling down a wall into an alcove / office.

RESTAURANT KITCHEN

The waiter enters the kitchen, saying something in KOREAN. The cook looks toward to the back corridor and then picks up a PHONE while back in the--

RESTAURANT OFFICE

Hathaway fumbles for a light switch. Bare overhead bulb. Camera CABLE connects into a crude computer. Its on a cluttered desk, the keyboard stained with food.

Hathaway wakes the computer. A SECURITY APPLICATION appears. It's recording the restaurant's cameras to an external hard drive. AUDIO METER indicates SOUND IS BEING RECORDED AS WELL...

THE IMAGE--

Lien, alone at the table, trying to conceal the worry on her face. Camera scans by her. It's directed remotely.

HATHAWAY speed types. Opening one window. Another. A STRING OF NUMBERS appears. Hathaway copies them. Opens a web browser. Drops in the IP address. Enters--

The page loads. It's a PROXY SERVER, CYRILLIC SCRIPT. Hathaway begins scanning it. He checks back on the SECURITY APPLICATION and CAMERA--

The waiter's moving out of the kitchen, walking through the restaurant, walking towards him in the storeroom.

RESTAURANT CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

Waiter looks up. Hathaway emerges from the STOREROOM.
Annoyed:

HATHAWAY
Where's bathroom?

KOREAN WAITER
Other door.

And Hathaway presses some cash into the waiter's palm.

HATHAWAY
Keep the change.

He doesn't wait for the reaction. Waiter's distracted by all the cash, then eyes Hathaway into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - LIEN

HATHAWAY
Let's go.

LIEN
Tell me.

HATHAWAY
We got baited. We're in a
surveillance trap. We're burned.

Right then THREE KOREAN MEN enter. Stocky. Scars. Bad style. The Waiter nods towards Hathaway. Koreans block Hathaway's exit.

Lien goes for her phone. Hathaway's eyes warn her off.

KOREAN THUG
Why you here? Who are you? You
show me ID. What you want? *

Hathaway scans the space for weapons of opportunity. Meets Lien's gaze again, nodding imperceptibly to move aside.

HATHAWAY
I like Korean food.

KOREAN THUG
Hey, wehgukin.

Korean Thug shoves Hathaway, approaches to shove him again... while Thug 2 reaches for a cheap 9mm.

Hathaway throws Korean Thug across tables and BBQ set-ups. His left hand grabs the large Kirin bottle and backhands it across THUG 2's face. Bottle does not break. Thug 2 goes down. Hathaway stomps Thug 2's gun hand. The 9mm. clatters away under tables. While--

THUG 3 swings a truncheon for Hathaway's head. Hathaway slips it, but it thuds onto his shoulder, paralyzing his left arm. Thug 3 ducks under Hathaway's wide right, coming back across Hathaway's ribs, doubling him over, and he swings for Hathaway's knee. Hathaway kicks back into a table. Swings the whole table into this guy. Hathaway slams #3 with the table edge two more times. Kicks him in the head. While--

First Korean Thug reappears and slashes at Hathaway with a chef's knife from the kitchen. Hathaway dodges, raises a chair. Jabs the chair legs at the Korean. Grabs and breaks a Santoro bottle. He tosses the chair. Korean dodges its entanglement, slashes. Hathaway feints. Korean steps in. Hathaway slams the side of his foot into Korean's knee, destroying it, and slashes the broken bottle three, four times across his forehead and eyes. Korean Thug is down. Screaming. Stays down.

Hathaway pulls Lien through the doors, fast.

EXT. KOREATOWN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

He runs her INTO TRAFFIC, crossing the street. HORNS BLARE. Hathaway shields her with his body, flagging a cab unloading passengers at a Korean disco.

INT. CAB (PARKED / MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Hathaway shoves a twenty at the CAB DRIVER, who looks suspiciously at him. Hathaway hits him with another twenty.

HATHAWAY

Get us out of here.

CAB DRIVER

You got it boss.

Koreatown's neon falling away behind them, Hathaway's watching for following cars--

LIEN

Tell me.

HATHAWAY

We were set up.

LIEN

Why? How?

HATHAWAY

Give me your phone.

She hands him her cell. He breaks it open, tosses the battery out the window, takes the SIM card.

HATHAWAY

(whispers in her ear)
Reyes didn't OD. He was killed.
Message on his computer was bait.

(MORE)

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

Our Actor wanted to see if anyone was on Reyes' tail. If so, who? You, me? We're burned. The feeds from the security cameras were being fed overseas through a proxy server.

(ironic)

Elevate my game? Not a bad idea.

LIEN

You couldn't have known--

HATHAWAY

I'm supposed to. Four years have dulled my mental acuity. Baited surveillance is not high speed. That's routine shit I used to do.

(to taxi driver)

This is fine.

They get out at a busy intersection around Pico-Union, look for a second cab.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - CHEN'S SUITE - LATER

Lake Michigan glistens in the moonlight. Chen silhouetted before the windows.

CHEN

Does Jessup know?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOWNTOWN MARRIOTT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lien and Hathaway 1500 miles away against the black night sky over the whole city on the roof. There's an emptied pool, chaise lounges, no one here. *

HATHAWAY

No. Video feeds were being fed overseas. Proxy server. Could bounce anywhere.

CHEN (V.O.)

Our players are foreign, too.

HATHAWAY

Where?

CHEN (V.O.)

Put my sister on.

Hathaway passes the cell to Lien. The conversation switches to Mandarin:

CHEN (V.O.)

If they know your faces, we should go separately. *

LIEN
Where?

CHEN (V.O.)
Place we went for your birthday.

Lien pauses. Understanding some subtext:

LIEN
Got it.

CHEN (V.O.)
Safe trip.

Lien disconnects, hands the cell back to Hathaway.

LIEN
Dawai's worried. Talking in code.
"Place." "Birth." Birthplace.

HATHAWAY
Whose birthplace?

LIEN
Mine.
(beat)
Hong Kong.
(beat)
We're flying to Hong Kong in the
morning.

HATHAWAY
Where'd you go on your birthday?

LIEN
Stayed home.

She lets her hair down... it moves with the breeze.

LIEN
Dawai will fix with Barrett and
Jessup.

Hathaway's uneasy. He glances away. She sees his
distraction.

LIEN
I did not see them either. The
cameras...

HATHAWAY
No. You didn't.

They're inches apart. The allure is magnetic. The night air
moves her hair. Lights from distant planes on approach to
LAX, like energy, like signal traffic; the night, the sensual
world surrounds Hathaway. He backs away.

*

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HATHAWAY
You should go, you know. Like
right now.

LIEN
Why?

HATHAWAY
"Why?" You know why.

LIEN
Yeah. I do.

She walks right up to him, her hands to his face. They stare
at each other. She kisses him. He crushes her to him and
picks her up, carrying her to the chaise lounge by the
abandoned pool.

HATHAWAY
This is not a good idea.

LIEN
Better to ask for forgiveness than
beg for permission.

Falling back, downtown Los Angeles bright, asleep all around
them.

SAME - LATER

The city is dead still. Hathaway's finger brushes hair from
her forehead. She startles awake, sees the time. *

LIEN
You should go back to your room! *

HATHAWAY
In a minute. "Wake up, know where
I am," is what you said in the
restaurant? *

LIEN
Yes? *

HATHAWAY
Here's what I know now as opposed
to two days ago. Locked down in
isolation, I used to replay
memories, trying to hold onto them.
But the gap between inside and here
is too large. My second chance?
This is my only chance -- Cause
I'm down for ten more years, it's
too late for me. So, yeah, I gotta
up my game exactly in the present,
shed reflexes and conditioning that
here are obsolete. I cannot screw
this up. *

LIEN
Sounds very difficult...

HATHAWAY
So's reading stock market quotes in
the Wall Street Journal while
you're falling down an elevator
shaft. But it is possible with
sufficient concentration.
(pause)
Other thing I zero in on is Dawai.
Your brother saved my life.

As they look at each other--

I/E. TSING MA BRIDGE / HONG KONG TOWN CAR (MOVING) - SUNSET

A blur of suspension cables lit orange by sodium vapor
lights. A Town Car moves east over the Tsing Ma Bridge.
Jessup up front with a DRIVER. Lien and Hathaway in back.

TITLE: HONG KONG, CHINA

Jessup is awed by the bridge and distant skyline:

JESSUP
Lousy view, huh?

Hathaway barely notices the scenery, instead checking the
traffic. Lien's foot brushes up against Hathaway's.
Hathaway glances over his shoulder at a SUZUKI HAYABUSA
MOTORCYCLE riding up behind the Town Car.

JESSUP
Clockin' the Suzuki?

HATHAWAY
I see it.

The bike lingers before ROARING into the passing lane and out
of sight.

JESSUP
Revolving tail. Four cars back we
picked up a yellow Toyota.

Four car lengths back is a nondescript YELLOW TOYOTA.

EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL - NIGHT

The Town Car pulls into the drive. Lien, Hathaway and Jessup
step out.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

A soaring lobby: columns and marble. Lien, Hathaway and
Jessup at reception. The DESK CLERK (30s) runs off their
room keys and passes them across the desk to Lien:

DESK CLERK
Is there anything else I can help
you with?

Lien slips cash across the desk.

LIEN
Access to your service entrance.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - LOADING DOCK - SECONDS LATER

A RUSTING VAN of indeterminate make idles here among service vehicles. Its driver, CHOW (50s, stout), leans against the hood, reads a tabloid. He rises as Lien emerges with Hathaway and Jessup in tow. In Cantonese:

CHOW
How are you, beautiful? Who are
the kwailos (round eyes)?

LIEN
You know better than to ask?

Chow laughs. He and Lien know each other well.

INT. CHOW'S VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Lien rides up front with Chow who chain smokes. The van pulls out.

Jessup and Hathaway exchange looks as they pass the YELLOW TOYOTA across the street down the block, faked into laying on the idling Town Car.

JESSUP
(to Lien)
Have him drive us through a
chokepoint.

LIEN
Chokepoint?

JESSUP
Narrow point like a viaduct with an
open space beyond where only one
car can get through. And we can
lay back and see if there's a
second tail.

Hathaway clocks Jessup's tradecraft.

EXT. SHAM SHUI PO JUNCTION - NIGHT

All the streets drain into only one underpass. The van pulls through, goes 200 metres and U turns. It watches the junction. Anyone on them would be revealed. Hathaway will use this technique later. They're clear.

EXT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A GARISH NEON SIGN reads "GOLDEN COMPUTER ARCADE." Rundown, decaying concrete buildings, wires crisscrossing the street. THICK CROWDS of working-class residents push through stands and shops.

Hathaway, Lien and Jessup move through. Hathaway checks over his shoulder.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

A knock. Chen answers. Barrett nurses a paper cup of coffee, looks up. Hathaway, Jessup and Lien enter...

CHEN
You clear?

LIEN
We had surveillance up to the Peninsula.

JESSUP
Maybe we got made in East L.A.

BARRETT
Here's what we got.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Bad linoleum, decaying plaster, a worn table. They enter. We SEE THREE HEADSHOTS OF CHINESE MEN tacked to a cork board.

CHEN
Our three "lucky" investors. Two lowlifes and a bust-out ex-banker.

BARRETT
Each one dealt 1,800 contracts. None are our Actor. They're mules.

HATHAWAY
--How much they gross?

CHEN
\$150 million, US. It's sitting in three accounts. They'll see a couple cents on the dollar.

JESSUP
Any point in picking 'em up?

BARRETT
We have to assume our Actor's operation is compartmentalized. Each mule won't know anything about the other or who's higher up the food chain.

CHEN
Nick, if it was you, right now,
what would you do?

HATHAWAY
Dump anyone tracking me. Make the
trail go cold.

BARRETT
How?

HATHAWAY
Cash out and move. Cash can walk
anywhere it wants. Cash money
doesn't leave a trail.

CHEN
Move it to his command and control
location where he has instant
access for the next deal?

HATHAWAY
Yeah.

BARRETT
Right now the \$150 million is
sitting there.

JESSUP
Are we "on" the three accounts?

CHEN
Yes.

HATHAWAY
There will be a middle man to
courier the cash to our Actor.
He's who we want.

CHEN
We need surveillance on the mules.
Eyes on the money.

INT. HONG KONG POLICE - TRANG'S OFFICE - MORNING

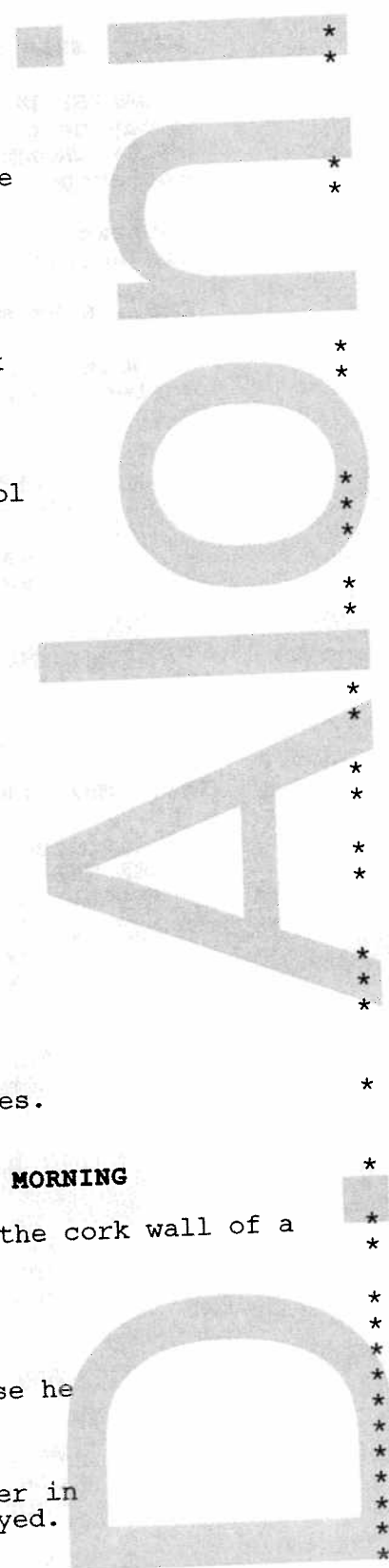
The three headshots are now displayed on the cork wall of a
briefing room.

CHEN
(re: first headshot)
Johnny Li. Ex-banker. Money
launderer. Lives in a high-rise he
can't afford in the Southern
District.

(re: the second)
Yang Lin. Lives with his mother in
a walk-up in Kowloon. Unemployed.

(re: the third)
And Wu Yingshi.

(MORE)



CHEN (CONT'D)

We don't have a residence on him.
Works out of his auto body shop in
Sai Kung.

ALEX TRANG (30s), a POLICE SHIELD hanging around his neck,
speaks in Cantonese accented English. Chen, his PLA
CREDENTIALS also openly displayed, stands next to him.

A gathering of 15 HONG KONG COPS are in the briefing room.
Hathaway, Lien, Barrett and Jessup stand against the back
wall.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE MONTAGE

VARIOUS LOCATIONS around Hong Kong. A storm pelts the city:

- JOHNNY LI (30s) prunes an orchid in his high rise before leaving his apartment
- ACROSS THE WAY, a surveillance team monitors the layout with high-power binoculars
- BACK IN THE SAFE HOUSE, a computer team installs a WIRETAP into the MULES BANK ACCOUNTS
- IN KOWLOON, undercover cops follow YANG LIN (20s) as he emerges from a low-rise, hugging his RAIL-THIN MOTHER goodbye
- ALEX TRANG (plain clothes) drives a beater car into WU YINGSHI's auto shop in Sai Kung; WU (30s) looks up from the office
- LI visits a florist, buying a small bouquet
- YANG emerges from the subway, rendezvousing with a DRUG DEALER in a Kowloon alley, scoring six vials of heroin

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

Yang scoring dope this afternoon?

TRANG (V.O.)

For his mother.

- WU, after work, mounts a moped carrying a thick satchel, hustling down narrow streets
- ROTATING PATROLS grow excited following Wu and the bag...

HONG KONG LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Wu brings the bag into a laundromat. Outside, the foot patrol hides among streaks of neon-soaked pavement, as--

Wu opens the bag and loads the washing machine. Dirty clothes.

A hundred feet away, pelted by rain, the undercover HKPF cop is dismayed. False alarm.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Alex Trang is here, now, with Hathaway, Chen, Lien, Barrett and Jessup.

TRANG
That's it.

CHEN
It's too clean.

HATHAWAY
The money?

Lien gestures to the computer displaying THREE \$50 MILLION
BANK BALANCES--

LIEN
Hasn't moved. *

TRANG
Outside of retail shops none of
them even talked to anyone on the
street. *

HATHAWAY
(an idea)
The street.
(to Trang)
Your guys keep logs of the mules'
movements? *

Trang reaches for reports.

HATHAWAY
Plot it out on a map.

MINUTES LATER - COMPUTER SCREEN: A MAP

TRANG (O.S.)
--last point. The laundromat.

Hathaway clicks. REVEAL a YELLOW HIGHLIGHTED ROUTE showing
all of Wu's movements through the day. The room has crowded
around him.

HATHAWAY
Yellow line here is Wu. Red line
is Yang Lin. Blue line is our good
friend Johnny Li.

See the three routes in three colors. Chen's face lights up.

TRANG
What am I looking at?

HATHAWAY
Here--

ALL THREE ROUTES INTERSECT IN EXACTLY ONE SPOT.

HATHAWAY
There is one place in this city of
1100 square kilometers that today
each mule visited. Chater Gardens.

BARRETT
(guesses)
A dead drop?

CHEN
Is that how they're getting
directed?

HATHAWAY
They're not all falling by there by
accident. *

INT. TRANG'S UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

-- rolls through the crowded streets in Hong Kong's Central
District. Hathaway, Lien, Chen and Barrett inside.

EXT. CHATER GARDEN - NIGHT

Trang's car passes a dirty DELIVERY VAN. Keeps going, parks
up the street.

TRANG
What the hell?

CHEN
What?

Trang indicates the van--

TRANG
Surveillance. Not ours...

EXT. CHATER GARDEN - PARKED VAN NIGHT

Trang, Hathaway and Lien dissemble disinterest as they
casually approach the rear of the van. Trang KICKS the door,
steps aside. Hands on sidearms. The door flies open: KEITH
YAN (30s, cynical) with a Baretta 12 gauge and another Cop.
SHIELDS hang around their necks. In Cantonese:

YAN
*Goddammit, Trang. You gave me a
heart attack.*

They pile in.

YAN
(to Chen)
Who the hell are you?

CHEN
(flashing PLA ID; Yan
backs way up)
(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)
 Tell me about your detail.
 Everything.

INT. OCTB SURVEILLANCE VAN - SECONDS LATER

Video monitors carry live feeds of the park.

YAN
 OCTB is running surveillance on
 this guy. *

Yan's monitor displays a headshot of a SEVERE LOOKING MIDDLE-
 EASTERN MAN. This is ELIAS KASSAR (40s).

YAN
 Elias Kassar. Lebanese. Ran a
 right wing Falangist death squad.
 He's on our terrorist watch list
 and entered under a phony British
 passport. Moved to Colombia.
 Security for the Ochoas. Now, he's
 here. *

CHEN
 Why'd you let him in?

YAN
 We want to see if he's talking to
 anybody homegrown.

Yan shows SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Kassar entering a rundown
 home near the beach--

YAN
 He rented this house on Lantau
 Island. *

Yan PLAYS a long lens surveillance shot of KASSAR walking
 through the park.

YAN
 We got three teams on him. We do
 the park. Every morning. 7 AM, he
 walks the perimeter. Then he sits
 on that bench like he's waiting for
 somebody. *

HATHAWAY
 Then what?

YAN
 Nothing. He gets on the phone.
 Texts.

The video: Kassar on a bench, typing on a SMARTPHONE like any
 passerby:

HATHAWAY
 Who's he meet?

YAN
No one. No one ever shows. That's
what we're waiting for.

*
*

EXT. CHATER GARDEN - MINUTES LATER

Hathaway, Lien, Trang and Yan fan out around the bench.

TRANG
What are we looking at?

*

Hathaway eyes search for something unseen. Then he turns to Trang--

HATHAWAY
Your phone an Android?

Trang hands Hathaway his phone.

He fires up the Android Market, installing an app called BLUETOOTH ANALYZER. Launching the program, he gets a real-time signal strength graph of ALL THE WI-FI NETWORKS available in the park--

*

HATHAWAY
Okay...

LIEN
Okay, what?

One signal comes in MUCH HOTTER than the rest. Hathaway circles the bench holding the phone like a dowsing rod. He walks in circles watching the signal ride up and down--

Yan turns to Trang, in Cantonese:

YAN
This guy alright?

Hathaway locks on to the graph. The signal grows stronger. He locks onto a potted plant. SIGNAL STRENGTH BAR SPIKES.

Hathaway TOSSES the phone back to Trang.

And he kneels, digs his hands into the wet soil, tosses it behind him like a dog and then--

A FAINT GLOW EMERGES FROM THE DIRT. A long spike with a GREEN LED LIGHT humming on its tip.

HATHAWAY
Bingo.

INT. PARKED VAN - NIGHT

Hathaway has the spike on a counter. All crowd around, like its an alien artifact.

HATHAWAY

An electronic dead drop spike.
It's its own short range wireless
network. Like 20, 30 meters short
range. We'd never pick it up.

Hathaway gestures to a WI-FI PACKET ANALYZER app on the OCTB
computer:

HATHAWAY

Kassar programs a message. The
mules walk past the spot. The
receiver's in their pocket. They
pick it up. Read it. Trash it.
Perfect cut-out. Kassar never has
to meet 'em. No emails. No
phones.

*
*

BARRETT

So what's the message on it now?

CHEN

WPA2 encryption. A 64-character
cypher.

LIEN

Can you crack it?

CHEN

Sure, in a month.

BARRETT

So?

Hathaway pauses. Chen pauses.

HATHAWAY

Put it back. Sunrise is in forty-
five minutes.

*

KASSAR'S OMINOUS HEADSHOT flickers--

Trang and an OCTB cop take the spike and leave.

CHEN

Can I talk to you?

EXT. CHATER GARDEN - PARKED VAN - NIGHT

Wet streets glisten. Deserted.

CHEN

We can take Kassar, right now.

HATHAWAY

He hasn't done anything yet. He's
hard-core.

(MORE)

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

You'd have to hit Kassar when he's dirty, looking at life underground in Marion or making donations to the body parts bank in China. Only shot you got at flippin' him.

*
*
*

Chen thinks it over:

HATHAWAY

Eyes on the mules. Eyes on the park. A wiretap into their accounts. Yan's surveillance is shadowing Kassar. Let it play out, Dawai.

CHEN

Okay.

And they clasp hands.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - HATHAWAY'S ROOM - NEAR DAWN

Hathaway draws thin curtains on his meager bedroom in the safe house. Stripping off his shirt and pants, sitting on the edge of the bed in his boxers. His eyes drift to his ankle bracelet, a ball-and-chain with a glowing light.

He swings up into bed. Holding there for a minute until--

The door creaks open and shut. Lien slides into the room, crawling under the covers behind Hathaway, holding the big man in her arms.

He says nothing for a long while.

LIEN

When this is over, what will you do?

HATHAWAY

If we get our man?

LIEN

When.

HATHAWAY

When we get our man.

He holds. Considering. Rolls over to face her:

HATHAWAY

Maybe a pizza parlor.

She smiles. He kisses, holds her closer.

HATHAWAY

You like that idea? How 'bout black hat to white hat. Cyber security? Legit.

(MORE)

*

*

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Half the outfits are run by former
black hat hackers.

LIEN
I thought you were tired.

HATHAWAY
You woke me up.

EXT. HONG KONG CITY SCAPE - DAY

A panorama of the city as seen from Victoria Peak. Time passes as the clouds burn off, the sun rising in the sky...

EXT. TAI O HOUSE - DAY

An ancient fishing village. Run-down houses squeezed together near the water. ELIAS KASSAR emerges on a balcony.

SURVEILLANCE HIDES two houses away: KEITH YAN watches Kassar on his porch.

Kassar pours coffee from a STAINLESS STEEL FRENCH PRESS. Pausing as he CATCHES sight of a FLARE. It's off YAN'S binoculars, DISTANT AND DISTORTED, reflected off the steel. Studying it as though he didn't observe Yan was there before going back to his business...

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - DAY

A young HONG KONG COP (20s) sips tea, watches the computer array in the otherwise quiet common room.

PING. An alert on one of the monitors.

He spins. The wire tap of the bank balances. ONE ACCOUNT CHANGES FROM \$50 MILLION DOWN TO ZERO. Then a second. Then the third.

ALL THREE ACCOUNTS WITH ZERO DOLLAR BALANCES-- *

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

Young Cop runs through a dingy hallway with a determined Chen. Chen knocks once, bursts open a door, entering--

HATHAWAY'S ROOM

Hathaway and Lien asleep in bed. Together. They both startle awake, hearing him enter. Chen flinches seeing them together but then composes himself. The young cop falls a step back into the hall-- *

LIEN
Dawai...

CHEN
They're moving the money.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Hathaway, pulling on clothes, busts into the common room with Chen and Lien in tow. Barrett and Jessup already there--

HATHAWAY

All three accounts? Surveillance?

JESSUP

Radio's quiet. Nobody's moved.

CHEN

Kassar.

HATHAWAY

Let's get out to Lantau--

CHEN

(to HK cops)

The mules-- Take their doors.
Take all their goddamn doors.

BARRETT

I'm going with SWAT.

Chen, Hathaway, Jessup and Trang run for the door. Lien stays on the monitors.

EXT. HKPF HELIPAD - THAT MOMENT

Chen, Hathaway, Jessup and Trang run across a rooftop to a waiting chopper. A SWAT TEAM races to a second craft.

INT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT - HATHAWAY

Hathaway signals to Chen. Raises four fingers. Both switch their headsets to channel 4 for privacy. Over the rotors...

HATHAWAY

Hey. Let's talk about this.

CHEN

The case or Lien?

HATHAWAY

Lien.

CHEN

Look through my eyes and what do you see?

Hathaway looks directly at him. Beat, then:

HATHAWAY

Hathaway. Who always had poor impulse control. Defies authority. Been in prison. Damaged goods, is what I see.

CHEN
Yeah--?

HATHAWAY
She deserves better, I'd think if I was Chen.

CHEN
That's right. What else?

HATHAWAY
What?

CHEN
A man who, when he's fired-up, is no different than he ever was.

(pause)
I see how she looks at you. Two people who like going against the tide the same way.

(pause)
And since she was little, she's always made her own decisions. So what I think? It doesn't count.

Hathaway looks at his friend. Chen looks away. Chen has NOT let him off the hook.

HATHAWAY
To me it does. You gave me a second shot, Dawai. I only see that cause of her. You never know what's gonna happen, but if this starts to go south? I will protect her. I will not take her down that road. You have my solemn vow.

*
*
*
*
*

MEANWHILE--

INT. HONG KONG EXPENSIVE HIGH-RISE - LI'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Li at the window drinking tea. BOOM. A battering ram through his door. SWAT enters, tactical formation. Barrett's right behind them. Li's hands in the air while--

INT. KOWLOON APARTMENT - YANG'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

--A SECOND TEAM knocks down the door to Yang's room. Yang still asleep in bed, a TV BLARING in the corner. His junkie mother enters behind the team, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER as--

I/E. SAI KUNG AUTO REPAIR - THAT MOMENT

POLICE CARS SCREAM UP to the auto body shop in Sai Kung. Wu looks up from the glass enclosure of his office. Hands frantically scrambling for a LOCKED DRAWER ON HIS DESK--

Outside, Barrett arrives as THIRD SWAT rush into the shop with rifles raised.

Wu gets that drawer open. He pulls out a SNUB-NOSED .38.
 THEN HE PUTS IT TO HIS TEMPLE AND PULLS THE TRIGGER.
 Barrett's in the doorway.

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) - THAT MOMENT

The chopper races toward Lantau Island.

BARRETT (V.O.)
 (over radio)
 Chen. It's Barrett--

CHEN
 I hear you.

BARRETT (V.O.)
 The mules. We've got Li and Yang.
 Wu put a gun to his head.
 (beat)
 We can't reach Yan's team on
 Lantau. Not answering radio calls.

Hathaway, Chen and Jessup look at each other.

AS BOTH CHOPPERS LAND, Trang's the first out the door.

EXT. LANTAU STREETS

They race through back alleys, bail out and run on foot to--

LAU'S SURVEILLANCE POINT

Coming up on it they find:

YAN - dead, lying in a pool of blood. Twenty yards behind
 him is his backup's crumbled body. Meanwhile, the SWAT TEAM
 assault's Kassar's house.

INT. TAI O HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - SECONDS LATER

QUICK CUTS: SWAT TEAM slams into Kassar's house. Each room
 empty: living, dining, kitchen, bathrooms, bedrooms.

Chen, Jessup, Trang and Hathaway in the rear with FLAK
 JACKETS.

INT. TAI O HOUSE - BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER

SWAT down the stairs. LED FLASHLIGHTS OUT reveal another
 empty space when--

ONE TEAM MEMBER kicks aside a PLYWOOD SHEET against the wall,
 revealing--

A RAGGED HOLE to next door basement. Beyond that another
 hole in the next basement, leading into further darkness and
 the unknown...

Chen and Jessup are there, now, Hathaway following.

INT. TAI O BASEMENTS - SECONDS LATER

SWAT Officer's team and his party presses through into the first, basement to basement, clearing space as they go underground. In the last basement, the hole they encounter leads into the larger darker unknown space...

RECTANGULAR UNDERGROUND STORM DRAIN

SWAT Officer and his team see a glint of light in the distance. *

SWAT OFFICER
We'll take point.

A MUZZLE FLASH. TWO CRACKS in the dark.

The man behind OFFICER is hit in the chest and thigh. He goes down.

SWAT RETURN FIRE at unseen shooters. One PAIR advances while another PAIR lays down FIRE from cover. Then the second pair advance while the first lays down fire from cover. *

CHEN, HATHAWAY, JESSUP AND TRANG

lit by the muzzle flashes, have unholstered their sidearms. Hathaway's unarmed. *

CHEN
This way--

Chen leads them back through the basements.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the passage-- *

MID-DRAIN--

Elias Kassar and THREE BODYGUARDS with H&K and AN-94 ASSAULT RIFLES LAY DOWN SUPPRESSIVE FIRE 50 meters from the rectangle of daylight, the end of the drain. KASSAR gestures for the three BODYGUARDS to go secure the end of the drain. Meanwhile... *

EXT. LANTAU ALLEYS

CHEN, Trang, Jessup and Hathaway race through crowds who get out of their way, towards the end of the storm drain which is a quarter mile away. *

INT. DEEP IN STORM DRAIN

SWAT TEAM PARTNERS 1 AND 2 GET THE NOD FROM SWAT OFFICER. They sprint down the drain before hugging the wall again, mid-tunnel. *

MID-TUNNEL--

KASSAR in a narrow alcove. He reaches up to a plastic cocoon *
 bungie-corded to the ceiling. He SLICES it open. Meanwhile, *
 his GUARDS (O.S.) return FIRE. CLOSER: The split open *
 plastic reveals Semtex charges, a detonator and batteries.

MID-TUNNEL--

SWAT Partners 1 and 2 approach the alcove unawares.

ALCOVE - KASSAR

POINT BLANK: BOOM. Partner 1 is shot in the head. Partner *
 2 grabs Kassar's AN-94. CLOSE-IN COMBAT. *

Kassar lets go the AN-94, jams the heel of his right palm *
 under #2's jaw, spins #2 around, wracks his head sideways to *
 his shoulder and jerks it backwards, BREAKING his neck. *

Kassar retrieves his assault rifle, runs for the storm
 drain's end.

EXT. LANTAU ALLEYWAY - CHEN, TRANG, JESSUP AND HATHAWAY - DAY

--race through the crowds to flank Kassar's team at the storm *
 drain's opening. *

INT. STORM DRAIN OPENING

KASSAR arrives. With his THREE GUARDS, they lay down FIRE. *

TAI O ALLEYWAY OPENING ONTO KAI HING STREET

SEVENTY METERS to their left down Kai Hing Street is the *
 STORM DRAIN end. RIFLE FIRE is heard. Trang runs across the *
 street through traffic. Pedestrians are covering, not *
 knowing if the firefight will come their way. *

CHEN, Trang and Jessup run to the corner. *

CORNER--

CHEN SEES: KASSAR AND GUARDS engaged in the FIREFIGHT with *
 the SWAT team in the tunnel. *

JESSUP brings up his Glock, controls his breathing, tries to *
 place difficult distant shots with his 9mm. . CHEN FIRES. *

EXT. DRAIN ENTRANCE

Distant PISTOL REPORTS. A MIST OF RED. One of Kassar's men *
 hit in the arm by Chen. Another PISTOL SHOT. Two of *
 Kassar's men return FIRE. *

KAI HING STREET CORNER

Chen emerges--

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Craters EXPLODE in walls near Chen and *
 Hathaway, who's behind him.

Chen, Trang and Jessup are outgunned with their 9mms. Jessup *
gets another sight picture-- *

EXT. DRAIN ENTRANCE

CRACK. Second Kassar man is hit. He's KNOCKED DOWN. But
he's WEARING A VEST. He rises--

KASSAR examines the wounded GUARD. Signalling with his *
hands, Kassar directs two Guards to engage Chen's group. *
Kassar FIRES into mid-tunnel at SWAT.

EXT. KAI HING STREET - TRANG

Fires.

EXT. DRAIN'S END

Kassar strains to SEE into the drain where the SWAT are *
positioned. Mid-tunnel. *

INT. MID STORM DRAIN - SWAT OFFICER

We SEE they're three feet from Kassar's alcove. *

EXT. DRAIN'S END - KASSAR

Hits a garage opener remote.

INT. MID STORM DRAIN

EXTREMELY CLOSE: A light on the Semtex detonator goes from
green to red.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

THE SWAT TEAM IS BLOWN UP BY CONCUSSION, FLAME AND SWALLOWED *
BY COLLAPSING CONCRETE.

EXT. DRAIN'S END - KASSAR + BOTH BODYGUARDS

They turn all their fire onto Chen, Trang and Jessup.

KAI HING STREET

TRANG returns fire with his 9mm. IMMEDIATELY, HE IS HIT IN
THE NECK, HEAD AND CHEST --

Hathaway tries to move to Trang. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Hathaway
is pinned down--

Jessup and Chen FIRE. It's feeble. FOUR THREE-SHOT BURSTS
chew up the landscape around them. MORE FIRE. They're
pinned down, OUTGUNNED, OVERWHELMED.

EXT. DRAIN ENTRANCE INTO KAI HING STREET

KASSAR AND HIS GUARDS are on the move away from the storm *
drain. *

They're hidden by a silt cloud billowing out of the tunnel. *
 They walk through local crowds as though it's nothing. Their *
 AN-94's and H&K's slung over their shoulders. People get *
 the hell out of their way or they're frozen, watching the *
 foreigners. Kassar in clipped Mandarin:

KASSAR

Move.

They do.

Stifled SCREAMS erupt at the sight of their weapons. *
 SHUTTERS close overhead-- *
 *

NOW, they pour down a narrow STONE STAIRCASE between
 buildings. We don't see where it leads.

KAI HING STREET

Chen and Jessup chasing them. Hathaway's with Trang. He *
 checks. No pulse. He sprints after Chen and Jessup. *

KAI HING STREET - AT STONE STAIRCASE

Chen at the corner hesitates, commits, pistol extended.
 Nothing.

THE STAIRWAY IS EMPTY.

Chen races down. Jessup follows.

ON THEM, down the stairs, they stop. Stare. *

HATHAWAY catches up. *

CHEN

Trang?

Hathaway shakes his head.

HATHAWAY

Kassar?

Chen gestures. Now we SEE what they SEE: *

HUGE, CROWDED HARBOR. A MASS OF BOAT TRAFFIC. FLEETS OF *
 FISHING BOATS moving out into the South China Sea. *

Kassar and his men are gone.

INT. FISHING BOAT - HOLD - DUSK *

An elderly captain moves down into the hold. *

Kassar and his two surviving guards are there, the wounded *
 one bleeding onto the boards. Behind them are large duffel *
 bags. WE KNOW WHAT IT IS: *

ONE HUNDRED FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS CASH. *

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN
We're clear.

Kassar extends his hand. The fishing boat captain takes it.
They shake.

EXT. LANTAU BUS TERMINAL - DUSK

MEDICS look after those SWAT retrieved alive from storm drain. Chen confers with another HKPF OFFICER. In Cantonese:

CHEN
Roadblocks on the bridges. Harbor patrol. Board everything.

HKPF OFFICER
Yes, sir.

Chen - alone - in the wash of police lights, looking at the wreckage behind him. A Medic approaches, gesturing to a gash on Chen's forehead.

Chen looks at a CORONER'S TEAM bringing bodies out on stretchers.

CHEN
I'm fine.

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEA / COASTAL FREIGHTER - LATER

The fishing boat is drawn up to the FREIGHTER. Beyond, the sea lane with convoys of bulk carriers, container ships, LNG tankers, a few fishing boats.

Kassar and his men are throwing DUFFEL BAGS (OF CASH) into a net. The net is gathered by the crane arm of the freighter. It whips over their heads to the larger vessel. On the stern is a helipad with a small helicopter tied down.

We DON'T see the elderly Captain.

Kassar jumps into a FIBERGLASS SHELLIED INFLATABLE tied alongside the fishing boat, now. Four Kawasaki 250HP outboards on back FIRE-UP. Kassar motions to one of the bodyguards. He tosses Kassar his AN-94 assault rifle. Kassar slings it over his shoulder.

The INFLATABLE rockets away like a roman candle, the four outboards ROARING. Kassar skids the inflatable sideways, through a 180 degree turn. He HEADS RIGHT BACK TO HONG KONG AT FIFTY KNOTS. The freighter separates from the fishing boat and heads into deeper waters.

ON KASSAR ON THE INFLATABLE. Behind him the fishing boat diminishes into the distance. As it does, a ruddy light appears in the cabin. Then, it bursts into FLAMES that rapidly consume the boat.

ON THE INFLATABLE, no one looks back. Kassar pulls back the bolt to check there's a round in the chamber. Habit. And, he anticipates finishing what got started in Hong Kong. *

EXT. LANTAU BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Chen turns-- *

HKPF OFFICER
Coast Guard found a burning fishing boat twenty kilometers off Lantau. *

CHEN
He's gone. *

Hathaway OVERTURNS A MAKESHIFT TABLE and exits. *

EXT. HARBOR RAILING - LATER

Hathaway is overlooking emergency vehicles and the harbor with Jessup. Lien enters. He doesn't look at her. *

HATHAWAY
You know what? I was better at being hunted than the hunter. *

LIEN
Except when you were hunted, you got caught. *

HATHAWAY
We all get caught.

VIRUS ANIMATION

AT THAT MOMENT, somewhere unknown, a similar VIRUS moves through network pipelines. TRACK its INJECTOR as it's welcomed past a FIREWALL, deploying its PAYLOAD on an unsuspecting system, breaking into parts to TAKE OVER different components.

On an unwatched LAPTOP MONITOR, SEE columns of numbers. Not financials this time... One column displays PUMP SPEED. A dataset glows GREEN, a series of numbers hovering around 3000 RPM: "NORMAL." The numbers FLICKER and then HOLD IN PLACE at 3000 RPM while--

WE TRACK back through that monitor into the electronic universe. Moving down increasingly ominous conduits. The murky sound of LIQUID CHURNING somewhere above. Through dim surroundings, ARRIVE AT the INTERNAL WORKINGS of AN INDUSTRIAL WATER PUMP--

We HEAR the PUMP'S MOTOR spins up, humming faster and faster. A foaming surge of WHITE WATER rushes out of its valves into a dark pool. The motor grows louder, turning faster. White water is more severe. All at once--

MONITOR: Numbers STILL hover at 3,000 RPM! "Normal." We
KNOW IT IS NOT.

The heated red glow of metal grinding against metal. The
motor overheats. SEIZES. Shuts OFF.

That white water goes still. Water flow dies. A rippling
black pool becomes eerily placid--

We do NOT KNOW what we're seeing. We will shortly.

EXT. LANTAU BUS TERMINAL - THAT MOMENT

Chen. His CELL RINGS. He answers in Mandarin. A beat. His
face sinks.

CHEN
(shouts)
Nick! Jessup!

*
*
*
*

EXT. DAYA BAY NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MINUTES LATER

Organized chaos. It's an aging concrete structure situated
on the ocean. One of the cylindrical reactors is caved in,
dark plumes of smoke rising from its remains.

TRIAGE CENTERS are filled with PLANT EMPLOYEES led into
DECONTAMINATION AREAS manned by WORKERS in HAZMAT suits.

Hathaway, Chen, Lien and Jessup walk through the EMERGENCY
TRAILERS and vehicles in the disaster zone:

CHEN
Twelve dead. They're quarantining
the region.

*
*
*

HATHAWAY
What the hell's he after? A power
plant? There was no extortion.
Not about money. Terrorist attack?
No one's claiming it. Where's
motive.

*

*
*

CHEN
Whatever he's after, he's not
afraid to pull the big trigger.

*
*

PAUL SHIN (20s, slight) approaches, nervous.

SHIN
(shouts over sirens)
Captain Chen? Paul Shin, CN-CERT.
I identified the virus intrusion.

INT. CN-CERT TRAILER - SHIN'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Chen and Hathaway are across from Shin in his workspace.

SHIN

Your team in Beijing matched it.
It was the same virus used in the
Chicago Board of Trade. Same
injector.

*

*

CHEN

What did the infected computer
control?

*

SHIN

Programmable Logic Controllers, the
PLC's that run the water pumps.

*

Shin points to images of the pumps: SIEMENS MODEL #437 (IT'S
IMPORTANT LATER).

SHEN

These are the pumps. Siemens Model
437's. The PLC's tell them when to
turn on, turn off, how fast to go
to cool the reactor. The virus ran
up the pumps until the motors
seized, pumps failed, reactor
overheated.

*

*

*

CHEN

Monitoring, auto cut-offs?

*

SHIN

The virus took over the monitoring,
false indications everything's
okay.

*

*

*

CHEN

Anything on where the attack came
from? Its command-and-control IP
address?

*

*

SHIN

I started to track it. Then the
core went. They evacuated us. The
virus had started wiping itself by
then, erasing its tracks.

*

Hathaway looking out the window at the plume in the distance.

HATHAWAY

Yeah, but when an Operating System
like that crashes, it caches
memory. For diagnostics, later on.

*

*

CHEN

Maybe there are traces of the virus
in that diagnostic file...

*

HATHAWAY

With an IP address? Maybe we can track that to his command and control, get a physical location on this guy.

*
*
*

SHIN

You can't get near it. Everything's too hot. And you can't walk a radioactive machine out of there.

*
*
*
*

CHEN

What if we bring a clean one in and clone the dirty Field PG to a shielded drive?

They're talking about going inside like it's a walk in the park.

INT. TRIAGE TENT - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway, Chen and Shin being outfitted in HAZMAT SUITS with respirators. Shin, eyeing RADIATION BURN VICTIMS visible on the other side of a glass partition. AN EMERGENCY WORKER (20s, female) addresses Chen in Mandarin:

EMERGENCY WORKER

There's a cloud of hydrogen hanging in the reactor that could ignite at any time. Temperature is 128 degrees. It will be hotter in the suit. If your core goes over 104, you've got a few minutes before you get heat stroke. If you collapse in there, your partners will not be able to carry you out without risking themselves. By the time we get anyone in after you, you will be dead.

HATHAWAY

What's she saying?

CHEN

Move fast.

EXT. DAYA BAY - FROM INSIDE HAZMAT SUIT

WAVES OF HEAT RADIATE toward them as they approach the plant.

HATHAWAY'S POV: A DIGITAL THERMOMETER displays Hathaway's temperature, mounted in the helmet's face mask. It ticks up from 98.6 to 98.7.

INT. DAYA BAY NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MINUTES LATER

A long concrete corridor illuminated only by emergency lighting. Smoke and ash in the air.

Hathaway, Chen and Shin walk the hall, flashlights in hand.
The only sounds are their RESPIRATORS and FOOTFALLS until:

SHIN

The Field PG unit is on the third
floor over the reactor.

CHEN

How far?

SHIN

Three hundred meters.

*

HATHAWAY'S POV--

A light fog begins to collect inside his face mask, his
breath condensing against the glass.

HATHAWAY

Your masks fogging up?

CHEN

It's your breath.

HATHAWAY

I know. No way to clean it off.

SECONDS LATER

THAT SAME POV. Despite the fogging obstruction, an unreal
industrial carnage becomes apparent as they step onto the--

REACTOR FLOOR

The wreckage of the blast. Warped metal, blackened concrete.
The lighting dim-to-nonexistent. Blasts of dirty steam rise
up from the ruins.

HATHAWAY

Jesus Christ.

His eyes dart to the THERMOMETER inside his face mask: 99.1.

SHIN

Stairs.

SECONDS LATER

Hathaway, Chen and Shin labor up a winding metal staircase.
Shin breaths heavily as he reaches the first landing.
Pausing, grasping the handrail:

CHEN

Shin?

SHIN

I'm dizzy. Give me a second.

SHIN'S POV--

his temperature already at 100.6. A look of concern is reflected against the glass -- a mirror of growing panic.

The REACTOR, SUDDENLY, FUMES -- a massive plume of steam belching skyward. Chen grabs Shin's wrist:

CHEN

Let's go.

SECONDS LATER

JUMP CUTS as Hathaway, Chen and Shin ascend that metal stairwell. The reactor rumbles below them. Shin's breathing is labored.

CONTROL ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Crossing through a door into the control room. A series of glass windows look out on the reactor floor below.

Shin's flashlight lands on an INDUSTRIAL LAPTOP on a bench on one side of the room--

Hathaway crosses to the unit, powers it on.

Shin tries to hold it together against the wall. Looking to his thermometer: 103.2.

Hathaway opens his metal case: SCREWDRIVERS, an IDENTICAL FIELD PG UNIT, an EXTERNAL HARD DRIVE ENCLOSURE and a RADIATION-SHIELDED CASE containing a drive of its own.

Hathaway goes to work, hands trembling. Checking his temperature: 99.9.

The screwdriver is difficult to maneuver through thick gloves. His breathing grows labored. CONDENSATION collects on the inside of his face mask.

Outside, the REACTOR CORE RUMBLES through the window. Hathaway, surprised, drops his screwdriver and EXHALES. As he does, HIS FACE MASK GOES COMPLETELY OPAQUE.

HE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.

HATHAWAY

I have a problem.

Chen steps around. Eyes Hathaway's mask -- unable to see him through the glass.

CHEN

I'll take over.

HATHAWAY

Keep your eyes on that reactor.

Shin agitated against the wall:

SHIN
Maybe we pack it up?

INSIDE HATHAWAY'S MASK--

extremely close on his face, sweat pouring down his brow.
Struck by a simple solution--

HE BENDS OVER. RIVULETS OF SWEAT FALL AGAINST--

the inside of the face mask, clearing rivers out of the
condensation.

HATHAWAY
I'm good.

Chen steps back. Hathaway, with a 10 degree window of
vision, pulls apart the old Field PG, removing the hard
drive. He inserts it into the external drive enclosure,
connecting it to the operational Field PG, booting the
machine--

HATHAWAY
We're up.

SHIN COLLAPSES.

CHEN
Shit.

Chen kneels beside Shin, his eyes open, his skin sallow,
CONVULSING INSIDE HIS SUIT. Vomit trickles out from his
chapped lips.

CHEN
What's your temperature?
(no answer)
What's your temperature, Shin?

Shin stops convulsing. Looks back at Chen with hollow eyes.
Hathaway spins to Chen:

HATHAWAY
Get him out of here.

CHEN
We make it together or we don't
make it. *

Hathaway stares back at Chen--

CHEN
And my sister would be really
pissed off. *

Hathaway goes back to work. His own thermometer: 102.3.
Swallowing hard, back to the Field PG as it finishes booting.
Firing up the EXTERNAL DRIVE, typing--

Chen eyes Shin. He looks deathly.

CHEN
How long?

HATHAWAY
I'm dealing with bad blocks. Hard to say.

Chen tries to keep Shin alert. In Cantonese:

CHEN
A few more minutes, we're out of here, OK?

Hathaway strains for concentration, performing another maneuver across the keyboard, trying to salvage what he can. Finally, a FILE TRANSFER between the radioactive drive and the shielded clean drive begins. *

A PROGRESS BAR appears. It lingers at 0% FOR AGES.

Hathaway taps the monitor.

HATHAWAY
Come on, come on.

The progress bar inches forward: 1%.

HATHAWAY
Like that, baby, c'mon. *

A wry smile on his face. From his right--

BOOM. The reactor's most threatening show yet. Hathaway winces at the blast while--

EXT. DAYA BAY NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Night falls outside the plant. An eerie post-apocalyptic feel to the crumbling concrete and harsh floodlights.

CRACK. An earth-shaking explosion from inside. A PLUME OF FIRE bursts out of the roof. Debris falls into that chasm. A CLOUD OF ASH SEETHES OUT the door through which Chen, Shin and Hathaway entered.

Emergency workers parked a hundred yards away at a pair of ambulances watch the cloud spreading. Jessup is there with Lien, who's terrified. Their radios crackle:

BASE CAMP (V.O.)
Clear out. Clear the area now.

One of the EMTs responds:

EMT 1
Their team is still inside.

BASE CAMP (V.O.)
Clear out! Now!

EMT 1 and others go for their ambulances, lights on, the first ambulance begins to pull away--

LIEN
(to EMT 1)
Hey, you shit. Don't you leave!

JESSUP
What are they sayin'?

First ambulance pulls out.

JESSUP
(chasing)
Get back here!

Jessup turns and blocks the second ambulance with his body.

EMT 2, in passenger seat, SHOUTS something out the window we can't hear.

Jessup won't move. The ambulance Driver won't stop. It advances forward, pushing Jessup's body back. Jessup slams his fist on the hood. EMT 2 is shouting Cantonese curses through the glass at Jessup. Jessup won't get out from in front of it.

Meanwhile: the massive black cloud. Then, TWO SHAFTS OF LIGHT cut through. Chen and Hathaway's flashlights. Lien slams the drivers side window shouting.

LIEN
(Cantonese)
They're out, they're out!

Chen and Hathaway hobble out of the wreckage, Shin propped up between them.

EMT 2 in the passenger seat spots them. Taps the driver:

EMT 1
Go back! Go back!

The driver slams on the brakes of the ambulance, reverses, as Chen and Hathaway cover the ground between them step-by-step...

INT. TRIAGE TENT - DECONTAMINATION UNIT - MINUTES LATER

BLINDING OVERHEAD LIGHTS. Hathaway and Chen stand as TRIAGE WORKERS HOSE THEM DOWN.

SECONDS LATER

Chen and Hathaway step out of their hazmat suits, shaken but together. Lien is there, holding onto both of them.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - CORRUPTED DATA ON SCREEN *

REVEAL we're back in the Hong Kong headquarters that night. Lien's at the computer terminal with the clone of the Daya Bay hard drive.

LIEN
It's too corrupted.

All hover over her. Hathaway and Chen take a closer look at Lien's screen.

LIEN
(to both)
You were right in theory. Right here. In the memory cache. There's a record of a packet capture buffer.

We see it.

CHEN
The machine was recording the IP address it was communicating with.

LIEN
We can't access it. It's full of holes. Data is bad.

Hathaway leans back.

HATHAWAY
"Bad data..." like "bad...style." *

His eyes locking onto Barrett's. He gestures to her--

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Barrett follows Hathaway into the kitchen. City lights hum behind them. Hathaway lowers his voice: *

HATHAWAY
When the FEEB team busted me in '07 and hit my door, I was flushing files. But when I came to trial? Whazaam. They had retrieved all this shit that should not have been retrievable. *

Barrett eyes the city, then back to Hathaway.

BARRETT
Black Widow.
(off Hathaway's look)
It's NSA tech. Examines fragments or data and reconstructs the original in a couple hours of super-computing. *

(MORE) *

BARRETT (CONT'D)
 Big cases like yours, they played
 ball and loaned it to us...
 (beat, realizes)
 We've gotta get access.

HATHAWAY
 Time to shine, babe.

She smiles and then--

INT. NSA - CORRIDOR - MORNING

A utilitarian corridor, neutral tones, filing cabinets, white-faced government employees.

DONAHUE
 I can't do it, Carly.

TITLE: NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY, FORT MEADE, MARYLAND

RICH DONAHUE (40s, balding) walks the hallway with a cell phone to his ear, a file folder in his hand:

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barrett on the other end of the phone half-a-world away.

BARRETT
 "Can't" or "won't"?

DONAHUE (V.O.)
 You've got the PLA on your team.
 Sharing classified tech with the
 Chinese? Are you kidding? That's
 not even getting into Hathaway
 using it... *

BARRETT
 The FEEB committed to full
 cooperation, Rich. *

DONAHUE (V.O.)
 You're DOJ. This is NSA. If I
 wanted to, I can't. And I don't
 want to. *

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The corrupt data still up on their screen.

CHEN
 We can't use it? They have it, and
 we can't use it? What is this shit
 with your people? *

BARRETT
They aren't my people! We have
branches of government. It's
called balance of power. We don't
have the wonderfully centralized
authority you like so much.

HATHAWAY
You had access to Black Widow on
other cases?

BARRETT
Couple of times. Yeah.

HATHAWAY
How's it work? You give NSA the
data. They run it?

BARRETT
No. They set up a remote login.
We run it.

Her eyes narrowing.

BARRETT
You're not thinking--

HATHAWAY
They got the key to the kingdom.
Our guy's address is right in
there.

She sits at a computer. Stops. Looks at Hathaway.

BARRETT
Let's go.

She logs into her FBI EMAIL ACCOUNT via the web. Searching
her archive:

BARRETT
I have my old correspondence with
Donahue here--

Typing a search string. Pulling up an email from Donahue
with REMOTE LOGIN INFORMATION for the Black Widow program.

BARRETT
Now, there is no way this login is
still active--

HATHAWAY
I'm not gonna use this login.

Barrett's unsure of how far she's willing to take this.

HATHAWAY
I need only one other thing. Your
NSA contact.

BARRETT

Hold on. If NSA discovers the intrusion, kiss your commutation goodbye.

*
*
*

HATHAWAY

So we just stop? Cause some guy sitting on his fat ass in a Washington slug farm who doesn't get it says we can't do it, doesn't want to give us his permission?

*
*
*
*
*
*

JESSUP

FBI can explain after the fact.

*
*

BARRETT

Not a chance. NSA is about the S in the acronym. Security. He fucks with their security, they will fuck him.

(to Hathaway)

And you know that, don't you?

*
*
*
*
*
*

Hathaway looks at her. Moment of decision. He knows he may be kissing goodbye his future.

*
*

HATHAWAY

Your NSA contact--

*
*

Barrett's long pause. Then:

*

BARRETT

Richard Donahue.

*
*

HATHAWAY

You have his supervisor's name?

*

BARRETT

Bernie Hitchens.

HATHAWAY

Maybe it's better for you two if you are uninvolved in the next part of this.

Barrett and Jessup leave.

*

EXT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Barrett and Jessup on the street under the dazzling lights of the Golden Computer Arcade, walking from the safe house:

*

JESSUP

How you feel about this?

*

BARRETT

Not good. But it's a lot worse for him.

*
*
*

JESSUP
 Will they cut him some slack?
 National interest?

BARRETT
 Forget it. NSA lives for the S in
 the acronym. Security. He'll
 serve out his full term.
 (beat)
 I'm surprised you went along.

JESSUP
 Washington didn't see Daya Bay. I
 did.

From behind them:

CHEN (O.S.)
 Hey!

Chen coming out of the building after them:

CHEN
 I'm sorry about the "your people"
 crack back there.

BARRETT
 Forget it, "Captain" Chen.

CHEN
 Okay, "Special Agent" Barrett.

Jessup and Barrett walk on.

And they get swallowed up by the arcade crowd. Not noticing
 a BICYCLE MESSENGER eyeing them from across the street.
 Meanwhile...

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway, Lien and then Chen at a computer.

LIEN
 Barrett's call will have alerted
 Donahue.

HATHAWAY
 That's what I'm counting on.

And he turns to the monitor--

INT. NSA - BULLPEN - DONAHUE - DAY

Donahue at his workspace. An email arrives in his Outlook
 Inbox FROM BERNIE HITCHENS. Donahue clicks the message,
 reading it but we hear Hathaway's voice over:

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

"In light of the fact that you were contacted by an FBI agent working on a Joint Task Force with Chinese cyber specialists, we've become concerned about the security of your Black Widow remote logins. We strongly suggest you change your password. Best, Bernie Hitchens."

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - MONITOR: A KEYLOGGER

Back to Hathaway on camera running down the hack:

CHEN

You asked him to change his password--?

INT. NSA - BULLPEN - DAY

Back to Donahue. Macro close on his monitor. Donahue's cursor moves down the email to a URL LINK AT THE BOTTOM. Donahue clicks that link. His WEB BROWSER opening--

The window FLICKERS for a moment. Redirects to the Black Widow login.

Macro close: as Donahue types in text--

USERNAME: r.donahue

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway, Lien and Chen stare at a monitor displaying the results of their keylogger. The letters "r.donahue" appear one-by-one in real time.

HATHAWAY

--but I directed him through a keylogger first.

*

INT. NSA - BULLPEN - THAT MOMENT

Donahue looks at a box that reads NEW PASSWORD. Typing in a series of letters and numbers that appear only as asterisks while thousands of miles away--

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

--those asterisks show up as plain text on Hathaway's monitor:

jlj2204CLf

Hathaway cracks a smile:

HATHAWAY

Got it.

--he spins to another machine. Directing himself to the VPN Black Widow login, entering Rich Donahue's account. Loading a USB stick into the machine with the PACKET BUFFER from Daya Bay. UPLOADING... *

LIEN

What now?

HATHAWAY

Now we wait.

Screen: "PROCESSING. THIS MAY TAKE SEVERAL HOURS. PLEASE DO NOT CLOSE THIS WINDOW."

EXT. GOLDEN COMPUTER ARCADE - MORNING

Barrett and Jessup eat breakfast at a dive outside the safe house. Hathaway appears from the crowd, his face dour.

Barrett's eyes rise to the Hathaway. Hathaway reveals nothing. He takes a piece of Jessup's toast.

HATHAWAY

We are in.

Barrett lights up inside. This is Hathaway as Magic Man. *

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A computer monitor displays:

INTRASHIELD ISTANBUL.

403 ERROR.

YOU DON'T HAVE PERMISSION TO ACCESS THIS FOLDER.

HATHAWAY

Via a half-dozen remote servers, this is our Actor's IP address. His command and control. We're up on you, you sonofabitch. And you're in Istanbul. *

BARRETT

You can crack the site? *

HATHAWAY

(to Chen)
Intrashield? *

CHEN

Intrashield's a hosting company that caters to Black Hats. Guarantees 24/7 up-time. System's locked down tight. Given their customer base, we're not gettin' in. *

HATHAWAY
Okay. The move is strictly low
tech.

*

BARRETT
As in...

HATHAWAY
Want to find who our Actor is?
Where he lives? What he's
planning? We go to Istanbul and we
physically break in. We burglarize
the place. Black bag. B and E.

*

*

*

*

CHEN
Right.

JESSUP
I'm down. But none of us have
badges that work in Turkey.

*

*

HATHAWAY
And we don't know how deeply he's
wired-in to Turkish immigration.
We got to slick our way in. Can
FBI get us documented?

*

*

*

BARRETT
After the NSA turn down, we
probably set off alarms all over
D.C.

*

*

CHEN
Then I'll work my side of the house
for entry. That takes a face-to-
face with my bosses.

Hathaway has a quiet inner certainty.

HATHAWAY
This guy is in our sights and he
does not know it.

*

*

I/E. HUNG HOM STATION - DAY

A train terminal in Kowloon. Passengers cross in every
direction while a PUBLIC ANNOUNCE drones in Cantonese. Chen
waits for his train to Guangzhou. In Mandarin:

*

CHEN
*We get this guy, Hathaway gets
commuted. He's free.
(he hesitates)
What happens next?*

Switching to English for one line:

LIEN
I thought we move to Chicago and
make babies.

(MORE)

LIEN (CONT'D)
 Hathaway repair computers and
 garage door openers. I sell chop-
 suey. Live American Dream life.

CHEN
 I'm serious.

LIEN
 So am I, Dawai.

She means about Hathaway.

LIEN
 Maybe he needs an anchor. Maybe I
 need a sail.

CHEN
 You got more than enough sail.
 Nick's been in prison twice.
 There's damage there.

LIEN
 You warning me off him?

CHEN
 I'm warning you to take it easy on
him.

She laughs:

LIEN
 You're supposed to worry about me!
 I'm your sister.

CHEN
 Little sister, you I never have to
 worry about. You can take care of
 yourself.

The PA cuts in:

PUBLIC ANNOUNCE (V.O.)
 Train 814 to Guangzhou East now
 boarding.

Chen embraces Lien. We see on Chen's face, it is her he's
 worried about.

CHEN
 Seriously. I love you for having
 strong feelings. You need to be
 very, very careful.

A tight hug. She kisses his cheek. He turns, walks to that
 train.

INT. BULLET TRAIN (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Chen in a window seat as it starts its climb to 270 km/hr. Hong Kong disappears behind him.

INT. GUANGZHOU OFFICE TOWER - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

That stately PLA meeting room where everything started. Chen is across from Zhao, Yuan and the other officers. Mandarin:

CHEN

A solid lead. The Daya Bay attack.
We identified the command-and-control IP that drove the virus.
It is an address in Istanbul.

ZHAO

And how did you come by this information?

CHEN

We were able to break through their attempt to wipe an infected machine from Daya Bay.

The room silent. Chen waits for someone to speak. When no one does, he charges on:

CHEN

We need cover and documents to infiltrate my team into Turkey as soon as possible--

*

Yuan with a severely clipped interruption:

YUAN

One moment. That is not the whole story, is it?

CHEN

Sir?

YUAN

My American opposite number in the Department of Defense contacted me. Hathaway intruded into a classified system after an FBI agent had been turned down.

*

*

*

*

Zhao lets this land.

ZHAO

You were aware of the intrusion?

Hesitation. Then:

CHEN

Yes, sir.

*

ZHAO
They want this Hathaway back. *

YUAN
Geopolitically, we maintain delicate balances of conflict, such as naval task forces in South China Sea. A Hathaway issue doesn't rise to that level. *

ZHAO
You will hand him over to them. *

CHEN
The Americans promised full cooperation, sir. But they denied us access. Without Hathaway, we wouldn't have IDed our Actor's location who melted down Daya Bay. *

YUAN
Now we have the ID. With that, we don't need Hathaway. A team is en route to Hong Kong. When we've arranged a location for the handoff, you lead him there. *

CHEN
Major--

ZHAO
This is not a debate. It is a decision. Hand Hathaway over to the Americans, then we get your team and Chen Lien into Istanbul to close this up. *

Chen realizes he has no moves left.

CHEN
Yes, sir.

Zhao nods at him. Chen stands to go. The officers stand across from him. Chen salutes. He turns for the door and then--

ZHAO
Captain.

Chen turns back.

ZHAO
Excellent work on this. *

INT. COMMON ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lien at the laptop, fingers moving across the keyboard. Half a dozen windows are open in front of her. Most of them say:

INTRASHIELD ISTANBUL

403 ERROR
YOU DO NOT HAVE PERMISSION TO ACCESS THIS FOLDER

HATHAWAY
 Get anywhere?

LIEN
 (indicates one out of 14
 windows)
 I can't crack the site. But I got
 into Intrashield's bookkeeping.
 They use clients' IP addresses for
 account numbers...and I find...

*
 *

The WEB ADDRESS of the "403" account (31.201.67.1) repeats in
 a string of INTRASHIELD ACCOUNTING CHARGES open in a second
 window:

*

HATHAWAY
 Small charges to our Actor's
 account. Nickels and dimes. Okay.
 But look at this...

*

Lien's fingers dance.

LIEN
 Here they bill him a couple
 thousand for series of searches.
 High res topography scans.

*

HATHAWAY
 Scans of what?

*

She dives into the searches. Windows open and close. Lien
 displays the COORDINATES that were searched:
 4.424978,100.61658. Lien pulls them up in GOOGLE EARTH. A
 map appears. They zoom out.

*

*

LIEN
 Coastal Malaysia?

HATHAWAY
 What's there?

LIEN
 Small villages. Light industry.
 Fishing fleet. Nothing much.

*

HATHAWAY
 Has to be part of their play.
 Why'd they scan exactly there?

*

*

As Lien generates a hard copy of the SATELLITE MAP and
 MALAYSIAN COORDINATES...

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - NIGHT

GLORIOUS SLO-MO. The market where Chen met Liu just a few
 short weeks earlier.

Guangzhou crowds passing through, unaware. Chen emerges from the throng. Time speeds up as he approaches Liu once more, passing a paper slip to the young hacker:

CHEN

*I need you to get a message through
for me.*

Liu nods, that signature Marlboro dangling from his lips.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - HATHAWAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hathaway and Lien in bed together in their clothes. Hathaway fast asleep, holding Lien from behind. Lien's awake, studying the hard copies of the satellite map. *

Suddenly, her cell phone vibrates from the bedside table. She wrests herself out from under Hathaway's arm, picks it up, reading a NEW TEXT in ENGLISH: *

SPIDER BIT. NO VISA FOR OUR FRIEND. MOVE TONIGHT.

Her face sinking. Extinguishing the light of the phone. Turning over, she shakes Hathaway awake. Looking at him with sad eyes.

HATHAWAY

What is it?

INT. BESTRUN B50 SEDAN (MOVING) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hathaway and Lien, dressed now, heading away from the safe house in the Bestrun. Lien drives. The gleaming car passes through Hong Kong's neon streets.

HATHAWAY

You wanna tell me?

LIEN

From Dawai. The Americans discover your intrusion. They come for you.

She looks over to him. He to her. No answers between them.

EXT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - LATER THAT NIGHT

A weathered door. Lien and Hathaway knock. Moments pass in darkness. Finally, the door creaks open. CHOW -- Lien's driver -- on the other side in a bathrobe. He scans the street:

CHOW

Inside.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

The operational command sits empty, dark except for the hum of its computer screens. Somewhere off, a PHONE RINGS--

BARRETT'S ROOM

Barrett asleep in her bunk in the safe house. Waking to find her cell screaming on her bedside table. Groggy. Answering:

BARRETT
This is Barrett.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHICAGO FBI - POLLACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Pollack on the other end of the line. Angry:

POLLACK
What the hell did you let go on there, Carly?

BARRETT (V.O.)
Pollack? What're you talking about?

POLLACK
I'm talking about calls from the goddamn NSA and DOD. You know what your guy did? *

She does.

BARRETT (V.O.)
Do you know what's at stake?

POLLACK
I'm under orders. Bring him in. *

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT

Barrett, dressing, turns on lights, runs into the hallway. Slams open the door to Lien's room. Empty. Hathaway's room. Empty.

BARRETT
Fuck me.

Barrett bangs on Jessup's door. He opens, sleep still in his eyes.

BARRETT
Hathaway's gone.

INT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Lien and Hathaway quiet in Chow's kitchen. A KNOCK at the door. Their heads snap up.

CHOW

opens the front door a crack, a heavy chain in place.

CHEN's on the other side.

INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Jessup and Barrett fire up a laptop. Jessup loads a GPS program.

BARRETT
Are they out of their minds?

He's having trouble getting it to open.

JESSUP
Hathaway and Lien or DC? Where's that son of a bitch Hathaway when I need him?

Barrett smiles sadly. She hits a few keystrokes. The program lights up. A GPS PIN flashes off-and-on.

JESSUP
He's still here. He's in Kowloon.

Across town--

INT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Chen enters the kitchen. Lien and Hathaway at the table. CLOSE ON the light on Hathaway's ankle bracelet glowing beneath his cuff.

CHOW
I'll leave you be.

He exits. The air heavy.

CHEN
They're coming for you because of Black Widow. They want us to turn you over.

Hathaway looks to Lien.

HATHAWAY
So turn me in and walk away. Barrett and Jessup will back me up.

CHEN
They'll be brushed aside. NSA thinks because of you, we have Black Widow. They're going to nail you.

HATHAWAY
How can you refuse a command?

CHEN
You're going to "escape."

HATHAWAY
(dubious)
What are you doing?

CHEN
We are hot on their trail. You go off the grid. I'll enter Turkey legitimately. We'll connect up in Istanbul.

HATHAWAY
Your bosses can add two and two. They'll slot you somewhere between mutiny and treason in Mao's little red book of Very Bad Shit.

CHEN
I'm not turning you in.

Chen's eyes are steady: it's not a negotiation.

LIEN
I'm documented. Should I travel with you or Nick?

Chen speaks in Mandarin:

CHEN
Neither. This is not for you, little sister.

LIEN
Oh, really? Who made that choice?

Angry, she looks to Hathaway for support.

HATHAWAY
He's right.

Lien is incredulous Hathaway takes Chen's side.

HATHAWAY
I don't know that there's any light at the end of this tunnel anymore.

LIEN
(to Chen)
Did you remind him he owes you, Dawai, to get him to leave me behind? "Protect" me?

HATHAWAY
Fugitive is a condition that never wavers. It grinds you down. That's not for you.

LIEN
I decide what's for me!

*
*
*

HATHAWAY

And I decide for me! I'm going!
You're not.

CHEN

Right now, the three of us need,
desperately, our case files.

Pissed off at both of them, Lien slings the car keys across
the room at them:

LIEN

You take the car. You may have to
run fast. This is not over!

*
*

She slams out of the room.

INT. 2ND BESTRUN B50 SEDAN (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jessup and Barrett through the city, following the pin from
Hathaway's GPS:

BARRETT

You gonna take him into custody?
Or help him on his way? Sixty-four
thousand dollar question.

JESSUP

I don't know.

**INT. SHAM SHUI PO SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - LATER THAT
NIGHT**

Lien - cautious the Americans aren't there - fires up the
safe house computers, one after the other, plugging in a USB
stick to the main terminal. Copying files. Watching the
progress bar. Anxious as she goes to her phone--

EXT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - THAT MOMENT

The Bestrun sedan pulls up outside of Chow's. Barrett eyes
the laptop. He's here. They race into the building.

INT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - CHOW'S DOOR

Chow answers.

JESSUP

Remember me?

CHOW

They no here.

VARIOUS ROOMS as Jessup and Barrett tear through the
apartment. Hathaway and Chen nowhere in sight.

BARRETT

He cut the bracelet?

JESSUP
Can't. Signals an alarm. This
says he's right here.

*
*

INT. BESTRUN B50 SEDAN (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

HATHAWAY. Playing with the ankle bracelet, still intact and glowing:

CHEN
We need to lose that thing.

HATHAWAY
We got a few minutes.

EXT. KOWLOON APT. BLOCK - THAT MOMENT

Barrett and Jessup on the laptop: The GPS marker shows they're right on top of Hathaway.

BARRETT
(an idea)
Check your settings.
(off Jessup's look)
He's magic man, okay!

Settings: "AUTOMATICALLY REFRESH LOCATION EVERY 10 SECONDS" has been turned "OFF."

JESSUP
Sonofabitch! We haven't been tracking him for thirty minutes.

Jessup clicks the box "ON." The map updates. Then--

BARRETT
Quarry Bay. He's in Quarry Bay.

EXT. QUARRY BAY - THAT MOMENT

Immense residential skyscrapers over the wide streets of Quarry Bay. Hathaway and Barrett glide to the curb in their Bestrun, the engine idling. Chen turns it off. Waiting for Lien.

Hathaway's distant. Thinking about Lien. Ankle bracelet lights again.

They see Lien. She's approaching from a small side street. She gets in the rear seat. Passes the USB drive to Hathaway.

LIEN
I thought you're going separately.

In Mandarin:

CHEN
 We are. He's going private. I'm
 going commercial. I love you,
 sister. Go back home.

She stares at Hathaway. He turns to look at her. He doesn't
 trust himself to say anything. He is stone. They hold eyes
 for a moment.

LIEN
 (to both)
 I won't see you again, either of
 you. I know it.
 (to Chen)
 You did this!

Lien storms out of the car. Chen impacted by her anger.
 Recovers. He puts the Bestrun into drive. Hathaway opens
 the door.

HATHAWAY
 Hold it--

Hathaway runs across the wet street to her.

HATHAWAY
 Lien!

She won't stop. He catches her.

HATHAWAY
 Listen...

LIEN
 (turns)
 What?!!

HATHAWAY
 If he said yes? I'd still say no.
 (makes her look at him)
 You know me. I wouldn't take
 someone I love down this road.

She SEES in his eyes it's true.

HATHAWAY
 It's me. Don't blame your brother.

Lien looks from Hathaway to Chen. Chen's watching them.
 Sees her. She smiles, regretful, ironic. A younger-sister
 to older-brother small wave. Chen SEES. Connected again.
 He nods back to his sister. As he leaves, Hathaway reaches
 for her to hold her one more time.

AND RIGHT THEN: BOOM.

A FIREBALL CONSUMES THE BESTRUN, CHEN VANISHES IN A WALL OF
 FLAME. The SHOCK WAVE slams into Hathaway and Lien, knocking
 them down.

Dawai! LIEN

She screams, runs toward the fire. Hathaway grabs her, trying to spot the DIRECTION OF THE ATTACK--

INT. 2ND BESTRUN B50 SEDAN (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Jessup and Barrett racing into the scene. They pull around a corner, confronted by the flaming wreckage.

BARRETT
No. No, no, no, no, no--

Thinking of Chen, she's out of the car before it stops moving. Jessup's close behind. Focused on the flames, unaware of--

KASSAR

up the street behind an SUV. His Guard tosses away the RPG launcher. Kassar's AN-94 assault rifle finding targets.

HATHAWAY

fights Lien to keep her from the burning car. And now he SEES KASSAR. And hears--

BARRETT
(shouts)
Hathaway!

HATHAWAY
Barrett!!! Get down!!

Barrett, fifty meters out, not understanding.

BARRETT
What?

JESSUP
Barrett!!

CRACK CRACK CRACK. BARRETT'S HIT. HATHAWAY PULLS DOWN LIEN AS MORE AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE ROCKETS AT THEM.

Lien under him, he HEARS THE ROAR OF INCOMING MOTORCYCLES--

BARRETT IS HIT BY MULTIPLE SHOTS. HEAD. CHEST. DEAD.

TWO HAYABUSAS -- each with RIDER and SHOOTER -- cut LOOSE with SMG's.

JESSUP'S GLOCK is up. The smoothness of a pro. Jessup FIRES.

SMACK. Hitting one MOTORCYCLIST in the helmet. Rider's thrown from his bike, shooter CRUSHED under the vehicle. Sparks across the pavement. Jessup swings, FIRES DOUBLE TAP--

AT FIFTY YARDS, SLAMS TWO in the chest and ONE in the head of second Motorcyclist. Then, the SECOND SHOOTER. Another down.

KASSAR and GUARD FIRE from the SUV. Jessup HIT three times. Blown back. On the street. Chest wounds. Struggling for air.

HATHAWAY'S pulled Lien into a run. 7.62mm ROUNDS tear up the pavement and lamp poles around them. Lien's face, in shock. Stunned.

HATHAWAY races LIEN behind a municipal control box.

ROUNDS seek them. Kassar reloads--

HATHAWAY keeps Lien low, races across sidewalk into the BLUE GATES of the QUARRY BAY subway, racing down stairs--

KASSAR and GUARD run around the wreckage, after them--

INT. QUARRY BAY SUBWAY

Hathaway and Lien, covered in dirt and bruises, stumble over the turnstile, pushing toward a WAITING TRAIN, jamming inside--

CLANG. The doors of the train close. The car speeds out of the station.

KASSAR skipping over the turnstile.

Raising his rifle at the departing train. Nothing to shoot at.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

HATHAWAY holds a hysterical LIEN close.

LIEN
Dawai--!

HATHAWAY
Listen to me! Can they get to the next stop before the train?

She breaks down.

HATHAWAY
Lien!

LIEN
No. We...we're under Victoria Harbor. To Hong Kong side.

Hathaway's eyes scan the dark tunnel as the car screams through. He holds her tighter.

EXT. DESERTED HONG KONG STREET

Devoid of people. Glass and steel arcing to infinity. Eerie. Hathaway holding Lien closely, moving through the narrow streets. They're dirty, bloody, alone. She stops, folds into his arms, breaks down.

Getting Lien to focus, for survival--

HATHAWAY

(her eyes, vacant)

Hey. This is the hardest thing you've done. We have to grieve later. We got no standing, no help. We're fugitives on the run. We're hunters and hunted...right now, we have to survive.

She struggles to rise to comprehend words, to understand.

HATHAWAY

You understand?

...she nods. She looks at him.

LIEN

You and me. You cannot stop me. We are going together to find them.

HATHAWAY

Yes we are.

I/E. HONG KONG AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The light bars of an ambulance flash red. Inside, Jessup clings to life while--

INT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A HONG KONG YOUTH performs DELICATE SURGERY on Hathaway's ANKLE BRACELET. A power loop that bypasses the strap. CHOW and his van are in the background, Hathaway is in a chair.

NOW A CIRCULAR SAW slices through the bracelet. It slips free. It still functions because of the bypass loop.

The STILL-BLINKING BRACELET is loaded into the messenger bag of a MOTORCYCLE RIDER. He tears out of the warehouse.

Meanwhile, Chow exchanges documents for cash with Lien.

LIEN lost in thought. Focused. She pulls a printout from her jacket. Hands it to Hathaway. It's the hard copy SATELLITE MAP of MALAYSIAN COASTLINE.

HATHAWAY

I was thinking the same thing.

(reads)

(MORE)

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Perak, Malaysia. What the hell are
they doing in Perak, Malaysia? *

EXT. PORT OF HONG KONG - STONECUTTERS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Motorcyclist stops. Waits. Then he carefully drops the satchel with Hathaway's ankle bracelet over the bridge. We SEE it land on top of a massive container ship heading out towards the South China Sea.

EXT. NEW TERRITORIES, PRIVATE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Lien hugs Chow at his van and then crosses with Hathaway to board a SINGLE-PROP PLANE. Lien presses a handful of cash to the pilot.

Plane taxis, taking off into a crystal night sky over the towering lights of Hong Kong.

EXT. PERAK, MALAYSIA - DAY

A BEATEN UP LAND ROVER drives down a dusty two lane roadway through verdant foothills dropping down into a broad and low plain with hills on the distant right and left. Large swaths of the plain have been cleared. Scattered agricultural workers and a few distant villages are seen.

TITLE: PERAK, MALAYSIA

EXT. NORTHERN RANGE OF HILLS - PERAK - DAY

THE LAND ROVER parked. Hathaway and Lien are on a ridge. Earthworks and construction equipment in the distance as they overlook the broad plain. *

HATHAWAY kneels on the ground over his laptop. He opens the code of the DAYA BAY VIRUS. *

HATHAWAY
(to monitor as if to the Actor)
One-fifty, fast, from Chicago. Seed money. Then you hit six PLC's controlling the water pumps in Daya Bay and knocked out a nuclear reactor. Why?
(pause)
You didn't need money to fund that and Daya Bay's not making you any money--

CODE MORPHS INTO A VISUALIZATION: The PLC's being infected. The pumps seizing.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
(to monitor)
\$150 mil is sitting in limbo. You're writing code. For what? What are you trying to do?

Lien is looking behind her at a reservoir.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)
Chicago, China, Istanbul. What's
here? What is in Perak, Malaysia?

CLOSE: LIEN shading her eyes from the laser-like sun, looking
at the distant construction site.

LIEN

Nick.

Hathaway stands holding his open laptop.

LIEN (CONT'D)
What are they building?

Lien types in--

LIEN (CONT'D)
Companies listed in Perak. Two.

Hathaway looks at Lien's list--

HATHAWAY
PeraTin Mining. Caloptin Mines.
Come here--

Hathaway moves along the ridge. Lien follows.

EXT. CHANNEL - DAY

They hear a ROAR. They appear at the top of the ridge. And
we see what they are seeing: a torrent of water made to
bypass the broad plain and divert to the reservoir behind
them.

INT. PUMP HOUSE - HATHAWAY + LIEN

enter down a ladder of rungs stuck into reinforced concrete.
Massive noise. The bulbous streamlined shape of powerful
motors.

HATHAWAY looks for, discovers and reads, the nameplate on the
equipment: "Siemens Model 437A."

HATHAWAY
(shouts over noise)
This...the same pump...as Daya Bay!
Siemens!

LIEN
(shouts)
What?!

Hathaway gestures... They climb out.

EXT. PUMP HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE BROAD PLAIN - DAY

Hathaway and Lien enter from the dark interior with the reservoir behind them, looking at the broad plain with the channel redirecting the river flow on the right.

HATHAWAY

The sluice is using the same water pump as at Daya Bay.

Hathaway kneels, at his laptop, opens the Daya Bay data...

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

(to monitor)

...same water pump, but the A model. Probably different in capacity. Five will get you ten it's controlled by the same PLC's.

(beat)

Tin mining. They're mining tin here. By diverting the river and holding back the water behind the dam. And it's run by Siemens water pumps, run by the same PLC's.

LIEN

But why Daya Bay?

HATHAWAY

We've been looking through the looking glass the wrong way.

Hathaway accesses the Daya Bay virus code. As if talking to the code's author, The Actor, the Player they're hunting:

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

You didn't target the pumps at Daya Bay to knock out the reactor. You targeted it to knock out the pumps.

LIEN

I'm not with you.

HATHAWAY

He was rehearsing.

(to laptop/Actor)

He's gonna shut down these Siemens water pumps. And the dyke and the channel will overflow. He's gonna flood this plain. Like a tsunami. Flood the mines. People, villagers, what does he care? They are statistics. Digits. Ones and zeroes. But it will create a shortage of tin and skyrocket the price on exchanges around the world.

(to Lien)

He's using his one-fifty to buy tin ore futures.

LIEN
 If he buys on margin? Four to one
 and it doubles, it's a billion
 something...

*
 *
 *

EXT. ELECTRONICS FLEA MARKET - NIGHT

TITLE: ISTANBUL, TURKEY

A seething marketplace, a Middle Eastern flair. PATRONS and VENDORS barter over their wares.

Emerging: LIEN AND HATHAWAY, side-by-side. They press through the marketplace carrying PACKAGES OF ELECTRONICS, gloves, gaffers' tape, tools. Suddenly, in TURKISH--

TURKISH TEEN

Hey!

A hand on his shoulder, Hathaway snaps around. A BRIGHTLY COLORED FLYER is pressed into his hand.

TURKISH TEEN

Bakla Horani.

(switching to English)

Carnival. You come.

The large American and the Asian woman in the crowd of TURKS - aware of their presence, turning heads.

HATHAWAY

How'd he know we weren't Turkish?

LIEN

I can't imagine. We're so inconspicuous together.

Hathaway notes her mood's elevated for the first time since Dawai's death. And, he checks out the flyer--

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - NIGHT

A decrepit, third-world rental. Hathaway watches as Lien wires up the gear they purchased. He looks out the window: crowds of TURKS a couple of stories below.

*
 *

He closes the curtains and turns on the naked overhead bulb.

*

She makes a last connection, FIRING UP TWO LAPTOPS--

*

Hathaway comes over. She leans against his shoulder as the computers boot. First, he locates INTRASHIELD on a Google Earth map of Istanbul. Now he spreads the tools he bought: screwdrivers, heavy files, rolls of duct tape, a mallet, variety of punches-- We don't know their purpose.

*

I/E. ISTANBUL VAN / INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - NIGHT

An old one-story warehouse in an industrial section of the city, a lone lighted sign proclaiming, simply: INTRASHIELD. But the building is surrounded by TALL CHAIN LINK, RAZOR WIRE and a SERIOUS GUARD BOOTH. *

An unmarked van cruises the block. Lien is at the wheel. Hathaway directs her into the SIX-STORY PARKING GARAGE next door.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOF - NIGHT

Their van enters onto the roof of the parking structure across from a HEAVY-DUTY PICKUP TRUCK.

SEEN FROM THE STREET BELOW--

Hathaway at the edge of the roof looks down. Then he walks away--

ON THE ROOFTOP--

Hathaway climbs back into the driver seat of the van.

LIEN
You think this work?

Hathaway motions for her to get out and close the door. She does. Hathaway drives away as if he's leaving. He starts to descend the ramp.

Hathaway stops. Drops the van into REVERSE. And FLOORS IT.

ACCELERATING BACKWARDS UP THE RAMP it bounces onto the roof. CAREENING TOWARD THE PARKED PICKUP. He REAR-ENDS the PICKUP and then SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES--

THE PICKUP TRUCK SLAMS-- *

THROUGH THE RAILING. Plummets sixty feet in freefall. Then-- *

CRASHES. SMASHES THROUGH THE ROOF OF INTRASHIELD. The top of the warehouse collapses -- a gigantic HOLE. A plume of dust in the air.

ALARMS and SIRENS OF ALL KINDS in the night--

EXT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - MINUTES LATER

FIRE TRUCKS and EMERGENCY RESPONDERS scream into the Intrashield parking lot. Dazed NIGHT-SHIFT EMPLOYEES file out of the front entrance of the building as FIREFIGHTERS FILE IN--

Across the street, Hathaway and Lien are parked in the van.

HATHAWAY
I'm not back in five, you split.
Right to the airport. Understood?

She nods.

Hathaway steps out of the van. He moves head-down right into the place. Employees are scrambling. Totally freaked out. No one pays Hathaway any mind. He walks right through the front door into the CHAOS.

INT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Hathaway files past an empty reception area. We spot the wreckage of the PICKUP dangling through the roof. FLAMES curl out of its ENGINE.

EMERGENCY PERSONNEL hurry past SCREAMING IN TURKISH.

Hathaway moves on, unnoticed--

INT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER *

Hathaway alone in a dark corridor. Incessant ALARMS. He stops at a locked door marked SERVER ROOM in numerous languages. Pulls a HAMMER from his pocket and a PUNCH. Looks both ways and then--

WHACK. He slams the deadbolt lock's cylinder through the lock out the back. Another ALARM starts SCREAMING BUT--

It's masked by the din of all the others. Hathaway looks both ways down the hall again and wrenches out the dead bolt.

INT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - RECEPTION - THAT MOMENT

At the RECEPTION DESK, a closed-circuit camera shows Hathaway's burglary in progress. FIREFIGHTERS and SECURITY GUARDS rush past, not noticing--

INT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - SERVER ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway looking at racks, searching for their Actor's web address. No luck. Moving to the second. Onto the third--

Success. Opening the rack. Firing up a monitor. Plugging in a USB key. Quickly beginning to COPY DATA off the machine at the same time he installs an AFX ROOTKIT--

He checks a watch on his wrist and then--

EXT. INTRASHIELD DATA CENTER - MINUTES LATER

Lien sits outside Intrashield in the van. Anxious. She checks her watch. Turns on the ignition key. Headlights strike up. Is she going to drive away when--

Hathaway emerges from the building, filing out unnoticed as the CHAOS continues, getting into the van alongside Lien.

HATHAWAY

We're on.

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hathaway clones the USB key. Gives the clone to Lien. She plugs in. SIDE BY SIDE, neighboring laptops, shoulder to shoulder.

CLOSE: HATHAWAY'S laptop cycles through data from the Intrashield server. It displays across multiple screens. Lien's does the same:

IT'S EVERYTHING: FINANCIAL RECORDS. ACCOUNT NUMBERS. DATES, LARGE SUMS OF MONEY in a DEPOSIT column...

LIEN

Money from Kassar. \$146.8 million deposited day before yesterday. Local banks.

HATHAWAY

Look--

Hathaway directs her to THREE FILES he's opening. Inside: v1, v2 and v3. Ominous.

HATHAWAY

The third version of the virus. But running more units. *

Scans through code.

HATHAWAY

224. 224?

Hathaway launches a window. MORE CODE.

HATHAWAY

Virus Version Three. His new code targets the same model PLC's as Daya Bay. He's gonna stop 224 pumps. *

(to monitor)

Who you are? Where you are? I'm gonna find you. *

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - MORNING

WARM SUNLIGHT through the windows. Lien stands in front of a full-length mirror applying a bright shade of red lipstick. She's wearing a form-fitting business suit.

Hathaway's on the computer, pulling up a website for the TURKISH BANKING COMMISSION. He zeroes in on the MASTHEAD, the name SEVIN BERK, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT.

LIEN

How I look?

HATHAWAY
You have to ask?

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - MORNING

Lien buys a cup of coffee from a stall in the market.
Turning away--

EXT. ISTANBUL FLAT - BALCONY

Hathaway stands on the balcony of the rental, watching Lien disappear into the distant crowd.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER

Lien enters a dingy women's room, attracting stray glances from a HOMELESS WOMAN. Lien crosses to a sink, POURS COFFEE all over a sheaf of papers.

Moving to a hand drier, she dries the stained papers and inserts them back into her bag.

EXT. TURKISH BANKING COMMISSION - DAY

Lien moves through glass doors into a grand lobby and up the marble stairs.

INT. TURKISH BANKING COMMISSION - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Lien scans the front desk manned by THREE RECEPTIONISTS: two women and a man. She approaches the YOUNG MAN--

LIEN
Excuse me. I so sorry. You speak English?

The Young Turk looks up. He sees Lien standing over him. She dazzles him with her smile.

YOUNG TURK
A little.

LIEN
Can you help me? I have meeting with Mr. Berk in five minute and you not believe this, but my presentation...

She pulls the coffee-stained papers out of the satchel.

YOUNG TURK
Oh no.

A big smile as she reaches back into the bag. Coming out with a USB stick:

LIEN
Any chance you can print me new copy?

The Young Turk considers for a moment before taking the stick from Lien. MACRO CLOSE as he plugs it into a USB PORT ON HIS MACHINE--

VIRUS ANIMATION

Inside that USB port. A VIRUS OF HATHAWAY'S infects the machines at reception before surging upstream. It tracks its way through the network of the Turkish Banking Commission.

Latching onto systems there, it PHONES HOME, shooting a beacon out to the world, travelling through Istanbul's pipelines, finally emerging at--

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

--Hathaway's laptop. Hathaway sees "Turkish Banking Commission." He begins typing while--

INT. TURKISH BANKING COMMISSION - THAT MOMENT

Lien takes the clean copy of phony papers from the Young Turk. Moving through reception to the elevators. A BUSINESSMAN HOLDS a door open for her but she keeps going--

LIEN

I catch the next one.

--walking past the elevators and heading out a back exit.

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

HATHAWAY opens half-a-dozen windows with EIGHT-FIGURE BALANCES.

He types. One by one the windows change to read: EMERGENCY ACCOUNT HOLD. FUNDS FROZEN. *

He turns to another laptop. A SECOND LOGIN--

He's into the INTRASHIELD SERVER. He hears the DOOR OPEN behind him--

LIEN enters, pulling off a pair of sunglasses.

LIEN

Well?

HATHAWAY

Home run.

She comes to him, drapes her arms over his shoulders. he types a message as she watches: *

YOU DON'T KNOW ME. BUT I KNOW YOU.

AND YOU'RE HAVING A BAD DAY.

+90 (212) 455 12 19

Hathaway hits SEND.

HATHAWAY
Now we wait.

HOLD on the pixels of Hathaway's computer monitor humming in the rental flat and then--

LATER THAT NIGHT

The flat dark. LIEN AND HATHAWAY on edge, half-eaten takeout containers sprawled before them. A long silence. Finally--

RING. Hathaway's cell. Hathaway looks at the screen. UNKNOWN CALLER. He shows it to Lien. Hathaway lets the phone ring once more and then:

HATHAWAY
You got my message.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERLIN HOTEL SUITE - THAT MOMENT

A chilly hotel suite looking out over Berlin. A JARHEAD silhouetted against the lights. ELIAS KASSAR with a phone to his ear, his LEBANESE ACCENT THICK, BITING: *

KASSAR
I got your message. Now you tell me what you want.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
You and me-- We crossed paths a few days ago.

KASSAR
I don't have time for games.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
Neither do I. Which is why I'm not wasting my fucking time talking to a bag man. *

Hathaway lets this land. *

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
Here's the terms. Phones only. No face-to-face. You got it? Next. Your boss. On the line with me in fifteen. *

KASSAR
That's not possible.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
I have \$150 million of his money.
Make it possible.

CLICK. Hathaway hangs up.

BACK TO:

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway sets the phone down. Lien jittery. Twenty seconds pass, the two of them staring at the phone.

INT. BERLIN HOTEL CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT

Track behind Kassar as he walks down a stately hallway in a Berlin hotel. While back in Istanbul--

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

And that's all the time it takes. The CELL RINGS again.
Hathaway picks up:

HATHAWAY

Talk.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERLIN HOTEL - HUGE SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Kassar stands with SADAK (20s, thin, hard). Sadak has the phone to his ear, his voice cold, precise:

SADAK

Your note said you know me but I don't know you. But that's not right, is it, Hathaway?

He knows who Hathaway is.

SADAK

What do you want?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

I want to be Casper the rich ghost.

SADAK

I thought you had a job.

HATHAWAY

That kind of fell apart.

SADAK

Looking for re-employment?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

What do I want employment for? I want a piece.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SADAK

Go on.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

Of your end.

SADAK

Putting yourself back in the game?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

That's right.

SADAK

You were never in the game. You were a glorified carder whose time is passed. Check your expiration date. Your shelf-life is up. You barely exist.

*
*
*

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

A glorified carder holding your one-fifty.

SADAK

This will be the last time I ask. What is it you want?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

Twenty percent of the take on the Malaysian hit.

SADAK

For releasing my money.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

For renting you my code.

*

SADAK

You didn't do anything with your code. Your code is like its author. Failed potential. Empty script. My performance is what gives that script meaning.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

What's it mean without a bankroll?

SADAK

You'd be my partner?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)

Twenty percent, call it whatever you want, honey.

SADAK

I always know my partners.

BACK TO:

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway holding the phone.

HATHAWAY
I don't. I told your bag man, I
don't meet.

SADAK (V.O.)
I don't give a fuck what you want.
It's what I want.

(beat)
I can put together another
bankroll. Target another target.
But you? If I stop thinking about
you? You disappear, vanish.
Literally cease to exist. You're a
virtual person. Like everybody
else.

(beat)
It's ten o'clock tomorrow night.
Port of Haydarpasa rail yards. Or
piss-off and die, ghost-man.

Playing the anguish of the decision.

HATHAWAY
Come alone or say goodbye to your
money.

SADAK (V.O.)
Yeah, yeah.

CLICK. Now it's Sadak's turn to hang up. Hathaway turns to
Lien. A long, unspoken moment between them. Then--

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - HATHAWAY

He prepares. Lien watches from across the room. A
screwdriver has been filed to a point. Tape has been wrapped
around the handle making it thicker. It looks like a prison
shank. Hathaway secures the shank up his forearm with two
thick rubber bands. The handle sits on top of his left
wrist. Under his sleeve.

He splits in half thick phone books and tapes flat sections
against his abdomen and his back under his ribcage to protect
his kidneys. Like armor. He twists a towel and wraps it low
around his neck and raises his dark shirt collar over it to
protect his neck.

These are NOT preparations he learned at MIT.

Lien with foreboding looks away from this.

EXT. PORT OF HAYDARPASA RAIL YARDS - NIGHT

A crane lifts a container from the stacks, depositing it on
the bed of a freight car. A TRAIN HORN bellows in the
distance.

A BLACK RANGE ROVER idles.

INT. RANGE ROVER - THAT MOMENT

In the back Sadak sits with Kassar. Two BODY GUARDS are in the front. Sadak checks a watch: 10:07 PM. A PHONE rings.

SADAK
Who's that?

One of the bodyguards raises the cell. Sadak takes it.
Answers:

SADAK
Yes?

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
Meet's changed. Sururi Park. And
lose the security.

CLICK. Hathaway hangs up. Anger on Sadak's face.

INT. ISTANBUL FLAT - THAT MOMENT

Hathaway and Lien watch a laptop that feeds them A CLOSED CIRCUIT SURVEILLANCE CAMERA from the port. They watch the Range Rover drive off. Then a second SUV of Sadak's people reveals itself and follows the Range Rover.

The room. Hathaway in dark clothes.

LIEN
I'm worried.

HATHAWAY
If I can get close? But if it
doesn't work...

He pulls her to him.

LIEN
I know.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREETS (VARIOUS) - NIGHT

SADAK'S RANGE ROVER presses through Istanbul's streets, moving out of the industrial district toward the center. It passes over the Bosphorous Bridge out of Asia and into Europe--

EXT. ISTANBUL FLAT, BALCONY - LIEN

LIEN stands on the balcony watching HATHAWAY walk away down the street. A lonely man in a foreign land. She turns inside. She shuts off the remaining light. Stepping to the front door--

*
*

I/E. RANGE ROVER / SURURI PARK - NIGHT

A green square. The Range Rover. Idling. SADAK in the backseat. The bodyguard's PHONE RINGS. SADAK answers, not saying a word--

EXT. FERIKOY STREETS - THAT MOMENT

HATHAWAY
The location changes again.
Mahmutaga in Ferikoy.

HATHAWAY on foot. BRIGHT LIGHTS visible on the horizon. The sound of a distant crowd.

He hangs up. Walking toward that crowd while--

INT. RANGE ROVER - SADAK

nods to his driver who puts the vehicle back in gear. Sadak looks at Kassar who checks there's a round in the chamber of his SIG .45 loaded into a shoulder holster.

I/E. RANGE ROVER DOWN MAHMUTAGA STREET - MINUTES LATER

It heads for its next destination. Pulling up short at a WOODEN ROAD BLOCK manned by POLICE OFFICERS.

Sadak's DRIVER rolls down his window, calling to one of the cops in Turkish:

SADAK'S DRIVER
I need to get through.

TURKISH COP 1
*Wat are you, blind? Bakla Horani.
Carnival's got the whole area
blocked. You want to get through,
do it on foot.*

EXT. FERIKOY STREETS - REVEAL

A MASSIVE PARTY TAKING PLACE on the other side of that road. The only celebration of Carnival in the Muslim world. Floats and marchers move down streets with the WILD CHEERS OF REVELERS--

MANY ARE WEARING MASKS--

EXT. MAHMUTAGA STREET - THAT MOMENT

SADAK and his BODYGUARDS out of the Range Rover. Sadak snaps at Kassar in Turkish:

SADAK
stay close.

FOUR MORE join from the second SUV. They press into the frenzy, jostled by the masked PARTY-GOERS on all sides.

They push through the crowd to be out of sight but flank Sadak. They're the only ones not in costume. Not hard to spot. Meanwhile, ABOVE THEM--

I/E. FERIKOY MINARET - LIEN

has climbed up an ancient tower. SADAK'S MEN in the crowd are below her. She reaches for a cell phone as--

EXT. MAHMUTAGA STREET - THAT MOMENT

Sadak's CELL RINGS again. He answers, straining above the din of the festival:

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
I said come alone.

SADAK
I'm a people person.

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
Last chance. An alley is two hundred yards east of you--

Sadak lets the phone fall from his ear for a moment. He sees the alley. He realizes Hathaway has eyes on him. He motions to Kassar to SCAN THE WINDOWS--

Kassar's hand's on his pistol, ready to draw. He's PUSHED BY CARNIVAL ENTHUSIASTS. He shoves them away to stay at Sadak's side--

HATHAWAY (V.O.)
Pass through. You and Kassar only.

CLICK. The call disconnects.

I/E. FERIKOY MINARET - THAT MOMENT

LIEN'S view of Sadak and his men. Sadak telling the bodyguards to stay put. Taking Kassar and moving forward--

Lien reaches for her phone. Texting: MOVING.

EXT. MAHMUTAGA STREET - THAT MOMENT

Sadak and Kassar PRESS THROUGH THE PARADE to reach the alley entrance.

COMPLAINTS from the crowd as some are shoved aside. Sadak, angry:

SADAK
Fucking move.

Two young men push back. Kassar COLDCOCKS one, pistol whips the other, opening his face. People clear. He and Sadak move through. The alleyway is in front of them--

FERIKOY ALLEYWAY

Sadak and Kassar enter. Thirty yards long, light visible on the other side. An ancient corridor, their eyes dart to windows overhead.

Kassar draws his pistol.

They emerge--

KURTULUS SPOR KULUBU STREETS

THE CARNIVAL CELEBRATION IS EVEN MORE RAUCOUS. The crowd is thicker, rowdier. Kassar keeps his SIG .45 low.

TURKISH COP 2

Hey. Keep moving.

A uniformed officer standing there gesturing. Kassar nods, his gun unseen by the cop. He and Sadak move on.

FIREWORKS SCREAM into the sky. They REVEAL--

A MAN IN A BALACLAVA MASK is tailing Sadak and Kassar from thirty feet behind. It's Hathaway. He fits in with the masked party-goers. He looks back into the alley. No one else is tailing. It was a choke point: any backup Sadak had would have been revealed to Hathaway. He moves through the crowd drawing closer to Kassar.

KASSAR doesn't sense him. In SLOW MOTION WE SEE him match Kassar's foot falls, match the rhythm of his stride. We SEE him watch Kassar's breathing. He matches that, too. He comes up closer upon his prey, undiscovered.

KASSAR - still unaware Hathaway is less than THREE FEET from him and closing - and Kassar's sixth sense kicks in. He suddenly turns. His SIG is in Hathaway's face. He's surprised Hathaway got so close. He gestures to take off the mask. Hathaway does.

SADAK

Check him.

Hathaway raises his hands. Kassar with the SIG in his right hand and his right foot drawn back out of Hathaway's reach, pats him down with his left.

CLOSER. HATHAWAY'S RAISED ARMS. HIS RIGHT HAND touches the shank's handle, banded to the top of his left wrist.

In ONE MOVE Hathaway's left sweeps Kassar's left hand to the left, ripping him left, rotating Kassar so his back's to Hathaway's chest. Kassar can't fire. Hathaway's RIGHT PUNCHES THE SHANK into Kassar's temple twice, leaving it there. Buried.

HATHAWAY
 (whispers)
 Remember Chen Dawai? Carly
 Barrett? Jessup....

Kassar's paralyzed. Standing. And dead. Hathaway already
 has Kassar's SIG. Kassar crumbles. *

SADAK saw it all. Sadak stares as Hathaway approaches.
 FIREWORKS erupt. Garish light, hot colors. People nearby
 notice the fallen body, start to back away. *
 *

SADAK
 Twenty percent is too high.

HATHAWAY
 I drop your pal, you're talking
 points?

SADAK
 150,000 people die on the planet
 every day. One more? I am
 supposed to evidence grief?
 Because I knew him?
 (beat)
 You I don't even know. *

HATHAWAY
 I know you. *

SADAK
 (laughs)
 You do? That makes one of us. I
 don't know me, my own name.
 Orphans in the Balkans got named.
 Renamed. I have a different name
 on every passport. Some days I
 wake up, I don't know who I am or
 where I am.
 (beat)
 So let's talk about my money.

HATHAWAY
 This isn't about that...

SADAK
 Then what is it about? *

Hathaway raises Kassar's gun into Sadak's face. Sadak stares
 back. No fear.

HATHAWAY
 What it's about is not virtual.
 Not digital. Not zeroes and ones.
 What's that tell ya? *

SADAK
 Violence? I'm a Gamer. I hire
 people to do...sub-symbolic stuff. *

HATHAWAY

I do my own.

SADAK

Then whatever you're going to do
with that gun, Hathaway? Go ahead
and do it. *

(beat)

If I stop, so does the world.

(beat) *

So what do I care?

Sadak holds. Hathaway reading Sadak's pathological and
indifferent eyes. *

Sadak turns and starts to walk away. Hathaway raises the
pistol. Wants to...but has difficulty shooting Sadak in the
back. He lowers his gun arm. *

TIME SLOWS--

Hathaway's jailhouse vision focuses on the minute. On
SADAK'S FOOTFALLS as he exits. The FALL OF LIGHT FROM the
BURST OF FIREWORKS in the sky. SYNCOPATED APPLAUSE of
distant partygoers. And--

SADAK TURNS...glances over his shoulder back at Hathaway.
The moment doesn't even last a second, but Hathaway reads it.
Sadak isn't looking AT HIM. He's looking PAST HIM, BEHIND
HIM at--

ONE of Sadak's BODYGUARDS. Bodyguard's SMG coming up onto
Hathaway-- *

SADAK--

moves at a diagonal-- *

HATHAWAY--

knowing the threat is from behind, feints left, slots right-- *

BODYGUARD FIRES-- *

HATHAWAY keeps moving right, to the Guard's offside, turning,
while-- *

SADAK pulls a COMBAT KNIFE sheathed in his belt. Charges
back as-- *

HATHAWAY'S caught by one 9mm round in the waist and it
rotates him as he comes up and shoots the Bodyguard in the
HEAD. FAST.

CROWD SCREAMS. And--

SADAK is behind Hathaway, now. He STABS THE KNIFE down into
Hathaway's neck... where it gets caught up in the rolled
towel... *

as Sadak frees it, he slashes Hathaway's right forearm. Hathaway's gun falls. Sadak slashes at Hathaway again but--

HATHAWAY dodges, grabs Sadak's knife arm, punches Sadak full in the face. Turns his back into Sadak, gets his right behind Sadak's elbow and--

BREAKS Sadak's arm. The knife falls from Sadak's hand as--

HATHAWAY pulls the broader shank, turns and, BACKHANDED, punches it into Sadak's chest five times. FASTER than the eye can see. *

SADAK WIDE-EYED. Knows he's dead. His heart's gone. FALLING.

UP THE STREET--

are cops. The crowd is too thick. They're blocked. Meanwhile--

HATHAWAY--

stands over the fallen Hacker. Sadak seems to stare at Hathaway's face with a strange look.

Blood rushes from his mouth.

Life leaves Sadak. An anonymous Hacker dead on the pavement. *

THIRTY-FEET AWAY--

The cops muscle through the crowd, pushing them out of their way but all they find is--

SADAK'S BODY.

Hathaway is gone.

PULLING BACK AND HIGH TO REVEAL--

A crowd of hundreds and hundreds of masked revelers moving in a panic, Hathaway somewhere in their midst, anonymous, lost to the world...

EXT. FERIKOY MINARET - MINUTES LATER

Lien waits in the shadows at the base of that minaret. She fingers her phone anxiously. Holding and then--

HATHAWAY (O.C.)
Let's go.

She looks up at him. Sees the dark stain spreading on his shirt, Hathaway clutching torn cloth to the wound at his waist.

LIEN
You're hurt.

HATHAWAY

I'm fine.

EXT. ISTANBUL FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT

FIREWORKS erupt in the distant sky. Lien and Hathaway appear on the street of their rental. Walking quietly, head down, Hathaway's left arm tight against his gunshot wound.

Hathaway stops Lien.

A slew of DARK CARS with AERIALS line the block in front of their flat. Hathaway turns Lien around--

HATHAWAY

We're gone.

She starts to speak--

HATHAWAY

Hey. We're gone.

EXT. EMBANKMENT ON THE BOSPHORUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Across from the river is a pharmacy. ON THE WATER is reflected the city lights. A silhouette waiting there at the railing over the river is HATHAWAY. LIEN comes out of the pharmacy. She has a bag full of medical supplies. They walk together.

HATHAWAY

They'll be looking for us. All sides. Sadak's people. The Americans. Maybe the Chinese--

LIEN

You trying to say goodbye again?

HATHAWAY

You can go home.

LIEN

Where's home?

Hathaway says nothing.

LIEN (CONT'D)

Dawai said something about you.

HATHAWAY

What was that?

She takes his hand.

LIEN

You were best coder he ever worked with.

(beat)

(MORE)

LIEN (CONT'D)

But you were better when you had a partner.

(beat)

When I'm with you, I'm home.

And he holds her hand, looking at her for a long time. Then--

EXT. MONTEMARTE - MORNING

Paris in the spring. TOURISTS mill among ARTISTS hawking street art. Sacré Couer lingers white and ghostlike overhead. Nearby in an internet cafe--

INT. PARISIAN INTERNET CAFE - THAT MOMENT

A slender Asian woman wearing oversized sunglasses nurses a cup of coffee in the window. ANONYMOUS YOUTHS plugged in on machines behind her. The woman: LIEN--

Looking out the window across the way while at that moment--

EXT. PARISIAN ATM - THAT MOMENT

AN ATM CARD is inserted in a machine. Fingers dance across the pin pad. Withdrawal. 500 EUROS. The machine spits out the cash.

Reveal Hathaway taking the money. The ATM prompting him: WOULD YOU LIKE A RECEIPT?

Hathaway selects "YES."

The receipt prints. He glances down at it--

WITHDRAWAL: 500 EUROS

REMAINING BALANCE: 112,759,131 EUROS

He crumples the receipt into a ball, pocketing it as Lien falls along beside him in the street. They walk side-by-side for a long time without saying a word.

She looks to him, expectant, hopeful:

LIEN

Where to?

He looks back. And smiles--

BLACK.

