

GEMINI MAN

By

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Property of: Jerry Bruckheimer Films  
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EXT. BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Belgrade.*

Two black-on-black Audi Q7s with tinted windows pull up in front of the station. Three MEN step out of each SUV and surveil the area: the PEDESTRIANS passing by on the sidewalk, the traffic in the street, even the rooftops.

None of the six bodyguards is particularly large, they don't have razor scars on their faces, their scalps are no longer shaved-- but even if you didn't know they were ex-paramilitary, you would know enough to step out of their way.

When the bodyguards determine the area is safe, one of them opens the rear door of the second Audi. An older man, COLONEL BORZ (55), steps out of the SUV.

Still wiry and fit, his blue eyes fierce as a wolf's, Borz has the authoritative bearing of a man who has been giving orders for thirty years.

He marches toward the station, his six bodyguards forming a loose phalanx around him. The protection is quiet and efficient-- a casual observer wouldn't even notice Borz and his guardians.

As the Serbs head inside the train station, a decidedly non-casual observer follows twenty paces behind. MONROE, a young American (25) dressed like a college student on a semester abroad, has the Time Out guide to Belgrade in his hands.

He wears a Bluetooth earpiece and speaks quietly.

MONROE

They're in the station.

EXT. SERBIAN HIGHWAY - DAY

A nondescript European sedan cruises down the road.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

HENRY BROGAN (60s) sits behind the wheel. He also wears a Bluetooth earpiece.

Henry has been fighting in one war or another for just as long as Borz, but he doesn't have the rigid demeanor of a career soldier.

A small green playing card spade is tattooed on the inside of his right wrist, faded by time.

He doesn't respond to Monroe's comment, just keeps driving, not too fast and not too slow.

INT. BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

Monroe follows Borz and his men through the crowded building, always maintaining a safe distance.

The bodyguards, ever vigilant to potential dangers, guide their commander to an outdoor platform where last-minute stragglers jump aboard the Belgrade-Vienna train "Avala."

Borz and his men step into one of the First Class cars.

Monroe boards at the opposite end of the car.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Borz and his bodyguards find a group of seats they want. A YOUNG COUPLE has already claimed two of the seats. The boyfriend plays his girlfriend a song he likes on his iPod and she bobs her head in time to the music.

They look up when they see the ex-paramilitary men staring down at them. For a tense moment nobody says a word. The boyfriend blinks, mutters something to his girlfriend, grabs their bags and leads her away.

Borz sits by the window. His bodyguards sit around him, watching everyone who passes by.

Monroe takes a seat at the far end of the car. A recorded PA announcement crackles over the loudspeakers in Serbian. A moment after that the train begins to roll.

MONROE  
(quietly)  
Car number six. We're moving.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Henry checks the time on his battered old wristwatch. There's probably a story about the watch but you're not going to hear it. He peers out the windshield, looking for something.

## EXT. SERBIAN ROAD - DAY

Henry steers his car off the highway and onto a small, unmarked access road. Clearly he has driven this route before and knows it well.

## EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Expertly navigating the rough road, Henry stops at a desolate rise, hidden from all traffic, no humans in sight.

He hops out of the car, walks around to the trunk, pops it open and pulls out a black vinyl case.

The rise affords an unobstructed view of a stretch of train tracks, half a kilometer away, that disappear into a tunnel bored through a hillside.

## INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe has been pretending to read his Time Out Belgrade. Now he looks up and notes Borz's row and seat number (printed in Cyrillic). He whispers the information into his earpiece.

MONROE

4 Alpha. Repeat, 4 Alpha.

## EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry unfolds a detailed seating chart of the "Avala" train. With a black marker he circles seat 4A in the sixth car.

He pulls a Remington 700 sniper rifle from the vinyl case. He quickly attaches a telescopic sight.

There are far more advanced rifles available than the wood-stocked Remington, but Henry's been shooting with it since 1971 and knows every inch of the weathered old gun.

He fastens the barrel of the rifle to a bipod and lies on his belly, focusing the scope.

He loads a single bullet with the bolt action. One shot is all he gets.

In the distance we see the train approaching.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe stares at the letters above his own seat. Something is bothering him. He peers at the letters above Borz's seat.

MONROE

Hold on... that's not an A. It's a Cyrillic D. He's sitting in 4 Delta. Repeat, 4 Delta.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry glances at the train schematic again.

HENRY

You sure about that?

The train hurtles down the tracks, still two kilometers away but closing fast.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

MONROE

Affirmative. 4 Delta.

HENRY (O.S.)

'Cause you want to be pretty damn sure.

MONROE

I'm sure.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry draws a line through 4A and circles 4D. He steadies the rifle and stares through the telescopic sight.

HENRY

Speed?

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe has begun to sweat. He can't help looking out the window, wondering where Henry is hiding. He pulls a small digital gauge from his pocket.

MONROE

188 kilometers per hour. 189.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Inside the train everything is smooth and quiet, but outside the telephone poles blur past.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe looks up from his gauge and sees a YOUNG MOTHER leading her DAUGHTER (6) to the bathroom.

When they pass Borz and his men, Borz smiles at the little girl. There is something deeply unpleasant about his smile.

From his pocket he pulls a piece of candy in a plastic wrapper and offers it to the girl.

MONROE

We've got two civilians standing by the target.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry slides his finger off the trigger and looks up from the telescopic sight. He watches the train approach.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The young mother seems to recognize Borz. She is visibly frightened. When her daughter glances up at her for permission, the mother gives a worried nod.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train races for the tunnel. In a few seconds it will disappear into the darkness inside the hill.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The girl accepts the piece of candy from Borz, who winks at her and continues to stare.

The girl's mother squeezes her hand and pulls her away.

MONROE

Clear.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry has his finger on the trigger again, one eye closed as the other stares through the scope.

HENRY  
Confirm that.

The train zooms past at 189 kilometers per hour. The first car enters the tunnel, the second, the third.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Monroe tries not to look too obviously nervous, but he knows how fast the train is moving and how close he sits to Borz.

MONROE  
Confirmed.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Wait... wait... now. Henry pulls the trigger.

He looks up from the scope, a worried expression on his face. He missed the shot.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Darkness inside as the train roars through the tunnel.

When it emerges back into sunlight on the other side of the hill, Borz is dead, slumped in his seat below a very neat bullet hole punched through the plexiglass window.

His bodyguards cry out in alarm and reach for their guns with no comprehension of what has happened.

Monroe is already in the next car, walking away, speaking quietly into his earpiece.

MONROE  
Alpha Mike Foxtrot.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Henry stares at the bare train tracks for another moment, still disconcerted. He shakes himself out of his reverie and begins breaking down the rifle.

EXT. BURRGARTEN - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Vienna. Two days later.*

Monroe sits on a park bench near the Mozart monument, watching a lovely AUSTRIAN BLONDE walk her dog.

HENRY (O.S.)  
She's out of your league.

Henry sits beside Monroe and takes the younger man's International Herald Tribune. He glances at one of the headlines, which runs above a photograph of Colonel Borz.

**Serbian Warlord Gunned Down**  
*Sought by Hague for War Crimes*

Henry flips to the back of the newspaper.

HENRY  
Crap.

MONROE  
What happened?

HENRY  
Phillies lost again.

He hands the paper back to Monroe. Unless you were watching carefully, you missed Henry slip a white envelope that had been inside the newspaper into his jacket pocket.

MONROE  
Passport, tickets, cash.

HENRY  
Who am I today?

MONROE  
Henry Borowski.

HENRY  
Borowski. That Polish?

MONROE  
I don't know. Sounds Polish.  
(lowering his voice)  
Just so you know... that was the  
greatest shot I ever saw.

HENRY  
Well, you're young.  
(beat; sober)  
Where did I hit him?

MONROE  
Paper says neck. Why?

HENRY  
I was aiming for his head.

MONROE  
(tapping newspaper)  
The man's dead. So you missed by a  
few inches. Who cares?

HENRY  
If I missed in a different  
direction, someone else might be  
dead. We got lucky.

MONROE  
I'd rather be lucky than good.

HENRY  
That's the difference between you  
and me.

He slaps the young man's shoulder and stands.

HENRY  
Looks like your girlfriend's coming  
back.

Monroe turns and sees the pretty young Viennese woman heading  
back their way with her dog. He smiles.

MONROE  
I knew she liked me.

HENRY  
*Ist der ein Boxer?*

VIENNESE WOMAN  
*Halber Boxer, halbes Mastiff.*

Henry crouches beside the dog and scratches behind its ears.

HENRY  
*Solch ein schöner Junge.*

Henry stands, nods, and walks away from the woman and her  
dog, both of whom seem a little disappointed to see him go.

MONROE

*Guten tag!*

She glances at Monroe, frowns, and leads her dog away.

EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Arlington, Virginia*

There is no sign outside the windowless building, no barbed wire, no armed Marines. Aside from all the security cameras mounted on the walls, this could be a warehouse.

INT. PATTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A bank of silent flatscreen monitors on one wall plays news from around the world with English closed-captioning.

PATTERSON (60s) sits behind his desk, facing Henry, who sits opposite. With his black-framed glasses and intense stare, Patterson has the air of a chess grandmaster.

PATTERSON

The man was a war criminal. The Hague was after him for fifteen years for atrocities committed--

HENRY

It's not about Borz. You're not listening to me.

PATTERSON

I am listening. Your bullet was off course by three inches. It happens.

HENRY

How many years have I been doing this? And how many times have I shot the wrong person?

PATTERSON

Not once.

HENRY

You lose a step, you never get it back. Some other line of work, that might be okay, no one's gonna get hurt. But not this job.

PATTERSON

You're the best we've got. You're the best *anyone's* got, anywhere, and believe me, I keep track. So think of it this way-- if you don't do the work, we've got to give it to someone else, someone who's not as good. Someone who's more likely to miss than you are.

HENRY

Well, that's real flattering, but I don't buy it, boss. You've got good shooters coming up all the time. Kid in Afghanistan got a confirmed kill from over 2400 meters.

PATTERSON

I know. He bragged about it in all the papers. We don't like the kiss and tell stuff.

(beat)

But I hear what you're saying. You've been at it non-stop for a long time. Why don't you take a break? Go down to Florida, take that boat of yours out for some fishing, relax.

Henry squints. A slow smile spreads across his face.

HENRY

Don't remember telling you about the boat, boss.

PATTERSON

You don't tell me about a lot of things. Doesn't mean I don't know them.

The two old soldiers stare at each other, both smiling, neither happy.

HENRY

How come I'm starting to feel a little threatened?

PATTERSON

Because you're old and paranoid?

HENRY

I'm old because I'm paranoid.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Siesta Key, Florida*

Henry, wearing a Phillies cap, carries his fishing rod and a cooler over the weathered planks of a long dock, passing luxurious boats tricked out with the latest technology.

His own fishing boat, the 1959 *Ella Mae*, might be the smallest in the marina at twenty-one feet. It is surely the only wood-hull in a crowd of slick fiberglass upstarts.

Henry unties the mooring line, turns the ignition key, and steers his boat out of the marina.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

The *Ella Mae* sways on the waves, several miles from shore. Henry's fishing rod is secured in the holder mounted on the gunnel, the line dangling in the water.

Henry himself sits back with his feet up, sipping from a bottle of beer, watching the seagulls.

He smiles. This is pretty damn good. He reaches into the cooler and pulls out a hardcover edition of *War and Peace*.

He eyes the massive book, flipping through the 1400 pages. Jesus. He takes a deep breath, sets aside the bottle of beer and turns to page one.

EXT. MARINA - SUNSET

Henry walks along the long dock, away from the *Ella Mae*, with his fishing rod and cooler. Other SPORTS FISHERMEN shout to each other as they haul their trophy marlins, taking pictures and waiting in line at the big scale at the end of the dock.

A YOUNG WOMAN wearing a Siesta Key Marina polo shirt and holding a clipboard stands near the scale. There aren't many women around and she's quite pretty-- the men on the dock flirt incompetently as she signs in their slip numbers.

Henry nods as he passes her and she smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN  
No luck today, Mr. Brogan?

HENRY  
Nah, they outsmarted me.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You want us to fill your tank for  
you?

HENRY  
That'd be good, thanks.

She makes a note in her clipboard.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Fishing for marlin?

HENRY  
Uh huh.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Lure or bait?

HENRY  
Bait.

YOUNG WOMAN  
We've had a lot of luck using  
Spanish mackerel.

She looks up from her clipboard and smiles again.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Word to the wise.

He sets down his cooler and extends his hand.

HENRY  
Henry.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(shaking)  
Danny.

HENRY  
Short for Danielle?

DANNY  
Just Danny. My Dad really loved  
that song.

HENRY  
Which song?

DANNY  
(beat)  
Danny's Song.

Henry smiles and shakes his head, picking up his cooler.

HENRY  
Probably after my time.

DANNY  
Hey now, you're not so old, Mr.  
Brogan.

HENRY  
Henry.

DANNY  
Henry.

HENRY  
Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

DANNY  
See you tomorrow.

Before Henry gets very far, Danny calls after him:

DANNY  
Oh, just so you know, there's a  
good band playing at the Oyster Bar  
tonight. I mean, I hear they're  
good. Maybe they know my song.

Henry turns and squints at her. She really is lovely. He  
smiles.

HENRY  
How long you been working for them?

DANNY  
For who? The marina? Just a couple  
of weeks.

Henry watches her. Danny senses that something is off.

DANNY  
Sorry, I'm a little confused.

HENRY  
Sweetheart, I've been playing this  
game a lot longer than you.

He starts walking away. Over his shoulder:

HENRY  
I liked that bit about Danny's  
Song.

Danny watches him go, chewing her lip. She can't believe she blew it so quickly.

DANNY  
(to herself)  
That bit is true.

INT. OYSTER BAR - NIGHT

A COVER BAND plays Seventies Southern Rock on a platform stage. The bar is popular with the LOCALS.

Henry sits by himself at the bar, sipping a beer and watching a baseball game on the television. A BARTENDER (40s, female) pours drinks.

DANNY (O.S.)  
So what gave me away?

She seats herself on the stool next to him. He glances at her and smiles after a brief delay.

DANNY  
A little too aggressive, maybe?

HENRY  
In real life, you meet a guy, you invite him out to a bar thirty seconds later?

DANNY  
I don't know. If I liked him.  
(beat)  
Okay, no.

Henry smiles again and returns his focus to the ballgame.

HENRY  
Twenty years ago I might have been cocky enough to believe it.

DANNY  
I doubt it.

HENRY  
Yeah, I doubt it, too.

DANNY  
(to the bartender)  
Jack and ginger, please.

HENRY

So you called Patterson, told him you blew your cover, and he said keep an eye on him anyway?

DANNY

I think he's gonna make me work at the marina for ten years as punishment.

HENRY

You guys are worried I'm gonna make a run for Mexico or something?

DANNY

You're a legend, Mr. Brogan. The kind of work you've been doing, for as long as you've been doing it, you probably made a lot of enemies. We just want to make sure you're safe.

Henry stares at her. Danny gets her drink and takes a gulp.

HENRY

You really believe that?

DANNY

You don't?

Henry watches her for another second or two, half smiling.

HENRY

Well, I do appreciate the protection.

She looks around at the barroom's tanned crowd.

DANNY

So if anyone starts a fight with you, don't worry, I got your back.

HENRY

You're here because I make Patterson nervous.

DANNY

Why would you make him nervous?

HENRY

'Cause I know where the bodies are buried.

(beat)

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)  
 He's already got another pair of  
 eyes on me, doesn't he?

Henry leans back and surveys the room, eyeing each face,  
 making quick judgments. It doesn't take him long.

HENRY  
 Guy over there with the moustache.

Danny glances at a MOUSTACHED MAN on the far side of the bar.

DANNY  
 Why him?

Henry catches the bartender's eye.

HENRY  
 My friend here wants to buy a beer  
 for the gentleman over there with  
 the moustache. But she's a little  
 shy, so don't tell him we sent it.  
 Just tell him it's from Patterson.

BARTENDER  
 Patterson?

HENRY  
 Yep.

The bartender doesn't get it, but whatever. She grabs a beer  
 from the glass-door refrigerator, pops the cap, and heads  
 over to the mustached man.

HENRY  
 (to Danny)  
 Now watch his eyes.

The bartender places the beer in front of the mustached man.

BARTENDER  
 This is from Patterson.

The mustached man stares at the bartender, frowning. His eyes  
 shift to Henry and Danny across the bar.

HENRY  
 (to Danny)  
 Quality's really gone downhill  
 since the Cold War ended.  
 (beat)  
 No offense.

He raises his beer in salute to the mustached man. Danny  
 sighs and drinks her Jack and ginger.

EXT. CONDOMINIUM BUILDING - NIGHT

The building by the waterside has seen better days.

INT. HENRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Henry unlocks the front door, flips on the lights, and steps inside his apartment. The space is small and spartan but the view of the moonlit Gulf of Mexico is spectacular.

There are only two photographs on the wall. One is of a group of shirtless young men with crewcuts and dogtags, on R&R in Hawaii, flipping the camera the bird.

The second photograph is of a kind-eyed young bride in her wedding dress.

An envelope has been slipped under the front door. Henry opens it and pulls out a sheet of paper. The only text on the page is a set of geographic coordinates and a time: 13:00.

At the bottom of the page is a small green spade, identical to the one tattooed on his wrist.

Henry refolds the page and stares out at the Gulf.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Henry checks the GPS receiver mounted near the steering wheel of the *Ella Mae*. He checks the coordinates on the paper. He's in the right place.

He drops anchor and sits down with his copy of *War and Peace*. He's about ten pages into the 1400-page book.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

Seagulls circle beneath the blazing sun.

Henry snoozes, his Phillies cap pulled down low over his eyes, the novel splayed open on his chest. He's made a good three pages of progress since we last saw him.

Henry's a light sleeper-- he sits up on hearing something, pushing back his cap.

A 75' yacht pulls up alongside the *Ella Mae*. The bigger boat has tinted windows and lots of chrome.

JACK WILLIS (60s) stands on the foredeck, grinning at Henry. The same age as Henry, Jack hasn't kept himself quite as fit.

JACK  
Henry Brogan.

HENRY  
Senator Willis.

JACK  
Don't give me that Senator crap.

Despite his Ralph Lauren clothes and his Rolex watch, Jack still has the demeanor of the barroom brawler he once was.

JACK  
Cute little rowboat you got there.  
You anchored?

HENRY  
Yep.

JACK  
I'll send over a dinghy.

EXT. THE SCRATCHED EIGHT - DAY

Henry and Jack sit at the dining room table on the deck of Jack's yacht, *The Scratched Eight*.

Jack also has the faded green spade tattooed on his wrist.

JACK  
You keep in touch with any 52s?

HENRY  
I get together with the Baron every  
now and then.

JACK  
Jesus, the Baron's still alive?

HENRY  
Wouldn't be much of a get together,  
otherwise.

JACK  
He's still flying too fast and too  
low?

HENRY  
Nothing you want to know about.

Henry looks around the plush yacht.

HENRY

Long way from Passyunk Avenue, huh?

JACK

Aah, there's no big trick to making money. What you do-- now that's a tough job.

Henry's expression doesn't change.

HENRY

What is it I do?

JACK

Come on, man. We're from the same block. We went to war together. We really got to talk like we're strangers?

HENRY

What do you want to talk about, Senator?

JACK

Okay, okay. You're right. It's been a long time. You remember fighting with the Marines outside that bar in Saigon? What was it, us against ten of 'em?

HENRY

No, it was you against one of 'em, and by the time I got outside, MPs already had you cuffed.

JACK

Well, I won, didn't I?

HENRY

Sort of looked like a draw to me.

Jack's smile begins to fade.

JACK

Hey... I wanted to tell you. I was really sorry when I heard about Kate.

HENRY

That was nine years ago.

JACK

I know. I wanted to call you, but I kept putting it off, and then too much time had gone by. I should've called. She was a helluva girl.

Henry nods. He doesn't want to talk about this.

HENRY

Why you here, Jack?

JACK

Small talk's over, huh? Okay. I apologize for all the cloak and dagger stuff. Things we need to talk about, I don't want anyone around to hear.

HENRY

So we're the only two people on the boat?

JACK

The whole crew's been working for me for years. I trust 'em.

HENRY

Glad to hear it.

JACK

And I had some boys from Quantico sweep the boat for bugs last week. It's clean.

HENRY

Unless it got dirty this week.

JACK

We can talk freely here, all right? I'm careful about these things.

HENRY

How about you talk freely and I listen?

Jack leans forward and lowers his voice.

JACK

You know I sit on the Committee on Armed Services. I've acquired information related to non-disclosed expenditures. Three billion dollars worth.

HENRY  
Someone's stealing?

JACK  
Someone's spending. We're talking  
about the biggest military secret  
since they built the A-bomb.  
Codenamed the Ares Project.

HENRY  
What are they building?

JACK  
Don't know. There's a whistle-  
blower, someone deep inside,  
leaking documents to my office. Got  
one the other day with four hundred  
names on it. We ran 'em through the  
databases. Everyone on there served  
in the Special Forces between 1971  
and 2004.

HENRY  
So why tell me? Go to the FBI.

JACK  
My name's on the list. So is yours.

They maintain eye contact for a beat before Henry looks  
skyward, detecting a distant gleam of sunlight off metal.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

An LCD monitor displays Henry and Jack on the *Scratched  
Eight*, shot from an aerial view. A TECHNICIAN sitting at a  
computer console fiddles with the image, zooming in closer.

Patterson stands behind the technician with Monroe and  
LESSARD (40), an attractive woman with an air of authority.  
Everything from her business suit to her hair to her French  
manicured fingernails is just right and slightly inhuman.

KOVAR (35), an operative in a dark suit, leans against the  
wall, picking at the calluses on his palm, bored by inaction  
but clocking everything that happens in the room.

LESSARD  
You said they were no longer in  
contact.

PATTERSON  
They haven't talked in years.

LESSARD  
They're talking now.

Patterson looks at the video image of Henry and Jack. Henry seems to be staring right at the camera.

PATTERSON  
I think he sees us.

TECHNICIAN  
Doubt it. Little bird's nine thousand feet up.

Patterson says nothing, watching Henry's pixilated face.

EXT. THE SCRATCHED EIGHT - DAY

JACK  
The hell you looking at?

Jack turns and searches the bright sky. He sees nothing.

HENRY  
I'm still waiting to hear what you want from me.

JACK  
Your name's on a secret list and you're not a little curious?

HENRY  
I bet my name's on all kinds of lists. I'm not a detective. Like I said, take it to the FBI--

Jack pulls an 8x10 photograph out of a folder and slaps it on the table in front of Henry.

INSERT PHOTO: A young man's corpse lies on a coroner's steel examining table.

JACK  
You remember Ray-Ray Vidro?

HENRY  
Yeah, one of our guys. Stepped on a land mine.

JACK  
Uh huh, in 1972. His name's on the list, too. Notice anything strange?

Henry sees the date stamp: 05/24/08.

HENRY  
This was taken a month ago?

JACK  
Yeah.

HENRY  
So who's this, Ray-Ray's kid?

JACK  
He didn't have any kids.

HENRY  
Okay, there's a dead guy who looks like Ray-Ray. What's your point?

JACK  
It's something the whistleblower sent. Look at the back.

Henry flips over the photograph. Scrawled in black marker on the back: **This one tried to get out.**

JACK  
I know I've been a bad friend to you. Hell, I haven't been any kind of friend. But you know me. You know I don't scare easy. Whatever's going on here, it scares the hell out of me. And all my life, the one guy I wanted by my side if shit got ugly was Henry Brogan.

Henry looks at the message again. **This one tried to get out.**

EXT. SKIES OF FLORIDA - DAY

The Global Hawk unmanned aerial vehicle dips its wings and streaks off to the south.

INT. PATTERSON'S OFFICE

Patterson sits behind his desk, looking at enhanced photos taken by the Global Hawk of the documents Jack Willis showed Henry: the dead Ray-Ray look-alike and the list of names.

Patterson takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. Lessard sits facing him. She seems simultaneously amused and bored.

PATTERSON

I've known him thirty-five years.

Lessard waits for a piece of information she cares about.

PATTERSON

I'm not sure I can give that order--

LESSARD

Then I'll give it. You know how close we are on Ares. We can't have people nosing around New Mexico.

PATTERSON

And the senator?

LESSARD

That has to be handled differently. We're taking care of it.

PATTERSON

We?

(beat)

I guess I'm not part of "We" anymore.

Lessard stares at Patterson, her blue eyes unblinking.

PATTERSON

I'll make the calls.

LESSARD

Thank you.

She stands, smoothing out her skirt, and heads for the door.

PATTERSON

It won't be easy.

Lessard looks back at Patterson, one hand on the door knob.

LESSARD

Why not? He's an old man with no protection.

PATTERSON

The North Vietnamese used to pay out bounties for American snipers. Standard rate for a Marine Corps marksman was fifty bucks. A hundred if the guy had taken down a few officers.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (cont'd)  
 Hundred bucks, that was a lot of  
 cash for a peasant in Dak Lak.  
 Bounty on Henry was fifty thousand  
 dollars. They were more afraid of  
 him than napalm.

LESSARD  
 That's a wonderful story. You  
 should put it in your memoir, after  
 you retire.

PATTERSON  
 Easy, princess--

LESSARD  
 We're in a different century now.  
 Make it happen.

She exits the office, leaving Patterson very much alone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lessard walks out of Patterson's office. Kovar has been  
 waiting, leaning against the wall.

LESSARD  
 (as they walk)  
 I want our new friend ready in case  
 Patterson blows the op.

KOVAR  
 Kid's untested.

LESSARD  
 He's not a kid anymore. And his  
 first test is in five minutes.

EXT. PEPINO BEACH - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: *Rio de Janeiro*

A group of TEENAGERS in bathing suits play *futevolei*  
 (volleyball where only the feet can be used to touch the  
 ball) under the lights.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

A RIDER in a black motocross outfit, wearing a sleek black  
 helmet, sits astride a parked Honda XR650r dirt bike,  
 stripped down and juiced for speed.

THIAGO (30), a local handler, answers his cell phone, mutters a few one-word Portuguese responses, and hangs up.

He leans over the dirt bike and types coordinates into the small navigation screen clipped onto the left handle bar.

THIAGO

He is with some girls. He likes these girls. You have at least fifteen minutes.

Once the navigation unit is set Thiago pulls a photograph from his jacket pocket and shows it to the Rider.

INSERT PHOTO of ARANHA (30), the leader of Amigos dos Amigos, Rio's most powerful gang.

THIAGO

Okay?

The Rider nods. Thiago steps away from the bike.

THIAGO

See you on the other side, *rapaz*.

The Rider kicks up the kickstand, revs the engine, and zooms into the street, swerving around a city bus and speeding up a steep road that climbs to a sprawling hillside shantytown.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The center screen shows the view from a small camera mounted on the front of the dirt bike. Lessard and Kovar stand behind the Technicians.

TECHNICIAN #2

He's entering Favela Rocinha.

KOVAR

Supposed to be the most dangerous neighborhood in the world.

LESSARD

He's seen worse.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The favela spreads across a hill overlooking the ocean. In most cities, this would be expensive real estate.

Shacks with corrugated tin roofs, ventilated with squat stove pipes, huddle together beside narrow, twisting alleyways.

All of the electricity is stolen off the grid with a vast and complicated network of cables. Strings of lights hang above some of the alleys, substituting for streetlamps.

Despite the hour, shirtless YOUNG BOYS roam the favela, sitting on rooftops, rapping along to the Brazilian hip-hop on their boomboxes.

One of these rooftop boys at the perimeter of the favela spots the Rider speeding up the hill. The boy whistles and the whistle is relayed up the hill.

Two GUNMEN with AK-47s strapped to their shoulders step into the road. One of them raises his hand for the Rider to stop.

The Rider does not stop. He swerves around the gunmen, spraying dirt and gravel with his rear wheel as he finds another snaking route up the hill.

One of the young men whips out a cell phone and speed dials.

The favela's defenders spring into action, shouting instructions to each other. Young men place steel barricades and spiked tirebusters across the mouths of alleys.

GUNMEN on the rooftops clamp flashlights to their assault rifles and shotguns. Their lights slash through the darkness.

The Rider races uphill, closing in on the red destination icon on his navigation map.

When his first-choice path is blocked, he shifts to a second- and third-choice, never slowing, always finding a narrow opening he can zip through.

He moves too quickly for the gunmen to get a bead on him. One of these men, a relative elder at 25, makes a call.

INT. ARANHA'S LOVE SHACK - NIGHT

From the outside this shack looks unexceptional, with its cinderblock walls and tin roof. The inside, though, could be featured on an episode of MTV Cribs.

Loud music plays on an advanced home entertainment system. A digital projector splashes an old Steve McQueen movie against one wall. The lighting is dim and sexy.

ARANHA (30) enjoys the company of three LOCAL BEAUTIES. They have stripped him down to his baggy jeans and Timberlands. His wiry body is flecked with knife scars. His cell phone begins to ring.

ARANHA

(Portuguese; subtitled)

*Talk.*

(beat)

*How many?*

(disbelieving)

*One?*

Hearing gunfire outside the love shack, Aranha shoves aside the half-naked women and grabs his .50 caliber gold-plated Desert Eagle from a holster on the floor.

He aims at the doorway and waits. More gunshots and screams, followed by an abrupt and chilling silence.

The sound of boots on the corrugated tin roof. Aranha raises his gun toward the ceiling. A bead of sweat has begun to trickle down the side of his face.

He fires six rounds, perforating the roof. The noise of the big gun inside the shack is deafening. The women cower in the corner, hands over their ears.

Aranha waits, gun still raised, not sure if he's killed the assassin. He hears a rattling and turns to see a grenade drop through the stove pipe and bounce three times on the floor.

Before he can react the grenade goes off-- it's an M84 flashbang, producing an eight million candela flash and a 180 decibel bang.

When we're able to see again, Aranha is on his hands and knees, blood trickling from one ear. He blinks, looks up, and sees the black-clad Rider standing in the doorway, Death come at last.

Severely disoriented but a true gangster to the end, Aranha lifts his Desert Eagle. The Rider fires first. Advancing into the room, the Rider stands over Aranha and fires two more shots to guarantee the kill.

The Rider glances at the women huddled together in the corner. They stare at the faceless assassin, their frightened faces reflected in his mirrored visor. He turns and walks out of the shack.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The entire favela has come alive now. BOYS on the rooftops ring bells, OLD MEN stand in the doorways of their shacks, YOUNG MEN with revolvers dash across the alleyways.

GUNMEN on the rooftops fire at the Rider as he blasts past them, their shotgun and pistol muzzles flashing in the night.

The Rider does not bother firing back. He has his hands full racing down the steep hill, skidding around barricades and dodging the buckshot and bullets.

Two young Amigos dos Amigos GANG MEMBERS run to a padlocked kennel. A pack of twenty ferocious PIT BULLS slavers behind the chainlink, growling and gnashing their teeth, the ones in front on their hind legs, front paws on the wire.

When the kennel door swings open, the pit bulls charge out.

The Rider blasts past on his dirt bike and the boys point at him and scream at the dogs:

GANG MEMBER  
*Matança! Matança!*

The Rider glances back and sees the dog pack from Hell chasing after him. The nearest one lunges for him, white teeth flashing in the moonlight, tearing a swatch from the back of the Rider's jacket.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

Thiago sits on the wall beside the beach. Along with other BYSTANDERS, he watches the distant gunfire up in the hills.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The LCD monitor is a blur of speed, flashes of gunfire, the occasional hurtling form of a lunging pit bull.

KOVAR  
Not the quietest exfiltration I  
ever saw.

LESSARD  
We can teach quiet. But this?

She watches the chase with rapt admiration.

LESSARD  
Nobody can teach.

EXT. ROCINHA - NIGHT

The Rider manages to make it halfway down the hill without getting shot or mauled, but finally he reaches a plateau where all routes have been barricaded.

The dog pack, seeing their prey cornered, slowly advances, drool dripping from their glistening fangs, their spiked collars gleaming.

The Rider sits motionless. Fifteen feet above him strings of red and green Christmas lights dangle over the road.

When the closest beasts pounce, the Rider opens the throttle wide and shoots off the side of the road, into the air.

His tires come down ten feet below on a corrugated tin roof. Somehow he manages to maintain his balance, the nubbed tires throwing off sparks as they spin over the metal.

The Rider launches himself off that roof and towards the roof of a shack immediately below.

A GANG MEMBER stands on the roof with a sawed-off shotgun. Before he can fire, the Rider twirls the bike in mid-air-- the spinning back wheel crushes the gangster's face and knocks him from the shanty.

The pit bulls can only howl in frustration as the Rider descends the hill, jumping from one roof to the next and racing away from the favela.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Kovar and the Technicians stare silently at the large monitor, awed by what they've just witnessed. Lessard pats Kovar's shoulder, a small smile on her lips.

LESSARD  
Don't be too jealous. You know how much it costs to make someone that good?

(heading for the door)  
We're a go on the Senator?

KOVAR  
Yeah.

LESSARD

Give me all the bloody details when  
it's over.

EXT. TEMPLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

A rough neighborhood in the city of Tampa, an hour north of  
Siesta Key.

A white Lincoln Navigator with tinted windows pulls up to a  
corner beneath a streetlamp. A tattooed STREETWALKER (30),  
wearing motorcycle boots and Daisy Dukes, approaches the  
driver's door.

STREETWALKER

You looking for something sweet?

We never see the driver's face, but whatever he says makes  
the hooker laugh.

She gets into the SUV and the driver steps on the gas. As the  
stoplight ahead turns yellow, the driver seems to hesitate  
for a moment before accelerating through the intersection  
immediately after the light turns red.

An automatic camera mounted on the light pole flashes as it  
photographs the driver and his license plate: WILLIS 1.

EXT./INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Streetwalker stands beside the DRIVER on the second floor  
of the motel, as he unlocks the door. He wears a baseball cap  
brimmed low and we still don't see his face.

STREETWALKER

You got something to drink in  
there, precious?

He opens the door and the Streetwalker steps into the room.  
Her eyes immediately go the unconscious man lying on the bed:  
Senator Jack Willis.

STREETWALKER

The hell you trying to--

Her hand is already digging into her purse for whatever she  
keeps there, mace or a knife or a pistol, but the DRIVER  
seizes her in a chokehold from behind, expertly applied.

Her feet dangle inches from the floor, kicking hard at first  
but soon subsiding into weak spasms.

INT. HENRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

The phone is ringing when Henry unlocks the door and steps inside. He puts down the cooler and goes for the phone, in no particular hurry to answer it. The phone line is routed through a black box the size of a voltage regulator.

HENRY

Hello?

MONROE (O.S.)

Do you recognize my voice?

HENRY

Yep.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Monroe stands at a payphone on the side of an all-night convenience store just off of a lonely Virginia road.

INTERCUT between Monroe and Henry.

Henry types a code into a keypad on the black box. A green light flashes.

MONROE

Is the line safe?

HENRY

Last time I checked.

MONROE

When was the last time you checked?

HENRY

Four seconds ago.

MONROE

New orders went out a few hours ago.

HENRY

Okay.

MONROE

You're the target.

Henry crosses to the light switch and flicks off the lights. Standing at the far edge of the window overlooking the Gulf, he lowers the shades. He does all this without betraying any particular emotion or changing his tone.

HENRY

Okay.

Henry's lack of an audible reaction disconcerts Monroe.

MONROE

Did you hear me?

HENRY

Why would you know?

(beat)

Tell me you're not calling from your cell.

MONROE

You think I'm an idiot? I'm pretty sure I found the last pay phone in Virginia.

HENRY

It's a test, Monroe. They're testing you and you just flunked.

MONROE

I had to tell you--

HENRY

Get in your car and drive. Don't go back to your home. Don't go to your office or your mother's house. Drive to a bus station. Make sure no one's following you. Pay for a ticket in cash. Don't take any money out of an ATM. If you need more cash, steal it. Go somewhere you've never been before.

Monroe's getting nervous.

MONROE

How do I get in touch with you?

HENRY

You don't.

Henry hangs up the phone, walks over to the closet and grabs an already-packed Army green duffel bag. He takes the two photographs off the wall and puts them in the duffel bag.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Monroe hangs up the phone. As he rounds the corner of the convenience store, he hears strange noises.

He reaches inside his jacket for his holstered pistol.

KOVAR (O.S.)  
A little slow on the draw, pal.

Monroe feels the muzzle of a silenced automatic pressed against the back of his skull.

Kovar reaches around Monroe and takes the young agent's pistol. Kovar wears surgical gloves. He gives Monroe a light push forward and they walk around to the front of the store.

Monroe flinches when he hears a shotgun blast inside the 7-11. A second OPERATIVE emerges from the store, carrying a sawed-off shotgun in one hand and a bag full of money and the 7-11's security cameras video tape in the other.

KOVAR  
On the bright side, people are gonna think you're a hero. Young intelligence agent walks in on an armed robbery, tries to play Dirty Harry.

Kovar backs away several strides and smiles at Monroe.

KOVAR  
You watch a lot of Westerns?

He tosses Monroe's pistol back to him.

Monroe catches it on the fly, gets his finger inside the trigger guard and aims in a fraction of a second. He's fast. He's not fast enough.

He falls to the pavement with a bullet hole between his eyes.

Kovar flips open a cellphone and makes a call.

KOVAR  
Alpha Mike Foxtrot on Junior.  
Senior's flushed.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Henry steps out of his apartment, walks over to the elevator, hits the call button and keeps walking to the stairway door.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Henry jogs down to the second floor of the building and pushes open the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Henry walks down the corridor, passing a number of apartments. He stops in front of a door that still has yesterday's newspaper in front of it.

Henry kicks open the door.

INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Only ambient light from the street illuminates the room. Henry drops his duffel bag on the bed, opens it, takes out his Remington rifle and quickly attaches a telescopic nightscope and a silencer/flash suppressor.

He slides open the glass door and steps out onto the apartment's small balcony.

INSERT NIGHTSCOPE POV

Henry knows exactly where a crew of well-trained ambushers would lie in wait.

Two SNIPERS stand on the rooftop of the building across the street. One sits in the back of a parked SUV, the rear window rolled down. One lurks in a dark motel room on the corner, the barrel of his rifle peeking through the window. The fifth sniper sits atop the lifeguard tower on the beach.

All five snipers wear earpieces and carry advanced rifles (Barrett M95s with computerized optical ranging systems). If they were looking in the right direction, Henry would be in serious trouble.

END POV

Henry fires five times in two seconds, his feet planted, rotating his Remington from left to right.

Five bullets; five headshots; five kills.

Henry steps back inside the dark apartment.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A little Spanish bungalow a few blocks inland from the beach.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny's asleep when the phone rings. Groggy, she answers.

DANNY

Yeah?

HENRY (O.S.)

It's Henry Brogan.

Danny sits up in her bed.

HENRY (O.S.)

You mind if I come over?

DANNY

Wow. The honey pot routine is starting to work?

HENRY (O.S.)

I'm gonna need some coffee.

DANNY

All right, I'll go make some.

HENRY (O.S.)

Nah, I got it. Where do you keep the sugar?

Danny frowns. What the hell does that mean? She hears a noise. She puts down the phone, grabs an automatic from the bedside drawer, gets out of bed and walks out of her bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Danny steps into her kitchen and sees Henry preparing a pot of coffee. He holds up the sugar box.

HENRY

Never mind, I found it.

DANNY

What are you doing?

HENRY

I'm glad you were sleeping just now. It makes me think you're out of the loop.

DANNY

Could you please tell me why you're standing in my kitchen at three in the morning?

HENRY

If you're lying, you're getting better at it.

(beat)

Some people tried to kill me tonight.

DANNY

What people?

HENRY

Our people. Milk and sugar?

He pours two cups of coffee.

DANNY

How do you know they were our people?

HENRY

The interesting question is, why didn't you know about the orders?

DANNY

I don't believe there are any--

HENRY

You say Patterson told you to protect me. Now he wants me dead but he didn't tell you? Either you're full of shit or you became disposable.

Danny points her gun at Henry's head.

DANNY

Sounds like a tough call.

HENRY

Glock 28. Nice choice for a lady.

DANNY

Don't give me that "lady" crap. I had the second-highest range scores in my recruitment class. And before you say anything cute, another woman got the highest score.

HENRY

Too bad she's not protecting me.

DANNY

I know how good you are. But I promise you, I can pull this trigger before you can draw.

HENRY

(stirring his coffee)  
Christ, I hope so.

DANNY

So when I'm saying you can trust me... well, you can trust me.

She lowers the pistol.

DANNY

All right?

HENRY

(downing his coffee)  
All right. Pack a bag. You've got three minutes.

DANNY

Where am I going?

HENRY

If you're not a shooter, you're a target. They'll figure out that I came here, they'll interrogate you for a week-- not the torture-lite stuff, the real stuff-- and they'll dump your body five miles out to sea. You ever seen a body that's been in the water for a week?

Danny's bravado of a moment before evaporates. She stares wide-eyed at Henry.

HENRY

I've seen a lot of ugly corpses, but those are the worst.

(beat)

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)  
Two and a half minutes. I'll be out  
back in the stolen Cadillac.

As he walks out of the kitchen, he remembers something.

HENRY  
Oh, and I left your ammo in the  
fridge. You know you snore, right?

He leaves. Danny opens the refrigerator door. Twelve rounds  
are neatly stacked on the top shelf.

She juts out her lower lip and exhales. She releases the  
empty magazine from the butt of her pistol and loads it.

EXT. MIDNIGHT PASS ROAD - NIGHT

A Cadillac cruises down the dark road.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

DANNY  
We're not driving off the Key?

Henry fiddles with the radio till he finds a song he likes.

HENRY  
Only two bridges off the island.  
They'll have local police stopping  
every car. Taking a boat's our best  
chance.

DANNY  
They'll have eyes on your boat.

HENRY  
Who said anything about my boat?

DANNY  
Ah.

Henry steers the Cadillac into the marina parking lot.

HENRY  
They keep copies of all the keys in  
the office, right?

DANNY  
Yeah, in case of hurricane.

HENRY  
Choose something speedy.

DANNY

You need keys? Why can't you just steal it like the car?

HENRY

Where I grew up, we weren't stealing yachts on a Friday night.

INT. MARINA OFFICE - NIGHT

Danny uses her employee pass card to enter the main office. She doesn't turn on the lights. Picture windows look out over the floodlighted marina. She walks over to the pegboard where dozens of key rings hang on numbered pegs.

MUSTACHED MAN (O.S.)

Going for a moonlight cruise, Ms. Zakrzewski?

Danny wheels around. The Mustached Man from the bar sits behind a desk in a dark corner of the room. He stands and walks over to her, his Beretta aimed at her chest.

MUSTACHED MAN

Where's Brogan?

Danny shakes her head. The Mustached Man backhands her with his pistol and she falls.

MUSTACHED MAN

You two were laughing at me back at that bar, huh? Thought it was pretty funny?

Danny stares up at him, blood trickling from one nostril. She grabs for her gun but he stomps down on her wrist. She cries out and he keeps his weight on her wrist.

MUSTACHED MAN

Where is he?

Danny's face is contorted with pain but she says nothing.

MUSTACHED MAN

You can tell me now or you can tell me in five minutes, when all your teeth are gone-- but you're gonna tell me.

With her left hand Danny yanks a knife from her ankle sheath and swings for the man's knees, but he blocks her and twists her hand until she's forced to drop the blade.

MUSTACHED MAN

You waiting on him to come in here  
and bail you out? Guess again.  
We've got the place surrounded. Old  
man's getting predictable.

A rifle shot echoes outside, followed by several more, fired  
in quick succession.

Silence.

DANNY

I counted five. How many men did  
you bring?

The Mustached Man raises his pistol to shoot her. A bullet  
tears through his hand and he screams, dropping his gun.

DANNY

I guess he wants to keep you alive  
for questioning.

She stands, her pistol in hand.

DANNY

Why do they want to kill him?

MUSTACHED MAN

How the hell would I know?

DANNY

No, you wouldn't, you're right.

She smacks him in the jaw with the butt of her pistol. He  
drops to the floor. Danny grabs a set of keys from the #17  
peg on the pegboard and steps over the unconscious agent.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Danny hurries to the dock, where Henry joins her, carrying  
his rifle and the black duffel bag. She leads him to slip  
#17, passing a few fallen SNIPERS along the way.

HENRY

You all right?

DANNY

Yeah, why?

She wipes the blood from her nose with the back of her hand.

HENRY  
 Didn't want to give away my  
 position till I spotted them all.

DANNY  
 I had it under control.

Henry nods, glancing at her face to make sure she's not too badly hurt. Despite himself, he's starting to like her. Danny hops aboard a Chaparral 350; Henry steps on behind her.

EXT. MOTORBOAT - LATER

The Chaparral speeds across the surface of the Atlantic, its twin Volvo Penta engines churning the black water.

Danny sits on the side of the boat, staring out at the moonlit sea, while Henry stands at the helm. She reaches over the gunwale, drops her cellphone, and watches it disappear.

DANNY  
 I thought he was going to kill me.

HENRY  
 He thought so, too.

DANNY  
 What am I doing here? I went to college. I should have a nice, cozy office job somewhere.

HENRY  
 You're easily bored.

Danny glances at Henry and laughs.

DANNY  
 Yeah. You got that right.

She walks over to the helm, standing beside Henry as he mans the wheel. She notices the green spade tattooed on his wrist.

DANNY  
 Task Force 52. What did the Viet Cong call you? The Green Ghosts?

HENRY  
 I never asked 'em.

DANNY  
 All that Project Phoenix stuff blows my mind.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)

Is it true they sent you up to Hanoi to take a shot at Ho Chi Minh?

HENRY

Patterson let you read my file?  
(off Danny's sly smile)  
When do I get to read yours?

DANNY

Mine's about two pages long.

HENRY

Not anymore.  
(studying her face)  
So what do we got. You hide that Jersey accent pretty well. You're a little embarrassed about where you come from. Must not be the fancy part. You worked your butt off in high school, good grades, captain of the... soccer team?

DANNY

Basketball. Two guard.

HENRY

Got yourself a scholarship to something Ivy. Princeton, maybe.

DANNY

Nice.

HENRY

Most of your friends got monthly checks from Daddy, but you worked all four years, waitress, shop girl, whatever.

DANNY

My Daddy sent checks, too. They just weren't very big ones.

HENRY

He's a cop?

DANNY

How the hell did you know that?

HENRY

You didn't notice half the women in your recruitment class had cop daddies? Interesting, right? Wonder what Mr. Freud would have said.

DANNY

You should work in the carnny.

HENRY

I could guess your weight, too, but that's a dangerous game.

DANNY

You like dangerous games.

HENRY

I guess that's why we're all in this business.

DANNY

So why are they gunning for you?

HENRY

(shrugs)

All I know is they sent their B team after me.

DANNY

How do you know that?

HENRY

'Cause here we are, talking about it.

DANNY

They underestimated you.

(beat)

Where we going? Key West?

HENRY

Key West is about ten miles behind us. No, we got to go somewhere they can't come after us.

DANNY

Where the hell is that?

HENRY

(slow smile)

You know how to do the mambo?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Lessard stands behind one of the TECHNICIANS, surveying the various monitors. Kovar sits in a free chair, feet up on the console, picking the calluses on his palm.

One of the Technicians turns to Lessard and indicates a satellite heat-signature image of a motorboat heading away from the Florida peninsula, towards Cuba.

TECHNICIAN #1

Keyhole 94's tracking a motor boat heading south-south-east at forty knots from the Siesta Key Marina.

KOVAR

That's him. Scramble one of those UAVs, shoot his ass out of the water.

LESSARD

Yes, and when the Pentagon sees that on their own satellites, do you want to explain to them why we blew up two Americans?

Patterson steps into the room. Lessard examines him for a second before commenting.

LESSARD

That was a fiasco.

PATTERSON

We've got mop up in process. Local PD's already handled. There won't be any repercussions.

LESSARD

Henry Brogan's alive. That doesn't count as a repercussion?

KOVAR

Kind of a rookie mistake, huh? You don't send snipers after the sniper. You want to get the man out of his comfort zone. Could have wired his car with explosives--

PATTERSON

We did. He stole someone else's. Same with the boat.

KOVAR

(to Lessard)

Told you to let me handle it.

PATTERSON

It's lucky for you she didn't.

KOVAR  
 (smiling)  
 Seems to me like we got a man with  
 conflicted interests here.

LESSARD  
 (pointing to screen)  
 He's heading for Cuba.

PATTERSON  
 Smart. We can't send a team after  
 him.

One of the young Technicians turns to put in his two cents.

TECHNICIAN  
 Cuban Navy might pick him up.

Lessard regards the uppity Technician with distaste, as if he were an unflushed toilet. Kovar looks like he wants to punch the poor kid. Patterson just smiles.

PATTERSON  
 You want to bet two months salary?

The Technician, realizing his impropriety, faces front again and busies himself with his computer.

PATTERSON  
 He knows Havana. Spent six weeks  
 there in '75, setting up a job.

LESSARD  
 We can't send a team to Cuba. But  
 we can send a soloist.

PATTERSON  
 Against Brogan? Good luck with  
 that.

LESSARD  
 Oh, I think he's up for the job.

Patterson suddenly realizes who she's talking about.

PATTERSON  
 You activated him?

LESSARD  
 (smiles; to a Technician)  
 Get our friend on the next plane to  
 Havana.

EXT. CAFE MERCURIO - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Havana*

The sidewalk terrace of a cafe. Henry sits alone at a table, sipping coffee and watching a Spanish-language news program on the small television bolted to the ceiling.

Danny joins him at the table.

DANNY  
If you have to be a fugitive, this  
isn't the worst place in the world  
to do it.

Danny turns to see what Henry's watching on the television.

INSERT TELEVISION

OFFICERS escort Jack Willis to a waiting car.

END INSERT

DANNY  
Senator Willis? What happened to  
him?

HENRY  
He was arrested this morning.

DANNY  
For what?

HENRY  
Killing a hooker.

DANNY  
That could hurt the reelection  
campaign.

Henry drops a few bills on the table.

HENRY  
Let's keep moving.

EXT. STREETS OF HAVANA - LATER

Henry and Danny walk down a cobblestone street, beneath the iron balconies and whitewashed walls of the old buildings, passing by a row of open-air stalls where ARTISTS and CRAFTSMEN sell their wares.

Henry stops at one stall to inspect a portrait of the great Cuban boxer, Teófilo Stevenson.

Danny watches a hand-holding young CANADIAN COUPLE. We know they're Canadian because they wear at least three visible maple leaves so people don't confuse them for Americans.

DANNY

Where did you meet your wife?

Henry blinks and looks up from the painting.

HENRY

Where the hell did that come from?

DANNY

My complicated brain.

They continue walking down the street.

HENRY

Blind date.

DANNY

And you two were married for thirty years?

HENRY

You really studied that file, huh? Thirty-one.

DANNY

What did she do?

HENRY

She taught kindergarten.

DANNY

And then she died.

HENRY

Yeah, and then she died.

DANNY

Patterson told me it wouldn't work. The honeypot routine. He said you were a lifer. One woman, that's it.

HENRY

You figured you'd try anyway?

DANNY

I'm stubborn.

HENRY

When Katie was dying she said she wanted me to find someone young and sweet, have a few kids, open a bookstore or something.

(half smile)

But she was lying. Most jealous woman I ever met. Half-Irish, half-Sicilian-- you know what I'm saying?

DANNY

Yeah. You're saying Patterson was right.

Henry looks at her and stops walking. Danny stops beside him.

HENRY

Patterson doesn't want me dead.

DANNY

He sent a team of wet ops after you to keep you in shape?

Henry glances at the Canadian husband standing nearby, canoodling with his wife. A cellphone is clipped to his belt.

HENRY

They still teaching the "sweet 'n' sour" at the academy?

Danny nods. She walks toward the Canadian couple, her face shifting into a perfect simulacrum of shocked jubilation.

DANNY

Rob? Rob Ryan? Oh my God, what are you doing down here?

She embraces the startled husband.

DANNY

Look at you, all tan and gorgeous!

The bewildered man doesn't seem entirely dismayed to have a gorgeous woman beaming up at him, but when he sees his wife's face he tries to disengage himself from Danny's grip.

Neither of them notice Henry walking past.

CANADIAN HUSBAND

Uh, I think you've got the wrong guy--

DANNY

Oh no, oh my God, I'm so sorry! You look exactly like Rob Ryan!

(to the Canadian wife)

He looks exactly like Rob Ryan!

(releasing the man)

Oh my God, that's so embarrassing!

CANADIAN HUSBAND

No, don't worry about it--

The Canadian Wife glares at Danny who continues to apologize. Henry is already ten yards away, making a call on the cell.

INT. BALLSTON COMMON MALL - DAY

Patterson stands outside of a men's clothing store, staring at a well-dressed headless mannequin. His cell phone rings.

PATTERSON

Hello?

EXT. MALECON - DAY

Henry walks along the beachside promenade, talking on the stolen phone with Danny at his side.

HENRY

Is it safe to talk?

INTERCUT between Patterson and Henry.

PATTERSON

Probably not.

HENRY

I'm going to give you a number.

PATTERSON

Go.

HENRY

604-684-3131.

Patterson ends the call. He puts the phone in his pocket and looks around. A group of TWEENER GIRLS stands outside an ice cream shop. Patterson approaches, digging out his wallet. The girls give him very suspicious looks.

PATTERSON

I'll give you \$200 for that phone.

INT. MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Patterson stands outside a sporting goods store, dialing a number on a glittering pink phone.

INTERCUT between Patterson and Henry.

HENRY

They're gonna see you got an incoming call from Havana, right?

PATTERSON

If they're doing their jobs.

HENRY

Hope I didn't get you in trouble.

PATTERSON

I bet you're not hoping too hard.

HENRY

What's Ares?

PATTERSON

The Greek god of war.

HENRY

Here's the thing, boss. I've spent my adult life tracking people down and shooting 'em in the head. You really want to play games with me?

Patterson watches the strolling SHOPPERS-- of all ages, sizes and ethnicities. All of them seem happy and carefree.

PATTERSON

We need a sit down. Can't happen Stateside.

HENRY

This is a one-strike deal. You try setting up a trap, I will put a thirty-ought-six through each of those lenses.

Patterson nervously adjusts his glasses.

PATTERSON

You remember where we met?

HENRY  
 (a moment to remember)  
 It's still there?

PATTERSON  
 Believe it or not.

HENRY  
 That's a long haul for a meeting.

PATTERSON  
 Midnight, Saturday. Oh, and a few  
 weeks ago, when I said you were the  
 best in the world? Turns out I was  
 wrong. Watch your back.

Patterson turns off the pink phone and tosses it at a garbage  
 can. He misses and it clanks off the steel rim.

EXT. MALECON - CONTINUOUS

Henry frowns and drops the stolen phone.

DANNY  
 Anything good?

HENRY  
 We're not alone.

He takes her by the elbow and guides her off the promenade,  
 surveying the TOURISTS and LOCAL HUSTLERS crowding the  
 Malecon, judging each for their potential threat level.

INT. JOSÉ MARTÍ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

TOURISTS wait on the customs line. The light at one customs  
 booth flashes green and a man steps in front of the CUSTOMS  
 OFFICER. We never see the man's face (this is the Rider from  
 Rio de Janeiro), but there is something familiar about his  
 carriage, the shape of his skull, the texture of his hair.

The Customs Officer glances at the man and waves him through.

INT. PENSION BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry sits on one of the beds, cleaning rifle parts. His  
 duffel bag lies open beside him. Inside are weapons, clothes  
 and stacks of Euros in shrinkwrapped plastic.

Danny sits on the other bed, watching him.

DANNY

What is that? A million bucks?

HENRY

Eight hundred grand. Euros.

DANNY

Why Euros?

HENRY

'Cause they come in 500s. You ever try packing a million bucks in a bag?

DANNY

Do you always carry eight hundred thousand euros with you?

HENRY

Yep.

DANNY

You've been waiting for this.

Henry shrugs, polishing the lens on the telescopic scope.

HENRY

I've been looking at people through my scope for forty years. Sooner or later, people gonna start looking for me.

A series of explosions causes Danny to flinch and reach for her automatic. Henry never looks up from his work.

HENRY

Fireworks. It's Castro's birthday.

EXT. HAVANA - NIGHT

Fireworks explode over the city.

EXT. CASA DE ANA - DAY

STREET CLEANERS jab garbage with their trash spears.

INT. PENSION BEDROOM - DAY

Henry wakes. He sits up when he sees the other bed is empty.

INT. PENSION COMMON ROOM - DAY

An old computer with a dial-up connection sits on a small desk. As Henry quietly descends the stairs behind her, Danny types on the keyboard.

HENRY  
What are you doing?

Startled, she turns to look up at him.

DANNY  
I didn't hear you coming.

Henry looks over her shoulder at the computer screen. Danny has been reading an article on CNN.com.

DANNY  
Doesn't look good for the Senator.

She points to a grainy photograph-- the traffic light photo through the windshield of the Lincoln. The driver wears a baseball cap but he looks an awful lot like Jack Willis.

DANNY  
His car ran a red light on the same block the hooker was working. That look like him to you?  
(off Henry's silence)  
She was strangled in the motel room that he paid for with his credit card. He was sleeping in the bed when the police came in. DNA under the girl's fingernails matches his.

HENRY  
He decided to take a nap after he killed her?

DANNY  
His blood alcohol content was point three two. He passed out.

HENRY  
What else you been looking at?

DANNY  
I checked to see if there's any news about the shootings on Siesta Key. Nada. Nobody makes bodies disappear better than our gang.

Henry stares at the computer screen for a moment.

HENRY  
We got to move.

He pulls Danny to her feet and hustles her to the stairs.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A Technician glances at an alert flashing on his screen.

TECHNICIAN #3  
Carnivore's picked up a potential relevancy. Google search on "Senator Willis" followed by "Siesta Key shootings." From a computer in Havana.

LESSARD  
Do you have an address?

TECHNICIAN #3  
Yes, ma'am.

LESSARD  
Give it to our friend.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Rider, his face still unseen, sits in a dingy motel room, loading shotgun shells into a magazine. Yellowed wallpaper curls from the walls. Cigarette burns lace the bedsheets.

A cellphone chirps and the Rider picks it up. A text message:  
*1422 17th St.*

The Rider pockets the phone and slaps the drum magazine into the receiver of his AA12 automatic shotgun.

EXT. CASA DE ANA - DAY

Henry and Danny step outside. He carries his duffel bag.

A BEARDED MAN in a pale blue guayabera shirt washes an immaculate 1950 Oldsmobile Futuramic 88.

Henry looks right and then left, scanning the PEDESTRIANS on the street. He sees the Rider at the very end of the block, walking their way with a black vinyl fishing rod bag.

Henry's been in the game a long time. The purpose in the Rider's stride signals danger.

HENRY

You remember the cafe from yesterday? Meet me there in an hour. If I don't show up, go to the Swiss Embassy.

DANNY

The *Swiss* Embassy?

HENRY

It's where the U.S. Interests Section is.

DANNY

What do I tell them?

HENRY

You went to Princeton. You'll figure it out.

He gives her a gentle push. Danny's reluctant to leave but she knows enough to follow orders. Henry watches her hurry away, moving in the opposite direction from the Rider.

Henry walks up to the man washing his Oldsmobile.

HENRY

*Máquina hermosa.* [Beautiful machine.]

Henry's back is to the Rider (still one hundred yards away), but he watches the assassin's approach in the Oldsmobile's side mirror.

HENRY

*Necesito pedirlo prestado para una hora.* [I need to borrow it for an hour.]

The man stops washing his car and stares at Henry. Henry stands as if he were in conversation, while still looking at the mirror-- in which he can see the Rider unzipping his bag and pulling out something that isn't a fishing rod.

BEARDED MAN

Por una hora.

HENRY

(watching mirror)

¿Qué?

## BEARDED MAN

*Por no para.*

Henry spins, draws his gun and fires in one smooth motion.

The Rider is no longer in sight.

Henry seems confused. How the hell did the guy move so fast?

The other pedestrians on the street scream and run for cover. The Bearded Man backs away from his car.

## BEARDED MAN

*Las llaves están en el coche. [The keys are in the car.]*

Smith & Wesson still raised, Henry backs toward the car. He never lowers the gun or looks away from where the Rider must be hiding as he opens the car door and slowly seats himself.

Henry reaches for the ignition. His fingers can't find the keys and he quickly turns to look for them.

The moment Henry looks away, the Rider rises from behind a parked car midway down the block and opens fire.

The Auto Assault 12 is an automatic shotgun that fires five 12-gauge shells a second. These shells are Frag-12 High Explosive Blast. They do exactly what their name suggests.

Four seconds and twenty shells later, the vintage Oldsmobile is a smoking husk of mangled metal. Every window explodes, fist-sized holes punch through the sheet metal, scraps of black rubber fly from the burst tires.

The Bearded Man stares in disbelief at his pride and joy.

Henry crawls out of the passenger door (the far door, away from the Rider), his hair covered with shards of broken glass, his face bleeding from a dozen small cuts.

He staggers away from the car, keeping the burning metal between him and the Rider.

The Rider, taking cover behind a parked Lada, ejects the spent magazine and replaces it with a new one.

A battered Henry, shielded behind a parked pickup truck, peers down the empty street, trying to get a bead on his adversary. The Rider does not present a target, but the morning sun elongates his shadow, revealing his location.

Henry takes careful aim at the Lada. *Bang*. A bullet hole pierces the steel protecting the Lada's fuel tank. *Bang*. A second hole opens a millimeter from the first.

The Rider runs from the Lada as Henry fires again. The third bullet ignites the gasoline in the tank. The Lada explodes.

Henry holsters his S&W, opens his duffel bag, and assembles his rifle in five seconds flat. Sirens howl in the distance.

On one knee, Henry scans the street through the Remington's telescopic sight.

INSERT TELESCOPIC SIGHT POV

No one is visible near the burning Lada. No lurking shooters or shadows can be seen on the street level.

The sight tilts up. The Rider crouches on a balcony twelve feet above the sidewalk, aiming his gun right back at Henry.

The crosshairs line up on the Rider's face, which we now see for the first time.

*He looks identical to Henry Brogan, forty years younger.*

END POV

Henry, stunned, lowers his rifle. What the fuck?

The young replica (let's call him JUNIOR) opens fire with the automatic shotgun.

Henry dives out of the way as explosive shells demolish the pickup truck. His shield destroyed, Henry runs as Frag-12s crater the asphalt behind him.

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAY

Henry sprints down the street, lugging the sniper rifle in one hand and his duffel bag in the other. LOCALS walking down the block bolt in the other direction when they see him.

The sirens sound closer. The police are in front of him and Junior can't be far behind. Henry approaches the door of a five-story tenement.

He lifts his foot to kick the door open. Before he can kick, an ANCIENT WOMAN steps outside, her head wrapped in a shawl, using a cane to support herself, squinting in the sunlight.

She smiles and nods at Henry, oblivious to his rifle. Henry can't help nodding back and waiting for her to clear the doorway, while looking over his shoulder for Junior. Finally the crone shuffles away and he steps inside the building.

Junior runs onto the cobblestone street. He glances at the old lady (the only other person on the block). She smiles at him, unimpressed by his advanced shotgun.

CRONE

*Buenos días.*

JUNIOR

*Buenos días.*

A cop car starts to turn the corner at the far end of the street. They will spot Junior in seconds. He chooses a door (the correct one), makes sure it's locked, and kicks it open.

Junior disappears inside the tenement just as two cop cars roll down the cobblestones, searching for homicidal gringos.

INT. TENEMENT - DAY

Junior waits by the door, listening to the tires rolling over the cobblestones and the squawking radios.

The assault shotgun is too loud under the circumstances, so Junior straps it to his shoulder and draws a silenced Glock.

He proceeds cautiously to the narrow staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Henry waits on the stairs midway between the second and third floor. A bare bulb above his head lights the stairway. Using a handkerchief so he doesn't burn his fingers, Henry unscrews the lightbulb and quietly rests it on a stair above him.

He breaks down his rifle in no time, sticks the parts in his duffel bag, and draws his Smith & Wesson.

Two apartment doors flank the cramped landing below him. A mirror is mounted on the wall between the two apartments, facing the stairway.

Henry watches the mirror, listens to the footsteps, and waits in the darkness.

Junior slowly climbs the stairs between the first and second floor, Glock at the ready.

Henry spots Junior in the mirror. He might have the advantage, because he's in the darkness and Junior's in the light, he occupies the high ground and Junior the low, but still-- the kid looks just like him.

HENRY

Who are you?

Junior looks into the mirror and sees Henry's shadowy form. Neither man has an angle to make a shot.

HENRY

I don't want to shoot you.

Junior advances another step. A few more and he'll be able to turn the corner and fire at Henry (and be fired upon).

HENRY

They show you a picture of me?  
Anything seem strange to you?

Junior takes another step.

HENRY

Kid, just hold on a second. You  
take another step, I've got no  
choice. I've got to protect myself.

Henry surreptitiously pulls a grenade from his jacket pocket and quietly slips out the pin.

Junior takes another step. He prepares to spin around the stairwell corner and fire.

Henry hurls the grenade at the wall the mirror is mounted on.

The grenade bounces off the wall and flies straight toward Junior, a perfect bank shot.

Junior levels his Glock and fires twice. The first bullet stops the grenade's momentum in mid-air. The second sends it skittering backwards, cracking the mirror.

Junior flings himself down the flight of stairs.

The grenade explodes, blasting shrapnel and mirror shards in all directions.

Henry picks a splinter of silver glass from his cheek. Did he just see this kid shoot a grenade out of mid-air?

Henry runs up the stairs, lugging along his duffel bag.

At the next landing, a BALD MAN in a wifebeater steps out of his apartment, wondering when the war started.

Henry shoves past him and into the man's apartment...

INT. TENEMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...running past the kitchen table where three more CUBANS play dominoes.

INT. TENEMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry runs into the bedroom. The Bald Man's PRETTY WIFE dries herself with a towel. She quickly covers herself and Henry averts his eyes.

HENRY

Sorry.

Henry lifts the window and looks down. It's a thirty foot drop to the alley below. Screw that. But a drain pipe five feet away runs the length of the building.

He drops the duffel bag to the ground below and jumps for the drain pipe.

EXT. TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

He's not quite the jumper he used to be. He nearly falls short, but after dropping five feet his hands finally grab onto the pipe. His body swings hard against the wall, knocking the breath out of him.

He climbs down the pipe, hand over hand. He's still twenty feet up when he sees two STREET KIDS run over to the duffel bag. They glance at Henry.

HENRY

Don't even think about it...

One of the Street Kids grabs the duffel bag and they both bolt.

Henry curses to himself and hurries down the pipe.

INT. TENEMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Junior runs into the kitchen, knocking the Bald Man sprawling. The other dominoes players stare from their table.

## INT. TENEMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Junior runs into the bedroom. The Pretty Wife is about to have a heart attack. Junior gives her his best roguish grin-- which is pretty damn good.

JUNIOR

How you been?

He goes to the open window and looks out.

Three bullets buzz past his face, ripping into the window moulding.

Junior jerks his head back inside. His cheek bleeds where a bullet grazed him.

JUNIOR

(to the Pretty Wife)  
Old man's pretty good.

He charges toward the wall and dives through the open window.

## EXT. TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

With one hand, Junior grabs a window ledge of the building across the narrow alleyway; his other hand aims his shotgun towards Henry (on the ground now), who turns the corner and disappears before Junior can fire.

Junior drops himself down to the window ledge one floor below. He makes it to street level far faster than Henry did.

## EXT. HAVANA STREETS - DAY

Henry chases the Street Kids through the crooked alleys of non-tourist Havana. Sirens howl nearby.

Henry is in phenomenal shape for a man of his vintage, but he's not a ten-year-old Cuban kid. He falls farther and farther behind.

HENRY

*¡Basta ya!*

The Kids don't stop. Henry points his pistol skyward and fires.

Now the Kids stop and look back at the old gringo. These boys have been living by their wits all their lives, and what they see in Henry's face tells them, *He's not gonna shoot us.*

The Kids grin and turn to take off again.

Danny stands in their way, Glock 28 in hand. She aims and fires.

The Kids cringe, thinking the bullet's meant for them.

Henry ducks. He turns and sees the bullet slam into a wall, inches from Junior's head. Junior has to jerk back around the corner, out of the line of fire.

The Kid with the duffel bag drops it. Both Kids run.

Henry grabs the duffel bag while Danny covers him.

A police car rolls down the street (coming from the opposite direction of Junior). Danny sees it coming. They are well and truly screwed now.

Henry looks both ways and makes a quick decision. He holsters his gun, puts his hands in the air and walks toward the cops.

HENRY

*¡Me entrego!* [I surrender!]

Danny, still covering the corner where Junior lurks, stares at Henry, not sure what's going on.

The police car squeals to a stop beside Henry.

HENRY

(to Danny)

Drop the gun.

(to cops)

*¡Me entrego!*

The CUBAN OFFICERS step out of their car, guns drawn, shouting in Spanish.

Danny stares at Henry, who nods. She drops her gun and raises her hands.

Junior stands halfway down the block, peering around the corner. Sirens howl from all directions now. Frustrated, he lowers his gun and moves quickly away.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Henry and Danny sit in the backseat, handcuffed.

The two officers get in front. The driver activates the radio and prepares to call in the arrest.

HENRY  
 (Spanish; subtitled)  
*Before you make that call, I want  
 to ask you one question.*

The officers glance back at him.

HENRY  
 (Spanish; subtitled)  
*Do you want to be rich?*

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Junior sits in the empty bleachers of a public park, watching a few TEENAGE PLAYERS shag flies. He holds a cellphone to his ear and listens to someone on the other end.

He ends the call without speaking. A foul ball comes his way and he catches it. The first baseman smiles at him and raises his glove. Junior tosses it back. He watches the kids play a few seconds longer before standing and walking away.

INT. LESSARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lessard sits behind her desk, slowly tapping the wood with one manicured fingernail. Kovar walks into the office with a computer printout.

LESSARD  
 Havana police have Brogan and the  
 girl.

KOVAR  
 Bet they don't keep him for long.

He hands her the printout. Lessard looks it over.

LESSARD  
 What's this?

KOVAR  
 Patterson got an incoming call  
 yesterday just after 1600 hours.  
 (MORE)

KOVAR (cont'd)

A cell with a Vancouver number, registered to a Peter Phelan, tax attorney, currently on vacation in Cuba. Call was sourced to a cell tower in Havana. Lasted less than thirty seconds. Three minutes later, the Vancouver cell gets an incoming call from a different Arlington cell, registered to Ashley Jensen, fourteen-year-old freshman at Yorktown High.

LESSARD

Did you have her questioned?

Kovar hesitates, not sure if she's joking.

KOVAR

I figured Patterson stole it or bought it off her--

LESSARD

Let's verify that.

Lessard's desk phone rings and she pushes the speaker button.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

John Patterson is here to see you.

Lessard raises one delicately plucked eyebrow.

LESSARD

Send him in.

Patterson walks into the room. He glances at Kovar, who stares at him throughout the rest of the scene.

PATTERSON

(to Lessard)

Could I talk to you in private?

LESSARD

No.

It takes Patterson a moment to absorb how diminished his status has become. He licks his lips and proceeds.

PATTERSON

Brogan contacted me yesterday. From Havana.

LESSARD

And you're telling me today?

PATTERSON

He wants to meet.

(off Lessard's silence)

I set it up. Saturday at midnight.  
A bar in Bangkok.

KOVAR

Bangkok? Long flight for a meet.

LESSARD

You didn't tell me yesterday  
because, let me guess, you had a  
crisis of conscience?

PATTERSON

I guess I did.

LESSARD

Is it over?

PATTERSON

Here I stand, right?

LESSARD

If this meeting in Bangkok ends to  
our satisfaction, we can reconsider  
your future with this organization.  
Your future, in general.

(beat)

Have a safe trip.

Patterson realizes he's dismissed. He leaves the room.  
Lessard waits several seconds after the door is shut.

LESSARD

If he leads us to Brogan, very  
good. But either way, he no longer  
works for us. Understood?

Kovar smiles. He's been waiting a long time for that order.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Henry and Danny stand beside a painted-green asphalt strip in  
the middle of the Cuban jungle.

One of the Cuban Officers leans against his parked patrol  
car, watching the sky. The second Officer sits in the  
passenger seat, counting Euros.

DANNY

What if they said no?

HENRY

If they were the last two honest  
cops in Havana?

(shrugs)

We'd go with plan B.

DANNY

Which is?

HENRY

I usually figure that out when plan  
A stops working.

DANNY

And this Baron guy, you call him  
out of the blue, tell him you need  
an extraction, from Cuba, he says  
no problem, give me two hours?

HENRY

He owes me.

DANNY

What, you saved his life?

HENRY

Other way around. Old Chinese  
proverb: you save a man's life,  
you're responsible for it.

DANNY

Doesn't seem real fair.

HENRY

That's what he keeps saying.

(beat)

The shooter they sent after us, you  
get a look at his face?

DANNY

(shaking her head)

Why, you recognize him?

HENRY

He looked a little familiar.

A small jet roars over the canopy of palmettos, its wheels  
only inches above the highest branches.

The jet comes in so fast it seems impossible that it can stop  
before the end of the short runway, but somehow it does,  
turning at the very edge of the asphalt.

One of the Officers holds up a bundle of Euros, grins, and shouts to Henry over the roar of the jet engines.

CUBAN OFFICER  
 (Spanish; translated)  
*I'll give you twenty thousand back  
 if you fly me to Miami.*

INT. JET - DAY

Danny climbs aboard the jet behind Henry. She looks around the cabin with growing trepidation: beer bottles and fast food containers litter the stained carpeting.

Henry hugs THE BARON, a long-haired, long-bearded, plug-chewing good old boy with the Task Force 52 green spade tattooed on his wrist.

HENRY  
 You given up on showers?

THE BARON  
 Didn't realize you wanted me to shampoo before I come got you.

HENRY  
 (to Danny)  
 This is the Baron-- believe it or not, he's the best pilot I ever met. Baron, Danny.

He struggles to think up an appropriate encomium.

HENRY  
 She's the second-best shot in her recruitment class.

Danny and the Baron shake hands.

THE BARON  
 And far and away the prettiest Danny I ever met.

He heads for the pilot's seat.

THE BARON  
 Get yourselves strapped in tight. We only got three hundred meters of tarmac and I'm gonna use every one of 'em.

Danny removes a half-gnawed drumstick from her seat and buckles herself in. She is not a happy camper. Henry gives her a reassuring smile as he sits in the co-pilot's seat. He raises his voice over the roar of the engines.

HENRY

Don't worry! I've flown with the Baron a thousand times and he's only crashed once!

THE BARON

Twice!

The plane begins to taxi down the tiny runway, picking up speed. Seen through the windshield, the palmettos at the end of the runway look like a green wall, approaching fast.

HENRY

Twice... you're counting Laos?!

Danny clings to her seat, staring through the windshield in horror. There is no way they are not going to die.

THE BARON

Why wouldn't I count Laos?!

HENRY

'Cause we weren't supposed to be there?!

Danny closes her eyes.

THE BARON

We're amongst friends...

He pulls back on the yoke.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The turbines scald the palmetto fronds as the jet flies east.

The Cuban Officers watch the plane skim across the surface of the jungle.

INT. JET - DAY

Danny stares out her window at the trees immediately below them. It looks like they're surfing on a green wave.

DANNY

You know we're really, really close  
to these trees, right?

The Baron spits into his dip cup and glances back at her.

THE BARON

What's that?!

DANNY

No, no, no, don't look back here!  
(pointing at windshield)  
Out there, out there!

The Baron points at his ear.

THE BARON

You got to speak up, ma'am!

He faces front again, effortlessly guiding the jet inches  
above the rolling hills of Cuba.

Henry speaks to the Baron, too quietly for Danny to hear.

HENRY

You know you been playing that same  
joke since 1972?

THE BARON

Still funny, ain't it?

EXT. SKIES OVER THE ATLANTIC - DAY

The jet soars miles above the shimmering sea.

INT. JET - DAY

Seven miles up the ride is smooth and easy. Danny sleeps in a  
sleeping bag on the floor near the back of the cabin. The  
Baron glances back at her and spits in his cup.

THE BARON

Who is she anyway?

HENRY

She works for the same people I do.

THE BARON

They're gettin' younger and cuter  
and we're gettin' older and uglier.  
(spits)

(MORE)

THE BARON (cont'd)

They kicked you off the team, huh?  
(off Henry's nod)  
You know what for?

HENRY

Not really. This kid they sent after me... I had an open shot at him. Face in the crosshairs, ready to go... Couldn't pull the trigger. It was like I was aiming at myself.

THE BARON

You gone and got religion on me?  
This some kind of "Brotherhood of Man" bullshit?

HENRY

He looks exactly like I did at twenty-one.

THE BARON

I'm guessin' he didn't pass up the shot when it was his turn.

HENRY

I'm not talking about a resemblance. He looks exactly like me.

THE BARON

So maybe you got a son out there you never knew about. And he hates you.

HENRY

Me and Katie tried for years. Never happened. And there was no one but Katie.

THE BARON

Shit, I know that. You were the only happily married man from the 52. But what about before Katie?

HENRY

Before Katie was Gina Mancuso and Cheryl Christiani, both of South Philly High, both of whom probably went on the pill when they were twelve.

THE BARON

Cheryl Christiani? She sounds sexy.

HENRY

Yeah. She wasn't. And even if one of them did get pregnant, that was more than forty years ago. This kid's in his early twenties.

THE BARON

It's like those guys they hire as celebrity impersonators. There's this one guy, saw him on TV, he looks so much like Nixon--

HENRY

You got to trust me on this.

THE BARON

I do trust you, brother. But what the hell we gonna do about it?

DANNY (O.S.)

So what are you, anyway? A smuggler?

The men turn to see that Danny has risen and stands behind them in the cockpit.

THE BARON

(winking at Henry)  
She got it in one.

DANNY

Drugs?

THE BARON

(wounded)  
No, ma'am. Never touch anything harder than Everclear, myself. I'm more of a people smuggler. Kind of like those boys down in Mexico, the coyotes? Difference is, my customers pay a lot more, and I always get 'em where they're going.

DANNY

Where are we going?

THE BARON

(broad grin)  
Me and Henry here, we're goin' home.

INT. LESSARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lessard and Kovar watch a televised news report.

INSERT TELEVISION

A LAWYER answers questions outside of a courthouse in Florida. Below him on the screen a chyron reads: *Senator Willis To Plead Not Guilty.*

LAWYER

We intend to prove that the Senator has been the target of a vast conspiracy, people who will stop at nothing to silence him--

END INSERT

KOVAR

That's what the nutjobs always say.

LESSARD

We played this too cute. He's in protective custody?

KOVAR

Nah, the DA made a big deal about that. No special privileges for the rich and powerful.

LESSARD

Sounds like a DA who wants to be a Governor. You have the appropriate connections?

KOVAR

Of course.

LESSARD

This can't get close to us.

KOVAR

Friends of friends of friends.

LESSARD

You're a popular man.

INSERT TELEVISION

## LAWYER

Senator Willis has fought injustice  
his entire life, and he will not  
stop fighting now...

EXT. HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A grim fortress on the outskirts of Tampa.

EXT. THE YARD - DAY

Tattooed and branded INMATES lift weights, play basketball,  
or study the Bible in the shade.

Jack Willis jogs a lap around the perimeter of the yard. He  
is the oldest inmate in sight, and the only one with a yacht.

A gargantuan ARYAN BROTHER walks toward the wall, choosing an  
angle that will allow him to intercept Jack.

Jack sees the guy: built like an Ultimate Fighter, with SS  
lightning bolt runes tattooed on his neck.

Jack stops and turns to see if anyone's watching. All the  
GUARDS in the yard and the watchtowers seem to be looking in  
the wrong direction. As if they knew where not to look.

The Aryan Brother pulls a screwdriver from his pocket, the  
point filed down for hours until it's sharp as an ice pick.

JACK

Now hold on a second...

The Aryan Brother swings, driving the point of the sharpened  
screwdriver at Jack's chest.

Jack's training takes over. He blocks the musclebound  
skinhead's thrust and kicks him hard in the kneecap with the  
edge of his shoe.

As the Aryan Brother stumbles, Jack headbutts him hard,  
crushing the skinhead's nose. The tattooed bruiser falls to  
the ground, blood pouring from his nostrils.

Jack stands above him, fists clenched, a little triumphant.

JACK

You want some more of that, you  
Nazi prick? Huh?

The Aryan smiles up at Jack, his teeth red with blood.

ARYAN BROTHER

They told me you were a tough guy.

JACK

Who told you?

Jack realizes the trap a second too late. He spins around as a steel shiv slips in between his ribs and pierces his heart.

He stares at a shorter, less muscular and far deadlier ARYAN BROTHER. This one has a minuscule swastika tattooed beneath each vacant eye.

The smaller Aryan holds Jack upright so he can pull out the blade and jam it in one more time, insuring the kill.

Jack falls to the ground, staring at the sun. Both Aryans walk away.

A Guard in the watchtower, impassive behind his mirrored shades, watches in silence for a moment before activating his walkie-talkie.

GUARD

LC, this is Tower Nine, we got a possible three-three by the north wall of the rec., repeat, possible three-three by the north wall.

EXT. SUVARNABHUMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

A jumbo jet lands on the lighted runway.

TITLE CARD: *Bangkok*

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Patterson walks toward the customs area. Two AMERICAN MEN in business suits (not next to each other) both keep an eye on Patterson.

They know how to do their jobs. Patterson has no idea he's being followed.

Patterson stops in the back of the customs line. The two Americans, standing in separate lines, don't look at him.

The CUSTOMS OFFICERS in their booths turn when they hear a small posse of Thai POLICE OFFICERS hustling toward the customs area, led by a small, tough-looking man with a gray suit and a gray buzzcut, AROON (60).

The Police Officers carry assault rifles. Only Aroon is unarmed.

The TOURISTS and BUSINESSMEN in the customs lines are startled to see this squad walk into their midst.

Aroon walks right up to Patterson. The Thai is no taller than 5'5" but men a foot taller can't hold his gaze.

Patterson stares right back at him and slowly smiles. Aroon shakes his head, smiling back.

AROON

Long time, long time. You got old, Patterson.

PATTERSON

It's going around. Guess you got my message.

AROON

Show me.

Patterson turns, inspects the parallel lines of people waiting, and points out the two American men who had been following him.

Aroon signals to his troops and a few seconds later the Thai officers seize the two Americans, cuff them, and lead them away, ignoring the men's strident complaints.

Aroon watches with vague amusement.

AROON

So these men are trying to smuggle heroin into Thailand?  
(shaking his head)  
What will they think of next?

PATTERSON

They might have hidden it very well.

AROON

Oh, we'll find it. We always find it.

Aroon and Patterson walk away from the customs line and we realize that Patterson isn't leaving the airport after all-- he's got a connecting flight.

AROON

You don't have time for a little whiskey? I know some girls who want to meet you. I told them the old war stories.

PATTERSON

Maybe on the way back.

AROON

Saigon, eh? Say hello for me.

PATTERSON

They call it Ho Chi Minh City, now.

Aroon claps Patterson on the back and walks him toward the departure gate for the Bangkok-HCMC flight.

AROON

I don't care what they call it.  
It's always Saigon for us.

EXT. REUNIFICATION PALACE - DAY

TITLE CARD: *Ho Chi Minh City*

Henry, Danny and the Baron stand outside the former Presidential Palace. TOURISTS photograph an old Russian tank, parked on the front lawn. Signs in Vietnamese, French and English declare this "The Tank That Ended the War."

Danny looks at Henry and the Baron, who both stare solemnly at the tank, immersed in their memories.

THE BARON

Man, I'm hungry. You want some con  
*chủt?*

A SIDEWALK VENDOR nearby sells skewers of some type of meat. The Baron begins negotiating with the old woman, his Vietnamese half-forgotten but still serviceable.

HENRY

(to Danny)  
Two of you are flying to Australia tonight.

DANNY

Australia?

HENRY

Big country with the kangaroos?

DANNY

Why am I going there?

HENRY

We have friends you can stay with for a while. You'll be safe.

DANNY

No, no, no. You're not pulling that crap with me. I saved your ass in Havana--

HENRY

You did. And I'm saving your ass now.

The Baron returns with several greasy skewers. He passes one to Danny. She stares at it doubtfully.

DANNY

What is this?

THE BARON

You don't want to know.

Danny shrugs. She's hungry. She takes a bite. Not bad.

DANNY

(mouth full)

Long as it's not rat or something.

The Baron tries to suppress a smile as he takes a bite and glances at Henry.

Danny notices the long, charred tail on the Baron's skewered meat. She closes her eyes, holds the skewer away from her body, and walks toward a garbage can.

Henry and the Baron follow behind her. CYCLO DRIVERS on the corner honk their horns and try to sell rides in pigeon English.

THE BARON

I'd rather eat a paddy rat than a cow. Never met a mean cow.

HENRY

I was just telling Danny about the vacation you're taking in Australia.

DANNY

And I was just telling Henry that I don't need a vacation.

THE BARON

It's for your own good, sweetheart.

DANNY

Yeah, you know what, unless you're Frank Sinatra, don't call me sweetheart. I'm not going anywhere, so forget it. I'm a big girl with a Glock and I don't need you two dinosaurs treating me like a damsel in distress.

Henry raises his eyebrows and looks at the Baron, who has gone back to chewing on his grilled paddy rat.

HENRY

Dinosaurs? Kind of sounds like an insult.

THE BARON

Nah, they were big and tough.

HENRY

(to Danny)

You want to stick around, stick around. But I'm the commanding officer. I give you an order, you follow it.

He reaches into his pocket, hands her some Euros and gestures towards a sidewalk kiosk where signs in bad English advertise *Pre Paid Mobile Phone with Ten Pre Song Download Free!*

HENRY

Get us six disposable cell phones.

Danny salutes and marches off to the kiosk.

THE BARON

"I'm a big girl with a Glock." Man oh man, it's a brave new world.

They watch Danny negotiate with the VENDOR.

HENRY

We still know anybody in Saigon?

THE BARON

All the old boys are either dead or in real estate. Why?

HENRY

Odds are better than good this meet with Patterson's a bad deal. It'd be nice to armor up.

THE BARON

How much time we got?

HENRY

Tomorrow, 2400 hours. \*

THE BARON

Brother, you give me a day in any city on God's green earth, I'll get you kitted up like a damn SWAT team. \*

HENRY

We'll need a couple cars, too. And a garage. Somewhere quiet.

THE BARON

Gonna be a wet one, huh? \*

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Lessard walks quickly down the hallway, looking through a sheaf of documents. Kovar, coming out of the control room, catches up to her. She doesn't slow down.

LESSARD

I thought you were headed for New Mexico.

KOVAR

Plane's on standby. We have a little problem with the fellas following Patterson.

LESSARD

Define little.

KOVAR

They were arrested in the Bangkok Airport. On suspicion of smuggling narcotics.

Lessard gives him a sideways glance but doesn't stop walking.

KOVAR

We'll have them out in a few hours--

LESSARD

Why? They're obviously incompetent.  
Let them rot in there.

KOVAR

I took the precaution of having a  
GPS chip sewn into Patterson's  
wallet. Thailand was a decoy.

Now Lessard stops.

LESSARD

Where is he?

KOVAR

Vietnam.

LESSARD

They're going on a tour of  
Communist countries?

KOVAR

Choosing places we can't go after  
them in force.

LESSARD

And our friend?

KOVAR

Calling him now. \*

Lessard continues down the corridor, leaving Kovar behind.

LESSARD

I'll need to find a replacement for  
Patterson. You handle this  
properly, you're on my short list.

EXT. DIRT LOT - DAY \*

A muscular SOLDIER (30) with a bo stick, wearing camo pants  
and a t-shirt, spars with a BOY (10) in a similar outfit. A  
dozen other BOYS sit in a semi-circle watching. All the boys  
have shaved heads. \*

The sticks whir through the air, smacking against each other. \*

The Boy is remarkably skilled for his age, but he's no match \*

for a grown warrior. \*

Junior watches from a distance. \*

The Soldier's stick cracks the Boy in the head. The Boy falls, blinking from the pain but never whimpering. \*

SOLDIER \*

Stand! \*

The Boy rises to his feet. The Soldier attacks immediately, and again the bo sticks blur in the air. After an extended melee, the Soldier slams his stick into the Boy's stomach. \*

The Boy falls again, gasping for breath. Still no tears, no request for mercy. \*

SOLDIER \*

Stand! \*

The Boy staggers to his feet. The Soldier attacks again. The Boy is too tired now to offer much resistance, and a moment later he's knocked to the ground again. \*

Junior never moves an inch but we get the distinct impression that he'd like to step in and cold cock the Soldier. \*

The Soldier looks down at the fallen Boy. \*

SOLDIER \*

Train harder and you might last a little longer. \*

The Soldier turns to address the other boys watching. \*

SOLDIER \*

Who's next? \*

(pointing) \*

Johnson! You're up. \*

The Soldier never sees the Boy rise behind him and swing like Ted Williams at the plate. The bo stick whacks the Soldier in the back of the head. The Soldier's eyes roll back in their sockets and he topples to the ground. \*

BOY \*

Stand! \*

Junior smiles. His cell phone rings. He listens for a moment. \*

JUNIOR \*

Copy that. \*

He pockets the phone, nods at the Boy still standing over the fallen bully, and walks away. \*

EXT. CONTINENTAL HOTEL ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

Patterson sits at the rooftop bar of the oldest hotel in the city, gulping a rum drink beneath the stars. From here most of HCM City is visible, from the proud old colonial buildings to the gleaming new office towers.

Patterson doesn't seem to be enjoying the view. He checks his watch and glances around at the other BAR PATRONS, mainly Asian faces with a few Westerners sprinkled in.

HENRY (O.S.)  
You look nervous.

Henry seats himself across from Patterson. He flashes three fingers at a pretty young WAITRESS wearing too much makeup.

PATTERSON  
I expect this conversation will get me killed. Nervous seems appropriate.  
(examining Henry)  
You look a little heavier than last time. You wearing a vest?

HENRY  
Don't take it the wrong way.

PATTERSON  
It was a lot easier when we all knew who the enemy was.

HENRY  
When was that?

PATTERSON  
You're not becoming a cynic, are you?

The Waitress brings over a bottle of "333" beer.

HENRY  
*Cam on.*

The Waitress smiles and responds with a flurry of Vietnamese before walking away.

PATTERSON  
What did she say?

HENRY

No idea. Only words I remember are "thank you." Got a few questions for you, boss.

PATTERSON

I bet you do.

HENRY

On the off-chance you're a lying sack of shit and you got some people watching me, you should know, I got people watching you.

PATTERSON

(slight smile)

Do you?

HENRY

You seem a little skeptical.

PATTERSON

Danny Zakarooski's a smart girl. She wouldn't be my choice for a tac op.

Henry pulls out one of the disposable cells and speed dials.

HENRY

(on phone)

Your name is Zakarooski?

(listening)

Oh.

(to Patterson)

It's pronounced zok-SHEF-skee.

(on phone)

Yeah, Patterson seems to think you're not much of a tac op. Uh huh. Uh huh. Okay.

He ends the call and puts away his phone.

HENRY

She says you have something on your shirt.

Patterson looks down at his white dress shirt. A red laser dot dances around his breast pocket.

HENRY

Personally, I don't trust the laser sights. Bullets don't go in a straight line.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)  
 But hey, the kids today swear by  
 'em.

(sipping his beer)  
 Should we start with why you sent a  
 team after me? Or you want to  
 explain why the shooter in Havana  
 looks just like me?

PATTERSON  
 I hate to break it to you, but...  
 you don't look like that anymore.  
 (beat)  
 Your two questions are connected.

HENRY  
 There's a shock.

EXT. CONTINENTAL HOTEL - NIGHT

A taxi stops in front of the hotel. Junior steps out, a  
 rucksack on his shoulder, holding a GPS monitor. The blinking  
 dot tells him the target is in this building. The altitude  
 reading tells him Patterson's on the roof.

From the sidewalk, Junior can see the lights and the swaying  
 palm trees of the rooftop bar. He glances across the street.  
 A tall office tower is under construction, still just a  
 skeleton of steel I-beams. He hurries toward it.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

PATTERSON  
 Your old buddy Jack Willis took you  
 out on his yacht and told you about  
 Ares. That was a terrible decision  
 on his part. Made you a marked man.  
 Got him killed.

(off Henry's stare)  
 Someone stuck a shiv in his heart  
 this morning. He went down  
 fighting, though.

HENRY  
 You ordered this?

PATTERSON  
 Negative. That list of names Jack  
 showed you? The photograph of the  
 kid who looks just like Ray-Ray  
 Vidro?

HENRY

You're the whistle-blower.

PATTERSON

I thought I could tip them off without giving away my position or getting anyone killed. Clearly, I miscalculated.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Junior rides the construction elevator. He's on one knee, assembling a Barrett Model 95 sniper rifle.

The lights of HCM City glitter outside the steel frame of the building, but Junior couldn't care less about the view.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

PATTERSON

(gulping his drink)

You have to understand, for a long time, for years, I thought Ares was a good idea. A great idea, in theory. But when you see the reality, what happens to these kids...

HENRY

You need some therapy, boss, I bet they got good people at Bethesda. Just tell me what's going on.

Patterson hesitates and downs the rest of his drink.

PATTERSON

People say the Spartans were the greatest warriors in history. Personally, who knows, I think the samurai were pretty goddamn talented, and you didn't see the Mongols losing many battles, but okay, the Spartans were up there. According to legend, a warrior killed Ares' sacred dragon, sowed the dragon's teeth in the soil, and from the teeth sprang the original Spartans. That's what *Spartoi* means, "sown men."

(beat)

You're one of the dragon's teeth.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

Junior steps out of the elevator and walks across the unfinished concrete floor. He stops at the edge of the concrete-- from here it's a straight drop to the street. The rooftop bar across the street is about twenty feet lower, giving Junior a perfect shooting angle.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

HENRY

You want to quit the "I went to Harvard" crap and tell me what you're talking about?

PATTERSON

Come on, you're a sharp guy. You saw that picture of Ray-Ray-- except it couldn't have been Ray-Ray. You saw that kid chasing you in Havana, your twin, right? Except forty years younger? Kid's an even better shot than you-- got your genes and he's been training since he could walk.

HENRY

He can't be my son--

PATTERSON

He's not your son. He's you. One of those times you went in for your shots, we kept a sample of your blood. Did the same with select members of Task Force 52, Seal Team Six, Delta Force. The best soldiers we had. The dream team. Technology wasn't quite ready in the Seventies. Ares went online twenty-two years ago.

(beat)

Clones, Henry. We picked our top killers and we copied them. You have to admit it's logical. You know how hard it is to find good soldiers, let alone great ones? Especially now, when it's all volunteers?

(beat)

(MORE)

PATTERSON (cont'd)  
 Kid like you, all-state in three  
 sports, you'd have been playing  
 safety at Penn State if you hadn't  
 gotten caught stealing Chevies.  
 Bad luck for the Viet Cong.

It takes a lot to surprise Henry, but he cannot believe the words he is hearing.

HENRY  
 Who raised this boy?

PATTERSON  
 We built a model town for them. New  
 Sparta. I came up with that name.  
 Truth is, it's nearly impossible to  
 make a good assassin if you don't  
 get him till he's eighteen. Even if  
 he's got great genetics, the kid's  
 been taught since day one that it's  
 wrong to hurt anybody, killing's  
 bad, all that. Do you read the  
 Bible? "Train a child in the way he  
 should go, and when he is old he  
 will not turn from it." These kids,  
 they have no fear. No mercy. All  
 they know is war and how to fight  
 it. They're the sons of Ares. The  
 new Spartans.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - NIGHT

In the prone position, Junior scans the tables of the rooftop bar through his electronic scope.

INSERT SCOPE POV

A table of ASIAN BUSINESSMEN, very drunk and laughing hard.

The scope shifts to a table where a EUROPEAN in an expensive suit, his hair slicked back, whispers in the ear of a very beautiful, and very professional, VIETNAMESE WOMAN.

The scope shifts to Henry and Patterson's table.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - CONTINUOUS

HENRY  
 This kid... he knows who I am?

PATTERSON

Of course not. None of them know they come from test tubes. They all think they're orphans.

Henry stares at Patterson for several long seconds.

HENRY

You're just shit with a mouth and eyes, you realize that?

PATTERSON

I do.

HENRY

You figured out this was wrong, why didn't you go to the press?

PATTERSON

Because I'm a coward. And I like my testicles right where they are.

(beat)

He's coming for you, Henry. And he's you-- except younger and stronger and faster. You're not gonna win this one. He's been learning how to kill since he was born.

HENRY

He wasn't learning from me.

Patterson smiles and shakes his head. He opens his mouth to respond and a bullet hits Henry in the chest, knocking him out of his chair.

Patterson stares, not yet processing what has happened. As he rises from his chair, a second bullet rips through his heart.

The force of the .50 caliber bullet knocks Patterson onto the table behind him. The Asian Businessmen stare at the dead Westerner for a few seconds. His white shirtfront is already soaked through with blood.

Panic. Everyone runs for the exit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny and the Baron kneel in an unlit hotel room across the street from the rooftop bar. Both of them hold rifles and both desperately scan the neighboring buildings for some sign of the shooter.

THE BARON

Where those shots come from?

DANNY

I didn't see any flash...

THE BARON

Son of a bitch...

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Junior examines the rooftop through his scope. We see, perhaps for the first time, that he wears a small earpiece.

JUNIOR

Alpha Mike Foxtrot on target two.  
Hold for confirm on target one...

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry lies on his back on the tiled floor, shielded from view, blinking as he tries to catch his breath.

Even with the vest, taking a hit from a .50 caliber rifle round is like getting kicked by a racehorse.

He turns onto his belly and combat crawls toward the stairway door, weaving between overturned tables.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Junior watches the rooftop, very patient, waiting for any sign of life. He doesn't see Henry but he spies movement-- the rustle of a table cloth, the shifting of shadows. He decides to flush his quarry.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - CONTINUOUS

A slug punches through the upturned tabletop shielding Henry, slamming into the tiled floor inches from his face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANNY

The new building. Eighth floor.

She and the Baron lay down suppressing fire.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Junior back-crawls away from the edge of the floor as bullets howl past. He shifts his aim, not bothering with the scope now, and fires back.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny and the Baron duck as the heavy slugs shatter the windows and perforate the walls.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry runs for the stairway door.

EXT. OFFICE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Junior ejects the old ammo magazine and slams in a new one. He scopes out the rooftop bar again, just in time to see the stairway door swinging shut.

Junior scoops up his rucksack and runs for the elevator.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Danny and the Baron run for the stairs.

EXT. CONTINENTAL HOTEL - NIGHT

Henry emerges onto the sidewalk. He's still not moving all that well, thanks to getting hammered in the chest with a 660-grain bullet travelling at 2800 feet per second.

He runs to an open-air Jeep, pulling the keys from his pocket. Jumps in, turns the ignition, and looks back to see Junior running out of the construction site (his weaponry now concealed in his rucksack).

Henry hits the gas and peels out.

In front of a bar next to the hotel, a YOUNG HOODLUM leans against the side of his fully-tricked out, 2009 Nissan GT-R. Vietnamese pop music blasts from the speakers. Cool blue neon lights shine from the underbody.

The Young Hoodlum has his hands on a YOUNG MOLL in an insanely tight dress. She doesn't seem entirely happy that he's grabbing her ass, but she doesn't push him away, either.

Junior sprints across the street, opens the driver's side door of the Nissan, and throws his rucksack inside.

The Hoodlum can't quite believe what he's seeing. He jumps across the hood of his car, pulling two push daggers (knives with T-shaped handles that are grasped in the palm, so that the blades protrude between the fingers).

Junior holds up his hands and backs away as the Hoodlum curses at him in Vietnamese, the steel blades flashing under the streetlights.

Junior sees Henry's Jeep disappearing down the street.

JUNIOR  
(hands in the air)  
Easy, easy...

The Hoodlum continues to curse, his daggers carving the air. He looks like he's been playing with knives his whole life.

Junior draws his Glock from his shoulder holster and fires before the Hoodlum has time to blink.

When the Hoodlum finally does blink, looking down to check his silk shirt, he's surprised to find himself undamaged.

Junior's gun isn't pointing at him. Four blocks away, the Jeep, one tire exploded, swerves into a parked car but manages to right itself and turn the corner, driving on a rear rim that shoots sparks into the air.

The Hoodlum still hasn't recovered from his near-death experience when Junior clubs him with the butt of the pistol, dropping him to the pavement.

Junior jumps into the GT-R, backs up at high speed, and takes off after the Jeep.

The Young Moll in the tight dress watches him go, eyes wide.

EXT. STREETS OF HCM CITY - NIGHT

The Jeep's still going forty miles per hour, but it's hard to steer with three tires.

Henry brakes in the middle of the street and hops out. A TAXI DRIVER on a motorized cyclo stops.

TAXI DRIVER  
You need ride?

HENRY  
*Cam on.*

Henry escorts the startled man off the cyclo and races off.

The Taxi Driver stares at his departing cyclo. He turns and sees headlights bearing down on him.

Junior swerves around the Taxi Driver, missing him by inches. The speakers in the car still blast Vietnamese pop.

Henry looks back and sees Junior gaining on him. A supercar against a cyclo will not be much of a contest.

When the GT-R is almost upon him, Henry swerves off the main road, into the night market.

EXT. NIGHT MARKET - NIGHT

The street is clogged with VENDORS selling food from carts and stalls to LATE NIGHT DINERS. Men in peaked straw hats fry fish in oil. Women serve bowls of pho.

Henry manages to navigate this crowded thoroughfare in the cyclo. Junior, in the Nissan, doesn't have a chance.

Junior punches the gas and turns at the next corner, racing down the street that runs parallel to the night market.

EXT. THU THIEM BRIDGE - NIGHT

Henry swerves onto the modern bridge crossing the Saigon River. Hundreds of motorbikes swarm in both directions, along with a smaller number of cars and trucks.

Junior zooms onto the bridge, going twice as fast as everyone else on the road. He swerves around clusters of motorbikes, searching for the right cyclo.

Henry sees Junior gaining on him again. He steers his cyclo into the lanes of oncoming traffic. Horrified motorbike RIDERS and automobile DRIVERS swerve around the lunatic.

Junior swerves into the lane behind Henry. He reaches out his window with his Glock, taking aim.

Henry has his own pistol out. He sees a heavy tanker-truck heading straight for them, horn blaring. It will never be able to brake in time.

Henry aims and fires three times before cutting hard left. The bullets shred the left front tire of the oncoming truck. The tractor-trailer jackknifes, the tractor skidding left, the trailer swinging right, the stainless steel tanker barreling straight at the camera.

Henry has already steered onto the pedestrian walkway bordering the road.

Junior, however, only has time to brake hard and turn left, managing to get the driver's side away from the tanker when it slams into the GT-R.

The stainless steel tanker smashes into the sports car like a baseball bat hitting a ball. The Nissan tumbles side over side, five complete rotations, before coming to a rest on its back, wheels still spinning.

Henry doesn't stop, but he looks back at the overturned car.

After a few seconds, Junior crawls from the wreckage, bleeding from the scalp.

Dozens of motorbikes lie on their sides on the bridge, the riders moaning nearby as they assess their injuries.

Junior staggers to his feet, bloodied but still alert. He raises his Glock. Henry is already three hundred meters away, driving off the bridge. Hitting a moving target with a handgun at that distance is impossible. Junior fires five times, emptying the magazine.

Five bullets rip through the back of Henry's jacket, knocking him off of the cyclo. He tucks and rolls across the hardtop.

He comes to a stop in a sitting position, a little dazed but essentially unhurt. He stares back at Junior, gauging the distance, amazed by the kid's accuracy.

Junior grabs one of the motorbikes, stands it upright, hops on and takes off after Henry. Swapping ammo magazines with one hand while steering a motorbike is a tough trick, but Junior makes it look easy.

Henry only has seconds to plan his next move. He sees an old, brick-walled factory building that rises beside the modern bridge.

Henry runs toward the guardrail and jumps. If he misjudged the distance he would fall forty feet to the ground below. He crashes through the multi-paned window and out of sight.

A few seconds later Junior pulls up his bike at the spot where Henry jumped. He gets off his bike, makes a few quick decisions, and takes a running jump off the bridge.

In mid-air he fires three shots through the broken window, protecting himself in case Henry is waiting in the shadows.

INT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

Junior smashes through the few remaining panes of glass and lands on his feet. He stays in his crouch, pivoting left and right, looking for his target.

He stands in a dark storage room, surrounded by stacked pallets. Only one door leads out of the room, and it swings shut as Junior points his gun in that direction.

Light spills in from beneath the closed door, and the clacking noise of active machinery.

Junior heads that way, step by cautious step, Glock raised.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Junior shoves open the door, ready to fire. He has walked into a brightly lit, cavernous room that takes up nearly the entire floor.

YOUNG WOMEN in blue smocks sit at their sewing machines-- row after row, hundreds of workers making hundreds of identical shirts. The noise is so intense that few of the women notice Junior. The ones that do stare at him, nervous but unwilling to leave their seats.

Junior walks between two rows of sewing workers, searching for some sign of Henry.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Junior emerges from the factory floor into the hallway that leads to the staircase. It's quiet here.

"Fernando" by Abba starts to play, jarring in its lack of context.

*There was something in the air that night,  
The stars were bright, Fernando.*

Junior whips his gun back and forth. Where the hell is the music coming from? Finally he sees a cell phone on the floor at the end of the hallway, beneath a multi-paned window. It's light are flashing and the song plays from its small speaker.

*They were shining there for you and me,  
For liberty, Fernando.*

Junior scans the area for some sign of Henry. Nothing. He walks toward the blaring cell phone.

*If I had to do the same again  
I would, my friend, Fernando.*

Junior hesitates. He doesn't want to pick up the phone, but at the same time, he's lost track of Henry.

*Yes, if I had to do the same again  
I would, my friend, Fernando.*

Junior finally picks up the phone and flips it open. He listens but doesn't say a word, still searching for Henry.

HENRY (O.S.)

The Israelis put a little Semtex in the battery compartments of cellphones, blow up the Hamas boys when they call. All you need is a few grams, put a nice size hole in your head.

JUNIOR

You're not a bombmaker.

HENRY (O.S.)

Nope, I'm a sniper. And now I see you.

Junior glances through the dirty window, angry at himself. He has put himself in position to be shot from the street. Henry could be anywhere in the darkness outside.

HENRY (O.S.)

You're a sniper, too. So I got to ask you a question: what part of the target's body were you taught to aim for?

JUNIOR

The head.

HENRY (O.S.)  
 First shot you had at me,  
 stationary target, probably less  
 than three hundred meters, guessing  
 you're using a Barrett M95-- you  
 hit me in the chest.

JUNIOR  
 I missed.

HENRY (O.S.)  
 You don't look like the kind of guy  
 who misses many shots.

JUNIOR  
 Everybody misses.

HENRY (O.S.)  
 I don't think you did. I think you  
 recognized me. Put down your gun.

JUNIOR  
 Old man... I get the feeling you  
 can't pull the trigger on me.

A bullet whistles past Junior's head. He sees the small hole  
 in a pane of window-glass.

HENRY (O.S.)  
 You want to bet the rest of your  
 life on that?

Junior examines the hole, the angle through the glass,  
 judging Henry's approximate position. He smiles and lets the  
 phone slip from his hand.

Before the phone hits the floor, Junior fires six shots  
 through the window and leaps toward the stairwell, all in one  
 fluid motion.

He runs down the stairs, swapping ammo magazines as he goes.

EXT. DISTRICT 2 - NIGHT

A quieter part of the city, filled with warehouses and  
 construction sites.

From the doorway of the textile factory, Junior scans the  
 street for any sign of Henry.

He sprints out of the doorway, taking cover behind a parked van. When he peers over the hood, behind his leveled Glock, he sees a dark puddle on the sidewalk across the street.

A trail of drizzled blood leads away from the puddle. Wherever Henry took the bullet, he's bleeding badly.

Still cautious, Junior follows the trail of blood, jogging down the dark street.

The fresh splatters of blood lead into a large, unlit auto shop garage.

Junior takes cover outside the garage door. He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a slender gun mount flashlight, and fixes it to the barrel of his Glock.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Junior ducks inside the garage, his gun light stabbing through the darkness.

He moves quietly across the concrete floor, searching for the source of all the blood.

The lights come on. The steel garage door begins to descend. Junior sees a red laser dot dancing on his chest. He looks up and finds himself surrounded. Henry, Danny and the Baron all point their guns at him.

In his left hand Henry holds a plastic bottle filled with pig's blood. He sets it down on the floor.

Junior doesn't seem frightened, just annoyed that he let himself get lured into the trap. He keeps his pistol leveled at Henry.

Henry holsters his gun and walks toward his duffel bag. Junior does not lower his own gun. Henry unzips one of the compartments, reaches in and pulls out a framed photograph.

He walks toward Junior, ignoring the black Glock pointed at his face. He offers Junior the photograph. Junior does not look at the photo, does not lower the gun.

HENRY

Kid, I know for a fact you're pretty smart. You got to ask yourself why you don't have three bullets in your head already, and then you got to look at this picture.

Junior finally accepts the framed photo from Henry, but still doesn't lower his gun. After another moment he glances at the picture.

INSERT PHOTO

The photo from 1972 of shirtless young men with crewcuts and dogtags, on R&R in Hawaii, flipping the camera the bird.

We go closer and closer, over faces we might recognize: Ray-Ray Vidro; Jack Willis; the Baron. Henry Brogan, looking exactly like Junior.

END INSERT

Junior stares at the photograph for a long time.

HENRY

Everything you've been told about  
where you come from, who you are,  
it's a lie.

Junior looks up at Henry.

HENRY

You ready for the truth?

EXT. SAIGON RIVER - DAWN

Junior sits on a park bench, watching old fishing trawlers and barges loaded with coal motoring up and down the river. He looks like he's been sitting on the bench, thinking, for hours.

Henry walks up to the bench and takes a seat. He has two cups of coffee. He offers one to Junior, who shakes his head.

Henry sips from his own coffee and looks out at the river.

Danny and the Baron stand ten yards away, their hands in their jacket pockets, keeping an eye on Junior.

HENRY

What are you thinking about?

Junior, watching the boats and looking somber, doesn't answer for several seconds.

JUNIOR

This girl in a really tight dress I  
saw last night.

Henry smiles and takes another gulp of his coffee.

HENRY  
 You're me, all right.  
 (beat)  
 They give you a name?

JUNIOR  
 Yeah, they gave me a name. Nick.

HENRY  
 Nick's not bad. Last name?

JUNIOR  
 Murphy.

HENRY  
 At least they made you Irish.  
 (beat)  
 So what do you want to do, Nick  
 Murphy?

Junior stares at the seagulls squawking above the river.

Finally he reaches into his pocket. Danny and the Baron have their hands on the butts of their guns, but Junior pulls out a cellphone. He enters a series of numbers and waits till someone answers.

JUNIOR  
 (on cellphone)  
 Alpha Mike Foxtrot on target one.

He ends the call and tosses the phone in the river.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TITLE CARD: *New Mexico*

A convoy of ten black SUVs rolls across the blacktop.

The lead SUV reaches the gate of a tall chainlink fence topped with concertina wire. Skull-and-crossbones signs warn that the fence is electrified. Black and yellow trefoils warn of radiation.

The gate slides open and the convoy rolls past SENTRIES armed with assault rifles.

INT. SUV - DAY

Kovar sits in the passenger seat of one of the SUVs. His cellphone rings. He glances at the number and answers.

KOVAR  
You got the good news?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Lessard stares at a radar map on one of the large monitors.

LESSARD  
(on phone)  
You're not the guy I call about  
good news.

EXT. DESERT BASE - DAY

The convoy rolls across another quarter mile of desert towards a base ringed with twenty-foot high concrete walls.

SENTRIES in the guard towers man heavy machine guns.

INTERCUT between Lessard in the control room and Kovar in the SUV.

KOVAR  
What happened? We got the confirm  
six hours ago.

LESSARD  
And in the last six hours our  
friend's phone has gone dead and he  
didn't show up for his flight to  
the States.

KOVAR  
You're saying our friend's no  
longer our friend.

Lessard stares at the radar screen, coming to a decision. She makes a general announcement to the Technicians in the room.

LESSARD  
I want all documentation related to  
Ares destroyed. Paper and  
electronic.

The Technicians stare at each other, startled by the order, before hurrying to comply.

LESSARD

(on the phone again)

NORAD's tracking an undocumented jet over Texas. Flight originated at a private airfield in Molokai, but that was just a refuel. They're checking their data but they think the jet left Vietnam this morning.

KOVAR

They gonna intercept?

LESSARD

I told them it was our people and convinced them not to. Do you want the military questioning Brogan and our friend, if they're together?

Lessard watches the plane icon on the radar screen.

LESSARD

If this thing comes crashing down on us, every one of the Ares boys is genetic evidence. Do you understand what I'm saying?

EXT. DESERT BASE - DAY

A bomb-resistant, solid titanium gate rolls open. The convoy drives through.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - DAY

Beyond the high concrete wall is a classic American town, compressed into six square blocks: two-story houses with white clapboard siding and well-mown lawns; a red brick school building; a football field with bleachers and lights.

A group of twelve YOUNG BOYS jogs down the street, their heads shaved, wearing gray t-shirts and black shorts. They look at the convoy. There is something strange about their gaze, something far more intense than you see in normal kids.

It might take us a moment to realize that they are all identical.

INT. SUV - DAY

Kovar watches the Boys jog past.

KOVAR  
I understand.

INT. JET - DAY

Danny sits in the co-pilot's seat, next to the Baron, while Henry and Junior sit in the back of the plane.

Henry reads *War and Peace*. He's about fifty pages in. He looks up and sees Junior staring at him.

HENRY  
What?

JUNIOR  
Just wondering if that's what I'm gonna look like when I'm old.

HENRY  
If you're lucky.

JUNIOR  
If I get old.

Junior picks up the framed photograph of the soldiers on R&R.

JUNIOR  
I know these guys. I grew up with them. They're my friends.

HENRY  
They were my friends, too.

JUNIOR  
Most of the kids in New Sparta, they're *kids*. I was in the first graduating class. So what happens to all of 'em now?

HENRY  
I don't know.

In the cockpit, Danny sits half-turned, watching Henry and Junior talk. When she faces front again, she notices the smirk on the Baron's face.

DANNY

What?

THE BARON

Nothin'.

DANNY

I haven't seen you smirk like that since you made me eat rat.

THE BARON

Just watchin' you watchin' him, that's all.

DANNY

Him? Oh, please.

She glances back at Junior.

DANNY

It's just weird, isn't it?

THE BARON

Uh huh.

Junior turns his head and looks straight back at Danny. She quickly faces front again. The Baron says nothing, but his smirk gets a little bigger.

DANNY

Shut up.

Junior turns toward Henry again. Flirtation is the last thing on his mind-- he's entertaining darker thoughts.

JUNIOR

They're gonna kill them all.

HENRY

What are you talking about?

JUNIOR

All the kids in New Sparta... What do the suits do when an operation goes bad?

HENRY

Deny and shred.

JUNIOR

We go to Sixty Minutes and they send a crew to the desert, they won't find anything but sand.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (cont'd)  
 If we bring Ares down, it's Alpha  
 Mike Foxtrot for the kids.

Henry thinks about it. He turns toward the cockpit.

HENRY  
 You got enough fuel to get us to  
 central New Mexico?

The Baron checks his fuel gauge.

THE BARON  
 You might have to get out and push  
 the last few miles.

He sighs and looks at the flatlands far below.

THE BARON  
 Texas, my love, I hope to see you  
 soon.

He turns the yoke left.

DANNY  
 What does it mean, anyway? Alpha  
 Mike Foxtrot?

The Baron grins as they bank sharply north.

THE BARON  
 Adios, Mother Fucker.

EXT. SKIES OVER ARIZONA - DAY

The jet banks north.

EXT. NEW SPARTA FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

BOYS of varying ages and ethnicities walk toward the field  
 and begin filling the bleachers. All have shaved heads and  
 wear gray t-shirts and black shorts.

Though the boys appear exceptionally fit and healthy, there  
 is something unnerving in their military bearing and their  
 intensity.

Kovar's team of THIRTY OPERATIVES, wearing dark suits,  
 sunglasses and earpieces, stand beside their SUVs parked  
 beside the football field.

Kovar stands in the shadows beneath one of the light towers.  
 The commander of the base, COLONEL ARROYO, stands with him.

COLONEL ARROYO

Next time, give me a little more notice. We have a strict regimen here. I don't like to deviate from schedule.

Kovar ignores the soldier, watching the New Spartans sit by age in the bleachers.

KOVAR

How many are there?

COLONEL ARROYO

Three hundred and sixty seven, currently on base. Thirty-two graduates already in the world.

The Colonel watches his charges with pride.

COLONEL ARROYO

Look at 'em. You won't find better trained, more disciplined young soldiers anywhere in the world. These boys are the future.

KOVAR

Apparently not.

He raises his silenced pistol and shoots the Colonel in the back of the head.

As the Colonel slumps to the ground, Kovar nods to his Operatives. They open the rear hatches of the SUVs and pull out M4 carbines.

Two Army OFFICERS walking toward the football field stare at the operatives.

OFFICER #1

The hell is going on?

Both officers get a volley of 5.56mm bullets in reply.

Across New Sparta, Kovar's Operatives gun down the unwitting SOLDIERS responsible for training the boys.

The New Spartans in the bleachers prick up their ears when they hear the gunshots. Glances are exchanged, but the boys are too well disciplined to panic or disobey orders.

INT. JET - DAY

Junior and Henry sit in the cockpit now with the Baron and Danny. Junior draws a diagram of New Sparta.

JUNIOR

You get past the electrified fence you've got to deal with a minefield. Past that there's a twenty-foot high wall surrounding New Sparta, guard towers every fifty meters, heavy machine guns and mortars in each.

HENRY

You must have a lot of curious civilians in the area.

JUNIOR

Whole area's off limits to the population. Radioactive, from bomb tests in the late forties.

HENRY

They built the base on a bomb site?

JUNIOR

Never were any bomb tests there. They just use that to scare the curious civilians away.

Henry looks over the diagram.

HENRY

How about we skip the fence and the minefield and the wall?

JUNIOR

How you gonna do that?

HENRY

How long is the main street?

JUNIOR

Six blocks. About six hundred meters.

Henry looks at the Baron, who shrugs.

THE BARON

Longer than an aircraft carrier.

EXT. NEW SPARTA FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Kovar, carrying an M4, steps onto the football field, followed by his Operatives. He looks up at the hundreds of New Spartans in the bleachers. He smiles.

KOVAR  
Guess what, kids? Everyone  
graduates today.

EXT. NEW SPARTA MAIN STREET - DAY

An Operative leans against one of the SUVs and lights a cigarette. He hears a screaming come across the sky. Tossing aside his smoke he picks up his carbine and squints into the bright New Mexico sunlight.

The Baron's jet clears the wall surrounding New Sparta by inches, touches down on the street, and races at 300 miles per hour toward the far wall.

The Operative aims his carbine but the jet's wing cuts him down before he can fire.

EXT. NEW SPARTA FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Kovar sees the jet flashing past the field. Not good. He signals to four of his Operatives.

KOVAR  
Keep an eye on the freaks.

He signals for the rest of his men to follow him.

The four remaining Operatives stare up at the gathered New Spartans a little uneasily. The New Spartans stare back.

EXT. NEW SPARTA MAIN STREET - DAY

The air brakes are on full blast but the jet still seems to be heading toward the concrete wall far too fast.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Danny stares through the windshield at the high and looming wall. The Baron, grinning through his beard, tilts the yoke hard left.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - CONTINUOUS

The jet makes the turn, the tip of its wing just clearing the wall. A few seconds later it rolls to a stop.

One of the black SUVs rounds the corner behind them, several hundred yards back. It squeals to a stop and an Operative jumps out of the backseat, wielding an XM25 grenade launcher.

Before he can pull the trigger, the grenade in the barrel explodes, setting off a chain reaction with the other grenades in the magazine.

Thousands of shards of sharp metal shrapnel obliterate the Operative and his partners in the SUV.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Junior has made the shot with his Barrett rifle, firing straight through one of the porthole windows.

HENRY  
Don't be a showoff, kid.

JUNIOR  
Don't be jealous, old man.

The Baron shakes his head, staring at the hole in the window sucking air from the cabin.

THE BARON  
And we are now depressurized.

Henry opens the hatch. He jumps out, carrying his Remington. Junior follows with his AA12 shotgun. Behind him comes Danny and the Baron, with their rifles.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - CONTINUOUS

Henry runs to the access ladder behind the red brick school building. He climbs quickly, his rifle strapped to his back.

Junior runs for the football field, taking cover when necessary. Danny and the Baron follow behind him.

The Battle of New Sparta begins. The Operatives are highly trained combatants in their own right, and outfitted with the most advanced weaponry.

Thousands of slugs whistle through the air, punching holes in the walls of the clapboard houses, shattering the school's windows, pockmarking the brick.

EXT. ROOF OF SCHOOL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Henry reaches the roof of the school building, hustles to the edge overlooking the battle and gets down on one knee. He takes aim and quickly squeezes off three shots, dropping three Operatives.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - CONTINUOUS

Kovar, reloading his pistol behind one of the SUVs, sees the shots coming from the roof. He runs toward the school.

EXT. NEW SPARTA FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The boys sitting in the bleachers stare down at the Operatives guarding them. A few of the boys sitting in the front have been whispering to each other.

One of these boys now lifts his hand and stands. With frightening synchronicity, the other 366 stand behind him.

OPERATIVE #1  
(nervous)  
No one told you to stand.

The boys in front step down onto the field and all the boys behind follow, step by step, slow and methodical.

The Operatives raise their carbines and point them into the horde of oncoming boys.

OPERATIVE #1  
You take another step and we will  
open fire.

The older boys in front charge at the Operatives and the younger boys follow their lead, fearless and determined.

The Operatives panic and run, tossing aside their rifles.

EXT. ROOF OF SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Kovar reaches the top of the access ladder and quietly steps onto the roof. Henry, reloading his Remington, doesn't hear him until it's too late.

KOVAR

Drop the gun.

Henry glances at Kovar. The man's aiming a pistol at his face from ten yards away. Henry places his Remington on the roof.

Kovar steps closer, still keeping a safe distance. He glances down at the street below. The battle goes badly for his side.

KOVAR

You're my ticket out of here, old man.

(examining Henry)

So you're the living legend, huh? World's best assassin... I don't know, you were pretty easy to sneak up on.

HENRY

My hearing's not what it used to be.

KOVAR

You're overrated, Brogan. Patterson obviously sent some bush league team after you in Florida, and then this freak clone they made, he got cold feet and didn't want to shoot his Daddy.

HENRY

I'm not his Daddy.

KOVAR

Maybe it's time for a new world champion. Huh? What do you think?

HENRY

I've got one big advantage on you.

Kovar tightens his grip on the trigger, prepared for any tricks.

KOVAR

What's that?

HENRY

I've got friends.

Kovar frowns at the non sequitur. He notices that Henry is smiling, looking at Kovar's chest. Kovar's gaze drifts down and he sees the red laser dot on the dark fabric of his suit.

A burst of three bullets rips through his heart. Kovar falls.

Henry glances over the edge of the roof. Danny stands on street level. She gives him a salute.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - DAY

Junior drops another band of Operatives with precise fire from his AA12. He rounds a corner and sees four boys tackle a large Operative and pound him into submission.

Junior looks around for someone else to shoot, but the battle is over. The New Spartan boys gather together on the street, unsure what to do with themselves now that no one's giving them orders.

EXT. ROOF OF SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

A phone rings. Henry realizes it comes from Kovar's jacket pocket. He grabs it, sees the flashing name *Lessard*, and flips it open.

LESSARD (O.S.)  
Is it over?

HENRY  
(keeping his voice low)  
Yeah.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

Lessard walks past the bronze soldiers of the Grant Memorial, briefcase in hand, heading from one power meeting to another.

LESSARD  
All the kids are taken care of?

EXT. ROOF OF SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Henry looks down to the street below, where Junior approaches the leaders of the New Spartan boys.

HENRY  
They will be.

INTERCUT between Henry and Lessard.

LESSARD  
 (stops walking)  
 Who is this?

HENRY  
 Henry Patrick Brogan. So, Ms.  
 Lessard, let me give you a few  
 tips. Don't use your credit cards,  
 'cause that's real easy to track.

Lessard, standing frozen in front of the Memorial, looks around at all the STRANGERS walking past her. They looked harmless enough a moment before.

HENRY  
 Same goes with ATM cards, cell  
 phones, all that. I wouldn't go  
 home again for... well, forever.

Henry watches Junior talking with the New Spartan leaders.

HENRY  
 These boys you been training as  
 killers? I wonder how they're gonna  
 feel when they find out about you.  
 One of these days I expect to get a  
 call: "Alpha Mike Foxtrot on the  
 Wicked Witch." You take care, now.

Henry drops the phone and heads for the ladder.

Lessard stands very still for several seconds, the silent cellphone still held to her ear, as tourists drift by.

EXT. NEW SPARTA - DAY

Henry walks toward Junior and Danny, who confer with the New Spartan leaders. Henry and Junior step aside to talk quietly.

HENRY  
 Everyone all right?

JUNIOR  
 We got 367 kids who aren't supposed  
 to exist. Where do they go?

Henry looks over the ranks of shaven-headed boys. They stare back at him-- tough kids, every one of them, but still just kids.

Down the block, Henry notices the Baron squinting at one of the boys and walking closer to him.

The Baron gets down on one knee to look into the face of a six-year-old boy who looks exactly like the Baron must have, many years ago.

THE BARON

Well ain't you the best-looking  
little man the world has ever seen.

The boy stares back at him.

THE BARON

Yeah, you're a little badass, I  
know. You got a Grandmama in Texas  
who's gonna be real shocked when  
you show up.

(frowning)

Or maybe she's your Mama.

HENRY

(watching the Baron)

There's a bunch of old soldiers out  
there who need to know they got  
family they never met.

The word surprises Junior.

JUNIOR

Family?

HENRY

Yeah. Family.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

The Gulf glitters in the afternoon sun. The *Ella Mae* drifts on the waves.

CLOSE on Henry, who sits in his favorite chair. He reads the last line of *War and Peace*, thinks about it for a moment, and sets the book atop the cooler.

He closes his eyes but the whirring of fishing line being reeled in keeps him from falling asleep.

PULL BACK to reveal two BOYS (10). One reels in line with Henry's fishing rod. The boys' backs are to us. When the second boy has retrieved the plastic lure head he examines it and shows the first boy.

Henry watches them, sleepy but smiling. He hears a burst of laughter from the bow. Turning that way, he sees Junior and Danny sitting there.

Junior gestures toward shore, saying something to Danny we can't hear. He looks relaxed and happy. Danny never takes her eyes off of him.

BOY ONE (O.S.)

There's no hook on this.

Henry turns toward the boys, whose faces we now see for the first time. They are two of the identical twelve we saw jogging in New Sparta. Their hair is starting to grow in but they still have the child warrior look of New Spartans.

HENRY

Nope.

BOY TWO

How are we gonna catch any fish without a hook?

HENRY

We aren't.

(a wink and a smile)

How about I let you pilot the boat back to the Marina?

We PULL BACK as the happy boys run to the steering wheel. Henry stands, stretches, and goes over to help navigate.

HENRY

Any chance you're gonna take her slow?

BOY ONE

Nope.

The *Ella Mae* heads for home, leaving a white wake in the blue Gulf.