

IN BLACKNESS

A BURST OF RADIO STATIC. Then a desperate, gasping voice--

SOLDIER (FILTERED O.S.)
-- Glass Eye, we are on the run--
down to one clip each--

As the TRANSMISSION CUTS OUT, a CURSOR sweeps the screen--

Northeastern Afghanistan...August...2003

-- a LOW THRUMMING-- grows LOUDER-- then TWO SUPER STALLION HELICOPTERS SCREAM past! Barely more than shadows in the FOG. Flying lights out, in combat formation, two rotor-lengths apart. Don't spread an inch as they bank into a THIN CANYON.

INT. COCKPIT - LEAD HELICOPTER - PRE-DAWN

No glow from the instrument panels; MAJOR (40's) and his CO-PILOT (30's) wear NIGHT-VISION MONOCULARS instead.

MAJOR POV-- everything is bright as a green-hued day, but visibility is lousy, like they're flying inside a cloud.

OFFSCREEN HELICOPTER (FILTERED)
Razor Two, vis is dropping fast.
Maintain eighty feet separation.

TACAN DISPLAY reads '95 feet'. They ease in closer to LEAD HELICOPTER. Tacan drops steadily-- '90'-- '86'-- '84'-- '80'. ALTIMETER shows they're at 10,400 feet above sea level--

MAJOR
She's flying like a pig up here.

OFFSCREEN VOICE
Razor Team, this is Glass Eye. We
have lost contact with Ditka-Five.

Major and Co-Pilot exchange a look. Major toggles a switch--

MAJOR
Lieutenant Ryan--

IN THE MAIN COMPARTMENT

Imagine the worst turbulence; double it while kneeling under a jet engine in subzero temperatures; and this is where we meet LT. JACK RYAN (22). Rugged, charismatic, humble-as-hell.

MAJOR (FILTERED O.S.)
-- there may not be anyone left for
you boys to save.

Jack looks out the open door. Since no one else can see his face, we see emotion, humanity, then Jack turns, kneels by his FIVE MARINES (18-22). A quiet thoughtfulness enhances his strength. No need for cock 'n balls when you lead by example--

JACK

Only way Ditka-Five gets home is if we spot 'em from the sky. Jansen, Hawkins, you're back, Carter, Rock, you're left. Coop, you're with me.

Everyone shifts, leaning out the DOORS. Jack's next to PFC COOPER, trying to look tough. Pimples, barely 18.

COOPER

No way we'd leave 'em, right, L.T.?

-- before Jack can answer, they bank 'round a bend, and they're in it! TRACERS rip in! CLOUDS blinking with battle--

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

Lead Helicopter barely visible ahead. Then a SCREEN PINGS--

CO-PILOT (O.S. FILTERED)

Picking up Ditka-Five's locator beacons. Moving Southwest.

ON JACK-- something off. Heads over to the CREW CHIEF (40's).

JACK

Last contact had 'em moving North.

CREW CHIEF

Haven't spent much time in Baghlan province, have you, son? It's more up and down than North and South.

JACK

What if the enemy got the beacons?

CREW CHIEF

Always a mess of 'what ifs' in combat. At this altitude, we stick with the plan.

Jack nods. About to say something else-- when a *BULLET* pings the fuselage next to them. Denting metal. Crew Chief doesn't even flinch. The moment confirms Jack should trust Chief's experience. REAR RAMP opens, Crew Chief yells to everyone--

CREW CHIEF

One minute! LZ's hot as the devil's dick so hold tight 'til my say so!

INT. IN THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

TRACERS rip in from all angles as BOTH HELICOPTERS slow. Out of the mist-- the LZ appears, SWARMING WITH SHAPES--

OFFSCREEN HELICOPTER
Coming up on beacons--

-- LEAD HELICOPTER suddenly disappears in thick mist!

CO-PILOT
-- Razor One, we've lost visual--

-- ONE-- TWO-- THREE RPG's flash up from the LZ!

RADAR ALARM
Break left! Break Left!

Major banks, hard left into the CLOUD. An RPG flashes past on the right, close enough to see--

INT. MAIN COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- everyone's thrown against the fuselage--

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Out of the FOG, a CLIFF-- LOOMS-- DEAD AHEAD-- they bank back; juuuust missing it. Co-Pilot glances at the TACAN DISPLAY dropping fast: '57 feet-- 48 feet -- 39 feet'.

CO-PILOT
Razor One coming back this way!

Lead Helicopter appears, sweeping right across their path! Both break off. Textbook. Splitting-- but angling the rotors sharply dumps too much lift; they're falling out of the sky.

CO-PILOT
Razor Two's going down!

BACK ON JACK-- as ROTOR-SPEED WARNING KLAXONS SOUND!

JACK
Strap in!

-- Jack grabs JANSEN, on the floor, pulls him back towards his seat, but no one's able to strap in before--

IMPACT! So VIOLENT, Marines, including Jack, are thrown clear across the compartment. CREW CHIEF and ANOTHER MARINE nail the ceiling. Torque from REAR ROTOR, still spinning, bends the back half of the fuselage around.

INT. MAIN COMPARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

JACK'S POV-- *blurry, dreamy, dark*. SOUND is muted as he sits up. Muffled SCREAMING. His Marines got it in a bad way. Legs bent at the wrong angles. Crew Chief's neck lolls. Dead. *BULLETS punch holes in front of Jack. A TRACER zips past and--*

ILLUMINATES THE INTERIOR FOR A MOMENT

-- Jack sees he's sitting in liquid. Sniffs his fingers--

JACK
We're swimming in fuel.

-- *and he's back*. Rips his helmet off, EARPLUGS out-- SOUND ROARS IN-- POPPING GUNFIRE coming in from the rear. Two Marines, right by Jack, look dazed, but okay--

JACK
Hawkins, Jansen, set a perimeter
and get eyes on Ditka-Five--

The orders snap them *back* to reality-- they crawl out the rear. Dark. Jack can barely see Coop, all tangled in webbing.

JACK
Coop?

COOPER
I'm okay, L.T.

Jack stumbles towards the cockpit, Major and Co-Pilot meet him halfway, seats took the impact. They drag BODIES out. Coop's not doing much to free himself. Jack whips out his KNIFE-- cutting straps. Major YELLS from the back--

MAJOR
Lieutenant! Looks like three dead;
Razor One is coming in now.

JACK
Razor One, this is Chalk Lead, we
got six for immediate evac.

OFFSCREEN PILOT (FILTERED)
Three members of Ditka-Five are
still alive, hoofin' it in now; no
way we get airborne with six more.

Jack, still cutting straps in the dark. Coop's GROANING--

JACK
Then strip your bird to the bone--

OFFSCREEN PILOT (FILTERED)
 -- simple physics; we can't take
 off with all of you!

Jack finally gets a look at Coop's body: midsection is ripped wide open at the pelvis. Legs are slick with blood and bile.

COOPER
 Thought I was good.

FWOOSH! A bullet IGNITES the fuel.

EXT. NEARBY - PRE-DAWN

PINWHEELS OF FOG get sucked backward as SECOND HELICOPTER thunders in like an apparition. Firing anti-missile FLARES. Landing heavily. SECOND CHALK OF MARINES runs down the back ramp. THREE MEMBERS OF DITKA-FIVE, limp in, FIRING behind them. SECOND CREW starts dumping equipment.

EXT. REAR OF SECOND HELICOPTER - MOMENT LATER

SOME MARINES load WOUNDED, SOME lay down COVERING FIRE, collapsing the perimeter, backing towards the ramp as--

Jack, carrying Coop, struggling to keep his buddy's torso together, appears from the mist. Jack's fuel soaked fatigues have CAUGHT FIRE. TRACERS streak through smoke. Bullets THWIP past as Jack's ankle rolls, stumbles, keeps his feet. Then--

THREE BULLETS-- rip into Jack's side! Whipping his pelvis. Doesn't drop Coop, but falls awkwardly on a rock-- the weight of Coop's body landing on him-- SNAPS JACK'S BACK!

ON JACK

Looking at Coop; who's terrified, torn in half, but fighting to live. Jack tries to speak: no words, just blood. SECOND CHIEF grabs Jack, drags him towards the helicopter--

MARINE VOICE (O.S.)
 Kid's not gonna make it.

Jack realizes what that means. They're leaving Coop behind. Struggles to get free. Even in his condition, Jack's a bloody handful. Another Marine has to help Second Chief.

INT. SECOND HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

LIFTING OFF, red-lining, maximum everything. Jack, strapped to a litter near the back, looks out-- spots Coop. Awake. On the ground. Going to die alone. Marines gulp. No one takes it harder than Jack. As he loses consciousness, we FADE OUT.

EXT. MONTAGE - DAY

-TIGHT ON AN AMERICAN FLAG, we hear a BUGLE. ANGLE DOWN TO REVEAL-- a ROLL CALL CEREMONY. A CURSOR sweeps the screen:

United States Naval Academy...Seven Years Later

- FROM BEHIND, we pick up a MARINE OFFICER crossing the quad--
- NAVAL OFFICERS, dressed in white, salute as the Marine passes the COLUMBARIUM MEMORIAL, walking right past--

-- JACK RYAN, 30 now, standing reverently. Wearing his civilian suit like a rash. Looking at a HEADSTONE:

'HERE WE REMEMBER OUR SHIPMATES WHOSE RESTING PLACES ARE KNOWN ONLY TO GOD'.

Jack takes a moment. Looks out, and we CUT TO--

INT. ANNAPOLIS LIBRARY - DAY

-- Jack shaking hands with COMMANDER ROBBIE JACKSON (32).

JACK

Robbie--

ROBBIE

-- Jack, thanks for coming. How's it feel to be back?

Jack nods at TWO CADETS sleeping--

JACK

Like we both stepped out of a time machine.

ROBBIE

Katie's doing well?

JACK

Except for marrying me.
(knowing smile)
Finished her residency last month;
been racing to get reacquainted
with the world before two more
years of fellowship hell.

CADETS stand at attention as they pass. TEXTBOOK covers read: 'Introductory Macroeconomics'. CADETS opens doors for them--

ROBBIE

How'd the lecture come together?

JACK
Hope they drank lots of coffee.

ROBBIE
You'll do great. Gotta teach 'em to
think before we teach 'em to fight--

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Jack pulls out a PENDRIVE on his KEYCHAIN. Inserts it into a
USB PORT on the podium. A PLASMA SCREEN glows behind him.
Robbie steps off to the side.

Jack looks out, scanning the faces of young MEN and WOMEN who
will soon see combat; reminds him of others he's known. Takes
a minute to warm up--

JACK
Morning. I'm Jack Ryan, class of
2002. I've spent the last four
years as an analyst for a Wall
Street private equity firm. Hold
the applause, it'll get better.

Jack gets a chuckle. Finding his sea legs, growing more
comfortable by the moment. Addresses a MUSCULAR CADET--

JACK
When I took this class, I sat right
there and wondered: why am I
learning economics? I'm supposed to
be training for war.

Muscular Cadet nods; definitely had that thought.

JACK
Well, I can tell you firsthand,
it's good to have a fallback option
in case you don't become the next
Admiral Halsey--
(another chuckle)
-- but more importantly--

-- Jack hits a button, screen reads: *'THE FINANCE WEAPON:
conflict prevention mechanisms for the 21st Century.'*

JACK
-- war has changed. Most of you
will spend your careers fighting
asymmetrical conflicts against
battle-hardened fanatics.

SCREEN starts playing ARCHIVAL NEWSREEL FOOTAGE-- *fighting in
conflict zones-- violent killings-- hard to watch--*

JACK

Can anyone tell me the cause of every single one of these?

CADETS fire off 'Money-- Power-- Religion.'

JACK

All good answers; but at the root, you're always gonna find poverty.

More FOOTAGE-- fighting in Afghanistan--

JACK

Think about the best way to create a fanatic. Start with a desperate kid, then give them the certainty life will stay that way forever. But. What if we gave them a chance to become something else?

Jack's got 'em hooked now; especially the FEMALE CADETS. He starts speeding up; exciting stuff for him--

JACK

Step into my shoes for a moment. We're starting a manufacturing business; what are we making?

One ballsy FEMALE CADET yells out "lingerie!".

JACK

Lingerie. Why not. Give me an awful place to build our factory?

Class yells out more answers--

JACK

Beirut it is. Now Hedge Investment Strategies are really just a fancy form of insurance. Means if we use them to insure our plant in the event of a war, we'd be able to build a factory in Beirut. With few employers, we get to hire their best and brightest. Rent's cheap; we start crushing it.

Jack points to the war footage--

JACK

Now, every job we've created means one more person in Lebanon with a stake in keeping the peace.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)

Other companies will see how well we're doing, follow us in, and guess what? Our business just erased an entire generation of fanatics. Means more of this academy's graduates will survive to become Senators, Admirals, or if they're not quite that ambitious, hedge fund analysts.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS QUAD - DAY

Robbie and Jack head down the steps--

ROBBIE

Got time for a beer?

JACK

I wish, but I gotta get back. Since we skipped the big showy wedding Katie's dad wanted, he's throwing a big showy party for us with all his Wall Street cronies.

ROBBIE

Sounds fun.

They exchange a 'yeah right' look. Heading towards a BLACK ESCALADE. DRIVER is waiting for Jack.

ROBBIE

Glad to see things are going well.

JACK

Nothing heroic about making money.

Twinge of guilt for Jack. Robbie pats his friend's shoulder--

ROBBIE

Anytime you want a real job, the door's open here.

EXT. NEW YORK - FALL DAY

- The imposing steps of the FEDERAL RESERVE BANK and--
 - THOUSANDS OF TRADERS passing the WALL STREET BULL and--
 - Kindergartners, in PAPER PILGRIM and INDIAN COSTUMES--

EXT. SUBWAY EXIT - NEW YORK STREET - DAY.

Jack leaps up the stairs. Crosses the street, heading towards a FANCY BUILDING. Spots DR. KATHERINE 'KATIE' RYAN, waiting for him. Warm, funny, and sharp; she's a hell of a catch. Jack wraps her up, slaps a big kiss on her; madly in love.

JACK

Hey pretty lady. Sorry I'm late.

KATIE

Don't be. Why do you think I'm waiting out here?

JACK

That bad?

INT. FANCY PRE-WAR APARTMENT - SUNSET

JOE MULLER (50's) has the taste of Trump. Views are astounding; gold is too much. FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS to make Martha Stewart jealous. ONE WALL is dedicated to a SCREEN CYCLING PHOTOS of JACK and KATIE:

Jack (10) with Baltimore Police. Jack (14) meeting a SENATOR with other TEENAGERS. Katie's (8-18) are all DANCING BALLET.

SERVERS pour CRISTAL. Jack clutches a bottle of BEER. Joe's GUESTS are a who's-who of Wall Street. Fancy-fancy--

JOE MULLER

-- Katie, this is Tom Hart, Managing Director of J.P. Morgan-- Jordan Kaine, the next Secretary of the Treasury-- and Miss Hawks, shadowing me for an article on Merrill Lynch's restructuring. This is my daughter's new husband, anyway--

Jack doesn't care. But Joe needs to sell his joke, so he makes a big deal out of a reaction that didn't happen--

JOE MULLER

-- you should see your face, Jack! He's got steam coming out his ears.
(fingers Jacks lapels)
You get this sucker at a yard sale or what? Jack. Jaaack, I'm kidding!
(puts an arm around him)
My son-in-law's all right.
(God, Jack hates this)
Bronze Star at 23, Doctorate in strategic economics at 27, young Turk at one of Wall Street's most prestigious firms, and still not good enough for my princess.

Joe squeezes Katie's arm. Jack steals a look at his suit; thought he looked nice. Katie sees it. Cute moment.

A PHOTO POPS UP: Jack (23, skin and bones) in a hospital bed shaking hands with Katie (22, in medical scrubs).

Miss Hawks stares, amazed, turns to Katie--

KATIE

The moment we first met; Jack had his roommate take a photo.

MISS HAWKS

(melting)

In case you got married?

JACK

In case I couldn't get her name.

NEXT PHOTO: their recent SMALL WEDDING: Jack and Katie grinning; heads smothered in wedding cake. Hair. Ears. Noses.

KATIE

He's a closet romantic.

ON JOE - SUNSET

Pink skies outside as Joe talks at Jack, Miss Hawks and THREE WOMEN (trying not to get caught looking at Jack)--

JOE MULLER

Five hundred years ago, titans of industry were the kings that excelled in building the best armies. A hundred years ago, industry itself began to take the place of soldiers.

MISS HAWKS

Now, the battlefield is a trading floor?

JOE MULLER

And my party's full of Kings.

As Joe winks at her, Jack tries not to roll his eyes. SERVERS tray-pass SNAILS to Jack. He looks down at them with revulsion. A BRASS BAND starts playing as we CUT TO--

INT. A POSH HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

-- TECHNO THUMPING through a door of an ORNATE BATHROOM. GEORGE CARROLL, a fancy, handsome American in his 50's, reads the sapphire screen on his \$5,000 VERTU PHONE. Scanning through DOCUMENTS, all written in RUSSIAN CYRILLIC--

- MOSCOW, THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION -

-- looks confused. Scrolls the numbers, calls 'JACK RYAN'--

INT. JOE MULLER'S PENTHOUSE - EVENING

-- Guests filter into a SUMPTUOUS dining room. Jack pulls out his phone. Reads the caller's name. Has to answer--

JACK

Hey, George--

GEORGE CARROLL (O.S.)

-- Jack, my man. Wouldn't put you to work at your own party if I knew you wouldn't thank me for it.

JACK

It's not that bad.

GEORGE CARROLL (O.S.)

Yeah right. Joe Muller just turned into a peach?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still having to talk loud over the TECHNO MUSIC--

JACK (O.S.)

How's the Vodka?

GEORGE CARROLL

Scotch. Not too much though; work function. Listen, I'm forwarding you some documents on a holding company, they show we own it.

JACK (O.S.)

What's it worth?

GEORGE CARROLL

You'll see; I can't make heads or tails of 'em. Need you to work your magic, figure it out-- Jack? Hello?

He looks at the phone. No bars. Whatever. Emails the DOCUMENTS to 'JACK RYAN'. Splashes water on his face, heads--

DOWN A HALLWAY

-- MUSIC IS THUMPING. Party in full swing ahead of him. Sees RUSSIAN BEAUTY waiting for him. Pouting. Behind her, COLONEL NIKULIN (60's) steps up. A brute in Saville Row. George looks surprised to see him.

GEORGE
Colonel Nikulin, didn't know you
were coming tonight.

COLONEL NIKULIN
Mr. Carroll.
(eyeing Russian Beauty)
How is business?

GEORGE
I'm sure you know as well as I do.

COLONEL NIKULIN
You give us too much credit.

Nikulin watches George and Russian Beauty disappear into the BALLROOM-- filled with HUNDREDS OF PARTYGOERS. Nikulin's smile disappears completely. Menacing as we CUT TO--

EXT. BUILDING ROUNDABOUT - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

-- George's DRIVER opens the REAR MERCEDES DOOR for them.

INT. GEORGE'S MERCEDES - STREETS OF MOSCOW - MINUTE LATER

In back, Russian Beauty is trying to get her seat belt to click in. Won't lock. George notices how fast they're going--

GEORGE
-- Kostya!? what are you doing!?

Russian Beauty is fighting to get her seat belt to work. Faster. George tries to click his seat belt. Doesn't work either-- car's aimed right at the TUNNEL DIVIDER--

-- filling the frame. CRUNCH! Collapses inward. Like being inside a beer can. George and Russian Beauty, like unrestrained rag dolls, rocket towards the shattering front window, and we SMASHCUT TO--

INT. ELEVATOR - DAWN

-- Jack, tie loose, top button undone, holds TWO COFFEES, reading a folded-over SPORTS PAGE. Doors Open, he walks into the POSH OFFICES of 'Rafin-Anson Capital Partners'. Heads over to his SECRETARY-- she looks up. Red eyes.

JACK
(hands her the coffee)
Margaret, everything okay?

MARGARET
 (hard to say)
 There was an accident last night.
 George was killed.

Jack stands there. Reeling. Trying to process, as we CUT TO--

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAWN

-- Jack, hurrying past floor-to-ceiling WINDOWS, side-by-side with FRANK ANSON (60's) fancy suit, hawkish features, grim--

FRANK ANSON
 -- we'll all mourn later; Right now
 he'd want us focused on stabilizing
 the partnership.

Views from the FREEDOM TOWER SITE-- to the STATUE OF LIBERTY--

JACK
 I just talked to him.

FRANK ANSON
 About what?

JACK
 He was sending documents on some
 holding company. I never got 'em.

FRANK ANSON
 (sadly)
 Now you know why.

SECRETARY hurries up, hands Jack a STACK OF FILES--

SECRETARY
 Partnership's present holdings on
 top, then pending deals, and Mr.
 Carroll's proposals on the bottom.

-- rounding a CORNER, looking at a CONFERENCE ROOM. TEN BOARD MEMBERS (60-70's) wait. Jack scans faces through glass--

JACK
 Where's Hillenbrand?

FRANK ANSON
 Not the right guy--

JACK
 -- he knows more about the
 partnership than anyone else.

FRANK ANSON

Roll into Moscow as a big swinging Wall Street dick, you get castrated. How much did George tell you about Viktor Stazov?

JACK

Said he was a charmer. Also said he'd served with most of the people running Russia's Intelligence services.

FRANK ANSON

It's a different world over there, Jack. You know it in theory, but butting heads with honest-to-God spooks can be-- unsettling.

Frank realizes Jack stopped walking. He heads back--

FRANK ANSON

This is about holding down the fort until we can find a permanent replacement. I know you were about to go on your honeymoon; sorry.

JACK

It's not that. I've been trading for four years. I've never even met any of the partnership's clients.

FRANK ANSON

Means everyone will underestimate you. Chest that ace, stay vigilant. We have forty billion in assets over there, I'm counting on you to keep things from falling apart--

INT. JACK AND KATIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

-- Katie, packing TWO SUITCASES. TV shows REPORTERS at the accident site. Daylight in Moscow. Police. Yellow tape.

MOSCOW REPORTER

-- Carroll made his mark heading an ambitious partnership between New York based Rafin-Anson Capital Partners, and a Russian Investment Group--

FOOTAGE Of: the Mercedes racing at the divider. Katie doesn't want to watch, kills the TV as Jack enters. Sad and nervous.

KATIE

I'm so sorry, Jack.

JACK

Doctors said he hung in there for an hour. Always was a fighter--

He looks at the BAGS, one filled with KATIE'S THINGS--

KATIE

Frank called me; Moscow's a wonderful place for the honeymoon.

JACK

Other than the constant darkness, subzero weather, and the fact that I'll be working crazy hours?

KATIE

I've spent every holiday season since college in a hospital. I'm spending this one with my husband.

A moment. Jack nods, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. A SENATE CHAMBER - DAY

-- TEN SENATORS sit on a dais. NAMEPLATES; corner of each one reads: *'Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Defense'*.

OLDEST SENATOR

Can we turn to page 112?

They flip back through a BUDGET FOLDER marked with the CREST of *'The Central Intelligence Agency'*. The Senators are lording over SIX CIA OFFICERS, at a long table below them.

OLDEST SENATOR

Why are we shifting significant resources from Russia to China?

CIA OFFICER #1

Barring a drastic change, our most pressing national security threats are not, and will not be, coming from the Russian Federation.

At the end of the table, CIA OFFICER #6, an African American, is having a hard time holding his tongue.

CIA OFFICER #1

Our projections show--

OLDEST SENATOR
Highlights; I'm old enough already.

CIA OFFICER #2
Their population is in steep decline, the Caucasus are a powder keg that will continue to eat up the majority of their military resources, and the government is so corrupt, they print a bill worth 20,000 dollars to facilitate *cash transactions*.

CIA OFFICER #3
The Colombians never even did that.

Gets a chuckle. CIA Officer #6 can't take it any longer--

CIA OFFICER #6
That's funny stuff, but you got this one backwards.

SENATOR #2
I'm sorry; you are?

CIA OFFICER #6/GREER
Jim Greer--

JAMES GREER (40's) earned his confidence the hard way. Baritone voice, clever enough to bullshit God--

GREER
-- I oversee CIA's counterterrorism efforts in Eastern Europe--

CIA OFFICER #1
-- Mr. Greer is not here to give his strategic assessment on Russia.

GREER
Senator Bass asked me to come. She wanted the opinion of an operations officer to contrast with the paper pushers who think never being wrong is the same as being right.

As CIA Officers burn, TWO AIDES WALK IN, head towards Greer.

GREER
Keep in mind Russia is now fully controlled by Siloviki; which translates as 'Hard Men'. All were young comers in KGB when the Soviet Union collapsed.

(MORE)

GREER (cont'd)

All watched their empire disappear
without a fight and view this as an
unforgiveable act of political
cowardice that can never be
repeated on their watch.

AIDE #1 whispers to him. Greer grabs his files. Stands.

GREER

Sorry, I need to get back across
the pond, but before you decide to
gut the Russia desk, remember this:
in the Kremlin, pride is important;
power is essential. Means the worse
things get in Russia, the more
dangerous they will become.

INT. AIRPLANE - SUNSET

Jack's working. Plane drops. He doesn't like that one bit.
Katie sleeps on his shoulder. Out the window, towns look more
like villages. The land is a dreary palette of winter grays.

INT. DOMODEDOVO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack and Katie wait in a HUGE LINE to clear customs.

EMBEE (O.S.)

Dr. Ryan--

EMBEE DENG, a chiseled Ugandan watches both Dr. Ryan's turn.
Embee's all business; he seems a whole lot older than 25.

JACK

Embee, good to finally meet you.
(they shake)
Wish it could've been under
different circumstances. My wife--

EMBEE

-- Dr. Ryan.

KATIE

Just Katie please, otherwise you'll
have us spinning in circles--

-- Katie smiles warmly. Embee simply nods.

EMBEE

I'll be heading up your protective
detail. It works best if you both
try to forget I'm here. This way--

He leads them to a special line for GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, AKA anyone wealthy or powerful in The Russian Federation.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CUSTOMS

Embee flashes his ID, collects a GUN from a table. Then keeps his eyes alert, scanning for threats as they walk towards the exit. Welcome to Moscow. Katie whispers to Jack--

KATIE

Do we really need an armed
bodyguard?

JACK

Required by the firm. He's solid.
Worked with George for years.

KATIE

Embee, where are you from?

EMBEE

Uganda.

JACK

George only used foreigners for
security. Hire locals; may as well
invite FSB to live on your lap.

KATIE

FSB; that's what they call KGB now?
(he nods)
That's great Jack.

They pause in front of the frosted exterior doors.

JACK

Ready for this?

KATIE

I don't know. How cold is it?

JACK

Twenty degrees--

No big deal for Katie. The doors glide open--

JACK

-- below zero.

Jack winks devilishly as Katie gasps.

EXT. AIRPORT HELIPAD - NIGHT

Embee leads them towards a HELICOPTER; the logo, in English and Cyrillic reads: 'Rafin-Anson & Stazov Group'.

INSIDE-- as they lift off, Jack unconsciously squeezes Katie's hand. Only thing worse than a plane is a helicopter-- but it's a great way to get a look at MOSCOW.

LOOKING DOWN ON ICY CITY STREETS-- CHOKED with the worst traffic ever. Embee hands them GOVERNMENT ISSUED ID CARDS--

EMBEE

For any problems with police--

And TWO FANCY VERTU PHONES (same kind George had).

EMBEE

For secure communications.

JACK

Fancy phones.

EMBEE

16-bit encryption, programmed with all the numbers you will need--

-- Katie gasps. Jack leans over. She's watching a BMW 7-SERIES shoot into the oncoming lane of traffic. Full speed--

JACK

'A' plates. A hundred grand and the police can't pull you over.

-- weaving, then passing a POLICE CHECKPOINT. Lawless.

EXT. HELICOPTER VIEW - MOSCOW-CITY DEVELOPMENT- NIGHT

TWELVE SKYSCRAPERS, in various stages of construction, make up the core of the massive site. TIGHTLY PACKED TOGETHER. Steam and exhaust plume up from EARTH MOVING EQUIPMENT and SKY-CRANES. They fly over a HUGE SQUARE PIT. Jack points--

JACK

The Russia Tower was slated to be the tallest building in Europe. When they cancelled it--

Jack points at THE DUMA BUILDING, the tallest completed building. Towers sixty-five stories over Moscow.

JACK

-- George started bragging his office had a view of the world's most expensive hole.

INT. AN ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Jack, a little sheepishly, reads the key. Hits the PENTHOUSE BUTTON, then slides an access card in.

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN INTO-- A SUITE IN THE RITZ. View is a postcard of history. THE KREMLIN abutting-- RED SQUARE and the technicolor domes of ST. BASIL'S CATHEDRAL. Romantic as hell. Katie, in front of Jack, points to the Cathedral--

KATIE

Bet you don't know the story of St. Basil's?

(Jack shakes his head)

Ivan the Terrible asked his architect if he could build a second one. The architect said yes, so Ivan stabbed his eyes out.

JACK

Way to ruin a moment.

Without turning, she pulls Jack's shirt, rotating her arms overhead without letting go. Shirt covering his head, arms trapped, she pushes him back on to the bed.

JACK

(through his shirt)

I was just kidding.

We see BULLET SCARS. Katie opens a button over his mouth, kisses him through it. As he rolls her over, we see HUGE BURN SCARS across his lower back, and we DISSOLVE TO--

INT. LOBBY - DUMA BUILDING - MORNING

Jack enters. ALEX, looking at Jack, heads over. Friendly.

ALEX

Dr. Ryan, Alex Povlovsky.

JACK

How's everyone holding up?

ALEX

It's been tumultuous--

Jack surprised by the HEAVY SECURITY. KEY CARD READERS.

ALEX

-- government offices take up most
of the building.

Before they can get on the ELEVATORS, they have to pass
through a CHECKPOINT. Place FINGERS on a BIOMETRIC SCANNER.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Doors open. Jack steps out into a modern, posh office. On the
top two floors of the building. Gorgeous views. Gilded
letterhead reads: 'Rafin-Anson & Stazov Group'.

ALEX

Mr. Stazov sends his apologies that
he couldn't greet you personally.
He'll be back tomorrow--

IN THE MAIN CORRIDOR

Alex leads Jack past EMPLOYEES, who eye him, nodding hello.
Curious. Jack looks up a FLOATING STAIRCASE-- at SECURE
DOUBLE DOORS flanked by FOUR GUARDS-- Jack turns towards it--

JACK

Trading floor, right? May as well
hit the ground running--

ALEX

Sorry. You won't be able to go in
without Mr. Stazov. It's temporary;
until you get a security clearance.

INT. GEORGE'S CORNER OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

Floor-to-ceiling windows frame the view of the Russia Tower
Hole. Skycranes look close enough to touch. Jack looks at
GEORGE'S DESK-- everything is still on it. A stack of MAIL.
PHOTOS OF GEORGE with FRIENDS and FAMILY. Alex and Jack both
look at it. Heavy moment.

ALEX

We'll have it packed up soon.

JACK

I'll take care of it.

Alex nods. Heads out. Jack looks at the PHOTOS. One shows
GEORGE with a RUSSIAN SOCCER TEAM. One guy is HUGE.

Jack sees a BOX. From 'MOSCOW POLICE'. Inside he finds
George's things from the crash: A WALLET. FANCY WATCH. BLOODY
CLOTHES. Hard to look at. He puts it all back.

Jack sees a SAFE behind the desk. Pulls out his VERTU PHONE, looks up an EMAIL. INPUTS THE CODE on the safe. Red light blinks green. INSIDE-- he finds STACKS OF EUROS.

JACK

Welcome to Moscow, Jack.

INT. RAFIN-ANSON & STAZOV - DAWN

Jack, different suit, drinking coffee, NEWSPAPER and FILES under his arm walks towards his office. Alex is waiting.

ALEX

Mr. Stazov's been waiting for you.

Jack looks at WORLD CLOCKS on the wall: it's 5:30 AM in 'MOSCOW'. They head up the FLOATING STAIRCASE towards the--

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - TRADING SKYBOX - DAWN

-- Jack passes through an ANTECHAMBER-- BUZZED into-- the NERVE CENTER above the TRADING FLOOR of Rafin Anson & Stazov.

ALEX

One of our traders bet big Qantas Airlines would buy Airbus jets.

Every decision flows from here. Secure as the NSA's 'Black Chamber'-- more high-tech than the cockpit of Air Force One. When you've got forty billion in assets, this is what your operations hub looks like. Jack scans SCREENS--

JACK

They just bought Boeing.

Alex nods. Down below-- TWO HUNDRED EMPLOYEES chatter on headsets. The only light sources are the PLASMA SCREENS at work stations, and the WALL SIZE SCREENS that display constant newsfeeds: BBC World, Al Jazeera, CNN, Fox News, Bloomberg, etc. If it's relevant, it's represented.

Jack sees TWO TRADERS, taking turns glaring at SWEATY TRADER. Definitely the goat who screwed up. Then Jack sees--

-VIKTOR STAZOV (50's), virile, as chiseled as he is sharp.

-KORVIN (his bodyguard) rarely leaves Stazov's side. If Embee resembles a lean tomcat-- Korvin is all pit bull. Cable neck. Oversized head. Thick and quick.

JACK

Mr. Stazov?

Stazov turns, eyes Jack. Speaks Russian to Korvin--

STAZOV
(The Americans sent us a child.)

Jack holds his smile, doesn't react. Stazov studies him.

STAZOV
(I know you speak Russian, Jack.)
(smiles warmly)
Now I know you're clever as well.
(earnestly)
You have big shoes to fill, Dr.
Ryan. George was a brilliant man.

JACK
Just trying to keep them warm, sir.

Stazov pats Jack on the back, nods to Head Trader #1--

STAZOV
Give Dr. Ryan the run down, let's
see if he has any special insights.

HEAD TRADER #1
The European Union was scheduled to
announce a major wool buy last
week. They delayed it.

HEAD TRADER #2
(points at Sweaty Trader)
Lev bet the E.U. was trying to
force Australia into a quid pro
quo. As long as Qantas bought
Airbus, the E.U. would reciprocate
by buying Australian wool.

Jack steps up to the TOUCHSCREEN COMPUTER-- start typing.

SWEATY TRADER/LEV
When they bought Boeing, it made no
sense. This was a sure thing.

STAZOV
Then we wouldn't be down eighty
million, would we, Lev?

Stavoz looks at Jack with a smirk. No big deal--

JACK PULLS UP A SCREEN that shows:

-Index of Australian wool companies dropping: \$56..\$53..\$51..

-Index New Zealand wool companies rising: \$27..\$29..\$31...

JACK

You have us shorting Australian wool. Going long on New Zealand?

HEAD TRADER #2

Yes. The E.U will give the wool contract to New Zealand now--
 (to Sweaty Trader)
 -- and we'll be able to make up some of Lev's losses.

JACK

When's the announcement?

HEAD TRADER #1

Any minute.

JACK

Can you pull up the price of Tantalum?

(blank looks)

It's on the rare metals index.

A LIST OF MINERALS appear. 'Tantalum' is up 32%. Jack looks at Sweaty Trader--

JACK

Lev, we move fast, we can turn this thing around.

(to Stazov)

We need to flop our lambswool positions immediately.

HEAD TRADER #1

Australia just flipped the bird to the entire E.U. and you think the Europeans will reward them?

Jack nods. Stazov hawks him, then glances at 'Tantalum'.

STAZOV

I'll authorize it. Your show.

ON THE TRADING FLOOR

TRADERS EXECUTE JACK'S ORDERS-- barking into phones-- hammering computers. Everyone's alarmed; reflecting the risk. Aussie Lambswool keeps dropping-- New Zealand keeps rising--

YOUNG FLOOR TRADER

(Market is doing the opposite.)

OLD FLOOR TRADER

(He gets this wrong, kiss your bonus goodbye.)

IN THE SKYBOX

Head Trader #2 is the sweaty one now. Cursing under his breath. Only two people look cool: Jack and Stazov.

JACK

Any chance you can have someone expedite my security clearance?

STAZOV

I've already put in a call. Usually speeds things up, but you never know with FSB. Sometimes they drive you crazy simply to show they can--

Head Trader #2 can't help himself. Last ditch plea to Jack--

HEAD TRADER #1

-- it's not too late to switch.

JACK

Australia needs the wool contract. Soon as Qantas went with Boeing, it was clear they'd figured out a way to guarantee the E.U. wasn't going to buy New Zealand wool.

Jack points to the Tantalum--

JACK

Tantalum's their ace.

-- Stazov notices Jack's OLD SEIKO WATCH with BURN MARKS.

STAZOV

Not the watch of a Wall Street Master of the Universe.

JACK

This was my dad's; he was a hell of a cop.

STAZOV

Most men learn quite a lot from their fathers.

Stazov smiles. Likes Jack, who turns to the TWO TRADERS and LEV; begging for answers with puppy dog eyes--

JACK

Australia controls eighty percent of the world's Tantalum supply. You can't make electronics without it.

HEAD TRADER #2
Australia threatened to tax it?

JACK
That's the bet; someone plays hard ball, you change the game. And a Tantalum tax would screw every E.U. company from Nokia to BMW.

ON THE TRADING FLOOR-- TRADER reads his computer.

FLOOR TRADER
E.U. is announcing the contract!

Pin drop silence. Everyone tenses. ONSCREEN: 'AUSTRALIA' pops up. The Index prices *flip-flop*, rocketing UP for Australia, DROPPING for New Zealand. Just as Jack predicted--

JACK
Sell it all.

The price settles-- Traders execute sales-- thousands of transactions at break-neck speed. A cacophony of YELLING!

HEAD TRADER #1
We're out!

STAZOV
Profits in American dollars?

JACK
(to himself)
It'll be in the nineties.

Takes a few seconds-- ONSCREEN-- \$93,546,043 pops up. The floor ERUPTS! All eyes on Jack; a fuckin' savant.

STAZOV
The Kremlin is having their Christmas Gala tomorrow. I'd like to introduce you and your wife around.

INT. ENTRY TO JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, FOLDERS OPEN, going through balance sheets. KNOCK on the door. Jack looks up at a HUGE FRIENDLY RUSSIAN--

MIKHAIL
Dr. Ryan-- Mikhail.
(they shake)
You have time to get your computer set up?

JACK

Come on in.

(looking at how big he is)

You're George's football buddy?

MIKHAIL

He talked about me?

JACK

Had your team picture on his desk.

MIKHAIL

(grins)

He was a real sonofabitch; I'll miss him. How was the funeral?

JACK

He would've hated it.

MIKHAIL

That big?

Jack nods. Mikhail sits at the COMPUTER, gets to work.

MIKHAIL

We use a closed system. Files are encrypted and saved *simultaneously*; so they can't be opened on any computers outside our office.

JACK

No working from home?

(Mikhail nods)

Good for security, bad for relationships.

MIKHAIL

Depends on how much you like your wife. My wife, she's crazy.

JACK

What can I get a look at right now?

MIKHAIL

For the moment, only information accessible in New York.

JACK

Don't suppose there's a way to check George's old emails, help me get up to speed?

MIKHAIL

I'm afraid those accounts will be frozen until the police close their investigation.

Jack nods. As Mikhail works, Jack sees A COUPLE NEW ENVELOPES have arrived. One is George's CELL PHONE BILL. He opens it. Scans the numbers, eyes lock on expensive charges for 'VERTU CONCIERGE SERVICES'. Looks at his VERTU PHONE, and we CUT TO--

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - DAY

-- filled with FANCY CARS and BODYGUARDS. Shooting the shit. Embee, by himself, polishes the BMW. BIG RUSSIAN BODYGUARD harasses him. Clucking, making African tribal whistles. FAT BODYGUARD comments with casual racism; not a joke--

FAT BODYGUARD

(Tease him if you want, but the spear-chucker takes pride in his work.)

Jack's behind them. They eye each other. None could care less. Ice-fest all around as Jack heads over to Embee.

JACK

Embee, you have any contacts in the police department?

INT. THE MOSCOW METRO - NIGHT

-- Jack and Katie, carrying TAKE OUT, walk through a gorgeous, busy Metro station, elaborate as Versailles.

KATIE

You can tell who grew up under Soviet rule by hair style alone.

Embee studies the CROWD, definitely looking for someone. The SOUND OF VIOLINS build. Rounding a corner, they find a WORLD-CLASS STRING ORCHESTRA playing (yes, they really do this). Embee motions for Jack and Katie to wait, keeps walking--

KATIE

Jack? You stirring the pot again?

JACK

Maybe. George's phone wasn't with the items police recovered from the accident. Cheapest Vertu is six grand. Embee made some calls.

POLICE DETECTIVE spots Embee, waves him over. They shake.

KATIE

You think that guy took it?

JACK

No, but I'll bet he took it from
the guy who did.

INT. THE WORLD'S LONGEST ESCALATOR - MINUTE LATER

-- riding up, Embee slips Jack GEORGE'S VERTU PHONE.

JACK

Do I want to know how you got that?

Embee shakes his head. Jack turns it on. Pulls up his EMAILS. Sees the last one George sent-- to 'Jack Ryan'. Scrolls through a bunch of ATTACHMENTS. Surprised by what he reads.

INT. GEORGE/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack has REAMS OF PRINTOUTS-- STACKS OF photocopied DOCUMENTS all over. We see the words Svobodny Terrain Systems on the front of a PROSPECTUS from '2005'. Door is closed. On the phone; indicator says the call is 'SECURE'--

JACK

(reading a page)

Frank, I found the documents George tried to send me. They're all related to a Russian firm called Svobodny Terrain Systems?

FRANK ANSON (O.S.)

Never heard of it.

JACK

Apparently our partnership owns it. It's valued at ten billion dollars.

FRANK ANSON (O.S.)

That can't be right.

JACK

Gets a whole lot stranger. Svobodny Terrain Systems went out of business in 2007.

EXT. RITZ CARLTON ENTRY - EVENING

Jack, in a Tux, and Katie, in a dazzling GOWN, walk towards Embee, holding the car door open.

JACK

Almost every STS corporate record has been erased. The only thing I know for certain is that the three founders are high-ranking members of FSB. If it's no longer making anything, it's a holding company--

KATIE

-- Jack? Can we turn it off, just for this one night?

He smiles at her. Nods. They step in, Embee hands Jack a BOX.

EMBEE

A courier dropped this off for you.

INT. BMW - DRIVING - NIGHT

Jack pulls out a HUBLOT 'BIG BANG' WATCH made from an unusual gray metal. Note is in CYRILLIC. Jack reads aloud--

JACK

Great work the other day. Our clients respond to the projection of success; start dressing the part. Best, Viktor.

KATIE

Is that a rough translation or did he mean to sound like an asshole?

Jack shrugs, not sure. Looks closely at the watch. Smirks--

KATIE

What's funny?

JACK

It's made of Tantalum.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

ROLLS ROYCES, FERRARIS, and BENTLEYS drive into THE KREMLIN--

INT. BMW - KREMLIN ENTRY - NIGHT

Jack and Katie look out the windows, passing SOLDIERS. EVERYTHING decked out in Russian Christmas decor. Lines of OLIGARCHS and BUSINESSMEN enter.

JACK

Most of those guys used to be KGB.

KATIE
That's a little unnerving.

Jack points to STAZOV with a very hot, very young WOMAN.

JACK
Try working for one of them.

Jack smiles, he's kidding. A KREMLIN GUARD, opens the door, lending Katie a hand as she steps out into a fairy-tale.

INT. COCKTAIL RECEPTION - EVENING

Stazov smoothly introduces Jack and Katie to OFFICIALS, he glances at Jack's wrist; he's wearing his Old Seiko. Jack's relieved to see Stazov doesn't seem to care.

Jack spots COLONEL NIKULIN (same guy George spoke to just before he died) wearing an intricate HUGE GOLD WATCH. Jack whispers to Katie--

JACK
Colonel Nikulin. He's fourth in command of FSB.

Katie, examining Nikulin, speaks softly--

KATIE
-- what's his specialty; electrocution?

Colonel Nikulin turns to Katie--

COLONEL NIKULIN
Counterintelligence, actually.

KATIE
Oh God. I'm so sorry.

COLONEL NIKULIN
Never apologize for wit, my dear.
Dr. Ryan--

Shakes Jack's hand. Ominous as he speaks subtitled Russian--

COLONEL NIKULIN
(-- welcome back to Russia.)

JACK
Thank you Colonel, this is--

COLONEL NIKULIN
 -- the other Dr. Ryan.
 (kisses Katie's hand)
 An Ophthalmic Surgeon, correct?

KATIE
 (to Jack)
 Just barely.

He's still holding on to her hand, studying it--

COLONEL NIKULIN
 With hands as steady as Pavlichenko
 you chose the right field.

Stazov steps over as Katie and Jack turn away--

KATIE
 Pavlichenko?

STAZOV
 Best female sniper in history. 309
 kills.

Katie's smiles fades. Creepy. Jack nods in agreement.

INT. STATE DINNER - EVENING

SERVERS clear plates, GUESTS table hop. Jack looks out the front, trying to see Stazov. Doesn't see him anywhere. Katie chats with a FANCY CROWD.

FANCY MAN
 You've been to Moscow before?

KATIE
 Twice. The first time was in 1991.

FANCY WOMAN
 What did you like best?

KATIE
 The Bolshoi. My dad took me to see
 Natalia Bessmertnova dance *Giselle*.
 I'd never seen anything so
 beautiful.

COLONEL NIKULIN (O.S.)
 What was your favorite part, Jack?

Nikulin is standing behind Jack, who buries his surprise--

JACK

-- on my first visit? Hate to admit it now, but at the time, it was selling my ratty old Nike's for a hundred fifty bucks.

This gets a laugh. Jack's still looking around, asks Katie--

JACK

Have you seen Viktor lately?

She shakes her head. MILITARY ATTACHE steps over to NIKULIN, whispers in his ear. He excuses himself, as EVERY OFFICIAL in pulls out their BUZZING BLACKBERRIES. Jack reads his own--

KATIE

What's going on?

JACK

Someone just blew up the largest natural gas field in the world--

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

-- flying over a U.S. MILITARY BASE, sun's still setting at--

INSERT SUPER: **SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND EUROPE
STUTTGART, GERMANY**

INT. HALLWAY - SUNSET

Strung with sad 'Merry Christmas' cutouts. Greer barrels in, his TWO AIDES (same ones who interrupted him in Washington) fall into step with him. They are:

WASHINGTON-- dream in life is to be Greer.

WASHINGTON

Bomb was planted inside a liquified gas supertanker; the explosion destroyed three square miles of Iran's South Pars field.

JULIE BLUE-- cowgirl. Dream in life is to be better than Greer (after somehow roping him in to marrying her).

JULIE BLUE

A Turkish faction of *Hizb ut-Tahrir* already claimed responsibility.

Greer immediately realizes--

GREER

Christmas came early; Layla Safik
has spent two years infiltrating
that organization.

Julie Blue winces as she hands him a RED FILE--

JULIE BLUE

She signaled for an emergency
extraction one hour before the
bombing. Exfil team didn't get to
her in time.

Soon as he opens it, Greer sags. It's clear she's dead.

JULIE BLUE

I'm sorry.

Just for a moment, then hardens to stone. He flips to a set
of CLASSIFIED PAGES-- looks at her, *fiery*--

GREER

This intel predicted the bombing.

Julie Blue is ready with a DOSSIER--

JULIE BLUE

Came from a paid informant; been
unreliable in the past, so it
wasn't deemed actionable. Halil
Ekran. We're flying him in now.

They PASS THROUGH A SECURITY CHECKPOINT, and ENTER--

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND HUB - NIGHT

-- High tech madness in here. TECHS and ANALYSTS sort through
all available information on the TANKER EXPLOSION--

MAPS show: ASALOUYEH, IRAN. NEWSFEEDS show corpses. Hellish
imagery. Greer enters, addressing the room like a king.

GREER

Listen up princesses--

The room stops. God is talking--

GREER

I hope you're all well rested
'cause no one pulls off a terrorist
event without leaving us something
we can fuck 'em with.

Rat-a-tat down a line of eager ANALYSTS--

GREER

I want lists of every person who should have been on the tanker and the facility. I want any and all voiceprints that are even tangentially related to the group claiming responsibility, and I want Agent Lupus to take a shower--

AGENT LUPUS (has the worst hygiene in Germany) looks up.

GREER

-- but I only ask the Good Lord for one miracle a day, and I'd rather catch a break.

EXT. FRONT OF THE KREMLIN - NIGHT

SWARMING with OFFICIALS and BUSINESSMEN ahead of Jack and Katie. CARS packed in. Jack's trying to spot Embee--

KATIE

What's their hurry?

JACK

Natural gas is up thirty percent already; oil is up fifteen. Affects almost every business here.

KATIE

These guys don't seem too upset.

JACK

Iran's the world's second largest supplier of natural gas; guess who's number one?

KATIE

They're getting richer while we wait.

Jack nods. Sees Embee, boxed in. Gonna take awhile.

JACK

I'll catch a cab.

KATIE

Will this be an all nighter?

JACK

Yeah. May as well have Embee go home after he drops you off.

Jack kisses her, hurries off, and we CUT TO--

INT. ELEVATORS - RAFIN-ANSON & STAZOV - NIGHT

-- Jack, exiting the elevator. Looks up at the FOUR GUARDS surrounding the skybox-- eyes move down, to the entry of the MAIN TRADING FLOOR-- just TWO GUARDS. TRADERS lined up, running ID cards through as they enter. Easy access, and--

INT. MAIN TRADING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack slips in. Everyone hustling to desks. Jack's trying to snatch as much information as he can off the main screen--

-- eyes dart around trading boards. Passes TRADERS, barking into headsets, logging in. OIL and NATURAL GAS prices rise. Jack's hovers near FAT TRADER--

JACK

We should've gotten killed tonight;
can you bring up our holdings?

He does it. Jack scans their active accounts. Surprised--

JACK

Bring up yesterday.

Trader does it. Jack leans in. Reads the screen. Big deal.

JACK

Stazov bet gas would spike--

KORVIN (O.S.)

-- why is it Americans always seem
to think they're in charge?

Korvin (Stazov's bodyguard), and TWO GUARDS surround Jack. Stazov heads in behind them. *Jack has a hard edge now.*

STAZOV

I'm sorry, Jack, your clearance
hasn't been approved yet.

JACK

Wasn't an issue yesterday.

STAZOV

Yesterday, we weren't dealing with
trades of strategic importance.

JACK

All transactions over ten million
need authorization from a New York
representative; me. You're moving a
hundred times that.

STAZOV

Take it up with the SEC.

INT. RAFIN ANSON & STAZOV - NIGHT

Traders, and Employees file out for the night but--

INT. GEORGE'S CORNER OFFICE - NIGHT

-- Jack, piles of files, screens full of charts, talking to--

JACK

Frank, we have a problem.

INT. RAFIN-ANSON - NEW YORK - DAY

Offices are busy. Global response to the pipeline bombings.
FOUR EMPLOYEES are waiting for him to finish with Jack--

JACK (O.S.)

Stazov bet big natural gas would
rise. He got us liquid with minimal
losses.

FRANK ANSON

That's your idea of a problem?
We're down billions over here.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACK

I was at the Kremlin with him. He
disappeared right before the
attack, and came here.

(beat)

I think he knew about it ahead of
time.

FRANK ANSON

That's a goddamned serious
accusation, Jack. You better have
something to back it up.

Jack's eyes find the safe.

INT. THE TECH HUB - NIGHT

Mikhail, cigarette dangling, pulls out a SERVER RACK. Running
an analysis. Jack rounds the corner. Speaks softly--

JACK

Mikhail, I need to see every trade
Mr. Stazov made in the last week.

MIKHAIL

What makes you think I would help you with something like that?

JACK

I looked up your salary.

Jack sets an ENVELOPE OF EUROS on a server.

MIKHAIL

The incentive must justify the risk; FSB Technicians are coming in to do a system-wide reset tonight.

JACK

They're covering his tracks.

MIKHAIL

Certainly hiding something.

JACK

When?

No answer. Jack pulls a whole STACK OF EUROS OUT.

MIKHAIL

In two hours.

JACK

Meet me downstairs.

EXT. STREETS OF MOSCOW - NIGHT

Bustling and WINDY, perfect conditions not to be overheard. Jack falls into step with Mikhail-- walking past shops--

MIKHAIL

The records don't exist.

JACK

They have to; every trade we make has to be routed through FSB for oversight.

MIKHAIL

Stazov bypassed it.

JACK

How do you bypass FSB protocols?

MIKHAIL

They built him a backdoor. Allows him to trade without a paper trail.

Jack burns.

JACK

There has to be some way to figure out what they're doing.

Mikhail looks nervous. Jack steps in front of him--

JACK

You're in an ideal bargaining situation here, Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

There's one way to see what they're cleaning up, but you will need very big balls, and four more stacks.

Jack nods. Mikhail pulls out a pen, writes on scrap paper--

MIKHAIL

From your office, wait until they enter the system. Input this code then don't touch anything. Not your mouse, not your keyboard. Nothing or they'll track your location in seconds.

Hands him slip of paper; TEN CHARACTERS.

MIKHAIL

Can you memorize this?

Jack glances at it. Mikhail lights a smoke, Jack puts the paper in the flame.

JACK

I'm pretty good with numbers.

INT. ELEVATORS - RAFIN-ANSON CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

Jack stands in the elevator looking tired. BING! Steps out on FLOOR 63. Only the hall lights are on. Eerie.

INT. JACK/GEORGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack, in his darkened office, stands, stretches.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

GUARD, eating a sandwich, looks at his SECURITY SCREENS. Sees the feed on 'Floors 63-66'. Blanked out. Looks them up.

Sees: 'Error...System Rebooting.' The Guard keeps eating.

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD - NIGHT

The RED LIGHTS ON A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA blinks off.

INT. JACK/GEORGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack's playing SODUKU on his PHONE when the CORNER OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN LIGHTS UP. The TRADING SKYBOX indicator ICON switches from 'OFFLINE' to 'ONLINE'.

Jack snaps to action, inputs the CODE, and--

-- FILES POP UP-- 'CLASSIFIED ACCOUNTS'-- everything Jack wanted to see-- BILLIONS in each-- someone inputs a CODE. *BYPASS ENABLED pops up ONSCREEN--*

-- a TALLY SHOWS ASSET TOTALS of: 92 BILLION. Jack's floored. Pulls out his phone, as he calls 'FRANK ANSON'--

FRANK ANSON (RECORDED)

This is Frank. Leave a message--

JACK

It's Jack, we're supposed to have forty billion in assets over here. I'm looking at more than twice that much in our accounts--

A FILE ONSCREEN OPENS: Svobodny Terrain Systems. The ACCOUNT HOLDS 50 BILLION in CASH-- Jack sees a list of DATED TRANSACTIONS. Each one is for hundreds of millions of 'NATURAL GAS FUTURES'. Speaking fast, racing to keep up--

JACK

-- Svobodny Terrain Systems is a holding account for natural gas futures. It shows massive purchases dating back four months-- all sold tonight-- it's a shell corporation. Stazov must be using it to hide profits made on the Iranian attack--

'FUNDS TRANSFERRING' blinks-- *the 50 BILLION in Svobodny Terrain Systems becomes 33-- flipping down by five BILLION-- filling up a DIFFERENT ACCOUNT--*

JACK

Frank, he's about to transfer it.

A 'ROUTING NUMBER' appears: 'COUNTRY CODE 6657'--

JACK

-- he's moving it out of Russia--

-- BEEP. Too long of a message. Recording ends--

JACK

-- shit.

Jack starts writing account numbers down-- can't keep up as numbers FLASH PAST. Bottom of the SCREEN, Jack sees: 'BYPASS ENABLED'. Glances out the window, up at the skybox. Fuck it, grabs the mouse, drags the CURSOR to the 'FILE' menu. Checks 'SAVE'. Grayed out, so he opens the COMPUTER CONTROL MENUS--

INT. FLOATING STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

-- TWO FSB AGENTS race down. They pull out SILENCED HANDGUNS. As they head towards Jack's office, we CUT TO--

INT. JACK/GEORGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack opens SYSTEM CONTROLS-- boxes pop up-- all unchecked-- finds 'Allow Remote Terminal Access'. He enables the BOX as-- He pulls up 'save'. It works! Notice the screen shows--

The Svobodny Terrain Systems ACCOUNTS start getting erased--

Jack rummages through pockets, his briefcase-- his jacket-- where he finds: KEYS with the PENDRIVE (same one he used at Annapolis). Slaps it in. PENDRIVE ICON appears-- he CLICKS on 'ACCOUNT HISTORY', pulls the FILE over the PENDRIVE ICON.

'COPYING AND ENCRYPTING DATA' flashes. Jack peeks out his window. Looks back, 'DATA SHEATHED' appears, and we CUT TO--

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - MOMENT LATER

-- TWO FSB AGENTS round the corner, combat gliding towards Jack's corner office. Stacking at the door. Textbook entry, AGENT #1 in LOW, AGENT #2 comes in HIGH-- sweeping the room--

Jack's not in here.

INT. OFFICE NEXT DOOR - MOMENT LATER

BEHIND THEM-- a SHADOW SLIPS across the hall.

Agent #1 spots JACK in a REFLECTION-- turns and FIRES!

ON JACK-- dives. Bullets miss by an inch. Holy shit, they're trying to kill him! Duck--running down the hall. Agents spot him again-- BOTH OPEN FIRE!

EXTERIOR GLASS SHATTERS! WIND ROARS IN. PAPERS fill the air as we CUT TO--

JACK-- snatching a PAPERWEIGHT off a desk. Waits. THROWS IT ACROSS THE DARK ROOM-- when it PLONKS off a WALL, Jack uses the moment and hustles the other direction, towards--

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - FLOOR 63 - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack peeking around a corner. Hits the 'DOWN' button. Curses under his breath, pressed up against a wall.

INT. LOBBY OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

TEN POLICE CARS skid to a stop.

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER - FLOOR 63 - CONTINUOUS

BING! Sounds louder than a hand grenade to Jack. Then he spots TWO RED LASER DOTS flash on the doors as they open. Enough to know they've got an ambush set for him. He turns--

DOWN THE HALL

Jack, hurrying. WIND WHIPS PAPERS around the office, covering his movements. Hears the STAIRWELL DOOR CRASH OPEN.

SECURITY GUARDS guns up, run out of elevators.

ON JACK-- can't see anyone, but hears Guards and Agents YELLING AT EACH OTHER in RUSSIAN!

MALE VOICES

(GUNS DOWN! FSB! PUT THEM DOWN!)

Now or never. Jack pounds up the floating stairs, rounds a corner, then yanks the PENDRIVE off the KEYCHAIN, shoves the DRIVE down into his SOCK, shoulders a door--

RUNNING UP ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STAIRS

-- calls Katie, leaping three steps at a time, heading for--

EXT. THE ROOFTOP HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

-- runs out, he's suddenly spotlighted by a POLICE HELICOPTER, rising into view--

KATIE(O.S.)

Jack--

-- SNIPERS ON THE STRUTS. Targeting him--

JACK

Don't speak, don't argue, I need you to do exactly what I say.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 Take the next flight out of the
 country. By leaving, you're keeping
 me safe--

KATIE
 What's happening?

HELICOPTER P.A.
 (-- GET YOUR HANDS UP NOW!)

JACK
 I picked the wrong fight--

POLICE (O.S.)
 -- DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

Behind him-- MOSCOW'S FINEST pours up the stairs.

JACK
 (an order)
Katie, get out of Russia.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SOCUER HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

OUTSIDE, All SCREENS are focused on the Pipeline bombing.
 Greer leans against the table, eyeing HALIL EKCRAN (20's). Saw
 his photo earlier. Well dressed. Handsome.

Greer FLIPS OUT PHOTOS. Marked -- LAYLA SAFIK, smiling.

GREER
 Know this woman?
 (Halil shakes his head)
 I trained her.

Greer, furious, sets a GRUESOME PHOTO of her CORPSE down.

GREER
 Believed fundamentalist Islam was a
 plague that threatened her country;
 never asked for a dime. I would've
 done anything to save her.

Julie Blue enters, hands Greer another FILE.

GREER
 You do this for money. It's okay,
 we need people like you, but you
 don't get the same protections. You
 ever see Midnight Express?

HALIL
 Yes, of course.

GREER

You knew the South Pars field was about to be attacked.

Greer LAYS A PHOTO down in front of him. A TURKISH MAN (50's).

HALIL EKCRAN

What is this? I am on your side.

Slaps a ANOTHER PHOTO down of an OLD MAN TURKISH MAN (70's).

GREER

We got your father and your grandfather trading on gas futures. In Turkey, insider trading is a slap on the wrist unless it's 'detrimental to national security'. This was a terrorist event.

Greer closes the BLINDS. Sits down right in front of Halil. His calm fury far more intimidating than a hot rage.

GREER

You can save your family. Or you can lie to me. I promise, you will not be able to do both.

Halil looks at the TWO PHOTOS, looks at Greer. Scary--

INT. CIA OPERATIONS COMMAND HUB - SOCEUR - NIGHT

-- Greer, fearful, hurries out. Washington's waiting--

GREER

We're looking at a monster. Stage one was the tanker bombing. Stage two is set to go off in Eastern Europe, and stage three--

WASHINGTON

Three?

GREER

-- will be somewhere in the U.S.

A beat. They all look at each other--

GREER

Start by analyzing geopolitical ramifications; who benefits from an attack on Iran, Europe, and the US--

WASHINGTON

Other than every Arab country in the Middle east?

GREER

My kid could figure that out. I want deals, elections, potential coups, anything to narrow the list. Something this big is never random. There is a specific reason, and we need to figure it out now.

Greer hands Washington a NOTE.

GREER

Good news is we got one hard lead. Halil photographed most of his contacts, then archived them online as an insurance policy--

Washington reads: a *WEBSITE* and a *PASSWORD* scribbled on it.

GREER

-- download all their pictures and run biometric facial scans. We ID his contacts and track down their locations, it may yield some leads.

As Washington takes the paper, peels off, we CUT TO--

INT. RAFIN ANSON & STAZOV HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- the FRONT OF THE ELEVATORS. Jack sits. GUARDED, but not handcuffed. Wind WHIPS in from NUMEROUS SHOT OUT WINDOWS.

TWO FSB AGENTS and Korvin pass POLICE. Korvin flashes his FSB BADGE (not just a bodyguard). VIKTOR STAZOV is behind them.

STAZOV

What were you doing here, Jack?

He eyes Jack; feels like we're seeing him for the first time.

STAZOV

I know you're not a spy. No one with any training would've done it this way.

JACK

Done what?

(staring at each other)

How'd you get here so fast, Viktor? You got a leotard and cape under that fancy suit?

STAZOV
Why were you here?

JACK
I'm a workaholic.

Korvin grabs him. Immobilizes his arms, digs a flat hand into Jack's Kidney. *Up on his toes. Agonizing pain, Jack guts it--*

STAZOV
What does your wife think about you working these kind of hours?

Jack, straining, can't get his arm free. Korvin shifts, starts bending Jack's BACK awkwardly. Korvin digs deeper, but so does Jack; notices that one of the ELEVATOR INDICATOR LIGHTS shows it's leaving the lobby. Rising fast--

JACK
George figured out what you were up to, didn't he?

STAZOV
What are you talking about?

JACK
You murder him for money, you sonofabitch?

Korvin releases, Jack doesn't take time to recover, lunges at Stazov. *Quick as Tyson, Korvin strikes. Jack's lip explodes!*

Jack falls. Picks himself up, tries again-- second punch brings Jack to his knees. World spinning. Appears cowed. Jack pants at Police. They don't meet his eyes, ashamed.

STAZOV
They can't help you.

Elevator slows, passing: '60...61'. Jack regains his feet. Barely gets them under him. Spits blood-- palms his knees--

JACK
I'm gonna be sick--

'63...64'. DING! *From his pre-planned crouch, Jack lunges at Police Captain, snatches his PISTOL-- by the time the doors open, revealing a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER, Jack has himself behind Police Captain-- PISTOL aimed at Stazov's head--*

STAZOV
Shoot him.

JACK
You die first.

Jack backs Police Captain into the Elevator, but never takes his aim from Stazov. Young Police Officer still in the elevator-- looks at Jack-- looks at Police Captain-- slips out. The doors close, and we CUT TO--

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DUMA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

TEN POLICE, guns out, watch the elevator lights descending.

INT. PARKING LEVEL ONE - CONTINUOUS

TEN POLICE flood out of VARIOUS STAIRWELLS.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - MOMENT LATER

Police Captain, and Jack wait. Nothing cool about Jack now-- eyes-wide. Grunting in pain.

P1--P2--P3. Jack takes his CELL PHONE back from Police Captain-- looks at the display-- no bars. Underground.

JACK
I've got to get to the American
embassy, then I'll let you go.

THE DOORS OPEN

Police Captain steps out first-- EARSPLITTING GUNSHOTS! BLOOD SPRAYS on Jack's face as bullets punch into Police Captain's body, pushing him backwards. Jack can't see the killer; but he mashes a FINGER ON 'CLOSE' and we CUT--

OUTSIDE THE ELEVATOR

As the doors close, GRAY SUIT AGENT, gun up, hears a CLANG-- doors begin to CLOSE, pushes the button. Door re-opens--

EMERGENCY HATCH swings on the ceiling. GRAY SUIT leans in--

Jack didn't go up, used it as a distraction. Tucked against the elevator wall, aiming his GUN at GRAY SUIT-- POINT BLANK--

TIME SLOWS-- JACK'S BREATHING-- TERRIFIED--

As Jack starts to open his mouth, to warn him off--

Gray Suit reacts. A pro. Left hands whips around to smack Jack's gun off target. Right hand, holding his own GUN whips around to shoot--

*Even in slow motion, Jack only has a moment to make a choice--
FIRES! AIM IS DEADLY-- RIGHT INTO GRAY SUIT'S HEAD--*

TIME ROARS BACK TO NORMAL--

Jack dives out, low, losing the grip on his gun as he lands. Scrambles to retrieve it--

-- but no one else is out here. Just Jack. Takes a beat to look at the man he killed. Lifeless eyes. Open. Halfway in and out of the elevator. Jack's hands shake. He might vomit.

Then he does; human instinct after your first kill.

No time for that; he's got seconds to get out. Grabs the gun. Looks up at the FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS at the top of the exit ramp, he runs down, the other direction, as we CUT TO--

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

-- Katie, PHONE in hand, sprinting to a GATE. AIR FRANCE to PARIS, doors are closing. She holds up her BOARDING PASS. FRENCH FLIGHT ATTENDANT looks at her pleading eyes. No idea Katie's fate hangs in the balance.

She re-opens the door. Katie whips the phone back to her ear--

KATIE

I'm on a flight to Paris. Call the embassy, tell them everything.

(trembling with worry)

Dad, you have to help Jack.

INT. SKYBOX COMMAND HUB - MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

FSB TECHNICIAN is coolly running through A RE-CREATION OF EVERY COMPUTER TRANSACTION--

Rolls through a box flashing 'ENCRYPTING' then switches to 'SHEATHING DATA'. 'FINISHED' appears.

Immediately, FSB TECHNICIAN speaks into his headset, definitely nervous to be bearing the news that--

FSB TECHNICIAN

-- he saved a record of the transactions.

STAZOV

All of them?

FSB TECHNICIAN

(grave)

Enough.

INT. LOBBY OF THE DUMA BUILDING - NIGHT

Stazov, PHONE plastered to his ear, looks out the front door--
THIRTY POLICE CARS sparkle red and blue out front.

STAZOV

How?

FSB TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

We haven't figured that out.

Stazov turns to THREE FSB AGENTS--

STAZOV

Kill his phone, lock down the
American Embassy, and put all
transport hubs under surveillance.

The FSB Agents hurry off. Stazov turns to Korvin--

STAZOV

Get insurance.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENT LATER

Jack, crashes through a door, SPRINTING DOWN A HALLWAY-- the
next door has a REGULAR LOCK. Jack tries to open it. No dice.
Looks behind him. That DOOR has a KEYCARD LOCK and BIOMETRIC
SCANNER. Can't go back. He's trapped.

Takes a breath, and POUNDS ON THE DOOR.

A COP opens it, Jack aims a GUN in his face, then snatches
his cuffs and locks him to the door. Takes his RADIO, HEAVY
COAT and HAT. Pulls Cop's TIE over his mouth as a gag as--

EXT. THE DUMA BUILDING - NIGHT

-- Officer Jack, acting casual, strolls through the POLICE
BARRICADE, head down. Hoping no one will notice his BROWN
DRESS SHOES. Tense, he has to get by TWO POLICE OFFICERS--

POLICE OFFICER #1

(You see anything in there?)

JACK

(According to FSB, it was an
electrical problem.)

Jack glances up at the SHOT OUT WINDOWS of the 63 floor. Soon
as POLICE look up, he strolls through. Radios SQUELCH--

POLICE RADIO(O.S.)
 (All units, proceed to the American
 Embassy. Check in with onsite FSB
 representatives for direction--)

Jack rounds a corner. Face falls. The Embassy was his shot.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Airborne. Katie's cell vibrates. ENGINE ROARING as they gain altitude-- she buries herself in a corner and answers--

JACK (O.S.)
 You make it out?

KATIE
 We just took off--

INT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack, barricades a block behind him, looks at his phone 'NO SERVICE'. A MAN crosses the street behind him.

The Man, in shadow, follows Jack, as he hurries down the street. Man is right behind Jack now. Hands in his coat--

EMBEE (O.S.)
 Officer Ryan?

Jack stiffens. It's Embee, who grabs his arm, pulling him--

EMBEE
 Nice shoes, keep moving--

Embee pulls the battery from Jack's phone. Then his own.

EMBEE
 They can track them, even off.

Jack still can't make sense of it, hustling around a corner--

JACK
 How'd you find me?

EMBEE
 I loaded software in both your
 phones. Security precaution.

EXT. BUILDING - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Stazov's FSB Agents are talking to Cop, unshackling him. They immediately hustle out, pointing, and BARKING into RADIOS as--

EXT. STREETS OF MOSCOW - NIGHT

-- Jack and Embee see the RIVER UP AHEAD, lined with bright spotlights, FANCY RESTAURANTS, and CLUBS.

JACK
Embassy's been barricaded; I need
to get out of the city.

EMBEE
What happened?

JACK
Stazov made tens of billions off a
terrorist attack. George must have
been on to it; so he killed him.

EMBEE
You're sure?

JACK
Sure enough to shoot an FSB Agent.

EMBEE
Viktor Stazov is Siloviki, he would
never do something like this
without FSB approval.

JACK
Then you can't be seen with me.

EMBEE
Don't worry about me. Did you kill
the Agent?

Jack nods, looks green thinking about it--

EMBEE
That reaction is normal your first
time.

INT. AIR FRANCE JET - NIGHT

Katie's looking out the window. A STEWARDESS steps up--

STEWARDESS
Madame? You are Doctor Ryan, no?

Katie nods. Stewardess heads to the front. Katie grows grave.
Waiting. Doesn't take long for the hammer to drop.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, we are being
forced to return to Moscow. We'll
update you once we know more.

The Plane banks steeply, Katie's heart sinks, and we CUT TO--

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - SOCEUR - CONTINUOUS

Greer presides over SATELLITE FEEDS OF ALASKAN OIL PIPELINES--
GULF COAST DRILLING PLATFORMS-- and REFINERY OPERATIONS--
each one has a location written underneath; from California
to Alabama, there are literally HUNDREDS of domestic targets--

ANALYST #1
They're all on high alert now, sir.

Greer heads over to Washington and Julie Blue--

GREER
How we doing on Halil's trove?

-- leading a TEAM sorting through HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS.

JULIE BLUE
Guy must think he's the next Annie
Leibovitz; he took thousands of
pictures.

WASHINGTON
We narrowed them down to 304
individuals.

Washington hits a button. FACES with NAMES pop up--

WASHINGTON
We've got twenty-six identified by
name. None are presently in the US.

He hits a button-- HUNDREDS OF FACES FILL SCREENS.

GREER
Leaves us with two-hundred seventy-
eight enigmas.

As Greer stares at what they're up against, we ZOOM IN ON ONE
PHOTO. TAN MAN (40's). Needle in a haystack, and we CUT TO--

INT. FILTHY WORKSHOP - NIGHT

-- the TAN MAN they're looking for, leading a team of FIVE
KAZAKH MECHANICS. Carefully opening BAGS OF BREAD.

INSERT SUPER: **KAZAKHSTAN**

They place the SIX LOAVES in a TRAY. Plug the loaves into WIRES and DETONATORS. Not bread, but PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES.

BEHIND THEM, we see HUGE MECHANICAL PUMPS. All painted BABY BLUE. Men carry the EXPLOSIVES OVER, slide the tray into a slot; fits perfectly. And as they seal it, we CUT TO--

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING AREA - MOSCOW - NIGHT

-- next to the RIVER. An AUDI A8 pulls up. DRIVER/BODYGUARD opens the door for a FANCY COUPLE.

JACK, still wearing his police gear, heads towards them--

JACK

(Hold it.)

Embee pops up behind Driver/Bodyguard, arm-bars his CAROTID ARTERY. Fancy Couple freezes as Jack takes the keys and cell phone from Driver/Bodyguard. Soon as Bodyguard's completely out, Embee steps to Fancy Man, takes his WALLET. Pulls out his ID, and PHOTOS OF CHILDREN, holds them up--

EMBEE

I have your home address. If you report this before tomorrow, I'll come back and kill your children.

INT. THE STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Jack's very uncomfortable with the threat. Staring at Embee--

EMBEE

It buys us a few extra hours with the car.

JACK

Where'd you learn that?

EMBEE

South Africa. I worked as a military contractor before I came here.

Jack fingers his pocket. Fingering the PENDRIVE.

JACK

Why are you still helping me? They don't know you're involved.

EMBEE

They killed my last boss and made my new boss an enemy of the state.

(MORE)

EMBEE (cont'd)
Even If I know nothing, I'm a loose
end.

JACK
You didn't know any of that when
you came to find me.

EMBEE
I also did not know you had killed
a federal agent.
(beat)
I stay in Russia, I'm dead. I help
you get out, you help me go
somewhere better.

Jack nods, sounds good to him.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - SOCEUR - CONTINUOUS

SCREENS SHOW an INDEX OF STOCKS; specifics aren't important--

ANALYST #1
Put-call ratios just started
shooting up globally--

GREER
English.

WASHINGTON
Someone's betting big every major
stock market is about to crash.

Analyst #1 yawns--

GREER
When was the last time you slept?

ANALYST #1
Two days ago, sir.

GREER
We've had one bombing; and the
world's back on it's heels. Any of
you start getting sleepy, ask
yourself what happens if we don't
stop the next two.

CIA ANALYST ROBERT RITTER (30), an excitable rookie analyst
heads over--

RITTER
MI-6 locked a link to the bombing.

Greer follows him over to his work station--

RITTER

This was recorded in Turkey eight months ago. The first speaker has not been identified, yet.

RECORDING plays; first VOICE speaks Russian accented ENGLISH--

RUSSIAN VOICE

If two Devils go to war, the world cannot survive. But force one to fall upon his own sword; the world remains worth ruling. This is the singular lesson of the Cold War.

SECOND SPEAKER

For the proper price; we're in.

RITTER

We voiceprinted the second speaker; he leads the group that claimed responsibility for the Iranian natural gas field attack.

GREER

Good work. First speaker is Russian. Was he in Turkey, too?

RITTER

No sir. Moscow.

GREER

Julie Blue, have you connected anything else to Moscow?

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOSCOW - DRIVING

Jack's on the stolen cell phone--

JACK

I called the Embassy, they said there's no way I can get in.

FRANK (O.S.)

Where's Katie?

JACK

She made it out--

(beat)

Frank, if Stazov started buying natural gas futures four months ago, means they sat on the intel, and made fifty billion on the bombing.

FRANK ANSON (O.S.)
Who's they?

JACK
(looks at Embee)
Stazov and FSB.

FRANK ANSON (O.S.)
You can't possibly know that with
any certainty, Jack.

JACK
I know FSB tried to kill me, I know
Stazov used to work for them, and I
know the illegal profits were
funneled through a shell
corporation founded by FSB
insiders. That's a whole lot of
connected coincidences, Frank.

FRANK ANSON (O.S.)
Then this is a hell of a lot bigger
than you and me both. If it's FSB,
why transfer it out of Russia?
Moving the money will make it
harder to hide.

JACK
Must've transferred it someplace
we'd never find it.

INT. ABOVE THE RAFIN-ANSON TRADING FLOOR - NEW YORK - DAY

Frank Anson on the phone, oversees a HUNDRED TRADERS--
similar to the Moscow set-up, but larger. With windows.

FRANK ANSON
You mean, like Russia?

JACK (O.S.)
I know they transferred it out.
They must've done it for a reason.

FRANK ANSON
Jack, there's been a ton of
suspicious trading on natural gas,
but the Fed just started tracking
an unusually high volume of oil
futures trading as well.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACK

There's going to be another attack.

(thinking it through)

They make a mint on the first bombing. Then, Stazov uses his war chest to bet on oil. If a second attack occurs, they could make enough to buy a country.

FRANK ANSON

If he already made fifty billion, why keep going?

JACK

You're assuming we know everything. Call Joe Muller, tag-team your government contacts, get them working on this--

(glances at Embee)

*Tell 'em I got proof. I got a record of all the accounts. The first bombing killed three hundred innocent people. If we get the account numbers to the Fed, they can freeze Stazov's assets. Maybe force FSB to reveal what they know about the next attack *before* more people are killed.*

FRANK ANSON

How are you planning on getting out of there?

JACK

When you figure that out, let me know.

Jack hangs up. Embee looks at him.

EMBEE

What proof?

Jack, no choice, has to trust Embee. Pulls out the PENDRIVE--

JACK

It's encrypted; know anyone who can crack it?

EMBEE

You willing to make a deal with the Devil?

JACK

In the last hour, I killed a federal agent, stole a car, and partnered with a guy who threatens children; what do you think?

A beat; Embee sizing Jack up. Likes the backbone.

EMBEE

Then take a left here.

EXT. DOMODEDOVO TARMAC - MOMENT LATER

The AIR FRANCE plane is surrounded by POLICE CARS, Katie is marched down the steps, FSB Agents prod Katie forwards, she looks at AIRPORT WORKERS--

KATIE

Call the police. Please.

LOBBY WORKER

They are the police.

AGENTS IN SUITS-- push her into one of the GOVERNMENT SUV'S.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Katie's astonished to see--

KATIE

Viktor! What is going on?

-- STAZOV, waiting for her.

STAZOV

It's complicated.

KATIE

How about you start by telling me where Jack is.

STAZOV

I'm hoping you can help with that.

Katie's eyes narrow; knows exactly what he means.

INT. CIA SUBSTATION - SOCEUR - DAY

Greer, heading over to Julie Blue--

JULIE BLUE

A Katherine Ryan called the Moscow Embassy forty minutes ago.

Plays a RECORDING. Katie's terrified voice--

KATIE (RECORDED)

My husband told me to go to the airport without him. I heard people yelling for him to drop his weapon.

JULIE BLUE

This is our Embassy right now.

Julie Blue, clicks computer, brings up a SATELLITE IMAGE OF MOSCOW-- ZOOMING IN ON-- POLICE, BARRICADES, and CHECKPOINTS.

GREER

What are the Russians saying?

JULIE BLUE

Calling it an exercise. Katherine Ryan's presently on a flight out of Moscow-- the State Department has yet to locate her husband.

Greer heads over to Ritter--

GREER

You got a voice match on the Moscow caller yet?

RITTER

Dead end, sir. We've never heard him before.

GREER

Case you missed the memo, the people we hunt are *trying* to hide. Means they'll do anything to keep their voices from flagging on TECHINT systems. Larynx surgery, chain smoking, hormone replacement therapy. I've seen it all, and NSA's computers can adjust for it, so run his voiceprint through every filter they've got.

RITTER

You want me to compile a list of theoretical voices for a man we've never heard before?

Julie and Washington meet eyes. Ritter watches them: whoops.

GREER

What's your name, son?

RITTER

Bob Ritter, sir.

GREER

At the moment what do we know about our Russian?

RITTER

Nothing.

GREER

So, when you're done, what will we know if you come up blank?

RITTER

The Russian is a new person--

GREER

-- who we can start tracking, but if we get a hit?

RITTER

We'll have the identity of the man who paid for the pipeline bombing.

Greer gives him a pat, strolls off. Washington leans in.

WASHINGTON

I remember when I used to think I was smart. Harvard?

As Ritter nods, we CUT TO--

JULIE BLUE-- reading a PRINTOUT, bug-eyed. Greer steps over.

JULIE BLUE

Jack Ryan called the embassy ten minutes ago. Here's the transcript.

Soon as Greer reads it, we CUT TO--

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Greer, Julie Blue, and Washington stride TOWARDS A LEAR JET-- everyone barking into CELL PHONES--

JULIE BLUE

I have the Director--

GREER

-- sir, eight months ago, a payment for the bombing was discussed with someone in Moscow.

(MORE)

GREER (cont'd)

Four days ago, an Investment Banker died in a car wreck there, and a guy named Jack Ryan was sent as his replacement--

Breathlessly, he jogs up the STEPS OF THE JET--

GREER

-- he just called the American Embassy and told them FSB knew about the bombing months ago, and made billions.

Greer ENTERS THE JET, Julie Blue and Washington behind him.

GREER

If FSB's trading on this, they knew about the first bombing; means they may know about the next two. It all fits. Russian energy resources are getting more valuable every moment.

Julie Blue yells at him--

JULIE BLUE

Katherine Ryan's credit card was charged for a flight to Paris tonight. It was returned to Moscow.

GREER

Let me guess-- engine trouble?
(she nods)
Sir, FSB's got Ryan's wife. If they're that desperate to get him, he may be the key to cracking this thing wide open; I need command of all Special Activities Division Operatives in the Moscow vicinity.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

You're putting together a puzzle, Jim, not starting a war.

GREER

I'm not some cowboy--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

-- you're talking about *burning* six of the most valuable operators in CIA's arsenal on a hunch; it's taken years for each one of them to establish cover.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
 When you come up with something
 other than speculation, you get
 your army. As of now, that action
 is denied.

EXT. MOSCOW STREET - NIGHT

Jack and Embee, out of the car, head towards ROWS OF TOWERING APARTMENTS. Communist architecture. Ugly when they were new.

EMBEE
 Welcome to the real Russia.

Embee rips apart the STOLEN PHONE. Drops it in a DUMPSTER--

EMBEE
 If FSB is tracking your voiceprint;
 that could lead them right to us.
 (Jack nods, good thinking)
 Russian Mafia works hand-in-hand
 with FSB. Chechen Mafia has to pay
 FSB to operate here, but they
 aren't partners.

JACK
 Is this our only option?

EMBEE
 If you want the disk decrypted,
 Chechen Mafia is the best bet.
 (dead serious)
 But if they figure out who you are,
 they will trade you for favors.

JACK
 Then we better do this quickly.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BLOCK - NIGHT

Embee and Jack round a corner--

EMBEE
 Don't speak, don't look anyone in
 the eye, and do exactly what I say.

They cross the street, heading towards a CRAPPY NIGHTCLUB.
 DOORMAN sees Embee. They whisper to each other and--

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

-- its like entering a speakeasy during prohibition, the
 outside is shit, the inside is posh, well designed. A FANCY
 CROWD of LEGGY WOMEN, CLUBGOERS, PROSTITUTES. Late at night,
 means it's in full swing-- TRANCE MUSIC ROARS!

They head towards a BACK DOOR.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DOWN A STAIRWELL-- TWO BURLY MEN, scars and UZIS, frisk Jack. They enter a warren of ROOMS-- it's a BROTHEL-- empty-eyed GIRLS. Jack grimaces.

INT. MAFIA WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Embee enter a dumpy office. Nothing flashy except the CHECHEN MOBSTERS' suits. Cleaning weapons. Counting cash. TELEVISIONS PLAY SOCCER and NEWS as we DISSOLVE TO--

EXT. ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

-- A MI-26 HELICOPTER (largest helicopter in the world) flying into frame, corporate markings. Sweeping towards--

INSERT SUPER: **MANGYSTAU, KAZAKHSTAN**

-- the TENGIZ OIL FIELD. Billions in infrastructure. HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS GUARD THE COMPLEX, on high alert.

INT. MI-26 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

We see FOUR BABY BLUE PUMP ENGINES (same one with the explosives) strapped down in the cavernous interior.

EXT. THE BARRACKS - MOMENT LATER

The Helicopter flies in closer. Approaching a landing area--

-- KAZAKH SOLDIERS on the ground eye the Helicopter, flaring. Doesn't look dangerous, but GUNS come up. Right as the wheels touch down, it BLOWS UP! An EPIC EXPLOSION!!!!

EXT. FENCELINE - HALF MILE AWAY - NIGHT

The MUSHROOMING FIREBALL brightens the sky like a sun--

-- illuminating FIVE TRUCKS OF MEN WITH GUNS, racing in. OPENING FIRE ON a GUARD TOWER, blasting through. Trucks beds are filled with FUEL TANKS, as we CUT TO--

INT. DIRTY OFFICE -- MOMENT LATER

-- A wiry, feral-looking RUSSIAN MAN (40's) watching a COMPUTER. Able to see LIVE CAMERA FEEDS of the attack:

A section of the facility, lighting up with gunfire, as the FIVE TRUCKS SPLIT, targeting specific areas, then BLOWING THEMSELVES UP!

Cameras are in position to watch the DESTRUCTION OF THE MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR FACILITY.

Like a true professional, RUSSIAN MAN doesn't show a trace of emotion. He stands, opens a door, and heads out into--

A WORKSHOP

Passes SIX WONDER BREAD TRUCKS (all logos are in English) walks through PLASTIC SLATS hanging from the roof into--

THE BACK ROOM

Where TEN MEDITERRANEAN-LOOKING MEN work in silence. Some examine street maps, written in ENGLISH. Some are carefully sliding the LOAVES OF EXPLOSIVES into BAGS OF WONDER BREAD.

RUSSIAN MAN

The second stage was executed perfectly. Make your final preparations. In fourteen hours, we change the world.

Russian Man glances at a FRAMED ONE DOLLAR BILL, hanging on the wall. A thin smile forms on his lips as we CUT TO--

INT. CIA JET - NIGHT

-- Greer and Company watching news. AFTERMATH OF THE REFINERY BOMBING-- Greer looks like a pissed-off bull--

WASHINGTON

Two down--

GREER

And we still don't know shit.

JULIE BLUE

New York Stock Exchange halted trading for an hour.

WASHINGTON

Oil crossed two hundred dollars a barrel on the spot market.

GREER

And if this Ryan guy's right, The FSB will be able to buy China if there's another attack.

Greer sits still for a moment. Evaluating.

GREER

Gas, oil. What would come next in America? The Alaskan pipeline is the most strategic target.

JULIE BLUE

There's no guarantee the intel is correct. Could be a misdirect. Someone blows up-- say, the Suez Canal, Russia would still be sitting pretty.

GREER

Too many variables; only one lead.

Fuck it, Greer grabs his phone--

GREER (O.S.)

This is Greer, James L. Access code Oscar-Sierra 3375, authorizing the activation of all Special Activities Division *Badgers* in Moscow.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Greer, the Director said--

GREER

-- I'll deal with him later; have them gather at a rally point and await further instructions.

INT. MAFIA OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

ALL TELEVISIONS have switched over to news of the REFINERY BOMBING-- Jack, Embee, even the MOBSTERS are watching now.

MSNBC ANALYST(ONSCREEN)

-- *over half of the world's stock markets will not open today--*

EMBEE

Think FSB made money off that, too?

JACK

If they bet on oil, they would've made hundreds of billions.

He searches NEWS SITES, opening windows, finds a NEW ALERT--

JACK

-- *Homeland Security raised the terror alert level to red.*

Pulls up a STREAMING NEWS FEED--

CNN REPORTER

*They have intelligence predicting a
third attack, this time within the
Continental United States--*

-- TWO BRUTES step out, wave for them to follow. Jack tears his attention away from the news, heads out.

SWARTHY CHECHEN watches them leave. Makes a call--

SWARTHY CHECHEN

(You will not believe who just
walked in the door.)

INT. HACKER AREA - NIGHT

If you've had your identity stolen, it probably happened in a room like this. PACKED WITH COMPUTER EQUIPMENT, TELEVISIONS, ENERGY DRINKS. VIDEO GAMES. YURI waves Embee and Jack over.

EMBEE

This is Yuri.

Jack hands him the PENDRIVE. Embee and Yuri haggle over the price, in Chechen. Embee nods at Jack.

JACK

How much?

EMBEE

You can pay me back later.

As Yuri gets to work, Jack sits down in front of THREE COMPUTER SCREENS, with a blazing T1 internet connection. TV FEEDS ON ONE SCREEN-- Breathless coverage.

Jack looks up charts: STOCK MARKETS PLUMMETING-- price of OIL SKYROCKETING. He looks at GRID OF CURRENCY MARKETS. Embee looks over his shoulder--

JACK

When the price of oil skyrockets,
the dollar always falls. It hasn't
budged. I'm missing something.

ANOTHER TICKER shows *'Airlines cancelling flights due to
passenger fears over the attacks.'*

Jack sits back. Sees Yuri's CELL--

JACK

You mind?

Jack takes it. Dials as Yuri removes the PENDRIVE--

YURI

-- I can't mess with it or all data gets destroyed. Is proprietary encryption. FSB-hotshot design.

VOICE ON PHONE

Please enter your card number--

JACK

What about making a copy?

YURI

Not possible. The whole thing has been wrapped in a coded 'sheathe'. Where did it come from?

JACK

My office.

YURI

Then that is the only place on the planet it can be read.

Jack sags. Embee nods, motions for them to leave.

VOICE ON PHONE

Please try your card number again--

Jack enters the number. Waits. Phone clicks--

JACK

Yes, my wife's on my account. She purchased a plane ticket leaving Moscow tonight; can you check the status of that flight?

Jack waits. Another moment.

EMBEE

We need to go.

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)

She purchased a ticket to Paris. It was delayed with engine problems--

JACK

How long?

FEMALE OPERATOR (O.S.)

An hour. It's back in the air now.

Jack blanches. Hangs up, writes a NUMBER, passes it to Yuri--

JACK
I need to make an untraceable call.

EMBEE
What are you doing?

YURI
Is more money.

Jack nods. A screen shows the CALL, encrypting, routed around the world. Embee looks around. Watching everyone. Nervous.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Out the windows, the KREMLIN looms, a mile away.

Stazov's phone rings. He hands it to a TECH, sitting at a table, plugs it into his COMPUTER: FSB ICONS on the screen.

TECH
Caller's masking the location.

STAZOV
It's Ryan.

COLUMNS start cycling locations and numbers--

OPERATIVE #1
Says it's coming from Helsinki. But if he's in Moscow, we should have its origin in a few minutes.

Tech hits another button, hands STAZOV a WIRELESS HANDSET. He heads into THE LIVING ROOM--

JACK (O.S.)
Viktor.

STAZOV
Jack. You managed to get an ace.
(Jack doesn't answer)
You don't have to admit it; I'll get it back soon enough. I managed to get a beautiful ace of my own.

Stazov clicks on the SPEAKERPHONE. Sets the phone down in front of-- KATIE. Korvin leers, right across from her.

JACK (O.S.)
You have Katie?

STAZOV
Talk to your husband.

Katie is about to talk. Stops herself. Thinking it through.

JACK (O.S.)
*Viktor, if you've got my wife, let
 me talk to her now.*

STAZOV
 Katie, he has something I need. As
 soon as I get it, I'll let you go.

JACK (O.S.)
 Katie?

Katie looks at the phone, at Stazov. All she wants to do is
 talk to her husband-- tears well.

JACK (O.S.)
If you've got her, put her on!

Katie cycles to the conclusion-- guessing where it ends; she
 purses her lips.

STAZOV
 She thinks if she doesn't speak,
 you won't trade for her.
 (to Katie)
 Trying to keep him safe is quite
 noble, it is also futile.

Korvin punches, full force. Katie gathers herself. She spits
 blood on the ground, like a gauntlet thrown down.

STAZOV
 A tough one isn't she, Jack?

Still silent. He steps to a lamp. Unscrews the LIGHTBULB.

STAZOV
 I hate this, but it never fails.

Korvin steps over. Stazov waves him off. She tries to fight
 him silently. Stazov immobilizes her. CUFFS her hands behind
 her back, grasps her neck. Pulls her hair back.

STAZOV
 Squeeze a neck just right, humans
 can't keep their mouth closed, but
 you already know that, don't you?
 Jack, a light bulb is going into
 her mouth.

JACK(O.S.)
*Katie, I'll be fine, if you're
 there, say something. Anything.*

STAZOV

Last chance, Dr. Ryan.

Katie's mouth pops open. He pushes it in. She can't fight as hard as she'd like for fear of breaking it. Tries to spit it out. Can't. Katie, metal tip protruding, dripping tears.

STAZOV

Make a recognizable sound. Please.

Bearing anything to save Jack, not willing to have him trade for her-- Katie beams 'fuck you eyes' at Stazov-- then closes them-- readying herself. He draws back.

Waits. No reaction from Katie. Stazov punches! The BULB collapses with a TINKLE. Katie can't inhale to scream. Can't gag. Just WHIMPERS as she lets the METAL END fall out--

ON JACK-- recognizes the WHIMPER, guilt and fury all at once.

JACK

Katie?!!!

STAZOV (O.S.)

And now he believes.

Jack goes still, a trembling, palpable rage.

STAZOV (O.S.)

Jack?--- Jack? Are you still there?

JACK

(in soft, deadly Russian)
*(Viktor, first rule of war-- never
 back your enemy into a corner.)*

STAZOV-- watches Katie. Impressed.

STAZOV

We'll see what you're made of soon enough, but round one, most certainly, goes to your wife.

Tech turns his SCREEN: he's got the location. Tech whispers--

TECH

He's eight minutes away--

STAZOV

I need to make arrangements for the location of the exchange. Call me on this line in ten minutes.

(hangs up on him)

Let's move.

Stazov points to a BIG FSB AGENT and the Tech--

STAZOV

You two. Stay and watch her.

Everyone in the room, grabs their weapons. Coats. Etc. They hustle out. Leaving Katie on the ground.

INT. HACKER AREA - NIGHT

Jack, holding the PENDRIVE, looks despondent.

EMBEE

I'm sorry, Jack. Let's go.

JACK

I call him from anywhere else,
he'll trace the call.

EMBEE

Maybe he already did.

YURI

No chance.

Screens show MARKETS COLLAPSE. Jack's face hardens. Hatred--

JACK

They're predicting a third attack
in America; trading on it could be
considered an act of war--

Jack, staying put, on a mission now, pulls up a list of
GLOBAL CURRENCY VALUATIONS--

EMBEE

-- then you will never be able to
trade that for Katie and live. We
need to go.

EXT. DOMODEDOVO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Greer's JET is still rolling as the door opens. Greer,
Washington, and Julie Blue run down the steps. Breath falls--

WASHINGTON

Christ, it's cold.

JULIE BLUE

Feels like breathing needles--

-- doesn't phase Greer. Hustling towards an ARMORED G5
Mercedes SUV. The DRIVER hops out, walks away. They hop in.
As it tears PAST CAMERA, we see the license: 'A PLATES'.

INT. HACKER AREA - NIGHT

Embee looks all around. Hairs on his neck standing up. Something has changed. Jack pulls up a 'CNN roundtable'--

CNN ANALYST
-- the dollar should be plummeting.

YURI
I'll be right back.

JACK
Unless someone's buying dollars.

Jack pulls up the FOREX CURRENCY EXCHANGE-- clicks a couple times-- brings CURRENCY TRANSACTIONS up for a list of COUNTRIES-- all trading volume up-- '110%' in FRANCE-- '215%' in GERMANY-- '94%' in BRAZIL-- Average is '150%'-- then buried in the list, he sees Turkey-- '620%' above normal--

JACK
-- that's where the money is. But
The only reason you'd ever buy---

Jack sucks in a breath. A big fuckin' deal.

JACK
*Oh my God. I know what they're
doing--*

Embee sees TWO MOBSTERS exit the door.

EMBEE
Unless you want to die, move--

He grabs Jack. They head out the back door, into--

INT. THE BROTHEL AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- hurrying towards the stairs. FIVE MOBSTERS head down. Turn around FIVE MORE MOBSTERS block their path, and we CUT TO--

INT. STAZOV'S SUV - NIGHT

-- Stazov, Korvin, and FSB Agents loading ASSAULT RIFLES, hauling through RED LIGHTS-- weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

ROPES are yanked down. Jack and Embee, both gagged, are immobilized on two tables. MOBSTERS open a METAL DOOR-- MUSA DUDAEV (50's) ambles in. Looks like a spit-shined weasel. Picks up a FINGERNAIL from the floor. It's not a trimming. It's the whole thing with FLESH still attached.

MUSA

Ever seen a whole one?

Jack shakes his head. Musa flicks it at Embee.

MUSA

Before you say anything, lying to
Musa Dudaev is like damning God;
not advisable in the long run.

A Mobster removes Jack's gag. Behind him is a WALL OF TOOLS.

MUSA

Your name?

JACK

Jack Ryan.

MUSA

It's good you didn't lie, Dr. Ryan.

He holds up Jack's Pendrive--

MUSA

What is on this?
(Jack doesn't answer)
FSB wants you very badly.

JACK

I have a better offer. You know
anything about finance?

MUSA DUDAEV

There are easier ways to steal.

Jack buries everything; problem-solving fast. Talking faster--

JACK

Oil is skyrocketing, the US is
about to suffer a terrorist attack;
the dollar should be tanking. It's
not. Means someone is manipulating
our currency. Know what that means?

Musa's eyes indicate he's following everything. Smart man.

JACK

Someone's buying up huge amounts of
dollars. There's only one reason
they'd would do that right now: to
sell them all at once--

MUSA

I have not heard an offer yet--

JACK

-- if FSB is positioning themselves
to collapse the dollar, they are
about to drop a Weapon of Mass
Destruction on the Unites States.

EXT. STREETS OF MOSCOW - NIGHT

STAZOV'S FLEET roars off a FREEWAY. The TALL UGLY APARTMENTS
(same ones we saw earlier) loom in the distance.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Tech stands, heads towards the bathroom.

Big FSB AGENT looks down at Katie. Not moving. Not breathing.
As he shifts her head to check her pulse, Katie, playing
possum, SPITS BLOODY GLASS INTO HIS eyes-- then --

*(just like she did in the bedroom with Jack when she pulled
his shirt over his head) -- she rotates her cuffed arms up
and over her head-- and claws the glass into his eyes!*

Blinded, his hands slide up to her throat. Lifts her by the
neck-- slams her down on the table. Katie, choking to death,
looks over-- sees a PISTOL a few feet away-- reaches for it.
Fingers barely touching it, pulling it closer as we CUT TO--

HIS POV-- through blood-- eyes wrecked, blinking like crazy
(which only dig the shards in deeper)-- sees the last image
of his life: Katie, using his SILENCED GUN TO--

FIRE A BULLET INTO HIS HEART!

-- the death is violent and real. Katie gasps. Shakes as she
gets it together. Turns towards the door. To run. Her moment
to escape. Instead, she wills herself calm.

Looks at the COMPUTER SCREEN: a blinking beacon showing
Jack's location. ANOTHER SCREEN shows FIVE DOTS on a map,
racing towards Jack. Only '2 KM' away, closing fast.

She looks towards the bathroom. Makes her decision--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Katie opens the door. Tech is sitting on the toilet.
Staring at Katie, steadying the barrel. Looks like something
from a nightmare. Her hands shake. She wills them-- steady.

INT. FANCY LIVING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Tech sits at the computer. Searches Katie's eyes: nothing in
them but desperation as she whispers--

KATIE

Call him back.

She's not Dirty Harry. But she knows what he's looking for-- resolve. He looks towards BIG DEAD FSB AGENT-- then gets to work as we CUT TO--

EXT. WIDE ON THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

-- POLICE and STAZOV'S SUV'S converging on the NIGHTCLUB--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is racing to convince Musa, who's growing angrier--

JACK

Musa, listen to me--

A Mobster twists Jack's arm, elbow out. Musa selects a HAMMER from the wall--

MUSA

-- Three seconds to make me an offer, Dr. Ryan.

JACK

Chechen Mafia is global; you must have tens of millions in cash hidden around the world. FSB's plan succeeds, every shrink-wrapped buck you've stashed for a rainy day will be worthless.

MUSA

If FSB is behind it, Russia, and my businesses, will be fine.

JACK

You won't be. They're killing every person who knows about this. You turn us in, the only reward you're getting is a bullet to the head.

TWO MOBSTERS BURST IN-- holding a PHONE. Yuri's behind them.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - MOMENT LATER

Katie, on the other end of the line, fighting through the pain. Needing to be understood.

BACK ON JACK-- Yuri's got a scared look on his face.

YURI

Must have used FSB supercomputers.

Turns it on SPEAKERPHONE--

KATIE (O.S.)
Jack, they traced your call--

ON KATIE-- sees her reflection. Face is swelling.

KATIE
 (agony to talk)
Meet me at the embassy--

JACK (O.S.)
You can't get in--

KATIE
I can. Run.

Computer Tech is sitting in front of all the communication equipment. Katie sees HANDCUFFS on DEAD FSB AGENT.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

POLICE and FSB Agents enter-- leaping down the steps, three at a time-- streaming onto the PULSING DANCE FLOOR--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FAT MOBSTER enters, barks at Musa. In Chechen--

FAT MOBSTER
 (We need to get you out of here.)

MUSA
 You have brought FSB upon us.

JACK
 Who massacred a million Chechen civilians and bombed Grozny to the ground. They find me here, your last act on this earth will be selling out your own people.

The Mobsters don't like this one bit. Musa softens.

MUSA
 How is it that you are the only person who has figured this out?

Jack nods to the PENDRIVE in Musa's hand.

JACK
 I got the proof.

Musa nods to his men. They release Jack and Embee.

JACK
I need the drive to stop them.

MUSA
You will make me money on this.

JACK
No; best I can do is save what
you've got.

Musa holds the Pendrive out. Jack takes it, Musa holds on.

MUSA
You succeed, you will tell your
government Musa Dudaev was the key.
(Jack nods)
If you are lying, or cross me, our
reach does not stop at the border.

Jack nods. Musa releases the disk. They run.

EXT. RUNDOWN BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack and Embee sprint out, behind them, a block away, a SQUAD
CAR skids to a stop-- reverses-- Jack and Embee bolt across--

A WIDE BOULEVARD

-- weaving through FOUR LANES OF TRAFFIC, heading towards-- a
Metro Station. POLICE CARS converge all around.

INT. PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS/METRO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Embee leap a turnstile. Hearing POUNDING FEET,
POLICE YELLING right behind them. They round the corner-- and
see the LONGEST ESCALATOR EVER.

Nearly a hundred yards to the bottom. On either side, they
have smooth metal sides. They HEAR a TRAIN arriving. No way
they're going to make it down the stairs in time--

Jack, thinking quickly, jumps on the metal 'slide'. Embee
follows-- gaining speed-- all the way down they go--

AT THE BOTTOM-- Jack and Embee fly off-- nothing fun about
the landing as they roll-slide to a nasty stop and
immediately dive onto the Metro as the doors slam shut.

ON THREE POLICE - ONE SECOND LATER

Looking down the escalator. They can hear the Metro leaving.
No reason to think Jack and Embee went that way.

EXT/INT. A CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A TAJIK COUPLE are in the middle of an argument when the man stomps the brake! Skidding across the icy road-- the car loses traction, slides sideways-- stops a foot in front of--

Katie, in the street.

EXT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

Embee and Jack emerge, run out to the edge of the MOSCOW RIVER. A good view of the city from here-- the top of the KREMLIN TOWERS can be seen, lit up a few miles distant.

POLICE LIGHTS can be seen a mile away, near the EMBASSY--

JACK

Embee, if the US goes bankrupt, a hundred poor countries like yours go under; millions will starve.

ON EMBEE-- an important moment for him.

EMBEE

Then we are getting into that Embassy.

Jack nods: damn right. His eyes pass over THE RUSSIA TOWER CONSTRUCTION SITE-- and the Duma Building-- a half mile away.

INT. GREER'S G5 MERCEDES- NIGHT

Zooming down a freeway--

JULIE BLUE

Embassy just got another call from Katherine Ryan. She's on her way in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOSCOW - NIGHT

SIX S.A.D 'BADGERS', GEAR UP. Bearded, dressed for a winter walk. Costs four million bucks to train one Badger; means we're looking at six of the best warriors on the planet.

GREER (O.S.)

Sir, I need the Badgers to make sure Ryan's wife makes it inside.

They all pile into a PRODUCE VAN, and head out--

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

You want them to improvise a weapons-free rescue mission in the heart of Moscow--

INT. PRODUCE VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Badgers run final checks on NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES (NVG's)--

GREER (O.S.)
 -- does CIA have some other
 promising lead I don't know about?

EARPIECES, neck-mounted VIBRAMICS. Loading SILENCED WEAPONS.

GREER
 Ryan told his boss he got *proof*.
 FSB wouldn't have taken his wife
 unless he got hard evidence that
 connects them to the attacks.

Director HEAVES, thinking about it; Greer keeps pushing--

GREER (O.S.)
*That embassy is locked down. If we
 don't get his wife, Jack Ryan will
 not come in.*

They spot a BARRICADE FOUR BLOCKS AHEAD. Turn into an ALLEY.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Jim, you ever wondered what
 political suicide sounds like?

GREER (O.S.)
 You'll be all right, sir.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The SIX BADGERS leap out, split in six directions--

GREER (FILTERED)
 You are cleared hot. All of you
 know the rules, but I still gotta
 say it. You engage and get
 captured, you will be disavowed.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOSCOW CITY - NIGHT

Embee and Jack scale the fence--

The site is MASSIVE-- on the far end of it, Jack sees his
 office; THE DUMA BUILDING, buried in a cluster of other
 buildings. SKYCRANES on top of a couple of them.

Construction is 24 hours a day in Moscow. The BUSTLING
 ACTIVITY allows our boys to blend in as they head towards--

-- an OFF-HIGHWAY EARTHMOVER TRUCK, rumbling along at five MPH. It is the largest vehicle on earth (the same ones Jack watched from his office). One tire is thirteen-feet tall and costs \$40,000.

INT. OFF HIGHWAY EARTHMOVER TRUCK - NIGHT

CONSTRUCTION DRIVER is listening to CHEESY SOURCE MUSIC in the cab. Looks down as Jack and Embee run towards him.

ON THE LADDER

Takes awhile for Jack and Embee to climb. They enter the CAB.

CONSTRUCTION DRIVER
Can I help you?

JACK
You can drive this thing over that wall and head West.

Construction Driver smirks--

CONSTRUCTION DRIVER
That is the dream, but I like the job.

JACK
Then here's the good part: you don't have a choice.

Construction Driver looks at Embee. Then Embee's gun. Embee, for the first time, smiles. Can't help it.

JACK
What's funny?

EMBEE
Musa Dudaev is a partner in three construction companies; he's about to lose a truck.

EXT. CINDERBLOCK WALL - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE on a small BUG frozen in an icy spiderweb. The wall EXPLODES OUT!!! Cinderblocks and spiderwebs present equal obstacles for the FRONT WHEELS of the Off Highway Truck as they PULVERIZE twenty feet of fence-- then ROAR out onto--

THE STREETS OF MOSCOW

Top speed is thirty-five miles an hour. Construction Driver has it redlined at thirty-eight.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Computer Tech, handcuffs snake through a SUBZERO FRIDGE HANDLE, keeps yanking. Trying to snap it off. Finally, it wobbles, snaps. He runs over, grabs his PHONE--

EXT/INT. STAZOV'S SUV - NIGHT

-- hauling through town, Stazov, on the phone, turns to the FSB Agent beside him.

STAZOV

Mrs. Ryan escaped; alert everyone--

EXT. POLICE CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

-- TWO POLICE CARS. Positioned to find Jack. A CAR pulls up. It's the Tajik couple. Katie's wearing the Tajik woman's COAT. Buttoned-up tight. Her face has been cleaned. No blood.

TAJIK WOMAN

(We picked this woman up a few minutes ago. She lost her purse.)

The POLICE look at Katie. Cheeks are so swollen; she doesn't look like the same person.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(Miss? Miss?)

TAJIK MAN

(She doesn't speak Russian.)

POLICE OFFICER #1

(I'll need to look in your trunk.)

Tajik Man pops it. Nothing in there.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(Without a passport I don't think they'll let you in, but go ahead.)

They drive off. Police RADIO squelches. He walks back, answers it. Listens. His eyes flash back to the Tajik Couples car, he leaps in this SQUAD CAR and tears out after them.

INT. TAJIK COUPLE'S CAR - NIGHT

See the MAIN EMBASSY GATE-- manned by U.S. MARINES, wearing thick coats and warm hats. It's thirty yards away--

-- but POLICE CARS SKID TO A STOP right in front of them! Katie jumps out to run-- Police Officer #1 jumps out in front of her-- aims his gun--

OFFICER #1
Hands up! Get them up!

Katie looks past him-- at the Marines-- twenty feet away-- who can't do a goddamned thing except stare.

KATIE
(loud as she can)
I'm an American--

EXT. STREETS OF MOSCOW - NIGHT

TWO BADGERS sprinting, balls out, towards POLICE LIGHTS. Embassy glows ahead, but they're coming around the BACK SIDE--

EXT. FRONT OF EMBASSY - NIGHT

A FLEET OF MERCEDES sweeps around the corner-- since Katie's seen them before; she knows who's inside--

TAJIK COUPLE
She is American!

-- Katie makes a dash for it-- is Police Officer #1 going to shoot? Nope. He tackles her-- mere feet from safety-- where the U.S. Marines have no choice but to simply watch--

-- Korvin, and Six FSB Agents surround Katie. Stazov hangs back. Watching. Katie, pinned, forces herself to announce.

KATIE
He-- did-- this.

No weapons come up yet-- but the Marines are human-- and trained protectors-- and they can't take much more--

KATIE
My husband is-- a Marine--

Korvin walks right up to Marine Captain. Face-to-face.

KORVIN
You want to offer her amnesty,
you'll have to get her--
(points to a line)
-- over there. In order to do that,
you'll have to start a war, right
here, on the sovereign soil of the
Russian Federation.

Stazov HEARS something-- steps away from the TRUCKS, looks down a street-- A MILE AWAY-- he sees the EARTH MOVER, rounding a corner. What. The. Fuck.

STAZOV
 (points to TWO AGENTS)
 Get her out of here. Everyone else
 load up, we're moving.

EXT. NEAR THE EMBASSY - NIGHT

The Two Badgers, run around a corner, just in time to see--
 STAZOV'S FLEET SPLIT UP.

TWO VEHICLES, tear off one direction. FIVE MORE floor it,
 heading towards the EARTH MOVER--

EXT. ROADS OF MOSCOW - NIGHT

-- Jack's Earthmover crashing through everything-- taking out
 cars, trees, everything as if they're reflector bumps. Lights
 of the Embassy illuminate the stars and stripes up ahead.

INT. GREER'S G5 MERCEDES - DRIVING - NIGHT

Washington, at his COMPUTER, spins to Greer--

WASHINGTON
 This is three minutes ago.

Watching the EMBASSY'S SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE: of Katie
 trying to get into the Embassy-- and failing--

JULIE BLUE
 Way to go State Department.

WASHINGTON
 Top of their game as always.

Greer scans the SCREEN-- all the Russians stepping out--

GREER
 Rewind it. Blow it up.

THEY BLOW UP a still frame from the Embassy security camera.
 SHOW THE IMAGE: Viktor Stazov ordering everyone to leave.

GREER
 Find out who that is.

Julie Blue glances out the window. Her eyes pop--

JULIE BLUE
Sir, I think we found Ryan.

She points down a SIDE STREET-- FOUR BLOCKS AWAY-- driving
 parallel to them they see POLICE CARS-- HELICOPTERS-- and THE
 OFF HIGHWAY TRUCK!

Greer TWISTS his WATCH BEZEL, starts blinking. Into radio--

GREER

This is Greer. I need all Badgers zeroed on my CSEL beacon NOW.

(to everyone)

Fuck all rules of engagement. We need Ryan; you got a shot that helps get him inside, you take it.

INT. THE EARTHMOVER TRUCK - NIGHT

They tuck themselves into the cabin. Too high to be hit from the ground. The top of the BED covers the roof, so no helicopter fire will get them from above. Jack makes a call--

JACK

Can you connect me to the American Embassy?

ON THE STREET

- Police skid around corners.
- Helicopters swoop in overhead.

FEMALE RECORDING (O.S.)

You have reached the American Embassy in Moscow. Please select from the following menu. If this is an emergency, you may dial zero at any time.

- The Fleet of Mercedes SUV's race along a parallel street.
- They all fire at the TRUCK. They fire at the TIRES. No air in there, solid. Doesn't do a thing.

The Truck won't be outrunning anything, but it won't have to.

INT. THE CAB OF EARTHMOVER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jack waits--

LADY (O.S.)

What is your emergency?

JACK

Tell the Marines not to shoot the--
(looks at Embee)
-- Americans in the dump truck.

LADY (O.S.)

Excuse me?

JACK
Just tell 'em. I'm pretty sure
they'll understand.

AT THE EMBASSY

ALARMS GO UP-- if you've ever wondered what happens when you attack an American Embassy-- here's the answer:

PYLONS THICK AS A MAN shoot up from the ground, blocking almost anything from driving in or out. Sirens BLARE as--

-- MARINES pour out, surrounding the Embassy. BLAST BARRIERS RISE. SHARPSHOOTERS take up positions behind them--

ON THE EMBASSY ROOF--

Marines can see the TRUCK RUMBLING towards them-- surrounded by an absurd amount of RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT VEHICLES.

INT/EXT. FSB MERCEDES - NIGHT

DRIVER pulls even with the EARTHMOVER TRUCK.

Then veers out, jumping the divider, gassing it into the oncoming lane, splitting traffic. Accelerates, then weaves all the way back right in front of the Earthmover Truck.

KORVIN, and an FSB AGENT climb out. Leap onto the ladder.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOMENT LATER

Can't see the men on the ladder from this angle, too high. Actually, they're so high up, they can't even see the FSB Mercedes down below, directly in front of them.

Korvin climbs. Cool as ice, doesn't go all the way. That's not the idea. He yanks the pin on a GRENADE, forces it through the RADIATOR. Taking cover as he hangs off the side--

-- BOOM!!! Shrapnel flies out. But the engine still sounds good, roaring strong. Another thirty seconds they'll be at the Embassy gates.

The Other Agent pulls out ANOTHER GRENADE. And ANOTHER. Drop them in. BOOM! BOOOM!! BOOOOOM!!!! The engine RATCHETS! HISSING a wounded SQUEAL-- before finally LOCKING UP! A massive cloud of smoke BILLOWS OUT-- engulfing the entire Earthmover Truck-- but something this big still has momentum--

CONSTRUCTION DRIVER

-- jams it in neutral, *lets it roll*. Engulfed in the smoke of the burning engine, Jack's gonna use it to their advantage--

JACK
Roll through the side of that
building.

Driver turns the wheel-- barreling towards A BUILDING.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - MOMENT LATER

THE TRUCK GORES the outer corner! Savagely exploding GLASS AND BRICK! The leviathan takes out three floors, keeps rolling, but slows considerably--

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Embee and Jack jump off the side-- into the building. Rolling over the glass-blanketed carpet; gotta hurt. The room is filled with SMOKE-- as they pick each other up and run--

TO THEIR LEFT, the Earthmover is down to five miles an hour-- LIGHTS HALO RED AND BLUE IN THE SMOKE-- Police surround it--

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - MOMENT LATER

Jack and Embee emerge from the smoky building, limp-running towards the Embassy. They're only fifty yards away from the line of marines-- from safety when--

ON A STREET CORNER-- a BEARDED MAN spots Jack--

BEARDED MAN
Got eyes on Ryan--

EARPIECE IN, one of our Badgers, hears--

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE #1(O.S.)
Alpha Four is covering--

INT. GREER SUV - RACING THROUGH MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Greer and Co. receive the same RADIO TRAFFIC--

AMERICAN RADIO VOICE #2(O.S.)
Alpha Six has a shot--

EXT. FRONT OF EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

FLEET OF MERCEDES SUV's SKID to a stop. Stazov's MEN LEAP OUT-- eyes searching for Jack. They spin around to see--

JACK AND EMBEE

Limping, bleeding, everything they've got towards the line of Marines. Jack stumbles, falls, Embee yanks him up.

The Marines are yelling encouragement, but they can't do a thing to help them until they're on the Embassy grounds.

JACK
Americans! We're Americans!

BEHIND THEM

FSB Agents raise weapons-- aimed at them. In SLOW MOTION--

MIXED RADIO CHATTER(O.S.)
Alpha Four. Firing. Six. Firing.

EXT. VARIOUS IMAGES - SURROUNDING EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

The Six Badgers-- target Stazov's FSB Agents--

Arrayed around the Embassy vicinity. Hiding behind parked cars. On rooftops. They use FANCY RIFLES to snipe--

INCREDIBLY SKILLED COVER FIRE--

EXT. FRONT OF EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

-- that forces the Agents to drop and dive! Some get shot in legs. Knees explode. Thighs too. But no one dies.

LOOKING OVER THE MARINES' SHOULDERS

Agents spin to target the new threat--

Jack and Embee pass a point of no return-- if anyone shoots at them now-- the bullet could pass right through them into the Marines. Marines have already sighted their targets-- weapons locked on--

KORVIN AND TWENTY OF STAZOV'S AGENTS--

-- who will die in a second if the Marines open fire.

MARINE CAPTAIN
(yelling at Stazov)
OPENING FIRE WILL BE AN ACT OF WAR!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Korvin has no choice. Waves the men to disengage-- as Jack and Embee CROSS OVER TO SAFETY!

Catching their breath. Look at each other. But only for a moment before Marines take them down and search them.

JACK
My wife, did she make it in?

AT THE STREET CORNER

Stazov steps out of his car. Locks eyes on Jack. Embee watches Stazov carefully-- whatever this moment is; it's primal as hell, as Jack, desperate, asks the Marines--

JACK

Katherine Ryan? Did she make it?

Marine Captain looks at Jack's face. He is a hard man, seen everything, but he stutters--

MARINE CAPTAIN

They took her at the gate--

EXT. ESTABLISHING - BASE OF A GOTHIC SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

The TWO MERCEDES that split off, pull into a GARAGE--

MARINE CAPTAIN(O.S.)

-- beat her up pretty good, too.

INSIDE-- doors open. FSB Agents carry a drugged up Katie out--

INT. GREER'S G5 MERCEDES - NIGHT

They round a corner, driving past THE MESS JACK MADE-- Julie Blue whistles. Washington, has the STILL FRAME FROM THE EMBASSY up next to recent PHOTOS OF STAZOV -- and Young Stazov in a KGB UNIFORM--

WASHINGTON

Viktor Stazov; Ryan's boss. Been Managing Director of Rafin-Anson & Stazov for the past three years.

Pulls up more information--

WASHINGTON

His entire family was wiped out after the collapse of the Soviet Union. Mafia hit. Not much in his KGB file. Dad was a famous army General, but Stazov was only a mid-level agent; mostly East Germany.

GREER

Which Directorate?

WASHINGTON

Doesn't say.

GREER

Means First Directorate; no such thing as mid-level in that post. It was Special Forces for spies. Ever posted to Dresden?

WASHINGTON

1986 through 1989.

GREER

He worked with Putin. This guy's a whole lot more than a banker, he's Siloviki. We got a true believer.

The three of them hop out--hustling into a GLASS OFFICE BUILDING TWO BLOCKS away from the EMBASSY.

INT. GREEN GLASS BUILDING - TWO BLOCKS FROM EMBASSY - NIGHT

They INPUT a CODE to open a door. Enter Bland offices.

GREER

Set up shop here. I don't call in ten minutes-- you know what to do.

Greer shoulders a door. METAL STAIRS lead underground.

INT. HOLDING CELL - U.S. EMBASSY - NIGHT

Embee finds Jack's eyes. They speak softly, knowing they're probably under surveillance.

EMBEE

You cannot bargain with Stazov.

JACK

Not bargaining means Katie dies.

EMBEE

So you'll give Stazov and FSB the only thing that may stop this?

JACK

I am not going to stay here and let them kill my wife.

EMBEE

Then you must find another way.

JACK

You're the mercenary.

Embee burns a look at him.

JACK

There is no other way. I don't even know how to get out of here.

Jack's never been lower. Silence in here.

EMBEE

I was taken from my home when I was nine. They would get us high on brown-brown, then send us to kill. By sixteen, I was a full convert. I did the worst things. This one day, we attacked a village, encircled the whole place; no one ever survived when we did this. But one farmer managed to kill six of us with a stick before we brought him down. Shot twenty times and his heart still beat--

The DOOR opens-- a MARINE enters--

EMBEE

-- while everyone went to stare at the man who wouldn't die, his entire family slipped away--

MARINE

-- Dr. Ryan, come with me.

Jack stands. Embree's looking at him hard.

JACK

Did you catch up to them?

EMBEE

No. I went with them.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Blue blazer, brass buttons, U.S. AMBASSADOR KEARNEY sits behind his desk; definitely the wrong man for the job.

TWO GUARDS stand near the door. The room is more formal, more fancy than the others. Curtains, dark wood. Clubby. Jack sits across from the Ambassador. Frustration boiling over--

JACK

-- I need to get out of here and I need to speak with someone at the Federal Reserve; preferably at the same time.

AMBASSADOR KERNEY
(full of himself)
You'll have to make due with the
United States Ambassador to Russia.

OUT IN THE HALL

Greer sweeps through the Embassy as if he owns the place.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Jack's about the explode.

JACK
*I am not applying for a green card;
I am warning you of a global
economic collapse that will lead to
starvation for millions--*

-- door opens, SECRETARY tries to block Greer, he slips past.

GREER
Dr. Ryan, Jim Greer. CIA.
Ambassador. That's a sporty jacket.

Greer sits across from Jack. Ambassador glares at him.

JACK
Do you know what's going on here?

GREER
We were hoping you could fill in
the blanks.

JACK
FSB used the last two attacks to
destabilize our markets--

GREER
So they know about the third one?

JACK
They don't just know about the
attacks, they're orchestrating
them. *Russia is trying to collapse
the dollar.*

GREER
CIA and NSA have modeled the shit
out of that possibility, Jack. They
don't think it's possible.

JACK

What's your job? In CIA, what's your specialty?

GREER

Counterterrorism.

JACK

Then you understand the power of fear. A guy blows himself up in a nightclub, it's not how many people he kills; it's how many people he scares. Terror yields irrational behavior. You can't model emotion.

Jack slows down, makes sure he's understood--

JACK

The first two bombings allowed FSB to amass a huge war chest of dollars, the third bombing is the perfect time to sell them off. Every financial market in the world is hanging by a thread; if those dollars are dumped at once--

(nods to the Ambassador)

-- Mr. Fancy here can start using twenties for toilet paper and call it recycling.

GREER

They'll be at war with the US.

JACK

They must've decided it was better than the alternative. Russia is a declining power. Do nothing, they lose. Corner anyone--

GREER

-- you make 'em desperate.

Greer's Senate warning in a nutshell.

GREER

You really believe they can do it?

JACK

Why do you think they're hunting me?

Greer actually laughs--

JACK

Nothing funny about this, sir.

GREER

I'm buying in. Means I'm banking on the fact that you just outsmarted-- every analyst in the CIA.

JACK

You're trained to think alike; it's a flaw in the system. What do you know about the third attack?

Greer can't believe the balls, but decides to level with him.

GREER

We have no target. Frankly, I'm hoping you have *something* that may help us track it down.

Jack's hand unconsciously touches a pocket with the Pendrive.

INT. THE GARAGE - AMERICAN CITY - CONTINUOUS

The Russian Man (same guy that watched the explosion on his computer) oversees TWO MEN as they carefully slide the large trays of explosive into a Delivery Van.

Bottoms of the trays house a SERIES OF WIRES and DETONATORS, glowing GREEN. MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES.

JACK (O.S.)

All I know is that FSB is waiting for the third attack; when that happens, the run will begin.

Other Men are pulling on Blue Uniforms. On the sleeves, we see snippets of words:

New York Municipal Department of Transportation.

PULL BACK WIDER-- revealing FIVE VANS, each with the RACKS OF EXPLOSIVES, THROUGH A WINDOW-- we can see the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, and we CUT TO--

EXT. MONTAGE - NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

-SHOPPERS gawking at Christmas displays-- PEOPLE walking dogs through Central Park-- WALL STREET types wolfing down sandwiches in front of the FREEDOM TOWER CONSTRUCTION SITE.

INT. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Greer's body language has changed--

GREER

Why did Stazov take your wife?

(Jack doesn't answer)

I need your bargaining chip, Jack.

Jack glances at the Ambassador, back to Greer--

GREER

If you have proof FSB is trying to do this, we can warn them off; stop the run right now.

Ambassador answers his phone. Listens, then puts it on SPEAKERPHONE. The VOICE IS DISTORTED--

DISTORED VOICE

Dr. Ryan?

JACK

I'm listening.

DISTORTED VOICE

GUM mall on Red Square. Walk the ground floor. My men will find you, then take you to Katie.

(beat)

If I don't have you and the disk, in one half hour, I gut your wife.

CLICK. Call hangs up. Jack looks at his WATCH. Greer and Ambassador look at him; cat's out of the bag now. Jack pulls the PENDRIVE OUT.

JACK

The proof is on here; but it's the only thing keeping Katie alive. Problem is, there's only one place it can be opened.

INT. EMBASSY SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

LIVE SATELLITE FEED POPS UP ON A SCREEN: TOP DOWN IMAGE OF the entire *Moscow City Development*.

TWELVE BUILDINGS-- SKYCRANES, on top of the buildings (in the foreground) swing around. Duma building is encircled with at least FIFTY GOVERNMENT VEHICLES. Jack and Greer stare at it.

GREER

Locked down tighter than Fort Knox.

JACK

Means they're worried about me getting in.

GREER

If they're worried, we can still stop them.

COMPUTER ANALYST-- runs a diagnostic on the PENDRIVE.

COMPUTER ANALYST

Give it to NSA, they *might* crack it in a month or two.

GREER

You saw everything on it?

JACK

I saw all the profits get transferred-- figured out they were sent to Turkey. From there, they started buying up dollars.

GREER

How'd you figure that out?

JACK

Their currency trading volume is five hundred percent above normal; you can verify that. If I can get the disk open, the Fed will be able to trace all the accounts back to an FSB shell corporation.

GREER

Why would you move the money from Russia, where you have control, to Turkey, where you don't?

JACK

It's accountability, Mr. Greer. That's why they transferred it.

(beat)

If you were running an OP like this, would you ever use funds that could be traced to CIA?

GREER

Absolutely not. In diplomatic terms, an economic attack of this magnitude is the same as dropping a nuke on Washington.

(beat)

Means there's a flaw in your logic.

JACK

The shell corporation can't implicate FSB directly-- or they would've cancelled the operation the moment I escaped.

Greer nods. Jack sags. Embee's brought in.

JACK

Embee, we have twenty-six minutes until they kill Katie.

AMBASSADOR

You're not making a trade, so put that thought to rest.

Jack doesn't respond; he's staring at the SATELLITE FEED.
Note: from here on out, Jack's mind is running on two tracks, what he's analyzing on the SCREEN, and what he's saying--

JACK

It all leads through Viktor Stazov. Technically, our *partnership* owns Svobodny Terrain Systems. He could've outsourced the bombings to a terrorist organization. Means that if anything ever gets traced back--

(nods to the Pendrive)

-- the entire trail stops with Stazov-- a civilian, and a Hedge Fund half-owned by America.

Jack turns to Ambassador; the breakthrough has one benefit--

JACK

NSA cracks that disk, all we'll have is proof one man wrecked the world. It won't help you stop them.

Jack stares at the SATELLITE IMAGE. Watching the Skycranes.

GREER

If I can get you into your office before the third bomb goes off, can you stop the run?

Before Jack answers, Ambassador hits a button on a COMPUTER--

AMBASSADOR

I cannot allow you to take the disk. If you're wrong--

GREER

This is not the time to cover your
ass, Ambassador.

-- FIVE US MARINES enter the room, surrounding them. Greer
puts a hand out, stops Jack from exploding with a look.

CLOSE ON GREER'S WATCH-- CSEL BEACON blinking softly.

INT. EMBASSY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The MARINES escort Greer, Embee and Jack out. Greer eyes a
BEARDED MAN passing him-- as they round a corner--

-- SIX BADGERS ALL HAVE WEAPONS UP-- surrounding the Marines.
Hard to tell the ethnicity or age of the Leader. He could
pass as Chechen, but his voice is distinctly American--

LEAD BADGER

Stay frosty, Marines. We're all on
the same team here, you just got an
ambassador who's an idiot.

The Marines don't deny it. The BADGERS take The Marines'
weapons. Push them all in a meeting room, as we CUT TO--

INT. EMBASSY KITCHEN - MINUTE LATER

-- the small army passing COOKS etc. They enter a DRY STORAGE
area. Badger #1 shifts a cabinet off a GRATE IN THE FLOOR.
Levers it up, reveals a LONG LADDER, leading down.

GREER

All embassies have their secrets.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

They all splosh through a tunnel. Jack looks at the Badgers--

GREER

Ever heard of CIA Special
Activities Division?

(Jack nods)

Plucked four from Delta Force, two
from DEVGRU; gives you six real-
life supermen to get back in.

They arrive at a LADDER, leading up.

JACK

No. They're going after Katie.

GREER

You're gonna need them.

JACK

This is not a negotiation.
 (nods to Embee)
 We are going to stop the run.
 (nods to Badgers)
 They're going to save my wife.

A moment. Greer, deciding. Reading Jack.

GREER

You can get back in without them?

Jack nods. Greer looks at his watch. Then Embee--

GREER

What's your stake in all of this?

EMBEE

I like Jack.

GREER

Okay then. We have twenty-one
 minutes until the deadline.

BADGERS and Greer set WATCH TIMERS. Greer hands Jack a PHONE.

GREER

Call my team on that. I hope you
 know what you're doing, Jack.

JACK

We got this far.

Without another word, Jack and Embee jog away. Greer and his
 Supermen share a look, impressed. They head up the ladder.

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Badgers, Greer, and Washington shoulder a DOOR, out in a
 BLEAK HALLWAY, Julie Blue's waiting with her LAPTOP--

GREER

We have a car stationed here?

Julie Blue hands him KEYS--

JULIE BLUE

Ritter voiceprinted our mystery
 caller from Moscow. He's a former
 FSB Agent. Name is Gregory Lemkin.

ON A LAPTOP: a photo of a man in a RUSSIAN MILITARY UNIFORM
 pops up. It's definitely the same RUSSIAN MAN we've been
 tracking in New York. She plays the RECORDING from earlier--

RUSSIAN MAN

If two Devils go to war, the world cannot survive, but force one to fall upon his own sword; the world remains worth ruling. This is the singular lesson of the Cold War.

GREER

We didn't nuke the Soviets. We bankrupted them.

JULIE BLUE

I cross referenced this photo with Halil Ekran's trove. Got a match--

ONSCREEN: a recent photo of the same RUSSIAN MAN, AKA Gregory Lemkin. They found the needle in the haystack.

RITTER (RADIO)

Homeland Security's running it through their database to see if he's in the US.

WASHINGTON

We go live with that photo, it may prompt Lemkin to act immediately.

GREER

Soon as they find out where Jack's going, they'll act anyway. I would.
(a big decision)
Send it; plaster Lemkin's face on every media outlet in America.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Everyone exits. Greer addresses Washington and Julie Blue.

GREER

Grab some wings and call CENTCOM; tell them we're going after an agency priority target.

Badgers hop in the G5 SUV with 'A PLATES'. They roar away. Greer hops in ANOTHER CAR.

WASHINGTON

Where are you heading?

GREER

To see an old friend.

Greer drives off the opposite direction.

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Jack and Embee, running, spot the end of the sewer up ahead, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS fitting pipes, etc.

JACK

Didn't want to tell Greer, but this is as far you need to go.

EMBEE

Stuff your hero card, Jack.
(earnestly)
I need this, too.

Jack understands. They hurry out the exit together.

INT. MERRILL LYNCH TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

One of the world's largest TRADING FLOORS. Size of an airplane hangar. With GLOBAL MARKETS in free fall, all FOUR HUNDRED TRADERS are at their desks, trading on EVERY OPEN STOCK EXCHANGE--

Joe Muller (Katie's Dad) walks the floor. Hasn't slept in awhile and it shows. ASSISTANT hands him a phone--

JOE MULLER

Jack, where's Katie?

JACK (O.S.)

(hard to say)
The Russians have her, Joe. I need--

JOE MULLER

-- find out where she is--

JACK

-- we're working on it--

JOE MULLER

-- work harder--

JACK (O.S.)

-- Joe, she's in grave danger, for once in your life, will you just shut your mouth and trust me?

JOE MULLER

What do you need?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE NEAR SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Embee and Jack, on the phone, round a corner--

JACK

-- you and Frank set a conference call with every mover and shaker on the Street, and the head of every Central Bank you know right now.

Jack hangs up. Embee watches a TRUCK PULL up.

JACK

That Musa's guy?

HARD HAT MAN steps out. Embee nods. They head over.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Greer stops in front an EIGHT STORY YELLOW BUILDING--

INSERT SUPER: #2 DERZHINSKY SQUARE. FSB HEADQUARTERS

Hops out of the car. Strides towards FSB GUARDS. Slowly pulls out his WALLET--

GREER

Tell Colonel Nikulin Jim Greer dropped by for a chat.

He hands them his ID: *Central Intelligence Agency, James Greer, Associate Director of Counterterrorism, Europe.* FSB Guards' eyes go wide.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - GOTHIC SKYSCRAPER - MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS

Helicopter pad. Balcony. Forty million bucks for this place.

INT. A PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stazov hovers over Katie. DRUGGED. Then walks into--

A PRIVATE OFFICE

A mini version of Rafin-Anson's Skybox. He answers a CALL--

INT. MECHANIC'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Lemkin and his TEAM are all making preparations on their WONDER BREAD TRUCKS. CNN REPORTS SHOW LEMKIN'S FACE, a TICKER shows he's the man carrying out an 'attack against America'.

GREGORY LEMKIN

Only a matter of time until they track me down. We can no longer wait for the opening bell.

SIX MEN load EXPLOSIVES into BACKPACKS. Then walk out.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

RISING, Jack and Hard Hat Man sketch equations on a pad--

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - FLOOR 65 - NIGHT

Doors open. Jack and Embee step off. Hard Hat Man hands them a RADIO. Stays in the elevator. Rising higher.

IT'S EXTREMELY WINDY

Jack and Embee look at each other. Blanche. At the edge, they look out, they're even with the roof of the DUMA BUILDING. One street separates the two buildings.

Peering down, sixty-four stories, TEN POLICE CARS visible; look like tiny blue and red lightning bugs from this height.

Jack looks up-- at the SKYCRANE-- TEN STORIES ABOVE THEM.

They see Hard Hat Man climbing a ladder to the CONTROL BOOTH--

Jack and Embee watch A BASKET SWING OVER-- hanging from a cable attached to the top of the CRANE. Basket comes to a rest against one of the REBAR PILINGS. Wind whips. Tap. Tap. Tap. Sixty stories in the air.

INT. SKYCRANE CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

As the Hard Hat Man swings the crane tip away from the building, towards the Duma Building, he looks down on--

EXT. CRANE BASKET - CONTINUOUS

-- Jack and Embee gripping the sides. No cutaway. No cheating. CAMERA floats around them as they're swept towards the DUMA BUILDING-- first time we've seen Embee scared-- the crane SWINGS THEM-- out-- out-- out--

Closer and closer to the building. Finally.

HARD HAT MAN (O.S.)

Wind is blowing against the cranes
superstructure--

(filtered through radio)

-- as close as we'll get.

They look at the Duma Building-- a TWELVE FOOT GAP. No way.

JACK

(into radio)

Don't stop or it might draw
attention--

They keep rotating, a twenty foot gap opens-- now thirty--

JACK
 (into radio)
 Can't believe I'm gonna ask you to
 do this--

EXT. POLICE BARRICADE - DUMA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- BORED POLICE look up. HIGH ABOVE AND BEHIND, the crane tip stops. The Basket keeps swinging away from the Duma Building. Nothing unusual about it. Looks away.

INT. CRANE BASKET - CONTINUOUS

The TIP OF THE CRANE begins rotating back towards the Duma Building-- the basket keeps moving away, until it's at the apex. Pauses. Begins swinging back towards the Duma Building.

-- back, back, gaining speed, as the basket whips around, Jack and Embee get ready to jump at just the right moment--

THEY DIVE OUT!!!

Flying through the air, sixty stories of nothing below them-- Embee lands on the roof edge-- slips, but grabs a guard rail--

Jack lands, bounces off-- pinches the guardrail with one hand, but can't get a grip-- an inch further, he would have been able to wrap his fingers-- now--

-- he's squeezing the bar. Legs dangling. Slipping. Embee lunges. Reaching through the guardrail, one hand grabs for Jack-- as Jack slips-- hands miss connecting by an inch--

With his other hand, Embee's able to grab Jack's collar-- as it tears, it's enough time for Jack to whip his hand up--

Veins gorging. Jack pulls-- EMBEE DOWN!

Embee splays his legs out-- locks them in the guardrail. Finally, starts making progress! Jack gets a hand on the guard rail. Then an other. Climbs over as we CUT TO--

INT. CRANE OPERATOR CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Hard Hat Man looking down on the TOP OF THE DUMA BUILDING-- ten stories below. Able to see Jack and Embee, laying down, trying to catch their breaths. Door to the roof opens. A POLICE OFFICER steps out. Lights up a cigarette right in front of Jack and Embee. Hard Hat Man barks into his radio--

HARD HAT MAN
 -- don't move.

EXT. ROOF OF DUMA BUILDING - NIGHT

Jack and Embee lay there. Right in police officer's line of sight, but amidst the clutter of the construction across the way, and air conditioning units, it doesn't draw his eye. Police Officer takes a few more quick puffs-- then heads back in. Closes the door.

They breathe huge sighs of relief. Jack looks at the LOCKED DOOR, with a BIOMETRIC SCANNER.

JACK

They would've changed it-- every code. Every security system--

INT. MAIN OFFICES OF RAFIN-ANSON CAPITAL PARTNERS - NIGHT

Wind whips in through the SHOT-OUT WINDOWS. The ones shattered earlier; when the soldiers were hunting Jack.

JACK(O.S.)

-- but earlier tonight, they made us a back door.

Jack and Embee's heads drop into view. Looking in.

Papers flutter. A moment before the WINDOW-WASHING BASKET lurches down. They climb out. Jack adjusts the controls so the basket GOES BACK UP. Leaving them alone. Unseen.

EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

Across the Square from LENIN'S TOMB is-- GLAVNYI UNIVERSALNYI MAGAZIN MALL. Everyone calls it 'GUM'.

INT. GUM - NIGHT

Looks like a huge Victorian-era train station. Roof is glass. Packed with the fanciest stores in the world.

Sun doesn't come up until nine A.M. but coffee shops are open serving EXECUTIVES. Some PEOPLE are so bundled up, it's hard to tell if they're male or female.

CLOSE ON EXECUTIVE-- it's Lead Badger. Through his EARBUD--

BADGER #2 (O.S. FILTERED)

Ten minutes 'til the deadline.

BADGER #3 (O.S. FILTERED)

Marked three FSB Agents in stake-out positions so far.

INT. FSB OFFICES - NIGHT

Greer waits in front of a SECRETARY, surrounded by FSB SUITS hustling all over the place. The DOOR OPENS, Colonel Nikulin looks at Greer--

COLONEL NIKULIN

Jim. Come in.

Greer enters NIKULIN'S OFFICE. Gilded opulence.

GREER

Nikolai, in case you haven't been briefed, we have Ryan, and the disk. He told us everything.

COLONEL NIKULIN

For once, it appears your intelligence is superior to ours; what are you talking about?

INT. RAFIN-ANSON & STAZOV - FLOOR 63 - NIGHT

Lights are on. The place is crawling with POLICE. Only good news is THE WIND makes a racket as it whips through.

A MAINTENANCE DOOR

Guarded by a SECURITY GUARD. Jack steps out, the Guard, eyes wide, can't believe it. As he draws, Embee, right behind the guard, grabs his neck. Holds down on his carotid artery, trademark move. Within seconds, Guard's out.

Embee snags the Guard's KEYCARD. Swipes it through the lock.

INT. THE MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack duck runs across, then Embee.

INT. TECH HUB - FLOOR 63 - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Embee slip in. See Mikhail.

JACK

I was hoping they'd have you cleaning up the mess.

Mikhail shrugs; he's tough. Nonchalant about everything.

MIKHAIL

If they could trace that code to me, you think I would've given it to you for just thirty grand?

JACK

Help us now, and you can add two zeroes to that sum.

(Mikhail's on the fence)

We'll make it look good.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF GUM MALL - MOMENT LATER

Badger #1 peeks out from a corner. Looking at a TOUGH FSB AGENT'S BACK. TWENTY FEET away from him.

LEAD BADGER

(barely a whisper)

Now.

Tough FSB Agent looks down as TWO BEARDED MEN, *loudly* greet each other. Behind him, SILENCED GUN UP, Lead Badger combat glides in. Years of training to move this fast and silent. Tough FSB Agent turns, too late. *Lead Badger gets a hand over his mouth, twists his neck back, yanks his arm behind him.*

A DOOR FOR A JEWELRY SHOP OPENS

Badger #2 helps pull Tough FSB Agent in. Lead Badger, GUN to Tough FSB Agent's head-- yanks the Agent's phone from his pocket, plugs it into his own SMARTPHONE--

LEAD BADGER

Tell your boss you have Ryan.

FSB Agent smiles at him, so Lead Badger whips his other hand BEHIND FSB AGENT'S NECK.

LEAD BADGER

Feel that?

CLOSE ON LEAD BADGER'S HAND-- gripping a KNIFE. BLADE is pushing down on the VERTEBRAE of FSB Agent's neck.

LEAD BADGER

One inch jab into your fourth cervical vertebrae; you're a quad. You want to live that way?

Lead Badger pushes harder. Skin breaks. FSB Agent grabs the SMARTPHONE, dials the number, and we CUT TO--

INT. A CORPORATE HELICOPTER - FLYING OVER MOSCOW - NIGHT

-- Washington and Julie Blue looking at their COMPUTERS.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

NSA's tapped in to the line--

ONSCREEN: the call is getting traced--

TOUGH FSB AGENT (O.S.)
(Mr. Stazov, we got him.)

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stazov, at his computer, readies his accounts.

STAZOV
(The disk?)

TOUGH FSB AGENT (O.S.)
(Appears legitimate.)

INT. BACK IN THE CORPORATE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

ORIGIN OF THE CALL APPEARS ON A MAP OF MOSCOW--

STAZOV (O.S.)
(Bring him here.)

Hangs up right as a SATELLITE FEED APPEARS-- showing a TOP
DOWN IMAGE OF THE MOSCOW PENTHOUSE Stazov has been using.

WASHINGTON
(into radio)
Show thermals.

Screen switches, THERMAL IMAGING allows them to see inside. SIX PEOPLE GLOW RED including ONE LAYING ON A BED. IMAGE is so good, it's obviously a WOMAN. Even more incredibly, they can see the HEAT BLOOMS on her cheeks. As Washington points--

WASHINGTON
(into radio)
Alpha Team, we got eyes on
Katherine Ryan.

LEAD BADGER (O.S. FILTERED)
Can we get there in eight minutes?

WASHINGTON
It's gonna be tight.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE FLOATING STAIRCASE - FLOOR 63 - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail rounds a corner. Embee has a gun to his head, forcing him up the stairs-- heading towards FOUR POLICE guarding the Secure Doors. Before they draw--

-- Jack steps out from the Maintenance corridor. Gun up--

JACK
(Don't. Hands up. Get them up!)

EMBEE
(Down on the floor!)

Jack strips the Police of their guns, Embee makes a show of forcing Mikhail to swipe his own KEYCARD, puts his finger on the BIOMETRIC SCANNER. It opens--

INT. THE SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

-- In the ANTECHAMBER, Embee and Jack handcuff the Police together-- GAG them. Embee takes up a defensive position, lays THE POLICE GUNS out in front of him.

EMBEE
I'll buy you time. Whatever happens-
(points to skybox door)
-- don't open that door until
you're done.

Jack nods. Drags Mikhail into--

THE SKYBOX

-- Soon as Jack closes the door, he puts his gun down. Mikhail nods at him, good show. Locks the door as Jack slaps the PENDRIVE in, and we CUT TO--

INT. COLONEL NIKULIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- Greer, phone on his lap. Nikulin has his computer open. Both waiting for something. Acting like they're not.

GREER
On the surface, it looks like
Stazov's trying to become the
world's wealthiest man. But he's a
hard-liner with plenty of dough.

COLONEL NIKULIN
Your theory comes from Dr. Ryan;
hardly credible at the moment. The
man murdered a Federal Agent and
destroyed half of downtown Moscow.

INT. SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Mikhail's hands are a blur; like dueling pianists. 'DATA UNSHEATHED' comes up ONSCREEN, then the ACCOUNTS APPEAR. EVERYTHING Jack saw before pops up on monitors.

MIKHAIL
We've got a hard line to our New
York offices and the Fed--

JACK
(keys in a code)
Greer's getting it first--

INT. COLONEL NIKULIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Greer looks at his DIGITAL WATCH-- counting down:
6:32...6:31..6:30...

COLONEL NIKULIN
Jim, if you have nothing but
feints, bluffs, and speculation--

Greer's phone finally lights up.

GREER
I did, but now we can cut the shit.

He looks at a list of ACCOUNTS-- massive SUMS OF MONEY.

GREER
What do you know about a company
called Svobodny Terrain Systems?

NIKULIN
Never heard of it.

Passes him his PHONE--

GREER
That's funny, since you were one of
the owners. All the money used to
run the dollar can be traced back
to a Svobodny Terrain Systems
holding account.

Nikulin looks at it. Eyes Greer, hunting for an angle--

COLONEL NIKULIN
Now owned by an investment group;
it has nothing to do with FSB.

GREER
It proves Viktor Stazov is behind
the bombings and an economic attack
on the United States of America.
You really think my government's
going to believe he acted alone?

COLONEL NIKULIN
The United States will not begin
another war over custody of one
man.

GREER
(deadly)
Yes, we will.

Beat. They examine each other.

COLONEL NIKULIN
What do you want?

EXT. G5 SUV - NIGHT

Badgers are blasting through lights, weaving into oncoming traffic. They pass a POLICE CAR at a hundred miles an hour.

OFFICER inside sees the plates. Doesn't do anything--

INT. SKYBOX - NIGHT

Jack's setting up a VIDEO-CONFERENCE with NEW YORK. Looks at his watch, takes a deep breath.

SATELLITE LINK SYNCs UP: segmented SCREENS appear, showing the FACES OF FRANK ANSON, and--

JOE MULLER
Jack, you're on with Mr. Spanier of
J.P. Morgan Chase, Mr. Wilson of
Citibank, Mr. Lawson of Barclays.
More as they call in.

JACK
I need all of you positioned to
start buying dollars--

MR. SPAINER (O.S.)
-- no one is buying dollars. We'll
lose our shirts.

JACK
This is not about your profits.
This is about saving your country.
Joe, you think you're standing on a
battlefield? You got your war.

MR. WILSON
I just got off a call with the Fed,
they're concerned about the
currency manipulation, but have not
confirmed this--

JACK

-- a run is psychological, if all of you aren't buying, the Central Banks will not be able to stop it.

MR. LAWSON

You want us to take this on faith?

JOE, onscreen, is thinking. A pause. Then--

JOE MULLER

-- Jack's hunch feels right. Nothing else makes sense.

JACK

If all of you stand on the sidelines, you'll get crushed regardless.

JOE MULLER

We go down, I'd rather be on the right side this time; we're going all in--

FRANK ANSON

-- so are we.

Jack pulls out the PHONE Greer gave him; VIBRATING--

EXT. CORPORATE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

-- Julie Blue and Washington flying over Moscow--

JULIE BLUE

(on the phone)

Jack, I work with Jim Greer, FBI just locked down the location of the man orchestrating the bombings--

INT. SKYBOX - NIGHT

Jack's listening to Julie,

JULIE BLUE (O.S.)

-- he was spotted in Manhattan.

Jack looks at all the TALKING HEADS onscreen--

JACK

Only one target there that would guarantee a run.

(goes pale)

They're going to blow up the New York Stock Exchange.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

People everywhere, crowding the streets--

JULIE BLUE (O.S.)
Patch me through to the New York
Chief of Police immediately.

ZOOM DOWN ON-- A CITY BUS, pulling to a stop--

A METRO VAN skids up next to it. Three Men in New York
Metropolitan Transportation uniforms pile out--

Their English sounds local--

METRO MAN #1
Folks, we've got a gas leak--

As it empties out, the BUS DRIVER looks suspicious--

BUS DRIVER
You all got some I.D.?

Metro Man #1 pulls his shirt up, shows his GUN. Bus Driver
jumps off. As Metro Man #1 takes the driver's seat--

THE WONDER BREAD DELIVERY VAN pulls up. Ahead of them--

SCHOOLCHILDREN walk across the street, led by their TEACHERS.

Two Men SLIDE THREE RACKS OF WONDER BREAD out of their Van--
transfer them to the STORAGE AREA BENEATH THE BUS. Drive off.

Another Man plugs WIRES into place. The Two Men nod solemnly
to Metro Man #1. As he floors it, we RISE UP, and see they
are TWO BLOCKS FROM THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

EXT. DUMA BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Korvin and THREE FSB AGENTS wait. POLICE OFFICER steps up.

POLICE OFFICER
(Two officers aren't checking in.)

They immediately enter the ELEVATORS. Hit 'FLOOR 64'.

INT. SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

Jack addresses all the bankers ONSCREEN--

JACK
All of you need to call your
Lieutenants outside New York.
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 Authorize them to go all in to stop
 this thing--

ONSCREEN-- ASSISTANTS run into each frame--

JACK
 -- Wall Street is being evacuated.

EXT. MANHATTAN - **WALL STREET** - NIGHT

Police Cars hauling towards the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

FBI SUBURBANS, lights flashing, skid to a stop in front of
 the WALL STREET BULL.

The HIJACKED BUS rounds a corner--

-- accelerating towards the STOCK EXCHANGE--

The police open fire on it-- a SWAT PADDY WAGON rockets out
 from a side-street-- purposefully T-BONES the BUS!

EXT. FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE - NIGHT

NEARBY-- POLICE keep everyone (including themselves) away
 from the Bus. Smart choice, because Metro Man YELLS SOMETHING
 then hits a detonator--

BLOWS THE BUS! A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE BLASTS BLOCKS OF GLASS!

In the madness, using the confusion as cover--

WE SEE SIX MEN RUSH TOWARDS THE DOORS to the New York Stock
 Exchange. Throw BAGS OF EXPLOSIVES--

ON ROOFTOPS-- the FBI SNIPERS start picking them off; so fast
 and efficient a pacifist will feel patriotic.

POV- CROSSHAIRS-- mark Gregory Lemkin. BANG! He's dead--

BUT THE BAGS BLOW UP!!! ANOTHER SERIES OF HUGE EXPLOSIONS!!!

EXT. QUICK SHOTS OF WALL STREET - NIGHT

CARS pinwheel into buildings. THE WALL STREET BULL careens
 TOWARDS CAMERA at 300 MPH, as we CUT TO--

INT. MERRILL LYNCH TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

The RUMBLE ROARING THROUGH THE ROOM-- no fireballs, but every
 single screen goes black.

INT. RAFIN ANSON TRADING FLOOR - NIGHT

Same thing here.

EXT. WIDE ON WALL STREET - NIGHT

DEVASTATION -- a FIREBALLS curl into the night sky.

INT. STAZOV'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Stazov, watching a CAMERA FEED of WALL STREET on his computer brings up CURRENCY ACCOUNTS worth-- TRILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

STAZOV
 (Start selling.)
 (thin smile)
 (Mother Russia is back.)

EXT. HALLWAY - RAFIN-ANSON & STAZOV - FLOOR 64 - CONTINUOUS

Elevators doors open, Korvin exits, followed by Agents. They hustle around the corner towards THE SECURE DOORS. No guards. Keys the entry. Blinks back: DENIED. Pulls his gun. Blasts the lock. Doesn't work. Fires at PLEXIGLAS. It holds--

KORVIN
 Get explosives and kill the power.

INT. SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

Jack's fingers are a blur. Only thing moving faster is his mind-- WALL SCREENS are lit up with currency accounts, trading in London, Shanghai. The New York screens are BLACK.

BRITISH MAN (O.S.)
 Wall Street computers and phone
 lines are down--

VOICES (O.S.)
*Someone's putting 100 billion up
 for sale! Now 300 billion. Now 500--*

OTHER VOICES(O.S.)
*Markets are reacting. Dollar is
 plummeting!*

EXT. BOTTOM OF GOTHIC SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

The G5 pulls up at a corner-- ALL SIX BADGERS, armed for war, leap out, tuck their guns under their coats.

BADGER #1
 Two minutes.

As soon as they're in view of the DESK AGENT they slow. Door is locked. TWO FSB AGENTS guard the ELEVATOR--

As ONE, all with assigned tasks, they blast the GLASS, and SHOOT BOTH Agents-- INSIDE NOW, they grab the DESK AGENT as--

INT. SECURE DOORS - RAFIN ANSON & STAZOV - CONTINUOUS

-- Korvin, gun in hand, watches the EXPLOSIVE on the door as--

INT. ANTECHAMBER - ENTRY TO SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!!!! IT BLOWS OPEN! Embee doesn't flinch as TWO FSB AGENTS roll in; he opens fire. Takes them out, but a THIRD shoots Embee in the arm. And then Korvin is on him. SMASHES Embee's head.

Two killers now go at it in a vicious physical battle. Embee gets a gun aimed, shoots Third FSB Agent. Korvin shoots Embee in the stomach! Gotta be agony, doesn't slow him down, Keeps fighting--

INT. SKYBOX TRADING HUB - NIGHT

-- Jack eyeballs screens, showing the markets react, watching the value of the dollar, relative to other currencies drop-- we see 1 dollar is worth .6 Euros-- .5-- .4--

Jack cool as ice now, ignores the noise-- laser focus--

VOICES

That's two trillion dollars up for sale--

JACK

Get ready to redeem yourselves--

VOICES

-- CHRIST! WE GOT A RUN!

FRANK ANSON (ONSCREEN)

Rafin-Anson is leveraging everything we've got, you boys follow suit or you'll be first on the bread lines.

INT. ANTECHAMBER OUTSIDE THE SECURE DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Korvin and Embee, entangled on the ground. Korvin's almost got his gun under Embee's chin.

EMBEE

You will-- not-- get past--

Embee, blood pouring, the man who won't die, forces the gun away, wraps his arms around Korvin-- slowly, shifts his arm up, slides it around Korvin's neck. All willpower-- Embee slowly-- twists-- and-- CRRRUNCH! Snaps Korvin's neck.

INT. SKYBOX - CONTINUOUS

The Euro index drops to .3 then stops. SCREENS ARE FILLED WITH FACES AND LOCATIONS. None from New York, but--

CHICAGO EXECUTIVE

The Fed and China are all in--

TOKYO MAN

Best deal you will ever see; J.P.
Morgan is buying--

BERLIN EXECUTIVE

Stop the Kremlin. Make a mint;
BlackRock Capital buying as well--

-- ALL SKYBOX and TRADING FLOOR SCREENS GO DARK--

MIKHAIL

Any more you can do?

JACK

Pray.

INTO THE ANTECHAMBER-- Jack bursts out, sees Embee. Propped up by Korvin's corpse. Gun aimed at the door. Still guarding. Jack sees the blood draining from his stomach and chest--

JACK

Embee--

Embee tries to speak. Nothing but BLOOD comes out of his mouth. Jack drops. Holding his friend, looking up at him.

JACK

You saved millions of lives
tonight. Wherever you're going,
you're gonna be fine.

And Embee, looking peaceful for the very first time, dies right there in Jack's arms.

POLICE ENTER-- guns on Jack. Holding his dead friend. Just looks at them. Spent. He's done. They've got him.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

LEAN FSB AGENT enters, speaking to Stazov--

LEAN FSB AGENT
 (Watchers at the mall said they are
 missing an agent.)

BALD AGENT hurries in--

BALD AGENT
 (Police have Ryan in custody. At
 your office.)

Like a nice, fat fuck you, Stazov's WATCH TRILLS: time's up--
 he immediately starts pulling up screens:

The Euro index is rising .5-- .55 -- .6-- Stazov can't
 believe it. Furious, he hurries out, and we CUT TO--

INT. CORPORATE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

-- Washington and Julie Blue staring at the THERMAL IMAGE OF
 THE PENTHOUSE-- they can see A RED BODY leaving his office.
 Heading down the hall. Towards the BEDROOM, where the IMAGE
 OF KATIE, on the bed, is visible.

WASHINGTON
 (into radio)
 Six targets. First two will be on
 your ten and two o'clock.

SIX RED HEAT SIGNATURES stream out of the elevator--

-- WHITE HEAT FLASHES as their guns FIRE right where
 Washington told them. They drop the TWO AGENTS, as THE SIX
 BADGERS spread out, we CUT TO--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

-- Stazov, down the hall, hears a MAN SCREAM. Turns-- sees
 LEAD BADGER-- gun up. Gliding right towards him. Deadly.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF DUMA BUILDING - DAWN

Jack, surrounded by POLICE, watches A HIND HELICOPTER LAND.
 FSB Agents open doors. Jack is forced inside.

EXT. HIND HELICOPTER - MINUTE LATER

Flying towards the PENTHOUSE.

INT. HIND - FLYING OVER MOSCOW - DAWN

Greer and Colonel Nikulin sit across from Jack. Greer looks
 at a message on his phone. Happy. Nikulin is not.

GREER
Run is over Jack. You stopped it.

Jack looks down at Embee's blood on his clothes.

JACK
We did.

EXT. PENTHOUSE HELIPAD - DAWN

The HIND HELICOPTER lands. FAR BELOW-- FIVE BLACK FSB GOVERNMENT VEHICLES are parked, lights flashing.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAWN

Jack enters the BALLROOM, he can hardly breathe. He sees FIVE BADGERS, guns pointed down. Surrounded by the TEN FSB AGENTS, guns pointed down. Tense as it gets.

Stazov is standing between the two camps. Looks at Jack.

STAZOV
You manufactured a miracle.

Lead Badger steps out from a hall--

LEAD BADGER
Dr. Ryan, in here.

Jack's got more important things on his mind than revenge. Hurries towards Lead Badger.

STAZOV
Jack.
(he keeps walking)
Jack.
(Jack stops, turns)
I did it for my country.

JACK
You don't have a country; you're
the most wanted man in the world.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jack enters. Emotional. Sees Katie, lying down. Eyes closed.

JACK
Hey pretty lady.

She opens her eyes. Opens her mouth. Jack HUSHES her. The most profound relief as he wraps his wife up delicately.

IN THE BALLROOM

Jack, carrying Katie, steps out. Greer beside him. Nikulin steps up. Speaks softly to Greer--

NIKULIN
No trial. And all of you leave
Russia unmolested.

Greer nods. Nikulin, pulls his gun out, turns towards Stazov, who eyes him coldly.

ON JACK

-- carrying Katie towards the elevator, hears THE SHOT RING OUT! Jack pauses. Enters the elevator and turns back. Sees--

Nikulin, smoking GUN in hand, standing over STAZOV'S CORPSE.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Katie sleeping. Mouth full of gauze. Opens her eyes. Sees her husband. As tears of relief slip down Jack's face, he takes her hands, holds them as if they are his lifeline. Kisses them, since they are.

There's about a million things he wants say, but none of them come out. For the moment, he's as unable to speak as she is. And that's plenty good enough.

INT. THE RYAN'S LOFT - NEW YORK - MORNING

Jack, sitting in his home office. Reading through STACKS OF JOURNALS and REPORTS. Printing PAGES. Proofreading a PAPER.

INT. THE RYAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack's cooking breakfast; watching the news. KATIE enters; wearing her MEDICAL SCRUBS. Exhausted, but completely healed.

JACK
Morning. Get any sleep?

KATIE
Not a wink, but I got to perform a
cornea replacement. You finish?

JACK
Just sent it off.

As Katie sits down, there's a KNOCK on the door.

AT THE DOOR

Jack opens it, sees a fit Hispanic man (30's) in a suit. Takes Jack a moment to recognize him. It's Lead Badger.

LEAD BADGER

Morning Dr. Ryan. I work for James Greer now. He would like a word.

JACK

What's going on?

Katie steps out, wraps an arm around her husband.

LEAD BADGER

All I can tell you is that it's important-- and I'd like to wait here with your wife.

Katie opens the door wider, waves him in.

JACK

You allowed to tell us your name?

LEAD BADGER

Domingo Chavez.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Jack out the window, sees they're flying towards--

INSERT SUPER: **CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY VIRGINIA**

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SEVENTH FLOOR - MORNING

Greer steps around his desk to greet Jack.

GREER

Jack-- sorry to drag you in here like this--

Jack points to the brand new nameplate on the door office: 'JAMES GREER-- ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF MILITARY AFFAIRS'.

GREER

Thanks for the promotion. I had my heart set on being D.D.I. then they went and changed the name on me. Can I get you some coffee?

JACK

I'm fine. I would like to know why Mr. Chavez is guarding my wife.

GREER

You made quite an enemy out of FSB, Jack. They began planning this operation right after the '08 economic crisis.

(MORE)

GREER (cont'd)

Risked a full on war with the US to carry it out. You at all curious to know why?

Greer opens a FOLDER-- starts sorting through DOCUMENTS.

GREER

We go bankrupt, our military contracts. Europe takes a huge economic hit, and just that fast, no one gives a shit about enforcing NATO in Eastern Europe. That's as far as our analysts got. The truth-- is that kneecapping the West and reconstituting the Soviet empire was only half the equation. None of them got to it's effect on China.

Jack doesn't look surprised by this bomb. He looks angry--

JACK

You broke into my house?

GREER

Hell of a plan. Hell of a paper, too.

Greer holds up the paper; Jack's Paper.

GREER

I understand your need to explain what happened, but this can never be published.

JACK

Newsweek already has it.

Greer crinkles his eyes; like that means anything.

GREER

It's Causus Belli for a legally defensible strike on the Russian Federation. You print this, there are going to be a whole lot of hawks in and out of our government calling for blood. You want to be responsible for World War Three?

Jack doesn't need to respond. Greer tucks the paper away.

GREER

We gave twenty of our top analysts the same facts you had.

(MORE)

GREER (cont'd)
 Guess how many put humpty-dumpty
 together again?

As Greer lets it hang-- Jack reads between the lines.

JACK
 Are you trying to recruit me?
 (Greer nods)
 I'm an economist--

Greer grows visibly uncomfortable--

GREER
 -- who, as a United States citizen,
 will be protected from any and all
 foreign governments that wish to do
 you harm.

Jack's temper flares further. He's getting blackmailed--

JACK
 But as a member of CIA?

GREER
 We'll be able to send a warning
 that the gloves come off if
 anything happens to you or your
 family. Off the record, I'd like to
 ram that warning down their throat,
 regardless. You earned it. But I
 don't get to make that decision.
 Bottom line, your country needs you
 Jack. Especially now.

INT. THE RYAN'S NEW YORK LOFT - NIGHT

Jack and Katie sitting in stunned silence. Holding hands.
 Watching a fire as we PULL BACK and see their loft is nearly
 empty. Just large pieces of FURNITURE and a few BOXES remain.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - MORNING

Katie drives past RED BRICK BUILDINGS-- past a sign for:
 'Johns Hopkins Hospital'. Pulls into a PARKING GARAGE.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - MORNING

Jack lays FLOWERS on the grave of 'LAWRENCE COOPER, PFC,
 USMC.' Buried next to 'GUNNERY SERGEANT WILLIAM BATTNITCH,
 AIR FORCE' and 'LANCE CORPORAL THOMAS ROCKWELL, USMC'. All
 died the same day 'NOVEMBER 24, 2003' fighting 'OPERATION
 ENDURING FREEDOM.' Jack looks out over the TENS OF THOUSANDS
 OF GRAVESTONES. Turns, heads towards a car. ROBBIE JACKSON is
 waiting next to it.

INT. LOBBY - CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Looking straight down on the giant SEAL of the CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, inset into the floor. Jack, carrying a briefcase and a coffee, pauses. Looks down for a moment-- then walks over it. Crossing a threshold.

On the other side, GREER is waiting for him in front of the Security Gate. Hands Jack a brand new ID CARD. As CIA ANALYST JACK RYAN enters his new life, we FADE OUT. *