

OFF THE GRID

by

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INT. BLACK BMW M SERIES -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Parked at a city curb but the engine running with a low German GROWL. The vehicle is dark and pristine inside--a spotless showroom specimen.

A MAN SITS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT. Emotionless. Mid-30's. The kind of sharp handsome masculinity that makes other men instinctively toss him the keys.

He wears a high-collar black wool peacoat, glances through his window -- THE LATE HOUR CITY RUSHING BY HIM --

CLOSE ON HIS FACE -- REFLECTING the wash of HEADLIGHTS on dirty snow, water-blotched TRAFFIC SIGNALS -- it showcases the emptiness in his eyes. Makes him look like a ghost.

In fact, let's call him that. Let's call him GHOST.

A MOBILE PHONE CHIRPS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT --

A cheap prepaid, its torn open plastic packaging next to it (from now on, we'll refer to these phones as "burners").

GHOST PICKS IT UP, checks the display --

A TEXT MESSAGE: **D-Day**.

GHOST DROPS THE BMW IN GEAR -- Accelerates into traffic.

As he drives...

GHOST (V.O.)

You have not committed a hot crime  
in a public place in front of  
witnesses.

(pause)

You do not use illegal drugs.

(pause)

You do not have a debilitating  
vice. I do not work with  
alcoholics, compulsive gamblers, or  
sex addicts.

(pause)

You do not have a medical condition  
that requires a regular doctor  
visit. There are ways around  
prescription medication but not in-  
office visits that create a  
parallel medical record.

Ghost calmly makes his way through cold city streets -- exits out the mouth of an urban labyrinth and turns --

GHOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You are not actively being surveilled.

(pause)

You are not presently a law enforcement official.

(pause)

You do not already have an alias or a pseudonym.

INT./EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE -- MOMENTS LATER

Ghost maneuvers down the winter highway, thick black glittering control box of Downtown Chicago to his left as he makes his way up the Gold Coast...

GHOST (V.O.)

When you say 'I agree,' you have one week. In that week, you will do everything that has been asked. The seventh day will be the first and only day you see my face.

(pause)

That day is D-Day.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH LA SALLE STREET -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ONE WEEK EARLIER -- Ghost stands underneath the groaning iron El tracks of the inner loop -- one hand in his peacoat pocket, one gripping the receiver of a PUBLIC TELEPHONE --

GHOST

(into phone)

Do you understand?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(through speaker)

Yes.

GHOST

Then say 'I agree,' or hang up the phone.

A beat. Ghost patiently waits. Watching foot traffic through the lenses of his sunglasses.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(weary, frightened)

I agree.

Ghost HANGS UP -- bringing the receiver down on its hook,  
then casually walking away --

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION HOME DRIVEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Ghost has parked and exited his BMW -- He snaps on WHITE  
LATEX GLOVES as he walks to the trunk and POPS it -- inside  
are only two things --

A BLACK DUFFEL BAG AND A WELL-WRAPPED CHRISTMAS PRESENT --

He grabs the DUFFEL BAG -- CLOSES the trunk -- heads to the  
front door of the mansion house and stands there --

Waits.

The door OPENS -- a middle-aged man, a NERVOUS WRECK named  
ROBERT ANDREUS -- flop sweat heavy on his forehead -- he  
sucks on a cigarette --

ANDREUS

(extending hand)

Jesus, I can't tell you how happy I  
am to see you, Robert Andreus--

GHOST

(doesn't take hand)

I'm going to reiterate: You will  
not tell me what you have done or  
why you're doing this. I'm not here  
to fix what you've done. I'm here  
to move you away from it. Is that  
clear, Robert?

Robert nods, chastised -- Ghost steps inside --

INT. MANSION HOME - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON GHOST as he heads right to the 57" wall-mounted LCD  
television -- it's ON, but muted -- Ghost changes the channel  
until he finds something -- SMILES KNOWINGLY to himself --

UN-MUTES IT -- CRANKS THE VOLUME on the receiver as loud as  
it will go --

JAMES WHALE'S 1933 VERSION OF THE INVISIBLE MAN

## THE INVISIBLE MAN

(through TV)

*Don't worry, the whole world's my  
hiding place! I can stand there  
amongst them in the day and night  
and laugh at them!*

GHOST WALKS TO ANDREUS -- takes him by the shoulders --  
speaks quietly under the DIN of the TV --

GHOST

To keep this simple, you will  
simply indicate, by saying either  
'blue' or 'black,' whether your  
concern is with the authorities or  
an extra-legal group. Blue:  
authorities. Black: other.

(pause)

Blue, or black?

Andreas has already stamped out his cigarette and lit another  
one -- he continues to avoid Ghost's eyes. Finally...

ANDREUS

Blue.

GHOST

(nods once, then)

Start filling the tub.

MONTAGE -- THE PROCEDURE

GHOST steadily moves through tasks -- his eyes always  
scanning, cataloging, not a wasted movement in his gait --  
WE FOLLOW him into --

THE KITCHEN: Ghost places the black duffel on the cherry wood  
kitchen table --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Your laptop and old phone.

ANDREUS

On the counter.

GHOST OPENS THE MICROWAVE: -- tosses an expensive black  
laptop and a sleek smart phone inside -- CLOSES the door --  
BEEP BEEP BEEP --

A FLASH OF SPARKS AND FIRE FROM INSIDE -- The electronics  
literally FRYING -- the microwave GOES DARK, destroyed --

GHOST OPENS THE DOOR -- SMOKE wafts from inside -- he pulls  
the devices out with an oven mitt and calmly walks them --

INTO THE BATHROOM: Andreus is on his knees emptying gallon bottles of bleach into his jacuzzi bathtub, filling it -- SEVEN EMPTY BOTTLES lie near him --

GHOST THROWS THE DEVICES INTO THE BLEACH WITH A SPLASH --

GHOST  
You have the list?

ANDREUS' HOME OFFICE: Nicer than a CEO's office downtown -- A dozen trash bags full of shredded documents -- This guy's been shredding all day, all week --

ANDREUS HANDS GHOST A THREE-PAGE DOC -- Turns a desk light on so Ghost can read it -- He flips through the pages --

CLOSE ON THE DOC -- A list of banking and other online accounts: Netflix, Amazon, Gas, Utilities -- every service connecting this man and his money to the modern world --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
(not looking up)  
Keep the lights off.

Light goes off with a CLICK -- Ghost SNAPS FLASH PHOTOS of each document page with a different SMART PHONE from his pocket -- then IMMEDIATELY SHREDS IT --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Duffel bag. Change your clothes.

THE INVISIBLE MAN  
(from TV)  
*Power, I said! Power to walk into  
the gold vaults of the nations,  
into the secrets of kings, into the  
Holy of Holies; power to make  
multitudes run squealing in terror  
at the touch of my little invisible  
finger! Even the moon's frightened  
of me, frightened to death!*

ANDREUS leaves the room as Ghost puts the smart phone in his pocket -- dials another number, but on his BURNER --

GHOST  
(into phone)  
How's Cincinnati?

INTERCUT -- GHOST / ASSOCIATE PHONE CONVERSATION:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- SAME

CLOSE ON a well-dressed man sitting at a gate set to board in twenty minutes -- OPEN LAPTOP on his lap -- WIRELESS BLUETOOTH CARD blinking from the USB port -- SMART PHONE hooked up to the second firewire cable --

This is Ghost's ASSOCIATE -- could be younger, could be older -- He glances to his right -- a big illuminated airport advertisement --

MILWAUKEE: A GREAT PLACE ON A GREAT LAKE

The associate, too, speaks into a prepaid burner handset --

ASSOCIATE

Beautiful this time of year.

GHOST

Those come through?

ASSOCIATE

Just decrypting the MMS.

GHOST

And the Bitcoin account?

ASSOCIATE

Flush with a new deposit.

GHOST

Scramble half the list and shut down the rest.

(pause)

And buy some reading material, it's a long flight.

IN THE MASTER BATHROOM: ANDREUS in the walk-in closet, struggling in an oversized thermal shirt, khaki pants --

ANDREUS

None of this stuff fits--

GHOST

It's not supposed to.

GHOST SWEEPS PRESCRIPTION MEDICINE INTO THE DUFFEL BAG -- Knocking it from the bathroom counter -- Walks out --

IN THE BEDROOM: Ghost heads toward the front of the house -- PASSING A FRAMED FAMILY PORTRAIT -- Wife. 10-year-old son. Robert Andreus. Smiling father and husband.

He pauses -- the first time since entering the house.

It's the only moment we see something else in his face.

GHOST MOVES AGAIN, BUT STOPS -- sees something near the foot of the bed --

TWO PRONE LEGS ON THE FLOOR.

Ghost slowly goes for a closer look -- REVEAL a DEAD MAN in a suit by the side of the bed -- Only a slight hint of frustration as Ghost clenches his jaw -- KNEELS by the body --

THE INVISIBLE MAN  
 (from the movie on TV)  
*We'll begin with a reign of terror.  
 A few murders here and there.  
 Murders of great men, murders of  
 little men. Just to show we make no  
 distinction!*

GHOST PICKS UP ONE OF THE SHEETS OF PAPER that surround the body -- a SUBPOENA -- checks the dead man's suit coat -- sure enough, a BADGE --

ANDREUS (O.S.)  
 I had to shoot--

ANDREUS STANDS BEHIND HIM in his loose khakis, shifting his weight and fretting -- a GUN NOW IN HIS HAND --

GHOST TAKES ANDREUS DOWN BY THE NECK

Single fluid military motion -- Ghost CATCHES HIM mid-fall -- TAKES THE GUN with a quick turn of the wrist -- COVERS ANDREUS' MOUTH with his other hand --

GHOST  
 How long ago did this happen? Show me with your fingers. Minutes.

Andreas slowly flashes FOUR FULL HANDS -- Twenty.

SECONDS LATER, BEDROOM: GHOST POURS BLEACH ON THE BODY, GUN --

INT./EXT. BMW -- CONTINUOUS

GHOST DRIVES DELIBERATELY -- eases out of the gated community onto the MAIN ROAD -- just as a PATROL CAR turns in --

IN HIS REARVIEW -- Ghost sees it stop before ANDREUS' HOUSE --

GHOST DRIVES -- Andreas' breaths coming in GASPS through his mouth -- the man tries not to cry --

Ghost tosses a PLANE TICKET in Andreus' lap --

GHOST

One a.m. to Hong Kong out of  
O'Hare.

Ghost tosses ANOTHER PLANE TICKET in his lap --

GHOST (CONT'D)

You're not on that one. You're on  
the 9:33 red-eye to Dubai.

ANDREUS

(reading second ticket)  
Bobby Andrews--

Ghost hands him TWO THICK MANILA ENVELOPES -- Andreus roots  
through them -- Finds FIVE NEW CREDIT CARDS --

GHOST

Your new primary name is Bobby  
Andrews. Those credit cards include  
variations of that name. Bonnie  
Andrews. Bobby Andrew. Bill  
Andewer. Bob Andre. Remember to  
sign the backs of the cards.

Andreus pulls out TWO PASSPORTS -- One U.S., one U.K. --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Dual citizenship. Those are real,  
not faked. Borrowed indefinitely  
from a real person...

INT. BRITISH CONSULATE, LOS ANGELES -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The ASSOCIATE converses with a comely FEMALE CONSULATE  
EMPLOYEE -- she hands him the two passports from her desk --

GHOST (V.O.)

Renewed through special expedition  
using connections at the  
consulates, but now bearing the  
photos you took for me...

INT. FEDEX KINKO'S -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A nervous Robert Andreus stands against a blank white wall --  
tries to smile as a FEDEX EMPLOYEE snaps his photo twice --

FEDEX EMPLOYEE

Goin' on a trip?

(Andreas doesn't answer)

Hope it's some place nice.

INT./EXT. BMW -- PRESENT

Andreas sees his photo inside both passports -- hands still  
SHAKING --

GHOST

Primary address is in Tampa Bay.  
Five new aliases total, built on  
your original social security  
number. It confuses the system.  
Plus five dummy aliases based on  
your old name, Robert Andreas.  
Robert Andees. Robert *Andreas* with  
an 'a.' Robert Andrese. Robert  
Antreus. Robin Anders. You don't  
use these aliases. We use them. Red  
herrings for the next seven days to  
scramble your past.

ANDREUS

What about my... money--

GHOST

It'll be funneled through our  
network of off-shores and dummy  
corporate accounts, then bounce  
around in there for the next seven  
days. By next Sunday, *the Lord's*  
*day*, your money will be in your new  
corporate account. The name of your  
new corporation is Mission Systems.

ANDREUS

It can't be traceable--

GHOST

(eyeing him)

It's not. We have over four dozen  
accounts that we change out every  
month. In your original account, we  
keep a random amount between 780  
and 920 dollars. We spend it on  
random purchases over the next  
week. Amazon, eBay, etc. We'll be  
making debit purchases as well...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - GIFT SHOP -- SAME

The Associate buys a New Yorker and Newsweek at the counter --

CLOSE ON THE DEBIT CARDHOLDER NAME: Robert Andreus --

INT./EXT. CHICAGO MIDWAY AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

The BMW pulls into short-term parking --

GHOST

Think of it this way: What do you  
do for fun?

ANDREUS

(long pause)  
...uh... play golf...

GHOST

Now you play tennis.

ANDREUS

I've never played tennis.

GHOST

I know. Don't worry, you'll learn.  
(flatly reassuring)  
It's fun.  
(pause)  
Now I need you to relax for this  
next part.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - TICKETING AND SECURITY -- LATER

Ghost and Andreus walk into the airport -- Andreus has the  
duffel bag -- Ghost has the CHRISTMAS PRESENT under his arm --

BOTH WEAR BALL CAPS -- Andreus in a Tampa Bay Rays hat, Ghost  
rooting for the Marlins --

They walk past UNIFORMED COPS -- Andreus' anxiety SKYROCKETS

-- Ghost calmly hands him a slip of paper as they walk --

GHOST

Here's the address of your new  
apartment. The lease is in the name  
of Mission Systems. Flush this  
address down the toilet in the  
men's restroom of your arrival  
airport. Tell the address to a cab  
driver from memory.

Ghost hands him a few U.A.E. dirhams (currency) --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Cab fare. That includes tip. It's a  
nice gratuity, but not too much.

Without slowing down, Ghost drops the CHRISTMAS PRESENT down  
onto an empty but spinning BAGGAGE CLAIM CAROUSEL --

GHOST DUMPS HIS LATEX GLOVES IN THE TRASH --

They hit the ESCALATOR --

UPSTAIRS: They begin their ascent towards the SECOND FLOOR --  
THREE COPS stand at the top -- two uniforms, one plainclothes  
-- they seem to be waiting for someone in particular --

GHOST DIALS ON HIS BURNER --

INTERCUT -- GHOST / ASSOCIATE PHONE CONVERSATION

IN THE MILWAUKEE TERMINAL: The Associate, with his laptop --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Check him in at O'Hare now.

Ghost HANGS UP -- Andreus SHAKING as they near the police --

They're now HALFWAY UP the escalator --

THE PLAINCLOTHES COP TALKS INTO HIS RADIO for a moment --

Then:

PLAINCLOTHES COP  
(to other cops)  
He's at O'Hare.

ANGLE ON GHOST WATCHING the three men LEAVE THE BUILDING --

LATER, AT SECURITY: Andreus is ready, ticket in hand -- Ghost  
faces him -- both a few feet from the first TSA AGENT --

GHOST  
Give me a hug.

GHOST HUGS HIM -- ANDREUS AWKWARDLY HUGS BACK --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
(into Andreus' ear)  
This is the last part. The rest is  
up to you. Now, you're gone. It's  
important that you stay gone.  
(MORE)

GHOST (CONT'D)

The greatest gift someone ever gets  
is a second chance. This is your  
only one.

ON ANDREUS -- HE SEES TSA TACTICAL RUNNING TOWARDS THEM

BOMB SQUAD -- RIFLES AND VESTS -- AIRPORT SWAT --

THEY'RE GOING TO BE CAUGHT -- ANDREUS tries to pull away but  
GHOST HOLDS HIM TIGHT --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Should you throw it away, I will  
find out about it and even if you  
hide in the deepest cave of the  
Earth, no one in the world will be  
able to save you. Understand?

TSA TACTICAL RUNS RIGHT BY THEM -- HEADED SOMEWHERE ELSE

Then Ghost and Andreus part -- Andreus exhales and nods,  
afraid, but now of Ghost --

GHOST (CONT'D)

(louder, playing the part)  
Thanks for visiting, Dad.

And Ghost turns, leaves the airport.

ANGLE ON ANDREUS as he approaches the TSA AGENT -- she checks  
his new passport, home address -- LOOKS HIM OVER --

TSA AGENT

Is Florida home for you?

ANDREUS

(losing it)  
Uh, yeah... Yes--

Her eyes NARROW -- but then her RADIO SPUTTERS TO LIFE --

TSA RADIO (V.O.)

(through speaker)  
*Debbie, we've got a suspicious  
package on carousel 3, need you  
down here now.*

IN BAGGAGE CLAIM: FULL BOMB SQUAD IS DEPLOYED --

Plastic shields, heavy protection --

SECURITY: The agent MARKS Andreus' BOARDING PASS --

TSA AGENT  
(into radio)  
Roger that...

BAGGAGE CLAIM: CLOSE ON TWO TSA TACTICAL OFFICERS in  
bulletproof vests, carrying ASSAULT RIFLES, FOCUSED ON...

...THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

SECURITY: Andreus moves through -- RELAXING --

BAGGAGE CLAIM: A BOMB SQUAD OPERATIVE CAREFULLY OPENS IT --

SECURITY: Andreus has vanished --

BAGGAGE CLAIM: THE LID OF THE GIFT COMES OFF --

revealing...

...a harmless pink teddy bear.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BILLY GOAT TAVERN -- LATER

A notorious shit hole bar under Michigan Avenue. The low  
ceilings and tile floor faded yellow and gray from 50 years  
of cigarette smoke and city grime.

GHOST SITS AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR, away from the few  
portly regulars. A small ROLL-ON SUITCASE rests by his stool  
as he eats a cheeseburger, gazes at the Bears game.

His SMART PHONE BUZZES on the bar with a text. He checks it:

**You were made at the airport**

He texts back: **Blue or black?**

Text: **Black**

HE STANDS QUICKLY -- throws cash down onto the bar --

THE TV GOES TO COMMERCIAL -- A PREVIEW OF THE UPCOMING NEWS --

## NEWS REPORTER

(through TV)

...Chicago media mogul Robert Andreus, formally charged this morning following the eruption of a massive embezzlement scandal ten days ago, has disappeared from his Oak Park home this evening and his whereabouts are currently unknown. He may have been aided in his escape--

Ghost moves to the door -- but the sound of a FIST SLAMMING DOWN ON A TABLE draws his attention --

A HEATED ARGUMENT BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN WITH RAVEN HAIR --

## THUGGISH MAN

(hushed, pointedly)

*Well we're gonna find a way to fucking get it. Before tomorrow.*

## RAVEN HAIR

Look, if I cash out another corporate card the company will fire me--

GHOST'S POV: A NASTY BRUISE on her lower neck and collar bone -- almost concealed by her hair, but he notices --

## RAVEN HAIR (CONT'D)

--then you don't get anything--

But the thug is on his feet now, no longer listening -- he leans over her menacingly -- a WOLFISH GRIN --

## THUGGISH MAN

Then I guess we'll be seeing each other again real soon.

WHEN HE'S GONE -- TEARS WELL in the woman's ice blue eyes --

GHOST WATCHES for one second more --

EXT. BILLY GOAT TAVERN -- MOMENTS LATER

Ghost steps out into the frigid night -- stops to put on his gloves -- QUICKLY LOOKS FOR ANYTHING UNUSUAL -- notes EXIT ROUTES -- everything about him CAUTIOUS, WATCHFUL --

THE WOMAN EMERGES -- notices him -- wipes tears from her eyes -- He watches her, observes for a moment --

GHOST  
 (reserved)  
 You all right?

RAVEN HAIR  
 None of your business.

He nods once to himself -- she's right -- but then:

RAVEN HAIR (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. Been a long day... I don't  
 usually come to places like this--

GHOST  
 Why not? It's right across the  
 street from where you work.

He walks away, pulling the suitcase behind him -- begins to  
 ascend the stairs --

ANGLE ON HER -- confused and suspicious --

RAVEN HAIR  
 Hey.

SHE FOLLOWS up the stairs to the landing -- where he stops --  
 pale white light of Upper Michigan raining down on them --

RAVEN HAIR (CONT'D)  
 How did you know that?

GHOST  
 Like you said, you looked out of  
 place in there. That coat's nice--  
 Banana Republic? Wait, don't tell  
 me. Nordstrom. You don't have a  
 scarf or gloves, and your boots  
 don't have any slush on them. Means  
 you didn't walk very far.

RAVEN HAIR  
 Could've taken a cab.

GHOST  
 Then how'd you pay for it?

She has no purse.

RAVEN HAIR  
 So you got Michigan Avenue from  
 that.

HE LEANS IN -- Doesn't take his eyes off her --

PULLS THE SECURITY KEY CARD ON HER BELT -- It's on one of those RETRACTABLE ZIP CORDS and it BRINGS HER CLOSER TO HIM --

HE SHOWS IT TO HER -- PICTURE ID -- Name is KATIE LARKIN -- employment address: MICHIGAN AVENUE -- He's been fucking with her this entire time --

GHOST

Good night.

He begins to WALK AWAY --

KATIE

Hey. This is going to sound stupid, but... do you think you could walk me to my car?

MOMENTS LATER, ON THE STREET: GHOST WALKS WITH KATIE -- pulling his suitcase behind him -- they don't talk much as Ghost keeps an eye out, better at this than she knows --

KATIE (CONT'D)

Headed out of town?

GHOST

(not paying attention)

Yep.

KATIE

Wish I could do that. Business or pleasure?

GHOST

(his thoughts elsewhere,  
not sure how to answer)

Uh-huh.

THEY APPROACH THE CAR -- she gets out her keys -- he's antsy to leave -- but she turns and they LOCK EYES -- chemistry --

KATIE

Thanks. Listen, I don't know when your flight is...

A small smile from him -- Then:

THUGGISH MAN (O.S.)

Who says chivalry is dead in Chicago?

FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE STREET CORNER -- the thug emerges -- he's been waiting for her -- SNUB NOSE .38 POINTED AT THEM --

THUGGISH MAN (CONT'D)  
 (walking toward them)  
 Now we go to the bank. You, me, and  
 your new scoop of ice cream here--

GHOST PIVOTS, SEIZES THE THUG'S ARM, PULLS HIM FORWARD  
USES HIS RIGHT HAND TO GRAB THE BARREL, TWIST IT BACK  
THIS BREAKS THE THUG'S TRIGGER FINGER AND WRIST INSTANTLY

Leaves Ghost CLENCHING THE GUN in the thug's broken hand --

NOW IT'S POINTED BACKWARDS AT THE THUG'S FACE --

Ghost has barely moved. This all happened in one second.

His face registers no emotion as the thug CRIES OUT IN PAIN --

Katie only has time to GASP --

GHOST TAKES THE GUN AND PUSHES THE THUG TO THE SIDEWALK

AIMS THE PISTOL AT HIM as the thug cradles his hand --

GHOST

Go.

THE THUG RUNS LIKE A COWARD into the darkness --

GHOST OPENS THE CHAMBER OF THE GUN -- Live rounds.

CUT TO:

INT. 24 HOUR DINER -- LATER

GHOST AND KATIE sit in a back booth -- He has a view out the picture window to the street -- watches the FRONT DOOR -- He seems nervous, rushed --

GHOST

(not looking at her)

Loan sharks.

She sips coffee -- tries to stop her SHAKING HANDS --

KATIE

They offered to help--

GHOST

I don't want to know.

POLICE SIRENS RIP BY THE WINDOW -- HE TENSES UP -- They pass and fade down the street -- GHOST gets out his wallet -- peels off money for the coffee --

KATIE

They said if I went to the police,  
they would--

GHOST

My flight leaves in two hours.

He fixes her with a professionally cold look -- 'we're done here' -- an icy silence descends as he stands -- pulls up the handle of his suitcase --

KATIE

You're right, I guess this isn't  
your problem.

GHOST'S POV: THE BRUISE ON HER NECK -- he catches it again --  
ON HIS EYES -- FLASHBACK:

A GLOVED HAND SEIZES A WOMAN'S THROAT AND SQUEEZES TIGHT --

BACK TO SCENE:

He's lost in thought when Katie turns -- MEETS HIS EYES --

He calmly sits back down in the booth -- FOCUSES on her --

GHOST

Do you use illegal drugs?

KATIE

What? No--

GHOST

Do you have a debilitating vice?  
Gambling, drinking, something like  
that.

KATIE

No, I don't. What is this?

GHOST

Do you have a medical condition  
that requires regular doctor  
visits?

KATIE

Maybe I should just go--

GHOST  
Just answer.

KATIE  
No. I don't.

GHOST  
Are you actively being surveilled?

KATIE  
They know where I live. Where I work. But I don't think so. They're small-time, you saw them. And I use a different name occasionally to try to throw them off.

GHOST  
(disappointed)  
So you have an alias.

KATIE  
It's dumb... Jennifer Jones.  
I opened a bank account with it.  
Hid what money I have left there.

GHOST  
But no criminal activity associated with that alias.

Ghost leans in -- fixes her with a sobering look that says this matters --

KATIE  
Right.

GHOST  
And you're positive about that.

KATIE  
(after a beat)  
Of course.

GHOST leans back, sees her helplessness --

GHOST  
Do you keep your personal information anywhere other than your home? Like a computer where you do your banking, email, those kinds of things?

She holds up her ID BADGE, still attached to the zip cord on her waist --

KATIE  
My office. Michigan Avenue.

We see the gears moving behind his eyes --

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE -- LATER

They walk together in silence -- different from before, a determination in his steps now -- NO ONE OUT AT THIS HOUR -- Ghost pulls out his burner, DIALS --

GHOST  
How's Kansas City?

INTERCUT - GHOST / ASSOCIATE PHONE CONVERSATION

EXT. BELIZE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TARMAC -- SAME

THE ASSOCIATE has just stepped off a commercial plane --

ASSOCIATE  
(into burner)  
It's snowing.

It's NOT snowing -- Palm trees sway in a tropical breeze --

GHOST  
I'm still here.

The associate STOPS walking -- mild alarm on his face --

ASSOCIATE  
Why?

GHOST  
Helping out a friend.

ASSOCIATE  
You don't have any friends.

GHOST  
Don't sell yourself short.  
(pause)  
I need a complete background check on the name 'Jennifer Jones.' Chicago area. North side. Banks, ID renewal, criminal warrants. Spelled like it sounds. Also need the name Katie Larkin, L-A-R-K-I-N.

(MORE)

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 (pause)  
 How long will that take?

ASSOCIATE  
 Two hours minimum.

GHOST  
 I need it in one.

ASSOCIATE  
 They are all over that house. One  
 mistake and the Pond has a real  
 scent--

GHOST  
 Do the background checks.

ASSOCIATE  
 Get on a plane.

GHOST HANGS UP -- His face TENSE --

KATIE STOPS IN FRONT OF A GOTHIC SKYSCRAPER --

SHE PUSHES THE REVOLVING DOOR -- employee entrance -- heads  
 inside -- He FOLLOWS, pulling his ROLL-ON SUITCASE --

INT. SKYSCRAPER - EMPLOYEE LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

They walk through the atrium of the old building -- she  
 curtly WAVES to the old SECURITY GUARD stationed at his desk  
 and uses her SECURITY CARD to access the elevator --

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 18TH FLOOR -- LATER

SLOW PAN OVER the office floor -- DARKENED -- EMPTY --

GHOST (O.S.)  
 What do you do here?

KATIE (O.S.)  
 I'm a consultant.

GHOST (O.S.)  
 When do people show up for work?

KATIE (O.S.)  
 I believe the cleaning crew comes  
 around 4. But nobody else until 8.

HER OFFICE: Also dark, but her desktop computer is on -- He  
 turns to her -- EYES AS SERIOUS AS WE'VE SEEN --

A stand-off beat. He sits down at her desk -- JACKS IN his laptop so that it's connected to her work computer --

GHOST

I'm going to shut down and scramble everything that traces to you electronically. Deactivate your email. Your social networks. Forward your regular mail to another address. Then I'm going to make a transfer into Jennifer Jones' bank account.

(key strokes, then)

Then we'll go to the bus station. Jennifer Jones will head to St. Louis. From there, she'll contact these loan sharks via a pay phone and tell them she has their money plus interest. Wire transfer and you're free and clear. I'm usually more thorough than this, but it's all I have time for. Understand?

KATIE

Why are you doing this?

He doesn't immediately answer -- conflict in his face --

GHOST

...you remind me of someone.

He turns back to the two computers -- works quickly --

KATIE

But you don't even *know* me.

GHOST

Everyone deserves a second chance.

CUT TO:

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

A small corner of rented office space crammed with the latest in tech -- none of it pretty and all of it utilitarian -- no effort to cover up the wires -- zero feng shui --

A TRACKER (mid-20s) with three days' facial growth watches a computer screen, bleary-eyed --

TRACKER

Riesner. I've got something.

A pale and sharp wolf appears behind him -- the tails to Ghost's head on a coin -- lurking eyes -- this is RIESNER (40) and he runs this show -- He peers at the screen --

TRACKER (CONT'D)  
Bitcoin transfer to a flagged account. I think this is him.

RIESNER  
(eyes narrowing)  
He's still in Chicago.  
(pause)  
I want him here in two hours.

TRACKER  
He's masking the IP so I need to make sure--

RIESNER  
Two hours.

ANGLE ON a desk behind Riesner -- the PINK TEDDY BEAR from the airport Christmas present sitting on it --

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSCRAPER - EMPLOYEE LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

The OLD SECURITY GUARD works on a crossword at his desk --

ANGLE ON THE EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE as THREE MEN IN JUMPSUITS step inside -- carrying mops, buckets, etc --

The morning cleaning crew.

A TALL JANITOR WITH A BUZZCUT GIVES A WAVE TO THE GUARD --

The guard waves back but fails to find the recognition he's looking for --

The crew ENTERS THE ELEVATOR --

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 18TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON GHOST -- working -- Katie watching him --

DISTANT DING OF THE ELEVATOR -- From his vantage point he peers into the dark room -- can see...

THE ELEVATORS as a JANITOR STEPS OUT with a mop and bucket --

GHOST CHECKS HIS WRIST WATCH --

GHOST  
Cleaning crew's early.

HIS SMART PHONE buzzes on the desk -- he checks it --

Text 1: **katie larkin = clean**

Text 2: **jennifer jones = dirty**

HIS FACE TIGHTENS --

Text 3: **bank acct marked for fraud by FBI**

GHOST (CONT'D)  
We have to go now.

HE STANDS -- PULLS HER BY THE HAND OUT OF THE OFFICE --

KATIE  
Hey--

HE PUTS A SOLITARY FINGER TO HIS LIPS -- STARES AT HER --

She quiets as he pulls her along toward the ELEVATORS --

NEARING THE JANITOR AS HE MOPS -- Ghost doesn't slow down --

The man TURNS AROUND --

JANITOR  
Morning--

GHOST WRAPS THE JANITOR IN A HEADLOCK AND **TUGS HARD**

THE MAN DROPS TO THE FLOOR -- Ghost immediately kneels next to him -- roots through the jumpsuit --

KATIE  
OH MY GOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING--

GHOST  
You said the cleaning crew comes at four.

KATIE  
I said *I believe* the cleaning crew comes at four--

Finding nothing, Ghost goes to the MOP BUCKET -- PULLS OUT A 9MM PISTOL -- SLIDES IT across the floor --

GHOST  
Paranoid janitor.

KATIE

How did--

GHOST

Mop is dry.

She looks to the MOP on the floor -- HE'S RIGHT --

INT. SKYSCRAPER - ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Ghost steps inside -- she follows -- HE HITS "L" -- the doors CLOSE -- elevator descends -- He is INTENTLY FOCUSED ON ESCAPE --

KATIE

Is he dead?

GHOST

Unconscious. Unless I pulled too hard.

THE ELEVATOR SLOWS AS THEY NEAR FLOOR 10 --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Shit.

ELEVATOR STOPS -- DOORS OPEN ON 10 --

TWO "CLEANING CREW" MEN STAND THERE -- ONE HAS THE BUZZCUT

GHOST KICKS HIM IN THE GROIN -- KNEES HIM IN THE FACE --

SENDING THE GUY BACKWARD AND TO THE FLOOR -- OUT COLD --

JERKS THE SECOND ONE INTO THE ELEVATOR BY HIS JUMPSUIT --

SLAMS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE ELEVATOR WALL --

TOSSES HIM BACK OUT OF THE ELEVATOR BEFORE THE DOORS CLOSE --

The man TRIPS OVER his unconscious cohort and FALLS DOWN --

DOORS CLOSE -- Elevator RESUMES DESCENT --

ON KATIE'S SHOCKED FACE -- Who IS this guy?

GHOST (CONT'D)

Body armor.

KATIE

(totally lost)

What?

GHOST  
They're wearing body armor under  
the jumpsuits.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER -- MOMENTS LATER

GHOST AND KATIE trot out of the employee entrance -- HE HOLDS  
HER BACK -- keeps them in the SHADOWS of the street --

HEADLIGHTS FLASH ON -- A DARK TRUCK at the curb has spotted  
them -- ACCELERATES RAPIDLY --

GHOST AND KATIE SPRINT -- Headed toward the MICHIGAN AVENUE  
BRIDGE -- Just in time he YANKS HER DOWN PEDESTRIAN STAIRS --  
winding beneath the bridge as --

TWO MEN IN BLACK JUMP OUT OF THE VAN -- BLACK TECH-9 SEMIS  
snug in their gloved grips -- NIGHT VISION GOGGLES --  
military-grade gear --

FOLLOW THEM DOWN THE STAIRS as GHOST AND KATIE hit the  
pedestrian crossing UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE --

HE CLIMBS INTO THE RUSTED BRACE OF THE BRIDGE -- A small  
pocket to hide -- He PULLS HER INSIDE WITH HIM -- Holds her  
close -- THEY DON'T MAKE A SOUND OR MOVE A MUSCLE --

CLANK OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE CATWALK -- The men run PAST them --

After several moments, GHOST RAISES HIS HEAD -- Peers to the  
side of the bridge catwalk -- appears to be ALL CLEAR when --

HE SEES RIESNER -- looking for him -- Riesner spots him and  
BOTH MEN MAKE EYE CONTACT -- RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER -- this man  
seems to be GHOST'S WORST NIGHTMARE --

ANGLE ON RIESNER as he begins walking toward them -- BUZZCUT  
is now with him -- bloody broken nose stinging in the winter  
air -- BUZZCUT WHISTLES to the others --

ANGLE ON THE OTHER SIDE -- THE MEN IN BLACK TURN AROUND --  
headed back across -- CUTTING OFF the escape route --

GHOST  
(to Katie)  
Stay calm. Don't make any sudden  
movements.

GHOST STEPS OUT ON THE BRIDGE CATWALK -- KATIE FOLLOWS --

GHOST LOOKS DOWN -- BLACKNESS OF THE CHICAGO RIVER --

GHOST PUTS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR --

RIESNER  
 WHERE IS MICHAEL VERNON?

HE TURNS TO KATIE -- HER EYES HAVE ALREADY GIVEN UP --

GHOST FLIPS HER OVER THE RAILING AND SENDS HER INTO THE WATER

Her SCREAM punctuated with a DARK SPLASH --

GHOST SWAN DIVES AFTER HER

Hitting the water and VANISHING --

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER (UNDERWATER) -- CONTINUOUS

GHOST PLUNGES DEEP -- GRABS KATIE BY THE WAIST -- stops her from surfacing -- HE SWIMS FAST -- PULLING HER with him --

RIESNER (V.O.)

*LISTEN UP.*

(pause)

Now that he knows we're close, the target is going to go under. Way under. The window is 24 hours and it starts now.

CUT TO:

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- LATER

ANGLE ON RIESNER, severe and icy -- HIS MEN around him --

RIESNER

Once that window closes, he may as well be dead because we will never find him.

(pause)

The November water they went into is less than 40 degrees Fahrenheit. He's trained for that, but she is not.

EXT. CHICAGO VETERANS MEMORIAL PARK -- EARLIER

*As Riesner continues to brief his men, we see Ghost's movements immediately after going into the river:*

A small deserted park set down from the street and against the river's edge --

GHOST SURFACES FROM THE BLACK RIVER WATER -- Katie in his arms, SEVERELY SHUDDERING from the temperature --

MOMENTS LATER: GHOST has Katie on the grass -- gives her mouth-to-mouth -- gets her COUGHING UP WATER -- He listens to her heart -- BOTH OF THEM SHIVER VIOLENTLY --

RIESNER (V.O.)

Monitor all hospital emergency rooms and urgent care clinics for hypothermic or drowning patients. I doubt he'll go there and she could already be dead, but watch them anyway.

LOWER WACKER DRIVE JUST PAST THE PARK, LATER:

GHOST carries Katie in his arms under the orange street lights of Lower Wacker -- her eyes dully opening, closing -- her skin pale and nearly blue in places --

RIESNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's going to move. Airports, bus stations, train stations, rental car agencies. You have the aliases. See what names are booking and ticketing. Cross-check. Look for alternate spellings.

GHOST FLAGS DOWN A CAB -- They get in the back --

INT. CHICAGO YELLOW CAB -- CONTINUOUS

The PAKISTANI DRIVER pulls away -- seems mildly disturbed by the nearly unconscious girl in the back seat -- GHOST PASSES HIM MONEY through the plastic partition --

GHOST

It's wet, but that's a thousand dollars. Give me your jacket. Give me your pants. Drive where I tell you to. If you'll do all that, I have another thousand for you in cash.

The driver thinks for a moment, then strips off his jacket -- starts unbuckling his pants --

LATER, IN THE BACK OF THE CAB:

Ghost works quickly to get a shuddering, listless Katie out of her wet clothes --

COAT, BLOUSE COME OFF, revealing her bra -- Ghost wraps her in the cabbie's jacket -- wet jeans are next --

RIESNER (V.O.)

He's going to try to gather his wits someplace warm. Shady clientele is the bread and butter of hotels with rates by the hour, day, week, or month. Hostels as well. Start making phone calls.

THE DRIVER CAN'T HELP BUT GLANCE IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR...

KATIE

(slurred speech)

...you're not getting on the plane...

GHOST

(softly, glancing to driver's rearview)

Shhh...

RIESNER (V.O.)

Any front desk that doesn't require proof of ID or address. Cross-check against your list.

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - FRONT DESK -- LATER

ANGLE ON GHOST at the front counter -- the CLERK is an older woman that doesn't seem in the habit of asking a lot of questions as she fills out the room card --

CLERK

Last name.

GHOST

Griffin.

CLERK

Address.

GHOST

1060 West Addison.

GHOST GLANCES BACK TO KATIE -- She sits in a metal fold-out chair against the wall -- shivering and pale --

LATER, IN THEIR ROOM: GHOST pulls his wet clothes off --

IN THE BATHROOM: KATIE sits against the wall as the hot water of the shower pours over her -- bringing her back to life --

IN THE ROOM: GHOST now wears the cabbie's jacket, pants -- heads out --

RIESNER (V.O.)  
He'll need supplies. Clothes.  
Tools.

INT. TARGET SHOPPING STORE - APPAREL SECTION -- LATER

GHOST pulls men's clothes off the rack -- women's clothes -- WINTER MITTENS --

RIESNER (V.O.)  
We're not going to find one finger print, one spot of blood. He'll be phasing through the walls.

IN THE KITCHEN AISLE: picks up a creme brulee torch --

IN THE PHARMACY AISLE: picks up gauze, rubbing alcohol, bandages --

IN THE BEAUTY AISLE: picks up brunette hair dye --

IN THE BABY AISLE: picks up baby teething ointment --

INT. ITALIAN BEEF & HOT DOG SHACK -- LATER

Ghost heads toward the door with a HOT BAG OF FOOD -- notices a POLICEMAN EATING HIS LUNCH, facing away -- the cop's HAT AND COAT on the seat behind him --

RIESNER (V.O.)  
We may have him on the run, but he is *very good* at improvisation.

Without missing a beat, Ghost effortlessly TAKES THE COP'S HAT AND COAT and steps out the door --

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER AT CLARK STREET -- LATER

AT A SEWER CATCH BASIN:

BUZZCUT and another Riesner crew member sift through accumulated river refuse, caught by an industrial grate --

THEY SPOT SOMETHING --

GHOST'S BURNER MOBILE PHONE --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- PRESENT

As Riesner talks, CREW MEMBERS TOSS GHOST'S SUITCASE -- unzipping it -- pulling out clothes -- CUTTING OUT THE LINER with a knife --

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - BATHROOM -- LATER

Ghost has already dyed his hair a much DARKER BROWN -- Then:

HE SPREADS TEETHING CREAM ON THE ENDS OF HIS FINGERS --

ANGLE ON THE BOX near the sink -- we see the word 'NUMBING' --

RIESNER (V.O.)

Don't underestimate him.

(pause)

This man is a traitor to his country.

(pause)

And he is wanted for murder.

LATER: GHOST SITS ON THE TOILET -- BITING HARD ON A WET RAG --

FINGERS SPREAD OUT OVER THE SINK --

HE RUNS THE FLAME OF THE CREME BRULEE TORCH OVER HIS FINGERS

Pausing for five seconds at each tip -- TEARS in his eyes as his face VIBRATES WITH PAIN -- DESTROYING his prints --

RIESNER (CONT'D)

24 hours, gentlemen. And alive.

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - ROOM -- LATER

GHOST, hands bandaged, watches Katie sleep --

Sound of SEAGULLS CRYING in the distance...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

The GULL CRIES continue as FOG MIST rolls over sparse patches of unkempt grass waving in a silent ocean breeze.

A QUIANT WOODEN HOUSE sits at sand's edge. Modest. Lattice windows. A great place to get away.

SLOW PUSH IN ON THE HOUSE. Closer and closer.

ONE WINDOW IS BROKEN --

Glass shattered away in jagged shards --

ITS WHITE LINEN CURTAIN BILLOWS IN THE BREEZE --

Loose and nearly wild -- only the sounds of WAVES CRASHING --

A BLACK GLOVED HAND PULLS THE CURTAIN BACK SLOWLY --

The SAME GLOVE from Ghost's flashback in the diner --

THE GLOVE LEAVES A VIVID RED STREAK ON THE LINEN...

Blood...

As the curtain moves away, REVEAL GHOST --

Stone-faced. He maneuvers out the open window...

CUT TO:

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - ROOM -- LATER

ANGLE ON GHOST, sitting at the room's small round table -- his dyed hair makes him look older -- wool mittens on his burned hands.

KATIE lies asleep under the ratty covers and pilled wool comforter -- no telling how long she's been out -- but the rise and fall of the blankets tell us she's alive --

HE STANDS -- goes to the phone on the night stand -- RIPS IT OUT OF THE WALL -- then walks to the door --

CUT TO:

INT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT - BUSINESS TRAVELER LOUNGE -- EVENING

ANGLE ON THE ASSOCIATE, still dressed incredibly well, sitting in an elegant lounge meant for the airline's highest mileage customers with a layover in Paris.

He reads the NY Times -- front page running a story on ROBERT ANDREUS' ESCAPE -- burner BUZZES next to him -- he answers --

GHOST (V.O.)  
 (through speaker)  
 Trash this phone now. Callback  
 number: Z-R-C. S-W-F-Y-K-H-W.

As Ghost speaks, the associate JOTS DOWN THE CORRESPONDING PHONE NUMBER from the alpha-numeric code -- GHOST hangs up --

THE ASSOCIATE REACHES IN HIS COURIER BAG --

OPENS THE PLASTIC PACKAGING OF A NEW BURNER --

EXT. SOUTH LOOP TRACKS -- SAME

Ghost again stands near elevated train tracks, albeit this time in a significantly grittier area -- he has just HUNG UP the receiver of a pay phone and now walks --

ACROSS THE STREET, where ANOTHER PAY PHONE has already begun to RING --

INTERCUT -- ASSOCIATE / GHOST PHONE CONVERSATION

ASSOCIATE

This is a Chicago number.

GHOST

Correct.

ASSOCIATE

(about to hang up)

Sorry, I must've dialed wrong--

GHOST

Calm down.

(pause)

We're clean. For now.

ASSOCIATE

Is it him?

Ghost doesn't answer -- The associate TENSES -- Bad news --

GHOST

He's with some kind of paramilitary. Body armor, NVG's. No shortage of tactical. Whatever it is, it's heavily armed and heavily funded.

ASSOCIATE

WestGroup.

GHOST

Private security contractors. Makes sense. But what's he doing with a bunch of corporate mercenaries?

ASSOCIATE

The more important question is,  
what does he want with you?

GHOST

He's looking for Michael Vernon.

The associate closes his eyes -- more bad news --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Any chatter from the Pond? Are they  
close?

ASSOCIATE

Nothing specific. But the longer  
you hang around...

(pause)

What do you need?

Ghost eyes the ambient city bustle around him -- all of it  
unaware of his problems --

GHOST

Two train tickets. Union Station.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - ROOM -- LATER

GHOST STEPS INSIDE, sun setting outside the filthy window --

NO SIGN OF KATIE.

GHOST immediately goes on HIGH ALERT -- CROUCHES DOWN behind  
the night stand -- eyes the BATHROOM LIGHT -- inches toward --

THE BATHROOM: HE SWINGS INSIDE -- empty --

IN THE ROOM: Her stuff is gone -- HE FEELS THE BED -- places  
the palm of his hand on the sheets -- looking for warmth --

He looks to THE DOOR...

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL -- LATER

KATIE EXITS THE HOTEL -- wearing her now-dry clothes from  
earlier -- she hastens down the street -- taking care to LOOK  
BEHIND HER --

SHE KNOCKS INTO SOMEONE while turned the other way -- the person immediately grips her shoulders, holds her --

IT'S GHOST. He calmly shakes his head no... 'You're not leaving.'

INT. RUN-DOWN WEEKLY HOTEL - ROOM -- LATER

GHOST AND KATIE RE-ENTER -- she tosses her coat on the bed angrily -- doesn't even want to look at him --

GHOST drops a BLACK DUFFEL BAG on the floor --

KATIE

I didn't sign up for this shit.

She goes to the window, distressed -- rubbing her fingers together in consternation --

GHOST

Your bank account is flagged. Did you know that? By the FBI.

KATIE

I opened the account at the bank... I started... I started writing bad checks to cover the debt... cover my father's medical bills... He's at Chicago Medical, he's dying----

GHOST

You lied to me.

KATIE

It was stupid, I know--

GHOST

It was stupid.

KATIE

I want out. I'm done.

GHOST

They find you, they find me.

KATIE

(turning on him)  
So what am I, your hostage now?

GHOST

You could look at it that way.  
(pause)  
What's wrong with your hands?

KATIE

I still can't fucking feel them!

He goes to her -- takes her hands in his -- inspects them --

GHOST

They're pink, not pale.

KATIE

What does that mean?

GHOST

Skin's a little rough, but you should be fine. Here.

He begins to RUB EACH OF HER HANDS BETWEEN HIS -- One, then the other -- massaging fingers, generating heat with friction -- he's focused as always, but she watches his face --

KATIE

How does one even begin to live a life like yours?

A beat.

GHOST

Virginia Dare. Frank Morris. D.B. Cooper. Jimmy Hoffa. Do you know what those names have in common?

(no answer)

All of them vanished without a trace. Like they simply ceased to exist. One day they're here, the next...

(gestures with his hand)

...like a wave of smoke that dissipates into nothing.

KATIE

And you make that happen.

GHOST

Some people just disappear. Others actually choose to. The ones that choose sometimes need a little guidance.

KATIE

And that's you.

GHOST

If the price is right.

KATIE  
No matter what they've done?

GHOST  
They don't tell me what they've  
done. I don't allow them to.  
(pause)  
You were an exception to the rule.

KATIE  
That's why you blame me for this.

GHOST  
I blame myself for getting involved  
when I shouldn't have.

She bristles, jaw tenses -- He turns to her. His face isn't  
an apology, but rather a calm explanation --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
I'll get you out of this.

Hers is one of conflicted feelings -- She looks away from  
him, out the window --

KATIE  
Who do I remind you of?

He doesn't answer -- continues to RUB HER FINGERS --

KATIE (CONT'D)  
You said I remind you of someone.

GHOST  
(not looking at her)  
You do.

He continues to rub her hands -- press fingertips --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
...I helped her disappear.

A heavy silence -- this could mean a few things --  
HER FINGERS BEGIN TO REACT TO HIS -- Touch him back --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
You feel that?

KATIE  
(quiet)  
Yeah.

He looks from her fingers to her face -- another moment --

SHE LEANS IN AND KISSES HIM --

A few seconds pass, then HE KISSES HER BACK --

They stand by the window and continue -- it grows in momentum and intensity -- he pulls her sweater off over her head --

THEY CONTINUE TO KISS --

MOVE TO THE BED -- It's as if they both just need this right now -- SHE GLANCES to the BLACK DUFFEL BAG on the floor --

KATIE (CONT'D)  
(breathlessly)  
*What's in the bag?*

GHOST  
(preoccupied)  
*Call it an early Christmas present...*

KATIE  
(coming back to him)  
*Hope it's not a teddy bear...*

HE BOLTS UP -- STARES AT HER --

GHOST  
What did you say?

KATIE  
(backtracking)  
Nothing, I was just--

GHOST  
How did you know about that?

THE WINDOW SHATTERS --

A WESTGROUP CONTRACTOR IN NV GOGGLES SWINGS INSIDE

TECH 9 READY TO FIRE -- BEFORE GHOST CAN REACT --

SOMEONE KICKS THE ROOM DOOR IN --

MORE WESTGROUP MEN SWARM INSIDE, WEAPONS DRAWN --

KATIE SCREAMS -- THEY RIP GHOST FROM THE BED --

HE INSTANTLY KNOCKS ONE OUT -- BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY --

HE CATCHES A RIFLE BUTT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD --

HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR -- BARRELS AIM AT HIM --

GHOST'S POV: Dazed, on the ground, looking at the door --

RIESNER STEPS INSIDE. Faces him. Crouches down.

RIESNER

You always did have a weakness for women.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Minutes or hours have passed -- TWO MEN GUARD GHOST -- BUZZCUT and the THUGGISH MAN who attacked Ghost and Katie at her car -- His injured hand is in a thick metal brace --

BUZZCUT is ARMED -- keeping watch on their prisoner --

GHOST SITS ON THE BED -- still calm --

His wrists are bound in front of him with PLASTIC CUFF TIES -- very tight -- his ankles bound the same way --

GHOST

(to thug)  
How's the hand?

THUGGISH MAN

(reserved, seething)  
Broken.

GHOST'S POV: KATIE is in the hall -- guarded by two WestGroup contractors, one with a THICK BEARD, one with a SHAVED HEAD -- she eyes Ghost warily --

RIESNER steps into his view, blocking her out of sight --

RIESNER

You are one slippery little guppy.  
The mouse trap we had to build...  
like catching a ghost.

GHOST

Riesner slumming it with WestGroup.  
You must have fallen on hard times.

RIESNER

I joined the private sector. Just  
like you did.

GHOST

I'm surprised they'd keep a  
fugitive on staff.

RIESNER

(bristling)

Vernon didn't leave either of us  
much of a choice, did he?

(coming closer)

Besides, we're a special type of  
fugitive. No warrants out for our  
arrest. No justice to be done. Just  
questions to answer and asses to  
cover. Slate could be wiped clean  
tomorrow, like nothing happened.  
Just depends on the agenda being  
served.

GHOST

I didn't know WestGroup had an  
agenda. I thought you guys just  
shot anything that moved.

Riesner sits down in a chair across from Ghost --

RIESNER

WestGroup has been a good home for  
a few years now. My skill-set fit  
their needs in Iraq and  
Afghanistan. Where some folks saw a  
couple of unjust foreign wars,  
WestGroup saw an opportunity. Money  
to be made.

GHOST

WestGroup is a bunch of a  
dishonorably discharged jarheads  
out digging for treasure in the  
Middle East.

BUZZCUT

Why don't you fuck yourself.

GHOST

I stand corrected. You guys seem  
really creative.

BUZZCUT MOVES CLOSER -- Riesner STOPS HIM with a hand --

RIESNER

(to Buzzcut)

That's what he wants.

GHOST

Didn't realize it was about the  
money. I thought you were a  
patriot.

RIESNER

You're the one wanted for treason.

GHOST

An asset was murdered on our watch.  
Then we disappeared. The Pond is  
looking for all three of us.

RIESNER

Especially the one systematically  
killing the people we were supposed  
to hide and protect.

This stops Ghost hard -- new information to him --

RIESNER (CONT'D)

Didn't know that, did you?

(pause)

In the last six months eight of the  
eleven people we put under have  
been murdered. Someone's burning  
the entire asset list.

(pause)

Last I heard, the Pond thinks it's  
you. And they are very unhappy.

Ghost eyes Riesner distrustfully -- an accusation --

RIESNER (CONT'D)

It's *Vernon*. If it were me, you'd  
already be dead.

A beat hangs heavily between them --

GHOST

Don't know where he is. Can I go  
now?

RIESNER

I know where he is.

A beat -- Riesner just played a good card --

GHOST

Not interested.

RIESNER

I can help you find him. And in  
return I could set you right with  
the Pond. No treason, no murder.

A beat. Ghost's face betrays skepticism --

GHOST

Why would you do that?

RIESNER

Because I know you didn't kill her.

ON GHOST -- listening -- waiting for more --

RIESNER (CONT'D)

I know Vernon did. And he set you up to take the fall. And I know that you know that, too. He's the real traitor.

(pause)

We both want Vernon. You want revenge, and I want back into the light. Dig up Vernon and we give the Pond their mole. Then we both walk.

(pause)

Don't you want to go home? Aren't you tired of this?

(pause)

We give them Vernon, we're both heroes. Free men. We let the Pond find us, which is only a matter of time, literally *any day now*... I don't need to tell you how that ends.

After a moment --

GHOST

I see. You need me to find Vernon. Because you can't do it yourself.

RIESNER

I'll admit it. You're better at this than I am.

(pause)

But you can't find him without me, either. You don't have the intel or the resources, no matter how much money you've been making stashing Ponzi scheme boys under rocks.

A darkness crosses Ghost's eyes as he looks at Riesner --

GHOST

None of us is innocent in what happened.

RIESNER

Oh, I know. Trust me. But the shit you've done since then. The people you've helped get away. Pretty soon, there's going to be nowhere left to run.

(pause)

If you ever had a second chance, this is it.

Ghost stares at him long and hard --

GHOST

I'd rather take my chances with the Pond than deal with you and your crew of free-range gorillas.

BUZZCUT

(moving forward)

Listen, *DIPSHIT*--

GHOST QUICKLY WRAPS HIS BOUND HANDS AROUND BUZZCUT'S NECK

STANDS, positions himself behind the hulking bruiser and YANKS his plastic cuffs deep into the man's flesh --

RIESNER STANDS ON EDGE -- WESTGROUP RAISES GUNS --

RIESNER

(to his men)

No, *NO, DO NOT FIRE*--

GHOST backs up toward the BROKEN WINDOW BEHIND HIM --

GHOST

(grinning)

It's nice to feel needed.

HIS SMILE DROPS when he MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH KATIE --

HE HOPS OVER THE WINDOW SILL -- Stands on the fire escape outside -- still has a CHOKE-HOLD ON BUZZCUT -- pulling hard with his plastic cuffs --

GHOST PULLS THE CUFFS UP -- GRABS THE WINDOW SILL ABOVE --

SWING KICKS BUZZCUT IN THE BACK WITH BOTH BOUND LEGS

SENDS THE BIG MAN TUMBLING FORWARD -- Ghost turns --

RIESNER

*DON'T DO IT*--

GHOST LEAPS FROM THE FIRE ESCAPE TO THE ALLEY BELOW

-- several stories --

-- GHOST HITS THE TOP OF A DUMPSTER HARD --

THE IMPACT SNAPS HIS ANKLE BONDS --

HE ROLLS OFF --

-- Winded -- wincing in pain -- one hell of a fall --

RIESNER'S POV: THE WINDOW -- He runs to the open sill --  
looks down --

But Ghost is already gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

RIESNER BURSTS IN WITH HIS MEN -- One of them holds KATIE  
tightly by the arm --

THE TRACKER INTERCEPTS RIESNER --

RIESNER

I have something you want to see.

MOMENTS LATER: They're at one of the computer terminals --

THE BURNER PHONE HAS BEEN HOOKED INTO A SMALL USB DEVICE

TRACKER

He's using untraceable global  
prepaid phones. These things work  
in over 200 countries. Multi-band,  
pay by the minute. Disposable, so  
with every new handset, the number  
changes. A smart phone has an  
account, a single number, GPS  
location. These don't.

(pause)

A SIM card reader is useless on a  
smart phone because of its hard  
drive. But older tech like this  
piece of shit, it'll pull the data.  
Call log should be stored right on  
the card. Look at this.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN PAUSES, WORKING --

LIGHTS UP WITH A SCROLLING LIST OF PHONE NUMBERS --

RIESNER

It's one number.

It's true -- Every phone number is the same in the list --

TRACKER

He's calling his remote.

RIESNER

Mobile HQ.

TRACKER

I checked to see what towers were fielding the calls. Only three days of records for the number's entire lifespan, but in those three days, this phone was in Milwaukee, Belize, and Paris.

RIESNER

Means this guy spends half his time in the air.

TRACKER

And they're using disposable world phones. Last call before the number dies comes in two hours ago. Call was only sixteen seconds long.

RIESNER

He was telling him to trash the handset. Where?

CUT TO:

INT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT - TERMINAL -- LATER

ANGLE ON THE ASSOCIATE sitting at a nearly empty gate, reading the latest ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Flight headed for Salt Lake City is set to board in thirty minutes.

INTERCOM PA (O.S.)

(subtitled)

*THOMAS MARVEL, présentez-vous au bureau d'information, s'il vous plait. Je le répète,...*

The Associate looks up upon hearing the announcement --

THE FIRST THING HE DOES IS REMOVE A THUMB DRIVE ON HIS LAPTOP

He cautiously stands, closes his magazine -- puts his computer in his shoulder bag -- begins to walk down the promenade --

DROPS THE THUMB DRIVE INTO A TRASH CAN HE PASSES -- Heads to the strange honeycomb nest of tubular walkways --

TUBULAR MOVING WALKWAY: He steps inside the narrow one-way retro-futuristic tube -- glances back -- a few average-looking travelers get on behind him -- EYE HIM --

HE LOOKS AHEAD -- another group of travelers loitering near the walkway exit -- ONE OF THEM GLANCES TO HIM --

But he's TRAPPED -- nowhere to run...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION STATION -- PRE-DAWN

Chicago's central train hub -- ANGLE ON GHOST as he pulls away from the exiting stream of early commuters -- he wears a blank red BALL CAP and his dried-out PEACOAT --

He walks to a PAY PHONE across the street and DIALS -- In one mittened hand he carried TWO ROLLS OF QUARTERS -- taps them against the call box as the other line RINGS --

EXT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT - MEN'S RESTROOM -- SAME

Air travelers WASH THEIR HANDS at the long row of automatic sinks -- they pay no attention to a REPETITIVE BUZZ --

SLOW TRACK TO REVEAL THE ASSOCIATE'S BURNER -- VIBRATING in a rhythmic pulse -- loose and discarded in one of the sinks --

No one answering --

BOOM DOWN TO REVEAL THE ASSOCIATE'S LAPTOP -- open on the ground underneath the sink -- the SCREEN CRACKED --

EXT. UNION STATION -- CONTINUOUS

GHOST waits for an answer --

GHOST  
(to self)  
C'mon. C'mon.

Finally he relents, HANGS UP the phone -- WALKS back to Union Station --

HE STOPS A YOUNG COUPLE HEADED OUT OF THE STATION -- politely pulls them aside --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Excuse me...

INT. UNION STATION -- PRE-DAWN

The black ink of 6 a.m. spills in through the ceiling skylights as the day's city commuters begin to pour through the Gothic marble hall of this train hub --

-- The perfect time to blend into a crowd --

ANGLE ON RIESNER, who apparently never sleeps, standing in a trench coat with BUZZCUT and several other crew members -- among them SHAVED HEAD, THICK BEARD --

RIESNER

The remote in Paris booked two seats on the 6:15 to Columbus. I want four of you on that train. I want two in the main terminal here. One of you check with security. The rest of you float the concourse.

AT THE ENTRANCE: ANGLE ON GHOST at the other end of the massive hall, a sea of people in front of him --

He completely cases the place -- mapping the entire room --

-- RIESNER and his men more than a hundred yards off --

GHOST

(to self)

*Shit.*

-- He sees TRANSIT COPS on typical patrol -- some with dogs --

-- METAL DETECTORS set up at the West track entrance --

RIESNER (V.O.)

Look for a distraction. Then look where that distraction *isn't*. Understand?

GHOST checks his watch -- HEADS TOWARD THE PERSONAL LOCKERS AREA OF THE STATION --

IN THE CONCOURSE: ON RIESNER, with his men --

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
 If you find him, cuff him, don't  
 make a scene. Get him to me  
 quietly.

The men nod -- RIESNER WALKS OFF -- crew members head to  
 their assignments --

LATER: ON BUZZCUT, standing around -- growing more bored by  
 the second -- He talks into a small Nextel two-way --

BUZZCUT  
 Anything by the train?

CREW MEMBER 1 (V.O.)  
 (through two-way)  
 Nothing.

He gazes around dully -- train station more busy as the  
 minutes wear on -- massages the bandage on his busted nose --

AT THE TOP OF THE ENTRANCE STAIRS:

More people exiting and heading out into the city --

CLOSE ON MITTENED HANDS AS THEY BREAK TWO ROLLS OF QUARTERS --

SNAPPING THE COIN STACKS OUT IN A FANNING SPRAY --

DOZENS OF QUARTERS FLY FORWARD -- CASCADE DOWN THE STAIRS --

ROLLING AND BOUNCING DOWN MARBLE STEPS as commuters pass --  
 some bend down to pick them up -- try to catch others -- many  
 try to ignore the spectacle --

THE NOISE DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF RIESNER'S CREW

SHAVED HEAD, who's floating the concourse, heads towards the  
 disturbance -- PUSHING THROUGH commuters -- moving quickly --

AT THE METAL DETECTORS: TWO COPS head over to check it out --

ANGLE ON BUZZCUT watching it go down -- he continues to scan  
 the room -- wait for OTHER ACTIVITY -- HE SEES:

A MAN IN A RED BASEBALL CAP AND PEACOCK -- He's headed  
 quickly down a second set of stairs some ways off --  
 BUZZCUT'S EYES NARROW -- he knows that peacock --

BUZZCUT  
 (into two-way)  
 Red hat. East stairs.

SHAVED HEAD REACHES THE TOP OF THE ENTRANCE STAIRS:

The person who just broke the quarters TURNS AWAY FROM HIM --

He SPINS THEM AROUND -- it's a WOMAN -- one half of the young couple Ghost stopped outside the station --

AT THE EAST STAIRS:

THICK BEARD THROWS THE RED BALL CAP MAN AGAINST THE WALL --

IT'S THE HUSBAND -- the other half of the young couple -- wearing Ghost's clothes --

THICK BEARD  
(into two-way)  
It's not him--

AT THE ENTRANCE STAIRS: Shaved Head quickly searches the woman with the quarters -- reaches in her pockets -- pulls out TWO FRESH HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS --

WOMAN  
He gave me that to break the quarters on the stairs--

SHAVED HEAD  
Who did?

ANGLE ON BUZZCUT: Standing in the concourse --

SHAVED HEAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(through two-way)  
Looks like we found the diversion.

BUZZCUT  
(into two-way)  
I'm gonna check the tracks.

Buzzcut heads to the METAL DETECTORS -- Passes through --

TRANSIT COP (O.S.)  
Over here, please...

Buzzcut steps to the side -- raises his arms as he allows the quick security pat-down -- continues to eye the MOTION OF THE CONCOURSE -- looking for ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY --

THE ARMS PATTING HIM DOWN GRAB AND CUFF HIS WRISTS BEHIND HIM

BUZZCUT  
HEY--

THE TRANSIT COP SPINS HIM, HEADBUTTS HIS BROKEN NOSE --

A lightning fast but nearly imperceptible movement to those around them -- BUZZCUT GROANS IN PAIN, but --

THE TRANSIT COP QUICKLY PULLS HIM INTO A NEARBY --

TSA SCREENING BOOTH: THE COP TOSSES BUZZCUT TO THE FLOOR --

A BOOT flips him over -- Buzzcut sees GHOST standing there in his STOLEN COP JACKET AND HAT --

BUZZCUT TRIES TO STAND -- GHOST KICKS HIM BACK TO THE FLOOR --

KNEELS ON HIS CHEST --

GHOST COVERS THE MAN'S MOUTH AS HE TWISTS HIS BROKEN NOSE

Buzzcut SCREAMS into Ghost's muffling mitten -- Ghost moves his hand away after the scream passes --

GHOST  
(hushed, threatening)  
Where are they waiting for me?

BUZZCUT  
(strained)  
*...the train...*

Ghost looks to the DOOR -- he doesn't have much time --

GHOST DRIVES THE FLAT OF HIS PALM INTO BUZZCUT'S FOREHEAD

Nearly knocking him out cold -- Ghost leaves the booth --

BUZZCUT sluggishly pulls his two-way from his pocket --

EXT. UNION STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

GHOST MAKES HIS WAY OUT of the train hub, blending in with pedestrians and others headed to work for the day -- THE SUN IS NOW JUST STARTING TO RISE -- tinting the sky pink --

ANGLE ON THE EXIT as two WestGroup contractors step out into the cold -- SHAVED HEAD and THICK BEARD -- searching everywhere for signs of Ghost --

ON GHOST: Walking the pace of the crowd -- discarding his police jacket, hat onto a bench -- fluidly gets onto a waiting city bus with others --

ON WESTGROUP CREW: Shaved Head spots the bus pulling away --

SHAVED HEAD

There.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS -- CONTINUOUS

GHOST stands in the back of the extremely crowded bus --  
Faces away from the front -- stands with several others and  
holds onto the pole next to him --

THE BUS BRAKES AT ITS NEXT STOP -- Passengers get on -- The  
last two are SHAVED HEAD and THICK BEARD --

THICK BEARD CROUCHES NEXT TO THE DRIVER --

THICK BEARD  
(quietly, looking ahead)  
Keep driving and act like this  
isn't here.

The DRIVER glances down, sees a boxy black GUN aimed at him  
through Thick Beard's jacket --

THICK BEARD (CONT'D)  
I'm going to tell you the new route  
for this bus.

ANGLE ON SHAVED HEAD, making his way down the aisle of the  
packed bus -- it's slow-going because there are so many  
people -- he checks the faces of each one --

AT THE BACK OF THE BUS -- GHOST stares out the back window --  
but can see everything behind him in the PLASTIC REFLECTION --

SEES SHAVED HEAD COMING CLOSER --

The bus turns at the next intersection --

FEMALE PASSENGER  
*EXCUSE ME.*

Shaved Head glances back --

FEMALE PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
*THIS ISN'T MY NORMAL ROUTE--*

GHOST THROWS A HARD ELBOW INTO SHAVED HEAD'S SKULL

He falls forward into several GASPING PEOPLE -- GHOST PULLS  
HIM BACK UP BY HIS COAT LAPELS --

BUT THE MAN HEADBUTTS GHOST IN THE FACE, KNOCKS HIM BACK --

GHOST COUNTERS WITH THREE LIGHTNING PUNCHES TO THE BODY --  
 SHAVED HEAD BLOCKS A FEW, COUNTERS WITH SHOTS OF HIS OWN --  
 GHOST DEFLECTS MOST, CATCHES ONE IN THE FACE --

The fighting is extremely close-quarters because there's so little room to maneuver --

The bus continues to BARREL DOWN the road -- some passengers freeze -- others try to get away from the fight --

THICK BEARD RAISES HIS GUN --

PASSENGERS SCREAM -- DUCK AWAY --

GHOST SWINGS SHAVED HEAD IN FRONT OF HIM --

HOLDS HIM CLOSE BY THE JACKET AS THICK BEARD FIRES --

THE SHOT STRIKES SHAVED HEAD IN THE BACK AND JOLTS HIM --

IT'S A TASER DART -- ELECTRICITY SHOOTS THROUGH HIS BODY --

GHOST CATCHES THE JUICE -- FALLS BACK -- BOTH MEN SEIZE --

**CUT TO BLACK.**

EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD -- DAWN

Barely any light on this secluded rural airstrip -- a few rusting tin house buildings -- the asphalt overgrown with weeds -- likely not used in over fifty years --

BUT A SLEEK DARK JET WAITS TO TAKE OFF, TWIN ENGINES HOT -- the WESTGROUP LOGO painted on its tail --

THREE BLACK VANS PULL UP, HEADLIGHTS OFF --

INSIDE THE FIRST VAN: RIESNER in the passenger seat -- KATIE behind him --

KATIE  
 (grim with guilt)  
 What will you do with him?

Riesner doesn't answer.

OUTSIDE ON THE AIRFIELD: THE VANS STOP -- RIESNER steps out of one, followed by KATIE --

THE BACK DOOR OF THE SECOND OPENS -- WESTGROUP MEN USHER GHOST OUT OF THE BACK -- his wrists and ankles still bound --

GHOST notices the JET -- turns back to RIESNER --

GHOST  
I don't take orders from you.

RIESNER  
You do this.  
(gestures to Katie)  
Or she's gone. You want to go two  
for two?

GHOST  
(laughs bitterly)  
Be my guest.

RIESNER UNHOLSTERS HIS GUN -- PLACES IT TO KATIE'S TEMPLE --

RIESNER  
If you say so.

KATIE  
(freaking out)  
We had a deal! You said you'd take  
care of my problems--

RIESNER  
You think I give a shit about any  
of your problems?

GHOST GRITS HIS JAW -- RIESNER PULLS BACK THE HAMMER --

GHOST  
Don't.  
(pause)  
All right. Fine.

RIESNER HOLSTERS HIS GUN -- HER SHOULDERS SLUMP IN RELIEF --

RIESNER  
(smiling)  
Atta boy.

TRACKER  
Hold him. He needs a tag.

RIESNER AND THE TRACKER APPROACH GHOST -- TRACKER has a  
complicated syringe --

The Tracker holds up what looks like a METAL GRAIN OF RICE --  
He squeezes it between thumb and forefinger, activating it --  
then loads it into the syringe --

He INJECTS GHOST just below where his neck meets his  
shoulders --

GHOST FLINCHES as a chip goes in -- it looks like a a raised grain of rice beneath his shoulder blades --

RIESNER

Relax. It's just an RFID. No different from what a vet puts in a dog. We just want to make sure you don't run too far away from home.

GHOST

And what if I decide I don't like being chipped?

TRACKER

Oh, I wouldn't do that if I were you. There's some real nasty stuff in the casing of this one that would almost certainly release should you try to remove it.

Ghost sees the WAITING JET --

RIESNER

(to Ghost)  
72 hours.

GHOST

That include flight time?

RIESNER

Hand-delivered.  
(pause)  
Hit redial on the prepaid smart phone in your pocket and you have access to our personal room service. Anything you need, you will have.

KATIE

(to Riesner)  
What about me?

RIESNER says nothing --

Riesner turns, gestures to his men -- THE JET STAIRWAY DESCENDS, ready for passengers --

GHOST

One condition.

Riesner turns to him, almost amused --

GHOST (CONT'D)

If I have any chance of pulling  
this off...

(cutting)

I'm going to need a convincing  
skill.

(pause)

I'll need the girl.

ON KATIE -- her face drains -- RIESNER considers it -- Then  
shrugs, NODS to his men --

RIESNER

(to men)

Her, too.

THEY RELEASE HER -- PUSH HER towards Ghost --

KATIE

*NO! NO FUCKING WAY--*

BUT THE WESTGROUP MEN ARE ALREADY HEADED BACK TO THE VANS --

She has NOWHERE TO GO -- She looks to GHOST, ANGRY --

THE FINAL WESTGROUP MAN CUTS GHOST'S BONDS --

SECONDS LATER: ANGLE ON GHOST AND KATIE as they walk across  
the tarmac -- her behind him as they CLIMB THE JET STAIRS --  
he's still professional and focused -- another night's work --

INT. WESTGROUP JET -- MOMENTS LATER

GHOST UP FRONT -- KATIE has taken a seat in the FAR BACK --  
looks out the window -- doesn't even acknowledge him --

GHOST PULLS A PHONE OUT OF HIS JACKET POCKET -- A burner and  
smart phone in one -- Checks the time -- 5:51 a.m. --

GHOST finds a DOSSIER FILE in the seat pocket -- opens it,  
sees a HAUNTING PHOTO OF MICHAEL VERNON -- Sharp face --  
scary, sinister features -- HOLLOW EYES --

EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

RIESNER stands in the foreground as the WESTGROUP JET TAKES  
OFF over the Illinois trees --

RIESNER (V.O.)  
 Vernon is completely off the grid.  
 So deep he doesn't even reflect in  
 mirrors. The trail ends in Leipzig,  
 but from there it's cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUTOBAHN -- NIGHT

OVERHEAD ON the headlights of a GUNMETAL GRAY AUDI A6 making  
 their way North amidst the dark emptiness of the road --

RIESNER (V.O.)  
 You'll be landing outside the city.  
 The car waiting for you has its GPS  
 set to your safe house.

(pause)

There's a goody bag in the overhead  
 compartment. Another in the car's  
 trunk. Things you'll need abroad.  
 In there is another chip, like the  
 one that's in you. Activate it and  
 get it in Vernon once you have him.  
 I'm not taking any chances.

INSIDE THE CAR: Ghost drives in silence -- watching the road  
 ahead -- Katie sits in the seat next to him --

CLOSE ON THE CHIP AT THE BASE OF GHOST'S NECK --

RIESNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'll be watching you.

Ghost drives for a few moments more until his voice cuts the  
 silence --

GHOST  
 Did you make me at the bar?

KATIE  
 The airport.

Ghost nods -- doing his best to keep emotions in check --

GHOST  
 Why not drop me there, or Midway?

KATIE  
 Part of the mouse trap. He needed  
 you isolated. Limited escape.

GHOST

Like on a high floor in an empty building.

KATIE

Yes.

GHOST

So if you didn't get me into your office, what was the other plan?

She doesn't answer --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Maybe a hotel.

KATIE

Look, it was a job, I'm not the mastermind, I have no part *in* nor any understanding of whatever you and Riesner--

GHOST

I know you don't. Here's how I see it. The alias Jennifer Jones. You use that. But you've also got several others. 'Katie Larkin' is just one of them. The line about your father dying in Chicago Medical. Total bullshit. But the bank account flagged for fraud is yours. Writing phony checks is just one of your games. My guess is you've been up to those games for a few years now, but in the end, you're not very good at them, and it caught up to you. Only it wasn't in the form of the police or the Feds. It was Riesner.

She stews in silence as he continues --

GHOST (CONT'D)

He said he could make whoever was after you go away. He said he could give you a new start. A completely new life.

(pause)

Essentially, he said he would give you what I said I would give you. He just found you first.

KATIE

He said I 'looked the part.'

A tense beat --

GHOST

You do. I'll admit that. Otherwise I wouldn't have been stupid enough to fall for the work of some piece of shit con artist.

She is fuming now --

KATIE

I am JUST like you. No real names, no real home, eternally on the run. Sound familiar?

HE SWERVES THE CAR OFF THE ROAD -- SLAMS ON THE BRAKES -- Headlights illuminating the dust he's kicked up on the shoulder -- HE TURNS TO HER -- eyes losing their calm edge --

GHOST

You don't know me.

SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR -- HE FOLLOWS HER --

OUTSIDE, ON THE ROAD: She walks away from the car -- the RED BRAKE LIGHTS painting her a dull crimson --

KATIE

He told me you were a murderer.

GHOST

Do you think I am?

KATIE

(turning on him, intense)  
Do you want me to tell you I'm sorry? That it was just business and nothing personal? You told me the same thing, remember? You blame yourself for 'getting involved.'  
(pause)

I can play any part you tell me to play, but you DON'T get to tell me who I am the rest of the time.

A beat --

GHOST

If I let you in, you *will* get hurt--

KATIE

I'm a big girl, I can take care of myself, thanks.

He stares at her -- the chilled breeze carrying strands of her raven hair in front of her face --

When he says nothing she turns away -- walks into the darkness of the road --

He can't let her go -- not here -- not like this --

GHOST  
(calling after)  
We hid people.

She stops. Half-turns. Just enough to listen to more...

GHOST (CONT'D)  
It was like... witness protection.  
But at the intelligence level.  
Hiding foreign assets. Very  
dangerous people with good  
information. Secrets. They'd make a  
deal. Defect.  
(pause)  
We'd hide them.

KATIE  
For who?

GHOST  
Some call the State Department 'the  
Zoo.'  
(pause)  
The Zoo bred two animals during the  
last world war. One was called 'The  
Bay.' You might know the Bay by its  
second name. The CIA.  
(pause)  
The other was a much wilder animal.  
It was called 'the Pond.' The  
Secret Intelligence Branch. The zoo  
lost control of it, so they  
officially shut it down in 1955.  
(pause)  
Officially.

He walks to her along the gravel --

KATIE  
So you, Riesner, Vernon...

GHOST  
We're all from the Pond.

KATIE  
What happened?

GHOST

We hid her. For a time, everything  
was... fine.

(pause)

But she grew paranoid. She said  
they were going to find her. I did  
everything I could, because... It  
was my job to protect her.

EXT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Again, the sounds of SEAGULLS CRYING --

The broken window --

The torn white curtain fluttering in the breeze --

A streak of blood --

PUSH THROUGH TO...

INT. BEACHSIDE HOME - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A modest living room --

A WOMAN STREWN ON THE HARDWOOD FLOOR --

Dark hair tossed around her face --

Dead.

SHOES NEXT TO HER HEAD -- Someone crouches down into view --

MICHAEL VERNON.

Staring passively at her stricken face, SLASHED THROAT --

He turns a BLOODY KNIFE over in his hand --

OUTSIDE: ON THE BEACH -- GHOST walks in the sand -- winter  
windbreaker, black gloves -- heading toward the house --

HE NOTICES THE OPEN HOUSE WINDOW -- THE TORN WHITE CURTAIN --

He sees MICHAEL VERNON stand up inside -- THE MEN LOCK EYES --

GHOST BREAKS INTO A DESPERATE SPRINTING RUN --

GHOST (V.O.)

What I'd done. It was all for  
nothing.

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE:

Vernon is GONE -- GHOST KNEELS NEXT TO THE DEAD WOMAN --  
 Emotions welling over -- More than we've EVER seen from him --  
 He cradles her -- Runs his hand over her BRUISED NECK --  
 PRESSES HIS GLOVED FINGERS OVER THE SLASHED THROAT WOUND --  
 RED BLOOD OOZING UP FROM BETWEEN HIS FINGERS --  
 ON HIS FACE --

THE TEARS IN HIS EYES -- A BURNER PHONE on the ground next to  
 her begins to VIBRATE, ringing --

Stunned, shaking, he slowly answers --

ON VERNON'S FACE: Some unknown place outside --

VERNON  
 (into phone)  
 Go now. And never come back.

EXT. AUDI A6 -- PRESENT

WE RETURN TO THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

ON GHOST -- remembering -- he turns back to Katie --  
 The loss in his face -- the inability --

GHOST  
 Please.

ON KATIE, searching him -- looking for an answer --

...

GHOST breathes in -- focuses --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Please get back in the car.

ON HER FACE -- still not sure --

KATIE  
 You could've just left me out of  
 this.

GHOST  
If I'd left you at that airfield,  
you'd be dead already.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEIPZIG -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A nuanced mixture of architecture dating back hundreds of years and some of the sleekest, most advanced design of the 21st century. Icy waterways and winter foliage cut through the clumps of older rooftops and skyscrapers --

GHOST AND KATIE QUICKLY WALK DOWN THE STREET -- thriving thoroughfare in the heart of this German metropolis -- a BLACK DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder --

GHOST  
The worst piece of news I have for you is that Michael Vernon taught me everything I know.

KATIE  
I'm imagining a needle in a haystack, except the needle is invisible.

GHOST  
Right, but that doesn't change the fact that the needle is still extremely dangerous.

A PAY PHONE RINGS just as they pass it -- GHOST stops -- does a quick visual sweep of faces among the foot traffic --

The phone CONTINUES TO RING -- Ghost carefully ANSWERS --

ASSOCIATE (V.O.)  
Welcome to Leipzig.

A mix of relief, confusion washes over Ghost -- he glances to businesses near him --

HE SPOTS A SMALL BISTRO across the narrow street --

CLOSER ON THE PICTURE WINDOW -- inside...

THE ASSOCIATE.

Talking on a burner. Looking right at him.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- LATER

A bare-bones hub of operations for the three of them -- dusty concrete floors and windows caked with years of grime --

THE ASSOCIATE SITS ON A CRATE -- working on a NEW LAPTOP -- his cheek is still bruised, STITCHED from a recent injury -- his hand is also wrapped, fingers broken --

GHOST unpacks the duffel bag -- removes BINOCULARS -- a WIRELESS HEADSET -- MORE PREPAID SMART PHONES -- more plastic RIOT CUFFS --

GHOST

Hey.

The associate looks up at him -- a moment between them -- Ghost nods -- a sincere gesture --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Glad you got out.

ASSOCIATE

Me, too.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE ASSOCIATE stands over the sink, trying to remove the SIM CARD from HIS PHONE -- HANDS SHAKING -- ONE EYE ON THE DOOR --

OUT OF NOWHERE, HIS FACE IS SLAMMED INTO THE MIRROR by a MAN IN A WINDBREAKER -- emerged unseen from the stalls behind --

THE ASSOCIATE crumples to the floor -- WINDBREAKER bending to restrain him with PLASTIC WIRE CUFFS --

A GROUP OF FIVE SOCCER PLAYERS - matching jackets, gym bags, they DOUBLE TAKE on the scene --

SOCCER CAPTAIN

*Mon dieu...*

WINDBREAKER LOOKS UP only for a second -- but that's all the ASSOCIATE NEEDS as he SWEEPS WINDBREAKER'S LEGS --

THE ASSAILANT FALLS HEAD FIRST ONTO THE SINK, STRIKES IT HARD

THE ASSOCIATE SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET -- ducks out of the men's room --

THE SOCCER PLAYERS LOOK ON -- mouths agape --

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- PRESENT

ON THE ASSOCIATE --

ASSOCIATE

But they have the laptop hard drive, my burner, maybe the external drive.

GHOST

Do they have the--

ASSOCIATE

No.

The Associate turns to GLARE AT KATIE -- obviously doesn't want to say anymore than he has to around her --

GHOST

At the time of Vernon's disappearance, he was on blood pressure medication.

KATIE OPENS VERNON'S DOSSIER FOLDER -- glimpses the photo -- continues to read --

KATIE

(flipping through)  
He's got no listed conditions in here. No medications.

GHOST

That's because he didn't tell anyone. The prescriptions weren't under his name.

ASSOCIATE

How do you know all this?

GHOST

Because I used to get him the pills.

(to Katie)

There are ways around prescriptions.

ASSOCIATE

Every man over 50 is on blood pressure medication--especially if you worked at the Pond--

GHOST

He was also on enzyme inhibitors.

ON THE ASSOCIATE, processing --

ASSOCIATE

Kidneys.

GHOST

He was late Stage 4 when he put himself under. Possible periods without regular access to medicine....

ASSOCIATE

Then he's likely moved to Stage 5.

GHOST

Renal failure.

A beat -- Ghost looks to the associate -- 'you have to admit, that was good' -- Still, the associate seems skeptical --

ASSOCIATE

Stage 5 means dialysis almost every day.

GHOST

I'm sure Vernon wants to keep out of the public eye, so if it's true, he's likely avoiding hospitals and undergoing home treatment. See if you can access German health cards. White male patients in the age range of 53 to 56.

ASSOCIATE

(already typing)

He could be grossly lying about his age.

GHOST

Not a good idea if he's actually concerned about his health. Look for patients who just started undergoing regular dialysis in the last year to 15 months.

LATER, MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT: GHOST lies asleep on the concrete floor -- perfectly on his back, a single coarse wool blanket under him -- it hardly looks like sleep at all --

KATIE sits near the window -- also asleep -- blanket over her legs as she dozes curled up against the glass -- DULL STREET LIGHT spilling over half her face --

A FOOT LIGHTLY KICKS GHOST AWAKE -- he snaps up -- THE ASSOCIATE STANDS THERE -- looking tired --

ASSOCIATE

I've got nothing. 76 patients in the metro area, but no photo matches on their health cards.

KATIE has awoken -- listens from the window --

KATIE

He could be using a false photo.

GHOST

(standing)

Then the card's no use to him. It's a legit medical condition that's life-threatening if not treated. What good is the health care if he can't access it with proper ID?

(turning to associate)

Anything else?

The associate shakes his head tiredly -- nothing --

GHOST steps away -- thinking -- reaches the WINDOW --

GHOST'S POV -- OUTSIDE --

A HOMELESS MAN sleeps under a street light, ragged blanket barely covering his body --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Check institutions.

ASSOCIATE

What?

GHOST

Behavioral institutions. Males in the same age group admitted in the last eight months. Transients without health cards.

KATIE

Behavioral institutions... you mean insane asylums?

(pause)

How Ezra Pound of him.

ASSOCIATE

So now you think Vernon went crazy.

GHOST

(turning to them)

I think he's pretending to be crazy.

(pause)

Where is the one place in a socialized nation where you can get free health care for life and not be in any system? You don't need an address. You don't even need a name. Just a serious mental illness and no one else to help you.

LATER: THE ASSOCIATE works on his laptop --

ASSOCIATE

53-year-old Max Mustermann.  
Transient admitted January. Stage 5 renal, no family, schizophrenia.  
Also mute.

KATIE

('weird')

Mustermann...

GHOST

Max Mustermann is the German equivalent of 'John Doe.'

(pause)

That's him.

KATIE

It could also be a 53-year-old homeless schizophrenic mute.

GHOST

Vernon doesn't speak German.

(pause)

As soon as he opens his mouth, they list him as American.

MONTAGE -- NABBING VERNON

-- GHOST on the ROOF OF THE WAREHOUSE at sunset -- presses REDIAL on the burner Riesner gave him --

GHOST (CONT'D)

I'd like to order some room service.

-- GHOST and THE ASSOCIATE print off medical staff records, complete with photos and personal information --

GHOST (CONT'D)

The entire institution staff. Over  
400 employees.

ASSOCIATE

Jesus.

GHOST

It's good--it means none of them  
are likely to have any kind of  
rapport with him. He's used to  
seeing a lot of faces.

Ghost hands him the HUGE STACK OF PAPER --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Look through these and find an  
orderly in your size.

-- LATER, THE ASSOCIATE tiredly flips through pages --

ASSOCIATE

(immense relief)

YES...

He circles the photo of a GERMAN ORDERLY with RED SHARPIE --

-- GHOST with KATIE -- he hands her the orderly's print-out --

GHOST

This one.

-- THE ASSOCIATE approaches GHOST --

ASSOCIATE

I've got Mustermann's treatment  
schedule. Dialysis session tonight  
at 7 p.m.

-- COFFEE SHOP: KATIE flirts with the GERMAN ORDERLY --

KATIE

Go ahead, say something.

GERMAN ORDERLY

(searching)

*Uh... Ich liebe dich wie der Ochse  
seine Heu bündeln.*

Katie laughs infectiously and the man positively lights up --

-- GHOST is on his burner with the TRACKER, who's back in the  
skunk works office -- RIESNER hovers in the background --

TRACKER  
Room service.

GHOST  
I'm going to need an ambulance.

-- THE ORDERLY'S APARTMENT: KATIE sits on the couch -- IN THE KITCHEN -- THE ORDERLY makes tea and WHISTLES because of the beautiful woman in his house --

ON KATIE -- HER BURNER PHONE BUZZES -- checks the text:

**now**

KATIE  
Come sit by me.

GERMAN ORDERLY  
(ready for anything)  
Okay...

He enters, delivers THE TEA TRAY -- he SITS CLOSE TO HER -- She raises her TEA CUP and he follows -- They TOAST --

KATIE  
(sexy, as he drinks)  
To my first German boyfriend.

He SPURTS a little bit as he drinks his tea -- tries to remain casual and cool -- she runs her hand up his INNER THIGH -- smiles coyly -- COVERS HER MOUTH AND NOSE --

SHE SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE WITH A SMALL AEROSOL CAN

Sad confusion on his face before he passes out, falls off the couch -- GOES THROUGH THE COFFEE TABLE.

She immediately drops her act -- A KNOCK AT THE DOOR -- She STANDS, goes to it and OPENS IT -- THE ASSOCIATE ENTERS --

They both make their way deeper into the apartment --

-- PARKING LOT: The day is ending -- they're losing time -- GHOST gets into a GERMAN AMBULANCE -- KEYS IN THE IGNITION -- EMT UNIFORM in the passenger seat -- He STARTS THE ENGINE --

-- ORDERLY'S APARTMENT: THE ASSOCIATE finds the orderly's WHITE UNIFORM -- ACCESS KEY CARD -- Holds it up for KATIE to see -- 'Got it' -- She TEXTS on her phone --

-- DRIVING: GHOST in the ambulance -- HIS PHONE BUZZES -- He checks it while at a STOPLIGHT -- We also see his PREVIOUS TEXT to Katie --

**Ghost (previous text): let me know what kind of security**

**katie: bar code**

GHOST HITS 'REDIAL' AGAIN -- RIESNER ANSWERS --

RIESNER  
Room service. What now?

GHOST  
I need a bar code cloned.

-- MENTAL INSTITUTION: THE ASSOCIATE DRESSED AS THE ORDERLY --  
uses the KEY CARD to access the halls of an aging facility --  
pale walls and lights -- FORLORN AND FORGOTTEN PATIENTS --

-- IN THE AMBULANCE: KATIE AND GHOST sit in the front seats,  
waiting in silence -- Ghost is dressed as an EMT -- HIS SMART  
PHONE BUZZES WITH A TEXT -- He checks it --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Bar code.

He hands the phone to her -- She looks at THE SCREEN -- It's  
a digital recreation of the ORDERLY'S KEY CARD BAR CODE --

-- INSTITUTION LAUNDRY ROOM: THE ASSOCIATE pulls out pieces  
of white clothing -- a NURSE'S UNIFORM --

-- THE AMBULANCE: GHOST checks his wrist watch -- **6:44 p.m.**

GHOST (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
C'mon...

-- TREATMENT ROOM: THE ASSOCIATE unhooks the Heparin pump  
from a DIALYSIS MACHINE -- fires a GENEROUS AMOUNT of CLEAR  
LIQUID into it from a syringe -- hooks the pump back in --

-- IN THE AMBULANCE: GHOST checks his watch again -- spots  
THE ASSOCIATE exiting the front of the institution --

-- BACK OF THE AMBULANCE: The doors OPEN -- the THREE OF THEM  
step inside -- one last run-through -- almost show time --

THE ASSOCIATE tosses KATIE the NURSE UNIFORM --

ASSOCIATE  
Should fit.

GHOST hands them SMALL BLACK BOXES with thin cords --

## GHOST

Wire yourselves up. I'll be listening from in here.

(to the Associate)

What you put in the pump is a strong sedative. As soon as the first Heparin dose hits, so will this drug. He'll go to sleep. As soon as he's out, you're out. Katie brings a stretcher and you both wheel him through the front doors. We put him in the back, roll the sirens, and disappear.

He turns to KATIE -- hands her a SYRINGE --

## GHOST (CONT'D)

An extra dose. In case he's slow to go down.

(pause)

Whatever you used on me, now it goes to 11.

## KATIE

I can handle it. I know you said this guy is good, but--

## ASSOCIATE

'Good' doesn't cover it. Michael Vernon is Mephisto. The Devil's messenger.

(pause)

The one who knows the sins of every man. The one who does the bargaining for their souls, because he himself has been damned. Some would say he's the Devil himself.

(pause, repeating)

So. Can you handle that?

Katie's eyes NARROW -- She crosses her arms over her chest --

## KATIE

(quoting perfectly)

*Mephistopheles; Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed in one self place, for where we are is hell, and where hell is must we ever be.*

(pause)

Trust me, I speak the Devil's language.

ASSOCIATE

Sounds like an undergrad degree in theater studies--

GHOST

Listen. If something goes wrong. I won't be able to help you.

(pause)

This man has thirty years of intelligence experience. He's going to be on edge because he will always be on edge. He is a human lie detector just waiting for you to step into a dead-fall.

(pause)

He is the most dangerous mark you will ever come across.

(pause)

Get changed. We're out of time.

INT. INSTITUTION -- MOMENTS LATER

THE ASSOCIATE AND KATIE walk in -- she's now wearing a white blouse and slacks, hair pulled back --

ASSOCIATE

(quietly)

Check 1, 2--

THE AMBULANCE: On GHOST, listening through head phones --

ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

(through wire)

--read me, read me?

GHOST

(into headset mic)

I got you.

INSTITUTION: THE ASSOCIATE TURNS LEFT DOWN A HALL --

ON KATIE as she continues forward --

GHOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(in Katie's ear)

Katie, clear your throat if you can hear me.

She CLEARS HER THROAT --

THE AMBULANCE: Ghost hears her through HEAD PHONES --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Good... Once you deliver Vernon,  
find the stretcher parked three  
doors down from the dialysis room.

INSTITUTION: SHE REACHES A KEY CARD ACCESS POINT -- Holds up  
GHOST'S SMART PHONE and the door BEEPS, UNLOCKS --

COMMON AREA: A few patients play checkers -- some watch  
GERMAN TELEVISION -- the image snowy with static --

MICHAEL VERNON SITS IN A WHEELCHAIR -- WORKS ON A SUDOKU  
PUZZLE AT A DESK -- intently focused -- reading glasses on --  
THREE STACKS OF COMPLETED SUDOKU MAGAZINES next to him --

HIS LOWER JAW quivers subtly, as if he's fried on anti-  
psychotics --

KATIE (O.S.)

*Guten Abend.*

KATIE STANDS NEAR HIM pleasantly, perfectly -- He turns and  
looks with searching eyes -- maybe he really has lost it --  
supposedly mute, he says nothing back --

KATIE (CONT'D)

(perfectly accented)

*Zeit für die Therapie.*

She takes the HANDLES OF HIS WHEELCHAIR -- Backs him away  
from the table and moves him down the hall --

TREATMENT ROOM: Katie pushes him inside -- empty save for the  
dialysis machine and a HYDRO TUB full of still water --

THE ASSOCIATE IS THERE -- preparing the procedure --

VERNON moves from the wheelchair to the dialysis seat --  
seemingly barely mentally present --

ASSOCIATE

(not looking at her)

*Danke schön.*

She nods once, leaves --

ON KATIE: She walks quickly down the hall --

TREATMENT ROOM: THE ASSOCIATE turns his back to Vernon --

VERNON'S JAW stops quivering --

THE ASSOCIATE CHECKS A CLIPBOARD --

VERNON IS SUDDENLY ON HIS FEET, GRABS HIM BY THE HAIR

SPINS HIM AROUND, DUNKS HIS HEAD INTO THE HYDRO TUB --

THE AMBULANCE: GHOST hears the sudden BUZZ OF STATIC as the wire goes into the water --

GHOST  
(into headset)  
Katie?

ON KATIE: Wheeling out the stretcher -- she stops --

GHOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in Katie's ear)  
Katie, there's a problem. Get out  
of there--

But she turns, quickly walks back toward the treatment room --

TREATMENT ROOM: THE ASSOCIATE FLAILS, DROWNING -- VERNON  
PULLS HIM UP --

VERNON  
(severe, quiet)  
*You look more Langley than Leipzig.*

HE SLAMS THE ASSOCIATE'S HEAD INTO THE TUB EDGE --

Tosses his unconscious body to the floor -- HE PULLS THE KEY  
CARD from the associate's belt --

KATIE RE-ENTERS -- GASPS at the sight of Vernon -- He moves  
toward her --

PLACES HIS HAND OVER HER MOUTH -- PUSHES HER AGAINST THE WALL  
AND HOLDS HER THERE --

VERNON (CONT'D)  
*Guten Abend.*

THE AMBULANCE: PANIC washes over Ghost's face --

GHOST  
(into headset)  
Katie? Katie, answer me--

TREATMENT ROOM: VERNON rips open the bottom half of Katie's  
buttoned nurse blouse -- FINDS THE WIRE --

YANKS IT OUT -- Continues to hold her against the wall -- He  
finds the mic end of the wire -- holds it to his lips --

VERNON  
 (hushed, into wire)  
*The Lakeland. 4 o' clock.*

VERNON TOSSES THE WIRE TO THE FLOOR AND STOMPS ON IT --

THE AMBULANCE: STATIC fills Ghost's headset as the line goes dead -- HE BOLTS FROM THE AMBULANCE --

ON GHOST AS HE RUNS INTO THE INSTITUTION --

INSTITUTION HALLWAY: Ghost sprints inside -- reaches the locked door but he has no key card to enter --

FEAR AND DREAD in his face as he BANGS ON THE DOOR -- desperate to get inside the hallway --

THROUGH THE WIRE DOOR WINDOW Ghost sees...

VERNON. Strolling down the corridor -- he turns, sees GHOST --

THE MEN MAKE EYE CONTACT -- Vernon's eyes narrow -- Ghost's face is a grimace of loss --

Vernon turns away, uses the KEY CARD and EXITS out a side door down the hall.

ANOTHER NURSE approaches Ghost, speaking in quick German -- SHE LETS HIM IN --

HE RUNS DOWN THE HALL -- FEARING THE WORST --

TREATMENT ROOM: Ghost turns the corner -- He sees...

THE ASSOCIATE JUST BEGINNING TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS --

KATIE huddled in a corner. Badly shaken, but alive.

GHOST GOES TO HER -- KNEELS DOWN -- overcome with relief --

GHOST  
 (softly)  
 It's all right... it's all right...

He puts his forehead to hers, trying to calm her --

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- LATER

KATIE and THE ASSOCIATE ARGUE HEATEDLY --

KATIE

Look, I was perfect, I didn't do anything--

GHOST PACES in the background --

ASSOCIATE

This isn't a quick change at a liquor store, some bush league hustle, all right? This is SERIOUS SHIT--

CLOSE ON GHOST AS HE THROWS THE CLIPBOARD AGAINST THE WALL

IT SLAMS against the faded brick -- KILLING the argument -- GHOST breathes, paces, tries to calm himself --

KATIE AND THE ASSOCIATE can only watch his anger --

GHOST

He made us BEFORE Katie... it's because we're rushing, going TOO FAST--

ASSOCIATE

Yeah? Because personally, I don't even know WHAT THE FUCK SHE IS DOING HERE.

GHOST steps VERY CLOSE to the associate -- GETS IN HIS FACE --

GHOST

I made the call. You got a problem with that?

ASSOCIATE

We have no idea what we're walking into--

GHOST

What I'm walking into. And that's a good point. We've got a few hours 'til the meet, why don't you go down to the Lakeland and make sure it's clean.

ASSOCIATE

The whole area.

GHOST

Every street, every shop, every parked car, every mailbox, MAKE. SURE. IT'S CLEAN.

THE FACE-OFF CONTINUES for a moment -- then THE ASSOCIATE STORMS OUT --

KATIE looks on -- STONE COLD SILENCE --

KATIE

What value *do* I have in all this?

Another long silence -- Then:

GHOST

You want an honest answer? None.

KATIE

(coolly)

Then why the fuck am I even--

GHOST

(turning, louder)

I didn't want anything to happen to you.

(pause, quieter)

Go home. Wherever that is.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW LAKELAND -- DAY

The lakefront has all but frozen still -- a faded picture -- patches of clouded glass stretch out from deserted sands -- CHOKED CRASH OF ICY SURF --

THE SOUTH -- a tangle of brittle, frozen trees -- an empty playground whose metal bars seem uninviting in this temperature -- ONE EXPOSED FOOTPATH leads to a SMALL BENCH --

OPEN SIGHT LINES in three directions --

ON A ROOFTOP NEARBY: THE ASSOCIATE, crouched, forehead badly bruised -- watches the water's edge with binoculars -- he sighs -- LIGHTS A CIGARETTE --

AT A WALKWAY BENCH: Small, wooden and black against the gray expanse of a lake that may as well be the ocean --

VERNON SITS THERE in a heavy brown wool trench coat -- dress shirt, tie, scarf, gloves -- gazing out onto the void --

WIDE ON A FIGURE APPROACHING -- hands in pockets -- it's GHOST, wearing a dark Belstaff coat, hood pulled up --

HE SITS DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BENCH --

VERNON does NOT look over -- GHOST doesn't look either, but we see a NERVOUSNESS IN HIS FACE for the first time -- HE DRAWS THE HOOD BACK --

VERNON  
Seems like you wanna talk, kid.

GHOST GLANCES OVER -- looks at Vernon's lap --

VERNON'S GLOVED HAND CRADLES A SMALL BLACK GRENADE --

THE OTHER INDEX FINGER HANGS RINGED IN THE PIN --

VERNON (CONT'D)  
(still not looking at him)  
What's more dangerous than an old man who's already dying?  
(pause)  
You're small time. You don't have this kind of operational capacity. Who are you working with?

GHOST  
Riesner.

VERNON  
HA!

GHOST  
Is that funny to you?

VERNON  
Fucking hilarious. My prodigal sons have returned. Except you two are more like Cain and Abel.  
(pause)  
How'd he find you?

Ghost doesn't answer --

VERNON (CONT'D)  
Or maybe you found him. Yeah. That's it.  
(pause)  
I bet you've been leaving him bread crumbs the entire time. Practically baiting him. But he was smart, too. Threw you a curve ball. That nurse.

GHOST  
Where did she slip?

VERNON

She didn't slip, she was perfect.

(pause)

I don't trust perfect.

MATTE -- BINOCULARS

In the far distance, Vernon and Ghost converse on the bench --

ON THE ROOFTOP: THE ASSOCIATE lowers the binocs --

A PLASTIC BAG SWIFTLY COMES DOWN OVER HIS HEAD --

-- HE GRASPS BACK FRANTICALLY AT HIS UNSEEN ATTACKERS --

-- A THICK ZIP CORD INSTANTLY TIGHTENS AROUND HIS NECK --

-- THE ASSOCIATE DIES QUICKLY -- HE FALLS --

-- A BLUE WORK TARP IS QUICKLY SPREAD OUT NEXT TO HIM --

THE PRIMARY ASSAILANT IS BUZZCUT -- His nose no longer bandaged but still SWOLLEN PURPLE -- HE ROLLS THE BODY INSIDE THE TARP --

ON THE BEACH: CLOSE ON GHOST --

VERNON (CONT'D)

Tell me. You still miss your dead little girlfriend?

GHOST SEIZES HIS WRIST -- VERNON HOLDS UP THE GRENADE --

OUT OF REACH -- GHOST DOESN'T MOVE --

GHOST

I know you killed her.

VERNON

(mildly surprised)

I killed her. I killed her? And you partnered with Riesner to come after me? That is too good, kid--

GHOST

(through gritted teeth)

Don't *fuck with me* on this--

VERNON

(suddenly deadly serious)

*When I fuck with you, you'll know it.*

(pause)

(MORE)

VERNON (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you this, and then I'm gone. After today, if I catch wind of you, you won't see me. You'll just be dead.

(long pause)

You think she was a saint? Your little angel? The asset protection we did for the Pond was unique. High-risk targets with priceless intel. We made deals with them regardless of their histories. Something the bureaucrats at the CIA could never do.

(pause)

We went after the criminals. The snitches. The murderers. The evil ones. Long-term relationships. Intel everyone else was too scared to get.

(pause)

Your girl was a fucking *sinner*. Just like the rest of us.

EXT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Again, the small house against the surf --

VERNON (V.O.)

She gave the Pond *exact* data on Russian disarmament. No longer did we have to rely on the bullshit being fed to us by Putin's diplomats and ambassadors. She had numbers. She had timelines. Names, hidden stockpiles. Everything.

(pause)

You think she got pregnant with that info through *immaculate conception*?

INT. BEACHSIDE HOME - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

THE WOMAN we saw Ghost cradling moments after her death now COOKS in the kitchen -- tasting a sauce on the stove --

VERNON (V.O.)

She was equal opportunity, just like every asset we buried. She sold Chechnyans chemical weapons, gave Russians the names of Chechnyan rebel leaders. Had no allegiance to any of them.

(MORE)

VERNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Only had allegiance to herself.  
 (pause)  
 And you, perhaps.

GHOST enters the kitchen -- he seems more relaxed, more whole as a person -- She turns, smiles -- OFFERS THE SPOON to him and he tastes the sauce --

ON THE BEACH: Vernon, eyes full of distant displeasure --

VERNON (CONT'D)  
 She made a business deal with the Pond. We brought her over. Gave her a new life. Hid her in a nice house on a beach off the Carolinas. Six figures a year in exchange for everything she knew.  
 (pause)  
 Then you started fucking her.

IN THE BEACHSIDE HOME, BEDROOM: GHOST and the woman, in embrace -- he brushes some of her dark hair from her face --

GHOST (V.O.)  
 I loved her--

VERNON (V.O.)  
 She was using you.

GHOST (V.O.)  
 No--

VERNON (V.O.)  
 I saw it. She was trying to turn you. Get you to give *her* secrets she could *sell*. Go to the highest bidders using black market connections.

But from what we see -- these people SEEM in love --

ON THE BEACH: VERNON and GHOST --

VERNON (CONT'D)  
 Then the proof arrived. Someone had accessed our files, downloaded data. The names of the assets we'd hidden. Old names. New names. New addresses. Every detail.  
 (pause)  
 Turned it into a list of people to kill.  
 (pause)  
 (MORE)

VERNON (CONT'D)

Only the three of us had the crypto  
to get into those files.

GHOST listens --

VERNON (CONT'D)

I was *sure* it was you, *boy*, was I  
*sure*.

(pause)

I listened to your conversations. I  
bugged the house. I set up cameras.  
*I watched you screw.* Just waiting  
for you to hand it over so she  
could sell it.

(he turns away)

I saw you being played. But you  
were lucky. She was dead before she  
could turn you.

GHOST

You killed her...

(furious)

*...because you thought she was  
trying to turn me?*

VERNON

I didn't kill her.

(turns to him again)

Riesner did.

IN THE BEACHSIDE HOME LIVING ROOM: Shattered things on the  
floor, knocked over furniture --

RIESNER STRANGLES THE WOMAN in the center of the room --

VERNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These assets had too many enemies.  
They were all pieces of shit.  
Bottom-feeders. And I guess the  
money was too tempting.

(pause)

Turns out Riesner had a cheaper  
price than you. When he killed her,  
I knew he was the one. He was  
always a mercenary motherfucker,  
even then.

HE PUSHES THE WOMAN TO THE FLOOR -- DRAWS A KNIFE --

CLOSE ON the bruise on her neck from his GLOVED FINGERS --

**HE SLASHES HER THROAT.**

ON THE BEACH: VERNON, remembering --

A LIGHT SNOW HAS BEGUN TO FALL --

VERNON (CONT'D)

You're both weak. But he's the mole.

(pause)

And now he's killing these scumbag assets one by one.

GHOST

(can't believe it)

But I saw *you* at the house--

VERNON

I was *surveilling it*.

ON VERNON IN AN UNDISCLOSED EDITING ROOM: WATCHING the closed-circuit TV's while eating ramen noodles --

ON THE TV: RIESNER enters the house --

Begins STRANGLING THE WOMAN --

ON THE BEACH: VERNON, scowling --

VERNON (CONT'D)

By the time I got there, she was dead.

(pause)

If you don't believe me, I've got the whole thing on tape. Why do you think Riesner is crawling up my ass? Sending you of all people up here? He's desperate, because I've got the evidence that will send him straight to the fucking gas chamber.

GHOST rubs his face -- deep anger -- he's almost zoning out --

GHOST

Why didn't you go to the Pond? Show them? Tell them Riesner had been turned--

VERNON

When I saw that our files had been accessed... I waited. I knew that if I went upstairs, I'd *lose the mole*. I needed to figure out *which* one of you it was. But now... now everybody burns.

(pause)

(MORE)

VERNON (CONT'D)

The Pond is an off-the-books agency. Cut off from the rest of the body because it has no rules and *so that it can have no rules.*

(pause)

How do you think it pays its overhead? Selling hard-won intel to the U.S. government that the U.S. government can't get on its own.

(pause)

The Pond isn't after us because we're traitors. It's after us because we're ruining its business model. Threatening its very existence.

ON GHOST --

GHOST

(darkly, to self)

So it's Riesner.

VERNON

And he played you like a fucking fiddle.

THEN VERNON NOTICES SOMETHING -- turns back to the water --

VERNON (CONT'D)

Black Jeep at your five o' clock. Couldn't have been there more than two minutes.

GHOST

Suspicious?

VERNON

It's 20 degrees and snowing but their windows are down.

GHOST SLOWLY GLANCES BACK --

ANGLE ON THE JEEP -- waiting innocuously on the street --

VERNON (CONT'D)

You go East. I go West. Slowly. You, then me.

GHOST

So you can evaporate again--

VERNON

Now.

GHOST STANDS -- puts his hands in his pockets -- begins to walk down the beach walkway -- He eyes...

THE JEEP -- still parked -- quiet --

VERNON STANDS -- begins to walk in the other direction --

THE JEEP ROARS TO LIFE -- IMMEDIATELY JUMPS THE CURB --

THE VEHICLE PICKS UP SPEED AS IT BOUNDS ACROSS THE COLD SAND

GHOST TURNS AND BEGINS SPRINTING BACK TOWARD VERNON --

TACKLES HIM OUT OF THE WAY -- THE JEEP NARROWLY MISSES --

GHOST AND VERNON roll into the wet sand of water's edge --  
Vernon COUGHING --

GHOST TAKES THE GRENADE FROM VERNON'S HAND --

THE JEEP MAKES A SHARP TURN, NEARLY FLIPS -- SAND FLIES --

GHOST PULLS THE PIN ON THE GRENADE --

THE JEEP PUNCHES FORWARD -- GHOST STANDS --

GHOST JUMPS TO THE SIDE, TOSSES THE GRENADE UNDER THE JEEP

**THE JEEP ENGINE DETONATES -- SMALL DEAFENING BURST OF FIRE --**

IT BLOWS GHOST BACK INTO THE SAND --

THE JEEP IMMEDIATELY SLOWS -- BURNING --

ROLLS UNTIL IT STOPS IN A FOOT OF FRIGID LAPPING WATER.

**.....SHARP RINGING IN GHOST'S EARS --**

He rolls over, covered in sand, bleeding from his face --  
barely conscious --

AN OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURE RUNS TO HIM -- He holds up his arms,  
blocks his face -- READY TO DIE --

THE FIGURE RUNS -- A BLUR -- MOVING FAST --

IT'S KATIE. She goes to him in the sand -- tries to pick him  
up but he's injured badly --

GHOST  
(dazed)  
...Katie...

She sees BLOOD IN HIS EYE -- a ruptured retina --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 ...I told you to leave...

KATIE  
 Well... that's not happening...

He blinks -- takes in her face -- draws it in with his hands to look at her for a moment --

KATIE (CONT'D)  
 Can you move?

GHOST  
 ...yeah...

She sees VERNON STANDING A FEW YARDS OFF -- stunned and staring --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 ...the roof...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- MOMENTS LATER

GHOST, covered in sand, darts out on the roof -- still limping -- Katie follows --

GHOST SPOTS THE BLUE TARP -- Frantically unrolls it --

His associate. Dead.

He kneels by the body -- overcome with rage -- his face VIBRATING with anger --

VERNON steps calmly onto the roof --

VERNON  
 Riesner wants us both gone. So he can come back to the real world and never have to look over his shoulder. The evidence dies with us.

GHOST, jaw still gritted tight, STANDS -- TURNS TO VERNON --

GRABS HIM -- TOSSES HIM TO THE TARRED ROOF SURFACE --

KATIE  
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING--

GHOST ZIP TIES VERNON'S WRISTS BEHIND HIS BACK --

GHOST  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 Washing my hands of this.

He PULLS HIS BURNER OUT -- HITS REDIAL --

INTERCUT -- RIESNER / GHOST PHONE CONVERSATION

RIESNER stands in his skunk works office --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 I'm bringing him in. And I'll get  
 you your fucking video tape.

RIESNER  
 What?

GHOST  
 The deal is this: You get Vernon.  
 You do with him whatever you want.  
 I walk. The girl walks.

RIESNER  
 I don't buy it. I've become  
 unreliable, so you should be  
 pressing your advantage. We learned  
 this game together, remember?

GHOST  
 I'm done with games. I just want  
 out.

Riesner considers it --

RIESNER  
 You really are a coward.

Ghost wipes blood and sand from his face --

GHOST  
 Yes or no?

RIESNER  
 Fine. But I want him delivered back  
 in Chicago. I'll be in touch with  
 the address and the terms of the  
 hand-off.

RIESNER HANGS UP -- GHOST PULLS VERNON TO HIS FEET --

He catches KATIE'S EYES -- has to look away --

CUT TO:

EXT. AUDI A6 -- LATER

GHOST has the trunk open -- stuffs VERNON inside --

VERNON

Weak.

GHOST

Shut up. The tape. Where is it?

VERNON

Safety deposit box at Leipzig Bank,  
city center. My other affects as  
well. Going to need those, as I'm  
assuming we're leaving the country.

GHOST CLOSES THE TRUNK harshly -- DISGUST in KATIE'S FACE --

SHE BEGINS TO WALK AWAY -- GHOST GRABS HER --

KATIE

Let go of me--

GHOST

They'll kill you--

KATIE

I'd rather take my chances than  
crawl back with you.

SHE PULLS AWAY -- WALKS OFF --

GHOST

(calling after)  
Katie.

She stops -- turns -- her expression one of doubt --

INT. SMALL CHARTER JET -- LATER

A significant downgrade from the WestGroup ride -- GHOST and  
VERNON sit next to each other --

KATIE sits behind them a few rows, silent --

VERNON

You disappoint me.

Ghost doesn't take the bait -- Both men face forward --

VERNON (CONT'D)

Not this...

He slides his wrists forward out of his coat -- REVEALING HIS  
PLASTIC CUFF TIES --

VERNON (CONT'D)

I understand this. But on a  
personal level. I used to think you  
were different.

Nothing from Ghost --

VERNON (CONT'D)

Men like me. Riesner, perhaps. The  
Pond. We serve ourselves. We do  
what needs to be done, and our  
deeds sink to the bottom, like  
stones. They never surface. Prey on  
a conscience.

(pause)

But that's not you.

(pause)

Are you familiar with the story of  
Lot's wife?

A beat --

VERNON (CONT'D)

As God destroyed the city of Sodom,  
he allowed Lot and his family to  
flee. To be saved while he leveled  
the city and killed every sinner  
within it.

(pause)

God's one condition was that Lot  
and his family never look back.

(pause)

But Lot's wife couldn't help  
herself. She looked back. When she  
should've focused on running away.

GHOST

(going with it)

And?

VERNON

She was destroyed.

(pause)

You're looking back. When you  
should be running away. Something  
behind you that you can't seem to  
leave.

CLOSE ON GHOST'S EYES -- stung -- caught --

GHOST

Even if that's true, I'm out of options.

VERNON

Your rate of survival is dropping rapidly, because you're pretending to be something you no longer are.

(pause)

You are no longer a man who runs away.

GHOST LOOKS TOWARD VERNON --

Then gazes out the jet window --

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Ghost leads Vernon by the arm -- stops at a car --

THE BLACK BMW M3 that Ghost drove Andreus to the airport in -- exactly where he left it --

GHOST REACHES UNDER THE BACK LEFT TIRE -- finds the KEY -- the car CHIRPS -- Vernon heads to the PASSENGER SIDE --

GHOST

No.

Vernon stops --

GHOST (CONT'D)

Trunk.

INT. BMW -- LATER

GHOST drives in silence -- alone inside the car --

A MINI-DV TAPE lies in the passenger seat --

He opens the GLOVE BOX -- Pulls out a 9MM GLOCK --

RIESNER S(V.O.)

Head to Park 523 on the South Side.  
Old steel mill site. Completely abandoned.

EXT. PARK 523 -- POST-SUNSET

A long razed field of dead grass and concrete foundations -- only degraded and impoverished city tenements on the far horizon -- This is the bad part of town.

RIESNER (V.O.)

You and Vernon are to walk out to the center of the north foundation at 5 p.m. Sharp. Just after sunset.

WIDE ON THE MASSIVE FOUNDATIONS -- TWO FIGURES WALK OUT --

Tiny amidst the wide expanse --

BELSTAFF JACKET WITH THE HOOD UP --

BROWN TRENCH COAT WITH A DARK CLOTH BAG OVER HIS HEAD --

RIESNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Remember, you're both chipped, so I'll know when you're there. And my boys will be watching.

NEARBY PERCH: Some 300 yards away -- SHAVED HEAD, THICK BEARD watch from a distance -- They've got a BURNER -- Thick Beard peers through binoculars --

MATTE -- BINOCULARS: Distant specs of Vernon and Ghost -- dressed as they were at the beach -- Vernon cuffed --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

RIESNER and THE TRACKER watch two RFID blips on the TRACKER'S LAPTOP COMPUTER --

ON THE SCREEN: The blips center on the concrete square of the foundation in the overhead satellite view of Park 523 --

TRACKER

They're in position.

RIESNER glances to a DIGITAL CLOCK -- it flips from **4:59 p.m.** to **5:00...**

RIESNER

Right on time.

Riesner DIALS on his burner --

GHOST (V.O.)

(through receiver)  
We're here.

RIESNER  
Drop the tape on the ground.

CLOSE ON GHOST'S MITTENED HAND AT THE PARK:

Drops the MINI-DV TAPE onto the worn cement --

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
I know you pretty well. That means  
that you've got something on you.  
Yes?

THE SAME HAND PULLS OUT THE GUN -- LETS IT HANG BY HIS SIDE --

GHOST (V.O.)  
(through receiver)  
I do.

ON THICK BEARD: Watching through binoculars --

THICK BEARD  
(into burner)  
He's armed.

IN THE SKUNK WORKS OP: THE TRACKER SPEAKS ON A BURNER --

TRACKER  
(quietly into phone)  
That's what we want.

RIESNER  
I knew I could count on you.  
(pause)  
Now please kneel Michael down, and  
kill him.

GHOST (V.O.)  
(through receiver)  
That's not the agreement.

RIESNER  
What did you think I was going to  
do with him?

GHOST (V.O.)  
(through receiver)  
You manage your own affairs.

RIESNER  
With Vernon gone, you walk away,  
and I walk away. Leave the body and  
gun there, exit the park. There's a  
town car on 87th Street.

(MORE)

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
It'll take you to someone who will  
remove the chip.

GHOST (V.O.)  
And I'm supposed to just take you  
at your word.

RIESNER  
I don't see that you have a choice.

After a beat, the line goes dead.

IN THE PARK: STEAM ESCAPES from the HOOD of the Belstaff  
jacket -- STEAM ALSO ESCAPES from the BLACK CLOTH BAG --

FROM THE PERCH: Thick Beard watches --

MATTE -- BINOCULARS:

EXTREME WIDE ON THE TWO MEN -- the phone comes down from  
Ghost's jacket hood --

HAND ON THE SHOULDER -- HE FORCES THE OTHER TO HIS KNEES --

DRAWS THE GUN UP -- The sky going from BLUE to BLACK --

**FIRES AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.**

THE SHOT ECHOES OUT in the distance --

THE BODY IMMEDIATELY FALLS FORWARD --

Lays still on the worn concrete overgrown with weeds.

BUZZCUT  
(into burner)  
It's done.

SHAVED HEAD AND THICK BEARD watch as Ghost DROPS THE GUN --  
walks away from the scene toward the street 200 yards away --

IN THE SKUNK WORKS OP:

RIESNER TAKES THE BURNER FROM THE TRACKER --

THE TRACKER CLOSES HIS LAPTOP --

RIESNER HANGS UP -- SPEED DIALS ANOTHER NUMBER --

INT. TOWN CAR -- SAME

THE THUGGISH MAN sits behind the wheel of a car parked on  
87th Street -- His BURNER RINGS and he answers:

RIESNER (V.O.)  
 (through receiver)  
 He's coming to you.

THUGGISH MAN  
 Got it.

The thuggish man HANGS UP -- SPEED DIALS ANOTHER NUMBER --

INT. CITY LIMIT TOLL BOOTH -- SAME

A TOLL BOOTH OPERATOR answers his prepaid phone --

THUGGISH MAN (V.O.)  
 (through receiver)  
 We're 15 minutes away.

The operator HANGS UP --

NODS AT THE OPERATOR IN THE BOOTH DIRECTLY ACROSS THE LANE --

Then turns back to his small station -- LOADS A TECH-9MM --

Preparing for an AMBUSH.

EXT. PARK 523 -- SAME

THICK BEARD and SHAVED HEAD make their way toward the body --

INT. TOWN CAR -- SAME

ANGLE ON THE THUGGISH MAN as he watches the back door open  
 and a passenger slide inside --

THE CAR PULLS AWAY --

EXT. PARK 523 -- SAME

ANGLE ON THE BODY AS THICK BEARD AND SHAVED HEAD APPROACH --

Thick Beard picks up the GUN -- checks the clip --

THICK BEARD  
 What the hell...

SHAVED HEAD  
 (turning to him)  
 What's wrong?

Thick beard pulls a LIVE ROUND from the clip --

It has NO TIP --

SHAVED HEAD (CONT'D)

Blanks--

ELBOW TO THE NECK ENDS SHAVED HEAD, SENDS HIM TO THE PAVEMENT

THICK BEARD HAS LESS THAN A SECOND TO SEE THE ATTACKER --

IT'S A MAN IN A BROWN TRENCH COAT WITH A BAG OVER HIS HEAD --

HE DESTROYS THICK BEARD'S NUTS WITH A KNEE --

ANOTHER ELBOW TO THE BACK OF THE NECK BRINGS HIM DOWN --

Both men lie unconscious as the man walks away --

HE RIPS OFF THE BAG -- REVEALING GHOST IN A HEADSET --

The same headset from the Toronto duffel bag --

He tosses it to the ground as he continues walking --

EXT./INT. TOWN CAR -- SAME

THE THUGGISH MAN continues down the road -- 87th Street ends  
and he's about to pull into a larger thoroughfare --

THE BMW M3 PEELS ACROSS THE ROAD AND T-BONES THE TOWN CAR

Both cars IMMEDIATELY ARRESTED --

KATIE behind the wheel of the BMW --

THE THUGGISH MAN BLEEDS -- TRIES TO SHAKE OFF THE ACCIDENT --

THE BELSTAFF JACKET calmly steps out of the back --

THE HOOD COMES DOWN -- It's MICHAEL VERNON --

KATIE GETS OUT OF THE DEAD BMW --

VERNON HANDS HER THE SECOND RFID FROM HIS POCKET -- THEY  
NEVER IMPLANTED HIM -- HE WAS JUST CARRYING IT --

SHE SQUEEZES IT AND IT DEACTIVATES --

KATIE

Express bus one block up. Should be  
here in three minutes.

She hands him a card --

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Your CTA pass. Go.

VERNON  
Thank you, nurse.

HE WALKS TO THE END OF THE BLOCK -- TURNS LEFT --  
THE THUGGISH MAN STUMBLES FROM THE CAR -- RAISES HIS GUN --  
But Vernon is gone.

KATIE MOVES AWAY FROM THE ACCIDENT -- TRIES TO FLEE --  
THE THUG GETS HER IN HIS SIGHTS --

THUGGISH MAN  
Hold it.

Katie stops. Slowly puts her hands in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. CRATE & BARREL -- LATER

A multi-story flagship branch located on Michigan Avenue --  
FAMILIES and COUPLES shop for Christmas presents and  
generally enjoy themselves --

GHOST, more worse for wear than the other patrons, strolls  
carefully through the store --

HE PICKS UP CANDY CANE-STRIPED CHRISTMAS WRAPPING TAPE --

SECONDS LATER: A DESIGNER DISH TOWEL --

SECONDS LATER: HE PICKS UP A MELON BALLER --

INT. CRATE & BARREL - BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ghost is BARE-CHESTED -- has removed his coat, shirt, tie,  
undershirt --

HE CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE RAISED BUMP BETWEEN HIS SHOULDERS --  
Straining to see it in the mirror --

HE LOWERS THE MELON BALLER INTO HIS BACK AND DIGS DEEP --

It takes everything to not cry out -- A PERFECT SCOOP --

He's as careful and precise as he can be -- but it's SLOWER  
this way --

BLOOD RUNS DOWN HIS BACK -- The ordeal continues until --

THE BLOODY RFID CHIP CLINKS INTO THE SINK --

HE DROPS THE MELON BALLER to the floor --

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR --

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Okay in there, sir?

GHOST  
Fine, thanks...

HE UNFOLDS THE DISH TOWEL --

DRAPES IT OVER HIS BLEEDING BACK --

STRAPS IT IN PLACE TIGHT WITH GIFT WRAPPING TAPE -- Wrapping  
over one shoulder, under his other arm several times --

WASHES THE BLOODY RFID IN THE SINK --

GHOST looks to the TRASH CAN --

BUT HE POCKETS THE RFID INSTEAD -- DOESN'T TURN IT OFF --

CUT TO:

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- LATER

RIESNER STORMS BACK INSIDE THE OFFICE -- ON THE PHONE --

RIESNER  
(into phone)  
What do you mean?  
(pause)  
Then where is he?

HE HURTLES THE PHONE AGAINST THE WALL AND IT SHATTERS -- Then  
he turns to the TRACKER --

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
Get the RFID back up.

The tracker OPENS HIS LAPTOP -- It takes him a few moments --

ON THE SCREEN: THE BLINKING TRACK DOT APPEARS AGAIN --

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
Where is that?

TRACKER  
Wait a second--

RIESNER  
*WHERE IS THAT?*

TRACKER  
He's... He's in the front lobby.

A beat as it registers on Riesner's face --

RIESNER  
How the fuck does he know we're  
here?

Another moment as he thinks --

HE PULLS A FLIP KNIFE FROM HIS BELT AND OPENS THE BLADE --

THE TRACKER FLINCHES --

RIESNER TURNS AND FACES...

**... The PINK TEDDY BEAR sitting harmlessly in his office.**

HE GOES TO THE BEAR -- RUNS THE KNIFE UP ITS STOMACH --

PULLS THE STUFFING OUT -- FINDS A TRACKING DEVICE

A PIECE OF PAPER WRAPPED AROUND IT -- HE UNFOLDS IT --

A note...

It reads...

*An invisible man can rule the world. No one will see him  
come, no one will see him go.*

CUT TO:

INT. WESTGROUP CORPORATE LOBBY -- SAME

GHOST LINGERS BY THE ELEVATORS -- wearing only his bloody  
undershirt and Vernon's wool trench -- A SECURITY GUARD  
warily approaches him --

SECURITY GUARD  
Did you need some help, sir--

GHOST DELIVERS A PALM TO THE MAN'S JAW --

The guard is out before he hits the ground --  
GHOST HITS THE ELEVATOR CALL BUTTON --  
GHOST takes the man's BATON -- His PEPPER SPRAY --  
THEN HE PULLS THE RFID OUT OF HIS POCKET --  
FORCES IT DOWN THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD'S THROAT --  
THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS --  
GHOST DRAGS THE GUARD INSIDE -- HITS '25' -- STEPS OUT --  
THE DOORS CLOSE AND THE ELEVATOR ASCENDS WITHOUT HIM --  
  
INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- CONTINUOUS  
THE TRACKER follows the RFID -- RIESNER behind him --

TRACKER  
He's headed up to 25...

RIESNER  
Do we have any tactical on site?

TRACKER  
A few--

RIESNER  
Send a response team down there.  
Fully loaded, shoot on sight.

TRACKER  
What about the regular employees in  
the building--

RIESNER  
JUST DO IT.

INT. WESTGROUP PARKING GARAGE -- SAME

THE THUGGISH MAN, bloodied but alert, walks behind KATIE --  
GUN in her back as they approach the BASEMENT DOOR --

INT. STAIRWELL -- SAME

GHOST traverses up flights -- PAUSES to pull a FIRE ALARM --  
IMMEDIATE WHOOPING SIREN -- He keeps HEADING UP --

INT. WESTGROUP PARKING GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

THE FIRE SIRENS ECHO in the cement enclosure, momentarily  
DISTRACTING THE THUGGISH MAN --

KATIE SPINS AWAY FROM HIM -- BURIES SOMETHING IN HIS NECK

INJECTS IT -- It's the SYRINGE from Leipzig -- the second  
dose she never got a chance to use on Vernon --

THE THUGGISH MAN GOES OUT QUICKLY -- DROPS TO THE GROUND --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- CONTINUOUS

RIESNER and the TRACKER --

TRACKER  
Fire alarm on 4.

BRIEF OUTSIDE SHOT OF BUILDING: Silent skyscraper -- STROBE  
LIGHTS FLASH on the fourth floor -- the entire level --

INT. WESTGROUP PARKING GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

KATIE pulls VERNON'S RFID from her pocket -- She SQUEEZES IT  
between thumb and forefinger and it comes to life --

She heads up the BASEMENT STAIRS --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- CONTINUOUS

THE TRACKER'S SCREEN -- following the RFID -- ANOTHER DOT  
appears on the screen in a different part of the building --

TRACKER  
Wait, now I've got two of him. Is  
that Vernon's chip?

RIESNER  
What?

TRACKER  
I've got two chips... one in the  
elevator headed to 25 and one on  
Parking Level 2...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

GHOST STEPS OUT INTO A CORPORATE HALLWAY -- he passes regular  
workers heading to the stairwell --

EVACUATING AS SIRENS WHOOP --

AUTOMATED OVERHEAD PA (V.O.)  
*Attention. The emergency alarm has  
 been activated. Please remain calm  
 and walk to the designated exit  
 nearest you...*

GHOST STOPS AT A GROUP OF CUBICLES -- Quickly scans --

OPENS SEVERAL DRAWERS -- Finds a BIC LIGHTER -- Walks off --

GHOST CALLS AN ELEVATOR, WAITS, STEPS INTO IT --

IN THE ELEVATOR:

GHOST rides -- calm -- Watching the ASCENDING NUMBERS --

INT. TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Already LARGELY EMPTY -- the SIRENS are BUILDING-WIDE --

TRACKING ON A WESTGROUP SECURITY TEAM AS IT MOVES THROUGH THE  
 CUBICLES -- MINI-ASSAULT RIFLES READY TO FIRE --

THEY REACH THE ELEVATOR AREA:

THE LED DIGITAL NUMBER READS "23" ... "24"

TWO MEN WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO OPEN -- "25" -- **DING** --

THE DOORS OPEN AND THEY UNLOAD A HAIL OF BULLETS

Striking and BLOWING APART the faux wood panelling of the  
 elevator -- NOBODY IN THERE, save --

THE UNCONSCIOUS SECURITY GUARD ON THE FLOOR -- Luckily not  
 hit by the SALVO --

BUZZCUT  
 (into radio)  
 He's not on 25...

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

RIESNER has the radio -- The TRACKER watches his screen --

TRACKER  
 The other one is still moving. That  
 must be him. Mezzanine.

RIESNER  
 (into radio)  
 Half of you back here and half to  
 the Mezzanine. We've got movement  
 there.

INT. MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

KATIE continues across the promenade area, pushing through  
 WestGroup employees who continue to evacuate --

SHE SLIPS VERNON'S RFID INTO A PASSING WOMAN'S PURSE --

INT. GHOST'S ELEVATOR -- SAME

The ride stops at 30 -- Doors OPEN -- He steps off --

INT. 30TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

This floor is LIKEWISE EMPTY -- He walks until he finds the --

COPY ROOM: Two LARGE BUSINESS COPIERS resting in the small  
 hallway -- STACKS OF PAPER piled up near each one --

HE PULLS OUT ONE COPIER'S TONER TRAY --

Almost a pound of FINE COPIER DUST INSIDE -- HE POURS IT ALL  
 OVER THE COPIER -- THE STACKS OF PAPER -- DOES THE SAME WITH  
 THE SECOND COPIER'S TONER --

Blanketing it EVERYWHERE -- Takes out the LIGHTER -- Flicks  
 it and gets a FLAME -- DROPS IT ON THE PAPER STACK -- THE  
 PAPER LIGHTS but the fire burns slowly, UNTIL:

THE EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE TONER DUST CATCHES --

THE FLAMES GROW TO AN INFERNO ALMOST INSTANTLY --

THE OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS TURN ON -- SHOWERING EVERYTHING --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

RIESNER and the TRACKER --

TRACKER  
 He's leaving the building on the  
 third floor bridge, heading to P3--

INT. MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

THREE WESTGROUP TACTICAL TROOPS SPRINT THROUGH -- PUSHING  
PAST EMPLOYEES --

DRAW ASSAULT RIFLES ON THE WOMAN WITH THE PURSE --

SHE SCREAMS FOR HER LIFE --

WESTGROUP TACTICAL 1  
(into radio)  
It's not him...

ANOTHER PART OF THE MEZZANINE: BUZZCUT hears this come over  
the radio -- He searches around in frustration --

HE SPOTS KATIE HEADING FOR THE STAIRS -- GOES AFTER HER --

INT. 30TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

THE FIRE SPREADS AS GHOST WALKS TOWARD THE STAIRWELL DOOR --

**THE COPY MACHINES EXPLODE BEHIND HIM AS THE FIRE GROWS** --

BRIEF OUTSIDE SHOT OF BUILDING: STROBE LIGHTS NOW FLASH on  
the FOURTH AND THIRTIETH FLOORS --

CITY EMERGENCY VEHICLE SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE --

INT. SKUNK WORKS OPERATION -- SAME

RIESNER and the TRACKER --

TRACKER  
Now the sprinkler system on 30.

RIESNER  
One floor below us.

TRACKER  
Below us?

The tracker answers his own question when he sees BLACK SMOKE  
RISING UP THROUGH THE FLOOR -- LOWER AIR VENTS --

RIESNER  
Trying to smoke us out--

FIRE ALARM -- SPRINKLER WATER FALLS ON EVERYTHING -- The  
tracker's computer SHORTS OUT -- All electronics are RUINED --

RIESNER STEPS OUT THE DOOR INTO --

AN UNASSUMING CORPORATE HALLWAY:

The unofficial skunk works room JUST BEYOND a door labeled UTILITY CLOSET --

A secret in plain sight -- RIESNER BLINKS THROUGH THE WATER --

THE OTHER HALF OF THE TACTICAL TEAM APPEARS --

RIESNER (CONT'D)  
HE'S ON THIS FLOOR.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

KATIE RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS -- BUZZCUT CATCHES UP TO HER --

KNOCKS HER TO THE FLOOR WITH HIS WEAPON. He's got her.

INT. FLOOR 31 -- CONTINUOUS

ON GHOST: On another part of the floor -- SEES QUICK MOVEMENT IN THE DISTANT HALLWAY -- a figure moving for cover --

GHOST DUCKS UNDER A CUBICLE DESK --

MONTAGE -- GHOST TAKES OUT THE WESTGROUP TEAM LIKE A SHADOW

-- A WESTGROUP MEMBER (WESTGROUP 1) passes --

GHOST PINS THE MAN'S ARM -- CRACKS THE NIGHT STICK INTO THE MAN'S ELBOW, SHATTERS BONE --

THE MAN CRIES OUT AS GHOST LEANS AWAY --

FIRES PEPPER SPRAY RIGHT IN THE MAN'S FACE --

-- WESTGROUP 2 turns a corner -- CATCHES THE NIGHT STICK in the back of his head -- he goes down -- tries to GET UP -- PEPPER SPRAY catches him, then the NIGHT STICK again --

-- WESTGROUP 3 moves through cubicles -- we see him GET TACKLED and disappear -- Just GONE --

INT. FLOOR 31 -- SAME

RIESNER makes his way to the STAIRWELL DOOR -- Tries to open it but it WON'T BUDGE --

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR: Ghost has wedged a FIRE EXTINGUISHER against it and a drain pipe -- SEES IT through the crack --

ON RIESNER: TRYING, can't get it to move -- he walks across the hallway --

SMASHES THE GLASS OF ANOTHER FIRE EXTINGUISHER BOX --

ELEVATORS:

RIESNER hits the button -- EVERY SECOND IS AN ETERNITY --

ANGLE ON GHOST: as he sees...

THE ELEVATORS: A door OPENS -- RIESNER STEPS INSIDE --

GHOST SPRINTS TOWARD THE ELEVATOR --

The door is about to close -- he may not make it --

HE WEDGES THE NIGHT STICK IN THE OUTER DOORS LENGTH-WISE --

RIESNER AND GHOST LOCK EYES -- THE ELEVATOR ALARM SOUNDS --

RIESNER SPRAYS GHOST IN THE FACE WITH THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

GHOST falls to the ground COUGHING --

THE INNER DOORS CLOSE AND THE ELEVATOR CAR DESCENDS --

BUZZCUT (O.S.)

(over alarm)

HEY.

Ghost TURNS AROUND -- sees BUZZCUT standing behind him --

HE'S GOT HIS ARM TIGHTLY WRAPPED AROUND KATIE --

BARREL OF A TECH 9MM PUSHED AGAINST HER HEAD --

BUZZCUT (CONT'D)

*Here's what happens next. We're all going to--*

KATIE THROWS HER HEAD BACK INTO BUZZCUT'S FACE --

SHE MANAGES TO GET OUT OF HIS GRASP --

GHOST GRABS HIS GUN WITH BOTH HANDS --

KICKS DOWN ON BUZZCUT'S KNEE -- PULLS THE GUN AWAY --

SWINGS THE GUN DOWN LIKE A HATCHET, BARREL AS THE HANDLE --

CRACKS BUZZCUT IN HIS NOSE, BREAKING IT FOR A THIRD TIME

BUZZCUT FALLS TO THE GROUND --

BLOOD POURING FROM HIS DESTROYED NOSTRILS --

Ghost turns to Katie --

GHOST  
*You all right?*

KATIE  
*Jesus... let's GO--*

GHOST  
*Riesner.*

KATIE  
*He's gone already--*

GHOST  
*If I don't stop him now, we'll  
never be safe.*

A beat --

KATIE  
*Go.*

GHOST  
*Train stop. One hour.*

LATER, ELEVATOR SHAFT: GHOST PUSHES THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN --  
THE DARK SHAFT NOW IN FRONT OF HIM -- He peers down below --  
RIESNER'S ELEVATOR CAR DESCENDING -- Smaller and smaller --  
GHOST psychs himself up -- THEN LEAPS FOR THE CENTER CABLE  
WRAPS HIS ARMS AROUND IT AND SLIDES DOWN --

INT. ELEVATOR CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RIESNER standing anxiously in the quiet elevator car --

GHOST BURSTS THROUGH THE ROOF TILES ABOVE HIM --

KNOCKING RIESNER to the floor -- GHOST IS ON HIS FEET FIRST --

Before Riesner can move...

GHOST FIRES SEVERAL LOUD LIVE ROUNDS INTO HIS LEG.

INT. BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Quiet in the empty gray cement chamber below the building.

DING. The elevator door OPENS.

IMMEDIATE SOUNDS OF RIESNER'S HOWLING ECHOES OUT...

GHOST drags Riesner out into the open --

Trains the gun on him --

GHOST CROUCHES NEAR HIM -- Riesner calms --

RIESNER  
(chuckling blackly, in  
tremendous pain)  
...professional curiosity... When  
did you know I was closing in on  
you? ...the airport... or before?

FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

-- GHOST SAYS GOODBYE TO ANDREUS AT THE AIRPORT --

ANGLE ON KATIE -- WATCHING THEM FROM A NEARBY SEAT --

GHOST (V.O.)  
I didn't know.

-- THE TEDDY BEAR SITS ON A TSA COUNTER --

ANGLE ON BUZZCUT -- TAKING THE BEAR AND WALKING AWAY --

GHOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I suspected.

-- THE ASSOCIATE IN THE MILWAUKEE AIRPORT --

Texting to Ghost:

**you were made at the airport**

**Ghost: blue or black**

ANGLE ON THE ASSOCIATE'S LAPTOP -- Watching an RFID TRACKER  
of his own -- BLINKING on a grid of DOWNTOWN CHICAGO --

VERNON (V.O.)  
*Or maybe you found him.*

-- BUZZCUT PLACES THE TEDDY BEAR ON RIESNER'S DESK --

-- THE ASSOCIATE PULLS UP THE LOCATION ON HIS LAPTOP --

Information on WESTGROUP POPS UP ON THE SCREEN -- HE TEXTS --

**black**

-- VERNON AND GHOST at the Beaches in Toronto --

VERNON (CONT'D)

I bet you've been leaving him bread  
crumbs the entire time.

BACK TO SCENE:

RIESNER holding his shattered leg -- GHOST crouching --

GHOST

I'm tired of running, Riesner.

RIESNER

...all this... for her.

GHOST's face -- mildly puzzled -- listening --

RIESNER (CONT'D)

...I knew you were sleeping with  
her... Vernon told me... He  
suspected she was trying to turn  
you.

GHOST

He said as much.

RIESNER

I killed her... but only because  
Vernon turned over the assets to  
her.

GHOST

Vernon?

RIESNER

After I heard about your... little  
affair... I checked the chatter...  
There was about to be a big sale of  
intel... a list of assets hidden  
deep... *our* assets...

(pause)

At that point I knew it was her. I  
knew one of you had given her the  
list. And you were the only one she  
was sleeping with.

INT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

A black-gloved hand TURNS UP A STEREO TO AN EXTREME VOLUME --

ANGLE ON RIESNER -- HOLDING THE WOMAN BY THE THROAT with his other hand -- He turns back to her -- PULLS HER CLOSE --

LEANS INTO HER EAR --

RIESNER

(close, threatening)

*Who? Who gave it to you? Was it your boyfriend, was it--*

WOMAN

(into his ear)

*Vernon. It was Vernon.*

He pulls away from her -- it registers on Riesner's face --

RIESNER (V.O.)

I couldn't let that list get out. Every asset and where they were hidden. She had to go.

Riesner RAISES THE KNIFE --

INT. BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE -- PRESENT

Riesner and Ghost -- Ghost seems mystified --

GHOST

You stopped the leak but it cost you your proof.

INT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

THE WOMAN IS ALREADY DEAD --

RIESNER RIPS A PAINTING OFF THE WALL --

RIESNER (V.O.)

And Vernon had that fucking tape...

EXPOSING A SMALL CAMERA -- RIESNER YANKS IT OUT --

INT. BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE -- PRESENT

ON GHOST --

GHOST

You let me believe Vernon killed her.

RIESNER

So that you would kill the man killing our hidden assets.

GHOST

Then you would kill me before I found out the truth.

RIESNER

And I could go back to the Pond a hero. All loose ends tied up.

A long beat -- Ghost mulls over the tale --

GHOST

She really said that? That it was Vernon.

Riesner nods slowly -- losing a lot of blood from his leg --

GHOST (CONT'D)

They found her, you know.

(off Riesner's confusion)

We didn't bury her deep enough.

(pause)

The Russians. They found her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACHSIDE HOME -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE WOMAN CRIES into Ghost's arms -- not the false warmth of a spy and her source -- two people in love -- now desperate and afraid --

GHOST (V.O.)

We'd failed her. I'd failed her.

The Russians wanted her dead. They knew where she was and her life was forfeit.

(pause)

Until I made a deal with them.

EXT. BEACH -- MORNING

GHOST walks in the clothes he wore the day of the woman's murder -- he walks with an emotionless determination --

THREE SEVERE MEN IN WINTER COATS stand at water's edge --  
waiting for him -- He approaches them --

GHOST HANDS ONE OF THEM A BLACK THUMB DRIVE --

GHOST  
Every Pond asset. Every name. Every  
location.  
(long pause)  
In exchange for her life.

THE LEAD MAN NODS --

GHOST turns and WALKS AWAY --

We rejoin the earlier shot of HIM WALKING ON THE BEACH --

HE NOTICES THE OPEN HOUSE WINDOW -- THE TORN WHITE CURTAIN --

He sees MICHAEL VERNON stand up inside -- THE MEN LOCK EYES --

GHOST BREAKS INTO A DESPERATE SPRINTING RUN --

GHOST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But what I'd done. It was all for  
nothing.

INT. BASEMENT PARKING GARAGE -- PRESENT

On GHOST -- remembering --

GHOST  
It wasn't Vernon killing the  
assets. It wasn't any of us. It was  
the countries they fled from.

RIESNER  
You gave them up.

GHOST  
Criminals. Murderers. All in  
exchange for her.

Ghost makes EYE CONTACT with RIESNER -- anger, pain --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
Because she was different.

RIESNER  
But... she said Vernon--

GHOST  
 She was lying.  
 (pause)  
 She was protecting me.

ON RIESNER'S FACE -- as he puts all the pieces together --

GHOST (CONT'D)  
 Haven't you figured out how the  
 Russians found her? The Pond told  
 them where she was. Handed her  
 over. Like she was nothing.

RIESNER  
 How long can you keep running?

GHOST  
 I told you. I'm tired of running.

GHOST STANDS UP -- COCKS THE RIFLE -- AIMS IT AT RIESNER --  
 WIDE ON GHOST -- **HE FIRES THREE ROUNDS INTO RIESNER**  
 THE GUNSHOTS DEAFENING IN THE GARAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM -- LATER

KATIE waits anxiously on the platform -- two other solitary  
 passengers wait for a late night train --

GHOST (O.S.)  
 Jennifer Jones.

KATIE TURNS -- sees GHOST standing a few feet off, watching  
 her FROM THE DARKNESS -- hands in his pockets --

KATIE  
 What my father named me. Guess you  
 were wrong about that part.

GHOST  
 We all miss things.

He steps toward her -- INTO THE LIGHT --

THEY EMBRACE -- Longer this time -- No one to run from --

A RUSH OF WIND AS THE TRAIN ARRIVES --

INT. ELEVATED TRAIN -- MOMENTS LATER

They ride in silence --

OUTSIDE: THE TRAIN DESCENDS INTO A SUBWAY TUNNEL --

INSIDE: ON GHOST AND KATIE -- The windows now DARK --

KATIE

That reminds me.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What's *your* real name?

Ghost says nothing --

THE TRAIN LIGHTS FLICKER FOR A MOMENT AND GO BLACK --

END.