

PATHFINDER

by

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story by

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EXT. WAR RAVAGED LAND -- DAY

A column of US Army vehicles moves down a muddy road surrounded by thousands of cheering, waving civilians.

FOLLOW one armored personnel carrier. The nineteen year old gunner smiles broadly at the joyous citizens. Women, young and old, toss bouquets of flowers at him. An eight year old boy runs along side the vehicle waving an American flag.

SUPERIMPOSE:

June, 1999

NATO peacekeepers move into Kosovo, Yugoslavia.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The same ecstatic reaction is seen over and over again as US, British, French, German, and Italian troops pour into Kosovo.

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE

A sign tells us this is the village of Prinevca.

In sharp contrast to the scenes so far, it is totally quiet here. Not a soul in sight.

A platoon of US troops moves slowly toward the seemingly empty village, fanning out on foot. The eyes of the young soldiers dart back and forth. They finger the triggers of their weapons.

SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Sergeant! Sergeant! Over here!

The platoon converges near an old wooden barn.

STAY ON the faces of the young men. ON the face of the SERGEANT.

SERGEANT

Oh, Jesus...

Spread before him is a field full of twisted bodies. All civilians. Men, women, children. There must be fifty of them.

They have been mowed down by machine gun fire.

Flies buzz around them. The earth is stained with their blood.

ON the sergeant's face as he fights back tears.

He notices the body of tiny child -- two years old -- face down in the mud, still in his dead mother's arms.

He can't hold the tears back any longer...

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- WASHINGTON, DC

SUPERIMPOSE:

Two years later. September, 2001

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- DAY

A CNN REPORTER speaks to the camera in front of the US Supreme Court. INTERCUT appropriate NEWS FOOTAGE as he speaks.

CNN REPORTER

The Supreme Court cleared the way today for the war crimes trial of Serbian General Josef Vasic, former head of the SIS, Serbia's secret intelligence agency, and the man widely considered the architect of Serbia's murderous ethnic cleansing campaign in Kosovo in 1999 which left more than 10,000 ethnic Albanian civilians dead.

(beat)

Vasic fought a fourteen month battle in US courts claiming that his arrest by US Special Forces inside Serbian territory was illegal. The Supreme Court today disagreed and ordered Vasic turned over to the United Nations War Crimes Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia. The Tribunal currently sits in a heavily secured building near Washington, DC, where it moved three months ago after a terrorist bomb destroyed the Tribunal's original home in the Netherlands...

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Total silence for a beat... Then the sound of something heavy being moved aside and with it a crack of light which gets larger and larger.... The light is blinding.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Underground somewhere. Must be below the water table because the old stone walls are sweating.

A Colonel watches as several guards move a heavy stone lid off a coffin-shaped space which has been cut out of the floor ("The Box"). He gives orders to his guards in an unfamiliar language.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Somewhere in Serbia.

Inside "The Box", a broken-looking prisoner, TOM HAYWOOD, squints hard against the light. He looks in his late thirties, but he could be younger -- the year he's spent down here has taken its toll. His athletic body has become gaunt. His commanding eyes have sunk into their sockets.

Suddenly, Haywood is yanked out of the box -- pulled upward by a harness attached to his feet -- so that he ends up hanging upside down, his head at the height of the Colonel's chest.

The Colonel thrusts a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* in front of Haywood. Turns it upside down so Haywood can read the headline: "Serbian General Turned Over to UN Tribunal for War Crimes Trial."

A faint smile forms on Haywood's exhausted face.

COLONEL
You proud, Pathfinder?

The Colonel tosses the paper aside and asks a question Haywood's heard a thousand times before.

COLONEL
Who are your assets in the Serbian government?

Haywood is silent. The Colonel motions to the guards, who lower Haywood so that his head is just a few inches off the ground. The Colonel kicks him in the face.

COLONEL
Who are your assets! Who was passing you information!

The kick sends Haywood swinging back and forth like a pendulum...until the rope drops and Haywood smashes head first into the stone floor.

A dazed, bleeding Haywood looks up as crumbling rock falls onto him. HAYWOOD'S POV is blurry and distorted as he tries to see why he fell. The rope holding him up was slung across three iron bars covering an ancient ceiling vent. One of the bars has broken away from the ceiling.

A beat...then the Colonel bursts out laughing...

COLONEL
You broke my ceiling, Tom... I'm going to have to stop feeding you so much.

The Colonel's joke has a sick irony to it...since Haywood is more than 40 pounds underweight...

Haywood opens his eyes wide. DISTORTED POV as he scans the room in which he has been interrogated a hundred times before.

COLONEL

The names of your assets. I'm losing my patience.

Haywood's eyes reconfirm every minute detail of his surroundings. It's the way his mind works. But it's also a way to keep his mind focused on something, anything, other than the question being asked, a way to push the answers to that question as deep into the recesses of his brain as he possibly can.

HAYWOOD

Nine hundred and sixty seven stones in the walls of this room. Two hundred thirty one for the floor. Dimensions: eight meters by ten by four. Orientation: five degrees off true north.

The Colonel sighs and takes an electric shock baton from one of the guards, moves toward Haywood...

SOMETIME LATER

Haywood is dragged back to his DARK CELL. The guards push him inside and slam the door shut.... Haywood lies on his back, bruised, battered, struggling with each breath.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, his hand is met by another. The two hands clasp in solidarity.

CELLMATE

Take Christopher.

Haywood's cellmate removes a medallion of St. Christopher from his neck and puts it in Haywood's hand.

HAYWOOD

I'm so tired.

CELLMATE

Don't sleep.

Haywood's cellmate moves into the light. His body shows the same signs of prolonged captivity and torture as Haywood's. His name is PIERRE LaROCHELLE. Haywood's eyes begin to close...

LaROCHELLE

Hey. Sleep now and you won't wake up.
(shakes Haywood)

Hey! Look at me.... There's a cabin on the side of a mountain. Five people inside. They're all dead. What happened?

HAYWOOD

I can't. I can't think.

His eyes close again. LaRochelle shakes him hard. Gets in Haywood's face.

LAROCHELLE

It's an easy one. Now, wake up and figure it out.

LaRochelle knows that Haywood's got to stay focused to stay alive. Haywood looks into his eyes...

HAYWOOD

Was it a natural disaster?

LAROCHELLE

No.

Haywood pauses.... It's so hard to concentrate.

HAYWOOD

Was it an intentional killing?

LAROCHELLE

No.

HAYWOOD

An accident?

LAROCHELLE

Yes.

Haywood coughs, the choking cough of someone who's been kicked in the gut too many times. But he's becoming engrossed in the game.

HAYWOOD

Were they killed by fire?

LAROCHELLE

No.

HAYWOOD

Physical trauma?

LAROCHELLE

Yes.

HAYWOOD

Did everyone die at same time?

LaRochelle nods.

HAYWOOD

Something fell on them. The roof collapsed.

LAROCHELLE
I said "easy," but there are limits.

HAYWOOD
Shit...

LAROCHELLE
Come on, what are you assuming?

HAYWOOD
That this was supposed to be easy, you prick.

LAROCHELLE
It is.

HAYWOOD
Maybe the cabin came off its foundation. Slid down the mountain.

LAROCHELLE
No.

HAYWOOD
Goddamnit, this is not an easy one.

LAROCHELLE
Shut up and figure it out.

A long pause as Haywood wracks his brain. The really dangerous period has passed now, those critical first few minutes after sustained torture when a man chooses life or death, to fight with everything he's got or slide peacefully into oblivion...

HAYWOOD
Is this a regular cabin? The kind we'd expect to find on the side of a mountain?

LAROCHELLE
No...

And that triggers the epiphany...

HAYWOOD
Oh, Christ.... It's an airplane "cabin". The plane crashed into the mountain.

LAROCHELLE
(smiles at him)
Nine questions, not bad, given the shape you're in....

HAYWOOD
How do I look?

LAROCHELLE
Like shit, Tom.... Really bad...

Haywood laughs, finding perverse humor in a dead serious comment.

HAYWOOD
You don't look much better when you
come out, believe me.

LAROCHELLE
Were you in The Box the whole time?

HAYWOOD
Mostly.... How long have I been gone?

LAROCHELLE
Three days. I saved you some food.

LaRochelle reaches underneath the cot and pulls out half of his
food ration for the last three days.

HAYWOOD
No, it wouldn't stay down.

LAROCHELLE
You can't survive much more of this.

Haywood nods.... Takes a deep breath....

HAYWOOD
We've got to move tonight.

LAROCHELLE
Tonight? We don't have a way past the
outer guard station yet.

HAYWOOD
There's another way out.

MIND'S EYE FLASH to Haywood's POV upside down, dangling from his
feet in the torture room.

HAYWOOD (CONT'D)
When they pulled me out this morning,
one of the bars covering the ceiling
vent broke out of the stone. We're so
thin now...we could slip through.

LAROCHELLE
Are you sure it leads anywhere?

HAYWOOD

That vent's from the original medieval architecture. It should lead outside the catacombs.

LAROCHELLE

How do we know it's not closed off?

HAYWOOD

I could smell the river...

LaRochelle tries to swallow the golf ball in his throat. His heart is racing. This is it. This is their chance....

INT. THE CELL -- LATER

LaRochelle bangs on the bars of the cell with a metal pipe. Haywood is sprawled out on the floor playing dead.

LAROCHELLE (IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED)

You bastards! You killed him!

THE CELL

The guards arrive. Guard 1 and Guard 2 have electric shock batons. Guard 3 covers them with a submachine gun.

A thin stream of water pours into the cell from above, alerting the guards to a gap in the water pipe which runs through the cell -- the source of the pipe LaRochelle is banging.

Guard 1 touches his shock baton to the bars of the cell, making them live as LaRochelle hits them with the pipe. LaRochelle screams in pain and drops the pipe. It falls next to Haywood's hand. We see that one end of the pipe has been sharpened.

Guard 1 shocks LaRochelle twice more. He falls to the ground in agony. Guard 2 unlocks the cell door and enters behind Guard 1.

GUARD 3'S POV

as Guards 1 and 2 struggle to handcuff LaRochelle, who is purposely lying on his hands to make this difficult. TURN TO FIND HAYWOOD CHARGING with the sharpened pipe in his hand. Guard 3 gets run through before he can fire his gun.

Guard 2 spins around and is met with two quick gunshots (a "double tap") from Haywood, who now has Guard 3's gun.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The soldier at the console sees Haywood and LaRochelle escaping on a video display. He hits the panic button, setting off a shrill siren -- turns to see the door burst open.

BANG-BANG. Haywood "double taps" him. He slumps over. LaRochelle grabs the dead guy's PISTOL and fires into the console. The video screen dies, but the siren won't quit...

Haywood takes a Swiss Army knife out of the man's pocket. LaRochelle grabs two tiny walkie-talkies and two flashlights.

Haywood pulls up the sleeves of the guard to check his wrists.

HAYWOOD

No watch!

LAROCHELLE

Forget it! Let's go!

HAYWOOD

I can't do it without a watch.

LAROCHELLE

Merde!

INT. CORRIDOR

LaRochelle sprints back to his old cell. Checks the wrist of a dead guard...

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Haywood gives a ferocious kick to a flimsy wooden door -- nearly knocks it off its hinges. An empty office.

Siren still blaring in the hall. Haywood stuffs a pen in his pocket. Grabs a small pad of paper. Dumps out a desk drawer. Frantically looking for something else. A file? A password?

HAYWOOD

Come-on--come-on-- There you are.

He snatches up a ruler.

LaRochelle runs in and tosses him a watch. Both men turn and rush out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Haywood and LaRochelle -- badly underweight from two years of captivity -- squeeze into an eight hundred year-old ventilation duct in the ceiling.

BLACK SCREEN

until a wooden trap door splinters open and two flashlight beams illuminate a SPIRAL STONE STAIRCASE.

LAROCHELLE

(transfixed)

I can't believe it...

LaRochelle and Haywood crawl out of the ventilation duct and into the staircase. Slimy black-green algae covers everything in sight. LaRochelle gleefully starts climbing the stairs.

HAYWOOD

Other way.

LAROCHELLE

Down?

HAYWOOD

Trust me.

EXT. NEXT TO OLD BRIDGE -- NIGHT

A sewer grate is pushed open from below.... We are at the base of a steep hill, atop of which sits a fortified medieval monastery.

In the opposite direction is a picturesque Eastern European town. Must be late at night because the streets are completely empty.

Haywood and LaRochelle climb out from the sewer. Both look up at the clear night sky.

HAYWOOD

I almost forgot what it looked like.

EXT. RIVERFRONT -- NIGHT

Sirens in the background. Haywood and LaRochelle move stealthily along the edge of the river, stopping when they spot a police car parked in front of them. Haywood motions for LaRochelle to stay put, then crawls off to investigate.

NEAR THE POLICE CAR

Haywood can see that there is no one inside. A tiny sliver of light is suddenly reflected off the windows of the car. Haywood spins, gun first, to look behind him.

POV: He sees a flashlight beam sweep across the ground about a hundred feet behind him -- right where LaRochelle is. Then GUNSHOTS...and the flashlight falls to the ground.

Haywood scrambles back to LaRochelle, who is tightly clenching the pistol he just fired, and appears slightly in shock.

LAROCHELLE

I've never been a very good shot.

Haywood finds the dead police officer.

HAYWOOD

You hit him.

LAROCHELLE

Not before he hit me.

Haywood rushes to his friend, who is covered in blood...

HAYWOOD

Oh, Jesus...

LAROCHELLE

Leave me. You can still make it out.

HAYWOOD

No.... Don't you dare die on me, now.

LAROCHELLE

Tom...it's over.... You want to help me, make it quick.

LaRochelle hands his pistol to Haywood. He wants Haywood to shoot him. Haywood is horrified by LaRochelle's request...

LAROCHELLE (CONT'D)

Do it. I don't want them to find me alive....

Haywood grabs the pistol.

HAYWOOD

No! You're going to live, goddamnit. We're going to hide you and I'm going to call in the cavalry just like we planned.

The two men stare at each other. In the background we hear sirens and barking dogs.

EXT. TOWN -- NIGHT

A military police car races down a road next to the river. After it passes, Haywood runs to a small boat house.

INT. BOAT HOUSE -- NIGHT

The door swings open. Haywood carries LaRochelle inside and sets him on the floor. There's blood everywhere. Haywood hands one of the radios he took from the control room to LaRochelle.

HAYWOOD

It's set for "unit to unit." That'll keep it off their scanners.

Haywood takes the medallion of St. Christopher off his neck -- puts it in LaRochelle's hand.

HAYWOOD

Listen to me. Two hours from now a rescue team is going to pluck you out of here. You have to last two hours.

(holding up the
walkie-talkie)

I'll be with you the whole time.

(beat)

A man who was pushing his car stopped outside a hotel. As soon as he got there, he knew he was bankrupt. Why?

Tears well up in LaRochelle's eyes. A powerful moment between them.

A MILITARY POLICE VEHICLE

driving slowly through the town, shining its spotlight into doorwells and alleyways.

HAYWOOD

is climbing straight up the outside of a building along an iron drain pipe. He freezes as the police spotlight moves across the street below and then disappears. Haywood climbs up and onto the roof.

He stays low as he moves to a satellite dish several feet away and opens up its control box. Takes a moment to examine the circuitry. Satisfied with what he finds, Haywood looks up at the night sky, finding Orion and the Little Dipper.

Quickly checks his watch and pulls out his ruler.

HAYWOOD

(into radio)

Pierre...

Haywood presses the butt of his pistol against his face and holds the ruler flat against the muzzle of the gun. He has built a primitive sextant.

Still no answer from LaRochelle.

HAYWOOD

Pierre!

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

I'm here.

In the distance we can see the small boathouse where LaRochelle is fighting for his life. Haywood takes another measurement. Jots it and the first measurement on the pad of paper he took from the guards' office.

He's got his critical numbers; now it's time for some math....
Haywood scribbles out three nasty-looking simultaneous equations.

HAYWOOD

Next question.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

Was the car broken?

HAYWOOD

No.

Haywood works the equations at lightning speed.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

Was it out of gas?

HAYWOOD

No.

Frantically scribbling...scribbling...and he's done. He circles three new numbers -- his answer.

Beneath the satellite dish's circuit box are three cranks which position the dish. Haywood turns each crank so that the number on its indicator scale corresponds with a number derived from his equations. He's got to aim this dish perfectly.

HAYWOOD

I want a question, Pierre.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

Was the car his?

HAYWOOD

Yes.

Haywood uses the Swiss Army knife he took from the control room guard to slice a six-inch section out of one of the wires going from the circuit box to the building.

He gently removes the plastic lining on both ends of the wire and inserts one end into the circuit box. Next, he opens his flashlight and touches the exposed wire to the flashlight batteries: Two taps. Pause. One tap. Pause. Five taps...etc.... He is sending a code.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

Was there a bet involved?

HAYWOOD

No.

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY -- DAY

An AIR FORCE CAPTAIN hustles down an antiseptic corridor past people in civilian dress and catches up to DOUGLAS PRITCHARD, the lumbering 50 year-old Division Chief for Special Activities.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

Sir, I have an urgent message from the Signals C.O.

INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE -- DAY

One wall is all windows. Another displays the seal of the CIA. Pritchard shows the officer inside. Closes the door and flips a red switch, which turns on the "whispering window" -- the state-of-the-art in anti-eavesdropping technology. Speakers embedded in the double-paned windows play computer-generated sounds of a large crowd of people talking. Several red signs illuminate which read "Room Secure."

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

At 15:09 hours, seven minutes ago, our ears in the Balkans caught a Pathfinder distress signal coming out of northern Serbia. The code sequence was two years old.

PRITCHARD

Was there a user designation?

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

Rover 215. It came up national level priority. The rest was classified above our level.

Pritchard is spellbound by the news.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM

Two large screens filled with high-resolution REAL-TIME SATELLITE FOOTAGE of Haywood's Serbian village. Military police vehicles are clearly visible searching the streets with their spotlights. A third screen contains a detailed map of Eastern Europe. The CIA DIRECTOR enters with two aides.

MOMENTS LATER

Pritchard is briefing the group.

PRITCHARD

The signal originated from Pleven in northern Serbia. Shortly after Major Haywood was captured we had intel that he was being held in Belgrade, but nothing since.

CIA DIRECTOR
Recently your guess was he was in
Vratsa, right?

PRITCHARD
Or dead.

CIA DIRECTOR
Any chance this is a trap?

PRITCHARD
The extraction protocols instruct
officers to stay by the signal source
for a half hour. Haywood wrote those
protocols, so if it's at all possible,
he'll follow them, and we'll be able
to get visual confirmation.

SATELLITE OFFICER
Center screen, sir. We just locked
the eyes on.

The center screen camera tracks rapidly across slate rooftops,
then stops and zooms in on a satellite dish. A human form
becomes visible next to it, but the face is a blur....
Focusing...focusing...until...the FACE OF TOM HAYWOOD pops into
view. It looks like we're five feet away.

PRITCHARD
That's him.

Pritchard stares at Haywood's image.

CIA DIRECTOR
Where's the President?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

DESCEND across the trees of Central Park toward the Plaza Hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE -- DAY

The President walks into a large bedroom from which all the
furniture has been removed. In the center of the room is a metal
box roughly the size of the square-back section of an ambulance
-- this is "The Vault."

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM

Pritchard and the CIA Director watch on video link as the
President, Secretary of State, and aides shut themselves into
"The Vault." INTERCUT the CIA Situation Room and "The Vault."

CIA DIRECTOR

Mr. President, you've met Doug Pritchard, chief of the Special Activities Division.

PRITCHARD

Sir, my division is home to the Agency's Pathfinders. They're a small group of men recruited out of the military because they have a rare bundle of abilities called *hyperorientation*: an almost infallible sense of direction and spatial relations, a photographic memory for maps, acute senses...

(beat)

Most spies work out of our embassies protected by diplomatic immunity. Pathfinders go where we don't even have embassies. Their mission is to slip in-country during a crisis, blend with the local population, and gather the necessary information to locate our highest priority targets.

THE PRESIDENT

Like a command and control bunker.

PRITCHARD

Exactly, sir. For a facility like that a Pathfinder would map the target, find vulnerabilities, and in a conflict situation, call in an air strike to destroy it.

THE PRESIDENT

Okay, I get it. What's the situation?

PRITCHARD

Sir, two years ago during the Kosovo conflict, we sent a Pathfinder named Tom Haywood into Serbia to locate and call in strikes on some of our most crucial targets. After the war, Haywood remained under cover inside Serbia and continued to gather intel for us. His principal target was General Vasic, head of SIS, and the second most powerful man in the country. Haywood shadowed him for five months. Last year your predecessor in office ordered JSOC to

(MORE)

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
apprehend Vasic. With Haywood
directing them on the ground, Delta
went in and did the snatch without
firing a shot.

(beat)

Two weeks later, and we still don't
know how, Haywood's cover was blown,
and he was arrested by Vasic's men.
He's been held incommunicado ever
since.

EXT. ROOF -- SERBIAN TOWN -- NIGHT

Haywood on the radio with LaRochelle.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)
Does he work in the hotel?

HAYWOOD
No.

A beat of silence. Haywood is concerned that LaRochelle has not
asked another question.

HAYWOOD
Stay with me, Pierre....

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM

Pritchard and the CIA Director watch the President on VIDEO LINK.

THE PRESIDENT (VIDEO LINK)
Here's my concern: the Serbs have just
elected a government that wants to
make peace with its neighbors and
normalize relations with us.
President Birovic has even held out
the possibility of cooperating with
the War Crimes Tribunal, including
handing over Milosovic. Now, in that
context, I'm not sure I want to go
barging into Serbia with Delta Force.

CIA DIRECTOR
Sir, I appreciate your need to
balance--

THE PRESIDENT (VIDEO LINK)
Hang on...I'm not suggesting leaving
your guy there and forgetting about
him. But I'd greatly prefer a
diplomatic solution -- a message to
President Birovic asking him to set
your man free.

CIA DIRECTOR

The problem is, at this point, we don't believe Birosic has any real control over the hardline nationalists that run the SIS and the Army. If he keeps talking about handing over war criminals they may even topple him. I don't think Birosic has the power to set Haywood free even if he wants to.

The President turns away...thinks for a minute...

THE PRESIDENT (VIDEO LINK)

All right. I'll confer with my advisors and make my decision.

The video link is cut. Pritchard and the CIA Director look at each other. The room is holding its breath awaiting the President's decision.

INT. "THE VAULT"

The President and his advisors.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

If we do this thing and it turns into a firefight on the ground...the Serbian public will rally behind the hardliners. It'll doom Birosic. This isn't just rescuing a guy. This could have real impact on the stability of the region.

THE PRESIDENT

I hear you. I just don't know if I can leave this guy behind. Could you?

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

I wouldn't want to have to make the choice, sir. It's one of the things about your job I really don't envy.

EXT. ROOF -- SERBIAN TOWN -- NIGHT

Haywood listens to his radio. LaRoche is struggling. In the distance military helicopters do search patterns over the town.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

Is this a normal hotel?

HAYWOOD

No.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

A normal car?

HAYWOOD

No.

LaRochelle thinks, then:

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

He's playing Monopoly.

HAYWOOD

Son of a bitch. Half dead and you get it in seven questions.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

I'm smarter than you. What can I say?

Haywood laughs, but his face quickly turns somber. LaRochelle sounds terrible. He can't last much longer.

LAROCHELLE (RADIO V.O.)

You know, they might not come, Tom.
If the politics aren't right. If it
doesn't fit the national interest at
the moment...

Haywood doesn't have an answer to that. He knows LaRochelle is right...

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM

The President reappears on screen.

THE PRESIDENT

Do it.

CIA DIRECTOR

(relieved smile)

Thank you, sir.

EXT. BELGRADE ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

A rifleman slinks through the shadows toward the satellite dish Haywood just used to make his distress call. Serbian? American? We can't tell.... Slowly, cautiously...the rifleman inches toward the satellite dish, until... A hand reaches out from behind him and taps his shoulder. The rifleman gasps -- spins to see a pistol in his face. Haywood is behind the pistol.

VOICE (FROM 30 FEET AWAY)

Sir!

Haywood instinctively puts the rifleman between himself and the VOICE -- a black-clad figure in the shadows 30 feet away.

DARK FIGURE

Doug Pritchard asked me to give this
to you.

The dark figure holds a small pin out into the light.

CLOSE on the pin: an EAGLE SENDING A BOLT OF LIGHTNING THROUGH A KEYHOLE. Across the top, it reads "PATHFINDER." At the bottom: "Find The Way."

The dark figure (a Delta Force trooper) steps into the light. Two more troopers appear near him.

TROOPER 1

We're here to bring you home, Major.

Haywood takes his pistol out of the rifleman's face.

HAYWOOD

My cellmate escaped with me. He's French Intelligence. He's been hit.

TROOPER 1

Where is he?

HAYWOOD

(pointing)

Boat house.

TROOPER 1

(into radio)

Foxtrot 1 we have a second objective.

(to trooper 2)

Paint it.

Trooper 2 aims a small laser-guiding device at the boat house and "paints" the target. Trooper 1 listens to his ear piece.

TROOPER 1

(to Haywood)

They're on their way. Follow me, sir.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET -- NIGHT

The Delta troopers emerge from the front of the building with Haywood and rush down the street with him on foot.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dark figures running through the streets toward a small lake at the edge of town.

EXT. SMALL LAKE -- NIGHT

Haywood and the troopers jump into an inflatable boat and speed toward the center of the lake.

Out of nowhere a large helicopter appears over the tree line, running lights blacked out. It's like nothing we've ever seen

before. Two separate overhead rotors set atop a 60 foot overbody wingspan. The chopper comes in fast and low and sets down on the water at the center of the lake, kicking up a fierce spray.

A tail hatch drops open forming a ramp down into the water. The rubber boat aims for the ramp.

GUNFIRE erupts from the shoreline. But it is quickly suppressed by a withering barrage of cover fire from two Apache attack helicopters hovering silently in the distance.

Seconds later, the rubber boat hits the ramp and slides up out of the water. Hands reach out to pull the boat inside.

The boat is halfway in when a sniper bullet rips into Haywood's back. He slumps forward...

A flurry of hands grab Haywood and yank him inside, to safety.

The Apaches lay down a massive blanket of fire as the strange-looking helicopter lifts off. Thousands of gallons of water pour out from the tail ramp. As the chopper picks up speed the overhead rotors begin to tilt forward...tilting and tilting and tilting, until we are looking at something a lot closer to a plane than a helicopter (a V-22 Osprey).

INT. V-22 HELICOPTER/PLANE

Blood everywhere. Haywood's shirt has been cut open and a MEDIC is trying to stanch the bleeding. Haywood grabs Trooper 1's sleeve.

HAYWOOD

Did you get my cellmate?

Trooper 1 seems reluctant to respond.

MEDIC

Don't talk! Just breathe!

HAYWOOD

Did you get him?!

TROOPER 1

The Serbs got there first.

The words are crushing. Haywood sags back into his cot.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM

A schematic map shows the Delta aircraft crossing the border between Serbia and Croatia.

MISSION COMMANDER (VIDEO LINK)

We're out. We have our principal objective. He's wounded, but he'll make it.

The room breaks out in cheers.

INT. CIA RESTAURANT/LOUNGE -- NIGHT

The "Cloak and Dagger Room." Pritchard and an army liaison officer are sipping scotch together in celebration of the rescue. Pritchard looks up to see a grim-faced COLLEAGUE.

PRITCHARD
Don't tell me he died...

COLLEAGUE
No, it's not that.

INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The colleague pulls out a top secret cable.

COLLEAGUE
Just came in from the Chief of Station
in Budapest.

Pritchard reads the cable. His face slowly falls....

PRITCHARD
Oh, God. Did you verify it?

COLLEAGUE
Three times. The Director's on his
way back in.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Haywood wakes up, disoriented. Squinting hard. The sunlight pouring through the window is savage on eyes that have spent so long adjusting to the dark.

The door to the hallway is open, but it is strangely quiet out there. Not like a normal hospital. Haywood grimaces as he gets out of bed. His body is scratched, bruised, badly underweight.

He goes to check the hall and finds it completely EMPTY. No nurses in sight. No doctors. Haywood checks the room next door -- no patients either.... His eyes find the closed-circuit camera keeping watch over the hall.

Back in his room, Haywood notices a camera there too. He pauses for a moment, then checks the closet. Finds it full of clothing. All his size. Notices a pair of dark sunglasses have been left for him on the dresser. That's when he hears footsteps.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Haywood looks up as a young woman enters.

WOMAN
Welcome home, Major.

HAYWOOD
Any word on LaRochelle?

WOMAN
(beat)
Nothing yet.

Haywood looks away. Thinks about his friend...

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

Plush, comfortable, looks like a living room. Haywood sits with two old-school DEBRIEFERS. They work together effortlessly, suggesting a long partnership.

DEBRIEFER 1
You were under cover inside Serbia for nine months prior to your arrest, is that correct?

HAYWOOD
Just under nine months.

DEBRIEFER 1
And which of our assets did you make contact with during that time?

HAYWOOD
Top Hat, Speedy, Urban, Ancient, Barber, Sentry, Salesman, Platinum, and Wedding.

DEBRIEFER 2
And these are all Serbian officials who pass us information?

HAYWOOD
Eight of them pass information. Wedding is strictly a support asset; he arranges safehouses, keeps escape plans in case anyone in the group is compromised...

DEBRIEFER 2
Did any of them know your cover?

HAYWOOD
I had twelve different covers. They each knew a different one. And none of them knew the location of my operational base.

DEBRIEFER 1

What about LaRochelle? Could he have known that location?

HAYWOOD

I'd never even met him before we ended up in the same cell.

DEBRIEFER 2

We've run a number of joint operations with French Intelligence in the past. It's possible that he knew the location of your master safehouse, isn't it?

Haywood shakes his head; they're barking up the wrong tree.

HAYWOOD

Pierre didn't give me up, if that's what you're getting at.

DEBRIEFER 2

He was arrested a month before you. That's a long time when you're getting tortured.

HAYWOOD

He didn't give me up.

Debriefer 1 looks at Haywood, sizes him up...

DEBRIEFER 1

You spent a lot of time with LaRochelle. What did you talk about...during all that time together?

HAYWOOD

We played a lot of games to keep our minds sharp.

DEBRIEFER 2

Did you ever discuss operations?

HAYWOOD

Occasionally--

DEBRIEFER 1

(interrupting)

Really? Did it ever occur to you that you were violating protocol during these discussions, Major Haywood?

The Debriefer's tone rankles Haywood.

HAYWOOD

No, it didn't, Mr. Taub, because I only discussed operations with joint US-French access: Toulour, Silver Meadow...

DEBRIEFER 1

So let me get this straight, you guys spent a year together in an 8 by 10 cell...kept each other alive after unspeakable torture...but you never once slipped and discussed any private accounts...

HAYWOOD

I answered your question.

DEBRIEFER 1

Mmm-hmm.... Why don't we move on for now. Let's talk about the interrogations.

INSTANTANEOUS FLASHBACK -- INTERROGATION

--A Serbian officer shouting a question at an exhausted-looking Haywood.

BACK TO SCENE -- DEBRIEFING

DEBRIEFER 1 (CONT'D)

...and the punishments...

INSTANTANEOUS FLASHBACK -- PUNISHMENT

--An electric shock administered to his nude body.

BACK TO SCENE -- DEBRIEFING

DEBRIEFER 1

Major, no one likes to dwell on this part, but we need to know exactly what you told them about our operations.

HAYWOOD

I told you, I didn't tell them anything.

The debriefers smile, faint contemptuous smiles.

DEBRIEFER 2

Of course not...

DEBRIEFER 1

Major, no one goes through a solid year of torture without telling things. It's normal. It's expected.
(rising to a shout)

But we need to know if we're going to protect the integrity of our accounts!

A beat. Haywood stares back at them.

HAYWOOD

Go to hell.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Pritchard, the CIA Director, and other suits, including the CHIEF OF SECURITY, watch the debriefing on a bank of video monitors.

PRITCHARD

This is a disgrace.

CHIEF OF SECURITY

This is protocol. Just do your job, and let us do ours.

The Chief of Security turns to a technician manning several specialized monitors. One gives an EXTREME CLOSE UP of Haywood's right eye. Another gives a stylized image of his face and shows micro changes in skin tension and subcutaneous blood flow.

PRITCHARD

What exactly is your job?

CHIEF OF SECURITY

To get to the truth, Mr. Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

He's telling you the truth.

BACK TO SCENE -- DEBRIEFING

DEBRIEFER 1

Listen, I apologize. I've done so many interrogations in my life, sometimes I slip into old habits. I forget we're all on the same side here. You thirsty?

Haywood stares daggers at Debriefers 1.

DEBRIEFER 2

I am.

DEBRIEFER 1
(to Haywood)
Water okay?
(no answer)
I'll assume that's a "yes".

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Debrief 1 is in the surveillance room looking at the lie-detection monitors. The assessment reads "truth value inconclusive".

DEBRIEFER 1
"Inconclusive" means he's lying. He's
just good at it. I want to take the
next step.

The CIA Director gives a reluctant nod. Pritchard is obviously opposed, we can see it on his face, but he bites his tongue.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM

Debrief 1 brings in three glasses of water.

DEBRIEFER 1
(conciliatory tone)
Tell us about "The Box."

INSTANTANEOUS FLASHBACK -- "THE BOX"

--Haywood is stuffed into the coffin-shaped space in the floor.
--The lid SLAMS shut.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM

DEBRIEFER 1
How long would they keep you like
that?

HAYWOOD
Hours. Sometimes days.

DEBRIEFER 1
Breaks you down, doesn't it?

HAYWOOD
That's a stupid question.

Haywood shifts in his chair to avoid the sunlight, now pouring in through the shades. His eyes simply can't take bright light yet.

DEBRIEFER 2
I'll get the blinds.

He gets up to close the blinds. Haywood reaches for a drink of water during the lull -- from Debriefing 1's glass. A big drink. When he puts the glass down he points to his own glass.

HAYWOOD

What have you got in there, Sodium Pentathol?

DEBRIEFER 1

That's really not the way we do business here, Tom.

HAYWOOD

I want to see Pritchard.

We notice that Debriefing 2 is sneaking up behind Haywood...

DEBRIEFER 1

You know how it works, we've got to talk to you first...

Debriefing 2 -- right behind Haywood now -- readies a syringe. Haywood doesn't realize he's there...

DEBRIEFER 1

We'll be done in a couple hours. Then you can see anyone you want...

A contemptuous smile forms on Haywood's face.... Suddenly he spins and grabs Debriefing 2. Expertly flips the man over his shoulder and slams him onto the coffee table.

Debriefing 2's wrist snaps and the syringe falls out of his hand. He groans in pain. Like lightning Haywood has him by the neck.

HAYWOOD

Next "snap" you hear is his neck.

Debriefing 1 jumps back. He and Haywood lock eyes. A moment later a SECURITY OFFICER rushes into the room drawing his sidearm.

SECURITY OFFICER

Sir! Let him go.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM

CIA DIRECTOR

This is a disaster. Get in there, Doug.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM

DEBRIEFER 1

Just calm down!

HAYWOOD

I'm completely calm. You're the one who's screaming.

Haywood is completely calm -- and that freaks out Debriefers 1 even more.

HAYWOOD

I saw the syringe.

Haywood gives a contemptuous glance at the syringe. Only it's not a syringe...it's a pen...snapped in half and leaking onto the coffee table.

Haywood stares at the pen...then releases Debriefers 2...

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll take it from here, gentlemen...

Everyone turns to see Pritchard, who has just walked in.

PRITCHARD

Hi, Tom.

Pritchard motions for the security officer and the two debriefers to leave.

HAYWOOD

I'm sorry, Doug.... I don't...I...

Haywood just shakes his head.

PRITCHARD

It's okay. A year of captivity can really screw up the way you see things.

Pritchard reaches his hand out. The two men shake.

HAYWOOD

What's going on? That was a pretty aggressive debriefing...

Pritchard acknowledges the comment with a nod.

PRITCHARD

Vasic's trial begins next month.

HAYWOOD

That's great, Doug, now would you mind telling me what the fuck is going on here? Why was I debriefed like that?

PRITCHARD

LaRochelle was killed.

(Haywood's face falls)

But not in your escape. Fourteen months ago in a prison in Belgrade. They tortured him to death a week after they arrested him.

Haywood freezes.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

The man you knew as LaRochelle is an SIS officer named Pavel Raznovic.

Haywood shakes his head in disbelief.

HAYWOOD

He knew all the interagency protocols. He knew codes... It's impossible, Doug.

Pritchard looks down. This is hard for him.

HAYWOOD (CONT'D)

I watched him get tortured. I saw him get shot.

Pritchard takes a deep breath, then goes to a large t.v. monitor on the wall and flips it on.

TV MONITOR

Haywood and the Delta troopers take fire as they speed across the small lake toward the V-22 helicopter/plane. From this overhead vantage point we can see Serb soldiers closing in around the lake. "LaRochelle" is with them, issuing orders, carrying a rifle. Fake blood still covers his prison clothes.

HAYWOOD

is devastated by what he sees. An inconceivable betrayal.

TV MONITOR

The rubber boat is pulled into the V-22. Haywood is only three feet from safety when Raznovic drops to one knee on the shoreline and takes aim. He fires and hits Haywood in the back.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM

Haywood stares mutely at the screen.... Pritchard winces at his pain. A moment of suffocating silence. Then Pritchard shuts the monitor off.

PRITCHARD

We still don't know very much about him. He was under deep cover, even inside Serbia, until Vasic made him his right hand man during the Kosovo war. They're from the same home town. They've been friends since childhood.

Haywood looks dazed.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

I'm sure it took everything Raznovic had not to kill you when he captured you. You'd just orchestrated the arrest of his lifelong friend.

(beat)

But you were more valuable to him alive. He knew you couldn't have planned the snatch of Vasic without a network of Serb assets passing you secrets. He spent the next year of his life getting their names from you.

HAYWOOD

I never gave names. I hope you believe that. No one else seems to.

INTERCUT -- THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The CIA Director, the Chief of Security, and a half dozen others watching Haywood on the monitors...

BACK TO SCENE

PRITCHARD

Tom, within 48 hours of your escape every major source we had inside Serbia was targeted for arrest. Six of them are confirmed dead. Urban, Salesman, and Platinum are still on the run. Our window into Serbia has been virtually blacked out.

Haywood's eyes close. His body sags. For a spy there is nothing worse than this. No worse shame. No greater torture.

PRITCHARD

The new drugs are unbeatable. You were probably barely conscious when they got the names out of you.

HOLD on Haywood's face....

EXT. SUBURBAN VIRGINIA BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

A government sedan pulls up outside Haywood's house. Haywood and Pritchard emerge from the back of the car and stand together on the sidewalk.

PRITCHARD

We looked after it while you were gone.

Haywood stares bleakly at his house.

HAYWOOD

I'm going to resign.

PRITCHARD

Take a leave of absence. Don't quit.

HAYWOOD

You have a lot of good people.

PRITCHARD

I've only got twelve Pathfinders. And none of them knows Eastern Europe like you do.

(beat)

You're one of us. You'll always be one of us.

Haywood turns and walks towards his house.

INT. HAYWOOD'S BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

The decor is eclectic. Furniture and decorative items from Eastern European countries. An icon, an Eastern Orthodox cross and orb, a samovar.

We also notice antique maps, compasses, sextants and other items associated with navigation.

Suddenly LOUD BANGING, someone POUNDING on a door...

MIND'S EYE: INT. APARTMENT -- BELGRADE -- NIGHT

SIS officers break the door down and rush in. A white-haired man in his underwear stands motionless in his bedroom, bracing himself for his fate.

BACK TO SCENE

Haywood grappling with his guilt as the haunting sounds subside. He looks at a faded picture of his mother and father on the desk. His father wears an Army officer's uniform.

On the wall: group pictures of Army special operations teams Haywood served in prior to becoming a Pathfinder.

A framed Newsweek magazine cover from 1995 showing US Air Force pilot Scott O'Grady, who was shot down over Serbia, flashing "thumbs up" as he is helped off of a Marine helicopter. The headline reads "Rescued."

Next to the magazine cover is a personal snapshot taken ten minutes earlier, inside the rescue helicopter: Haywood in muddy civilian clothes with his arm around O'Grady. The implication is that Haywood, on a Pathfinder mission, located O'Grady and called in the rescue team.

INT. BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

Haywood moves slowly from room to room, his eyes reacquainting themselves with his home. INTERCUT:

MIND'S EYE: FLASHES

of others being arrested, yanked out of bed, thrown against the wall, slapped, kicked, screamed at, taken away...

INT. HAYWOOD'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

He sits at the table, mind elsewhere, sipping a glass of water.

FLASHBACK

The day "LaRochelle" and Haywood met. "LaRochelle" is pushed into the cell by guards. He is barely able to stand. Seems dizzy, about to fall. Haywood catches him.

HAYWOOD

Take this.

"LaRochelle" opens his palm to see the MEDALLION OF ST. CHRISTOPHER that we have seen in earlier scenes.

HAYWOOD

Saint Christopher. My grandfather was an OSS officer. They dropped him into France six months before D-Day. He swore this was the only thing that kept him safe from the Nazis.

(beat)

I'm Haywood. I was arrested last week.

INT. HAYWOOD'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Haywood gets into bed. Lies there for a moment staring at the ceiling, finally turns out the light.... A long beat in the dark...then Haywood flips the light back on. Darkness is the color of captivity. Haywood craves light...

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Haywood wakes with a start, spreading his arms wide, as if resisting confinement in "The Box". The lights are still on. They've been on all night.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Haywood stands in his boxer shorts, looking at himself in the mirror. He's too thin. His chest is sunken. He touches a thick scar on his back.

INSTANTANEOUS FLASHBACK

Haywood is pulled into the back of the V-22 rescue aircraft. Raznovic takes aim and FIRES. The bullet RIPS into Haywood's back.

INT. HAYWOOD'S DINING ROOM -- DUSK

Haywood sits at his dining room table writing on a yellow pad. Five other pads full of writing are stacked next to him.

MONTAGE

of Haywood jogging. Through the quiet residential streets of McLean, Virginia. Along the Potomac, the monuments visible across the river.

He is heading across Memorial Bridge toward the Lincoln Memorial when he stops...begins walking. There is no physical reason for this. He doesn't seem worn out. He's not breathing hard. And he's barely broken a sweat.

Stay with him as he walks past the Lincoln Memorial, past the reflecting pool to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. He looks at the black marble wall cut into the earth.

MIND'S EYE

An open field. Six men with their hands tied behind their backs. Their grim faces look familiar. The same faces Haywood saw in his mind's eye earlier. The people being arrested by Serbian Intelligence officers. The people he betrayed.

BANG! A gunshot -- actually two dozen nearly simultaneous gunshots -- and the people we were watching fall backwards, dead.

BACK TO SCENE -- VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

Haywood stares at the names etched into the black marble wall. We see the despair in his eyes...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. HAYWOOD'S HOUSE -- DAY

Pritchard rings the bell. A long beat.... Then Haywood opens the door. His eyes still carry the burden of what happened a month ago.

INT. HAYWOOD'S HOUSE -- DAY

Pritchard enters. On the dining room table we see dozens of yellow pads filled with Haywood's handwriting.

PRITCHARD

Platinum made it out of Serbia.

HAYWOOD

When?

PRITCHARD

Three days ago. She walked into the US embassy in Budapest.

Pritchard opens his laptop and hits a key. Video footage of Melina being debriefed in Hungary is displayed. The footage is electronically labeled:

Code name: PLATINUM

True name: Melina Tovic

Occupation: Captain, SIS

Specialty: Communications Intelligence

Haywood watches the pictures of his asset.

HAYWOOD

She looks good.

(off Pritchard's nod)

What about Urban and Salesman?

PRITCHARD

SIS picked them up over the weekend.

HAYWOOD

It's funny...if you told me only one of them was going to make it out.

Melina would've been the last one I'd have guessed....

Pritchard sees the despair in Haywood's eyes...

PRITCHARD

(re: yellow pads)

What's this?

HAYWOOD

Conversations I had with Raznovic.

(beat)

I need to find the signs I
missed...the things that should have
tipped me off...

Pritchard watches him for a moment.

PRITCHARD

We've been cooperating extensively
with the War Crimes Tribunal. You know
more about Vasic than anyone outside
Serbia and the tape you made is the
only evidence they have that directly
establishes Vasic's involvement in
atrocities. If they're going to get
this guy, they need your help.

Haywood looks away.

PRITCHARD

The Inspector General's report came in
yesterday. It clears you of any
intentional wrongdoing. I came out
here to convince you to come back...

The two men look at each other. Colleagues. Friends. A long
history.

Pritchard pulls out a set of CIA credentials and clearance
badges. Haywood's picture on them. He sets them on the dining
room table.

PRITCHARD

The Director wants to see you tomorrow
at 10 am.

Pritchard gives him a pat on the shoulder, then leaves.

Haywood just stands there, a whole range of conflicting emotions
welling up inside him.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Haywood drives through the main gate into the CIA headquarters
compound in Langley, Virginia. The moment has deep emotional
resonance for him. He hasn't been here in two years. (9 months
undercover in Serbia + 14 months of captivity.)

He watches as the headquarters complex comes into view.

EXT./INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Haywood enters the main lobby. A set of four turnstiles restrict
entrance beyond this point. We watch as other Agency personnel

enter the turnstiles. They slide their badges into a machine and enter their PIN code which triggers the gate-arm in front of them to open and lets them pass.

Haywood takes a deep breath, pauses at the threshold, before pulling out his badge and entering a turnstile....

INT. CIA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Haywood is shown in to find Pritchard, The CIA Director, and several other officials.

CIA DIRECTOR

How are you, Tom?

HAYWOOD

Fine, sir.

CIA DIRECTOR

There's a meeting set for you and the prosecutors tomorrow. Give them a comprehensive briefing on the intel you gathered on Vasic. They're going to ask you things you're not in the habit of sharing with outsiders -- cover stories, tasking, how you infiltrated SIS.... You're cleared to talk about everything except the location of communications intercepts and the identities of human sources.

Haywood shifts uncomfortably.

HAYWOOD

Sir, even leaving those specifics out -- just providing a general picture of where I was plus the raw intelligence -- it's possible somebody could trace the information back to its sources...

CIA DIRECTOR

Charles Rinaldi from the General Counsel's office will sit in on the session with you.

The Director nods at CIA lawyer Rinaldi, who is in the room.

CIA DIRECTOR

He'll help you sanitize your answers as best we can.

(beat)

Tom, we're accepting that as a cost for convicting this guy we're going to reveal some things we'd rather not and some good intelligence is going to dry up.

HAYWOOD

I just don't want any more people to dry up, sir.

CIA DIRECTOR

I understand.

(beat)

Look there's one more thing. It's not going to make this any more comfortable for you. Melina's going to be there this afternoon.

HAYWOOD

(unsettled)

Why?

CIA DIRECTOR

There are gaps in the intel you collected that only she can fill in. And vice versa. You each have part of the puzzle. The prosecutors need the whole picture.

INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE -- DAY

Haywood and Pritchard.

PRITCHARD

When was the last time you saw her?

HAYWOOD

We did a brush pass in Belgrade a week before I was captured.

PRITCHARD

You wondering how she's going to react to you?

Haywood doesn't answer. Just looks out the window.

HAYWOOD

How'd she get out, Doug?

PRITCHARD

Forest north of Vukora.

HAYWOOD

No, I mean how did she get out but none of the others did?

(MORE)

HAYWOOD (CONT'D)

She was a hundred miles from the border, Ancient was five. She had fewer viable routes than anybody but Top Hat. And the least E & E training in the entire group. How did she get out? Unless the Serbs wanted her to.

PRITCHARD

(taken aback)

Tom, you ran this woman for five years. You don't really believe she's a double agent, do you?

HAYWOOD

I don't know what I believe anymore.

PRITCHARD

Think about what she gave us over the years. There's no way the Serbs would have given away that much just to plant a double.

Intellectually, Haywood knows Pritchard's right. But trust is more an emotional choice than intellectual one.

PRITCHARD

She got lucky. The others didn't.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Most of the lights in the massive headquarters building are out. It is after midnight.

INT. HAYWOOD'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Haywood is still here. He watches the videotape of Melina getting debriefed after her escape from Serbia.

Pauses the tape and reads over a section of the top secret report produced by Melina's debriefers.

Haywood puts the report aside and calls up an electronic map of Serbia on his computer. With the click of his mouse he enlarges 100 times a section of the map near the town of Vukora. This provides a detailed picture of the terrain over which Melina says she traveled on her way to Hungary.

More mouse clicks allow Haywood to call up satellite imagery of everything from the cloud formations to the activity in and around military facilities on the day Melina escaped.

Haywood is exhaustively checking her story from his own unique vantage point -- navigation and geography.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSSLYN, VIRGINIA -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the UN WAR CRIMES TRIBUNAL BUILDING.
Heavily guarded. The blue UN flag flies out front.

A black sedan pulls through a security gate and into an
underground garage. We see Haywood and Pritchard in the back.

INT. UN TRIBUNAL BUILDING

Haywood and Pritchard pass through a metal detector. Pritchard's
bag is X-rayed.

INT. UN TRIBUNAL BUILDING -- PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

Haywood and Pritchard stand with CIA lawyer RINALDI.

HAYWOOD

She here?

Rinaldi nods toward an observation window which looks into a
conference room.

RINALDI

You want a minute?

Through the one-way glass Haywood sees MELINA (aka "PLATINUM").

She's in her early thirties. There's a natural grace to her and
a quiet strength.

Haywood watches her, unable to enter the room. An odd mixture of
emotions swirls in his head. Suspicion of her tempered by his
own shame. Wariness tempered by guilt.

Finally, he walks in.

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Melina turns to see Haywood.

INTERCUT Pritchard and Rinaldi watching through the one-way
glass.

HAYWOOD

Hello, Melina.

For a moment she says nothing, just stands completely still and
looks at him.

MELINA

Tom....

There's only a hint of a Serbian accent in her voice.

HAYWOOD
I'm sorry for your ordeal.

MELINA
I'm sure it was a lot worse for the others.

The words slice through Haywood...

He doesn't respond.

Pritchard and Rinaldi enter -- an attempt to ease the tension.

MELINA
I agreed to be civil to him. Don't ask for anything more than that

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE

Haywood stands outside the conference room containing Melina. His expression is distant.

Pritchard comes to him.

PRITCHARD
I apologize about that.

Haywood looks back at Melina through the one-way glass.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Haywood, Pritchard, Melina, and Rinaldi sit with UN prosecutors.

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON
Whenever you're ready, Major.

Haywood hesitates...glances at Melina...

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON
Major?

HAYWOOD
I entered Yugoslavia on March 5, 1999 carrying a Greek passport...

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

ANGLE on the conference room door. A sign reads "Classified briefing in progress. Do not enter." A plain-clothed security officer stands by the door.

BACK TO SCENE -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

HAYWOOD

My cover story was that I was a Greek arms merchant with ties to the Athens underworld and that I'd come to meet with senior officials of the Milosovic government to help them skirt the international arms embargo.

He pauses. Shifts in his chair. Glances at Melina again.

HAYWOOD

I proceeded directly to Kosovo.

He looks at Rinaldi...who nods at him that it's okay for him to continue...

HAYWOOD

My operational tasking was partly tactical military intelligence and partly...strategic...

(turns to Rinaldi)

Sir, can I speak to you outside for a minute?

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

Haywood, Rinaldi, and Pritchard.

HAYWOOD

I can't do it with Melina in the room.

MOMENTS LATER -- OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

RINALDI

Tom, before we cleared her to sit in that room she was subjected to the most exhaustive security check we have. Multiple polygraphs. A complete review of her reporting record. She was debriefed for three straight days after her escape from Serbia without once showing signs of deception.

HAYWOOD

No signs of deception? That right there should worry you. It's too perfect.

RINALDI

Tom, that's perverse.

HAYWOOD

I spent last night looking over the route she says she took to exfiltrate Serbia. The weather, the terrain...

RINALDI

Did you find inconsistencies? Somewhere where she lied to the debriefers?

HAYWOOD

No.

RINALDI

Then what are you saying?

HAYWOOD

It didn't feel right. The route she took was heavily patrolled. The odds of her getting through--

RINALDI

Didn't feel right?

HAYWOOD

It's hard to explain why in a sound bite, sir. I just...

Melina steps through the door behind Haywood.

HAYWOOD (CONT'D)

I can't do it with her in the room. I just don't trust her...

A beat.

MELINA

How dare you question my loyalty after what you did?

Haywood spins to see her...

MELINA

What exactly did it feel like when you gave them my name? Did you feel like a coward signing my death warrant to ease your own suffering?

Haywood looks back at her...

HAYWOOD

Maybe you gave them my name.

Everyone stiffens. His words hang in the air...

HAYWOOD

You were the last person to know my whereabouts to within 100 miles before I was captured.

Melina stares at him. Nobody moves.

MELINA

Your capacity for self-deception is amazing. You know that?

She walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Haywood and Pritchard. The massive CIA headquarters complex looms large behind them.

HAYWOOD

What if all the stuff she gave us over the years...what if it wasn't what we thought it was? What if it was a carefully planned deception? What if she's been feeding us false information for the last seven years?

Haywood goes back in his mind.

HAYWOOD

Think about Kosovo. Before the massacres. All the information we had said the threat of air strikes would make Milosovic and Vasic back down in -- they did the opposite. They killed 10,000 civilians and burned the place to the ground. We made the same miscalculation in Bosnia -- based on the same communications intercepts. Melina had a hand in all of them.

PRITCHARD

So did about ten other sources. They were all saying the same thing.

(beat)

She helped us catch Vasic, Tom. She provided the codes that allowed you to track him.

HAYWOOD

(after a beat)

Maybe they wanted us to capture Vasic.

PRITCHARD

Oh, come on...

HAYWOOD

Maybe Vasic is the sacrificial lamb
that lets Milosovic off the hook.

PRITCHARD

What are you talking about? Getting
Vasic just turns up the heat on
Milosovic. We get Vasic...we'll
eventually get Milosovic too.

Pritchard is right, his cool rationality, his logic. But
Haywood's head is swimming with emotion, with blanket suspicion.

He fights it. Tries to hear his friend.

PRITCHARD

Look...I can't say with certainty
"she's not a double agent". Nothing
in this business is certain.

(beat)

But of all the assets we had in Serbia
-- she's the last one I'd suspect. If
that still means anything to you.

They look at each other.

PRITCHARD

Or do you suspect me now, Tom? Not
suspect, just doubt. In the back of
your head....

Haywood looks away.

PRITCHARD

You've got to trust someone. Don't
you? I mean what's the damn point if
you don't...

(beat)

You worked with her for five years.
You never suspected her.

A long beat.

HAYWOOD

After a certain amount of torture your body just gives in. The pain actually goes away... You have to fight that or you die. LaRochelle was the only reason I kept fighting. He was the last person in the world I would have suspected.

(beat)

When I was in there...if God came down and told me someone I trusted was betraying me. I would have suspected you before him.

INT. CIA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Haywood, Pritchard, Rinaldi and the CIA Director.

CIA DIRECTOR

If she's a double we're already exposed. Her sitting in on your sessions with the prosecutors isn't going to make it much worse.

HAYWOOD

She'll learn the prosecution's case.

CIA DIRECTOR

Tom, we need her to win the case. If she's a double, we've lost already.

Haywood thinks about it.

CIA DIRECTOR

Look, here's the real problem: all of the evidence in this case is from secret sources -- and most of it flows through you and Melina. We go to trial and you're entire career is up for cross examination in open court. We've got a Russian judge on the panel hearing the case. He can ask you anything he wants. Not just how did you sneak into Serbia before the Kosovo conflict, but how have you done it every time. How were you trained? How did you recruit sources? All in the guise of establishing the credibility of the evidence you're introducing.

(MORE)

CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

We can't afford a trial, Tom. We've got to get Vasic to plead guilty. The only way he's going to plead is if he thinks the evidence against him is overwhelming. And the only way that's going to happen is if you and Melina sit down and put that evidence together for the prosecutors.

(beat)

The only other option I can think of is watching Vasic get set free.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR CRIMES COURTROOM -- DAY

Haywood stands alone, just inside the empty courtroom. A different style from an American court. The chamber is dominated by a massive judicial bench, from which a three judge panel presides in a war crimes prosecution. Haywood looks at the defendant's table, the empty defendant's chair...

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Haywood, Pritchard, Melina, Rinaldi and the UN prosecutors.

HAYWOOD

I'm sorry about the delay. We can pick up where I left off yesterday.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN TRIBUNAL BUILDING -- DAY

A dozen TV newscasters are reporting in front of the building.

CNN REPORTER

With just ten days before the trial of Serbian General Josef Vasic begins in the building behind me, CNN has learned that UN prosecutors plan to meet with Vasic and his attorneys later today to offer him a deal--

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM

Two prosecutors sit with General Vasic, his Serbian aide, and his high-priced American attorney.

Prosecutor Erickson holds up a picture of the killing field we saw in the first scene. It is labeled "Prinevca, Kosovo".

VASIC'S ATTORNEY

You may be able to prove that SIS officers took part in this act, but you will never be able to prove that my client ordered it. Quite to the contrary, General Vasic explicitly ordered his men to obey international law in all operations they undertook.

Prosecutor Erickson walks around the conference table to Vasic's attorney and drops a thick document in front of him.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY

We can do without the theatrics, Mr. Erickson. What is this?

DEPUTY PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

A transcript of the meeting in which General Vasic ordered the massacre at Prinevca. June 4, 1999.

The color drains from Vasic's face.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY

I don't see a transcript. I see a stack of paper. You could have written anything you wanted on it.

DEPUTY PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

There's a tape that goes with it. Courtesy of the CIA.

If Vasic could go any whiter, he just did.

INTERCUT Haywood and Melina watching from behind the one-way glass.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY

We'll argue that the tape is doctored, or it's not even the General's voice.

(beat)

By the way, in my experience the CIA's a little reluctant to explain -- in open court -- how they manage to bug the offices of foreign officials. I can understand their reticence, but unfortunately for you, it means you've got no way to authenticate the tape.

DEPUTY PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

I guess we'll just have to produce an eyewitness then.

That stops Vasic's attorney cold. For the first time he looks worried.

Haywood walks in.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY
Who the hell are you?

General Vasic's eyes go wide at the sight of Haywood.

HAYWOOD
Ask your client.

Haywood says something to Vasic in Serbian. Vasic stares at him, frozen like a deer in headlights.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY
You're telling me you're an eyewitness
to the meeting? Give me a break.
Where were you? Hiding in the closet?

HAYWOOD
There are three closets in the
General's office. Can you be more
specific?

VASIC'S ATTORNEY
How the hell did you--

HAYWOOD
I had inside help.

Melina steps into the room. Vasic sees her. His eyes close.

HAYWOOD
This is Captain Melina Tovic.
Formerly of General Vasic's personal
staff. She was his communications
intelligence liaison.
(beat)
Make a deal for your client, Mr.
Gilbert. While there's still one to
be had.

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

Haywood and Melina step out of the conference room. Leaving
Vasic and his attorney with the prosecutors.

HAYWOOD
(after a beat)
Do you think it worked?

There is still obvious tension between them.

MELINA
He was scared.

EXT. UN TRIBUNAL -- DAY

Vasic's attorney makes his way to a waiting car through a throng of reporters screaming questions at him.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY

I have no comment at this time.

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

Haywood, Melina, Pritchard, Rinaldi, the UN prosecutors.

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

They called our bluff. They won't plea. They dared us to put Major Haywood on the stand. They don't think, when push comes to shove your director will let it happen.

Bleak expressions all around.

OTHER PROSECUTOR

And suddenly they claim they can produce a witness who was in the room during the meeting on Prinevca.

(to Haywood)

He'll contradict everything you say, swear the tape is a fake.

HAYWOOD

There were only two other people in that room and both of them were killed in a NATO bombing run a week later.

OTHER PROSECUTOR

They're manufacturing a witness. It happens all the time. They're hoping that in order to prove he's a fake, you'll be forced to reveal more intelligence.

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

Unfortunately for us, the judges want to hear from this guy. They just granted his request for special immunity.

HAYWOOD

What's that?

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

It protects him from arrest by the US government. It's our version of diplomatic immunity. He'll be here tomorrow afternoon.

MELINA

What's his name? I probably know him.

Erickson shuffles through the papers to find the order.

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

Raznovic.

Haywood stiffens...

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

He's a Colonel in SIS.

INT. TRIBUNAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Haywood bursts into the hallway. Pritchard is right behind him. Haywood leans against the wall. Takes a deep breath.

PRITCHARD

Tom, this tribunal is going to bend over backwards to seem fair. Their legitimacy depends on it. Plus with a Russian judge--

HAYWOOD

Fine! Fine...but how could the State Department approve it?!

PRITCHARD

They had no choice. The treaty they signed with the UN specifies that the Tribunal has the power to provide safe passage to whomever they want.

HAYWOOD

This is crazy! The UN is letting that son-of-a-bitch into the country and we can't touch him.

A beat. Haywood fumes.

HAYWOOD

How am I supposed to sit across a conference table from him without breaking his neck, Doug? You can't ask me to do this.

CUT TO:

INT. PRITCHARD'S OFFICE -- DAY

Melina is alone with Pritchard.

MELINA

Was Raznovic in charge of Tom's interrogation?

PRITCHARD

Do you know him?

MELINA

Enough to know what he's capable of.

A beat.

MELINA

-I want to read the report.

PRITCHARD

The way it's classified I can't give you access to it.

MELINA

There's got to be a redacted version that I'm cleared to read.

Pritchard still seems reluctant.

MELINA

I'll never be able to work smoothly with Tom unless I can forgive him for compromising me.

(beat)

I need to know what Raznovic did to him.

Pritchard takes a breath. Exhales....

PRITCHARD

Let me talk to the Director about it.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT -- DAY

Haywood, Pritchard, and Melina stand together, inconspicuously watching an international arrivals gate where five men wait for Raznovic to exit from a Swissair 747 that has just arrived.

HAYWOOD

The guy with the blonde hair is his lawyer?

PRITCHARD

Right.

HAYWOOD

Who's the guy in the blue shirt?

PRITCHARD

Stefan Jovanic. Diplomat from the Yugoslav mission to the UN.

HAYWOOD

Is he legit or is he an intel officer under cover?

PRITCHARD

We're still trying to determine that. FBI's been eavesdropping on him since he arrived.

MELINA

He's an intel officer. I've seen him at SIS headquarters.

Haywood glances at her. Nods a thank you.

HAYWOOD

What about the other three?

PRITCHARD

UN security.

HAYWOOD

He's got a security detail? Jesus! They're treating him like a goddamned dignitary! I can't take this...

Passengers begin exiting the plane. Raznovic is the first one off, accompanied by another Serb.

Haywood's eyes fix on his old cellmate...his best friend...his mortal enemy...

Melina's eyes are fixed on Haywood, watching his reactions...

An airport police officer escorts Raznovic and his aide out of the controlled area where the other passengers have to stay until they've cleared customs and immigration. Raznovic is exempt.

His welcoming party greets him. He shakes hands with his lawyer and the Serb "diplomat".

Raznovic seems almost gleeful. He laughs as he speaks with his lawyer.

Haywood clenches his jaw tightly as he watches.

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Haywood and Rinaldi sit with three UN prosecutors waiting for Raznovic to arrive.

RINALDI

Here they come.

INT. HALLWAY

Raznovic and his entourage are escorted into the CONFERENCE ROOM.

Raznovic goes immediately to shake hands with the senior prosecutor, doesn't notice Haywood watching him from the other side of the room.

RAZNOVIC

Mr. Erickson, I want to thank you for giving me this opportunity to set the record straight.

Raznovic seems at ease, confident, even charming, as he moves to shake hands with the two other prosecutors in the room.

Finally, he turns and sees Haywood staring at him.

RAZNOVIC

(to Haywood)

Oh...you must be with the prosecutor's office, too.

There's a glint in his eye as he continues:

RAZNOVIC

I don't think we've met. I'm Pavel Raznovic.

He extends his hand. Haywood just looks at it.

PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

(awkward)

Colonel, that's Tom Haywood.

Raznovic's face curls with disgust. He withdraws his hand.

RAZNOVIC

The so-called eyewitness...

INTERCUT Pritchard and Melina watching Raznovic and his mind-game play out through the observation window.

RAZNOVIC

(to Prosecutor)

For the record, it's General Raznovic. I was just promoted.

He looks at Haywood -- subtly suggesting why he was just promoted (i.e. the names he extracted).

INT. UN PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

An hour later.

RAZNOVIC

Everything from this point on in the transcript is fraudulent.

(points at Haywood)

This man is nothing more than a CIA stooge trying to frame General Vasic.

CUT TO:

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE SUITE -- LATER

Haywood emerges from the conference room at the end of the meeting. Pritchard and Melina are waiting for him.

PRITCHARD

You all right?

HAYWOOD

(clearly holding
back a lot)

I'm fine.

Melina watches him closely. Their eyes meet...

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Haywood, Pritchard, Melina, and Rinaldi walk towards the building.

HAYWOOD

Was Raznovic compelled to do that deposition?

RINALDI

No, he volunteered.

HAYWOOD

Why? Why tell the prosecution what you're going to say in the trial? What does he get out of that?

RINALDI

Seemed like he was mostly interested in torturing you.

HAYWOOD

That's not exactly for him. He's too calculated. Maybe he was trying to lay some groundwork -- get the prosecutors thinking one way so he can spring a surprise in the trial. Some kind of legal maneuver...

RINALDI

I don't see how saying the General's innocent lays the groundwork for a legal trick. But I do see how tormenting you could be part of a calculated plan.

HAYWOOD

What?

RINALDI

If he can rattle you, you'll be a less effective witness. That tape is the strongest piece of evidence the prosecution has against Vasic. But it's only as convincing as you are, because you're the only one who can authenticate it.

The group enters the CIA building..

RINALDI

Raznovic's claiming the tape's a fabrication. Which means you're a liar. In the trial it comes down to a credibility contest between you and him...winning that has a lot to do with who seems calm and collected and who seems flustered. I think his behavior is all about gaining a psychological advantage over you.

(beat)

You can't let him succeed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN VIRGINIA -- DUSK

Haywood emerges from his house in running gear. A distant look in his eyes.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DUSK

Pritchard hands Melina the report on Haywood's captivity.

EXT. SUBURBAN VIRGINIA -- DUSK

Haywood jogs across the Chain Bridge into Maryland.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DUSK

Melina is engrossed in the report. We see fragments as she reads: "...placed in a coffin-sized space dubbed 'the box' for two to four days at a time..."

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- DUSK

Haywood runs along the tow path of the C & O canal.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DUSK

Melina reads: "...physical torture included electric shocks; frequent beatings, typically with metal truncheons; mock executions..."

Along with the text there are photos of scars and burns on Haywood's body.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- NIGHT

Haywood jogs along a Georgetown street. His gray "ARMY" T-shirt is streaked with sweat.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Melina reads: "The subject appears to have had no idea that the man responsible for his torture was the same man he shared a cell with..."

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- NIGHT

Haywood runs up Massachusetts Avenue past the dozens of lit up embassies clustered on embassy row.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Melina reads: "1) We conclude that Major Haywood did reveal the identities of nine CIA assets to Serbian interrogators. 2) Given the sheer volume of torture and drugs Major Haywood endured, we find his claim that he has no memory of revealing the identities of the above-named assets credible..."

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- NIGHT

Haywood runs past the campus of Georgetown University.

INT. MELINA'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Melina reads: "3) Finally, we conclude that the combination of torture and drugs Haywood endured was so powerful that no one -- not even a trained soldier and intelligence operative -- could reasonably be expected to resist it for more than a few days. Haywood appears to have resisted it for more than a year."

A tear streams down Melina's cheek.

She closes the report.

EXT. ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA -- NIGHT

Haywood is walking now, cooling down. He makes his way up a path to the Marine Corps Monument, a massive flood-lit bronze statue of four Marines planting the flag on Iwo Jima.

VOICE

Inspiring, isn't it?

He turns to see Raznovic standing behind him. The UN security team sits in a waiting car.

RAZNOVIC

(baiting sarcasm)

Sorry about not recognizing you this afternoon, Tom. I was caught off guard. I never really thought we'd see each other again.

HAYWOOD

Neither did I -- especially when I felt your bullet hit me in the back.

RAZNOVIC

You had your chance, Remember? I gave you my gun. I asked you to shoot me. Instead you gave me Christopher to keep me safe...

HAYWOOD

I'll be wanting that back.

RAZNOVIC

It's in my trophy case at home.

HAYWOOD

After I help send your friend Vasic to prison for the rest of his life, maybe I'll come to Belgrade to get it.

RAZNOVIC

Tell me something, Tom, what makes Americans so self-righteous about Kosovo?

HAYWOOD

Mass rape. The torture and murder of civilians. I wouldn't call condemning that self-righteous.

RAZNOVIC

It was a war against terrorists who wanted to take apart my country. They didn't fight fair against us.

HAYWOOD
You targeted civilians.

RAZNOVIC
Yes. To break their will. Isn't that what America was doing when it dropped two atomic bombs on Japan? How many civilians died then? Or in Vietnam? Or in Serbia for that matter?

HAYWOOD
America doesn't target civilians.

RAZNOVIC
They still end up dead.

HAYWOOD
We see the world through different lenses, Pavel. Nothing's going to change that.

RAZNOVIC
You're right.... So let's not pollute our relationship with politics. We're about so much more than that, aren't we? Will. Intellect. The interesting question -- for us -- isn't ideological. It's who's the superior man.

(beat)
What was it like when you found out the truth in your debriefing?

Haywood stares back at him.

RAZNOVIC
Do you have any idea how much planning went into what I did to you? I'm sure you've spent every minute since you found out turning it over and over in your head...trying to figure out how you missed it. You must have a thousand questions for me.

HAYWOOD
Just one, really. Was it worth it?

RAZNOVIC
Spending a year in that cell with you? Every night you weren't in The Box... Getting tortured by my own men, just so you could see it?

HAYWOOD
Yeah, all of that.

RAZNOVIC

Those nine names made it worthwhile,
Tom, wiping out the CIA's eyes and
ears in Serbia in one fell swoop.

(beat)

And frankly, spending all that time
with you was fascinating. You shared
so much about yourself personally --
your loneliness as a child...your
parents...the learning disability that
kept you from reading until fourth
grade...

Raznovic smiles slightly. Haywood still stares into his eyes.

HAYWOOD

I'll see you in court.

Haywood walks away.

EXT. UN WAR CRIMES TRIBUNAL -- DAY

Dozens of reporters out front. Each one spaced ten feet apart
talking to the camera. We MOVE along the row of reporters:

REPORTER 1

Security is very tight here. Police
have cordoned off--

REPORTER 2

The trial of General Josef Vasic is
expected to begin shortly. He is the
alleged orchestrator of Serbia's
deadly ethnic cleansing--

CNN REPORTER

CNN has learned that Tribunal
prosecutors will focus heavily on a
single massacre in which direct
evidence implicates General Vasic.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Haywood is alone in the conference room. His eyes watch the
media frenzy outside, but his mind is elsewhere. Melina enters.

MELINA

How are you doing?

HAYWOOD

Okay.

A long beat... It is still awkward between them.

MELINA

I read the report on your captivity last night.

Haywood glances up at her. A little surprised.

MELINA

It was unfair what I said to you the other day... I had no right.

They look at each other for a moment.

There is more to be said, both ways...but Rinaldi walks in.

RINALDI

Showtime.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Rinaldi gives Haywood the run down as they walk.

RINALDI

Fifteen minute opening statements from each side. Then the prosecution begins its case. You're the first witness.

INT. COURTROOM

The three judge panel sits on the bench watching the prosecutor's opening statement. There is no jury in a war crimes trial. In the witness section Haywood sits with Melina and Rinaldi.

UN PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

And finally, Prinevca...

Haywood's eye keeps drifting to Raznovic, who sits across the aisle and a few rows forward in the defense witness section.

UN PROSECUTOR ERICKSON

No civilized world can tolerate what happened in Prinevca on June 4, 1999. It was a monstrous act, and our evidence will show -- beyond any doubt -- that General Josef Vasic ordered it directly. Thank you, your honors.

Raznovic glances at Haywood...gives a little wave.

CLERK OF THE COURT

For the defense, Mr. Campbell.

Vasic's attorney stands up.

Raznovic puts something in his left ear. Haywood watches. Now something in his right ear. Haywood squints to see what it is.

VASIC'S ATTORNEY
(shuffling notes)
Good morning, your honors.

Raznovic pulls out a pair of sunglasses at puts them on.

Haywood freezes with a sudden realization...

HAYWOOD
-Oh, Jesus....
(calls out)
Guard--

It catches in his throat.

Raznovic reaches down, twists off the heels of his shoes. Inside each hollowed out heel is a black case the size of a cigarette pack...

Haywood points his finger at Raznovic...

HAYWOOD
Guard!

This time it comes out loud. The guards turn.

Raznovic tosses the two cases into the center of the courtroom...

Raznovic's two accomplices (Zoran, and the "diplomat", Jovanic) have also donned dark glasses and produced cigarette-pack-sized objects, which they toss into to the middle of the room.

HAYWOOD
Flash-bang grenades!

The UN guards reach for their sidearms...

The grenades hit the floor and bounce....

Haywood jams his eyes shut and clamps his hands over his ears...
Melina does the same...

Both of them just in time to protect against a series of BLINDING FLASHES and DEAFENING BANGS.

"Flash-bang" grenades are not intended to kill, just to stun and temporarily blind and deafen people who aren't prepared for them.

From a GUARD'S POV we see the world WHITE OUT and hear as the noise of the room FADES TO A DULL HUM.

BACK TO SCENE -- INT. COURTROOM

The sprinklers come on full force, drenching the room. The fire alarm blares.

Raznovic runs to one of the stunned, blinded guards, and yanks the gun from his hand. Shoots him in the chest.

Zoran and Jovanic take out the other guards in the same fashion.

HAYWOOD

Since he protected his eyes and ears, he can still see and hear. He lifts his head up just as the last of the guards is killed. Haywood's mind clicks into autopilot.

Raznovic and his accomplices rush toward the defense table.

With their attention focused on Vasic, Haywood dives out from behind the cover of the witness benches, hits the wet floor and slides a dozen feet to a slumped over guard.

Grabs the weapon from the dead guard's hand and spins to see Zoran and Jovanic rushing out of the room with the General.

Raznovic is right behind them.

Haywood raises his pistol.

Raznovic spots him and starts shooting wildly on the run.

Bullets whiz by Haywood, slam into the wall behind him.
He should be diving for cover.

But he doesn't.

He stands up. And takes aim. His mind utterly focused on Raznovic...

Haywood grits his teeth and fires a single shot.

BANG! The bullet slams into Raznovic spinning him sideways.

INT. HALLWAY

Twisting involuntarily from the bullet impact, Raznovic clips the door frame and falls. Raznovic's compatriots look back in horror.

INT. COURT ROOM

The fire alarm still wails. The sprinklers have completely drenched Haywood.

The wall behind him has five bullet holes in it. Incredibly, Haywood is unscathed.

He rushes to the door, pokes his head around the doorframe to see Raznovic pulling himself to his feet. Haywood takes aim at his nemesis again.

Jovanic and Zoran respond with a fusillade of shots. This time Haywood gets hit. He falls back into the courtroom, bleeding from his right shoulder.

Melina rushes to him.

MELINA

Stay down.

She's got a gun from another of the dead guards. She fires down the hallway to make sure Raznovic's men don't come back to finish Haywood off.

Haywood bleeds profusely. But he doesn't even seem to notice, too overwhelmed by the satisfaction of having put a bullet into Raznovic...

INT. HALLWAY

Raznovic is on his feet now. Zoran fires toward the courtroom to provide cover

EXT. TRIBUNAL -- DAY

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! A series of explosions across the street from the tribunal. People duck and scatter.

A WHITE VAN skids around the corner and slams through the wood police barricades. It skids to a stop at the service entrance to the Tribunal just as a thick blanket of smoke from the explosions covers the street. The cops are unable to get a bead on the van.

Now the cops start coughing and rubbing their eyes. Clearly this smoke is laced with tear gas.

Seconds later we hear the van peeling out, though we can't see it until it shoots out of the cloud of smoke choking the street and careens away.

INT. COURTROOM

Melina rips her jacket into two pieces and creates a makeshift tourniquet. Ties it around Haywood's shoulder.

HAYWOOD

Thanks.

She nods.

HAYWOOD

I'm going after him.

MELINA

I'm coming with you.

He looks at her...a moment of hesitation...

INT. TRIBUNAL HALLWAY

Haywood and Melina slosh down the hallway. Both are completely drenched from the sprinklers. The fire alarm still blares.

A UN guard rushes toward the courtroom.

HAYWOOD

They went out this way.

UN GUARD

They're already gone.

HAYWOOD

How?

UN GUARD

A van. We're in pursuit. Are you okay?

HAYWOOD

I'll make it.

UN GUARD

How many others are injured?

HAYWOOD

The guards are dead. Everybody else should be okay.

The guard goes toward the courtroom.

EXT. ROSSLYN, VA -- DAY

The white van races down Wilson Blvd. Four police cars are in pursuit.

INT. TRIBUNAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Haywood thinks intently for a moment.

HAYWOOD

Come on.

Haywood rushes down the hall.

MELINA

Where are you going?

EXT. ROSSLYN, VA -- DAY

The white van careens around a corner and loses control. Spins and slams into a row of parked cars. A police car skids to a stop behind it. Two officers jump out, guns drawn and screaming.

POLICE OFFICERS
Get out of the van!

Another police car screeches to a halt in front of the van. Two more cops emerge. A third car arrives. The cops rush the van...yank open the doors...

INT. TRIBUNAL -- DAY

Basement level now. The building is deserted due to the fire alarm. Haywood kicks open the door to the building engineer's office.

MELINA
Tom, where are you--

HAYWOOD
The van's a diversion.

EXT. ROSSLYN, VA -- DAY

The police stare in at a completely empty van.

A camera system instead of a driver. And a black box with wires leading into the steering column and the foot pedals. This van was driven by remote control.

INT. TRIBUNAL BUILDING -- ENGINEER'S OFFICE

HAYWOOD
We're hemmed in by the river and Ft. Myer on both sides. There are choke points everywhere. Trying to escape on the street from here would be stupid. Raznovic's not stupid.

MELINA
So where did he go?

HAYWOOD
If it were me I'd go underground. Use the utility tunnels to get beyond the police perimeter.

INTERCUT

Raznovic clenching his jaw in pain as he makes his way through a utility tunnel. His shirt is soaked with blood.

BACK TO SCENE -- ENGINEER'S OFFICE

HAYWOOD
We just have to figure out their route.

Haywood starts pulling maps and blueprints out of the building engineer's file cabinet and "speed reading" them. Four or five seconds for each is all he seems to need. Then he has the diagram committed to memory. This is hyperorientation -- and here, for the first time we get a to glimpse it directly:

HYPERORIENTATION:

HAYWOOD'S POV as he scans the Tribunal building's blueprints. Then a diagram that shows how the subway line travels through Rosslyn, a hundred feet from the foundation of the Tribunal building. Now INTERCUT/OVERLAY:

HAYWOOD'S MIND'S EYE as he melds the two separate diagrams into a single three-dimensional schematic in his head. Now we can see clearly how deep the subway line is relative to the basement of the Tribunal building, for example.

BACK TO SCENE -- ENGINEER'S OFFICE

Melina watches this with amazement as Haywood flies through map after map. She's never seen anything like it.

HYPERORIENTATION

HAYWOOD'S POV as he scans a map showing the telephone and electrical grid for Rosslyn. Then a map of the water and sewer system.

MIND'S EYE as these new maps are integrated into Haywood's grand 3-D mental map. It rotates at times. Parts of it flash in and out of focus, etc... as Haywood figures out the true spatial interrelation of the different underground utility systems and how each can be accessed from the Tribunal's basement.

BACK TO SCENE -- ENGINEER'S OFFICE

Haywood's done.

HAYWOOD

There are two possible routes.

Melina looks back at him. Still stunned. Haywood grabs the phone...slams it down.

HAYWOOD

Dead.

Yanks out a cell phone. No signal.

HAYWOOD

Damn.

INT. TRIBUNAL -- BASEMENT HALLWAY

FOLLOW HAYWOOD: Down one hall. Through a door. To the left. Through another door and down some stairs. Haywood knows exactly where he's going. Never even a second of hesitation.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Haywood and Melina rush through the door. Haywood scans his environment.

HAYWOOD

It's not the first route. They would have had to blast through this wall. Route two is over here.

He leads her along a large pipe to a huge pump.

MELINA

Blood.

She points at a droplet of blood near the base of the pump.

HAYWOOD

Bingo...

Haywood crawls through a small opening in the wall behind the pump. Melina follows him into:

INT. VALVE ROOM

Concrete debris everywhere. A four foot hole has been blasted in one of the walls. Haywood crawls through the hole in the wall. Melina is right behind him.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL

Dimly lit. Two huge water mains fill most of the space.

MELINA

(points)

There. More blood.

INTERCUT

Raznovic leans against the wall of a tunnel. Zoran ties a compression bandage around Raznovic's abdomen.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)

Tighter...tighter.... All right, let's go.

JOVANIC (SUBTITLED)

Rest for a minute.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)

There's no time.

Raznovic rights himself...stands up straight. An act of sheer will. Mind over matter. His shirt is covered with blood...

BACK TO SCENE -- UTILITY TUNNEL

Haywood and Melina make their way past a steel ladder.

MELINA

How do you know they didn't just go up one of these?

HYPERORIENTATION:

MIND'S EYE: Haywood can "see" where he and Melina are relative to the surface streets.

BACK TO SCENE -- UTILITY TUNNEL

HAYWOOD

We're only a half mile from the tribunal building. The police would have a perimeter at a mile, mile and half by now. Raznovic will try to come out on the other side of that. If I'm right about where he's going we can get ahead of him and cut him off...

CUT TO:

EXT. DELECARIA WATER WORKS -- DAY

A three-hundred acre facility that siphons water from the Potomac and processes it to provide most of Washington's drinking water.

A water intake dam connected to a series of reservoirs and red brick buildings containing pumps, tanks, and filter systems.

INT. MAIN FILTER BUILDING -- DAY

A massive space filled with a tangle of pipes and open air aqueducts leading to dozens of oddly-shaped tanks.

Sunlight streams in through huge industrial windows, creating a maze-like interplay of bright illumination and stark shadow.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL

Raznovic, the General, and their men move through the tunnel. Two more men, armed with automatic rifles, have joined the group (they were waiting in the tunnels).

ZORAN (SUBTITLED)
Sir, somebody's been through this door.

Zoran shows Raznovic that the transparent tape placed across the door jam has been broken.

Raznovic looks at the tape...

RAZNOVIC
It's Haywood. He's alone. If he had the police with him, they would have taken us in the tunnels...

INT. MAIN FILTER BUILDING -- DAY

Raznovic's group cautiously enters from the utility tunnel. They fan out and take cover.

RAZNOVIC
(calling out)
Tom...

No answer. Just the sound of flowing water all around us.

RAZNOVIC
Tom, you're outnumbered and outgunned.

HAYWOOD (O.S.)
Not for long, the cops are on their way.

Raznovic's men try to figure out where Haywood's voice is coming from. But the water noise makes it almost impossible.

RAZNOVIC
Really, how did you alert them? We cut phone service to the building.

HAYWOOD (O.S.)
Cell phone.

RAZNOVIC
Now I know you're lying.
(beat)
We jammed all cell phone transmission between here and the tribunal.

HAYWOOD

Behind a set of pumps. Haywood is looking at his cell phone. Still no signal. He looks over at Melina.

HAYWOOD
Find the exit and get help.

Melina goes. Haywood stops her.

HAYWOOD

Be careful. Somebody will be out there with the getaway car.

He and Melina look at each other. A connection in that look that we haven't seen before...

She leaves. ON Haywood's face for a moment, watching her...

Suddenly one of Raznovic's riflemen comes into view. Haywood dives behind a chlorine tank just as the rifleman squeezes off a rapid-fire barrage. A dozen bullets ping off steel tanks. Chips of concrete fly.

From across the room, Raznovic's men converge on the firefight.

BANG-BANG-BANG! Haywood knocks the riflemen down with a three-shot burst to the chest.

Raznovic's men open up on Haywood's refuge.

Bullets flying everywhere. Whizzing by Haywood's head. A sand-filtration tank nearby gets punctured in four places. Streams of wet sand pour from the bullet holes.

RAZNOVIC

You're pinned down, Tom. There's no way out.

Haywood responds with a quick burst of gunfire. Raznovic ducks as the bullets ricochet off the pipes near him.

RAZNOVIC

Eventually, you're going to run out of bullets.

BANG-BANG! Another one of Raznovic's men crumples.

HAYWOOD

Not before you run out of men.

BANG-BANG! BANG-BANG-BANG! Raznovic hits the floor as Haywood's bullets come within inches.

RAZNOVIC

Goddamnit!

Raznovic's men respond with a torrent of bullets. Haywood curls up behind his cover. When the barrage stops, he quick-checks his magazine. Three bullets left. He's screwed. Takes a breath. Think. Think of something...

BOOM! A high-explosive grenade erupts above the huge carbon filtration tank behind Haywood. The concussion splits the sides

of the tank open. An avalanche of granular carbon and water knocks Haywood to his knees. His gun goes flying.

Raznovic is there instantly.

RAZNOVIC

(vicious)

Tom, you seem to have lost your
weapon!

He slams Haywood in the face with a rifle butt. Haywood falls face-down on the ground, disoriented from the blow.

MELINA

And you lost your General! Touch
Haywood and Vasic dies!

Raznovic stops in his tracks. He looks back at Jovanic, who nods, confirming that Vasic's missing.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- BEHIND MACHINERY

Melina has Vasic face down on the ground, her knee in his back, gun to his head. She binds his hands behind his back with tape from a nearby work area. This woman clearly has training...

HAYWOOD AND RAZNOVIC

Haywood pulls himself to his knees, tries to reorient himself.

INTERCUTTING

MELINA

Here's how it's going to work: You and Tom come into the open area at the center of the room. Come unarmed, and prove it or I put a bullet in Vasic, and another one in you. When you reach the center, let Tom walk towards cover on my side of the room, and I'll let the General start walking to you.

RAZNOVIC

There's no lower form of life than a person who betrays her country, Melina.

(beat)

Hearing your voice sickens me.

MELINA

What I did was for my country, you pig. To save it from people like you. Now start walking.

Raznovic just stands there, a little stunned by her words.

HAYWOOD

I don't think she likes you.

MELINA

Move, Pavel. I'm losing my patience.

Raznovic hands his weapon to Jovanic, who takes up a position from which he will be able to shoot Haywood should the exchange go sour.

Raznovic, whose shirt is soaked with his own blood, starts walking toward the center of the room with Haywood.

HAYWOOD

You've lost a lot of blood. Do you think you're going to make it?

RAZNOVIC

It'll take a lot more than one bullet to put me down, Tom.

HAYWOOD

You'll never get out of the country.

RAZNOVIC

Watch me.

General Vasic appears from behind some machinery. Melina is behind him with a gun in his back. Her eyes and Raznovic's meet.

MELINA

Stop there, Pavel.

Raznovic stops. Haywood keeps walking. Melina keeps control of the situation by holding on to Vasic for a few more seconds.

RAZNOVIC

Let him go, Melina.

Haywood is twenty feet from her. She holds on to the General.

RAZNOVIC

Let him go or Tom's dead!

JOVANIC'S POV: Haywood's back in the crosshairs of a rifle scope.

Melina lets Vasic start walking.

Haywood and Vasic pass each other. Suddenly Vasic starts running. Haywood sees him, starts running too.

Then GUNSHOTS. Haywood dives behind the pump. Raznovic's men lay down a barrage of suppression fire to make sure Melina doesn't shoot at Vasic.

BEHIND THE PUMP

Haywood and Melina duck low as the bullets ricochet around them.

HAYWOOD

Thanks.

MELINA

I didn't make it to get help.

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

Raznovic, Vasic, and their men rush out an exit while spraying gunfire at Haywood and Melina to keep them pinned down.

BEHIND THE PUMP

The gunfire stops. Haywood waits a second, then pops his head out to see what he can see.

HAYWOOD

Shit!

He sees a flash-bang grenade sliding towards him. It explodes.

HAYWOOD'S POV: the world WHITES OUT, the noise of the room FADES TO A DULL HUM.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELECARIA WATER WORKS -- DAY

A dozen police cars and unmarked government sedans parked outside the main filtration building. An FBI evidence van arrives.

Haywood leans against the back bumper of an ambulance, a bleak look in his eye. A paramedic bandages his shoulder.

Pritchard walks over with a senior FBI official, GARCIA.

PRITCHARD

Tom, this is Ron Garcia from the Bureau. He's in charge of the search.

HAYWOOD

Any leads?

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Not yet, but there are pictures of these guys all over TV. It's going to be hard for them to move very far without being noticed.

Haywood clearly doesn't share Garcia's optimism.

MOMENTS LATER

Garcia and Haywood stand out of earshot of the paramedic.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Doug says you know this guy, Raznovic, that you've dealt with him before.

HAYWOOD

You could say that...

FBI AGENT GARCIA

What kind of guy is he? Does he make an immediate run for the border or is he the patient type that holes up in a safehouse till his picture's off CNN?

HAYWOOD

Definitely the patient type. He's still in the country.

A beat.

HAYWOOD

He's an exhaustive planner. He'd have four or five safehouses he could go to. US-based assets would be needed to set all that up.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

SIS runs twelve support assets in the US that we know of. The five of them disappeared off our radar this morning around the time of the Vasic snatch.

HAYWOOD

They've all gone operational with Raznovic.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Now here's the good news: one of those five works for us.

HAYWOOD

A double agent?

FBI AGENT GARCIA

(nods)

Naturalized American citizen. Born in Belgrade. SIS pitched him in '94; he came straight to us and we've been running him as a double ever since.

(beat)

He's a doctor, Tom.

Haywood instantly knows what Garcia's saying. A smile slowly spreads across his face.

FBI AGENT GARCIA
You did say Raznovic was shot, right?
(beat)
We find this guy, we find Raznovic...

HAYWOOD
He'll contact you, right?

FBI AGENT GARCIA
At the first opportunity he has, yeah,
he should.
(beat)
In the meantime we'll work leads from
the crime scene. Try to pick up their
trail.

EXT. MARYLAND COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

A UPS truck pulls up outside a modest farmhouse. The driver opens the back door revealing a blindfolded man. Removes the man's blindfold. Speaks to him in Serbian.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

The formerly blindfolded man is led into the living room. Raznovic is lying on the couch, covered in blood.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)
*I apologize for the blindfold, Doctor.
It'll make things a lot easier for you
if the Americans ever interrogate you.*

EXT. DELECARIA WATER WORKS -- DAY

Haywood and Melina walk over to Garcia.

HAYWOOD
Ron, this is Melina Tovic.

FBI AGENT GARCIA
You CIA?

MELINA
Not exactly.

HAYWOOD
She's a Serbian defector.

FBI AGENT GARCIA
Oh....

HAYWOOD

She was working for us in-place until about a month ago.

INT. TRIBUNAL BUILDING -- DAY

The front lobby. An FBI CRIME SCENE SPECIALIST updates his boss, Garcia, along with Haywood and Melina.

CRIME SCENE SPECIALIST

The phone lines were cut from the utility tunnels. Surgical job. They knew exactly what they were going for. Cell phones were jammed with some sort of frequency-hopping device. The tech guys are trying to get us a description of what it might have looked like.

MELINA

The antenna's about four feet wide, three feet high. I can draw you a picture of it.

The crime scene specialist looks at her, confused.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

She's a former SIS communications specialist.

MELINA

If it was hidden, it was behind fiberglass or plastic. Any other material hobbles the signal.

HAYWOOD

What about location?

MELINA

To simultaneously jam cell transmission at the Tribunal and the water plant it'd have to be somewhere high. A hundred feet or more.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

(to crime scene specialist)

Check every one of these buildings around here.

The tribunal is surrounded by ten story buildings.

MELINA

No, not here. Too much interference from all these structures. Look for a building in between here and the water plant with nothing around it.

HAYWOOD

There aren't any buildings over forty feet between here and the water plant.

MELINA

Doesn't have to be exactly on that axis. It could be a quarter mile in one direction or the other.

HAYWOOD

Still nothing.

Melina thinks.

MELINA

If the antenna were placed high enough it could be further off axis.

HAYWOOD

How far?

MELINA

If you had it, say, 400 feet up, it could be almost a mile off axis. But as far as I know there aren't any 40-story buildings in Washington.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

There's a 150 foot height restriction in DC. Nothing can be taller than the Capitol Building.

A beat. They're at an impasse. Suddenly Haywood looks up.

HAYWOOD

Healy Hall at Georgetown University. It's only 120 feet tall, but it's on a two hundred foot hill. It's half a mile off the axis.

It's like an electric charge went through the group.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

The doctor examines Raznovic.

DOCTOR (SUBTITLED)

You really need to be in a hospital.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)

*Do what you can, Doctor. That's all I
can ask of you.*

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY -- DAY

Three FBI sedans pull up at the front gate.

INT./EXT. HEALY HALL TOWER

Haywood, Melina, and Garcia stand at the top of the tower. There is a perfect God's Eye view of both the Tribunal building and the Delecaria water treatment facility from here. There's also a 4 foot by 3 foot antenna facing towards the tribunal.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

All right, that's the jammer. What's this?

MELINA

A millimeter-wave antenna. It's probably what they used to remote control the van.

HAYWOOD

SIS officers with the technical expertise to set all this up, there can't be too many of them, right?

MELINA

Maybe six people. All based in Belgrade.

HAYWOOD

And you'd recognize their faces, if we lined up a set of pictures.

MELINA

Of course.

HAYWOOD

If we can get photos of the six people who could have set this up...

FBI AGENT GARCIA

(nodding, excited)

Someone will have seen them. We'll get the car they drove. If we're lucky a license plate...

INT. -- FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE -- DUSK

Garcia leads Haywood and Melina through a large bullpen area. Agents on the phone, on computers, looking at maps. Everyone here is involved in the search for Raznovic and General Vasic.

INT. GARCIA'S OFFICE -- DUSK

Garcia opens a safe and removes a binder. He hands it to Melina, who is sitting at his conference table with Haywood. She sees the title: "Operations Officers of the SIS" It is marked "Top Secret".

MOMENTS LATER

Melina flips through the binder. Each page contains surveillance photos of a different Serbian Intelligence officer along with aliases and other information.

MELINA

Amazing. How did you get all this?

FBI AGENT GARCIA

This is an Agency product. You'll have to ask Tom that.

MELINA

You know a hell of a lot more about them than they think you know. I'll tell you that.

(to Haywood)

You took most of these pictures, didn't you?

HAYWOOD

I took a few.

Melina stops at one of the pages.

MELINA

Mladic. He knows all the equipment that was used. He's also a hardline nationalist. He's a prime candidate.

She sticks a Post-it note on the page and continues.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Garcia has the binder now. He hands it to his chief deputy.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Call the Agency. Get permission from the DDO to waive classification on the photos she marked. Then start showing them around at Georgetown.

INT. FBI WASHINGTON FIELD OFFICE -- NIGHT

Haywood and Melina sit in a conference room watching CNN.

CNN ANCHOR

An all-out manhunt continues tonight for General Josef Vasic, former head of Serbia's feared SIS, and Pavel Raznovic, the man who--

Melina mutes the TV after a knock on the door. A YOUNG FBI AGENT enters.

YOUNG FBI AGENT

Are you the defector?

Melina looks up at him.

YOUNG FBI AGENT

The boss would like you to stop by his office in fifteen minutes. He's getting some more photos in.

She nods. The young agent leaves.

Melina looks out the window. A distant look.

MELINA

I hate that word -- "defector". Sounds like "defective". I guess that's what we are to most people. Who else betrays their country, turns their back on their entire culture?

Haywood watches her.

MELINA

You know that the worst thing about committing treason is? It's actually not thinking about what'll happen to you if you get caught. It's the loneliness....

Haywood knows that loneliness. For different reasons, but he knows it...

MELINA

For five years I played a part.... I lied about my deepest beliefs to every person I ever talked to. Except you.... And I didn't even know your real name until six days ago.

(considering)

I believe I did the right thing. But I wouldn't wish that loneliness upon anybody...

Haywood looks at the ground for a long beat.

HAYWOOD

I'm sorry I doubted you, Melina....
You deserve better than that.
Especially from me.

EXT. MARYLAND -- DAWN

A UPS truck pulls up at a train station which is completely deserted at this hour. The driver opens the back, removes the doctor's blindfold.

"UPS" DRIVER (SUBTITLED)

*Your service to your country will be
remembered, Doctor.*

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAWN

Haywood sits, bleary-eyed, at the table with documents, maps and photographs spread before him. Melina is asleep in a chair. Garcia enters.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Did you sleep?

HAYWOOD

No.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Well forget about it for a while. The doctor just made contact.

INT. FBI SUBURBAN -- DAY

An FBI agent drives Haywood, Melina and Garcia.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

He was blindfolded and in the back of a truck. Couldn't see a thing, but he says they drove for over an hour.

HAYWOOD

It could have been in circles.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

They just showed up at his office, told him he was being activated and he had to leave with them right away. He was smart enough to grab a jacket that we built a lapel camera into but he says he only had a few seconds to take pictures outside the house.

INT. SMALL OFFICE

An FBI field office in a small town in central Maryland. Haywood, Melina and Garcia sit with the doctor.

DOCTOR

They had basic surgical tools there.
Medication. I took the bullet out.
Stopped the internal bleeding and
stabilized him.

An uncomfortable pause.

DOCTOR

I'm a doctor. I had to do that.

HAYWOOD

Is he's going to live?

DOCTOR

If he can get to a hospital in the
next week. Yes, he'll live.

Another uncomfortable pause.

DOCTOR

I had to do it.

HAYWOOD

You didn't do anything wrong, Doctor.

The doctor is still tentative.

HAYWOOD

A tad ironic maybe...

A collective laugh. Then, an agent enters.

FBI AGENT

The pictures are ready.

MOMENTS LATER

Haywood is carefully examining the photos the doctor's spy camera
took of the farmland around the safehouse.

FBI AGENT GARCIA

Jesus, that could be almost anywhere.
Virginia, Maryland, even Pennsylvania.

DOCTOR

(apologetic)

I looked for a hill or radio tower,
some kind of landmark, but there just
wasn't anything....

Haywood holds up a picture.

HAYWOOD

What time of day was this taken?

DOCTOR
Uh...is that important?

HAYWOOD
It is actually.

DOCTOR
Why?

HAYWOOD
If I know what time of day it was, I
can tell from the shadows how the
house is oriented, what direction it's
facing. That'll help us identify it
from the air...

The doctor looks away, embarrassed that he can't remember what
time it was.

HAYWOOD
Just tell me this, was it taken before
or after noon?

DOCTOR
I just...I was so nervous... Wait a
minute, I'd already stabilized
Raznovic and that took a couple hours.
It had to be the afternoon.

TEN MINUTES LATER

The Doctor leaves the room with an FBI agent. As soon as he's
gone, Haywood turns to Garcia.

HAYWOOD
How quickly can you get a helicopter
here?

FBI AGENT GARCIA
Ten minutes.

Garcia nods at one of his men, who goes to call the helicopter.

Haywood points to one of the pictures.

HAYWOOD
This was taken in the afternoon when
the sun comes from the west. That's
west; that's east. North is directly
into the photo.

He picks up another photo. Garcia and Melina watch with
fascination.

HAYWOOD

That's a cashmere oak. The only place it grows in North America is within 20 miles of the Chesapeake. This here is maldicite fern, which grows in shallow water. See how it runs along here. There's a stream back there.

Haywood lays out all six of the photos the doctor took outside of the safehouse.

HAYWOOD

We're looking for a five acre plot of uncultivated land, around a white farmhouse oriented thirty degrees off true north. There's a cashmere oak to the east and a stream to the south. And we know this plot of land is within 20 miles of the Chesapeake.

(beat)

Get me back to Langley to look at the satellite archives and I'll find this place within 24 hours.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Haywood and Melina sit in the back of a helicopter. The pilot banks over the Potomac and descends toward CIA Headquarters.

INT. CIA SATELLITE ROOM

Haywood sits at a computer workstation. The 30-inch screen is filled with a satellite view of the Chesapeake Bay. A 20-mile perimeter zone is delineated on the screen with a red line.

With some keystrokes Haywood puts a grid structure across the perimeter zone. Then zooms in on the first square. The screen is now filled with a one square mile section of countryside.

A dozen structures are visible. Haywood scans the screen looking for the telltale signs he identified from the doctor's pictures.

MONTAGE

Haywood scanning screen after screen. Drinking his sixth cup of coffee. He hasn't slept in 30 hours.

He changes the screen for the thousandth time. Maybe he missed it? It would be so easy to miss it... He looks away from the screen for a second...stretches his neck...then turns back...

...and there it is... In the bottom left hand corner of the screen. A white farmhouse, the right orientation, a stream to the south, a single oak tree to the east.

Haywood bolts to attention. Zooms in on that section of the screen. He quickly consults the doctor's photographs. There is no doubt. He grabs the telephone.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- RAZNOVIC'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

The cashmere oak. The stream behind the ferns. The UPS van parked out front. Suddenly a helicopter screams over the tree line towards the house.

INT. FBI HELICOPTER -- DAY

Haywood watches from overhead as four unmarked cars skid to a stop in front of the safehouse. An FBI tactical squad jumps out and surrounds the house. Seconds later they use a battering ram to break in the door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

The helicopter is on the ground. Haywood stands with Garcia and a TACTICAL OFFICER.

TACTICAL OFFICER

They were definitely here.

INT. FARMHOUSE

Haywood enters. Grimly surveys the empty room.

His phone rings.

HAYWOOD

Haywood.

VOICE

Cheer up, Tom. Christ, you sound like you're at a funeral.

HAYWOOD

Where are you?

RAZNOVIC

Not there. You're about seven hours too late.... Turn on the TV.

(beat)

Go ahead. I'll wait....

Haywood takes a breath, then walks to the TV, turns it on.

CNN NEWSCASTER

Our top story again: Serbian General Josef Vasic has just stepped off a plane at a military air field in Serbia.

IMAGES of Vasic and Raznovic being given a hero's welcome by military personnel.

CNN NEWSCASTER

Vasic was broken out of UN custody two days ago in the middle of opening statements at his war crimes trial. The daring raid was lead by--

Haywood shuts the TV off. The room has gone silent. Melina, Garcia, and two other FBI agents in the room look at Haywood.

HAYWOOD

How did you get out?

RAZNOVIC

That's a state secret, Tom. I can't tell you that. Especially given your history with keeping secrets...

Haywood winces slightly. Melina see it.

RAZNOVIC

You lose again.

HAYWOOD

It wasn't a total loss, putting that bullet in you sure was cathartic.

The couch at the other side of the room still has blood on it.

RAZNOVIC

(indignant)

I snatch one of the world's most wanted men out of the courtroom where he's being tried. Right out from under your nose. And you speak to me about consolation prizes. Jesus, Tom, you know how pathetic that sounds?

Haywood stares out the window.

RAZNOVIC

You never answered my question from that day at the monument...

HAYWOOD

What's that?

RAZNOVIC

What it was like when you found out the truth in your debriefing... I heard you were so broken up about everything that you basically resigned.... Is that true? Are you going to resign again?

Haywood hangs up. A beat.... His phone starts ringing again. He shuts off the power. When he looks up the whole room is watching at him.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- DAY

Haywood stands by the stream south of the house. Looks down through the ferns at the water flowing past.

Melina walks up next to him. She doesn't say anything, just stands there next to him. A few moment of silence, then:

HAYWOOD

Melina...you need to know something...

She looks over at him.

HAYWOOD

The report you read said I had no memory of giving up names...

Melina stops cold.

HAYWOOD

That's not true. I lied in my debriefing. I remember exactly how Raznovic got the names from me.

(beat)

He didn't torture them out of me. And I wasn't in some drug induced stupor... The reality is...I just told him...

FLASHBACK -- INT. BOATHOUSE -- DURING THE "ESCAPE"

Haywood has carried an "injured" "LaRochelle" into the boathouse:

HAYWOOD

Listen to me. Two hours from now a rescue team is going to pluck you out of here. You have to last two hours.

(holding up the walkie-talkie)

I'll be with you the whole time.

(beat)

A man who was pushing his car stopped outside a hotel. As soon as he got there, he knew he was bankrupt. Why?

Tears well up in LaRochelle's eyes. A powerful moment between them.... Now, the rest: Haywood turns to go. "LaRochelle" stops him.

"LAROCHELLE"

Tom, we both know they'll probably find me before any rescue team gets here. I want to die now...on my own terms...

Haywood looks off. A fierce struggle inside him.... Then, finally, he turns back to his friend.

HAYWOOD

Listen to me... If you hear the dogs get too close, go in the river.

(grabs a life preserver off the wall and hands it to Raznovic)

Let it take you downstream for five miles till you see a church on the outskirts of Vratsa. Find the priest and show him St. Christopher. He'll ask you where you got it. Say "Prague. I was there for a wedding." Say that exactly.

BACK TO SCENE

This has been haunting Haywood...tearing him apart inside...

HAYWOOD

I couldn't just leave him there. So I sent him to Wedding, the one person I knew who could get him out of the country...the one person who knew the identities of every other asset we had...including you...

Haywood looks away...

HAYWOOD

See, he engineered it so perfectly.... He didn't get me with torture or drugs. He just created this bond. He just got me to trust him.

Melina looks at him, deeply moved.

A long beat...before Haywood looks up and their eyes finally meet.

The unspoken communication here is powerful and complex.

A mixture of understanding, forgiveness, and emotional connection....

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAWN

Establishing shots of Langley the next morning.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)
Although hardline nationalists are thought to constitute less than 20% of the Serb population, they have boldly asserted themselves in recent days, energized by the extraordinary...

INT. HAYWOOD'S OFFICE -- SAME

Haywood watches CNN.

CNN REPORTER (V.O., CONT'D)
...rescue of General Josef Vasic from UN custody. More than 50,000 nationalists took to the streets in Belgrade this morning shouting accusations of treason at Serbia's current President, Goran Birosic, who has moved to improve relations with the West since taking office in...

INT. CIA -- SEVENTH FLOOR -- DAWN

Haywood and Pritchard are ushered into the CIA Director's office.

The Director hands them each a red folder marked "Top Secret -- Umbra Elton -- Distribute only under signature of Director, CIA."

CIA DIRECTOR
The first page is the text of an ultimatum Vasic and Raznovic sent to President Birosic an hour ago.

INT. CIA -- MELINA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Haywood enters. Melina's TV is on. The volume is muted, but we can see it's a report about Serbia.

MELINA
You're going after them, aren't you?

HAYWOOD
Yes.

MELINA
How can you bring yourself to go back there? How do you control the fear?

HAYWOOD

How did you control the fear every time you walked out of SIS headquarters with a bag full of classified documents?

MELINA

Denial. Right up until I heard the pounding on my front door.

She looks out the window.

MELINA

Vasic and Raznovic -- they've got to know a snatch attempt is likely.

HAYWOOD

They went underground yesterday.

MELINA

How are you going to find them?

HAYWOOD

I need you to go with me.

MELINA

What?

She looks at him like he's crazy.

HAYWOOD

They're both travelling with SIS security details. The men on those details communicate on equipment you know like the back of your hand. If you're with me, we can track their communications and that will lead us right to Raznovic and Vasic.

MELINA

Jesus, Tom. I can't believe you're asking me this...

(beat)

I'm not like you. Going back to Serbia scares the shit out of me...

HAYWOOD

They're planning a coup, Melina. With SIS and the military behind them, they'll succeed. Vasic will be President. Raznovic will head SIS.

(MORE)

HAYWOOD (CONT'D)

Serbia will become a police state again. Raznovic will launch a terrorism campaign to undermine the War Crimes Tribunal and the NATO presence in Kosovo.

(beat)

Ultimately, we'll end up in a war.

Melina stares at the floor. She can't believe this is happening.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS LOCATION -- NIGHT

A black military helicopter streaks through the dark sky and sets down in a mountain pass.

Haywood gets out of the helicopter dressed in unmarked camouflage gear. Melina gets out behind him, similarly dressed. Her shoulder-length hair has been cut short and dyed.

They are greeted by two men in military uniforms. One man, a US Army green beret, steps forward and salutes Haywood.

US ARMY GREEN BERET

This is Captain Polesceau, with
Romanian Special Forces.

Haywood and the Romanian salute. Haywood speaks to him briefly in fluent ROMANIAN. The captain nods and laughs as if Haywood just made a joke. The group walks toward a Romanian Army jeep.

US ARMY GREEN BERET

We're about thirty miles from the
Serbian border here. How close do you
want us to get you?

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

The Romanian jeep stops. Haywood and Melina get out.

A few quick salutes and the jeep drives off. Melina watches its receding tail lights. It is pitch black out here.

She and Haywood don night-vision goggles.

HAYWOOD

Serbia's on the other side of that
ridge up there.

Haywood pulls out his Trilling Navigation Aid (NavAid). It looks like a military version of a Gameboy. Only instead of games it's designed to hold 12,000 electronic maps and show one's location anywhere on the planet to an accuracy of one meter.

Haywood punches in "map = DM." A TOPOGRAPHIC MAP of a 100,000 meter by 100,000 meter chunk of the Balkans appears -- a zone that includes Belgrade on the west and the Romanian border on the east.

He punches in "DM-3-7". The map that appears is a 10,000 meter by 10,000 meter section of the DM map (the 3-7 section of the DM map).

HAYWOOD

We're here. The cache is there.
About nine kilometers from us.

Now, he punches in "DM-34-71." A red target box appears overlaid on the DM-3-7 map. This target box represents a 1000 meter by 1000 meter area of the DM-3-7. The screen shifts so that the 1000 meter by 1000 meter map fills the whole screen.

HAYWOOD

The first kilometer is pretty steep,
but after that it's mostly downhill.

EXT. RIDGELINE -- NIGHT -- LATER

Haywood and Melina start descending from the ridgeline.

HAYWOOD

We just crossed the border.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT -- LATER

Haywood stops in the middle of nowhere and checks his NavAid. An "X" on the map reads "present location = DM-34158-71190."

NIGHT VISION POV

Haywood goes to a large tree which he seems to recognize. Paces five steps from it. Then kneels down and pushes some dirt away, revealing a rope handle.

Pulling on the handle, Haywood lifts a large piece of plywood up from the ground. The dirt and leaves that had been covering it fall away. Underneath it is a hidden supply cache -- weapons, radios, food, civilian clothes...and a small motorcycle...

SERIES OF SHOTS

Haywood and Melina (in civilian clothes now) driving through the Serbian countryside on the motorcycle...travelling through a small town...arriving on the outskirts of Belgrade at dawn.

EXT. BELGRADE -- MORNING

Haywood and Melina park their motorcycle (a frequent mode of transportation in Serbia) and walk to a slightly rundown

apartment building. Melina keeps her head down, afraid to look at anybody.

INT. SAFEHOUSE (APARTMENT) -- MORNING

Sparsely furnished. Hardly looks lived in.

MELINA

(re: the apartment)

How did you arrange it?

HAYWOOD

An asset in the Swiss Embassy.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- LATER

Melina sets up an array of miniaturized electronic eavesdropping equipment.

Her hands are shaking. Haywood goes to her, takes her hands in his...steadies her...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM -- DAY

Raznovic and three of his loyalists go over their plans in a room with the curtains drawn. Another man comes in.

RAZNOVIC LOYALIST (SUBTITLED)

Sir, Lt. Col. Mulatovic on the phone.

It's about Haywood.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Melina lays out several different types of physical probes. Haywood watches her.

MELINA

This one is for copper lines. Jab this end in. Make sure its got contact with the metal.

INT. ROOM -- DAY

Raznovic speaks in Serbian on the phone. He seems excited with whatever Lt. Col. Mulatovic is telling him.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Haywood is preparing to leave -- to go install the eavesdropping probes Melina was going over with him.

MELINA

Don't get caught, okay?

Haywood smiles.

They look into each other's eyes...move towards each other...

Then both of them stop. Somehow they're not ready.

HAYWOOD

I'll be back in a few hours.

EXT. BELGRADE -- DAY

Haywood leaves the apartment building. He is dressed in the drab gray workman's coveralls that many of Serbia's laborers wear.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF TOWN -- DAY

FIND HAYWOOD hanging from the side of a telephone poll, by one of those thick belts that telephone repair men use. People pass below him on the street. The few who look up assume Haywood works for the national telephone company.

EXT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE BOX -- DAY

Haywood picks the lock and opens it up.

EXT. SUBURBAN AREA -- DAY

Haywood climbs over the fence surrounding a radio tower.

EXT. BELGRADE -- DAY

Haywood drives down the street on his motorcycle. Stops at a stoplight. His eyes constantly scan his surroundings...

The light turns green and Haywood goes. Suddenly sirens...

Haywood stiffens. An unmarked sedan with police lights behind the grill speeds up from behind him. Haywood has to make decision. Split second.

He pulls over. And the sedan careens past him.... Haywood breathes again. Drives on.

MINUTES LATER

Haywood turns onto the street where the safehouse apartment is.

It is clogged with police cars and unmarked sedans. SIS men and police stand outside the building where he left Melina...

Haywood quickly turns onto a side street, his heart racing.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

Haywood lies on the roof of a building near the safehouse. He looks down at the blocked-off street. Just then Melina is

brought out of the building in handcuffs. Two burly men load her into the back of a black sedan.

Haywood's eyes close. He can't take it. Can't watch...

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DUSK

A park overlooking Belgrade. Haywood sits with his head in his hands. He looks out at the sun, which is just beginning to set. Searches his mind for a plan, for something to do...

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGRADE SUBURB -- DUSK

Three black sedans pull up outside a well-kept house. Uzi-toting security men jump from the front and back cars as Raznovic emerges from the middle one.

INT. RAZNOVIC'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Mementos of Raznovic's career on the wall -- military honors, unit patches, pictures of Raznovic with his SIS buddies.

The decor is eerily similar to Haywood's house. The only obvious difference is that Raznovic doesn't have Haywood's geography obsession. There are no maps on his walls. No antique sextants.

Raznovic comes through the front door and goes to his home office. Flips on the light.

And nearly jumps out of his skin...

Haywood is sitting at his desk, pointing a silenced pistol.

HAYWOOD

Man walks into a bar and asks for a glass of water. Bartender points a gun at him. Man says "thank you" and walks out. Why?

Raznovic can hardly speak.

RAZNOVIC

How.... How did you find my house?

HAYWOOD

December 17, 1999.

RAZNOVIC

What about it?

HAYWOOD

We'd only been in captivity a few days. You were talking about your childhood house in France by the lake at St. Junien. You described this beautiful sunset you saw one Christmas Eve. How a stream of light came between the two tallest peaks in the mountain range, lit up the whole lake.

(beat)

It suddenly dawned on me -- when I was sitting in the park a few minutes ago -- the sun doesn't set that way over St. Junien in December. But the image you depicted was so vivid I just knew you had to be talking about a real place.

Haywood hits a button. The curtains part in front of a huge picture window with a stunning lake view -- a STREAM OF LIGHT is pouring through the mountains and ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE LAKE...

HAYWOOD

Once I asked the right question the rest was simple: the positioning of lakes and mountains, the angle of the December sun in central Serbia. I guess it played to my strengths...

RAZNOVIC

I'm speechless, Tom...really...

Haywood roots around in Raznovic's desk. No weapons, but he takes stick of gum for himself from a pack in the top drawer.

HAYWOOD

That's a shame. I was hoping you were going to work my puzzle...

RAZNOVIC

(after a beat)

Are the bartender and the man friends?

HAYWOOD

No.... Where's Melina?

RAZNOVIC

Paying for the crimes she committed against her people.

Haywood cocks the hammer back on his pistol.

RAZNOVIC

Are you going to kill me, Tom?

HAYWOOD
What do you think?

RAZNOVIC
I'm a patriot. I've always been
willing to die for my country. I'm
sure you can relate to that.
(beat)
Of course, killing me would just mean
she'd suffer more. So we're sort of
-at an impasse here, aren't we?
(beat)
Did the man really want a glass of
water?

Haywood's jaw clenches. The grip on his gun tightens. He wants to kill Raznovic so badly...especially when he sees his St. Christopher medallion hung like a souvenir around Raznovic's neck.

But Haywood's hands are tied by Melina's captivity. So the game goes on...

HAYWOOD
Yes.

RAZNOVIC
Was he thirsty?

HAYWOOD
No.

Suddenly Haywood spins around -- BANG-BANG! -- shoots an SIS security man just as he springs through the door --

Raznovic dives behind the desk.

EXT. RAZNOVIC'S HOUSE -- DUSK

A dozen SIS men standing around outside jump at the sound of the shots -- rush inside --

INT. RAZNOVIC'S HOME OFFICE -- DUSK

Haywood grabs a heavy wooden chair...smashes the hell out of the picture window...and jumps through it...

A second later SIS guards pile through the door. Raznovic screams at them in Serbian.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)
Outside! Outside!

EXT. RAZNOVIC'S YARD -- DUSK

Haywood sprints down a hill toward the lake, darts into the forest. Flood lights turn on behind the house. Men shouting in Serbian.

EXT. RAZNOVIC'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Five hours later. Raznovic is standing outside with several SIS men. Army troops are here now as well, assisting with the search. We hear dogs barking in the distance. An SIS officer approaches.

SIS OFFICER (SUBTITLED)
*He's gone, sir. We've searched
 everything in a three mile radius.*

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)
*Did you check the cars for bugs he
 could have planted?*

SIS OFFICER (SUBTITLED)
Three times. They're clean, sir.

Raznovic thinks for a moment.

RAZNOVIC (SUBTITLED)
All right. Let's go.

He gets in his car. The motorcade starts up.

UNDERNEATH HIS CAR

A manhole cover is lifted slightly, from below.

INT. MANHOLE -- NIGHT

Haywood, wet and muddy. He spits his chewing gum out (the gum he took from Raznovic's desk drawer). Uses it to attach a watch-battery-sized homing beacon to a tree branch. Puts a bigger wad of gum on the other side of the device.

EXT. MANHOLE -- NIGHT

The tree branch pokes up from inside the manhole. With lightening-fast precision, Haywood sticks the homing beacon to the underside of Raznovic's car -- just as it begins moving.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- NIGHT

Raznovic's motorcade drives away from Belgrade...and up into the mountains where a thick blanket of snow covers the ground.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NIGHT

Haywood follows Raznovic on his motorcycle -- uses his NavAid (which displays the homing beacon signal) to track and follow Raznovic.

It is 5 am now. The sky is just becoming light. Suddenly Haywood realizes something -- looks down at the map on his NavAid, at Raznovic's direction of travel.

HAYWOOD

Oh, God...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- DAWN

Raznovic's car emerges from a mountain pass to see a village in the valley in front of him. Looks familiar to us, very familiar...then it comes to us... Although we have never seen it from this angle before, this is the town from which Haywood was rescued at the beginning of the movie...

The camera moves up to reveal, at the end of the valley, four miles away, the monastery, Haywood's prison....

EXT. FURTHER BACK IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS -- DAWN

Haywood on his motorcycle, several miles behind Raznovic. He knows exactly where Raznovic is headed. He sees the monastery in his MIND'S EYE.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Haywood looks at the monastery through a tiny pair of binoculars. He watches as Raznovic is greeted by General Vasic in the main courtyard.

MINUTES LATER

Raznovic and Vasic have gone inside. Haywood looks down at the monastery. It is heavily secured. He sees a dozen guards in various locations around the complex.

HYPERORIENTATION

A quick flash of the complex schematic of the monastery inside Haywood's head.

EXT. BASE OF STEEP HILL -- DAY

Haywood crouches in some bushes. He looks out at an old bridge, at a sewer grate next to it...

We know this sewer grate. It's the one Haywood and "LaRoche" emerged from two months ago after crawling through the bowels of the monastery to make their escape. It was their final door to the outside world.

Now Haywood is trying to get the courage up to go back through that door the other way...

INSTANTANEOUS FLASHBACK

--Getting stuffed into the coffin-shaped space in the floor.
--The lid SLAMS shut.

BACK TO SCENE

Haywood shakes off the memory. Takes a breath...and sprints out from the bushes towards the sewer grate...

BLACK SCREEN

broken by a flashlight beam -- Haywood behind it. Then the familiar SPIRAL STAIRCASE. The slimy black-green algae which covers it.

Haywood finds the splintered wooden trap door that leads to the ventilation duct. But instead of splintered wood he finds cinderblock. He swears and starts climbing the slimy spiral staircase, looking for another way in.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

One level up, Haywood is stopped at a heavy wooden door. He puts his ear to the wood. Can't hear anything.

HYPERORIENTATION

He mentally fixes his present location on the schematic of the monastery in his head. Flashes to a photographic memory view of the hallway on the other side of the door.

INT. MONASTERY HALLWAY -- DAY

An SIS guard hears an odd noise. He walks quietly to a heavy oak door...

BEHIND THE DOOR

Haywood is slowly whittling away with a knife at the six-hundred year-old wood around the lock.

INT. MONASTERY HALLWAY -- DAY

The guard aims his submachine gun at the door...at the sound from behind it. Suddenly -- LOUD KNOCKS on the door.

HAYWOOD (FROM BEHIND DOOR)

Anybody home?

The guard is so stunned that he's paralyzed for a beat. Then he opens fire on the door. Unloads his entire 25 round clip -- splinters the wood to pieces.

The second the gun clicks empty. BANG-BANG! The SIS guy falls down dead.

Haywood kicks through the splintered wood.

HAYWOOD

(under his breath)

If you get caught, pray for the stupid ones.

Haywood climbs into the hallway. Quickly removes the guard's gun, ammunition, and two radios (one headset radio, which Haywood quickly dons, and one standard handheld).

Over the headset radio he can hear the guards yelling in Serbian.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Guards race toward the sound of the gunshots.

INT. MONASTERY HALLWAY -- DAY

A group of guards stand around the body of their colleague. Raznovic gives them orders in Serbian.

TIGHT SHOT

of Haywood, trying to figure out his next move. The radio clicks on. It's Raznovic. INTERCUT:

RAZNOVIC

Have you considered the irony? You sneaking back in here, of all places?

HAYWOOD

I find there's a lot of irony in our relationship.

RAZNOVIC

How long do you think it will take before we find you, Tom?

HAYWOOD

You'll never find me. I know this place better than any man you have. I know every crack and crevice. Every place to hide.

RAZNOVIC

Maybe so, but time is on my side...

A beat.

RAZNOVIC
I suppose you're here for Melina.

HAYWOOD
Among other things.

RAZNOVIC
(chuckles)
You know...she was just telling me how
-suspicious you were of her at
first...her being the only survivor of
the nine. It just didn't add up....

We SLOWLY MOVE IN on Haywood's face.

RAZNOVIC
She won you over eventually though,
didn't she?
(laughs)
Oh, God...it's so beautiful I can
hardly bring myself to say
anything...words just can't do it
justice.

ON HAYWOOD'S FACE:

RAZNOVIC
She's a double agent, Tom. She works
for me. She always has.

Haywood has gone completely still...

RAZNOVIC
I guess you should have gone with your
gut, huh?

Haywood's head swims...another incomprehensible betrayal...

RAZNOVIC
You know, she really helped us fill in
a lot, Tom. What the CIA and the
Tribunal know about us...

Images cascade through Haywood's mind: *Melina looks at the top
secret CIA book with the surveillance photos of SIS officers.*

RAZNOVIC
...How a Pathfinder operates inside
Serbia...

*Melina watches as Haywood opens up the hidden cache in the forest
with the motorcycle. She sits in on the briefing of the UN
prosecutors where Haywood recounts his mission to Kosovo during
the war.*

RAZNOVIC

...and, of course, the identity of the
FBI's mole among our US assets.

Melina sitting in on the debriefing of the doctor.

Haywood can't move. He is completely shell-shocked...

RAZNOVIC

But let's be honest, the real *coup de grace* -- as LaRoche might say -- is getting you to break back into your old prison.

HAYWOOD

It's not over yet, Pavel.

RAZNOVIC

Oh really -- what are you going to do, call Langley and ask for help? Kind of hard without your satellite radio, don't you think? You know, the one Melina handed over when she called us over to your safehouse. You're completely cut off, Tom. It's only a matter of time.

(beat)

Get ready to go back in The Box.

Raznovic clicks off.

Haywood stares ahead. Utter psychological devastation....

SERIES OF SHOTS

Raznovic's men search the monastery from top to bottom...

BACK TO SCENE

Haywood tries to focus, to think rationally...

EXT. MONASTERY -- DAY

Haywood emerges onto the ramparts of the monastery. It's snowing. A cold wind blows.

RAZNOVIC

You know, I've been giving some thought to that puzzle you gave me in my house -- was the bartender pointing a real gun at that guy?

Haywood just watches the snowflakes collecting on his lap.

MIND'S EYE: Images of Melina still flashing through his head.

RAZNOVIC

Tom, you there?

HAYWOOD

(distant)

It was a real gun.

RAZNOVIC

With real bullets?

HAYWOOD

Yes.

Haywood looks at his NavAid. He is 65 kilometers from the nearest border, 80 kilometers from the nearest American troops -- the peacekeepers in Kosovo.

RAZNOVIC

Was the bartender afraid of the guy?

HAYWOOD

No.

Suddenly Haywood bolts upright, he looks at his present location. Looks at the altitude reading: 5312 feet.

HAYWOOD

(to himself)

A mile... Maybe I'm not cut off.

(to Raznovic)

Got to go, Pavel. I'll call you back.

Haywood clicks off. Pulls out the handheld radio he took from the guard he killed. Flips to a particular frequency -- all static. Types in a decryption code. And wham -- the second he punches the last digit of the decryption code, the static suddenly becomes English voices.

RADIO VOICE

Eagle Claw. This is Charlie 6. We have sniper fire reported in sector four. Request immediate back up!

EAGLE CLAW (RADIO V.O.)

Bill, I've got no one to send you right now. Tiger battalion is dealing with a riot in Drinavca.

HAYWOOD

Break. Break. Eagle Claw, this is Rover 2-1-5.

EXT. KOSOVO COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

The field headquarters for the US Army peacekeeping forces stationed in Kosovo.

INT. COMMAND POST TENT -- US ARMY PEACEKEEPERS

Nine men and twice as many radios. The commanding officer is "Eagle Claw".

EAGLE CLAW

Get off my net, Rover. I don't know you and I'm in the middle of a tactical situation.

HAYWOOD (RADIO V.O.)

Negative, Eagle Claw. I have National Command Authority. Code word: Hatchet. Authentication: Quebec Bravo. I need immediate mission support inside Serbian territory.

EAGLE CLAW

Who the hell is this nut?

He turns to his executive officer.

EAGLE CLAW

Check the safe.

EXT. MONASTERY -- DAY

Haywood on the ramparts. Raznovic calls him on the headset radio. INTERCUT:

RAZNOVIC

You still out there, Tom?

HAYWOOD

I'm here.

Haywood is scanning his surroundings with renewed purpose -- putting a plan together.

INT. COMMAND POST TENT -- US ARMY PEACEKEEPERS

The EXECUTIVE OFFICER pulls a sealed envelope marked "Hatchet" out of the safe. Rips it open. His eyebrows go up...

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Whoever he is, we've got a direct order from the President to give him whatever he wants.

He hands the piece of paper to Eagle Claw.

EAGLE CLAW

No shit...

EXT. MONASTERY -- DAY

Haywood speaks to Raznovic via radio. INTERCUT:

RAZNOVIC
You been thinking about Melina?

HAYWOOD
Yeah, actually. And I almost bought it. But it doesn't quite work, does it?

RAZNOVIC
What do you mean?

HAYWOOD
She could've let you kill me in that water plant. Instead, she saved my life.

RAZNOVIC
And by saving your life she made sure that you'd trust her forever -- an invaluable accomplishment for a double agent, wouldn't you say?

(beat)
I saved your life too, remember?
Every time you came back from the torture room.

A beat. ON Haywood's face...

HAYWOOD
Melina is not a double agent.

RAZNOVIC
You're sure of that...

HAYWOOD
No. It's a leap of faith.

Raznovic smiles, seems to respect Haywood for taking it.

We follow Raznovic's eyes to REVEAL MELINA, bound and gagged, sitting a few feet away from him.

She wants to yell out to Haywood...tell him he's right...

RAZNOVIC
Okay, what now?

HAYWOOD
I come get her.

A tear in Melina's eye...

RAZNOVIC

This is a big place, Tom. You still have to figure out where we are.

HAYWOOD

I already have.

RAZNOVIC

Sure, Tom. You can see through walls now?

(no response)

Tom, are you there?

Haywood has clicked off the headset.

He moves along the ramparts until he has a view of a heavy IRON DOOR built right into the curtain wall surrounding the monastery. He studies the door. His handheld radio comes to life:

EAGLE CLAW (RADIO V.O.)

Rover, this is Eagle Claw. Apologies. Your authority is confirmed. We're awaiting orders.

Haywood checks his NavAid. It says his present location is "DM 36124-72319" and notes "location accurate to one meter."

HAYWOOD

Eagle Claw, I'm at Delta Mike 36124-72319. I need an immediate fire mission. Do you have any gun that can range me?

EAGLE CLAW (RADIO V.O.)

Roger, I have one gun that's close enough. Stand by for call sign Thunderbolt.

Haywood clips the radio to his chest and climbs over the battlements. Rock climbs down the outside of the rough granite curtain wall towards the ground, towards the iron door.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)

Rover, this is Thunderbolt. My gun is up. Ready for coordinates.

HAYWOOD

Stand by. I'm on my way to get a NavAid reading on target.

The iron door is four-hundred feet away along a narrow strip of ground between the base of the perimeter wall and a cliff. Haywood runs toward his target.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)

Be advised, sir: we are three kilometers from a Serb armored division. The second we make the first shot, they're going to start pounding us with everything they've got. I don't think we'll be able to get more than two shots off, sir.

HAYWOOD

Roger that, I can make do with two shots if they hit their mark.

Suddenly, gunshots rip up the ground at Haywood's feet. The fierce barrage forces Haywood down a rocky slope.

A patch of ground gives way and he starts tumbling...smashing into a boulder right at the edge of a sheer drop. His NavAid goes flying off the edge of the cliff.

HAYWOOD

(watching the
NavAid fall)

Oh, shit...

Haywood rights himself and scampers to the top of the cliff. Three SIS men on the ramparts above him.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! Haywood comes up over the cliff, gun blazing, and runs for the cover of a buttress extending from the perimeter wall.

The SIS men keep up a steady stream of gunfire at Haywood's cover position, effectively pinning him down, about thirty feet from the iron door.

HAYWOOD

Thunderbolt, be advised: I lost my NavAid. I'm calculating grid coordinates manually.

INT. COMMAND POST TENT -- US PEACEKEEPERS

The Executive Officer gives a dumbfounded look at Eagle Claw.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

He's going to find a ten digit grid manually?

Eagle Claw shakes his head in disbelief.

BACK TO SCENE -- HAYWOOD

With bullets chewing up the aging granite buttress he is using for cover, Haywood yanks a laminated CONTOUR MAP of Serbia out of

his vest. Next, he pulls out a PROTRACTOR, his LENSATIC COMPASS, and a black RAZOR POINT MARKER.

RAZNOVIC (RADIO V.O.)

Hey, Tom--

HAYWOOD

Not now, Pavel. I'm busy.

Haywood frantically tries to figure out his precise location via manual triangulation.

First, he uses his lensatic compass to "shoot" azimuth lines to the summits of three surrounding mountains. He has picked those landmarks because he can easily find their corresponding points on his contour map. He draws each azimuth line he shoots directly on the map using his black felt-tip pen.

EXT. MONASTERY -- DAY

SIS men shout to each other as they run along the parapet walk trying to get an open shot at Haywood. He periodically fires at them to keep them from getting too close.

BACK TO SCENE -- BASE OF THE MONASTERY OUTER WALL

Haywood has drawn three azimuth lines on his map now. The three lines intersect in a single point -- Haywood's location. Now he has to figure the exact grid coordinates (ten digits worth) for that point.

For that he needs his plastic protractor (square, not half-moon like the ones in junior high). Out of the center of his protractor three triangles are cut, with scales along each straight edge. He begins laying these triangles over his map and scribbling out digits...

Three seconds and he's done. He grabs his handheld radio.

HAYWOOD

Thunderbolt, fire for effect. Target is an iron door. My location is Delta Mike 36114-72332. Direction to target, 5430. Distance, ten.

Haywood is ten meters (30 feet) away from the iron door.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)

Say again, distance, sir.

HAYWOOD

10 meters.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)
 Sir, that's way too close. We're 78 kilometers out, and working off a manual grid. Do you understand that if our shot isn't absolutely perfect, you will die, sir?

HAYWOOD
 I understand that, soldier, but I'm pinned down. Fire the mission. I want two rounds. First round: sabot shell. Send it flat trajectory so it'll get here as fast as possible. Second round: high explosive. I want this one on the highest arc you can fire so I get maximum interval between the impact of the first and second rounds. Is that clear?

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)
 Yes, sir.

HAYWOOD
 I've got to go through that door between the first and second rounds to rescue a prisoner.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)
 Roger, sir. You're crazy, but I understand the mission. We are calculating your interval.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN KOSOVO -- DAY

A lone U.S. Army howitzer sits on a low hill. An armored vehicle next to it. Inside the armored vehicle is the Fire Direction Center. THUNDERBOLT on the radio. Next to him the FIRE DIRECTION OFFICER is looking at a computerized trajectory chart (see overleaf) and screaming out aiming commands which are repeated at the top of their lungs by the gun crew.

FIRE DIRECTION OFFICER
 Deflection: 2340!

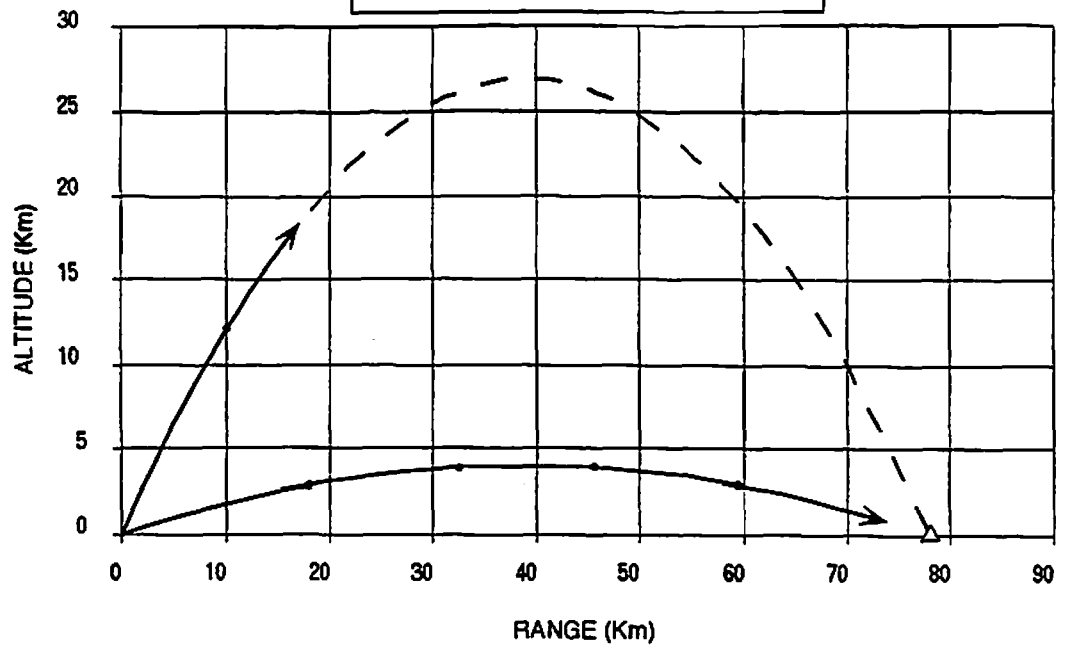
The big gun comes around laterally as a soldier cranks one of its big handwheels.

FIRE DIRECTION OFFICER
 Quadrant: 632!

The barrel of the howitzer begins to rise.

FIRE DIRECTION OFFICER
 Munition: Sabot.

Ft 237-AM-2
TRAJECTORY CHART
TJC 237-AM-2, K
CANNON, 237mm HOWITZER, M185
PROJECTILE, SABOT, M107 FUSE, PD, M557
CHARGE 8



It takes two loaders to carry this incredibly heavy depleted-uranium alloy shell with a long dart protruding from its nose.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- HAYWOOD

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)

Rover. Thunderbolt. We calculate interval between impact of first and second shots at three minutes, eight seconds.

HAYWOOD

Roger that, fire forthwith.

Haywood presets the STOPWATCH on his wrist for three minutes, eight seconds. Then he leans back against the wall and takes a deep breath.

Clicks on his headset radio:

HAYWOOD

Okay, Pavel, I'm back.

RAZNOVIC

You're so calm all of a sudden.

HAYWOOD

That's cause I know I'll be face to face with you soon.

RAZNOVIC

Frankly, Tom, I still don't buy that you even know where I am.

HAYWOOD

You know I have a map of this place in my head.

RAZNOVIC

Having a map doesn't tell you where I am on it.

HAYWOOD

See, now that's a flawed assumption.

RAZNOVIC

What is?

HAYWOOD

That the map in my head is only visual.

(beat)

But I spent so much time in the dark here, I have a blind man's map as well. I know what every room sounds like. How it echoes, what it sounds like on a windy day.

(beat)

You don't think I've been on the radio with you all this time just because I wanted to hear your voice, do you?

Raznovic seems suddenly flustered.

HAYWOOD

You're in the interrogation room.

We PULL BACK off Raznovic's face for the first time...to reveal that he is in the interrogation room, just as Haywood said...

HAYWOOD

By the way, it's a logical place to go when you've got a guy like me running around with a machine gun -- since you can completely seal it off from the rest of the complex.

Raznovic is just dumbfounded.

It takes him a few moments to recover.

Melina leans her head back and laughs despite her gag.

RAZNOVIC

Even if I were where you think I am, how the hell do you think you're going to get to me? You going to shoot your way through that iron door out there?

HAYWOOD

Actually, that was my plan exactly.

RAZNOVIC

(laughs)

You'd need an awfully big bullet.

HAYWOOD

Yeah, I suppose I would.

CUT TO:

BOOM!

A sabot shell EXPLODES out of the big Army gun 78 kilometers away.

THUNDERBOLT (RADIO V.O.)
Shot off! 94 seconds to impact!

BACK TO SCENE -- INTERCUTTING HAYWOOD AND RAZNOVIC

HAYWOOD
You're almost out of time, Pavel.
Are you going to solve that puzzle I gave you?

RAZNOVIC
What if I can't, Tom? Will that make you feel better when I'm throwing you back in your old cell?
(laughs)
Did the man talk to anyone else in the bar aside from the bartender?

HAYWOOD
No.

RAZNOVIC
Was the bartender angry at him?

HAYWOOD
No.

RAZNOVIC
Did the bartender say anything at all to the man, before pointing the gun?

HAYWOOD
No.

RAZNOVIC
Did the man want to drink the water he was asking for?

HAYWOOD
Yes.

A beat. Raznovic tries to think of his next question...

HAYWOOD
I've got to tell you, a year ago you would have had this one already. Your gamecraft's slipping.

RAZNOVIC

Or maybe the puzzle's a shill, Tom.
Maybe that's it.

HAYWOOD

A shill, I wouldn't give you a shill.
What's the fun in that?

RAZNOVIC

You know, I was just thinking about
when we captured you five years ago.
Man it was sweet.... I'd been hearing
about you for years. You were a
fucking legend. You slipped in and
out of Serbia, what, fourteen times
before we got you?

HAYWOOD

Twenty-seven, but who's counting?

RAZNOVIC

I am! Christ, Tom, twenty-seven
times. Think about it. That's
incredible.

A beat.

RAZNOVIC

Was the bartender trying to help the
man by pointing the gun at him?

HAYWOOD

Yes.

RAZNOVIC

I remember the torture crew couldn't
wait to get at you. They'd broken the
real LaRochelle in a week. But I knew
you'd be different; they'd never break
you. We had to outsmart you. I had
to outsmart you.

CUT TO:

WHOOSH!

The Sabot shell flies through the air at 400 meters per second.

EXT. KOSOVO HILLTOP -- DAY

Explosions all around the Army howitzer. Smoke everywhere The
Serb division on the other side of the border is shelling this
position with everything they've got.

The soldiers are ignoring the explosions around them and aiming
their gun. The barrel is pointing almost straight up now.

FIRE DIRECTION OFFICER

Fire!

BOOM! The second shell ERUPTS out of the tube.

BACK TO SCENE -- INTERCUTTING HAYWOOD AND RAZNOVIC

RAZNOVIC

You stopped being suspicious, Tom.
You let me in. Jesus, you're a covert
operator. It's the first thing they
teach you. Trust no one. Keep the
wall up. And never, ever, reveal the
names of your sources.

EXT. THE SKY

Two shells in the air at the same time.

- 1) the sabot shell hurtles straight at the monastery.
- 2) the high-explosive shell arcs high into the atmosphere.

There is no way to change their course now, no way to alter the
time at which they will impact.

BACK TO SCENE -- INTERCUTTING HAYWOOD AND RAZNOVIC

Haywood checks his watch: 17 SECONDS to impact.

RAZNOVIC

How long have I heard people gushing
about American intelligence?
Everyone's so fucking reverential.
Fucking CIA. Fucking Pathfinders.
The whole world acts like a bunch of
groupies--

Raznovic shoots a look at Melina.

RAZNOVIC

Well, you bought into your own hype
and you got burned. And you're going
to get burned again today. You're
going to get thrown back in The Box
and I'm going to extract every bit of
information from you I didn't get the
first time around. I'm going to wring
you dry.

HAYWOOD

No, Pavel, I'm going to come in there
to get Melina. Then I'm going to
destroy this place...and you with it...

We hear the whistling of an incoming artillery shell. Haywood puts his hands over his ears, jams his eyes shut.

The sabot shell is non-explosive. Rather it relies on one of nature's most elementary laws. $Momentum = Mass \times Velocity$.

A four-hundred pound, super-hard spear-tipped shell, traveling one kilometer per second goes through foot-thick iron doors like a bullet through cardboard. Only it's a hell of a lot noisier.

With a blinding flash and an EARSPLITTING CRASH, the sabot SLAMS into the iron door. It's so loud that even in

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

-- relatively far from the iron door -- the noise is DEAFENING. People SCREAM, grab for their ears, fall to the ground as their sense of balance (located in the inner ear) is thrown off.

EXT. IRON DOOR

Haywood hits the START BUTTON on his STOPWATCH and dives through a gaping hole in the twisted, smoking, metal frame --

FOLLOW HIM as he makes his way through the monastery's CATACOMBS. Around a corner. Down a hall.

He rushes past his old cell.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Raznovic picks himself up off the floor, struggles to maintain his balance...

General Vasic is there to. He tries to shake off the ringing in his ears...

FOCUS ON Melina -- behind them -- trying to pull her handcuffed hands around her legs so her arms are in front of her body --

She finally gets her hands in front -- she grabs her chair and SWINGS it at a Raznovic's head -- CRACK! Raznovic goes down hard...

She winds up again, to swing at one of the guards.

BANG! Melina BULLETS upright. Blood seeps through her shirt at her left shoulder --

She turns to see Vasic with his pistol out --

BANG! BANG! Vasic shoots her two more times -- the force of the bullets knock her over...

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! --

This time Melina doesn't flinch.... But General Vasic crumples, and so do the two guards in the room...

Raznovic takes one shot in the stomach but he dives out of the way just in time to avoid a barrage of others...

FIND Haywood rushing into the room -- he keeps firing to hold Raznovic at bay as he races to Melina and SNATCHES HER UP.

And she must think she's already in heaven, because Haywood is steaming -- literally. Steam is rising off his frozen clothing due to contact with the warm inside air.

Haywood pulls her to safety behind a console. He grabs the handcuff key from the unconscious guard several feet away and unlocks Melina, who is bleeding badly.

But Haywood's got an even bigger problem. A quick glance at his stopwatch: 53 seconds.

HAYWOOD

Can you move? We've got 50 seconds before a high explosive shell comes through that door.

MELINA

Leave me.

HAYWOOD

No way.

MELINA

You can live.

HAYWOOD

We both can.

Raznovic fires a barrage at them as he moves closer, clutching his bleeding stomach...

Haywood carries Melina to a new cover position.... Bullets ricochet all around them.

Raznovic is blocking their exit.

RAZNOVIC

Hey, Tom.

(grinning)

The man had the hiccups. The bartender pulled the gun to scare them away. The truth is I've known all along...

A gun butt slams Raznovic in the face -- from the direction he's not looking. Haywood pounces on him. Smashes his head into the floor.

HAYWOOD
Congratulations.

Raznovic is dazed, disoriented.

Haywood drags him across the floor to "The Box". Shoves him inside.

Rips the St. Christopher medallion from around Raznovic's neck...and pushes the heavy stone cover of "The Box" into place. Locks it down.

INT. THE BOX

The most claustrophobic space in the world. Raznovic's nose is an inch from the stone. He tries to push the cover up...but it's no use and he knows it...

BACK TO SCENE

Haywood checks his watch: 21 SECONDS... He sprints back to Melina...lifts her up into his arms...

INT. CATACOMBS

Haywood runs through them with Melina -- around a corner -- through a door -- past his old cell again --

His stopwatch reads 15 SECONDS --

But he's close. Through the smoke Haywood can see daylight pouring in...

CUT TO:

THE HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL

as it arcs downward from the apex of its seven mile-high trajectory -- SHOOTs toward the monastery at four times the speed of sound --

INT. CATACOMBS -- NEAR THE DOOR

Haywood uses his one free arm to climb over wreckage towards the light with Melina -- he can hear the WHISTLING of the shell...

INT. THE BOX

Soon to be RAZNOVIC'S COFFIN... He can hear the whistling too... He stops struggling and awaits his fate with dignity...

EXT. MONASTERY

Haywood lifts himself and Melina up through the mangled door -- With every ounce of energy he's got, Haywood runs --

MELINA
Tom, it's a cliff. Tom!

HAYWOOD
Trust me.

MELINA
TOM!

Haywood holds Melina with everything he's got and...jumps. He actually jumps right off the cliff. Melina screams as they sail over the edge and DROP --

A leap of faith...

An instant later the shell careens right through the door. BOOOM! A ferocious explosion spits debris everywhere...

Haywood and Melina are safe from the explosion, but how can they survive this jump? They drop like rocks -- the sheer cliff face zooming by behind them -- and --

Time's up. They hit the ground...

...only they don't go SPLAT...they go POOOOF...into twenty-five feet of loosely-packed snow...a huge snowdrift that Haywood saw earlier and incorporated into his plan.

FADE UP TO:
MOMENTS LATER

Haywood cradles Melina in his arms. The pristine white snow is soaked red with her blood.... She reaches out for Haywood's hand.

MELINA
(fading)
I'm going to die, Tom...

HAYWOOD
No. The rescue team will be here any minute.

Suddenly Haywood remembers what he's got -- he pulls the medallion of Saint Christopher out of his pocket.

HAYWOOD
Hold this.

MELINA
What is it?

HAYWOOD
It'll give you strength...

She sees the medallion...smiles...but then shakes her head like it's futile... Her eyes begin to close...

HAYWOOD

Hey! Wake up! Look at me! You're not going to die. You're going to live. Do you understand me?

Melina stares back at him.

He leans down and kisses her.

A wave of emotion in her eyes...

That's when we hear the first faint sounds.... The sounds of approaching helicopters...

Haywood turns to see five US Army helicopters come up over the crest of a hill in the distance...

HOLD on the approaching helicopters for several seconds and then

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the smoldering remains of the catacombs and into the interrogation room. TOWARD the "The Box"...

INT. DARK ROOM

Raznovic wakes up, disoriented. Looks down. He's in a hospital bed.

VOICE (IN SERBIAN, SUBTITLED)

*You lived through the explosion,
General Raznovic*

Raznovic smiles. It's painful, but he cranes his neck to see where the voice is coming from.

As he does we PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Raznovic is in a prison cell. NOW REVEAL that Haywood sits on the other side of the bars -- the St. Christopher medallion hanging from his neck.

Raznovic blinks hard. Confusion. He rubs his eyes.... Only now does his situation really start sinking in...

HAYWOOD

For a minute there...you thought I was on the inside and you were on the outside, didn't you?

Raznovic stares out at Haywood. A hollow stare...

HAYWOOD

We have so many questions for you,
it's hard to know where to start...

(beat)

But there's no need to rush into
anything... We've got all the time in
the world.

A beat. Haywood leans forward.

HAYWOOD

Man jumps from a tenth floor window.
Nothing breaks his fall. But when he
lands, he's unhurt. Why?

THE END