

SPY HUNTER

by
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An OPENING CRAWL sears onto the screen:

In the waning years of the Cold War, the world's leading spy agencies suddenly found themselves facing a new threat: ROGUE SPIES.

In response, six rival spy agencies formed an uneasy alliance to create a super-secret organization of elite SPY-HUNTERS.

With global allegiances constantly shifting, the INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE SERVICE now finds its spy-hunters in ever increasing demand...

EXT. MARKET CAFE, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: ALEX DECKER

taking a seat outside a market cafe perched on the side of a mountain. Alex wears a sharp suit and sharp shades. He takes off the shades and stares across the table at someone...

...GLENN PALMER, a middle-aged civilian Pentagon intelligence specialist with a METALLIC LAPTOP CASE cuffed to his wrist.

Palmer gauges Alex cautiously. Unsure if this is the person he's waiting to meet. Then again, that's the nature of this business: *You never know who's going to sit down before you.*

SUPER: Near La Libertad, El Salvador

A WAITRESS stoops to their table, her eyes all over Alex...

ALEX
(subtitled, Spanish)
Good morning. Do you happen to
serve blueberry pancakes here?

WAITRESS
Something to drink with that?

ALEX
Yes, how hard are your oranges?

WAITRESS
Hard as a baseball.

ALEX
Three, please. And a knife and a
reamer. I'd like to squeeze them
myself, if you don't mind.

...she shoots him a look: *You gotta be kidding me.*

The entire time, Palmer studies Alex. He notices the SHOULDER HOLSTER under Alex's suit and he nervously, and protectively, picks up his METALLIC LAPTOP CASE.

As the waitress slinks back inside the cafe, Alex returns his unnerving gaze on Palmer, still not saying a word to him. The silence is maddening. Palmer has to know who he is...

PALMER
It's hot today.

ALEX
Yes. But not as hot as the Azores
in June.

...and that cryptic answer tells Palmer everything.

PALMER
(sighs)
They said this would happen. They
told me no matter what I did, what
precautions I took -- somehow, you
would find me.

ALEX
If it makes you feel any better, it
wasn't easy.

Alex slides a BLACK PILLBOX across the table.

PALMER
They're not cyanide pills, I hope.

ALEX
Tranquilizers. By the time you wake
up, you'll be locked away in an IES
detention facility. Your wife will
be told you died in a car accident
while on assignment. The Pentagon
will pay for your funeral.

PALMER
That's...generous.

ALEX
And I'm supposed to tell you that
you've been charged with attempted
espionage in violation of Title 18
of the United States Code, Section
794 (A). But you already know that,
don't you, Mr. Palmer?

Just now, the CAFE WAITRESS returns to their table...

...she has a JUICE REAMER, a KNIFE, and a CUTTING BOARD. She PLUNKS the THREE HARD ORANGES down onto the table one by one.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Alex smiles a thanks, immune to her attitude.

PALMER

You're forgetting something. The people I contacted. The people I'm waiting for. They're not just going to let you take me.

ALEX

Let me guess... Nostra?

Palmer nods and Alex groans long-sufferingly...

ALEX

(subtitled, Spanish)

Miss? Could I get a rush on those pancakes, please?

...the waitress rolls her eyes as she huffs back inside.

Alex slices the first ORANGE and GRINDS it forcibly onto the REAMER. *Hard as a baseball.* Palmer goes to swallow a PILL...

...but Alex reaches across the table and gently stops him.

ALEX

Eat something first. Better if you take that on a full stomach.

PALMER

They're coming for me.

ALEX

(shakes his head)

They're already here.

Palmer looks around the lazy mountain village...

...the market is packed with LOCALS and some TOURISTS. Dozens of people. *Is Nostra here? And if so, why's Alex so calm?*

ALEX

Can I ask you one thing?
(Palmer looks at him)
Why?

PALMER

You think I wanted this?

ALEX

I don't know what you want.

PALMER

I want what everybody wants. Peace of mind. Financial stability. Life unmolested.

ALEX

I studied your files. You had all that and more.

PALMER

When I began, I was a front line soldier protecting my country. We knew what we were doing and why we were doing it. Now I'm just a pawn in some general's hidden political agenda.

Alex begins to slice the SECOND ORANGE now...

...as Palmer leans across the table, whispering:

PALMER

They want me to inflate my intelligence reports. *Create* a threat to national security when there is none. They want me to help them start a war.

ALEX

Against whom?

PALMER

I can't tell you that.

ALEX

But you can tell Nostra.

PALMER

Nostra's a powerful corporation. It can get the truth out there.

ALEX

Nostra's not interested in truths, Mr. Palmer. It's a global defence contractor -- it only makes money when countries go to war.

(grim)

They're not coming here to pay you.

Palmer stares at Alex, realizing what he's saying...

...the BLUEBERRY PANCAKES finally arrive now. A large stack, steaming hot. With a liberal sprinkling of POWDERED SUGAR.

ALEX
(subtitled, Spanish)
Waitress? I prefer syrup.

WAITRESS
That's powdered sugar, it's better.

ALEX
It *looks* like sugar, but it has the
aroma of acetic acid.
(in English now)
Your accent's a little off, by the
way. There's a hint of Romanian in
there, but whoever taught you your
Spanish is from North London.

Alex looks up at her. And she looks down at him. Palmer looks at them both. A moment of extreme tension hangs in the air...

...then the "waitress" draws a 10mm GLOCK PISTOL.

Too late. Alex's already moving. Crushing half of one ORANGE in his hand. SQUIRTING JUICE into the WAITRESS AGENT'S eyes.

The waitress SCREAMS as he bats the GLOCK away.

Alex then pitches the THIRD ORANGE at...

...a local HANDICRAFT MAKER who's leaping out from his nearby stall, leveling a SPAS-12 SHOTGUN at Alex. The orange pummels him in the face, *hard as a baseball*.

In the next instant, Alex hurls the knife he was given into the crowd. It strikes an overweight TOURIST who's drawing a MINI-UZI SUB-MACHINE GUN...

...the knife buries itself in the man's chest.

As he collapses, we see his "bulk" was a FAT SUIT.

The crowd parts like the Red Sea. LOCALS and TOURISTS ducking for cover. Women SCREAM. Men SHOUT. Dogs BARK. Alex routinely ignores them all...

...still moving, he trips the waitress onto the dirt. Pinning her with his boot as he levels his IES-ISSUE SIG SAUER PISTOL in a sleight-of-hand blur.

This whole action takes five seconds. Alex has identified and downed three NOSTRA AGENTS. *And all without firing a shot...*

...he glares down at the WAITRESS AGENT as Palmer watches.

ALEX
Where is he?

And before she can answer...

...he senses a familiar presence.

CLOSE ON: QUINT DONOVAN

prowling through the crowd now. Quint is a NOSTRA BOSS and a certified sociopath. A fresh set of STITCHES down his face...

...the two men eyeball each other soberly. *Old enemies.*

QUINT
(re: Palmer)
That's *my* mark.

ALEX
How's your face, Quint?

QUINT
Forty-three stitches. You ought'a be proud.

ALEX
You know, just once I wish we could do this the easy way.

QUINT
Aw, Alex. You going soft on me?

Alex abruptly abandons the WAITRESS AGENT under his boot...

...and dives onto Palmer, hauling him behind a table as Quint opens fire with a DESERT EAGLE PISTOL -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BEHIND THE TABLE: ALEX

returns fire while sheltering Palmer who grips his METALLIC LAPTOP CASE in fear. *Hasn't been in the field in a while...*

ALEX
Don't worry, there's usually a lot more of them.

...and just as he says this, a NOSTRA JEEP roars up the road towards them. Followed by two militarized NOSTRA SEDANS. And a NOSTRA OH-6D HELICOPTER hovering above.

All of the vehicles are brimming with armed NOSTRA AGENTS.

(NOTE: Nostra's agents are hard-core mercenary types, drawn from all over the world. PRIVATE CONTRACTORS earning a shit-load of money to do whatever's asked of them...

...the vehicles they command are all standard military. Found in war-zones everywhere. No identifiable marks other than the BATTLE SCARS of previous encounters.)

Alex stares at the NOSTRA CONVOY. *There's real fear in his eyes.* And Palmer reads it. He runs, abandoning his cover...

ALEX

Palmer!

...BOOM! Quint takes an easy shot.

The bullet strikes Palmer in the back.

He plunges to the dirt. Writhing in agony.

A second shot severs the HAND CUFFS that attach Palmer to his METALLIC LAPTOP CASE. Alex just gazes at the man helplessly.

ANGLE ON: A NOSTRA AGENT

making a run for the METALLIC LAPTOP CASE. Alex guns him down before he can get there. He then fires a mean salvo at Quint, darting across to Palmer...

...dragging him back behind the cover of the table. Palmer's losing blood fast, fading. He glares up at Alex with spite.

PALMER

Damn you...

And Palmer dies in Alex's arms.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

keeping his huge PISTOL lined up on Alex as he retrieves the METALLIC LAPTOP CASE. Tossing it to the WAITRESS AGENT...

...she leaps into the NOSTRA JEEP and the convoy tears off along the mountain road. Leaving Quint who approaches Alex now, the DESERT EAGLE at his head.

Alex doesn't even look up, gently setting Palmer down.

QUINT

These assholes always think they're more important than their secrets.

He goes to pull the trigger...

...but stops when feels something warm and hard sticking into his crotch. He looks down and sees the barrel of Alex'S GUN a fabric wall away from his PRIVATE PARTS.

QUINT

You're out.

ALEX

I only need one.

Quint has some disturbing thoughts...

...suddenly, Alex drops his SIG SAUER and uses both hands to strike Quint's wrist. Knocking his DESERT EAGLE to the dirt.

Immediately, Quint draws an ANKLE PISTOL. But Alex manages to knock that one away, too. Only now Quint draws a COMBAT KNIFE which Alex deflects as Quint unfurls a SWITCH BLADE.

Alex trades a look with Quint. *How many weapons does he have?*

Quint just smiles and continues attacking Alex with the sleek SWITCH BLADE. Alex manages to catch his striking hand and pry the weapon away...

...only to leave himself at the mercy of Quint's two massive fists. The Nostra Boss pummels Alex. Nothing slows him down.

Alex fights desperately, using anything he can lay his hands on. A FORK. A SALT SHAKER. A PLASTIC CHAIR. Even a handful of fresh COFFEE BEANS which he hurls in Quint's eyes...

...but Quint returns every attack with BONE-CRUNCHING BLOWS.

Alex is now thrown a few feet from Quint's DESERT EAGLE. He's in a fight for his life and he's not above reaching for it...

...but Quint kicks the DESERT EAGLE away before he can get to it. Now Quint picks Alex up and squeezes him. Alex SCREAMS in pain as his vertebrae begin to crumple under the pressure.

He manages to wriggle his hands free. And he claws at Quint's face. Quint just keeps on squeezing, literally CRUSHING Alex.

And now Alex is starting to lose consciousness...

...his fingers suddenly find Quint's STITCHES. And he begins to pull the skin apart. *The stitches pop open, one by one.*

And the pain is unlike anything Quint's ever known. He drops Alex, grasping his bloody face. Alex SLAMS him face-down...

...into the plate of acid-laced pancakes.

If Quint was SCREAMING before, now he's WAILING -- the acid burns his open wound, his eyes, his skin. *Quint is in Hell.*

Alex summons his last reserve of strength, lunging at Quint with a DOUBLE SIDEKICK. Quint catapults backwards. Tumbling over a railing...

...plunging down, down, down the side of the mountain.

Alex keys a button on a wrist-mounted MINI-COMPUTER. We see LEONIE'S FACE appear upon a tiny LED screen. Looking at him.

LEONIE (ON SCREEN)
We heard shots, you okay?

ALEX
Mark is down. Enemy agents have the package in transit. *I need wheels!*

CUT TO:

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

Minutes later, an IES TACTICAL WEAPONS VAN thunders down an alley and screeches to a halt near Alex. A door HISSES open in front of him and he darts inside...

...we hear POLICE SIRENS closing in now. The crowd peering out from their hiding spots at the slick, militarized van.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

The inside of the weapons van looks like the inside of the space shuttle. Consumed with next-generation COMPUTERS and CONTROL PANELS. Three IES operators sit at their consoles:

HUTCH is a American. He drives the van and maintains the vehicles. Looks like he's been plucked right off the I-5.

SARAF is Israeli. He's the weapons specialist. He wears a trench coat, white iPod EARPLUGS dangling around his neck.

LEONIE is Chinese. She handles communications. There's a toughness about her that hides a delicate soul underneath.

LEONIE
They're moving fast, better hurry.

HUTCH
I just put new tires on her. So go easy the first hundred miles.

SARAF
And don't forget the new targeting
lenses. All you have to do is look
and fire.

Alex hurries through a REAR HATCH without replying...
...leaving Saraf and the others staring at a closed hatch.

SARAF
You're welcome.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

A CARGO RAMP lowers on the back on the van and people gawk in amazement at the sleek, silver BATTLE CAR that backs out...

...she's the G-6155 INTERCEPTOR. *Hell on wheels.*

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON - A PAIR OF MODIFIED CONTACT LENSES

that Alex slots onto his eyes. As he looks through the HEADS UP DISPLAY (HUD), we notice MINIATURE NODULES on both lenses guiding a TARGETING RETICULE in front of him...

...look and fire. Alex buckles up as LEONIE'S FACE appears at the top of his HUD. Watching him through a DASHBOARD CAMERA.

ALEX
Okay, guys. Stay with me now.

LEONIE (ON SCREEN)
Will you go already? You're losing
the package! Go!

ALEX
I'm going, I'm going! Don't yell at
me! *Jesus...*

With that, Alex jacks the Interceptor into high gear. Zero to a hundred in three seconds. The G-FORCES hammer Alex back...

...and the Interceptor hurtles after the Nostra vehicles. The WEAPONS VAN following it far behind as a pair of local POLICE CARS finally lurch up in their wake.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAIRPIN TURN, MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

ANGLE ON: AN OLD LOCAL MAN

quietly pedaling his old BICYCLE around the winding mountain road. A bundle of WOVEN BLANKETS resting on the handle bars.

On the left side of this road is towering volcanic mountain, while on the right side is a steep, sloped FIVE HUNDRED FOOT drop into the Pacific Ocean.

It's as spectacular as it is dangerous...

...all of a sudden, the NOSTRA CONVOY veers around a HAIRPIN TURN ahead and almost runs the OLD LOCAL MAN off the road.

All his WOVEN BLANKETS spill onto the road, the NOSTRA CONVOY carelessly driving over them. The OLD LOCAL MAN curses them, turning to gather the blankets...

...just as Alex hurtles blind around the HAIRPIN TURN. No way he can stay on the road and *not* hit the guy who just freezes.

Alex swerves sharply...

...CAREENING over the deadly drop.

Alex hits a switch on his STEERING WHEEL...

...and a STEEL CABLE shoots out the side of the Interceptor, at the end of which is a small MECHANICAL GRAPPLING HOOK.

The hook bites into the side of the mountain. Sling-shotting the Interceptor around the HAIRPIN TURN. Retracting when the car hits the road again.

The OLD LOCAL MAN slowly opens his eyes. Staring in shock at the absconding Interceptor, *unsure how he's still alive...*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

The "Theme from Peter Gunn" rocks the SOUNDTRACK now as the Interceptor hurtles along the winding mountain road, zeroing in on the NOSTRA CONVOY.

Alex is strapped in behind the wheel...

...he's remarkably calm, whipping around U-BENDS and HAIRPIN TURNS at dizzying speeds. His vehicle handles beautifully.

EXT. NOSTRA JEEP, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

ANGLE ON: THE WAITRESS AGENT

riding shotgun in the militarized NOSTRA JEEP at the head of the NOSTRA CONVOY. She opens up the METALLIC LAPTOP CASE and switches on Palmer's laptop.

INSERT: PALMER'S LAPTOP

as she attaches a small BLACK BOX to the HARD DRIVE. It whirs and hums and produces the PASS CODE to access the computer...

...which now reveals a SCROLLING CODE, thousands of symbols against a white screen. The most complex algorithms you can imagine. The WAITRESS AGENT smiles.

A NOSTRA AGENT sitting behind taps her on the shoulder. She looks back and sees the INTERCEPTOR hot on their tail...

...without hesitation, the WAITRESS AGENT barks out a command into a WALKIE-TALKIE and the NOSTRA HELICOPTER hovering above peels back --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

-- the helicopter appears on Alex's HUD. Alex grits his teeth as EXPLOSIVE BOMBLETS cascade down upon him from side-mounted MULTI-DISPENSERS...

...the road erupts around him.

DOZENS OF EXPLOSIONS rocking the car.

The Interceptor takes a thorough beating. Alex hits a switch on his STEERING WHEEL and a set of SWARMER MISSILES rises up out of the hatchback...

...he targets the HELICOPTER with his eyes.

Gets a lock in two seconds. And fires.

FOUR MISSILES swarm upwards at the little helicopter. It's so agile, it avoids one and two. *But three and four connect...*

...and the helicopter EXPLODES.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

barreling down the road, scraping under the NOSTRA HELICOPTER DEBRIS which plunges in a chaotic swirl of smoke and fire --

INT. TUNNEL, MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

-- ahead, the NOSTRA CONVOY heads into a narrow tunnel.

ANGLE ON: THE TWO NOSTRA SEDANS

which fall back. The two NOSTRA DRIVERS prep their weapons and look in their REARVIEW MIRRORS for the Interceptor...

...here she comes, *like a bat out of hell*. No sooner has the car appeared in their mirrors, than she's upon them. Tearing into the tunnel.

The NOSTRA DRIVERS trap the Interceptor between them...

...and no matter how much Alex jostles his car about, he just can't escape the clutches of the two NOSTRA SEDANS. Thin BLUE LASERS shoot out from their HUBCAPS now...

...rapidly MELTING and RIPPING the Interceptor's chassis.

Alex battles desperately to get away, but the two SEDANS have him pinned. Alex triggers his GRAPPLING HOOKS which shoot out on *both* sides.

The hooks tear into each NOSTRA SEDAN...

...and grab a firm hold of the CENTER AXEL.

Alex slams on the BRAKES and both SEDANS fly forward, caught by the GRAPPLING HOOKS which whip the two SEDANS around the nose of the Interceptor.

Each NOSTRA DRIVER sees the other hurtle towards him...

...as the two cars COLLIDE and EXPLODE. Alex SMASHES a path through them as he roars out of the tunnel and speeds up --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

-- the two NOSTRA AGENTS on the back of the jeep immediately fire on the Interceptor with a mounted HEAVY MACHINE GUN...

...the LARGE CALIBER BULLETS chew into the Interceptor. The front WINDSHIELD spiderwebs, about to crack. Alex hits a new switch on his STEERING WHEEL.

A pair of MACHINE GUNS unfold near the front wheels...

...and Alex just *looks* at the two NOSTRA AGENTS shooting at him. Firing SHORT BURSTS with his deadly MACHINE GUNS --

EXT. NOSTRA JEEP, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

-- the two NOSTRA AGENTS promptly fall, riddled with shots.

The WAITRESS AGENT is furious. She sets the METALLIC LAPTOP BRIEFCASE down and UNCLIPS a long rectangular military case in the back seat...

...inside lies a shoulder-mounted MISSILE LAUNCHER.

The WAITRESS AGENT lines up on the Interceptor and fires --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

-- the HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE launches, blasting towards Alex.

ALEX
(under his breath)
Aw, shit...

He swerves into the opposing lane.

The missile STREAKS past, not an inch to spare...

...but now, the missile turns on its heels and reacquires the INTERCEPTOR'S EXHAUST. Charging towards the car once more --

EXT. U-BEND, MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

-- ahead, the NOSTRA JEEP rounds a U-BEND. The WAITRESS AGENT momentarily losing sight of the Interceptor behind the curve of the mountain.

ANGLE ON: ALEC

approaching the U-BEND with the HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE zooming up behind. He guns the engines, but the missile keeps getting closer. *Only one thing to do.*

Alex hits the TURBO BOOSTERS...

...and the Interceptor catapults forward. Alex has to fight the withering G-FORCES just to keep conscious. Rocketing up to the U-BEND. *No way he'll make that turn at these speeds.*

Instead, Alec blasts straight ahead. Veering towards a MOUND OF GRAVEL which he hits with his LEFT-SIDE TIRES. The vehicle launches off the mound...

...flying right off the road. Turning. Flipping.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA JEEP

completing the U-BEND just as the Interceptor completes the jump across the sixty-foot gap between the tips of the "U".

ANGLE ON: ALEX

now inverted in his seat. He opens the SUNROOF, looking down at the NOSTRA JEEP underneath as he punches a button on his STEERING WHEEL: "MAGNETIC FIELD".

Instantly, every METALLIC OBJECT within fifty feet leaps up and sticks on the MAGNETIZED CHASSIS of the rolling car...

...including the METALLIC LAPTOP CASE which shoots right up out of the NOSTRA JEEP and sticks to Alex's passenger seat.

The Interceptor completes its roll now, landing on the road ahead of the NOSTRA JEEP. Alex now cuts the MAGNETIC FIELD, metallic debris tumbling off.

ANGLE ON: THE WAITRESS AGENT

who can't believe her eyes. But now...

...the HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE she fired thunders up behind her, still locked onto the Interceptor's exhaust pipes. *The Nostra Jeep is now in its path.*

She goes to scream as the MISSILE strikes...

...and the NOSTRA JEEP explodes in a fiery mess.

Alex brakes into a one-eighty slide turn. Dead-halting as the BURNING REMNANTS of the NOSTRA JEEP fall down around him.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

staring at the burning shell of the NOSTRA JEEP.

ALEX

That's me going soft...

The WEAPONS VAN rolls up beside him now, dropping the ramp in front of him. Alex glances at the METALLIC LAPTOP CASE beside him. *Something melancholy there in his eyes...*

...then he prods the battered Interceptor onto the cargo ramp and the van drives away, edging past the burning NOSTRA JEEP.

As the WEAPONS VAN disappears into the afternoon sun we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A small funeral in a Washington cemetery. We can see CAPITOL HILL in the background. The skies are grey. TOWN CARS await.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

wearing a black suit, watching the funeral from the sides. A PRIEST talks about Glenn Palmer. His WIFE and CHILDREN stand nearby, crying. Finally, Alex can't watch anymore.

EXT. TOWN CAR, CEMETERY - DAY

Alex walks back to his very ordinary TOWN CAR which is parked on the road nearby, only to discover that it's hemmed in by a SPORTS CAR and an SUV with only a few inches to spare...

...he curses under his breath. BEEPS off the alarm. Starts the ENGINE. Backs up and turns forward, backs up and turns forward, backs up -- *and explodes with frustration.*

Alex glances across the cemetery grounds at the funeral. At Palmer's mourning family. His MINI-COMPUTER beeps suddenly.

INSERT: MINI-COMPUTER

as Alex glances at it, a message on its screen:

AGENT ALEX DECKER: REPORT TO DIRECTOR
LYCHENKO AT IES HQ FOR MISSION DEBRIEF

Alex shifts into reverse, SLAMMING back against the SUV. Then gunning forward, clipping the SPORTS CAR'S fender as he pulls out into the traffic...

...the two offending cars FLASH and BLARE their alarms.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE, POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

Alex's car approaches a rundown warehouse on the Potomac. The place appears deserted and derelict. An old shipping terminal superceded by more modern ones elsewhere...

...he drives towards a pair of CLOSED DOORS without slowing down. The DOORS OPEN just as he reaches them and close just as he enters.

If you blinked, you missed it.

INT. WAREHOUSE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Alex parks in the middle of the warehouse. We see six large VENTILATOR UNITS thrumming steadily all around him. Sucking in air and feed it somewhere else...

...as two AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUNS drop down from the ceiling and target Alex in his car. Alex calmly lowers his window.

A FACIAL SCANNER pops up next to him. Reading his face. His eyes. His skin. His bone structure. After a few moments, the DIGITAL READOUT recognizes him:

AGENT ALEX DECKER

The two AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUNS zip back up inside the ceiling and the TOWN CAR begins to descend on a round ELEVATOR PAD...

...we HOLD ON: the VENTILATOR UNITS which just keep humming.

INT. GARAGE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE ON: AIR VENTS

lining the bottom of the walls, pumping in FRESH AIR from the ventilators above. We're in a massive garage, filled with IES vehicles including several INTERCEPTOR PROTOTYPES.

WAVERING SUNLIGHT filters in through RE-INFORCED WINDOWS in the ceiling. The occasional fish saunters past outside in the muddy brown waters of the Potomac.

Armed IES GUARDS man the doors. Keeping a watchful eye on the TOWN CAR that's descending on the ELEVATOR PAD. Alex's car. A waiting IES MECHANIC stares at the vehicle's DENTED FENDERS.

ALEX

It's usually worse.

The mechanic drives the TOWN CAR away as Alex pins on his ID BADGE and heads for an ARMED IES GUARD WHO scans his ID...

IES GUARD

Mr. Decker. Heard about the hunt in El Salvador. Well done.

ALEX

The better hunts are the ones you don't hear about.

...the guard nods grimly as Alex heads through the doors.

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Alex navigates the industrial underwater corridors of IES, nodding various hellos to passing IES STAFFERS and GUARDS.

ANGLE ON: RAMIREZ

heading out of the cafeteria with a LUNCH TRAY. Ramirez is a young IES TECH OFFICER with more hormones than an entire high school basketball team...

...he almost runs into Alex, falling in step with him.

RAMIREZ
Okay, just hear me out.

ALEX
No.

RAMIREZ
Her name's Lola. She's beautiful, I mean this girl is smoking. *Caliente granja*. You know what I'm saying?

They climb down a large stairwell now...

...as Leonie steps out of an office behind.

RAMIREZ
And she's *crazy* about cars. I mean in love kind of crazy. The faster the better --

ALEX
No.

RAMIREZ
It'd only be for one night.

ALEX
I'm not letting you borrow the Interceptor for a *date*. What're you, twelve?

Leonie's eyes linger on Alex as he turns a corner --

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- we STAY WITH Alex who continues on down another corridor while Ramirez stops outside an impressive-looking VAULT DOOR with a PALM SCANNER...

...the young TECH OFFICER calls out to Alex.

RAMIREZ
I'd pay you.

ALEX
Hey, Ramirez? Go hack something.

And Ramirez dejectedly watches Alex walk on...

...then he presses the PALM OF HIS HAND onto the scanner. The VAULT DOOR opens and Ramirez trudges inside with his tray --

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- a sea of SUPERCOMPUTERS surround the vault. In the middle sit two other IES TECH OFFICERS pounding at their keyboards.

ANGLE ON: PALMER'S LAPTOP

which is now hooked up to the IES machines. We again see the SCROLLING CODE against the white screen. Although this time, the code seems to be disappearing...

...downloading, in fact, onto the IES mainframe. We see the SCROLLING CODE appearing on the IES computers as well as the almost complete PROGRESS BAR.

ANGLE ON: RAMIREZ

setting down his LUNCH TRAY at his station...

...he glances at one of the IES TECH OFFICERS.

RAMIREZ
It done yet?

IES TECH OFFICER #1
Another few seconds.

RAMIREZ
Make sure you destroy the laptop
when it's empty.

IES TECH OFFICER #1
Yes, Sir.

RAMIREZ
(pause)
Hey, what kind of car you drive?

CUT TO:

INT. LYCHENKO'S OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE ON: VIKTOR LYCHENKO

on his phone as Alex enters his cavernous office which is decorated with six PLASMA TVs which monitor news channels world wide...

...the walls are industrial grey, like the rest of IES. A ring of AIR VENTS continually pumps in air from the floor.

LYCHENKO

(into phone)

Thank you, Mr. Secretary. Yes, I will.

He hangs up and looks at Alex.

LYCHENKO

Your Secretary of Defense extends his thanks on the Palmer case.

ALEX

He say what was on that laptop?

LYCHENKO

A secret military encryption code designed by Glenn Palmer himself.

ALEX

That's all? There wasn't anything else on there?

LYCHENKO

This was a very important piece of software, Alex. The Pentagon issues all its commands via the Internet these days. Anyone who had Palmer's code could have followed U.S. troop movements, escaped missile strikes, counter-attacked air raids. Imagine fighting an enemy who knows every move you make before you make it.

(pause)

You've saved a great many of your country's soldiers. You should be proud.

ALEX

I mean... I talked with Palmer. He sounded more like a whistle-blower than a traitor.

Lychenko senses something now...

LYCHENKO
What's bothering you?

ALEX
I don't know... I guess I want to make sure we're not helping cover up something that maybe shouldn't be covered up.

LYCHENKO
IES fights a hidden war -- a war most people never see nor hear about. With the right information, a single rogue spy can overthrow a government. Or initiate a terrorist strike. Even plunge entire nations into conflict.

ALEX
Yeah, but see Glenn Palmer didn't want to start any wars. He wanted to *stop* them.

LYCHENKO
This business is often a confusing one. Over the course of my career, my superiors frequently ordered me to turn my friends into my enemies and my enemies into my friends. It is the nature of our work.

ALEX
And you just trusted that it was always for the best?

LYCHENKO
Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it was. The one time it wasn't was worth the other ninety-nine.

...but Alex is clearly unmollified.

LYCHENKO
How long has it been since you had a vacation? Six months? A year? Go home. Get some sleep. We'll do the debrief later.

Alex nods and leaves. Lychenko watches him carefully.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

HAUNTING MUSIC plays as we hover over the sprinkle of lights on the National Mall. The music continues now throughout the following sequence:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

A DOOR OPENS and Alex shuffles into his apartment. Takes off his shoes and socks. Changing into more comfortable clothes.

Alex's home is sparsely furnished. The kind of place that's empty more days than it is occupied. A BUNDLE OF MAIL waits on his kitchen counter.

We notice PHOTOS of Alex in an F-15 FIGHTER. A U.S. AIR FORCE SERVICE PLAQUE on the wall. A beautifully-framed SCHEMATIC of an F-22 RAPTOR waiting to be hanged.

INT. WAREHOUSE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The HAUNTING MUSIC continues as we return to the warehouse at IES. The thrumming VENTILATOR UNITS. The MACHINE GUNS leveled at a stunning British ASTON MARTIN COUPE.

INSERT: FACIAL SCANNER

as it does a read of the DRIVER (whom we do not yet see). The DIGITAL READOUT verifies and accepts him. Identifying him as:

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
TERRENCE MONROE

INT. GARAGE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The same IES MECHANIC is still on duty in the garage below as the Aston Martin descends. He marvels at the car, but is even more surprised to see its driver...

...we still don't get a look at his face. Only a glimpse of his SILVER HAIR, striking against his DARK SUIT and SHOES.

He speaks with an obviously well-educated British accent:

MONROE (O.S.)
Keep it running.

As he clips on his ID BADGE now, we notice a WEDDING RING on his left hand. A dark leather LAPTOP BRIEFCASE in his other.

ANGLE ON: THE IES GUARD

as he scans the DRIVER'S ID BADGE, clearly in awe of him...

IES GUARD
Welcome back, Mr. Monroe.

...he doesn't reply, striding through the doors as they open.

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: TERRENCE MONROE

walking through the underwater corridors. We see his face for the first time now. His eyes weathered with age and loss, but still intense and deadly...

...he's moving with a singular purpose, as if on a mission.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Back to Alex now, the HAUNTING MUSIC following us. He grabs a beer from a fridge and flops down in front of his computer...

...hesitating briefly as he clicks on a file labeled: RAYNA.

INSERT: ALEX'S COMPUTER

showing a PHOTO of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in Alex's arms not so long ago. More shots now. A SLIDE SHOW OF IMAGES. Alex and Rayna. Intimate and playful.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

staring at the screen, drowning his sorrows with his beer.

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The VAULT DOOR opens behind Ramirez, surprising him somewhat at his station. He stands when he sees Monroe walk inside...

...the other two IES TECH OFFICERS stop what they're doing.

RAMIREZ
Can I help you, Sir?

MONROE
Not really.

With that, Monroe draws a TRANQUILIZER PISTOL...

...FFTTT! a TRANQUILIZER DART punches Ramirez backwards.

A SECOND DART catches the nearest IES TECH OFFICER before she can move. The third IES TECH OFFICER runs for a WALL ALARM...

...but Monroe cuts him down before he can ever get there.

Three bodies now lie quite still on the floor before Monroe, and he stares at them for a long moment. Then he holsters his weapon and gets to work...

...opening his LAPTOP BRIEFCASE and connecting the machine inside to Ramirez's computer with a hi-velocity USB CABLE.

ANGLE ON: RAMIREZ'S COMPUTER

as Monroe takes a seat. Fingers flying on the keyboard until he draws up the GLENN PALMER FILE. He opens this and soon we see the now familiar SCROLLING CODE...

...he runs a program on his LAPTOP and now the CODE begins to DOWNLOAD onto his machine. Monroe anxiously checks his watch, then glances again at the three bodies.

Now his eyes shift to the SECURITY CAMERA in the corner --

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- in the IES security office, a bank of SIX MONITORS shows various angles of the entire underwater complex, the images cycling every few seconds.

Two IES SECURITY OFFICERS study the monitors closely...

...one of them suddenly spots something odd in the IES TECH VAULT. He stops the cycling images and stays on the vault.

INSERT: IES SECURITY MONITOR

showing Monroe leaning over Ramirez's shoulder. The other two IES TECH OFFICERS are back in their seats, hunched over their keyboards like always --

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- back in the vault, Monroe keeps Ramirez's unconscious body from falling off its chair while he waits for the DOWNLOAD...

...the other IES TECH OFFICERS are equally comatose, propped up at their stations to give the illusion that everything is fine. *But Monroe is starting to sweat.*

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Alex is getting progressively drunk as he watches the SLIDE SHOW on his screen. A NEW IMAGE pops up and he freezes it.

INSERT: ALEX'S COMPUTER

showing a PHOTO OF MONROE with a loving arm around his PRETTY WIFE. They stand just behind Rayna, smiling for the camera...

...but we notice that Rayna's smile is just a little forced.

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The IES SECURITY OFFICER we saw before is now walking down a corridor. Passing a DIRECTIONAL SIGN that points the way for several IES departments...

...including the TECH VAULT.

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Monroe's waiting impatiently for the download to finish. Watching the PROGRESS BAR stutter across the screen.

INSERT: MONROE'S LAPTOP

as a message blinks up at him:

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE

Monroe quickly shuts down his laptop and heads for the door, placing the PALM OF HIS HAND onto the scanner. It opens...

...and he exits into the corridor as the door locks behind.

ANGLE ON: THE IES SECURITY GUARD

rounding the corner just as Monroe disappears. He places his palm on the SCANNER and the door opens. The guard enters...

...just in time to see Ramirez slip off his seat. Sprawling onto the floor in front of the guard. The TRANQUILIZER DART still imbedded in his chest.

INT. GARAGE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Monroe briskly returns to his waiting Aston Martin. The car rises on the ELEVATOR PAD as Monroe pulls out a small PDA.

INSERT: MONROE'S PDA

as he begins to type, we notice the recipient's name: ALEX.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

An EMAIL MESSAGE appears at the bottom of Alex's screen. Alex finally closes the SLIDE SHOW and clicks onto the message.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

as the message is received. Alex opens it. Three lines.

THE GREATEST TEST OF COURAGE IS TO
SUFFER DEFEAT WITHOUT LOSING HEART.

DON'T TRY TO HUNT ME...TERRENCE.

Alex stares at the message, confused. And the HAUNTING MUSIC that has accompanied us throughout this sequence now ends...

CUT TO:

INT. LYCHENKO'S OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: TERRENCE MONROE

on a BULLETIN SCREEN behind Lychenko's desk. This is his IES AGENCY PHOTO. Complete with statistics and service record...

...below this, we find Lychenko conducting a meeting in his circular office between the current DIRECTORS of the six spy agencies that founded IES. Their titles appear on the bottom of their screens.

There's America (CIA), United Kingdom (MI5), France (DGSE), China (MID), Russia (FSB), and Israel (Mossad). The director of the DGSE is the only woman among them.

Of course, none of these people is physically *present* in this office. Instead, they each appear on one of the PLASMA TVs on the wall. Talking to each other in real time.

LYCHENKO

Terrence Monroe came out of MI5 and helped create IES in 1983. He was one of our very first hunters. And one of our best. Unfortunately, he suffered a deep, personal tragedy a year ago and he's been on voluntary leave ever since.

CIA DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Jesus Christ... What do we do when
 the people we train to hunt rogues
 go rogue themselves?

LYCHENKO
 Sir, Terrence Monroe was a personal
 friend of mine. And many others in
 this agency. Until he's found, I'd
 prefer *not* to jump to conclusions.

CIA DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Jump to conclusions? This asshole
 just waltzed into your vault and
 made off with one of the Pentagon's
 most valuable codes! Ask me, you
 people aren't jumping fast enough!

MID DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Who will he try to sell this code
 to? Terrorists? Insurgents?

LYCHENKO
 Most likely. And, of course, Nostra
 who attempted to purchase the code
 from Palmer in El Salvador.

DGSE DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Nostra again... How did we ever let
 one corporation get so powerful?

MOSSAD DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 We have intelligence files on eight
 presidents and five prime ministers
 who have stock options in Nostra.

CIA DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Care to share that intel, Avner?

MOSSAD DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 (testy)
 Would you share yours, *Bob*?

MI5 DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)
 Director Lychenko, have you had any
 communication from Mr. Monroe since
 this happened?

ALEX (O.S.)
 Yeah, he sent me an email.

Small VIDEO CAMERAS mounted on top of the PLASMA TV SCREENS
 quick-pan to the door and follow Alex as he heads inside...

...handing Lychenko a TRANSCRIPT of the email Monroe sent.

LYCHENKO

You all know Alex Decker.

ALEX

As he left IES, Monroe forwarded a message asking me not to hunt him.

MI5 DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)

You know him personally?

ALEX

Yes, Sir. At least, I *used* to. It's been a while since we've spoken.

FSB DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)

Surely, he knows we'll track him.

LYCHENKO

This is to tell us that we will not succeed. Terrence wrote the book on spy-hunting. He knows our methods.

DGSE DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)

What was the tragedy?

LYCHENKO

I beg your pardon, madam?

DGSE DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)

You said Monroe suffered a personal tragedy.

LYCHENKO

His wife was killed. *Executed.*

A heavy silence descends upon the group.

CIA DIRECTOR (ON SCREEN)

Ladies and gentlemen, mine is a nation at war. A hundred thousand of America's sons and daughters on the front lines. And this singular action could jeopardize the life of every one of them.

(to Alex)

Go hunt this sonuvabitch down. And secure that Goddamn code.

Alex stares grimly at the AGENCY PHOTO OF MONROE as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. MACAU, SOUTH CHINA SEA - NIGHT

BRIGHT LIGHTS dance across the tiny enclave of Macau, China's very own Las Vegas. Fourteen gaudy, glittering CASINOS packed into an island the size of Manhattan.

SUPER: Macau, China

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

A magnificent THREE FLOOR CASINO floats in the docks of the waterfront. Accessed by a long GANGWAY where we see GAMBLERS entering and exiting...

...there are several SECURITY GUARDS out front. Scanning the GAMBLERS for weapons. All the guards are discreetly packing.

We FOLLOW some GUESTS into the casino now...

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

...revealing an enormous atrium in the middle of the casino, criss-crossed by ESCALATORS that lead to blackjack, baccarat, keno, roulette, and fantan tables.

TIGER MACHINES pepper every floor. As do exotic FISH TANKS, brimming with ELECTRIC EELS and other strange fish. We see people admiring them...

...finally, we notice that every employee in the casino, from the WAITRESSES to the DEALERS to the PIT BOSSES, is a woman.

INT. TOP FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - RAYNA MONROE

wearing a stunning evening dress which she uses to maximum affect as she casually winds her way through the tables on the top floor...

...we recognize Rayna from Alex's photos. She's beautiful and effervescent. *And not the kind of woman you walk away from.*

Several REGULARS smile at her as she passes. Rayna stops at each table, conversing with the gamblers in fluent Cantonese and Macanese. Everybody seems to know and like her...

...even the PIT-BOSSES who whisper things to her as she does her sweep of the casino. Rayna Monroe runs this place.

INT. BLACKJACK TABLE, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: EDDIE HUANG

sitting by himself at a blackjack table. Eddie Huang's a "Red Pole" leader of a Chinese Triad. He's surrounded by six TRIAD ENFORCERS, all of whom have guns under their dinner jackets.

The BLACKJACK DEALER seems terrified of him, scooping up his money as she prepares to deal another hand. He stares at her.

BLACKJACK DEALER
(subtitled, Cantonese)
Player busts. House wins again. Do
you wish to make another bet, Sir?

EDDIE HUANG
You're cheating.

BLACKJACK DEALER
Excuse me, Mister Huang?

EDDIE HUANG
I don't know how you're doing it,
but you're cheating.

BLACKJACK DEALER
No, Sir. No, you're mistaken --

-- BOOM! Eddie Huang pounds the table, silencing her...

...just now, Rayna swoops in with a smile and a handshake.

RAYNA
(in English)
Mister Huang, you must forgive me
not coming to see you sooner. I'm
sure you understand we're having a
busy night.

EDDIE HUANG
Fire her.

RAYNA
Is there a problem?

EDDIE HUANG
She's cheating.

RAYNA
(to the dealer)
Are you?

BLACKJACK DEALER

No, Miss Monroe. I would never.

RAYNA

Perhaps you're not counting cards
that well tonight, Mister Huang.

EDDIE HUANG

I've lost eight million patacas in
three hours.

RAYNA

Perhaps you're not counting cards
at all.

EDDIE HUANG

She's cheating! And if you don't
fire her, I will!

RAYNA

(unflinching)

First of all, if one of my dealers
says she wasn't cheating, then she
wasn't.

EDDIE HUANG

Who do you think you are, talking
to *me* like this --

RAYNA

Second of all, we agreed you don't
get the keys to this place until
one minute past midnight. Which is
still...

(checking her watch)

...eleven minutes away. If there's
any firing to be done before then,
it'll be done by *me*.

Silence falls in the immediate vicinity...

...the lead TRIAD ENFORCER rests his hand on a pistol. Rayna
sees the triad number "426" tattooed on the enforcer's neck.

EDDIE HUANG

Prepare to be escorted off these
premises by your own security in
eleven minutes.

RAYNA

I'll be gone in ten.

Rayna grabs a DECK SHOE from a nearby table...

...and trades places with the BLACKJACK DEALER.

RAYNA

And to show you what a good sport I am, I'll give you one chance to get your money back before I go.

EDDIE HUANG

What are your terms?

RAYNA

One hand. I'll deal. You win, I'll return your eight million patacas.
(icy)
You lose, you pay me eight more.

EDDIE HUANG

And if I get five under?

RAYNA

Get five under, I'll give you the casino for free.

EDDIE HUANG

Why would you gamble so much?

RAYNA

In seven years, I've never had one unsatisfied customer. I'm not about to have one now.

EDDIE HUANG

(pause)
Deal.

A crowd quickly gathers around the table as Rayna begins to deal the cards. Never losing eye contact with the gangster.

The cards land face up. Eddie Huang has an ACE and a NINE. A cool twenty if he wants it. The crowd's rumblings mirror his triumphant smile...

...his smile fades when Rayna overturns her second card to reveal she has an ACE and a QUEEN. *Blackjack*. Rayna's won.

EDDIE HUANG

Hit.

RAYNA

Think you can get five under twenty-one, Eddie?

He says nothing, drilling holes in her with his eyes...

...and she deals him a card. A FOUR. The crowd reacts. Eddie has fourteen. She dealers another card. A THREE. *Seventeen.*

The crowd's on edge. Anything five and under will win...

RAYNA

You know who you remind me of?

EDDIE HUANG

Who?

RAYNA

Tigger.

...he just gazes at her blankly.

RAYNA

You know, Pooh and Tigger. The one who was always smiling and bouncing about on his tail --

EDDIE HUANG

I remind you of a cartoon animal?

RAYNA

Not the smiling and the bouncing so much. But the persistence. The will to push for something. Tigger never knew how to quit while he was ahead and just let things go.

EDDIE HUANG

You're trying my patience, Miss Monroe. I've *shot* women for less.

RAYNA

Oh, I don't mean it as an insult, Mister Huang. The wonderful thing about Tiggers...

Rayna draws the last card now...

RAYNA

...is Tiggers are wonderful things.

...it's a SIX. Rayna doesn't need to look at the cards. Eddie Huang's face and the APPLAUSE of the crowd tell her she won.

Eddie Huang's utterly humiliated. He cuts her a CHECK which she slips into her dress. But now, as she peels away through the crowd, her smile fades...

...and we notice her hands are trembling with fear.

One of the PIT BOSSES taps her on the shoulder, pointing over the railing. Rayna peers down into the wide open atrium...

...and there's Alex. Entering the casino on the ground floor as the SECURITY GUARDS check his SILK SUIT for weapons. Alex doesn't see Rayna yet.

But she's obviously stunned to see him...

...she whispers something in the boss's ear.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Alex gets his bearings as he walks into the ground floor. He is clearly apprehensive, but focused on his mission. Just as he begins to look for Rayna...

...the CASINO HOSTESS approaches with a warm smile.

CASINO HOSTESS
Your table is waiting, Sir.

ALEX
My table?

CASINO HOSTESS
This way, please.

He glances at her warily as she escorts him into...

INT. RESTAURANT, GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

...the nearby restaurant which is packed with diners.

ALEX
I'm looking for Rayna Monroe.

CASINO HOSTESS
So is every man who comes in here.

Alex smiles to himself, looking out for Rayna as the hostess leads him to an empty booth under one of the FISH TANKS...

CASINO HOSTESS
A waitress will be with you soon.

...he just nods, still looking around. Above him, one of the ELECTRIC EELS zaps a SMALL FISH. Stunning it. Then devouring it whole. Alex watches impassively.

Just now a WAITRESS delivers a plate of BLUEBERRY PANCAKES...

...and Alex just grins. He looks up to see that the waitress is Rayna. She gazes down at him. The sparks between them are still quite palpable.

ALEX
You remembered...

RAYNA
I remember a lot of things.

ALEX
(pause)
I like what you've done with the place. Really turned it around.

RAYNA
Thank you... I'm most proud of the electric eels, they're a real draw.

ALEX
I wonder how the other fish in the tank feel about them.

RAYNA
You know some Amazonian men believe that if you survive an attack by an electric eel, you become empowered.

ALEX
Empowered?

RAYNA
Sexually. If you survive a second, you become impotent.

Alex and Rayna stare at each other a long moment...

...and the wall around Rayna's heart begins to crack.

RAYNA
I cried for two weeks. Two straight weeks. Didn't even leave the house.

ALEX
I worked. I've worked every day since I last saw you.

RAYNA
My way's better. You get it all out in one gigantic meltdown. I haven't thought about you since.

And Alex doesn't know what to say.

RAYNA

Enjoy the pancakes. They're on the house if you can finish them in the next three minutes.

ALEX

Rayna.

But she's already walking away. Alex hesitates, gazing at the steaming BLUEBERRY PANCAKES, dripping in warm MAPLE SYRUP --

INT. GROUND FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- now he follows Rayna as she continues her rounds...

ALEX

I never wanted to leave you.

RAYNA

Well, obviously your job was more important to you than I ever was.

ALEX

Yes. It *has* to be. What I do --

RAYNA

Spare me the patriotic speech. I heard it a thousand times from a father who was never home.

...and she just leaves him there in her wake.

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Alex catches up to Rayna as she rides the ESCALATOR.

ALEX

Ever heard of Daemon Curry?

RAYNA

Is he a gambler?

ALEX

He's the president of a corporation called Nostra International. Based in Cyprus. Specializes in military hardware. Guns. Tanks. Planes. He's got contracts all over the world.

RAYNA

Must be a busy guy.

ALEX

He also runs a global black market, buying and selling top secret files to terrorists and dictators.

RAYNA

I didn't steal anybody's files.

ALEX

Rayna, it's Terry... He returned to IES two days ago and stole a secret Pentagon code out of the vault.

RAYNA

No. IES was like his Shangri-la. He would never... You think dad's gone *rogue*.

ALEX

I think he's in trouble. And I have to find him before Nostra does.

RAYNA

I don't know where he is.

She presses on, more urgently now --

INT. TOP FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- cutting a path through the BLACKJACK TABLES.

ALEX

It's not going to take Nostra long to find out about you. You're in a great deal of danger.

RAYNA

Danger? I've got a Triad Boss in here who wants to kill me over a game of blackjack.

ALEX

You're in the middle of this thing now. They'll use you to get to him.

RAYNA

My father would never allow that.

ALEX

Your father's changed.

He grabs her elbow, staring at her...

...she peels away from him, running right into Eddie Huang and his six enforcers. *Eddie Huang is clearly pissed now.*

EDDIE HUANG
It's one minute past midnight, Miss Monroe... You're now trespassing on private property.

RAYNA
Out of my way, Eddie. I have to pick up something from my office --

EDDIE HUANG
It's no longer *your* office. Leave now while I'm still allowing you.

Rayna stares at Eddie Huang...

...then glances at Alex beside her.

RAYNA
Eddie Huang, this is Alex Decker.

EDDIE HUANG
Are you her boyfriend?

RAYNA	ALEX
He's not my...	I'm not her...

RAYNA
Alex is a *colleague*. He's got a gun and he knows how to use it.

ALEX
Uh, Rayna...

RAYNA
There's something I need in "your" office. I'm going to get it...

ALEX
Rayna?

RAYNA
...and then I'm going to leave.

ALEX
Rayna!

RAYNA
What!

He beckons her urgently aside...

...she hesitates, then joins him.

ALEX
(whispering)
I'm not armed.

RAYNA
What?

ALEX
I don't have a gun.

RAYNA
You're joking. Seriously?

ALEX
Your security has *metal detectors!*

Rayna stares at him blankly...

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

...when all of a sudden, the entrance EXPLODES!

Alex instinctively covers Rayna from the debris that showers inwards with a gush of FLAME and SMOKE, scattering GAMBLERS.

ANGLE ON: FIVE NOSTRA AGENTS

materializing out of the smoke on the ground floor...

...all of them in combat gear. Armed with ASSAULT RIFLES and GRENADE LAUNCHERS. Securing a perimeter around their boss.

CLOSE ON: THE NOSTRA BOSS

scanning the place. His face looks melted. An AIR HOSE where his nose should be and a MECHANICAL BREATHER attached to his belt back. Something familiar about him...

...it's the deadly DESERT EAGLE in his massive hands.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

peering down into the atrium at the NOSTRA BOSS. Looking past the melted skin into the eyes -- *eyes that sparkle with hate.*

ALEX
Quint...

Quint spots Alex up on the top floor. He draws his PISTOL but Alex immediately ducks back out of sight. Making room for...

...the six TRIAD ENFORCERS. All of whom are now drawing their guns down on Quint and his five NOSTRA AGENTS. Eddie Huang is clearly upset by their savage intrusion.

The moment Quint fires the first shots...

...the casino turns into a warzone. A dozen or so hi-powered weapons opening up at each other at once. BULLETS CRACKLING, the noise reverberating off the walls.

Panic floods every floor. A mass exodus taking place...

...the GAMBLERS, the DEALERS, the PIT-BOSSSES, the RESTAURANT STAFF, the TELLERS, the HOSTESSES, the WAITRESSES. *Everyone.*

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Most are escaping through the gaping hole where the front entrance used to be. Others are climbing out windows. And jumping into the water...

...we can hear the GUNFIRE roaring inside. The whole casino seems to be rocking in its berth. MOORING ROPES straining.

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Quint and the other NOSTRA AGENTS take on the TRIAD ENFORCERS in a violent skirmish in the atrium. Quint recklessly SMASHES through a path fleeing GAMBLERS.

INT. STAIRWAY, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Alex and Rayna struggle through the rush of people trying to escape. Hurtling down one of the side stairways...

RAYNA

Alex, wait!

ALEX

There's no time! Come on!

...a SALVO OF BULLETS cuts into the wall above their heads --

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- as the battle mounts, one of the FISH TANKS gets hit...

...the glass SHATTERS and WATER cascades out. We see several ELECTRIC EELS squirming about on the floor. Gulping in air.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Alex and Rayna now reach an OPEN WINDOW on the ground floor where several people are climbing outside into the water...

...just as they're about to escape, Rayna finally stops Alex:

RAYNA

He sent me an email this morning!

ALEX

What? What're you talking about?

RAYNA

He told me you'd be coming by here tonight!

ALEX

Where's your computer?

RAYNA

In my office!

ALEX

Where's your office?

RAYNA

On the top floor!

Alex glares at her with frustration...

ALEX

Well, why the hell didn't you tell me this before? Like when we were, I don't know, *upstairs!*

RAYNA

I was *trying* to get up there!

...suddenly, a GRENADE rips into the floor nearby. Alex and Rayna are thrown back as the floor EXPLODES with sea water.

EXT. UNDERWATER, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Under the casino, we see one of four FLOATATION BUOYS implode from the strain of the grenade. Gallons of air BUBBLING up --

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- *and now the whole casino lists dangerously to one side.*

INT. GROUND FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Alex and Rayna see water rush in through the hole created by the explosion. Both of them reeling with the implications.

ALEX
How deep's this water?

RAYNA
Deep enough.

A NOSTRA AGENT suddenly pops up beside them.

Alex lunges onto the guy. Deflecting his rifle before he can get a shot off. Spinning him around. *And snapping his neck.*

Rayna gasps at the savage efficiency of Alex's kill. But he's got no time to think about it. Picking up the agent's ASSAULT RIFLE and grabbing three MAGAZINES from his pouches.

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

About the only people left inside now are the TRIAD ENFORCERS and the NOSTRA AGENTS. And they all can feel the casino tilt.

One of the TRIAD ENFORCERS loses his footing...

...BANG! Quint steals the opportunity to cut him down.

ANGLE ON: EDDIE HUANG

who's watching the battle from the cover of a large pillar. A horrible look dawns on his face as he feels the casino pitch.

And he just runs. Right through the cross-fire. SCREAMING...

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

...through the gaping hole in the entrance. And out onto the crowded docks outside. He stands there, catching his breath.

GASPING once more as the CASINO LIGHTS begin to flicker --

INT. GENERATOR ROOM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- the roiling SEA WATER is now cascading into the abandoned generator room which is somewhere beneath the ground floor.

Large TWIN GENERATORS finally short circuit and cut out --

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

-- and for several seconds, the casino goes dark. And then, from every corner, BATTERY-POWERED EMERGENCY LIGHTS stutter on. Casting the atrium in an eerie glow.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & RAYNA

making their way back towards the ESCALATORS in a THREE-WAY GUNFIGHT with the TRIAD ENFORCERS and the NOSTRA AGENTS...

...nobody notices the encroaching SEA WATER rescue the three or four ELECTRIC EELS still squirming about on the floor. In moments, the creatures have disappeared beneath the surface.

ANGLE ON: A NOSTRA AGENT

crouched in the water. *Six hundred volts of electricity shoot into him.* He SCREAMS with a phenomenal amount of pain...

...finally collapsing into the water, fried to a crisp.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA AGENTS

watching this. A moment passes. Then all of them leap out of the water. Climbing on CHAIRS and TABLES as they continue to fight the TRIAD ENFORCERS...

...all the while, Alex and Rayna fight their way through the battle. Racing up the ESCALATORS. Alex drops a TRIAD ENFORCER who jumps down before them.

A SINGLE SHOT right between the eyes.

Alex keeps Rayna moving, deftly RELOADING his rifle. Wary of the ELECTRIFIED WATER that's nipping wickedly at their feet.

ALEX

Bet the eels don't seem like such a hot idea now, huh?

Rayna shoots him a look for that.

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

The entire first floor of the floating casino is now sinking under the surface. The MOORING ROPES rip the STANCHIONS right out of the dock...

...the GAMBLERS flee the dock, rushing to get away. But Eddie Huang just can't move, watching his new casino swiftly sink.

INT. ATRIUM, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Though their numbers are dwindling fast, the NOSTRA AGENTS and TRIAD ENFORCERS are fighting more fiercely than ever...

...gunning each other down mercilessly as they all struggle to stay above the deadly rising water. Quint is an absolute cold-blooded killer.

One of the TRIAD ENFORCERS tries to jump him...

...but he grabs the guy by the neck and drops him.

ANGLE ON: THE TRIAD ENFORCER

SPLASHING into the water. He SCREAMS with horror. Racing to get to a nearby "island". All of a sudden, there's another electric charge...

...and his body snaps rigid.

Smoking and sinking lifelessly.

INT. TOP FLOOR, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

The casino lists again as Alex and Rayna reach the top floor, tilting to about FORTY-FIVE DEGREES now. Alex quickly ditches his RIFLE to grab onto a pillar with Rayna...

...climbing up through the BLACKJACK TABLES as everything not nailed down rolls past them, threatening to bowl them over.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

clawing his way onto the top floor behind them...

...he draws his DESERT EAGLE and fires off a few rounds.

INT. RAYNA'S OFFICE, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

They escape into Rayna's office. Alex locks the door behind them as Rayna darts over to her DESKTOP COMPUTER and punches some keys...

...but the SCREEN is blank and the RUNNING LIGHTS are dark.

ALEX

Take out the hard drive!

She's already opening up a SIDE PANEL...

...meanwhile, Alex looks for a weapon. Finding a WOODEN TABLE by the door. He begins to tear one of the FOUR LEGS off it.

RAYNA
What are you doing?

ALEX
I'm making a weapon!

The TABLE LEG has sharpened nails on its tip...

RAYNA
There's a *gun* in the drawer!

...he looks at her blankly, then drops the TABLE LEG.

Finding a BERETTA PISTOL in a drawer as several GUNSHOTS rip into the locked office DOOR HANDLE. The LOCK disintegrates.

Quint savagely KICKS OPEN the door...

...as Alex cocks the BERETTA and FIRES. They begin to trade shots. Six feet apart. It sounds like a machine gun on full auto. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. FLOATING CASINO, MACAU - NIGHT

The casino is now almost fully underwater and sinking awfully fast. Eddie Huang is the only person still here on the docks.

INT. RAYNA'S OFFICE, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Alex fires his last shot at Quint...

ALEX
Rayna?

RAYNA
I got it!

...she yanks the HARD DRIVE out of the computer. But now, the SEA WATER rushes in through the door. Quint's knocked inside.

Rayna climbs onto a WOODEN BOOKCASE...

...as Alex spots a FIRE HATCH in the ceiling.

ALEX
Open that hatch!

Rayna stretches towards it, trying the LATCH...

...but the LATCH won't budge an inch.

RAYNA
It's locked!

ALEX
Well, unlock it!

RAYNA
It's electronically sealed! It'll
only open in a fire!

ALEX
You think *now's* really the best
time to start a fire?

RAYNA
Look out!

An ELECTRIC EEL has just swum into the office.

Alex scrambles onto Rayna's wooden desk, grabbing a metal COAT HANGER nearby. He rips off his sharp SILK JACKET and wraps it around his hands...

...then he grabs the COAT HANGER, jams one end against the FIRE HATCH seal, the other in the water. And now he waits.

They spot the ELECTRIC EEL as it fires a charge...

...the current rips through the COAT HANGER and fries the seal on the FIRE HATCH. The hatch pops open, revealing the night sky above.

But part of the current is conducted by the sea water in the soaked SILK JACKET. Alex quivers with the charge and drops.

RAYNA
Alex!

Meanwhile, Quint suffers a direct blast as he struggles to climb onto a stone COFFEE TABLE. Now both men are recoiling in all sorts of pain...

...the ELECTRIC EEL circling around them.

Rayna quickly climbs up through the hatch, then reaches down and grabs Alex by the arm. He stirs groggily. A dead weight.

RAYNA
Get up! Get up, you lazy bum!

Alex looks up at her and begins to climb out.

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

Rayna pulls Alex up through the hatch onto the roof. Leaping off the last exposed piece of the casino onto the docks...

...she helps him to his feet, both catching their breath.

ALEX
(weak)
Lazy bum?

RAYNA
Worked, didn't it?

Just now, they notice Eddie Huang standing nearby...

...a look between all three of them. And then they do a slow turn to watch the majestic FLOATING CASINO finally submerge.

INT. RAYNA'S OFFICE, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

In Rayna's office, the water rushes over Quint. He gapes in a last BREATH OF AIR as the office fills completely. And now he is underwater...

...and there's the ELECTRIC EEL slithering menacingly.

He swims for the hatch. Racing to get out.

But the ELECTRIC EEL lets off a charge...

...and Quint's wracked with a *second* powerful dose of the ELECTRIC CURRENTS. He goes down with the casino. Half-in, half-out of the hatch.

Disappearing in the murky depths beneath the surface.

EXT. DOCKS, FLOATING CASINO - NIGHT

The last BUBBLES reach the surface, then the water is still.

Rayna removes a SET OF KEYS from her dress. Dumping them in Eddie Huang's palm as Alex leads her away from the docks...

RAYNA
Don't forget to lock up.

...and Eddie Huang's speechless, staring at the empty water.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY, MACAU - NIGHT

The WEAPONS VAN hides among the shadows in a quiet alley near the waterfront. POLICE and AMBULANCES racing past urgently...

INT. WEAPONS VAN, MACAU - NIGHT

...inside, we find Leonie attacking her keyboard, Rayna's HARD DRIVE hooked up to her console. Alex hovers over her shoulder while Hutch keeps a look out the windows.

Saraf gives Rayna some CLOTHES and SHOES from a FOOT LOCKER and guides her towards a BATHROOM on the side of the van.

SARAF
We're all glad you're back. He's
been real grumpy since you two --

RAYNA
I'm not back. I'm just...here.

SARAF
Oh. Right.

RAYNA
Anyway, I'm sure not *all* of you
feel that way.

Their eyes both drift towards Leonie...

...she shoots Rayna a look as Alex approaches.

ALEX
Any idea what your father would be
doing in Delhi?

RAYNA
No.

ALEX
Ever mention it to you? Maybe when
you were a kid? Something he said
in passing some time?

RAYNA
I barely saw him when I was a kid.

ALEX
It's important, Rayna.

She just stares at him and closes the BATHROOM DOOR...

...they speak through the BATHROOM DOOR now as Rayna changes.

ALEX

Look, Leonie managed to trace the email he sent you. Seems he used a public computer in a cybercafe in Old Delhi.

RAYNA

That couldn't have been easy. I'm sure he had everything encrypted.

LEONIE

Yeah, well luckily I'm pretty good at what I do so --

ALEX

He made a mistake. Left his IP address buried in the header.

RAYNA

So that's it? You've got him?

ALEX

No. We got where he was seventeen hours ago. We have to get there as soon as we can, find where he went after that.

RAYNA

I want to come with you.

ALEX

No. It's too dangerous.

RAYNA

It's just as dangerous for me here.

ALEX

Rayna, I... I just *can't*.

RAYNA

You need me, Alex. I know my father better than you. I can help you.

ALEX

I don't think either of us knows your father anymore.

RAYNA

I know he doesn't make mistakes.

She steps out of the bathroom now, fully dressed...

...and he tenses up, physically close to her.

RAYNA

Please, Alex? I need to see if he's
all right.

Alex notices his crew all looking at them. They quickly look elsewhere. Alex returns to meet Rayna's gaze, considering...

...and then he just nods. Rayna thanks him with her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT, MACAU - NIGHT

About a hundred yards away, we find a group of stunned LOCALS watching the BLAZING LIGHTS of the POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES by the former site of the floating casino...

...all of a sudden, the water ERUPTS beneath them. They lunge back as Quint hauls himself up onto the pavement beside them, a terrifying sight with his melted face.

Quint senses a sharp, unexpected pain in his balls...

...adjusting his crotch as he walks off into the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DELHI, INDIA - DAY

The vast urban sprawl of Delhi glistens in the morning sun. A city where denim-clad TEENAGERS rub shoulders with robed HOLY MEN and BULLOCK CARTS travel alongside new LUXURY CARS.

SUPER: Delhi, India

INT. CYBERCAFE, OLD DELHI - DAY

Alex places a small BLACK BOX next to a PUBLIC COMPUTER in a somewhat empty cybercafe in the heart of Old Delhi. The box HUMS and WHIRS steadily...

...we can tell Alex's pretty anxious. Glancing repeatedly at his watch. It's almost ten o'clock in the morning. He speaks into the MINI-COMPUTER on his wrist:

ALEX

Two minutes from Zero Hour. Let's
make this quick.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR, DELHI - DAY

We find the WEAPONS VAN parked next to a U.S. C-141 AIR FORCE STARLIFTER in a hangar beside Delhi's international airport.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Rayna and the others are crowded around Leonie who's tapping away at her console, plugged into the CYBERCAFE COMPUTER...

...they can hear Alex's VOICE over a speaker in the console.

RAYNA

What's Zero Hour?

SARAF

Exactly twenty-four hours after a mark has been someplace. The same conditions are usually recreated.

HUTCH

Same buses, same trains, same people. It's your best chance to launch a hunt.

LEONIE

Okay, this is the computer Monroe used. But it looks like he hacked into it from a remote site.

RAYNA

You mean another computer?

LEONIE

Probably a handheld. A PDA or a cell phone. Try to keep up, okay?

INT. CYBERCAFE, OLD DELHI - DAY

Alex's eyes jump to the cafe's windows.

ALEX

How close was he?

LEONIE'S VOICE

Signal strength was good. I'd say fifty feet. No more.

WHAT Alex SEES: The busy human and automobile traffic on the streets outside. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE going about their day...

...he grabs the small GREY BOX off the computer.

ALEX
Going mobile, Leonie. Follow me.

And with that, Alex rushes out onto the street --

INT. WEAPONS VAN, AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

-- and Leonie grins. Switching her screens to a live overhead SATELLITE IMAGE of Old Delhi. They see Alex outside the cafe.

LEONIE
Go for it, Alex.
(to Rayna)
Watch this.

EXT. CYBERCAFE, OLD DELHI - DAY

CLOSE ON - Alex

as he comes to a stop in the middle of a crowded square just outside the cybercafe. His eyes scanning his surroundings...

...a tightly-packed BAZAAR, a grand MOSQUE, dozens of Mughlai RESTAURANTS and EATERIES. Several VENDORS and BEGGARS come at Alex but he bluntly ignores them.

ALEX
(under his breath)
Fifty feet...

ANGLE ON - Alex'S P.O.V.

FLASHES OF MONROE appear everywhere within fifty feet of the cafe. With a LAPTOP on a park bench. Holding his PDA in line at a store. Tapping keys on a CELL PHONE by a mosque...

...we're watching slightly altered views of Terrence Monroe now. SUPERIMPOSED on the background. *Everywhere Alex looks.*

ALEX
Talk to me, Terry... Where were
you... What were you doing...

All of a sudden, his eyes zero in on...

...a LOCAL MAN casually tossing a LOCAL NEWSPAPER into an old TRASH CAN by the park bench as he hurries down the sidewalk.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. TRASH CAN, OLD DELHI - DAY

Alex frantically rummaging through the TRASH CAN now. Sorting through junk. Half-eaten food. Local papers. Used tissues...

...now at the bottom of the trash can. An English language NEWSPAPER. *The London Times*. Left folded open on a certain page.

ANGLE ON - ALEX'S P.O.V.

seeing Monroe fold up the NEWSPAPER and casually toss it in yesterday's near empty TRASH CAN as he walks OUT OF FRAME.

INSERT - ENGLISH NEWSPAPER

to reveal that someone has scribbled a message on the page:

BUT WHERE DID I GO NEXT?

Alex glances at his watch, then looks around urgently --

EXT. BUS STAND, OLD DELHI - DAY

-- spotting a BUS STAND in a direct line across the street.

A CITY BUS pulls up. FLASH OF MONROE boarding the bus. Buying a ticket off the CONDUCTOR who hangs out on the back step...

EXT. CITY STREETS, OLD DELHI - DAY

...and Alex is off. Darting across the street. Weaving around the CITY TRAFFIC as the bus begins to move and steer out from the curb, picking up speed.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Rayna and the others watch Alex veering through the traffic towards the departing bus via the overhead SATELLITE IMAGE.

SARAF

He's not gonna make it.

LEONIE

He'll make it.

HUTCH

(to Saraf)

You're always so negative.

INT./EXT. PUBLIC BUS, OLD DELHI - MOVING - DAY

Alex leaps dangerously onto the back step by the CONDUCTOR...

BUS CONDUCTOR
What are you doing, you stupid man!

...without hesitation, Alex pins the conductor back by his throat. Shoving an AGENCY PORTRAIT OF MONROE in his face.

ALEX
You see this guy? He's a terrorist
and a criminal. And I think he got
on this bus yesterday.

BUS CONDUCTOR
(struggling)
Let me go...

ALEX
Look at him! Look!

He's shouting now and people are scared...

...the CONDUCTOR looks at the photo and nods.

ALEX
You saw him? Where'd he get off?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. BAZAAR, OLD DELHI - DAY

Alex now desperately searches a crowded bazaar. Showing the PORTRAIT OF MONROE to various SHOP KEEPERS and VENDORS. But all he gets is blank stares...

...and then he spots a SECURITY CAMERA in a JEWELRY STORE.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE, BAZAAR - DAY

Alex draws his SIG SAUER as he enters. The STORE KEEPER is terrified. Raising his hands. Alex talks to him. Moves him away from the counter...

...keeping his pistol on the man as he accesses the SECURITY TAPES behind the counter. Playing yesterday's loop. Watching the people pass by the store outside.

INSERT - SECURITY MONITOR

as Monroe suddenly appears. In a coat and hat. *Glancing right into the camera at Alex.* As he sweeps past the store outside.

Alex sees Monroe climb into an AUTO-RICKSHAW idling outside the store. He looks up to see the same vehicle outside. The AUTO DRIVER buying breakfast nearby.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AUTO-RICKSHAW, CITY STREETS - MOVING - DAY

Alex races up to the AUTO DRIVER just as he's about to pull away. He offers the driver several THOUSAND RUPEES and they get going, scooting through city streets...

...as Alex clings to the bars in back, he finds an Interstate TRAIN TIMETABLE left under the seat. FLASH OF MONROE dropping the timetable as he exits the AUTO-RICKSHAW outside the train station.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION, OLD DELHI - DAY

Alex stands on a walkway, watching DOZENS OF TRAINS pull in and out from DOZENS OF PLATFORMS. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE getting on and off...

...we see FLASHES OF MONROE boarding several different trains bound for infinite destinations. Monroe appears to be smiling up at Alex from every train.

Alex glances at his watch, *time is ticking...*

...then he notices the TOURIST BUREAU LOGO on the timetable he picked up in the AUTO-RICKSHAW. The same logo appears on an office nearby.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TOURIST BUREAU OFFICE, TRAIN STATION - DAY

Alex strides into the office. Targets the pretty OFFICE CLERK behind the counter. Smiling at her as he approaches. Asks her some questions to which she shakes her head...

...as they talk, Alex discreetly places the small BLACK BOX in front of her computer. The box HUMS and WHIRS once more.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Leonie's now inside the clerk's computer. She flips through BOOKING FILES. Scanning various PASSPORT PHOTOS until he runs across MONROE'S PASSPORT (with a fake name) in the system...

...we see Rayna go still at the sight of her father's face.

INT. TOURIST BUREAU OFFICE, TRAIN STATION - DAY

Alex hears LEONIE'S VOICE through his hidden EARPIECE...

LEONIE'S VOICE
Got him, Alex. He took a train up
into the Himalayas.

...he smiles at the clerk, grabs the BLACK BOX and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN RANGE, INDIA - NIGHT

The IES WEAPONS VAN winds its way along a paved road through moon-lit alpine mountains in the northern regions of India.

SUPER: Himachal Pradesh, Himalaya Mountains

INT. WEAPONS VAN, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - NIGHT

Alex sits at Leonie's console, LYCHENKO'S FACE on screen...

ALEX
...the train terminated at a town
called Shimla. Took a while, but I
found some hikers who think they
saw Monroe hitch a ride in a van
heading for a Hindu temple.

LYCHENKO (ON SCREEN)
Good work, Alex. Report back in
when you have Monroe in custody.

ALEX
It may not be clean, Sir.

LYCHENKO (ON SCREEN)
These days, it rarely is.

...and the screen goes blank.

Alex glances at Saraf beside him, then quietly approaches Rayna who's napping on a FOLD-OUT BUNK by the bathroom...

...she's curled up under a blanket, angelic. Alex kneels down beside her bunk. Tenderly brushing the hair off her face. She seems to smile in her sleep.

Leonie exits the bathroom behind them and catches Alex gazing at Rayna. She not-so-accidentally SLAMS the BATHROOM DOOR.

LEONIE

Oops. Sorry.

He shoots her a look as Rayna stirs. She glances at Alex, his hand still near her forehead. He pulls his hand back, walking over to speak to Saraf...

...and Rayna just watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Back at IES, Lychenko places his palm on the SCANNER outside the TECH VAULT. The door opens and he approaches Ramirez who is back at his station...

...examining a random BUNCH OF SYMBOLS on his computer.

LYCHENKO

You found something?

RAMIREZ

(nods)

Ever heard of Locard's Theory, Sir?

LYCHENKO

No.

RAMIREZ

Forensic Science. Touch an object, you always leave evidence behind.

LYCHENKO

No.

RAMIREZ

You never watch CSI?

LYCHENKO

(impatient)

What did you find, Mr. Ramirez?

RAMIREZ

When Monroe downloaded that code from the IES mainframe, something got uploaded onto it.

LYCHENKO

What exactly?

RAMIREZ

I don't know yet. There's a lot of clutter. We're working on it, fast as we can.

LYCHENKO

(pause)

Keep me informed.

Ramirez gets back to work. Lychenko watches cautiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAWN

The IES weapons van pulls up at a remote intersection in the dawn light. An old ROAD SIGN points up along a narrow route.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAWN

Inside the van, everyone's awake and at their stations.

HUTCH

This's as far as I can go. Unless you want me to start smashing into trees. Which I can do.

ALEX

It's okay, Hutch. I'll take the Interceptor from here.

SARAF

You're all washed and waxed. Ready to go... Snow tires. Machine guns. Swarmer missiles.

ALEX

Thanks, Saraf.

SARAF

You're welcome.

Saraf shares a surprised grin with Leonie and Hutch.

Now Alex turns to Rayna as he checks his IES PISTOL...

ALEX
I'll be back soon. These guys will
look after you.

RAYNA
You don't really think you're going
to need that thing, do you?

ALEX
Of course, not.

...he reholsters the PISTOL, *but leaves the safety off.*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, INTERSECTION - MOVING - DAWN

Alex backs the Interceptor out of the Weapons Van, then turns
toward the narrow road. Following tracks in his headlights...

...he glances back at the van, then gets his mind on the job.

CUT TO:

INT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAY

Meanwhile, Rayna sits in the Weapons Van. Staring out into
the growing daylight. Hutch reads PEOPLE while Saraf plays
music on his iPod.

Leonie approaches Rayna with two mugs of HOT CHOCOLATE.

LEONIE
Hot chocolate?

RAYNA
It's delicious, thanks.

LEONIE
I make it from scratch. Alex loves
it. I mean, *really* loves it. He --

-- all of a sudden, Rayna stands and walks away...

...exiting the van without a word. Hutch and Saraf glare at
Leonie. She shrugs innocently, sipping her HOT CHOCOLATE.

LEONIE
What? What'd I do?

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAY

Rayna climbs outside, shutting the door behind her. The cold air chills her. She huddles up with a weary sigh, staring out at the dark forest around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE, HIMALAYAS - DAY

A snow-covered temple sits atop a mountain peak, the breathtaking Himalayas sweeping out majestically before it as the Interceptor pulls to a stop out front...

...the doors hiss open and Alex climbs out onto the pristine snow. Staring up at the ancient Hindu temple skeptically. He draws his PISTOL, holding it low by his thigh.

There's an OLD VAN parked here. Alex checks the van but it's empty. He continues up the temple steps, gun at the ready.

EXT. COURTYARD, HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

Alex steps through a pair of SILVER DOORS depicting various Hindu gods. The doors lead to a snow-blanketed courtyard...

...he passes a few INDIAN MONKS wearing sherwani coats. They nod and smile at him. Alex returns the gestures, approaching the great SHRINE TOWER now.

CUT TO:

INT. SHRINE TOWER, HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

CLOSE ON: TERRENCE MONROE

wearing a warm SHERWANI COAT over his suit as he meditates in front of an ornate HINDU SCULPTURE. His LAPTOP BRIEFCASE sits on the floor beside him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Alex with his PISTOL on Monroe's back as he crests the stairs. Monroe opens his eyes now, sensing him, turning around.

MONROE

I asked you not to hunt me.

ALEX

You really think I wouldn't?

MONROE
I trust Rayna was unharmed.

ALEX
(nods)
She's waiting down in the van.

MONROE
You brought her here?

ALEX
I couldn't just abandon her in
Macau. Daemon Curry sent a *hit*
squad into her casino.

MONROE
Is she still angry at you?

ALEX
Can you blame her?

MONROE
No, I suppose not.

Alex spies the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE...

...keeping his gun trained on Monroe.

ALEX
What're you doing all the way up
here, Terry? Is this where you're
making your sale?

MONROE
There's less chance of "collateral
damage" up here should something go
wrong. I don't want to hurt anyone,
especially you. Despite everything
that's happened, I still look upon
you as a son.

ALEX
(pause)
Terrence Monroe... You've been
charged with attempted espionage in
violation of Title 18 of the United
States Code --

MONROE
-- section 794 (A). Yes, I know.

ALEX
Why? Why'd you do it?

Monroe turns to the HINDU SCULPTURE behind him.

MONROE

For thousands of years, people have come to these mountains in the hope of finding peace.

(re: the sculpture)

Are you familiar with Shiva?

ALEX

The Hindu God of Destruction. The one who brings about the end of the world.

MONROE

But in every ending, there is a new beginning. Shiva didn't destroy the world, he *changed* it. He cast aside the ancient, perverse habits of the old world and started fresh.

ALEX

You wanna change the world, Terry?

MONROE

(pause)

They killed her, Alex. They killed my wife.

ALEX

No. The North Koreans did that.

MONROE

They exposed her. They leaked her cover all over the papers.

ALEX

So what is this, then? Revenge? Is that what you're doing?

MONROE

Wake up, Alex! The people running the show these days routinely twist and manufacture information to suit their own selfish needs. They start wars. Set trade embargoes. Lay down sanctions. During the Cold War, we could trust that the information we worked so hard for -- that we *bled* for -- would always be used in the best interest of our countries.

(pause)

But now...now that trust is gone.

Alex gazes at Monroe, a sudden chink in his armor.

MONROE
They killed Elaine to get to me. I
wouldn't shut up. Wouldn't bide my
tongue. And so they...

ALEX
(pause)
How much does Rayna know?

MONROE
Nothing. And you must promise me
never to tell her. *Never.*

CUT TO:

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAY

Back with Rayna still outside the weapons van. She's calmed down somewhat. And the cold is now getting to her. She turns to climb back inside the van...

...when all of a sudden a GLOVED HAND clamps over her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. SHRINE TOWER, HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

Up in the tower, Alex tosses Monroe the PILLBOX. Monroe just tosses it right back. The tension between them compounding.

MONROE
I'm not going to swallow one of
your pills.

ALEX
I have suppositories, too.

MONROE
I mean, I'm not coming with you.

ALEX
Listen to me, Terry... I *will* put a
bullet in you if I have to. Knowing
you won't make it any easier. But I
will do it just the same.

MONROE
My-my, Alex. I had no idea you were
so...*cold-blooded.*

ALEX

If that code falls into the wrong hands, a lot of soldiers are gonna get killed. And I am *not* gonna let that happen.

(exploding)

Now take the goddamn pill!

All of a sudden, they hear something...

...the FAINT WHINE OF ENGINES in the distance.

MONROE

(angry)

They're early.

Alex grabs the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE...

...shoving his gun in Monroe's face.

ALEX

Move!

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

Five militarized NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES cut through the mountain forest. DUAL HEAVY MACHINE GUNS mounted upon their noses...

...heading for the temple. Spreading into an attack pattern.

EXT. COURTYARD, HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

Alex rushes Monroe across the temple courtyard, passing the two INDIAN MONKS. They gape in shock when they see Alex's gun at the back of Monroe's head.

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE, HIMALAYAS - DAY

Alex and Monroe burst out the front doors of the temple to see the five NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES rocketing towards them...

...a burst of MACHINE GUN FIRE rakes the wall above their heads. Alex returns fire with his IES PISTOL. Dropping the closest NOSTRA AGENT.

His SNOWMOBILE continues straight for them. They dive out of the way as the machine plows into the temple wall, EXPLODING in a gush of flames.

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

Alex shoves Monroe into the Interceptor, then darts around the car and ducks inside with the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE as more BULLETS bounce off the chassis and windows...

...they speak as Alex fires up the INTERCEPTOR'S SYSTEMS.

MONROE
It's Nostra.

ALEX
Well, it ain't a bunch of sledders
cutting up some powder on a school
day.

MONROE
Can you outrun them?

ALEX
That's what we're gonna find out.

MONROE
What's taking so long? Let's go.

ALEX
Buckle up, old man. We've made a
few improvements since your days.

Alex hits the gas, pitching Monroe back into his seat.

EXT. HINDU TEMPLE, HIMALAYAS - DAY

The two INDIAN MONKS hurry out of their temple as the four NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES chase the INTERCEPTOR down the road...

...the fifth SNOWMOBILE sits in a crumpled wreck nearby.

INDIAN MONK
(calling)
Bloody tourists!

EXT. ROAD, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

We hear the "Theme from Peter Gunn" jack up the SOUNDTRACK again as the four NOSTRA AGENTS speed after the INTERCEPTOR down the unmade road...

...the SNOWMOBILES cut through gaps in the trees, catching up with Alex who has to stick to the road with the Interceptor.

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

Monroe fastens his SEATBELT, peering at the ONBOARD CAMERA VIEWS which show the four NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES behind them.

MONROE
They're gaining on us.

ALEX
Thanks, Terry. I can see.

Alex hits a button on his steering wheel: "SMOKE SCREEN"...

...and TWIN EXHAUSTS swamp the four SNOWMOBILES behind in a CLOUD OF SMOKE. The NOSTRA AGENTS are temporarily blinded.

One of snowmobiles SMASHES violently into a tree...

...the other three navigate the smoke and resume the chase.

ANGLE ON: MONROE

glancing back at the SMOKE SCREEN...

MONROE
(scoffs)
We had that in 1983.

...and Alex just shoots him a withering look.

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, INTERSECTION - DAY

Hutch looks up from his PEOPLE MAGAZINE just in time to see the Interceptor hurtle past his windows, pursued closely by Nostra's minions...

...he promptly tosses his magazine and starts the van.

HUTCH
Heads up, people! We're on!

SARAF
Where's the girl?

Leonie scuttles out the door...

LEONIE
Rayna?

...but all she finds are ominous FOOTPRINTS and SCUFFLE MARKS in the snow. *A baleful chill trickles down Leonie's spine.*

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

Meanwhile, the three remaining NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES chase Alex along the snow-swept road. Alex's swerving all over the place to avoid their fire.

He hits another button on his steering wheel: "MINES"...

...the rear LICENSE PLATE flips down and dozens of golf-ball sized DISCS tumble out of a dispenser onto the road behind.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES

frantically dodging the mines. Two are successful. The other is not. He drives right over one of the mines...

...and a POWERFUL EXPLOSION launches his SNOWMOBILE forward.

SPIRALLING up into the air over the Interceptor.

TUMBLING violently along the top of her.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & MONROE

as the SNOWMOBILE finally lands in a twisted PILE OF FIERY DEBRIS just in front of the Interceptor. Alex swerves away just in time...

...tearing off the road. SMASHING through snow-laden trees --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, GLACIER - MOVING - DAY

-- suddenly emerging onto a GLACIAL RIVER. This behemoth is thirty miles long, strewn with CHUNKS OF ICE and ROCKS --

EXT. NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

-- back on the road, one of the NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES follows Alex's path. The other, a two-man vehicle, speeds ahead --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, GLACIER - MOVING - DAY

-- the first SNOWMOBILE appears behind the Interceptor now, chasing her down the glacier. We see a MOUNTAIN OF SNOW on the slopes behind them.

Alex dodges the larger rocks while the SNOWMOBILE weaves more easily, keeping up the pressure with its DUAL MACHINE GUNS on the Interceptor's hull --

EXT. NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES, GLACIER - MOVING - DAY

-- just now, the two-man NOSTRA SNOWMOBILE leaps out onto the glacier ahead of them. And we realize what the second man is for. He's a tail gunner...

...and he's got an AUTOMATIC GRENADE LAUNCHER on the back of his SNOWMOBILE. POP! POP! POP! He starts shooting at Alex --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, GLACIER - MOVING - DAY

-- who's now getting shot at in front *and* behind. Every time a GRENADE hits the glacier, the ground trembles menacingly.

ANGLE ON: THE MOUNTAIN OF SNOW

behind them. Feeling the explosions. Snow drips off the top.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

as the twin MACHINE GUNS rise out of the fenders. Alex fires at the SNOWMOBILE in front. It swerves just as the GRENADE launches a round...

...his hand slips. The weapon aiming up.

The GRENADE lofted into the air way too high.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & MONROE

watching the GRENADE sail towards the MOUNTAIN OF SNOW.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA AGENTS

also watching it now as it EXPLODES directly into it. A tiny pop of black smoke against a massive chunk of pure white...

...but nothing happens. And everyone sighs relief.

But before they can get back to business...

...there's a dark, ominous RUMBLING from behind. The MOUNTAIN OF SNOW begins to crack. And part. Huge pieces BREAKING AWAY.

In moments, an AVALANCHE has begun.

Teaming down the glacier towards them.

ROCKS. SNOW. ICE. Churning angrily together.

A beat of shock. *Then everybody promptly steps on the gas.*

ANGLE ON: THE AVALANCHE

cascading down the glacier at eighty miles an hour. Alex and the NOSTRA AGENTS are now in a race for their own survival.

ANGLE ON: MONROE

catching the AVALANCHE in his SIDE-VIEW MIRROR.

MONROE
You're going to have to find a way
to go faster.

ALEX
Aw, you think?

MONROE
Ice tunnel.

ALEX
What?

MONROE
There's an ice tunnel running down
through the center of the glacier.

ALEX
Where?

MONROE
Just veer left. Now!

Alex glances at him, then does as he says.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

plunging through a NARROW HOLE in the glacier --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, ICE TUNNEL - MOVING - DAY

-- landing hard in a long ICE TUNNEL just underneath...

...the walls of the tunnel are smooth thanks to the GLACIAL
RIVER flowing through it, but there are many rocks here --

EXT. NOSTRA SNOWMOBILES, GLACIER - MOVING - DAY

-- the NOSTRA AGENT following Alex watches him duck down into
the tunnel and with the AVALANCHE on his heels, he follows...

...abandoning the two NOSTRA AGENTS ahead to a grisly fate.

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, HIMALAYAS - MOVING - DAY

Meanwhile, Hutch flings the weapons van down the road above the glacier. CAREENING off trees and BOUNCING off rocks...

...as Leonie and Saraf hang on tight, gritting their teeth.

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, ICE TUNNEL - MOVING - DAY

The Interceptor picks up speed now as Alex follows the FAST-FLOWING STREAM along the bottom of the endless ice tunnel...

...the NOSTRA AGENT pursues. Just managing to stay on his snowmobile as it lands in the tunnel. The tracks and skis slip and slide dangerously.

Still, this guy's relentless with his DUAL MACHINE GUNS. The bullets rip into the walls of the tunnel all around them.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & MONROE

noticing the light swiftly disappear through the thin layer of ice above as the ROARING AVALANCHE overtakes them on the glacier...

...a WARNING LIGHT blinks on the Interceptor's dashboard now indicating that the hull is failing under all the GUNFIRE.

ALEX
We got trouble.

MONROE
Alex...?

ALEX
Aw, shit.

And only now do we see what they see...

...an ENORMOUS BOULDER in the middle of the tunnel ahead. No way around it or under it. *And they are seconds from impact.*

CLOSE ON: ALEX

weighing his grim options.

The AVALANCHE racing above him.

The NOSTRA AGENT shooting at him.

The ENORMOUS BOULDER ahead of him.

Alex sets his face and kicks in the TURBO BOOST. Pinning both men back in their seats as the Interceptor hurtles forwards.

INSERT: THE SPEEDOMETER

rapidly soaring past one hundred miles per hour...

...the NOSTRA AGENT fires again, rattling the Interceptor.

She passes ONE-EIGHTY now. And begins to claw her way up the side of the wall. Breaching ONE-NINETY as the boulder nears.

The faster Alex pushes, the further the Interceptor's able to climb up the side of the tunnel. Finally, he hits TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR...

...and Alex fully inverts the Interceptor now, driving upside down. Defying gravity. *Held up by the car's powerful vacuum.*

The Interceptor skims above the boulder...

...the NOSTRA AGENT's not so fortunate. He tries to climb the side of the wall but gets nowhere near enough speed. SLAMMING into the boulder with lethal force.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

as Alex eases off the TURBO BOOST, dropping the car down the other side of the wall. Monroe's gone as white as a ghost...

...they're rapidly nearing the end of the tunnel now.

They can even see daylight. *But just for a second.*

Because now the AVALANCHE has reached the end of the glacier and a CURTAIN OF SNOW falls over the exit to the ICE TUNNEL.

ALEX

Hold on!

Alex drives straight into the falling ice --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, SNOW FIELD - MOVING - DAY

-- shooting out of the tunnel and the snow.

Launching over a terrifying FIFTEEN FOOT DROP.

Falling towards a snow-covered field. And just when Monroe's about to have a heart attack, Alex hits another button...

...and the Interceptor begins to transform mid-flight.

The wheels fall off.

And the chassis shifts.

And a PAIR OF SKIS emerge.

And the Interceptor hammers into the snow, the tracks driving it across the snow field as the AVALANCHE finally runs out of steam behind them.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

skiing the Interceptor across the vast field...

ALEX
(scoffs)
Did you have *that* in 1983?

...and Monroe's respectfully silent.

All of a sudden, Alex skids to a halt.

ANGLE ON: TWO NOSTRA ATVs

emerging out of the trees ahead at the edge of the field. The ATVs are armed with TURRET-MOUNTED ROCKETS and NOSTRA AGENTS.

A DOOR OPENS on one of the ATVs...

...and Quint steps out with a nasty glare.

Then he reaches back inside and pulls out Rayna.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & MONROE

feeling the shock and horror of this. Both men lunge out of the Interceptor. Alex with his IES PISTOL. Monroe with his LAPTOP BRIEFCASE.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

drawing his DESERT EAGLE to Rayna's temple...

...she writhes with fear, unable to move.

CLOSE ON: MONROE

who starts to move towards them...

ALEX
Terry.

...he glances at Alex, *what else can he do?*

ANGLE ON: THE AVALANCHE

still pouring over the end of the glacier behind. POUNDING into the snow field on top of itself. All that snow and ice and rock...

...a CRACK forms in the snow field. A split.

It starts to move. And widen. Picking up speed.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & MONROE

as the CRACK races past under their feet. Alex goes still. A sinking feeling in his gut. Monroe looks around, confused...

...as the CRACKS multiply and spread across the entire field.

ANGLE ON: QUINT & RAYNA

watching it, too. Nobody's sure what's happening...

...until a GEYSER OF WATER shoots up out of the field beside the Interceptor. Then another. And another. All around them.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

realizing with dread that this is not a "field" at all...

...he leaps back into the Interceptor. Monroe follows suit.

HIGH ANGLE: ON THE FIELD

as it breaks up under the strain of the avalanche. Icy water flows onto the ICE FLOES that are now forming over the lake.

Alex desperately searches for a way off...

...as Quint shoves Rayna back into his ATV. Barking an order at the other ATV which now fires ROCKETS at the Interceptor.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

fighting through EXPLOSIONS and collapsing ICE FLOES as Alex struggles to reach the shoreline. He glimpses Quint escaping in his ATV...

...then he launches a set of SWARMER MISSILES at the other NOSTRA ATV. But his targeting is off. Unable to look at it while battling the ICE FLOES.

The missiles land all around the ATV. *Missing it.*

And the NOSTRA AGENTS aboard grin and keep shooting.

But the missiles did hit the trees around the ATV. And now they begin to fall. Two of them slam into it. CRUNCHING it like a paper toy...

...now Alex concentrates on getting off the lake. GEYSERS OF WATER spurting up in front of him. Blocking his escape route every time.

He finally manages to steer clear of the lake now --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

-- following QUINT'S ATV down the winding mountain road. Both vehicles speed through the snow. Alex carefully STRAFING the ATV with his MACHINE GUNS.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

holding Rayna hostage as another NOSTRA AGENT drives the ATV beside them. He glances back at the Interceptor which is just a few lengths behind them...

...but then he sees something ahead that makes him smile. The road is beginning to peak through the ice. *They're descending through the snow line.*

ANGLE ON: ALEX

realizing it, too. He hits a switch and LEONIE'S FACE appears in the bottom left hand corner of his HUD. She looks worried.

ALEX
Leonie, where are you?

LEONIE (ON SCREEN)
About two minutes behind you. Alex,
they took Rayna.

ALEX
We're chasing her. But I'm gonna
need new wheels real quick here.

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

In the weapons van, Leonie turns to Hutch...

LEONIE
Whatever you have to do, Hutch.

...he nods and shifts up a gear. Saraf utters a prayer as the van perilously slips and slides all over the snow-swept road.

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

The Interceptor skids off the last patch of snow and quickly grinds to a lumbering crawl. The SKI SLEDS losing track upon the icy road...

...and Alex reluctantly stops. Watching Quint's ATV abscond with Rayna. Alex and Monroe share an anxious look. And now a dark rage builds in Alex's eyes.

He calls up Leonie on the HUD once more.

ALEX

How'd they *take* her, Leonie...? You were supposed to be watching her!

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

And Leonie obviously feels like shit.

LEONIE

I know, I'm sorry. She walked outside and I... I'm sorry...

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Alex stews, furious. The van careens past the Interceptor and slides to a halt, its REAR RAMP already lowering. Alex guides the Interceptor inside...

...and the van immediately gets moving again --

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, MOUNTAIN - MOVING - DAY

-- inside, Saraf works fast at his console. Operating ROBOTIC CLAMPS in the holding bay which restore the Interceptor back to her original form. Replacing SPARE PARTS and ARMAMENTS...

...it's an amazing fifteen second transformation. But Alex's impatient, like a NASCAR driver desperate to escape the pit.

ALEX

Come on, Saraf... Let us out!

SARAF

Almost there... Almost... Done!

The side of the WEAPONS VAN opens. And the ROBOTIC CLAMPS lift the Interceptor out over the road as the van drives --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Alex gets his wheels SPINNING as the sleek car is lowered to the icy road. Now he shifts into gear and races onwards...

...hurtling down the mountain, his heart in his throat --

EXT. ALPINE MEADOW, HIMALAYAS - DAY

-- a NOSTRA V/TOL TRANSPORT waits on a wide, open meadow just off the icy road. Huge TWIN ROTORS gyrating against the cold.

ANGLE ON: QUINT'S ATV

steering off the road towards it...

...Quint drags Rayna, kicking and screaming, out of the ATV as the NOSTRA DRIVER follows. Eyes on the road behind them.

A SIDE DOOR opens on the transport...

...and all three disappear inside.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

thundering along the road towards the meadow. Alex and Monroe glimpse Quint hauling Rayna into the back of the transport.

MONROE

Oh, no...

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA V/TOL TRANSPORT

as the door closes and the machine lifts off vertically. Once airborne, the TWIN ROTORS tilt horizontally and fly it away.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

locking onto the transport with his TARGETING LENSES. Firing a GPS TRACKER from the Interceptor's front LICENSE PLATE...

...the small device twirls through the air and fastens onto the back of the transport as it climbs up into the skies.

The Interceptor slides to a halt on the road...

...the doors opening, letting Alex and Monroe out.

Both men watch the transport as it carries Rayna away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARGO PLANE, SKIES - FLYING - DUSK

The C-141 STARLIFTER soars among the auburn clouds...

INT. WEAPONS VAN, CARGO PLANE - FLYING - NIGHT

...the WEAPONS VAN sits inside. We see a blinking SET OF CO-ORDINATES on LEONIE'S MONITOR approaching the tiny island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean Sea below the Turkish coast.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The IES team sitting about the van with grim faces. Leonie's examining the SCROLLING CODE on MONROE'S LAPTOP. Monroe watches from a corner, HANDCUFFED.

ALEX

(pause)

I'm not gonna report in yet.

HUTCH

What're you talking about? We got the mark *and* the package --

ALEX

I have to get her back, Hutch.

LEONIE

You know that's what they want, don't you? She's bait.

ALEX

And if we don't bite, what is she then? She's nothing. Useless. And they'll kill her.

SARAF

She was never the objective, Alex.

ALEX

You think I'm not aware of that?

SARAF

You can't just go behind Lychenko's back to rescue your girlfriend --

ALEX

She's not my...

(pause)

She helped us locate our mark. We can't just leave her.

He turns towards the AFT HATCH...

...pausing to look back at his team.

ALEX

I'll go alone if I have to.

And with that, he climbs through the AFT HATCH. Leaving them with their thoughts. Monroe hesitates, then follows Alex...

INT. INTERCEPTOR BAY, WEAPONS VAN - FLYING - NIGHT

...into the bay that holds the Interceptor in the back of the weapons van. Alex's leaning on the hood, quite still. Staring away as he listens to the thrumming of the PLANE'S ENGINES.

Monroe sees Alex and shuts the HATCH behind him. Alex glares at Monroe. Warning him to keep his distance. Monroe proffers his cuffed hands harmlessly...

...the uncomfortable silence holding between them a moment.

MONROE

Thank you, Alex.

ALEX

I'm not doing it for you.

MONROE

You're still in love with her,
aren't you?

Alex just looks right at him...

...and Monroe suddenly grows angry.

MONROE

Well then for Godsakes, why did you
break her heart?

ALEX

I never meant to...

(pause)

She didn't tell you?

MONROE

I assumed it was the job.

ALEX

It was more than that. Being with
me reminded her of being with you.

MONROE

She said that?

ALEX
You were never there, Terry.

MONROE
No, I suppose I wasn't...

ALEX
Neither was your wife.

MONROE
Few people have the capacity to understand the importance of what we do. A child *isn't* one of them.

A long moment passes between them...

ALEX
You know the thing that scares me most, doing this job? That I'll end up like you.

MONROE
Then *leave*... Leave IES and build a new life with Rayna. Build the kind of life I never could.

ALEX
And do what?

MONROE
I don't know. Go to the park. Make babies. Eat hamburgers. Isn't that what normal people do?

ALEX
I'm a spy-hunter, Terry... I can't leave IES. You of all people should understand that.

MONROE
Can't leave or won't leave?

ALEX
(pause)
Both.

MONROE
Then, Alex, you're *already* like me.

...both men stare at each other soberly, then Monroe climbs back out the hatch. Alex just stands there. Alone. Quiet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CURRY'S VILLA, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DAY

A spectacular villa sits on a mountain top in Northern Cyprus with a view extending all the way to the Mediterranean Sea...

SUPER: Northern Cyprus

...the NOSTRA V/TOL TRANSPORT tilts its rotors as it lands.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Quint leads Rayna into a palatial office that overlooks the glistening sea. Wired with all the conveniences of a twenty-first century workplace.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN stands in a ray of sunlight that streams in through one of the GLASS-STAINED WINDOWS. Bathing him in an unearthly glow...

...we only see the back of him as he gazes out the window at the sea, talking on a CELL PHONE in fluent Greek. He appears to be in his early fifties, clearly in peak physical shape.

Rayna stares at him as she waits with Quint in the middle of the office. He's laughing through the call. Apparently quite a congenial man...

...finally, he finishes up his call and turns.

CLOSE ON: DAEMON CURRY

a handsome American man. Elegant and charming. But most of all, *frightening*. Curry stares back at Rayna for a moment.

CURRY

You must be Rayna Monroe. My name's
Daemon Curry.

RAYNA

Is this Nostra?

CURRY

No. Just a little hideaway. I love
Cyprus. Great beaches. Turks let me
do what I want.

RAYNA

How long do you intend to keep me
here?

Curry's ASSISTANT gives him something to sign...

...he looks over it while juggling another PHONE CALL.

CURRY

Your father has something I want. I sent him into IES to get it. But he reneged. Didn't show where he was originally supposed to. You happen to know why he did that?

(she shakes her head)

Anyway, now I have something he wants. We'll do a trade. And you can be on your way.

RAYNA

He's in IES custody now. They'll take him back to Washington.

CURRY

Who's they? Your boyfriend?

RAYNA

He's not my...

(pause)

He's got the mark and the package, he'll be under orders to go home.

CURRY

He misses you. Every time he returns to his shitty, little bachelor pad in Georgetown, he looks at photos of you.

Rayna's stunned and moved by that.

RAYNA

How... How do you know that?

CURRY

(grins)

Information, Miss Monroe. Most valuable commodity in the world, don't you agree? Moses knew it when he sent scouts to spy the Promised Land. Washington knew it when he hired that British informer before crossing the Delaware. You know, you can train the greatest army, build the greatest weapon, use the greatest strategy. But if somebody knows your secrets, you're marching to your grave.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEAPONS VAN, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DUSK

BINOCULAR POV: CURRY'S VILLA

perched on the mountain top in the afternoon light. Serviced by a undulating road. Armed NOSTRA GUARDS manning the gates.

ANGLE ON: LEONIE

lowering the BINOCULARS. We can tell she's worried...

...she returns to the weapons van which is hidden in a gully nearby. Alex is suiting up with tactical BODY ARMOR as Saraf prepares an IES-ISSUE SILENCED SUB-MACHINE GUN.

Hutch watches soberly, keeping his eyes on Monroe whose hands are still cuffed. Leonie sets the BINOCULARS down near Alex.

LEONIE

I can't see inside. And there's no schematics online. If you do go in there... You'll be going in blind, alone, against orders, and they're waiting for you.

ALEX

No mission's perfect.

LEONIE

Is she really worth it?

ALEX

(pause)

Be ready for me.

LEONIE

You're gonna get yourself killed.

She heads inside the van. He finishes suiting up and prepares to leave. Monroe watches Saraf gives him the SUB-MACHINE GUN.

MONROE

Let me come with you. You're going to need help in there.

(no reply)

I'm her *father* --

ALEX

Sorry, Terry. I don't go into the field with anybody I don't trust.

The two men eyeball each other...

...then Alex turns to face Saraf and Hutch.

ALEX
Thanks, guys. I mean it.

HUTCH
Vaya con dios, brother.

With that, Alex starts crouch-running towards the villa. We see Leonie anxiously watching him go from inside the van...

...the others watch from outside. *Monroe's face grows dark.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CURRY'S VILLA, NORTHERN CYPRUS - NIGHT

It's late. SEARCH LIGHTS sweep the grounds of Curry's villa.

ANGLE ON: TWO NOSTRA GUARDS

patrolling the perimeter wall. They meet and exchange a few words. Not noticing Alex peel over the wall behind them...

...he rushes the guards fearlessly. Striking them down with vicious body blows. DISLOCATING ELBOWS. BREAKING NOSES. His moves are precise and deadly.

Before the guards have hit the ground...

...Alex draws his SILENCED SUB-MACHINE GUN.

Sweeping the villa before him through his gun sights as he breathlessly whispers into the MINI-COMPUTER on his wrist:

ALEX
All right, I'm in.

LEONIE (ON SCREEN)
We're ready, Alex. Awaiting your signal.

With that, Alex slithers into the darkness of the villa.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, NORTHERN CYPRUS - NIGHT

The Weapons Van is still hiding in the gully as Hutch starts its ENGINES. Saraf secures Monroe in a back seat, then takes a position in a MACHINE GUN TURRET above Leonie.

Monroe quietly reaches into his mouth with his CUFFED HANDS and retrieves two tiny CAPSULES hidden beneath his gums...

...he twists the two tiny CAPSULES together.

Throws them at the floor. *And takes a deep breath.*

The capsules EXPLODE a second later. Not a violent burst, but a sudden release of NOXIOUS GAS. Rapidly congesting the van.

Saraf falls from the MACHINE GUN TURRET as if he was a puppet and somebody suddenly cut his strings. His eyes closing...

...as Leonie desperately tries to hit a RED ALERT BUTTON next to her monitor. She slumps in her seat. Head on her console.

Hutch turns fast, rising from his seat...

...drawing a PISTOL on Monroe who goes still.

But in the next second, Hutch's body gives in.

Monroe keeps holding his breath as he finds the HANDCUFF KEY in Hutch's pocket. He grabs his LAPTOP BRIEFCASE and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

An EXIT DOOR opens on a darkened kitchen. Alex steps in, the barrel of his SILENCED SUB-MACHINE GUN leading the way...

...silently prowling through the cutting tables and sinks as he makes his way to another door. This one leads to a narrow stairway that goes up.

INT. ROOMS/CORRIDORS, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

Alex darts through various corridors in the villa, checking rooms and dodging NOSTRA GUARDS as he searches for Rayna...

...finally, he spots a set of DOUBLE DOORS left eerily ajar.

EXT. CURRY'S VILLA, NORTHERN CYPRUS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Quint examines the bodies of the two dead NOSTRA AGENTS by the wall. Several other NOSTRA AGENTS swarm around him, gazing at the corpses...

...he meets their eyes, then pulls out a CELL PHONE.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

Alex breaks through the DOUBLE DOORS, his weapon raised. The lights switch on and we realize he's in Curry's office...

...there's Rayna sitting on a couch. Two armed NOSTRA AGENTS behind her. Curry rises from his desk. Smiling at Alex as he crosses the floor.

CURRY
Well done, Alex. You really are the
best I've ever seen. Can I call you
Alex?

Alex lines up on Curry...

...stopping him in his tracks.

ALEX
Let her go, Mr. Curry.

CURRY
(pause)
Okay.

ALEX
Okay?

CURRY
I'm not going to argue with a gun
pointed in my face.

He gives a nod to the two NOSTRA GUARDS who dutifully retract their weapons. Now Rayna rises cautiously from the couch...

...and rushes over to Alex. He's clearly relieved to hold her again. Keeping his SUB-MACHINE GUN leveled at Curry as he and Rayna back out of the room.

ALEX
(into mini-computer)
Leonie, we're coming out. Meet us
at the front gate.

But there's no reply...

ALEX
Leonie? Come in.

...still nothing. Alex looks at Curry.

And Curry just smiles. And Alex freezes.

INT. WEAPONS VAN, WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Alex's voice filters through to the Weapons Van...

ALEX'S VOICE

Leonie? Are you reading me! Answer
the goddamn line!

...but his team are still unconscious on the floor.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

Alex steps in close to Curry with his SUB-MACHINE GUN...

ALEX

What'd you do to them?

CURRY

I didn't do anything.

...he points to a wall of SECURITY MONITORS behind him. All the screens show various aspects of the villa. One is aimed at the FRONT GATE.

INSERT: MONITOR

as Alex and Rayna stare at it in shock...

...there's Monroe, calmly walking up to the FRONT GATE with the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE. He's greeted by two NOSTRA AGENTS and quickly led inside the villa.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & RAYNA

sharing a look as DOZENS OF NOSTRA AGENTS swarm through the DOUBLE DOORS into the office. Alex has no time to react...

...locking eyes with Quint who approaches Alex with a smirk on his marred face. Alex reluctantly surrenders his weapon, and Quint SUCKER-PUNCHES him.

Alex doubles over and a NOSTRA AGENT ties his hands.

INT. CORRIDORS, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: MONROE

as two NOSTRA GUARDS escort him through the villa up to the DOUBLE DOORS of Curry's office. Monroe grips the BRIEFCASE, his face lined with worry.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

He finds Alex on his knees, his hands bound tightly behind his back. Rayna sees her father but remains beside Alex...

...he registers the betrayal in her eyes with deep regret.

CURRY

Where've you been, Terry?

MONROE

You had no right to take my daughter.

CURRY

You delayed the drop. I told you I hate delays. What happened?

MONROE

Allow me to keep *one* secret from you, Daemon.

CURRY

You felt guilty, didn't you? Guilty towards *her*.

He glances at Rayna...

...she looks at her father.

CURRY

Your wife's gone. Your career's over. All you can do is make it right with your daughter. Just so happens she's still in love with the guy you *know* they'll send.

Alex looks at Rayna now...

...and Curry smiles, watching.

CURRY

He ask you to leave IES? Give it all up for a quiet life with his daughter?

(Alex says nothing)

You're pathetic, Terry. You've got a billion dollar code in your hands and all you can think about is how you were a shitty father.

Monroe glares at Curry, holding his eyes...

...then he delivers the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE which Curry simply passes to a waiting NOSTRA TECH OFFICER who quickly examines the SCROLLING CODE.

He gives the nod to Curry who grins and secures the LAPTOP in a SAFE behind his desk. He then turns to his own computer.

MONROE

Well?

CURRY

Give me a minute. Got something you might want to see here.

And with that, the SECURITY MONITORS go blank...

...then flick on showing different corridors and rooms.

And the images are immediately familiar. Walls of INDUSTRIAL GREY. WAVERING SUNLIGHT filtering in through the RE-INFORCED WINDOWS in the ceilings...

...there are people walking about. IES STAFFERS. We see the AIR VENTS lining the walls. The tech room. The garage. Even Lychenko in his office.

Alex and Monroe are completely floored.

RAYNA

What's going on? What is that?

ALEX

IES.

MONROE

How did you...

CURRY

The program I gave you? The one you used to download Palmer's code? Had a virus hidden inside. You fed it directly into the IES mainframe, gave me root access to the entire network.

MONROE

Oh my God...

CURRY

Operational systems. Doors. Air pumps. Phone lines. *Everything.*

He begins punching keys on his computer --

INT. GARAGE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- and through the SECURITY MONITORS we see the IES GUARD manning the entrance. All of a sudden, the SECURITY DOORS slam shut. Locking everyone in...

...the guard punches every switch he can find, but the doors don't respond. The ELEVATOR PAD is also balefully dormant --

INT. TECH VAULT, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- in the tech vault, we see Ramirez checking PHONE LINES and INTERNET CONNECTIONS. Nothing's working. Down here, even CELL PHONES have no reception...

...he calls up OPERATIONAL SYSTEMS on his computer and sees the VENTILATOR UNITS being remotely switched off. He pounds his keyboard to no avail --

INT. WAREHOUSE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- and now the FAN BLADES in the six massive VENTILATOR UNITS slow to a halt. The continual WHIRRING NOISE fading away into horrific silence...

...now several long BARS OF STEEL thread through slots on the WAREHOUSE DOORS. Bolting them firmly shut from the inside --

INT. LYCHENKO'S OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- a frantic IES STAFFER hands Lychenko a note. He reads it and his mouth drops. Looking at the AIR VENT on the floor --

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - DAY

-- there's real panic in IES now. Everywhere, IES STAFFERS are trying to escape their watery prison. HITTING and even SHOOTING the RE-INFORCED WINDOWS...

...people begin to scream for help through the GLASS WINDOWS above. PULL BACK FROM THE WINDOWS: As we watch them shouting silently forty feet underwater --

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

-- back with Alex and Monroe. Both of whom are reeling as they watch the screens. Struggling to process all this...

...while Curry finishes up at his computer and rises.

CURRY

I figure they have about six hours
worth of air.

Monroe quivers with mounting rage...

MONROE

You *used* me.

CURRY

No more than your superiors used
you your entire career.

...and Monroe just launches, diving across Curry's desk.

Hands around Curry's throat for just a second before Quint's
there. Hurling him to the floor. Kicking him in the kidneys.

Rayna SCREAMS, darting over to her father.

Alex tries to move but the NOSTRA GUARDS have him pinned on
his knees. Alex turns his gaze on Curry who seems amused by
Monroe's pathetic attempts.

ALEX

You're gonna kill seventy people.

CURRY

Seventy-six, I believe. Yours is
the only agency that continually
intercepts my marks and seizes the
secrets that I've paid for. Not to
mention all the men you've killed,
men I've had to hire and train and
pay benefits for.

(pause)

IES has been a pain in my ass for
twenty years. I feel like I've had
a hemorrhoid removed.

He gives a nod to his ASSISTANT...

...who hands him his coat and scarf.

CURRY

Now I have to go. I have a meeting
in Brussels with some "people" who
want to buy those codes.

(to Quint)

Make them watch until everyone at
IES is dead. And then *kill* them.

Curry breezes out the door, stopping by Alex...

CURRY

Why? Why do you care about IES when all it does is carry out the secret agendas of corrupt regimes?

ALEX

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it's for the best... The time it's not is worth the other ninety-nine.

...but Curry doesn't get it. He just sighs and leaves.

EXT. LANDING PAD, CURRY'S VILLA - NIGHT

The NOSTRA V/TOL TRANSPORT is waiting for him on a landing pad outside. Curry and his ASSISTANT climb aboard. And the vehicle rises into the air...

...the ROTORS TILTING as it turns towards the rising sun.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DAWN

CLOSE ON: HUTCH AND SARAF

slowly pulling INTO FOCUS as they stir Leonie on the floor of the WEAPONS VAN. She blinks and coughs. And they help her up, sitting her against her console...

...she's clearly disoriented and having trouble focusing.

LEONIE

Monroe...

HUTCH

Gone. Took his laptop with him.

LEONIE

We have to warn Alex...

SARAF

Alex's gone, too.

LEONIE

What? What do you mean?

SARAF

He's not answering his comms.

Leonie claws herself up onto her console. Urgently fitting on her HEADSET. Adjusting channels as she speaks into her mike:

LEONIE
 Alex, are you there? Alex, please!
 (no response)
 Alex...!

SARAF
 We have to tell Lychenko.

Leonie barely hears them, charging out the door...

...she stares up the mountain at the villa, terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

ANGLE ON: THE SECURITY CAMERAS

showing IES as it is right now. IES STAFFERS sit about in ones and twos. They are alive but weak. Nobody moves much, trying to conserve air.

CLOSE ON: MONROE

watching, defeated. He's still weak from the beating Quint gave him and unable to move much. Rayna kneels beside him, flinching every time we hear somebody PUNCHING someone...

...it's Quint wailing on Alex behind them. Alex's still on his knees. Hands bound. Unable to fight back. Quint pummels him with a grin on his face.

QUINT
 That one... That was for Capetown.
 (hits him again)
 And that one? That was for what you
 did to my face in El Salvador.

ALEX
 (weak)
 Hey, Quint? Your head...

QUINT
 What'd you say?

ALEX
 It's bleeding...

Quint feels his head, but can't feel any blood...

...SMACK! Alex HEAD-BUTTS him and he tumbles backwards.

He feels his forehead which is now bleeding. Alex spits out blood as he grins back at him. Quint breathes hate at Alex.

ANGLE ON: RAYNA

who has her eyes on Quint. As he continues to beat Alex, she nudges closer to an ANTIQUE LETTER OPENER on Curry's desk...

...mindful of the two NOSTRA GUARDS who are watching her.

CUT TO:

INT. WEAPONS VAN, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DAY

Meanwhile, down in the WEAPONS VAN, Saraf and Hutch watch Leonie at her console. All of them look extremely worried.

LEONIE
(into radio mike)
IES Control, this is Mobile Weapons
Van Zero-Six-One. Come in, over.

She's greeted with nothing but RADIO STATIC...

...she sets down her HEADSET, been at this for a while.

LEONIE
Something's wrong.

HUTCH
You checked the sat-feed?

LEONIE
Of course, I checked the sat-feed,
I've checked everything.

HUTCH
So what're you saying? They just
stopped answering their phones?

LEONIE
(pause)
I think IES is in trouble.

An uneasy silence descends.

SARAF
Well, what do we do now?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

It's quiet by the FRONT GATE to Curry's villa. Three NOSTRA GUARDS are milling about, smoking cigarettes and talking...

...and then, one sees something in the corner of his eye.

ANGLE ON: THE IES WEAPONS VAN

charging up the road towards them...

...before the NOSTRA GUARDS can react, ONE HUNDRED BULLETS rip through the IRON GATES and ruthlessly cut them down --

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, CURRY'S VILLA - MOVING - DAY

-- in the MACHINE GUN TURRET, Saraf glances down at Leonie.

SARAF

You did know it was a rhetorical question, right?

She says nothing, bracing herself as Hutch SMASHES through the IRON GATES. He lets loose a howl of unbridled joy --

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- they hear the MACHINE GUN FIRE from Curry's office. All eyes to the windows where they see the WEAPONS VAN veering into the courtyard outside.

In this moment of distraction, Rayna lunges for the LETTER OPENER. Sticking Quint in the back. He wails with pain...

...reaching behind and yanking it out.

Rayna backs up, stunned. Staring at him.

Quint glares at her. Draws his DESERT EAGLE.

ALEX

No!

A flurry of movement.

Quint fires his PISTOL.

But Monroe takes the bullet.

Diving in front of his daughter.

Rayna catches Monroe as he falls.

Tumbling to the floor together.

Alex watching them, shocked.

Quint is furious, lining up on Rayna once more. She cradles her wounded father in her arms. Not even looking at Quint.

Alex forces himself to his feet.

But he's not gonna get there in time.

As Quint starts to squeeze the trigger.

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE IN A HAIL OF GUNFIRE.

Everybody hits the floor. Quint. Alex. The Nostra Guards. The glass flies in and showers the room. *A thousand tiny shards --*

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- it's Saraf in the WEAPONS VAN which has just screeched to a halt outside the villa. He spins in his turret, taking out several NOSTRA AGENTS.

Hutch sets the PARK BRAKE, then rushes out of his seat. He's wearing tactical IES BODY ARMOR now. As are the other two...

...he joins Leonie by the door as Saraf finishes off the last NOSTRA AGENT in his gunsights. Then he follows. All three IES agents are armed with various weapons.

Leonie opens the door, only to be greeted by vicious SMALL ARMS FIRE. She scoots outside and takes cover behind a wall.

Hutch and Saraf follow, firing their guns...

...but it's Leonie who takes out the offending NOSTRA AGENTS with several well-placed shots. Making their way towards the window that Saraf blew apart --

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- their BULLETS zip into Curry's office. Buzzing Quint's ears as he darts over to the HOLDING SAFE behind the desk.

The two NOSTRA GUARDS return fire out the window...

...allowing Alex the chance to inch towards the bloody LETTER OPENER lying on the floor. Grasping it with his bound hands.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

removing the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE from the safe. He notices Alex cutting through his PLASTIC WIRE CUFFS. Alex glances back at him, narrowing his eyes...

...before Quint can shoot, Alex frees his hands and jumps on the two NOSTRA GUARDS firing out the window at the IES team.

Alex snaps BONES and wrenches SPINAL CORDS...

...both guards fall dead within three seconds.

He catches one of their rifles. Leveling it across the room at Quint. EMPTYING HIS MAGAZINE IN ONE CONTINUOUS ROAR...

...which sends Quint scuttling out the DOUBLE DOORS --

INT. CORRIDORS, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- he races down the corridors, chased by ALEX'S BULLETS.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Alex returns to the office and kneels by Monroe who's still alive, but fading. He sees Alex and pleads with his eyes...

...his voice choked with horror and despair.

MONROE

I'm sorry... I didn't know...

ALEX

It's okay.

MONROE

I *should've* known. I... I'm so sorry, Alex...

ALEX

You just hang in there, Terry.
(glancing at Rayna)
Rayna's gonna look after you now.

The IES TEAM hustles through the window, spreading out...

ALEX

Hutch.

...already, Hutch is removing a MED-KIT from his pack and tending Monroe's wound. Tears trickle down Rayna's face.

ANGLE ON: LEONIE

who's just now noticing the SECURITY MONITORS.

LEONIE
What's happening?

ALEX
Curry turned off their air. They've
got maybe fifteen minutes left.

SARAF
Holy crap...

ALEX
It's all controlled by Curry's
computer.

LEONIE
I'm on it.

ALEX
I'm going after that code.

LEONIE
Be careful out there, Alex.

ALEX
You know, that's the nicest thing
you've ever said to me.

Leonie fumbles for a reply...

...but Alex's already out the door --

INT. CORRIDORS, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- he darts through the corridor beyond the office. Following
the path Quint took. A pair of NOSTRA AGENTS round the corner
ahead of him...

...they collide as Alex opens up.

BOTH GUARDS FALL, RIDDLED POINT BLANK.

But not before a stray shot catches Alex. The BULLET scrapes
him, stunning him. Alex shakes the RINGING from his ears...

...then he hurries on down another corridor. Coming upon an
ELEVATOR. He wrests the doors apart with his RIFLE BAYONET.

And he peers down at the ELEVATOR descending far below him.

INT. SUB-LEVEL BASEMENT, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

The ELEVATOR DOORS open for Quint and three NOSTRA AGENTS...

...they follow him through an UNDERGROUND CAVE chiseled out of the bedrock. A FAST FLOWING RIVER churns through the cave.

ANGLE ON: A NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT

armed with forward and rear DECK CANNONS waiting in a berth nearby. A NOSTRA BOAT CREW ready to cast off. Quint directs the three agents with him to wait by the ELEVATOR...

...while he climbs aboard the ATTACK BOAT. The NOSTRA CAPTAIN immediately pulls away from the berth and speeds off down the river with the current at his back.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Alex zips down the ELEVATOR SHAFT, the sling from his rifle wrapped tightly around the ELEVATOR CABLES. He lands with a thud on roof of the ELEVATOR --

INT. SUB-LEVEL BASEMENT, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- and the three waiting NOSTRA AGENTS hear it. They crouch with their rifles. Eyes on the MAINTENANCE HATCH which sits on top of the ELEVATOR...

...it opens suddenly. And the three NOSTRA AGENTS pour fire into it. A DEADLY FUSILLADE OF BULLETS atomizing the hatch.

And then there's just silence.

The three NOSTRA AGENTS approach.

A FLASH-BANG GRENADE drops through the hatch. And before they can cover their eyes, it EXPLODES. *Blinding and deafening...*

...in the next second, Alex plunges through the hatch.

Gunning down the NOSTRA AGENTS with surgical precision.

Alex now races down to the berth where he glimpses the NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT as it speeds away down the UNDERGROUND RIVER...

ALEX

Goddamn...

...he quickly turns and ducks back into the ELEVATOR.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Meanwhile, Leonie works frantically at Curry's computer. Eyes on the SECURITY CAMERAS which show the baleful fate of IES...

...she POUNDS the keyboard, her fingers moving in a blur.

SARAF

Leonie?

LEONIE

He's got encryptions I've never
seen. It's gonna take some time.

A STREAM OF BULLETS suddenly cuts through the window...

...and Saraf RETURNS FIRE at the two NOSTRA AGENTS out there.

ANGLE ON: HUTCH

patching up Monroe as best he can...

...he gives Rayna a sober look, she knows --

INT./EXT. WEAPONS VAN, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

-- outside, Alex bolts towards the WEAPONS VAN. Drawing some of the GUNFIRE away from Saraf. BULLETS pepper the van as he darts inside...

...hurrying through the REAR HATCH now, Alex leaps across the hood of the Interceptor and opens the GULF WING SIDE DOOR.

In his seat. Belting up. Flicking switches.

The CARGO RAMP opens. And he SCREECHES back out --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, CURRY'S VILLA - MOVING - DAY

-- the two NOSTRA AGENTS race to get out of the way as the Interceptor backs towards them at sixty-five miles an hour.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

spotting them in his REARVIEW MIRROR...

...then swinging the Interceptor around in a one hundred and eighty-degree skid turn. *Catching both agents as she spins.*

Now Alex shifts down and blasts out the ruined FRONT GATES.

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Our now familiar Peter Gunn theme electrifies the SOUNDTRACK one more time as Alex guns the Interceptor down the road...

...the onboard mapping computer swiftly finds the UNDERGROUND RIVER Quint's using, directing Alex towards it with a serene, robotic voice.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

breaking off the PAVED ROAD onto a DIRT ROAD that runs next to the river. Alex can see it now. Glimpses of BROWN RUNNING WATER where the river emerges from the caves...

...and there's the NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT. Charging out of one cave and racing towards the next at over eighty knots.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

spotting the Interceptor on the road above the river...

...he barks at the NOSTRA BOAT CREW who man their weapons.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

peeling back from the road as the ATTACK BOAT'S 40mm DECK CANNONS roar up at him. *Bullets the size of milk bottles.*

He arms his SWARMER MISSILES --

EXT. NOSTRA JUMP JETS, SKIES - FLYING - DAY

-- but in the skies above, we now notice two NOSTRA JUMP JETS escorting the ATTACK BOAT. Packing AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILES and TWIN 30mm MACHINE GUNS...

...they plunge dutifully, pouncing upon the Interceptor --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, CANYONS - MOVING - DAY

-- and Alex's whole world suddenly EXPLODES around him. The MISSILES streak into the ground beside the car. Rocking him in his seat...

...he turns quickly, steering away from the river into a set of STEEP CANYONS. Following the dirt road. The two JUMP JETS hound him like dogs.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Back with Leonie. Racing against the clock. Punching out an unintelligible STREAM OF SYMBOLS as she fights to hack into Curry's computer.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, CANYONS - MOVING - DAY

ANGLE ON: ALEX

struggling to get a visual lock on the two FIGHTER PLANES...

...they weave nimbly through the air, powered not by massive tail afterburners, but by SIDE-MOUNTED QUAD JETS that appear to give them *hovering* capability.

The NOSTRA JETS keep themselves in Alex's blind spot, firing MISSILE after MISSILE. Ripping into the canyon around him.

BROKEN ROCKS tumble down onto the Interceptor...

...denting the FENDERS and cracking the WINDSHIELD.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA PILOTS

giving a nod to each other. One of them streaks ahead...

...while the other drives Alex onwards through the canyon.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

as the NOSTRA JUMP JET pursues it. Another MISSILE shudders the chassis. But Alex still can't get a visual. He slams on his brakes...

...and for a moment, the JUMP JET is directly overhead. The NOSTRA PILOT starts to pull back as Alex opens his SUNROOF.

He looks up at the belly of the plane...

...and triggers his SWARMER MISSILES.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA JUMP JET

frantically trying to evade the little MISSILES...

...one of them strikes his RIGHT WING, blowing a hole.

And the NOSTRA PILOT peels away, bugging out of the fight.

ANGLE ON: THE OTHER NOSTRA JUMP JET

rising above the canyon walls ahead now and racing at Alex with a STRAFING RUN. Alex swerves desperately as the plane fires its MACHINE GUNS...

...veering off the road onto a side road.

Unfortunately this new road immediately DEAD ENDS.

No time to brake. *The Interceptor flies off the edge.*

Soaring out over a fifty-foot drop. We see the FAST-FLOWING RIVER below. And the car is diving right down towards it --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

ANGLE ON: ALEX

swiftly hitting another button on his wheel. And again, this incredible vehicle transforms while still flying in the air.

The wheels shrink inside the chassis.

And two long STABILIZERS extend forward.

A smooth, sleek hull flattening out beneath.

And now the Interceptor's a boat. It hits the water hard but doesn't lose a breath of speed as it rockets down the river.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA JUMP JET

turning on a dime to follow the Interceptor --

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- ahead, Quint spots Alex closing in on his stern. He opens a METAL CAGE at the back of the boat. Releasing over a dozen explosive FLOATING BARRELS into the water...

...the barrels roll off the boat and spread out in its wake, BOBBING up and down like a bunch of massive beer cans --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- and Alex barely has time to react as he reaches the first BARREL. PROXIMITY DETECTORS trigger the explosives inside...

...and the HUGE ERUPTION throttles the Interceptor.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

targeting the next FLOATING BARREL with his MACHINE GUNS. The BULLETS do their job, EXPLODING several barrels that would've otherwise destroyed the Interceptor...

...but before he can clear the minefield, the NOSTRA JUMP JET catches up with him. Firing its last two MISSILES at the car.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

weaving through the barrels. Alex SHOOTING as many as he can while dodging the MISSILES. Plumes of spray shower over the chassis as the water trembles.

ANGLE ON: A FLOATING BARREL

as an EXPLOSION from one of the missiles pushes it close...

...it detonates right next to the Interceptor and lifts the vehicle into the air. FLIPPING it twice before it slams back into the roiling river.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

getting his bearings back.

There's only one BARREL left now...

...and Alex veers suicidally towards it.

The NOSTRA JUMP JET swooping down after him.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

as Alex hits the TURBO BOOST. And the vehicle lunges forward at incredible speeds. Powering over the FLOATING BARREL...

...pushing it underwater before its fuse can ignite.

The Interceptor rushes on as the FLOATING BARREL springs back up to the surface. Bobbing into the air as it DETONATES...

...the NOSTRA JUMP JET feels the force of the explosion.

Immediately pulling back as SHRAPNEL lacerates the fighter.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

finally turning his sights on Quint who's disappearing into a tunnel ahead. Alex steers his vehicle towards the tunnel...

...but now here comes the first Nostra Jump Jet again --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER TUNNEL - MOVING - DAY

-- clearly, this pilot is livid. Chasing Alex into the tunnel with a torn wing. *Skimming his jet six feet above the river.*

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

sprayed with MACHINE GUN FIRE...

...and with no room to maneuver, Alex's a sitting duck. The NOSTRA JUMP JET zeroes in for the kill. Its guns BLAZING --

ANGLE ON: ALEX

out of options. A WARNING LIGHT blinks urgently:

EXTERIOR HULL FAILING

Alex lines up the NOSTRA JUMP JET behind him...

...then he pushes a RED BUTTON on his dashboard.

ANGLE ON: THE INTERCEPTOR

as the decimated EXTERIOR HULL jettisons. Falling away like a snake shedding its skin. Fenders. Windshields. Tires. Motors.

We even glimpse the PASSENGER SEAT discarded...

...as the vehicle becomes a militarized JET SKI.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA JUMP JET

which gets pummeled with all the pieces of Alex's car...

...the fighter EXPLODES in a fiery mess, ripped to shreds.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Everybody watches the monitors grimly. There's very little movement at IES now. Everybody appears dead. But then...

LEONIE

I got it... I got it, I'm in! Now I just gotta find the right program.

...she starts flying through different files, searching.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

Quint spots Alex's JET SKI escape the tunnel. The big NOSTRA BOSS draws his DESERT EAGLE, ready at his side. Sensing the coming showdown --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- no sooner has Alex escaped from the tunnel, than he comes face to face with the other battle-scarred NOSTRA JUMP JET...

...it hovers down in front of him almost eye-level.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

deftly skewing his JET SKI sideways...

...showering the NOSTRA PILOT'S WINDOWS with water --

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- and now Quint's turning his attack boat on the little JET SKI. Forward DECK CANNONS blasting at it relentlessly...

...no way something so small can stand up to this for long --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- and Alex knows it. He's now playing chicken with a forty-foot attack boat. Both vessels charging fast at one another.

The 40mm DECK CANNON rip into the JET SKI...

...and Alex returns with smaller MACHINE GUNS.

But these BULLETS do little to stop the ATTACK BOAT.

All of a sudden, Alex's MACHINE GUNS stop firing. Dashboard monitors flashing red as he urgently squeezes the trigger:

MACHINE GUN AMMUNITION DEPLETED

Alex switches to SWARMER MISSILES...

...another flashing red sign pops up:

SWARMER MISSILES DEPLETED

He looks up at the oncoming NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT...

...that sinking feeling in his gut once more.

ALEX
Aw, shit.

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

Quint allows a triumphant smile.

QUINT
(under his breath)
You're out...

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

Alex punches a button: RAIL GUN.

ALEX
(under his breath)
I only need one...

A CYLINDER flips up from the back...

...it begins to GLOW as if charging up --

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- and all of a sudden, Quint's smile runs away. He can see the small RAIL GUN charging on the back of the JET SKI...

...he grabs the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE and jumps overboard --

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- as Alex finally triggers the weapon...

...and a BLUE ENERGY PULSE fires with no sound --

EXT. NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

-- the beam focuses on the NOSTRA ATTACK BOAT...

...destroying it in one single almighty EXPLOSION.

The NOSTRA BOAT CREW incinerate. But Quint just makes it over the side with the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE. The FLAMES chasing him...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Leonie continues searching CURRY'S FILES. *Where is it?*

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. INTERCEPTOR, RIVER - MOVING - DAY

Back to Alex now. Quint's still alive. In the water. The LAPTOP BRIEFCASE in his hands. Alex veers towards him...

...mercilessly running him down with the JET SKI.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

ducking underwater as Alex makes his pass...

...he sees Alex turning for another run --

EXT. NOSTRA JUMP JET, SKIES - FLYING - DAY

-- but here comes the NOSTRA JUMP JET. Quint beckons it down to the water. The pilot flies in low and comes to a hover...

...dipping his wing into the water so Quint can climb on.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

grunting with frustration as he sees this. He punches FULL THROTTLE on his JET SKI. Skipping fast across the water...

...leaping up off his JET SKI as the plane begins to rise.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA JUMP JET

as Alex catches the other wing. Dangling underneath as the plane lifts up into the air. *Hundreds of feet in seconds...*

...now both men spot each other and climb onto the top of the NOSTRA JUMP JET. The NOSTRA PILOT gets a look from Quint. And he obediently holds his aircraft in a hover.

ANGLE ON: ALEX & QUINT

staring at each other, both bloodied and weak...

...and then it's on. Quint hammers Alex with the BRIEFCASE, almost knocking him off the plane in the first few moments.

Alex strikes back with everything he's got.

As they fight, the plane wobbles about. One wrong foot means a thousand foot drop to the barren Cypriot plains far below.

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA PILOT

struggling to keep the plane level. Glancing nervously at the two men through his rear windows. He checks his FUEL GAUGE...

...the FUEL TANKS are low, slipping into EMERGENCY RESERVES.

ANGLE ON: QUINT

pinning Alex to the wing under the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE...

...their faces are inches apart. Quint's ugly mug gazing down at Alex with a world of spite. Alex stares right back at him.

Quint's slowly pushing Alex to the edge...

...in a few moments, Alex will fall.

He grabs a hold of a WING FLAP...

ALEX

You want the codes? You can *have* them.

...with his other hand, Alex yanks the BREATHING HOSE from Quint's nose. Quint gasps for air as Alex threads the hose through the BRIEFCASE HANDLE.

Alex then cuts his resistance and Quint goes flying off the wing. Alex holding the WING FLAP. Watching as Quint falls --

EXT. PLAINS, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DAY

-- he SLAMS into the hard earth a thousand feet below. We see his body disappear behind a boulder. And hear the LETHAL THUD of the impact...

...the LAPTOP BRIEFCASE lands moments later. SMASHING into a million BROKEN PIECES which scatter in every direction --

EXT. NOSTRA JUMP JET, SKIES - FLYING - DAY

CLOSE ON: ALEX

hanging onto the WING FLAP, exhausted. A great relief washing over him at last...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

Leonie drips with sweat as she flails the keyboard. THOUSANDS OF FILES rippling across the screen, all independently named.

LEONIE

He's got a thousand files in here!

MONROE

Pick the most harmless. Most simple one. That's where a man like Daemon Curry would've hidden it.

LEONIE

Most harmless... Operating budget?

MONROE

No...

LEONIE

Charity donations?

MONROE

No...

SARAF

We're running out of time.

MONROE

Keep looking... Keep...

LEONIE

There's the kindergarten schedule for his kids.

MONROE

Try that one.

Leonie CLICKS on that file...

...and an enormous PROGRAM appears.

LEONIE

That's it... You found it...

MONROE

Now reboot the system. Quickly.

Leonie moves even faster, breaking into the program and rewriting the script. One eye on the SECURITY MONITORS.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH ROOM, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The IES computers suddenly start blinking. Ramirez lifts his head weakly. Eyes widening at the message on his screen:

EMERGENCY SYSTEM REBOOT
ENGAGING VENTILATOR UNITS

He looks at it again, can't believe his eyes --

INT. WAREHOUSE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- the gigantic blades in the six VENTILATOR UNITS begin to move. Sucking in air once more and pumping it down below --

INT. CORRIDORS, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- we see FRESH AIR streaming in through the AIR VENTS in the corridors. Ruffling people's clothes and hair. They start to stir, looking about...

...several IES STAFFERS drag themselves over to the vents and gape in the air. *The first drink after crossing the desert* --

INT. LYCHENKO'S OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- now Lychenko's eyes open slowly. He sees a PIECE OF PAPER fluttering on his desk. And his eyes turn to the AIR VENTS --

INT. GARAGE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- the EMERGENCY DOORS spring open. The IES MECHANIC lowers the ELEVATOR PAD to allow more fresh air. Everyone's gasping and crying with relief...

...helping each other up and hugging one another --

INT. LYCHENKO'S OFFICE, IES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

-- we see Lychenko step out of his office. Watching the IES STAFFERS rejoice in the corridors. He's genuinely affected.

A warm smile creases Lychenko's weary face...

...he lights a CIGARETTE and returns to his office.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE, CURRY'S VILLA - DAY

They watch it all on the SECURITY MONITORS in Curry's office.

HUTCH

They made it. They're alive. You did it.

SARAF

Not bad. Not bad at all.

LEONIE

I broke a nail.

She stares at her BROKEN NAIL and smiles, exhausted.

ANGLE ON: MONROE

watching the SECURITY MONITORS from the floor with Rayna. He grins, then breathes sharply from the pain in his wound.

RAYNA

You saved them, dad. You helped save IES. It's going to be okay now.

MONROE

I wasn't there for you...

RAYNA

It doesn't matter...

MONROE

I wish I'd known you better... You remind me of... Of your mother...

And now Rayna's crying helplessly...

...he reaches into his jacket and removes a COMPUTER DISK, placing it in her hands. Looking up at her with grave eyes.

MONROE

This is the proof... What Glenn Palmer was trying to get out...

(pause)

Do it for him... For me...

And now he's gone, his eyes closing...

...and Rayna cradles him, the disk in her hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOSTRA JUMP JET, SKIES - FLYING - DAY

Alex claws his way back up onto the NOSTRA JUMP JET now. The plane is still hovering at a thousand feet. The NOSTRA PILOT sees Alex behind him...

...and he's scared shitless. As Alex starts to advance on the cockpit, the NOSTRA PILOT anxiously pulls the EJECTION LEVER.

WHOOSH! The whole seat shoots up into the air...

...a PARACHUTE opening high above, slowing his fall.

ANGLE ON: ALEX

now standing on top of a pilotless plane...

...and now it starts to drop. Out of control. Alex grabs onto the wing. Holding fast to keep from being blown right off it.

The ground races up fast before him...

...as he fights his way into the cockpit.

Grabbing the controls. Trying to pull it up.

He's standing in the cockpit. *There is no seat anymore.* All his weight on the stick. Finally, the aircraft levels out...

...and he drops it the last few yards in a CONTROLLED CRASH.

The NOSTRA JUMP JET disappears in a CLOUD OF DUST. There is no movement inside. Everything appears deathly still...

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS, NORTHERN CYPRUS - DAY

ANGLE ON: THE NOSTRA PILOT

landing a short distance away. He touches down safely. The PARACHUTE falling on top of him. He removes his helmet and peels off the PARACHUTE...

...WHACK! Alex smacks him across the jaw.

The NOSTRA PILOT collapses, unconscious.

And Alex walks off across the plains.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT, BRUSSELS - NIGHT

A swanky restaurant entertains a swanky European clientele.

SUPER: Brussels, Belgium

CLOSE ON: DAEMON CURRY

being led to a table in a private booth. Two BELGIAN MEN are waiting here for him. Dressed just as nicely as he is...

...they watch him as he orders something from the WAITER in French. We get the sense these are dangerous men. And they're annoyed to have to suffer Curry's Cheshire grin.

CURRY
So... Shall we begin negotiating or
shall we wait for dinner to arrive?

BELGIAN MAN#1
You have the code?

CURRY
Of course, I have the --

-- but just now, his CELL PHONE rings...

...he excuses himself and answers it. Though we don't hear what's said, we see the Cheshire grin quickly disappear...

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE JET, ERCAN AIRPORT - DAY

CLOSE ON: RAYNA & ALEX

as they watch a COFFIN being loaded onto a PRIVATE JET which sits on the tarmac of a small airport in Northern Cyprus...

...there are tears in Rayna's eyes, her voice is choked.

RAYNA
I don't suppose you'd care to come
with me.

ALEX
I have to get back to IES. Lychenko
wants his debrief.

RAYNA
Right...

Alex feels awful, trying to console her...

ALEX

It's always going to be like this.

RAYNA

I know. Believe me, I know.

ALEX

What're you going to do now?

RAYNA

Bury my father with my mother. He asked me to do something. I don't know whether or not I should.

ALEX

He was a good man. I'm sure it's for the best, whatever it is.

RAYNA

You really think he was good?

ALEX

I think he was hurt. But he taught me a thing or two.

...that seems to mollify her somewhat.

They stare at each other, then Alex kisses her...

...and she folds into his arms for what they both know will be the last time. When they finally part, she gazes at him.

RAYNA

Jesus, Alex... How many times did that eel shock you?

ALEX

Just once.

She stares at him a moment, hesitant...

...then reluctantly turns for the plane.

RAYNA

(pausing)

Take care of yourself, Tigger.

Alex grins back at Rayna, watching her disappear inside the plane. WE PULL BACK ON: Alex walking back to the terminal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

CLOSE ON: ALEX

cutting three hard ORANGES at a table in a busy city cafe. He squeezes the halves onto a REAMER and pours himself a drink.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER on his table announces:

PENTAGON GENERAL RETIRES IN SHAME
LEAKED DOCUMENTS SHOW INFLATED INTEL

Alex smiles to himself as he glances over it.

ANGLE ON: A CAFE WAITRESS

delivering a plate of BLUEBERRY PANCAKES in front of Alex. He thanks her with a nod, pausing a moment to savor the STEAMING stack of pancakes...

...he reaches for the SYRUP and pours it on, like an artist adding the last brush strokes of a masterpiece. *Perfect.*

Now he picks up his knife and fork and makes his first slice into the stack. *The pancakes cut like butter.* Alex loads his fork, lifting it to his mouth...

...when all of a sudden, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sits down in front of him. Alex stares across at her, his mouth frozen open. The woman just stares back.

Alex studies the woman a moment. Eyes on the SHOULDER HOLSTER peeking out from under her sharp suit. She just continues not to say anything...

...and the silence is maddening. Alex *has to know who she is.*

ALEX
It's hot today.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(French accent)
So it is. But not as hot as the
Azores in June.

ALEX
You're a hunter.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(nods)
I'm Agent Duvelle. Lychenko sent me
to find you. We have a new mission.

ALEX

We?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Lychenko feels he needs the two of
us on this one.

ALEX

Can I at least finish my pancakes?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

What do you think?

He looks at her, looks at his pancakes...

...then he sighs and signals the WAITRESS.

ALEX

Check, please.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.