

TAKEN

by

Alexander Cary

FADE IN:

INT. SPEEDING TRAIN - DAY

BRYAN MILLS, 33, moves through the crowded train carrying two teas and sandwiches on a cardboard drinks carrier.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND - DAY

The train cuts through the winter-stripped countryside.

INT. SPEEDING TRAIN - DAY

... And TILTS through a bend, almost causing Bryan to lose balance. A sandwich slides off the tray but he just manages to catch it. The teas slosh precariously.

PASSENGERS keep a wary eye on the shaggy, slightly lumbering and unsteady dude with the disarming smile and hot drinks.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

CALI, 23, sits by a window, writing in a greeting card.

A GUY (late 40s, boring life), across the aisle, steals glances at her. Can't help himself. She's that compelling, beguiling.

Bryan arrives.

BRYAN
They didn't have plain mint so I
got you raspberry mint. And a
mystery meat sandwich.

CALI
Yum.

He hands her the teas and sandwiches.

CALI (CONT'D)
Did you get mom and dad a card or
do you want to sign this one?

BRYAN
(defensive)
I was going to get them a card.

CALI
(smiles)
Right.

BRYAN
Gimme that.

He takes the card and pen. *Happy Anniversary* card; she added "40th". He catches the guy staring at Cali.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Beautiful, huh?

GUY
Uh?

BRYAN
The countryside.

GUY
Oh. Yeah.

Guy swallows and smiles, busted. Bryan turns to Cali, grins.

CALI
Just sign the card.

BRYAN
Excuse me for looking out for my
little sister.

CALI
I'm all grown up now. Thanks.

He opens the card. She's filled one whole side.

BRYAN
Jesus, Cali, you wrote them a novel
here.

CALI
About another hour until we get
there. You'll think of something.

She puts on headphones and gets out a MEDICAL TEXT BOOK.

Bryan thinks what to write in the card. He steals a look at Cali and her text book. She's so focused that she doesn't notice him watching her, with admiration and pride.

EXT. STATION - DAY

TWO MEN wait, side by side. The younger (late 20s), wears a brown coat, sunglasses, dirty RED baseball cap; the other (late 30s), wears a black leather coat, GREEN baseball cap.

A sprinkling of OTHER PASSENGERS. Friday afternoon vibe.

Train pulls in, reflected in Red's sunglasses.

INT./EXT. TRAIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Pulling in to the station. Bryan hasn't figured out what to write in the card yet. Cali has her nose in her work, music on. Bryan's attention drifts to the people on the platform.

BRYAN'S POV: passing RED and GREEN on the platform. Then Boisterous LITTLE KIDS being corralled by their PARENTS...

His eyes SNAP BACK to Red and Green. Something about them.

The train comes to a stop and the people board. Red and Green enter Bryan's car. Oddly, Red takes a seat at one end and Green, brushing past Bryan, goes to the other end.

The train pulls out of the station. Bryan glances at both Red and Green. Neither one has taken his hat or coat off.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Cruising speed again. Farmland waiting for the thaw.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Cali sips her tea and studies, headphones on. Bryan watches RED... who slides his right hand inside his coat, and folds the other arm over it.

At the other end of the car, Green also has his arms folded.

Bryan lifts Cali's headphones off.

CALI

What are you doing? Done with the
card yet?

But something's changed. In his eyes.

BRYAN

I need you to do exactly as I say--
no time for questions--just listen:
when I start walking down the car I
want you to grab that backpack from
the overhead rack, see it?

CALI

Bryan, what's--

BRYAN

Do you see it?

CALI

Yeah.

BRYAN

And when that guy in the sport coat
over there tells you it's his,
argue with him and keep it going
until I either come back or shout
out your name. But if I shout your
name you need to immediately get
down and crawl into the empty
luggage space between those seats.

CALI

You're scaring me.

BRYAN

Did you get all that, yes or no?

CALI

Yes.

BRYAN

Good. Everything's gonna be fine--

And with that, he's up and heading towards RED. Cali steels
herself, gets up, takes the backpack down.

SPORT COAT

Hey excuse me, that belongs to me.

CALI

What? No, I don't think so.

SPORT COAT

Yeah, it does...

Cali sees a SMALL CHILD (7) in an aisle seat, watching her.

RED and GREEN see sport coat and the hot woman arguing.

BRYAN walking towards Red, locking eyes with him. Red tenses, heart and mind racing.

CALI and SPORT COAT obscure GREEN's POV of Bryan.

CALI (O.S.)
There's no need to talk to me
like... All you have to do is--

RED, locked in Bryan's stare, unfolds his arms, starting to pull his right hand out from inside the coat, Bryan shouts--

BRYAN
CALI!

He grabs someone's hot tea.

CALI tosses the backpack to Sport Coat, turns, SEES the SMALL CHILD...

RED's HAND comes out of his coat, holding a gun.

BRYAN slings the tea in Red's face, knife-hands him in the throat, grabs his gun.

Messy. Instinctive. Raw.

He spins and SEES GREEN--through SLOW REACTING PASSENGERS--on his feet, pulling out a MACHINE PISTOL and firing a burst.

TWO SHOTS from Bryan, through traffic, hit GREEN in the head as he fires A WILD BURST that smashes windows and stitches the ceiling and shorts out the lights.

RED jumps Bryan from behind and kicks his legs out from under him. Bryan falls down on his knees.

PASSENGERS SCREAM, dive for cover.

RED has Bryan in a choke hold, yanking his neck back.

EXT. SPEEDING TRAIN - INTERCUT

THE TRAIN enters a TUNNEL.

No lights. SCREAMING. We just make out the struggle, the whites of Bryan's eyes.

DAYLIGHT again. RED on top of Bryan, forcing the gun barrel under his chin.

A HAND pulls the EMERGENCY CORD.

Train screeches to a stop. Anything not tied down GOES FLYING. Red's thrown off of Bryan. Gun comes loose.

Bryan scrambles for it. As does Red. Bryan grabs a laptop, backhands it, edge first into Red's face.

Bryan gets the gun and pins Red down with a knee to his chest, gun in his bleeding face.

Red grabs the barrel with both hands, holds it there, in his own face. Psycho eyes.

RED

Do it.

BRYAN

Oh trust me--

OFF DUTY COP (O.S.)

OKAY, LISTEN UP, I'M A COP, NO ONE MOVE. EVERYBODY STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

COP holds up a badge and gun. Dollar short and a day late.

BRYAN

You got cuffs?

OFF DUTY COP

Plastic.

BRYAN

Get over here.

He punches Red out. Cop arrives. Bryan scrambles to the luggage space between the seats and finds

THE SMALL CHILD

hiding there. Bryan turns, and SEES

CALI

slumped on a seat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Cali...

He grabs her. She's limp. Bloody. Dead. Shot in the back.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train stands still in the middle of nowhere. 50 yards away, a country road runs parallel to the tracks.

Passengers spill out into the FIELD, in shock, phoning loved ones. A couple of injuries but nothing life threatening.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

FIND BRYAN, still on the train, sitting by a broken window, holding Cali, wishing it he was he who was killed.

Then the guy who was eyeing up Cali, earlier, leans in.

GUY
Help's on the way... Can you hear
me? Help's coming... Hear that?

O.S. -- SOUND of a HELICOPTER.

BRYAN'S POV -- Guy, in his face. But his voice and the thump-thump of the helicopter are blending into one nightmarish noise, getting LOUDER and LOUDER...

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

M.O.S. -- cop cars and ambos, lights swirling, on the road. Bryan standing alone, watching PARAMEDICS take Cali's covered body, on a stretcher, to the helicopter.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - GARDEN - DAY

Tranquil and lush. Maybe a little overgrown. High hedges. The city on the other side, muffled.

FIND CHRISTINA HART, mid-40s, in overalls, dirt on her face, hair up, on her knees in a flower bed, planting.

Her phone vibrates. She pulls it out. Checks the screen.

HART
(into phone)
Yeah...
(listens, then--)
I'm not near a TV, give me the
headlines.

EXT. SMALL COMMERCIAL FISHING TOWN - HARBOR - NIGHT (RAIN)

RAIN drums on THREE NEWS VANS, parked on the street, across from some modest harbor-front houses. Fish haul being unloaded from a COMMERCIAL FISHING BOAT in the harbor.

A LOCAL COP CAR turns onto the street. REPORTERS and CAMERA OPERATORS scramble from the vans, firing up CAMERA LIGHTS.

INT. COP CAR - SIMULTANEOUS (NIGHT)

Small town cop, CAPTAIN TOM MOORE, 50, drives. Bryan in the shotgun seat. Rain blurred windshield, thumping wipers. They see the news vans and lights ahead.

BRYAN
Ah, Christ.

TOM
I could circle the block a couple times, call in reinforcements.

BRYAN
Nah. Screw it.

EXT. HARBOR STREET - NIGHT

Bryan and Captain Tom get out of the car. Tom escorts Bryan through the reporters as peacefully as possible.

CAPTAIN TOM
(to reporters)
Come on now--

REPORTERS (O.S.)
Bryan... Bryan... Can you tell us what happened?

Bryan stops. Rain rods.

BRYAN
This is a very difficult time for my family, as I'm sure you can understand. Some respect for that right now would be much appreciated. Thank you.

REPORTER #1
What was it about those two men that you saw, that no one else did?

CAPTAIN TOM
You heard the man. Back up now.

He attempts to hold them back as Bryan goes to the house.

Front door is half-opened by his dad, GABE (63), a weatherbeaten, leather tough, commercial fisherman.

INT. MILLS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Bryan stands there, facing his mom, SARAH (58), and dad. No one knows what to say for a moment.

SARAH
Have you eaten anything, Bry?
(beat)
I fixed you something.

He approaches. Hugs her. She holds his head to her shoulder and softly pats his back. Over her shoulder he watches Gabe fighting to fasten down his pain.

INT. O.D.N.I. - SCIF - NIGHT

Office of the Director of National Intelligence - Secure Compartmentalized Information Facility.

But no government agency insignia in evidence (yet).

Secure. Soundproofed. Lights over a dark wood conference table. Dark around the edges, where, we sense, some screens and technology may lurk.

Christina Hart, now impressively yet simply put together in business attire, stands across from RILEY (29, female) and MARZOKI (38, male, Lebanese) and FAARON (41, male, Chinese American, ex-Agency).

TWO BOXES (Top Secret seals broken) and various D.O.D. and D.E.A. FILES, surveillance photographs and documents scattered on the table. And some take-out food containers.

NOTE: first scene in here is low-tech; no screens.

HART
What's law enforcement saying?

MARZOKI
Still waiting for the press conference.

HART
And the surviving gunman?

FAARON
Refusing to talk without a lawyer.

HART
No outbursts? Delusional rants?

MARZOKI

Total silence is what we're hearing.

HART

Okay. Now I'm interested.

FAARON

And then there's this.

He hands Hart a two year old D.O.D. FILE PICTURE of Bryan, dressed in military uniform.

FAARON (CONT'D)

Bryan Mills. Ex-military. Green Beret. Three tours in Afghanistan--

HART

Gonna go out on a limb, right off the bat here, and say this isn't Middle East related.

Riley, pushes an opened, secret D.E.A. file across the table.

RILEY

Porto Velho, Colombia, January 2015. 15 months ago. Mills's last active service posting, as advisor to Colombian special forces for operation "Snow Joe," to capture Carlos Mejia, AKA, "El Angel."

She hands Hart a 7 year old surveillance picture of "EL ANGEL," 41, charismatic.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Last seen 7 years ago.

HART

I guarantee you he doesn't look anything like that any more.

Marzoki places a hand on each of the two boxes.

FAARON

CIA, based on source and asset reports, believes his cartel is now running terrorists and weapons, as well as drugs, into the U.S.

HART

Want to know the scariest part about that?

MARZOKI
CIA still files in boxes.

HART
So. Porto, where again?

RILEY
Velho.

MARZOKI
Turned out El Angel wasn't even there. But his son, *Miguel Mejia*, was.

He shows her a Colombian police autopsy picture of MIGUEL MEJIA, 23, two bullets in the melon.

HART
Our friend on the train do that?

MARZOKI
While saving the life of an undercover D.E.A. Agent.

Hart nods, digesting this.

RILEY
If this is El Angel avenging the death of his son, he's probably not gonna stop until it's done.

HART
Good.

Cold maybe. But this is serious work.

HART (CONT'D)
If that's what this is.
(beat)
So starting right now, we control the story. State and local law enforcement, FBI, everyone on the same sheet of music: this was two delusional maniacs, investigation ongoing, you know the rest...

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bryan eats. His mother, Sarah, watches. O.S. -- in another room they can just hear a press conference on the TV.

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)
...had it not been for former Green
Beret, Sergeant First class, Bryan
Mills...

Gabe enters, wound so tight he's shaking.

GABE
Hear that? They're saying they it
was two psychos on drugs...

ON Bryan--it's like he knows that's bullshit.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - NIGHT

RED, in overalls and flip-flops, sits on the bunk, his face
fucked up from the fight with Bryan on the train.

Door opens. JOHN (41, black) and BECCA VLASIK (34, Harvard
Law), in business attire, enter. Door locks behind them. John
has a brief case. Vlasik carries a chair.

JOHN
How you doing?

RED
Who are you?

John hands him a business card. Attorneys.

JOHN
I'm John. My associate, Becca.

Red eyes Vlasik.

VLASIK
So what have you told the police so
far?

RED
What do you think?

Vlasik sits on the chair. John hands her the briefcase.

VLASIK
And tomorrow?

RED
Same as today. Nothing.

JOHN
And the next day. And the next day.

RED
Long as it takes.

Vlasik pops the locks on the briefcase. CLUNK-CLUNK.

VLASIK
I don't buy it.

RED
Excuse me?

JOHN
That it's possible for you to say
nothing forever. State police are
one thing, but the type of people
we believe are gonna be coming at
you next--I have to agree, not sure
I buy it either, unless, that is...

Vlasik takes a PILL BOTTLE from the briefcase, twists the cap
off and shakes a single GREENISH CAPSULE onto her palm.

Red stands up, nervous.

RED
What is this?

VLASIK
What were you expecting? They'd
send someone to spring you? Really?

Before Red, indignant, can think of an answer, John one-hand-
grabs his throat, cuts off his windpipe. Vlasik steps in, the
pill between her finger and thumb, close to Red's open mouth.

JOHN
We've been instructed to tell you
that your family will be generously
compensated for your sacrifice.

Red struggles in John's grasp.

RED
You can't do... The hit was...

John releases the pressure on his neck, slightly.

JOHN
Was what?

RED
Good... It was a good hit.

VLASIK
How do you figure that?

RED
We got her didn't we?

VLASIK
(pause)
Her.

RED
Yeah.

JOHN
What about him?

RED
What? No. We were told to leave him
for...

He stops himself. Ohhhh shit.

JOHN
Yes?

RED
Who are...

John lets go of his throat. Red falls back onto the bunk,
gagging.

JOHN
Didn't she just tell you it'd be
impossible to say nothing, forever?

RED
You cops?

VLASIK
Please.

RED
(beat)
I'm a dead man.

JOHN
In case you hadn't figured it out
already, your life is now in *our*
hands. So if I were you, I'd start
trying to live in the moment.

EXT. SMALL FISHING TOWN - DAY

Massachusetts. Old whaling town. Seagulls wheeling. Hearse outside the church. MOURNERS file in. FIND Bryan, at the church door; he notices a

BLACK PANEL VAN WITH TINTED WINDOWS

drive slowly past. While accepting passing condolences, he keeps an eye on it until it turns a corner, passing a COUPLE LOCAL COPS who are holding a handful of REPORTERS at bay.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Large picture of Cali by the coffin, in front of the altar. Some gentle ORGAN MUSIC. People fill up the pews.

FIND Christina Hart, in the back, watching Bryan as he joins his parents in the front.

PREACHER takes the pulpit.

PREACHER

Please stand.

Everyone stands. Church is full now. Organ starts to play "Eternal Father." Everyone SINGS:

CONGREGATION

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound..."

Which CONTINUES OVER:

INT. MILLS HOME - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Door opens. Someone enters. CASEY (late 30s), stealth mode. He moves through to the stairs, passing the KITCHEN, where TWO WOMEN prepare food for the wake. He goes up the stairs, feet on the edges, where the wood won't creek.

INT. MILLS HOME - BRYAN'S ROOM - DAY

Remnants of Bryan's boyhood. Casey finds BRYAN'S PHONE charging on the dresser. He pulls a device the size of a small hard drive out of his pocket and plugs it into the phone. Phone powers down.

INT./EXT. BLACK PANEL VAN - DAY

Same van that drove by the Church a minute ago, creeps down a side street.

INSIDE, we're OVER THE DRIVER'S SHOULDER as he pulls over at an intersection. View of the Harbor and the Mills house.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

HEAR the hymn winding down...

PREACHER (V.O. PRE-LAP)
Please be seated.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Everyone sits. Somber silence. The door SQUEAKS. Bryan turns to see someone arriving late, who were prepping the food in the house, arrive. He smiles at them as they sit next to Christina Hart.

Bryan leans over to his dad, Gabe.

BRYAN
Who's that next to Wendy Roberts?

Gabe turns to look at Hart. Shrugs.

INT. BRYAN'S ROOM - DAY

Casey watches the phone power up again. *INSTALLATION COMPLETE*. He unplugs the device, puts it in his pocket and exits through the empty house.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE ON a WOMAN'S HEELS walking up the aisle. FOLLOW her--dark hair tumbling onto her shoulders--into the pulpit.

LENORE
Cali was my best friend.

CAMERA ARMS around to reveal LENORE (20s), not from here. Lovely.

LENORE (CONT'D)
My roommate. My inspiration...

Bryan looks over his shoulder again. But now Hart has gone. Bryan's getting a funny feeling.

INT./EXT. ND CAR - DAY

Parked on a back street. BERNIE (late 30s, burly, beard) at the wheel. Casey in the passenger seat. Hart gets in back.

HART

What a terrible waste. So sad.

Bernie nods, respectfully. They drive away.

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY

MOURNERS packed into the small home. Booze, sandwiches, tears, memories. FIND Bryan, by a window, on edge.

MOURNER

... Sorry for your loss, Bry.
Anything I can do, just--

BRYAN

Whose van is that, do you know?

He points out the window, to the BLACK VAN, its nose poking out from an intersection, 50 yards away.

MOURNER

No, never seen it before.

BRYAN

That's what I thought--

He turns to go but LENORE steps out in front of him. Stunning. He can't just blow by her.

LENORE

Hi.

BRYAN

Hi.

LENORE

Lenore.

BRYAN

Right.

He's so clearly shy, which she was not expecting.

LENORE

I just wanted to tell you that Cali
never stopped talking about you.
Her war hero brother.

BRYAN

She made more of it than it was.

LENORE

She loved you so much.

BRYAN

(awkward pause)
Thank you.

Then, as she's about to say something else--

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, there's something I need to--

LENORE

Go.

GABE watches Bryan exit the house. He puts his beer down.

EXT. HARBOR STREET - DAY

WITH BRYAN kicking into a SPRINT towards the BLACK VAN.

Van pulls out. Bryan slams up against the tinted driver side
window. He hammers on it with the side of his hand.

BRYAN

LOOKING FOR ME? HERE I AM...

WHEELS spin in the wet.

BRYAN bangs on the window.

Van fishtails, throwing Bryan off, into a parked car. That
had to hurt. Van gets away.

ON BRYAN, winded, adrenaline rushing. Gabe reaches down and
helps him up.

GABE

Anything you want to tell me?

BRYAN

(pause)
Cali's dead because of me.

GABE

What?

He pushes past his dad.

GABE (CONT'D)

Bryan!

WITH Bryan as he keeps going, blood up now. Unstoppable.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. MILLS HOME - DAY (A MINUTE LATER)

Bryan rushes back in, passing Sarah, Lenore, Captain Tom, and other guests. He goes up the stairs, two at a time.

SARAH

Bryan?

Gabe enters a few seconds behind Bryan. He starts up the stairs. She follows. He turns to stop her.

GABE

I got this.

(sees Captain Tom)

Tom...

Captain Tom steers Sarah back into the living room.

INT. MILLS HOME - BRYAN'S ROOM - DAY

Bryan throws his shit in a bag. Gabe enters, shuts the door.

GABE

Because of you how?

Bryan considers his tough-ass dad.

BRYAN

They weren't random psychos on that train...

OFF BRYAN'S PHONE--

INT. SCIF - DAY - INTERCUT (AS NECESSARY)

START ON take out food containers, laptops, notepads...

BRYAN (V.O. FILTER)

... They were hired killers.

Faaron, Marzoki and Riley LISTEN (via a bug in Bryan's phone) to Bryan and Gabe, on speaker.

GABE (V.O.)

So the cops, FBI, are all wrong?

BRYAN
Or lying.

GABE
Why would they--

BRYAN
I don't know, Dad. All I know is
I'm not gonna risk getting you and
mom caught in this too.

Gabe thinks a hundred thoughts at once. None of them good.

GABE
Okay, let's just take a breath here.

SCIF -- Becca Vlasik (who got Red to talk) enters and takes a
seat at the table.

BRYAN
You gotta talk to Tom. Have him
post a police detail outside this
house, front and back 24/7.

GABE
And tell him--

BRYAN
He's family. Tell him what I just
told you. Then tell him to keep it
to himself and make something up. I
need a couple days...

GABE
Where are you going?

BRYAN
Tell mom bye. And that I'm sorry.
And I'm gonna...

GABE
What? You're gonna what?

Bryan grabs his phone and charger. Then he crosses to the
door, bag in hand. Gabe blocks the doorway.

GABE (CONT'D)
You can't bring her back, son.

BRYAN
(pause)
I understand that, Dad.

After an intense beat, Gabe steps aside. END INTERCUTS.

INT. SCIF - DAY

Hart returns to join, Faaron, Vlasik, Marzoki and Riley-- collectively known, from now on, as the OPCON (Operations Control) TEAM.

A SATELLITE MAP on a screen at the end of the table. A MOVING RED DOT flashes, on a New England freeway.

FAARON

Phone tracker active. On the move.

VLASIK

Devil's advocate?

HART

Make it quick.

VLASIK

Why can't we tell him the plan?

FAARON

Operational security. We don't know anything about him.

VLASIK

We know a little.

HART

But not enough.

VLASIK

Don't we have a moral duty?

HART

Okay now you're boring me.

FAARON

Moral duty to what?

VLASIK

You serious?

MARZOKI

To tell him we're using him as bait to flush out El Angel.

VLASIK

Thank you.

MARZOKI

This *is* his life we're playing with. Knowing what we now know from the surviving gunman.

HART
Which is?

VLASIK
We already covered that.

HART
One more time. Just for me.

VLASIK
Carlos Mejia, El Angel, put a hit on Cali Mills, so Bryan Mills could feel the same pain he did when his son was killed, and has now hired mercenaries to capture and deliver Mills to him, alive.

HART
See? You left out the most important part.

MARZOKI
We don't know yet where he plans to have Mills delivered.

HART
True but that's what I'm talking about.

RILEY
This is our best opportunity, in 10 years, to capture El Angel.

HART
It's the only opportunity.
(beat)
And if he's working with terrorists now, the only moral duty we have is to find out who they are, where they are, and stop them.

Beat.

VLASIK
Sorry to bore you.

Hart likes some sass. Reminds her of herself.

HART
(re: Bryan)
Let me know when he lands.

She exits.

BRYAN (V.O. PRE-LAP)
LET HIM GO. YOU CANNOT WIN THIS.

INT. JUNGLE COMPOUND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Miguel Mejia (El Angel's son) uses undercover DEA AGENT DAN HALL as a shield, holding a gun to his head.

REVEAL BRYAN, in jungle cammos etc., 50 feet away, rifle aimed. He fires. Twice.

Off Agent Hall's shock and relief, END FLASHBACK.

INT./EXT. BUS - TRAVELING - DAY

Bryan stares at the CITY SPRAWL outside.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

FLYING over a working class NEIGHBORHOOD near New York City. FIND a TWO BEDROOM HOUSE, with a yard that backs into WOODS. Working class vibe. SMALL MUNICIPAL PARK opposite.

Down there in the woods, someone on the move...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Through a back window, we see that same someone come out of the woods.

BRYAN.

He comes to the back door, unlocks three locks and enters.

INT. SCIF - DAY

Marzoki monitors the GPS screen. He wears a bluetooth.

MARZOKI
He's home.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan looks out the front window, staying in the shadows. Street is quiet. Few cars parked.

In the park across the street, a couple YOUTHS shoot hoops; a WOMAN walks a dog; TEENS hang out in the playground.

Bryan moves on.

WE STAY ON THE WINDOW. ZOOM TO:

INT./EXT. DIRTY BLUE FORD - NIGHT

75 YARDS AWAY, on the other side of the park, John (who worked Red over with Vlasik) and SAM (38, compact), wait in the car, dressed to blend in (hoodies, Carhartt coats).

John watches Bryan's house through a SCOPE. Sam, eating Pringles, one by one, wears headphones and monitors the same PHONE BUG and TRACKER SOFTWARE on an iPad. CRUNCH CRUNCH.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KITCHEN -- Bryan reaches into a cabinet under the sink and pulls out TWO .45 HANDGUNS in holsters, velcroed to the roof of the cabinets. And two SILENCERS.

He takes the guns out of the holsters and screws on the silencers and checks the full magazines and RACKS both guns.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

SPEAKER: Muffled sound of the second gun racking.

MARZOKI

Weapon.

RILEY

Weapons. Two. Plus silencers.

Add that intensity to her girl-next-door vibe and it's a little freaky. The others exchange looks.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking Heckler and Koch.

(off their looks)

That's Koch with a K.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KITCHEN -- Bryan goes to the fridge. On the fridge door, a PICTURE OF CALI, smiling, gives him pause. He opens the freezer, takes out a frozen dinner.

LIVING ROOM -- he turns on the TV. No sound. We don't see what's on the screen, just its GLOW.

MICROWAVE -- PINGS. Dinner's ready.

EXT. ROAD IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Some cars pass. Then the same black panel van as before, that Bryan tried to run down, pulls over. Off the brake lights--

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

DRIVER, MARTINA (30s), and three mercenaries, JURGEN, STEVE and GERRARD. Steve and Gerrard, dressed in black, put on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES and rack SILENCED WEAPONS. They wear earwigs and fist-mics.

GERRARD

Ready.

Martina raises a hand. A car passes outside. The glow of its lights brushes over them. Once it has gone, her hand drops.

EXT. ROAD IN THE WOODS/BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Steve and Gerrard jump out the back of the van and disappear into the woods. Van pulls away.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

FOLLOW Steve and Gerrard through the woods. Fast and quiet.

Their NVG POVs find Bryan's house, 50 yards away. They reach a waist high wire fence. As they touch it, we see it's wired to a junction box on a telephone pole. Follow the wire up the pole, over the back yard, to a small CAMERA on the house--

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan, eats, guns on the table, staring at the TV: a LIVE FEED ACTIVATES, of the two men hopping the fence, SPLIT with a feed from the STREET, where the black van now appears.

Bryan picks up his guns. But remains on the couch.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Martina and Jurgen get out of the van, a few houses down from Bryan's. They look like a couple visiting friends for dinner.

INT. BLUE FORD - SIMULTANEOUS

John has Martina and Jorgen in the SCOPE POV.

JOHN
(into bluetooth)
Stand by...

Sam takes an apple out of his pocket. CRUNCH. A look from John.

INT. SCIF - INTERCUT (THROUGHOUT REST OF SEQUENCE)

Hart rejoins Riley, Marzoki, Vlasik and Faaron.

JOHN (V.O. FILTER)
I think we have a ballgame.

EXT. FRONT OF BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martina and Jorgen move to the front door. Note the rubber soled shoes. Martina pulls a gun.

MARTINA
(into fist-mic)
In position.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Steve and Gerrard move to the back wall of the house, beside the living room window. TV GLOW inside.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan watches the TV: Steve and Gerrard out back; Martina and Jorgen out front. Martina RINGS the bell. Bryan gets up and moves to the front door, guns in hand. Dead calm.

EXT. BACK OF BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gerrard moves to the back door, inserts a PICK into the first lock.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bryan waits in the dark. When he HEARS the SCRATCH-CLICK of the lock-pick in the back door, he moves to the front door, looks through the peephole at Martina and Jurgen and places his guns to the door, 18 inches apart, and FIRES them both.

EXT. FRONT OF BRYAN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Martina and Jurgen go down, shot in the knees. Muffled agony.

INT. BLUE FORD - SIMULTANEOUS

SCOPE POV: Martina and Jurgen, writhing. Van speeding up to the house, blocking the POV.

JOHN
(into bluetooth)
He just took two down... Moving
in...

John and Sam get out the car. Sam tosses his apple core. Hoodies up, bluetooths in.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING with Bryan back through the house. He sees the shadows of Steve and Gerrard as they enter. He turns on the lights, momentarily neutralizing their Night Vision Goggles.

KITCHEN -- he rolls behind the island, pops up, fires two rounds, kills Steve (headshot), hits Gerrard in the shoulder.

Gerrard fires a shit-ton of rounds. Bryan takes cover.

He SEES the picture of Cali on the floor, shot to bits. Beat. He SNAPS and moves around the corner, like he's now past caring whether he lives or dies, SILENCED GUNS blazing.

AT THE WINDOW -- JOHN watches Bryan unleash...

BRYAN hits Gerrard again, forcing him to retreat out back. Only now does Bryan realize he's hit in the leg. Fuck. He heads out back after Gerrard...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Gerrard stumble-runs. Bryan chases. Gerrard turns, fires, wildly. CLICK -- he's out of ammunition.

Bryan rolls out from behind a tree and shoots two rounds. Gerrard goes down. Bryan is on him in seconds.

BRYAN

Who are you?... Who sent you?

But Gerrard, bleeding from the nose, dies. Bryan searches him, finds his BURNER PHONE.

INT. BRYAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan returns, fighting the pain in his leg.

BATHROOM -- he grabs peroxide, pain pills, gauze, bandages...

EXT. STREET - BRYAN'S HOUSE

Bryan comes out, wearing a long coat, carrying a bag. He gets in his Corolla which is parked out front, and drives away.

John and Sam emerge from alongside of the house.

SAM

I'll say this, dude's got some skills.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. FREEWAY MOTEL - NIGHT

Bryan, wearing the long coat, tries to hide his limp as he crosses from his car to motel reception.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Now he's sitting on the bed, inspecting his leg. The bullet went through the side of his thigh. He sterilizes the wound with per-oxide. Hurts like hell.

MINUTES LATER -- leg bandaged, he checks the phone he took from Gerrard, scrolling through recent calls and texts.

Nothing useful there.

He goes to the sink and drinks from the tap. Then something occurs to him. He's pissed at himself that he didn't think of this earlier... He gets his own phone...

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

D.E.A. Agent DAN HALL now has a desk job, tract home, and happy family. Right now, he's playing DANCE CENTRAL 2 on the Xbox with daughter, LIANNE (12), and wife, NICKY (37).

And, to Lianne's amusement, he sucks at it, big time.

LIANNE

Daddy, you're sweating like a pig.

Nicky sees the screen on Hall's phone flashing.

NICKY

You got a call there, Miley.

HALL

Thank you Lord.

He grabs his phone, looks at the screen. *MILLS.*

HALL (CONT'D)

Better take this. Work.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Two car garage. BMW X5 and a PRIUS. Hall enters.

HALL
(into phone)
Bry?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

BRYAN
Where are you right now?

HALL
I'm at home. Why? Is everything--

BRYAN
Nicky and Lianne with you?

HALL
Yeah. What's going on?...

INT. SCIF - NIGHT - INTERCUT

OPCON team LISTENING. They have Bryan's location at the motel pinpointed on the SAT-MAP screen.

Riley waits for PHONE TRACE DATA, the software doing its thing on a laptop.

HALL (CONT'D)
... You sound--

BRYAN
You need to get outta there, all three of you, right now.

PHONE TRACE DATA HIT. Hall's D.E.A. ID and details (address etc.) come up on her screen.

RILEY
D.E.A. Agent Dan Hall.

BRYAN
You there?

Riley accesses a D.E.A. database (password protected). Pulls up Hall's record (undercover work; commendations etc.)

HALL
Yeah--

BRYAN

If they're coming at me, it's only a matter of time until they come for you too, if they're not already--

HALL

Okay slow down. Who's coming at you?

BRYAN

Who do you think?

HALL

(pause)

So the shooters on the train were--

BRYAN

Right. And they just tried again, this time at my house.

HALL

You hurt?

BRYAN

One in the leg but I got lucky, it went straight through.

HALL

Where are you?

BRYAN

Some motel in Jersey.

HALL

I'll come get you.

BRYAN

No, get your family to safety first.

HALL

I could make a call, send a local team.

BRYAN

No team. I got this.

HALL

That's crazy--

BRYAN

No team. It's personal.

HALL

Bryan--

BRYAN

Just tell me you're putting Nicky
and Lianne in the car, right now.

HALL

Yeah okay but

BRYAN

No buts. Go. Bye.

He hangs up. END INTERCUTS.

INT. HALL'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Hall opens the X5, reaches under the front seat and pulls out
ANOTHER PHONE. A BURNER PHONE. He starts to tap out a TEXT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan kills the light, lies down, guns out. A phone VIBRATES.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS)

Marzoki on headphones, hears the PHONE VIBRATION in Bryan's
motel room.

MARZOKI

He's getting a call.

Riley, monitoring Bryan's phone data on a laptop screen:

RILEY

Not according to this he's not.

MARZOKI

I can hear it vibrating.

RILEY

Not his phone. Must be another one.

FAARON

Maybe it's the bed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's GERRARD'S PHONE. Bryan grabs it. A TEXT:

*Mills just called me.
From a motel in Jersey.
Shot in the leg. WTF???*

Bryan's blood goes cold. THINK. He texts a response on Gerrard's phone: *What motel?* He waits, heart in his mouth.

Hall's response: *He didn't say.*

Bryan: *Find out.*

Bryan's mind races. Then his own phone VIBRATES.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

RILEY
That's his phone. Incoming. 703
area code. Fairfax County,
Virginia.

Marzoki tunes in, headphones on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

BRYAN'S PHONE: Incoming call: *DAN HALL*. Bryan takes a beat.

BRYAN
(into phone)
You on the road yet?

Marzoki listening. Transfers it to the speaker.

INT. HALL'S GARAGE - INTERCUT

HALL
You know I can't just leave you
hanging out there.

BRYAN
I told you, don't worry about me.

HALL
Not happening buddy. No can do.
Four years undercover with these
bastards, I know how they think.

BRYAN
(beat)
Alright... Motel Biscayne, Jersey
turnpike, junction 7.

HALL
Gimme 5 hours. I'll call when I'm
30 minutes out.

BRYAN
Thanks man.

Bryan hangs up, stunned. Hall hangs up, worried.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

Faaron frowns. Hart notices.

HART
We think out loud here. You're not
at Langley anymore.

FAARON
Mills tells him his wife and
daughter are in mortal danger and
he's more worried about Mills than
he is about them?

HART
Let's hear it again.

Marzoki rewinds the recording--

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hall returns to the living room. Dance Central on pause.

NICKY
Everything okay, sweetie?

HALL
Yeah. I delegated.

Trying to stay cool under pressure.

LIANNE
You still playing, Dad?

HALL
Sure.

LIANNE
Yay.

She turns the game back on. Starts to dance again.

INT. GREY CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

POV of Bryan leaving the motel room and getting in his car.

REVEAL the driver, BERNIE (bearded, burly), John, Casey and Sam.

Bryan's car pulls out of the motel.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hall lies awake, next to sleeping Nicky, staring at the ceiling. Bedside clock reads, 4:27AM.

His burner phone vibrates on the night stand. He grabs it before it wakes Nicky. A TEXT: *it's done*.

Hall texts back: *For sure?*

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Bryan gets gas. He texts Hall on Gerrard's phone: *100%*

Hall's text: *K*. Bryan stares at it, disgusted: *Fucking "K"?*

EXT. D.C. SUBURB - DAY

Tract homes. Blue sky. Sprinkler rainbows. A garage door opens. Hall, headed to work, gets in his X5, backs out and drives off.

He turns a corner and passes the team's grey Tahoe.

INT. X5 - MOVING - DAY

Hall drives, listening to NPR: ISIS on the backfoot. When he checks his mirror, his heart just about stops.

BRYAN,

in back, a gun to the back of Hall's seat.

BRYAN

Take the freeway towards the city.

Bryan checks that they're not being followed, then shows Hall his own texts, on Gerrard's phone.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

That's it? "K."

He checks behind again, and will do so throughout the following sequence.

INT. SCIF - DAY - INTERCUT

OPCON team. Bryan's phone tracker online. They HEAR Bryan and Hall on the speaker.

FAARON
Where's the boss?

VLASIK
White House. NSC briefing.

RILEY
(typing on laptop)
Paging her now.

X5 -- at a red light. Bryan reaches forward, pats Hall down.

HALL
They were going to kill Nicky and Lianne.

BRYAN
How did they even find you?

Bryan relieves him of his sidearm and cuffs.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Or had you already switched sides back when you were undercover?

HALL
Go to hell.

BRYAN
Green light.

INT. GREY TAHOE - MOVING - DAY

John, Sam, Bernie and Casey follow the X5 onto the freeway. They also have ears on Bryan and Hall.

HALL (V.O. PHONE FILTER)
You really wanna know when my cover got blown? When you and the Colombian army blew that raid.

INT. X5 - MOVING - DAY

BRYAN

Oh this is my fault. So does that
mean when they tracked you down it
was a no-brainer to serve me up?

Hall's eyes, in the mirror--more anger than guilt.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Let's try an easier one.

(pause)

Where is he?

HALL

Who?

Bryan presses his gun harder into the back of Hall's seat.

BRYAN

One in the chamber, with your name
on it, 13 in the clip just for
shits and giggles.

HALL

El Angel? You serious? I don't
know. How would I know that?

INT./EXT. GREY TAHOE/FREEWAY - DAY

A quarter mile back. Sam eats an energy bar. He sees--

SAM

Bogey on your left.

BLACK VAN passes, bearing down on the X5 ahead.

INT. X5 - MOVING - DAY

Bryan spots the van. A moment to think.

BRYAN

Pull over.

Gun to Hall's ribs.

INT. GREY TAHOE - MOVING - DAY

Bernie driving, sees the X5 pull over. Then the van.

BERNIE
What's he doing?

JOHN
Keep going. We're not here. Tracker
signal?

SAM
(eating energy bar)
Strong.

JOHN
Take the next exit.

INT./EXT. X5 - DAY

Pulled over, Hall sees the van 50 yards back.

BRYAN
Slide over.

Hall slides over to the passenger side.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hand.

Hall lifts his right hand. Bryan cuffs him to the bar (above the window). Then he gets out the car. As he walks around the back, he stops to stare at the van.

No one gets out of the van. No shots fired. Nothing. And as Bryan continues to stare at the van, something begins to dawn on him. Then he gets in the X5, behind the wheel.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Interesting.

HALL
What?

BRYAN
Hold on.

He guns the X5, fishtailing into traffic, van in pursuit. Horns BLARE. Car's skid and swerve, a couple crash.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN:

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

D.C. urban sprawl. Bus jammed full of PASSENGERS.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

X5 tears THROUGH FRAME.

INT./EXT. INTERSECTION/BUS - DAY

Bus at a stop. Passengers on, passengers off. It pulls out. And waits at a RED LIGHT.

INT. X5 - HAULING ASS - DAY

Bryan keeps an eye on the BLACK VAN in the mirror. Gun tucked under his left thigh. Hall holds on, knuckles white.

AHEAD -- BUSY INTERSECTION. Light changing to red... CROSS TRAFFIC nosing out. Here comes that bus...

Bryan guns the X5, shooting the gap, leaning on the HORN.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

X5 speeds through, glancing a couple cars, grazing the front of the bus as --

INT./EXT. BUS - SIMULTANEOUS

The driver hits the brakes and people FALL and SCREAM and
BUS SWERVES to a halt...

BLACK VAN SKIDS, bounces off the side of the bus and swerves around it.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

DRIVER spots the X5 a couple blocks up, turning right.

INT./EXT - X5 - DAY

Downtown canyon of office towers. Bryan swings to the curb, reaches over and unlocks Hall's cuffs and opens his door.

BRYAN
(gun on him)
Wait...

He turns to see the black van turn onto the street, behind a couple cars. It's as if he wants to them to see him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Now. Go.

INT./EXT. BLACK VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

POV: AHEAD--Bryan and Hall getting out of the X5 and entering an OFFICE TOWER/PLAZA.

Van pulls up. THREE MERCENARIES get out. Call them MICK, KEITH and BILL (Bryan's taken).

INT. OFFICE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

They see Bryan and Hall head down a crowded escalator. Bill's about to run.

MICK
Easy.

They walk in lockstep across the shiny floor.

INT. OFFICE PLAZA - BOTTOM OF ESCALATOR - DAY

Bryan and Hall stuck behind a MOM and twins, in a stroller.

At the bottom, Bryan sees a JANITOR coming out of an *AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY* door. As the door closes to within an inch,

BRYAN

catches it.

JANITOR
Hey, authorized personnel only--

Bryan shoves Hall through and pulls it closed.

Mick, Keith and Bill hurry down the escalator. Janitor fumbles for keys, unlocks the door and shouts:

JANITOR (CONT'D)
You're not allowed down there, I'm
calling secur--

Now Mick, Keith and Bill race through, taking him with them.

JANITOR (CONT'D)
What the--

Bill puts a bullet in his brain.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

WITH BRYAN and Hall, MOVING FAST through the narrow gloom, which is packed with wiring and junction boxes.

They reach an intersection. Turn left. And right. They can HEAR FOOTFALLS echoing behind them.

INT. ANOTHER TUNNEL

Bryan stops. Silence. He pins Hall to the wall, under a buzzing STRIP LIGHT. He puts the gun to Hall's head.

BRYAN
You never met my sister, did you?
She was something, let me tell you.
Just this great, amazing person.
Beautiful, kind, smart. And the
first in our family to go to
college, let alone medical school.

Hall stares at him. Bryan starts to squeeze the trigger.

HALL
I pray you never have to make the
kind of choice I had to make. I
mean that, Bryan. My advice: don't
ever have kids.
(beat)
Especially not a daughter.

His pain hits Bryan hard. No, much harder than that.

O.S. -- MUFFLED RUMBLING of a subway train, not far away.

ON Bryan, finger on the trigger, squeezing...

O.S. -- FOOTFALLS around the corner. Bryan lowers the gun.

BRYAN
Goddamn you for what you did.

Hall's stunned. He's about to say something: either an apology or thanks or some other bullshit.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Don't wanna hear it, just want you gone.

Hall nods. And takes off, towards more subway sounds. Bryan stalks back towards the FOOTFALLS around the corner. He turns the corner, plants his feet, fires TWO SHOTS.

One man goes down. Bill. Mick and Keith take cover.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I'm right here. Come get me.

Nothing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Pretty sure you've been told, on pain of death, to take me alive. Or I'd be dead by now. I'm not spending the rest of my life running from you people.
(beat)
Throwing down my weapon now...

He tosses it. It clatters on the floor.

Beat.

Mick and Keith turn on gun-mounted flashlights, shining them at Bryan's eyes. Bryan raises his hands. They advance.

BRYAN'S POV: two flashlight beams.

A MOMENT LATER -- Mick covers. Keith pats Bryan down, finding Bryan's phone and Gerrard's burner. He tosses Bryan's phone.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Passengers get on and off a train. Bryan, escorted by Mick and Keith, emerges from another NO ENTRY DOOR.

Train pulls out. And there's Hall, watching through a train window as Bryan's led towards the STREET EXIT, Mick making a call.

INT. SERVICE TUNNEL

A flashlight beam finds Bill, dead, and then Bryan's phone. Bernie picks it up.

BERNIE

Not good.

Casey with him, silent and intense.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Bryan shoved in. Mick and Keith behind him. Door closes. Driver and Martina up front.

MARTINA

Bill?

KEITH

Gone.

Mick pistol whips Bryan, knocking him out. Martina hands Keith a syringe. Keith injects Bryan in the neck.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Black Van parks next to a WHITE VAN. Bryan, unconscious, is transferred from the black to the white van.

INT. GREY TAHOE - DAY

Bernie and Casey get in back. John and Sam up front. Casey tosses Bryan's phone in the center console.

CASEY

The DEA Agent has a daughter,
right?

JOHN

Yeah. Why?
(pause)
Oh...

INT. SCIF - DAY

Vlasik reads something that we don't see, on a laptop.

HART

What time does it get out?

VLASIK
(looks at time)
Gonna be tight.

PRE-LAP -- A SCHOOL BELL RINGS...

EXT. SUBURBAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Students leaving. FIND LIANNE (Hall's 12 year old daughter) saying bye to 3 FRIENDS. She goes one way, they the other.

EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Lianne walking home, headphones on. Grey Tahoe pulls up alongside her, Bernie and Casey jump out, grab her before she knows what's happening, and throw her in.

Tahoe drives on.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Bryan unconscious. Side door opens. Mick and Keith grab him. They are in --

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

They transfer him to a SMALL PRIVATE PLANE.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DAY

Hall gets home. Ragged.

HALL
Hello... Anyone home?

His PHONE rings. LIANNE. He answers it.

HALL (CONT'D)
Lianne?

INT. GREY TAHOE - DAY - INTERCUT

Lianne crying, terrified. Casey holding the phone to her ear.

LIANNE
Daddy... Please help me...

Casey puts the phone to his ear.

CASEY
You were warned.

He hangs up. Hall's legs half-buckle. He steadies himself. It takes a long 10 seconds to settle the panic rush and dial a number on his phone.

INT. SCIF - DAY - INTERCUT

Energized:

HART
Patch in echelon. Action NSA and
FBI. Langley info only.

VLASIK
Done. Done. And almost done.

MARZOKI
Agent just dialed a New York City
number.

RILEY
Here we go.

ON the SPEAKER, they HEAR a line pick up.

CANNING (V.O. PHONE FILTER)
Mr. Hall.

HALL
They took my daughter. After I've
done everything that was asked of--

CANNING (V.O. PHONE FILTER)
Hold on, this is not a secure--

HALL
So you're going to call your client
and get her back, right now, or I'm
handing myself in and you'll be in
a Rikers jumpsuit by tonight.

CLICK. Canning (whom we never saw) hung up. Hall kicks a
chair against a wall. END INTERCUTS.

MARZOKI
Maxwell J. Canning, attorney.

HART
(to Riley)
Roll up the D.E.A. agent.

INT. HALL'S HOUSE - DAY

Hall sits on a chair, head between his knees. When he comes up for air, there's Casey and Sam. He never heard them enter.

SAM

We have your daughter. She's fine.

CASEY

You, on the other hand, are toast.

Don't fuck with Casey. Stick a fork in Hall.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

LIGHT bleeds in as

BRYAN

opens his eyes, stripped to the waist, beaten, hanging from his wrists by a chain in--

INT. FARM BUILDING - DAY

He squints at Mick and Keith, at the door, carrying rifles, on guard duty. Bryan shakes from the cold. Blood from his leg wound has seeped through his pants. He's in a bad way.

Through the open doors he can see a FARMHOUSE, SILO...

When Mick turns to looks at him, he closes his eyes again and stops himself shaking.

PRE-LAP: SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING... OVER --

EXT. FARM - DAY

Frozen plains. Farmhouse, barn, silo, sheds. Pure Americana. And the small airplane parked at the end of a LANDING STRIP.

INT. FARM - DINING ROOM - DAY

Martina, and someone we'll call the FARMER (50s, lineman big), eating. On the table in front of him: his RINGING phone and a military HF radio. He looks at the phone screen.

FARMER

The lawyer.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

East River views. MAXWELL CANNING (50s), courtroom slayer.
Long Island family photos. A touch of a sweat. Phone to ear.

FARMER

Yeah?

CANNING

I need to talk to my client.

FARMER

He's not here yet.

CANNING

What's his ETA?

FARMER

Imminent.

CANNING

Meaning?

FARMER

Soon.

CANNING

Thank you. I meant--

THE FARMER

He's in the air.

CANNING

(thinking)

Okay...

Beat. Marzoki wills them:

MARZOKI

Don't hang up! Keep talking...

Then--

CANNING

Are you in radio contact?

THE FARMER

Radio silence until he contacts me.
Is there a problem?

CANNING

Potentially.

FARMER
That effects his visit?

MARZOKI
(thumbs up)
Got it...

CANNING
Would you break radio silence if I
said yes?

FARMER
No, I just wouldn't turn on the
runway lights. Is that what you're
saying we should do?

Marzoki hits enter on his laptop. The FARM's location, just
south of the Canadian border, comes up on the SAT MAP.

CANNING
(pause)
Just have him call me when he
lands.

HART
(to Vlasik)
FBI eyes on the lawyer. Reroute all
his calls. But leave him in play.

INT. CESSNA COCKPIT - NIGHT

We barely make out The PILOT, partially lit by the instrument
panel. Pitch black outside. Loud engine noise.

PILOT
(into radio)
Foxtrot Charlie, Papa Zulu, over...

THE FARMER (V.O. RADIO FILTER)
Stand by, over.

Pilot starts to descend. Then--

RUNWAY LIGHTS

are turned on ahead.

INT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT

Bryan, hanging by his wrists, body limp, looks up as he HEARS
what sounds like a small airplane.

He clearly has more strength left than he's letting on. Looking through the open doors, he SEES the Cessna taxi to a stop, alongside the small plane that brought Bryan here. The pilot gets out. Bryan can't make him out yet.

The Farmer meets the pilot and hands him a phone. Bryan can't hear what they're saying.

Bryan watches the pilot start to walk this way, holding the phone to his ear. Then he shakes his head and hands the phone back to The Farmer. Farmer shrugs. They keep coming.

ON BRYAN -- shocked when the pilot enters: the same guy from the train, who was eyeing up Cali...

INT. TRAIN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bryan's ISOLATED and INTENSIFIED POV:

GUY

Help's on the way... Can you hear me? Help's coming... Hear that?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT

The same guy--the pilot--is CARLOS MEJIA, EL ANGEL.

Hart was right: he looks nothing like the 10 year old surveillance picture they have of him. He looks like an average, rather dull looking, American everyman.

He lifts Bryan's face to his and stares into his eyes.

EL ANGEL

You killed my son.

BRYAN

And you killed my sister.

EL ANGEL

Yes. Yes I did.

Bryan stares into El Angel's eyes. Neither man blinks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5**INT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)**

Bryan and El Angel face off. El Angel holds a hand out to the Farmer, who passes him a large hunting knife.

Keith and Mick at the door. Martina enters.

El Angel places the blade to Bryan's neck. Just hard enough to draw a trickle of blood. El Angel plans to savor this.

The Farmer reacts to something.

FARMER

What's that?

Mick and Keith at the door.

KEITH

What? I didn't hear--

FARMER

Ssh.

He listens. Nothing. Mick and Keith exchange a look.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Wait.

He goes outside. Nothing but a black sky and moderate wind.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

8 seat military style helicopter. John, Bernie, Casey and Sam are suited up: flak vests, Night Vision, ropes, weapons.

A TECH operates a (Visual) Target Acquisition Screen just behind the PILOT and CO-PILOT (unmarked flight suits, no military uniforms).

Everyone in here on a radio link. The guys huddle around the screen, on which is an INFRA RED feed of the farm buildings.

OTHER SCREEN DATA: Altitude: 2000; Windspeed: 34; Wind direction: 270. Distance to target: 3 miles.

Tech points out the two airplanes and location of people on the ground, inside and outside the buildings. They can even make out weapons.

TECH
That's him. Static. Unarmed.

Meaning Bryan.

EXT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT

Farmer still listening and looking around. Nothing but a stiff wind. He goes back into --

INT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT

And gives El Angel the thumbs up.

FARMER
All clear.

El Angel prepares to gut Bryan with the knife.

BRYAN
Your son died holding a gun to the head of a D.E.A agent. My sister died defenseless and innocent, killed by hired hands. While you watched. So what kind of a man, I wonder, does that make you?

El Angel's expression shifts just enough... He blinks.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Yeah that's what I figured. But I had to see it for myself. The eyes of a coward. You can go ahead now. We're done. I'm good.

He means it. Even kind of smiles. All eyes on El Angel. Then,

A DEAFENING NOISE

above them as--

EXT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT

The helicopter swoops in, bathing the entire place in WHITE LIGHT, behind which, 4 ropes drop down. John, Bernie, Casey and Sam rappel down...

Mick and Keith come out, dazzled, weapons out, trying to find targets, raising their weapons to the lights...

ON THE ROOF -- Bernie drops to the prone position, rifle already in the shoulder, and fires single shots. Mick and Keith go down, dead. THREE MEN come out of the farmhouse, firing automatic weapons. Helicopter lights dazzle them.

John and Sam jump from the roof, onto parked farm vehicles, and onto the ground. They roll, acquire their targets and take them down, with an assist from Bernie on the roof.

EXT. REAR OF THE FARM BUILDING - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Martina has snuck around and is about to shoot at the helicopter when its lights go OUT. And it banks away, almost invisible, and vanishes into the night.

Martina moves off, towards some farm machinery, turns the corner and there's Sam.

SAM

Ma'am.

She swings her weapon up. Two silenced shots take her down.

INT. FARM BUILDING - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Farmer has unchained Bryan. El Angel puts a gun to Bryan's head.

EL ANGEL

(to the Farmer)

Get me to the plane.

Farmer turns. John and Casey are at the door, weapons up.

The Farmer blocks their view of El Angel and Bryan.

JOHN

(to The Farmer)

Step aside.

Farmer doesn't move. Casey moves to the side a few paces. A simple move that tells the Farmer he can't win. So he fires at John but Casey shoots first.

The Farmer's done.

Now it's just El Angel, using Bryan as a shield. John and Casey start to circle him for a clean shot.

EL ANGEL

Back off or he dies.

BRYAN

I'm dead anyway. Take him down.

They don't shoot. El Angel understands:

EL ANGEL

They can't. Can you?

BRYAN

Do it.

EL ANGEL

I'm no use to them dead. I'm what they call, in your intelligence community, a high value asset--the people and the things I know.

BRYAN

Do it now.

JOHN

Let him go.

EL ANGEL

He killed my son.

Bryan's legs buckle. He starts to drop, dead weight, which unbalances El Angel for the split second Bryan needs to throw his head back into El Angel's, twist his body, jab an elbow and grabs the gun barrel as El Angel fires.

Bryan, holding the gun with both hands, drops, kicks El Angel's legs out from under him and rolls and breaks El Angel's wrist and comes up, a knee to his chest, bringing the gun under his jaw.

BRYAN

For my sister--

He pulls the trigger but

CASEY

shoots first, hitting Bryan between chest and shoulder, spinning him back.

Casey and John close in. John places a boot on El Angel's neck. Bryan looks up, immobilized, stunned, POV fading...

INT. TRAIN - DAY - FLASHBACK

ON CALI.

BRYAN
*Excuse me for looking out for my
 little sister.*

CALI
I'm all grown up now. Thanks...

INT. HOSPITAL - O.R. - DAY

Bryan on the table, anaesthetized, oxygen mask on. STAY on his unconscious face. HEAR the activity, urgency, machines.

BRYAN (V.O.)
*Excuse me for looking out for my
 little sister.*

CALI (V.O.)
I'm all grown up now. Thanks.

SURGEON
 Retractor. Suction.

INT. MILLS HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

After the funeral. Bryan's POV of Lenore:

LENORE
*I just wanted to tell you that Cali
 never stopped talking about you.
 Her war hero brother.
 (pause)
 She loved you so much... She loved
 you so much...*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bryan wakes up. Groggy. Then he sees a woman he doesn't know,
 CHRISTINA HART,

asleep in the chair in the corner. Bryan clears his throat.
 Her eyes open. Hard to tell if she was asleep or sitting with
 her eyes closed. Probably the latter.

HART
 How you feeling?

BRYAN
 (dry mouth)
 Where am I?

HART
Buffalo General. Trauma wing.

She comes forward, hands him a plastic cup.

HART (CONT'D)
They said to start with these.

Ice chips. And now he sees her in the light.

BRYAN
Wait you're not...

HART
The doctor says that with some work, you'll make a full recovery.

BRYAN
You were at my sister's funeral.

HART
Yes.

BRYAN
Who are you?

HART
My name is--

BRYAN
No wait, I don't want to--

HART
Christina Hart.

BRYAN
I said I don't want to know.

HART
I'm a deputy director, with special portfolio, at the Office of the Director of National Intelligence.

BRYAN
Why are you telling me all this?

HART
I report to the Director of National Intelligence, the National Security Council and the President. Period. My portfolio is an Emergency Covert Action Team, whom you met last night.

BRYAN
You people used me.

HART
A calculated risk.

Bryan processes. Hart gives him the time.

BRYAN
And now you're here to tell me none
of it ever happened.

HART
And that thanks to you, America is
safer today than it was yesterday.

BRYAN
He killed my sister.

HART
And now you have to let that go.

BRYAN
(re: his shoulder)
Then the man who did this should've
shot to kill.

HART
I'm gonna revise something I just
said. America is *potentially* safer
today. Yes, the capture of Carlos
Mejia, El Angel, whatever you want
to call him, is essential to
national security. But acting on
the intelligence, that he *will* give
us, make no mistake about that, is
where we'll really earn our money.
(pause)
You are raw, impulsive and
reckless. But you're not dumb. Why
do you think I'm telling you all
this?

BRYAN
What do you want from me?

HART
I think the better question right
now, Bryan, is what do you want?

Off Bryan--

FADE OUT.