

TAKEN

Written by

Alexander Cary

3rd NBC Draft: January 11, 2015

FADE IN:

INT. SPEEDING TRAIN - DAY

BRYAN MILLS, 33,

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

Other PASSENGERS are wary of the shaggy, slightly lumbering dude with the disarming smile and hot drinks.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND - DAY

The train heads south through fall colors...

INT. SPEEDING TRAIN - DAY

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

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

CALI, 23, sits by a window, watching the colors blur by. A couple of MEDICAL TEXT BOOKS and a laptop on her tray table.

A GUY (35), across the aisle, steals glances at her. He 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.

She puts them on the seat table next to her books. Bryan sits and sees the guy pretending he wasn't staring at Cali.

BRYAN

Beautiful, huh?

The guy swallows, busted.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

The colors. The leaves.

GUY

Oh. Yeah.

Bryan turns to Cali, grinning.

CALI

You're terrible.

BRYAN

Just looking out for my little
sister--

CALI

I think I can take care of myself,
thanks.

BRYAN

Making sure you get back to the
city in one piece.

CALI

Oh *that's* what this is.

BRYAN

What what is?

CALI

You're not just tagging along to
meet women then?

BRYAN

Women?

CALI

Like, for instance, say, my hot
roommate.

Beat.

BRYAN

(re: the guy)

You never know, he could be a
serial killer or something.

CALI

(play hits his arm)

Shush.

BRYAN

Actually, come to think of it.

He looks at the guy again. Guy avoids eye contact.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, definitely *something* going on there.

CALI
Keep your voice down.

BRYAN
Did you know that if you talk low and deep like this, it's actually harder to hear than a whisper.

CALI
Where did you--

BRYAN
The military.

CALI
Liar.

BRYAN
Tell that to the Taliban.

She opens one of her text books.

CALI
Well, now that you're a civilian, can you please not do either?

She puts on headphones. And glasses.

BRYAN
You have a hot roommate?

CALI
I can't hear you.

EXT. STATION - DAY

Train pulls in. Bryan looks out the window at people on the platform. Cali has her nose in her work, her music on.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

CALI
Hot and smart. Too smart for you.
She'll see you coming a mile away.

He notices two men (20s) waiting together on the platform. Both wear sunglasses, one has a watch cap, the other a hoodie.

Both carry gym bags, one RED, the other GREEN. They split up and board the car at either end. *Strange.*

As the train pulls out of the station, Bryan eyes both RED and GREEN, taking seats at either end of the car.

RED holds his gym bag on his lap. Green too.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Cruising speed again. Farmland.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Cali sips her tea and studies, headphones still on. Bryan has kept his eye on Red.

Now RED slowly unzips his bag, just enough to slip his right hand inside.

GREEN hammers his leg. RED grinds his jaw. Nervous eyes both. Bryan lifts Cali's headphones off.

CALI

What are you doing?

Something's changed. In his eyes.

BRYAN

I need you to do exactly what I say, no time for questions. When I start walking down the car reach up and grab that backpack from the overhead rack, see it?

CALI

Bryan, what's--

BRYAN

Do you see it?

CALI

Yes.

BRYAN

And when the guy in the sport coat tells you it's his, get into an argument and keep it going until I shout your name, then drop down to the floor as fast as you can and crawl into the empty luggage space, right there, between those seats.

CALI
I don't underst--

BRYAN
Cali this is important. Do exactly
as I say and everything'll be fine,
I promise.

She nods. He gets up and starts walking towards RED.

Cali steels herself, gets up, takes the backpack down.

SPORT COAT
Hey excuse me, that's mine.

CALI
What? No. I don't think so.

SPORT COAT jumps up.

SPORT COAT
Yeah it is...

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

ANGLES

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

RESUME

BRYAN walks into RED'S POV.

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

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

RED cranes for a better view, hand still in his gym bag.

Bryan grabs someone's hot tea and slings it in RED's face and
hand-heels him in the sternum and tears the bag away and
pulls out the MACHINE-PISTOL.

Messy. Instinctive. Raw.

BRYAN
CALI.

Cali tosses the backpack to Sport Coat and turns and GLANCES at the SMALL CHILD--

WHIP TO:

BRYAN spins and SEES GREEN--through slow reacting people between them--on his feet, bringing his gun up.

TWO DOUBLE-TAP BURSTS from Bryan, through traffic, hit GREEN in the chest as he fires A WILD BURST that smashes windows and stitches the ceiling and shorts out the lights.

Bryan's hit in the shoulder.

RED jumps him from behind.

PASSENGERS SCREAM, dive for cover.

RED has Bryan in a choke hold, pulling 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 up, under his chin. Bryan weakened by his shoulder wound.

ANGLE

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 nose.

Bryan gets the gun and pins RED down with a knee to the 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.

He wants to. But he pops the mag out, makes the weapon safe.

OFF DUTY COP (O.S.)
 OKAY PEOPLE, LISTEN UP, I'M A COP,
 NO ONE MOVE. EVERYBODY STAY WHERE
 YOU ARE. I'VE GOT ONE DEAD BAD GUY
 DOWN HERE, WHAT ELSE WE GOT?

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 knocks RED out. The 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train stands still in the middle of the country. FIELDS on either side. Bemused cows.

Passengers walking it off, phoning loved ones. A couple of injuries but nothing life threatening.

FIND BRYAN, still on the train, sitting by a broken window, holding Cali, looking like he wishes he was dead too.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bryan's bleeding out. Losing consciousness.

The guy who was eyeing Cali earlier appears in BRYAN'S FADING POV. His HEARING is going in and out too.

GUY
 Hey... Oh God... Look... Help's on
 the way okay?...
 (then)
 Hear that?

O.S. -- HELICOPTER BLADES THUMP the air outside.

GUY (CONT'D)
 Hang in there, buddy. They're
 coming. Can you hear me?

Bryan can JUST SEE the VAGUE SHAPE OF A HELICOPTER up there.

Then he BLACKS OUT--

GUY (CONT'D)
 THERE'S A MAN HURT OVER HERE.
 BLEEDING BADLY. I NEED HELP.
 SOMEONE HELP ME...

HELICOPTER NOISE drowning him out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - O.R. - NIGHT

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

SURGEON (O.S.)
 Retractor. Suction.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

START on CHRISTINA HART,

47. Former New York City cop who went on to spend 12 years in the field with the D.I.A.; divorced with 2 teenagers; go-to dinner date for foreign dignitaries at the White House; speaks Russian, French, German, Mandarin and Pashto.

Right now she's asleep in the chair by Bryan's bed.

Bryan wakes up. Groggy. Sees her. Doesn't know her.

BRYAN

Hello?

Her eyes open. It's hard to tell if she was asleep or just sitting with her eyes closed.

She has an elegance. Quiet authority.

HART

How are you feeling?

He's glassy eyed, dry mouthed.

HART (CONT'D)

Here.

She hands him a cup of--

HART (CONT'D)

Ice chips.

BRYAN

Where am I?

HART

Kent County Memorial. Rhode Island.
Your surgery went well. Very well.

He takes some ice chips, crunches them, thinks. Remembers.

HART (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for your loss, Bryan.

He breaks eye contact. Then--

HART (CONT'D)

May I tell you something?

(pause)

You saved 93 innocent lives on that train.

BRYAN

I should have protected her.

HART

No one's to blame for what happened to your sister apart from the two maniacs who boarded the train intending to commit mass murder.

BRYAN

(pause)

There was a kid. A little boy. She saved his life. His parents should know.

HART

That can be arranged.

BRYAN

Was anyone else, did anyone else--

HART

Some minor injuries. No fatalities.

Cali was the only fatality. Bryan internalizes his grief.

BRYAN

Do you know who they were, the gunmen?

HART

The one you killed,
(beat)
who killed Cali, was a 24 year old college graduate, pumped full of an anti-psychotic called Olanzapine. So much for Olanzapine.

BRYAN

Are you a doctor?

HART

My name is Christina Hart.
(pause)
I work for the President.

The penny takes a moment to drop.

BRYAN

You don't mean of the hospital, do you?

HART

I need to show you something. Okay?

She pulls an iPad out of a pack, taps the screen, hands it to him.

ON THE IPAD: FOOTAGE of the OFF DUTY COP from the train, in front of a cluster of reporters' microphones; TRAIN/CRIME scene in BG. We

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD BY THE TRAIN - EARLIER (DAY) - INTERCUT

COP

No that word's not--I'm not a hero, okay? I'm a police officer. Boston PD. Who did his job. That's all. I'm just grateful, you know, that the bad guys were unlucky or dumb enough to pick the section of the train I was in, and er, like that.

ON Bryan: *What the fuck?*

HART

I'm a Special Deputy Director at the Office of the Director of National Intelligence.

BRYAN

Okay...

HART

My portfolio is an Emergency Covert Action Team that works in total secrecy for the Director and the President. And no one else.

BRYAN

(re: iPad)

You told him to say all that.

HART

(nods)

We don't need anyone knowing who you are.

BRYAN

What do you want?

HART

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

Off Bryan--

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY WATCH STORE - PARIS - DAY

TITLE: 8 MONTHS LATER

Bryan blends in with RICH TOURISTS. Well groomed, expensively dressed. He carries a to go coffee.

A cute French SALES CLERK smiles at him.

SALES CLERK

Hello Sir, is there something I can perhaps show to you?

BRYAN

How about Paris?

She laughs, charmed.

BRYAN (V.O.)

So there I am, blending in with the one percent of the one percent...

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Student-type apartment. Array of WEAPONS, COMMS GEAR, FIELD LAPTOPS.

Bryan at the table with JOHN LAMM (41, African American, level headed, in command), SAM GROSSMAN (38, compact, succinct, always hungry), BERNARD HARRIS (41, chill, funny, often plays devil's advocate), CASEY MARK (37, intense, combat-damaged, tends to be a binary thinker).

All seasoned BLACK OPS AGENTS who have the ability to blend in almost anywhere. Except when they're off the clock, then they can be a lot of fun, or a pain in the ass, depending on your taste for merciless ball breaking, gallows humor, hollow legs drinking and the sexual appetites of double-dicked dogs.

But the focus now is on a LARGE SCALE MAP on the table, marked up with approaches to, and exits from, the bank.

BRYAN

... Then two cars pull up. Either end of the block.

INT./EXT. WATCH STORE/PARIS STREET - DAY - INTERCUT

TWO SUITS get out of the cars. Bryan, watches from the window of the WATCH STORE. He puts his hat on, a CAMERA hidden in the peak.

THROUGHOUT SEQUENCE: POPS of SURVEILLANCE STILLS, taken by his hidden camera, of who and what he's talking about.

BRYAN

The two suits who get out of each car aren't talking mergers, acquisitions and mistresses, they're top shelf, multi-national, probably ex-military, contractor muscle. On high alert.

A CUSTOM LAND CRUISER turns onto the street. Tinted windows. Armor. It pulls up to a PRIVATE BANK next to the WATCH STORE.

STORE -- Sales Clerk shows Bryan a watch. But he's not really listening because he's watching another TWO CONTRACTORS get out of the Land Cruiser to cover the 17 feet to the BANK.

STREET -- Bryan, wearing his hat and a scarf, riding up over his chin, comes out of the store.

QUICK POPS of the PHOTOS he's taking of the contractors.

BRYAN (V.O.)

All new faces, all in the last 24 hours.

Each Contractor wears an earwig and has a hand in a pocket, presumably on a weapon. They keep an eye on Bryan and other passing CIVILIANS via reflections in windows.

BRYAN

What you're looking at is a total upgrade of the target's close protection.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

MAHLER, 40s, Afrikaans, listens to his men check in:

BODYGUARDS (V.O. RADIO FLITER)

North secure/South secure...

Next to Mahler sits JAN DE KLOET, 50s, Dutch. Bespoke Banker. Bryan passes the window, along with a couple other civilians.

MAHLER
(into radio)
Roger. Moving now.

EXT. PARIS STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Bryan looks back to get a PHOTO OF DE KLOET and MAHLER as they get out of the Land Cruiser.

Bryan crosses the street, as all the contractors cover De Kloet's move into the Bank, and slots a GPS TRACKER into the grille of one of their cars.

END INTERCUTS.

INT. PARIS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Bryan still at the table. Casey paces, cleaning the parts of a handgun. Sam eats tuna out of a can. Bernie scrolls through SURVEILLANCE IMAGES of De Kloet, Mahler and the Contractors.

BRYAN
It's like he knows we're here.

SAM
How?

BRYAN
I don't know--

CASEY
Your first op and already you're saying we got a security leak.

BRYAN
That's not what I'm--

SAM
What are you saying then?

BRYAN
That in the last 24 hours there's been a change on the ground from the intel we were given, and it'd be good to know why.

John, at the window, looking out, is notable by his silence.

CASEY

What hasn't changed is that this is a key money man believed to be channeling funds to new-slash-sleeper terror cells from here to Toronto, to New York, LA, Mexico City... Think about that.

SAM

Who seriously thinks we're blown?

BERNIE

In the 48 hours since we got here De Kloet's hired a brand new security team and put them at DEFCON 1. You really want to say that's just a coincidence?

CASEY

I wanna say shit happens.

John turns to face him.

JOHN

And I wanna say you should know better.

Silence. Casey assembles his handgun, without really looking.

BERNIE

Freak.

CASEY

We have to take De Kloet now or we may never get him.

BERNIE

The increased firepower around him now makes this a whole lot more likely to go wet.

JOHN

American bullets fired in an allied country that doesn't even know we're here.

CASEY

German bullets.

BERNIE

What?

CASEY

I got us ammunition that can only
be traced back to the Germans.

BRYAN

De Kloet's no use to anyone dead.

All eyes on the rookie.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Isn't the whole point to take him
alive and get him to give up all
his financial networks?

JOHN

Yes. This has to be a clean take.

SAM

But if he did eat it in the process--

BERNIE

--we'll have missed out on maybe
the most important intel about
terror operations on U.S. soil
since Khalid Sheikh Mohammed.

JOHN

Those guys had to pull that mission
back 4 times, until they were a 100
percent certain of their
operational security.

CASEY

So you're calling it?

JOHN

For right now.

SAM

Seriously, we're aborting?

JOHN

We need another target.
(to Bryan)
Tell 'em why.

A little test.

BRYAN

Because if De Kloet did somehow get intel that we're here to take him, and we hit a different target instead, he'll think his intel was wrong, and is more likely to go back to business as usual and maybe let his guard down a notch.

They're as impressed as they're ever going to be.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SUV/FREEWAY - D.C. AREA - DAY

START on the D.C. license plate.

Special Deputy DNI Christina Hart rides in back.

HART

(into phone)

When's first light in Paris?

EXT. TYSON'S CORNER, VIRGINIA - DAY

Cluster of glass and steel OFFICE TOWERS 11 miles outside D.C. The SUV swings into a PARKING LOT under one of them.

INT. ODNI - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY

SECURITY TEAM sweep the car and check IDs.

INT. ODNI (TYSON'S CORNER) - 12TH FLOOR - DAY

Hart steps out of an elevator, passing the ODNI seal. Her assistant JODIE waits in the hallway with a hot beverage.

HART

Thanks, Jodie. They ready for me?

JODIE

In the SCIF.

INT. SCIF - DAY

Totally secure environment which also serves as the OPS CENTER for TAKEN'S MISSIONS.

A conference table serviced by digital maps and encrypted video conference technology. No one, without TOP SECRET clearance and the rank, or civilian equivalent, of Colonel and above, is allowed in here.

Hart stands across the table from two of her OPS SUPPORT TEAM members: RILEY (29, female) and MARZOKI (38, male, middle eastern).

Riley clicks a remote. A surveillance picture of a brutish man with a walrus moustache comes up on a big screen.

RILEY

Amal Bayan, French National with known connections to Hez--

HART

Too small time. And Langley'll throw a flag 'cause they think they can defeat Hezbollah on their own.

MARZOKI

They've been saying that since--

HART

I know. Next.

Marzoki takes the remote and brings up a picture of:

MARZOKI

Adolfo Taavi. Telecommunications engineer, originally from Naples, suspected freelance bomb maker with travel patterns to Indones--

HART

Pin him.

Next up on the screen: TOMAS VITEK, 40s, ferret-like.

RILEY

Tomas Vitek, mid-level arms dealer, originally from the Czech Republic.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS CHOP SHOP - DAY

Among wrecked cars, FIND VITEK, showing a HUNGARIAN a van full of enough assault weapons and military gak to overthrow a small country. The Hungarian talks into a phone.

HUNGARIAN
 (Hungarian; SUBTITLED)
Make the transfer.

An ASSOCIATE of Vitek's watches the \$3M transfer on a laptop.

RILEY (V.O.)
 ... Multiple aliases, and known
 direct and indirect forensic links
 to criminal and terror groups
 across Europe and North Africa. Not
 only a credible decoy, but a high
 value target in and of himself.

Vitek gives the Hungarian the keys to the van.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIF - CONTINUOUS

HART
 Sources.

MARZOKI
 Langley, Fort Meade, London.

HART
 All cross referenced?

RILEY
 Yes. Twice.

HART
 Okay. Immediate action flags for
 all three. 2 hours to respond for
 asset holds or operational
 conflicts. Hard copy confirmations
 on my desk by 5:15. Thank you. Good
 work.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

1:27 AM. The guys sleep. Except for Bryan, who's on watch at
 the window. All quiet.

PUSH TIGHT on BRYAN...

PRE-LAP the SOUND of a woman's heels on a stone floor.
 Echoing. Now the plaintive wails of SEAGULLS--

INT. FISHING VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Heels on the stone floor, walking up the aisle. Pews full. Seagulls outside. Large photograph of Cali by the simple casket, near the altar.

Follow a WOMAN to the pulpit, dark hair tumbling onto her shoulders, over which, as she turns, we see the MOURNERS: commercial fishing folk. This town knows funerals.

Bryan (arm and shoulder in a sling), his mom SARAH (60), dad GABE (60s) and brother HANK (41), in the front row. Stoic, tough, hands joined together. Bryan is numb.

The woman in the pulpit, her back to us, begins. Nervous:

WOMAN

Cali was my best friend. My roommate.

ARM AROUND to reveal her face. Mid 20s. Everything Cali said she was. Struggling with her grief.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My inspiration.

INT. PARIS SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE on Bryan, remembering.

BING - incoming on the laptop snaps him out of it. He checks the laptop then goes to John in the NEXT ROOM, asleep on a cot, and stirs him.

BRYAN

We got our new target.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS SUBURB - DAWN

Swath of cheap housing, broken walls, abandoned factories, anti-government and anti-cop and anti-muslim graffiti.

We CREEP towards one house. Broken shutters. CASA VITEK.

INT. CASA VITEK - BEDROOM - DAWN

Tomas Vitek rolls off a HOOKER and reaches for cigarettes. Hooker grabs her stuff.

VITEK
 (Czech)
 WHERE'S MY COFFEE?

He's shouting at the door, on the other side of which is --

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Brimming ashtrays. Empty bottles. Xbox consoles. And a lump on the couch, which moves. Hung over face appears--DOV, 20s.

DOV
 OKAY, OKAY.

He grabs his hoodie, skater cap, headphones, cash, PISTOL.

EXT. CASA VITEK - DAWN

Dov and the Hooker split, in opposite directions.

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

Dov cuts between an ABANDONED FACTORY and a CONSTRUCTION SITE. Rap thumps on his headphones.

INT. BAKERY - DAWN

Dov pays for pastries and coffees, leaves, CRANKS his music.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Dov heads back the way he came. Singing along, really badly because he doesn't speak English, to the music.

A VAN comes the other way, bumping over the broken cobbles. As it passes Dov, John and Bernie jump out of the side and grab Dov and his gun and the breakfast and bag his head.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

They throw him in back, syringe his neck and zip tie his wrists as he loses consciousness. Casey grabs the pastries.

CASEY
 (smells pastries)
 Oh boy.

Bryan, at the wheel, turns on a dashboard GO-PRO (on crack).

INT. SCIF - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Marzoki, Riley, and two more Ops Support Teamers--VLASIK (34, female, Harvard Law) and FAARON (41, Chinese American, ex-Agency), at the screens.

MARZOKI

We have eyes.

FAARON

Where's the boss?

VLASIK

NSC briefing. I paged her.

On the MAIN SCREEN: GO-PRO POV of Bryan and John in the front of the van. John waves INTO THE GO-PRO CAMERA.

JOHN (RADIO FILTER)

Hello Mom.

A joke--no one here's actually his mom. He SWIVELS the GO-PRO POV to look out the windshield.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Van pulls up. Casey gets out, dressed as Dov, from the waist up. Headphones, coffees, pastries, everything.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

Ops Support Team watch GO-PRO COVERAGE.

EXT. BEHIND CASA VITEK - DAY

Sam moves down a fence line, in the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. STAKEOUT HOUSE - DAY

A tripod-mounted SCOPE, LONG LENS CAMERA, SNIPER RIFLE.

LINE OF SIGHT and LINE OF FIRE to the back of CASA VITEK.

Someone watches SAM through a SCOPE.

LE SCOPE

Merde.

LE SNIPER
Qu'est qu'il y a?

LE SNIPER looks through his rifle sight.

Now REVEAL street WEAPONS, FRENCH POLICE flak vests,
 SURVEILLANCE GEAR, another TWO UNDERCOVER COPS.

CUT TO:

INT. CASA VITEK - DAY

Vitek comes out of the bathroom. A KNOCK on the front door.
 He goes to the peephole. SEES Dov's skater cap sticking out
 from under his hoodie and HEARS his TINNY RAP THUMP.

Dov/Casey holds the pastries and coffee up to the PEEPHOLE.

VITEK
 (Czech; SUBTITLED)
Where are your keys?

He realizes Dov can't hear. So he cracks the door open, turns
 to go back and there's a 9mm pistol in his face, held by SAM.

SAM
 How you doing?

Casey, now in the house, eating a pastry, comes up behind
 Vitek, gun to kidney. Vitek internalizes. Angry at himself.

INT./EXT. VAN/STREET BEHIND CASA VITEK - DAY

Bryan at the wheel. A block back, on a rise. Eyes on John and
 Bernie, on the street, and Sam and Casey coming out of Casa
 Vitek (guns concealed) with the man of the moment.

INT. SCIF - INTERCUT

Ops Support Team have GO-PRO EYES on the following:

Sam, Casey and Vitel reach the street.

FOUR FRENCH UNDERCOVER COPS, burst out of their STAKEOUT
 HOUSE, guns up.

John and the guys draw down.

FRENCH COPS
 BOUGEZ PAS! BOUGEZ PAS! POLICE!

OPS SUPPORT watch the STAND OFF unfolding. A lot of guns.

FAARON

Cops? Are you (fucking) kidding me?
How did we not know--

RILEY

Cherry pick the police frequencies.

Marzoki gets to work on a computer.

STREET - PEOPLE in houses come to WINDOWS, some making calls.

VAN -- a hand on his weapon, Bryan drops his head down. He shifts the van into DRIVE, foot on the brake.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

START on John. Gun drawn.

JOHN
(German; SUBTITLED)
We are BND. From Germany.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT - INTERCUT THROUGH SEQUENCE

OPS SUPPORT have EYES and EARS on all this. Thought, dialog and big decisions are rapid-fire-calm in here.

FAARON
Block all comms from Paris to the
BND for the next two minutes.

VLASIK
We can do that?

MARZOKI
Er, hello.

RILEY
She means legally.

FAARON
What did we say about thinking out
loud?

THE FRENCH UNDERCOVER COPS have their weapons trained on everyone but Bryan, because the Van's not yet in play.

John slowly reaches into his coat.

JOHN
(German: SUBTITLED)
Just getting my ID.

LE SCOPE
(bad German; SUBTITLED)
*What's German intelligence doing in
Paris?*

JOHN
(German; SUBTITLED)
Joint op with your DGSI.

LE SCOPE
 (French; SUBTITLED)
Why weren't we told about this?
Intelligence service pricks.

SAM
 Parlez slower please.

LE SCOPE
 Four months of undercover police
 work up in smoke, just like that!

JOHN
 (German accent)
 You speak English!

BERNIE
 (via fist mike)
 Taxi.

WHIP TO:

INT. VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

Bryan down low. Earpiece in.

BRYAN
 In three...

SCIF -- Faaron hands Marzoki a radio handset.

FAARON
 French police frequency.

VAN - BRYAN floors the GAS PEDAL.

THE VAN burns rubber and FISHTAILS right into the MIDDLE OF THE STAND OFF. A diversion in itself.

The team manhandle Vitek into the van, guns up. The cops are out of their depth. Le Scope, on the radio:

LE SCOPE
 (into radio)
 Quoi? Putain!

SCIF --

MARZOKI
 (into radio handset)
 Tirez pas! Ti-rez-pas!

STREET --

LE SCOPE
(to his guys)
TIREZ PAS! TIREZ PAS!

Which means don't shoot.

The VAN speeds away.

INT. SCIF - SIMULTANEOUS

Ops Support Team lean in to the screens, watching LIVE GO-PRO FOOTAGE of Bryan ripping through Paris like Bullitt.

Deputy DNI Hart enters, in sweats, peeling her coat off.

HART
Someone start talking.

INT. SPEEDING VAN - DAY

Casey and Sam have Vitek, who spits when he shouts.

VITEK
YOU'RE DEAD, YOU DON'T THINK I HAVE
LOOKOUTS? BACK UP?

Casey shoves a rag in his mouth. Needle in his neck.

Bernie has the back window. John climbs up next to Bryan.

JOHN
How come no one knew the cops were
up on this guy?

Vitek's unconscious now.

INT. SCIF - INTERCUT

LIVE GO-PRO COVERAGE, speeding through Paris.

MARZOKI
(to John over radio)
They weren't, they were watching a
crack house two doors down.

RILEY
We're all over their comms,
internet and street cams.

VLASIK

French Intel just broke through our block and the BND have denied any activity in France. So now everyone's on the warpath.

VAN MIRROR - Bryan sees a COUPLE COP CARS swing in behind, from another street, SIRENS on.

Bryan hangs a HARD LEFT, shooting the narrow gap between parked cars.

A WOMAN gets out of a car just ahead. Bryan leans on the horn. She ducks back inside her car.

The van sheers her door off.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car door CARTWHEELS, BOUNCES, hits the lead cop car, which swerves and hits a cowboy-parked truck.

The second cop car swerves through.

EXT./INT. STREETS/VAN - DAY

The van cuts a corner and barrels down the street, narrowly missing an ELDERLY COUPLE who get stuck in the middle of the street as the cop car skids to avoid them.

Bryan leans on the horn, steering up onto the SIDEWALK.

FOLKS scatter from outdoor brasserie tables. Bryan DRIVES THROUGH THE TABLES. The DEBRIS in his wake slows the cop car.

Bryan hangs a right down a NARROW STREET. And a left down ANOTHER. And reverses into an OPEN, SINGLE CAR GARAGE.

The cop car speeds past.

Bryan drives out of the garage and goes back the same way, forcing a SMOKER on a scooter to go back the way he came.

INT./EXT. VAN/RIVE GAUCHE - DAY

Heading out of town. A breather. Production value.

INT. SCIF INTERCUT

GO-PRO TRANSMISSION still running.

HART
What's the extraction plan?

MARZOKI
Chopper at the Andre Citroen
business park will take them to
Bravo Sight November.

HART
Bravo November. Spain?

RILEY
U.K.

MARZOKI
They're 8 minutes from the helipad.

HART
Who's helipad?

FAARON
CIN-TEL. Tech company. One of ours.

VAN - Casey sees TWO MOTORCYCLISTS out the back window,
bearing down. Black leathers, full face helmets.

CASEY
These guys look serious.

BERNIE
Cops?

JOHN
No.
(re: Vitek)
Probably his people.

CASEY
Two bikes and an SUV.

A MERCEDES SUV behind the bikes.

Bryan keeps an eye on the MIRRORS as he slows for a RED
LIGHT. TRAFFIC crosses in front. Bikes and Mercedes SUV
coming up behind.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hold it. Hold it.

Sees a biker pull a weapon from the map case on his tank.

CASEY (CONT'D)
NOW. GO.

Bryan floors the GAS PEDAL. They SPEED into a gap in traffic, JINK across two lanes, SWERVE across the path of a bus.

BIKERS have to go around the back of the bus. HORNS honk.

Mercedes SUV gets jammed up and has to wait.

INT./EXT. VAN/BACK STREETS - DAY

SPEEDING... SKIDDING... KNOCKING OVER GARBAGE CANS, to slow the bikers, who are too damn good.

Bryan hears SIRENS. Can't shake the bikes. He slows down. Sirens coming from a street just ahead, to his left.

SAM

What the hell you doing?

BRYAN

Stay low.

He zig-zags. Couple shots from the Bikers find the back corner of the van.

Bryan lets them get close for a second. Then speeds up and swings into a PARKING STRUCTURE as

COP CARS

barrel out of the street to the left and COLLIDE with the bikers. Chaos.

INT. VAN/PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Bryan guns the van down THREE LEVELS.

BERNIE

Now what?

JOHN

He can't hear you. Let him drive.

Bryan guns the van across a lower level and back up a DOWN RAMP. A SMART CAR comes the other way. He smashes into it and pushes it back up. SMART CAR DUDE loses his mind.

Bryan spins him off and keeps going, up the next DOWN RAMP.

And stops on an almost EMPTY LEVEL.

BRYAN
 Get out.
 (re: Vitek)
 Take him.

INT. SCIF - INTERCUT

Hart and the Ops Support Team HEAR this:

BRYAN (V.O. RADIO FILTER)
 Make your own way now. It's the
 only chance.

VAN -- John gets it. O.S. -- SIRENS. Tick-tock.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 I got this. GO.

A look in his eyes that we've seen before, after Cali died.

JOHN
 (to the others)
 GO.

They jump out, carrying Vitek, and hit the stairs. Bryan,
 alone now, speeds off.

ON Riley -- a moment of wide eyed shock.

RILEY
 Did he just sacrifice--

HART
 Yes he did. And the priority now is
 to get the others and the package
 to the bird as fast as possible.

Which is why she's paid the big bucks.

EXT. SERVICE EXIT - DAY

Van smashes through the barrier and out into an ALLEY.

AHEAD - COP CAR blocks the next INTERSECTION. TWO COPS jump
 out, weapons aimed.

INT. SCIF - INTERCUT

RILEY
 Now he's drawing fire.

HART
Is it working?

RILEY
I'd say so, yes.

Hart, concerned about the new man, who she recruited, comes to look over Riley's shoulder.

Bryan wills the van through the cop car, taking three shots through the window, sending the cops diving for cover and punching enough of their car out of the way.

Maybe 5 seconds to realize he's still alive, to breathe...

Then the same MERCEDES SUV as before swings in behind and HITS him.

AHEAD - a KID on a bike rides out from a SMALL PARK.

INTERCUTTING -- GO-PRO IMAGE a blur.

Mercedes SUV hits the van again. TIRE BLOWS. Van SPINS... Bryan just manages to English it past the kid on the bike, but into a pole, engine first. Van dies. And the Go-Pro.

END INTERCUTS.

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

Ops Support look at snow on the screen. Hart drops her head.

HART
Dammit.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

THREE MEN jump out of the Mercedes SUV, grab a dazed Bryan and throw him into the SUV and drive off.

Now COPS arrive. Bike kid's grandkids are going to love this.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING SUV - DAY

Bryan sandwiched by two East Europeans. Guns to his ribs. Intelligence community argot for such types is *POPOV*.

POPOV WITH BEARD
Where's Vitek?

BRYAN

Who?

POPOV WITHOUT BEARD pistol-whips him.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET PARIS SIDE STREET - DAY

Casey hotwires a car. SIRENS in the distance.

EXT./INT. ALLEY/STOLEN CAR - DAY

Casey scoops up the others, and Vitek, who were hiding behind dumpsters. Off they go in the stolen car.

CASEY

You hear from him?

SAM

Radio went dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bryan running for his life. Being chased. Someone clothes lines him.

Messy, brutal, hand to hand fight. Bryan's assailant, in a blur of (Liam-Neeson type) violence, immobilizes, disarms and overpowers him. Bryan struggles, enraged, humiliated.

CASEY grabs him by the neck, closing off his vocal chords. John's here too.

CASEY

Reality check. You Green Berets are good for campfires and tying knots. Your problem is someone told you you're special. And you bought it. Rule number one: you ain't special.

JOHN

So now's the time, if you're still breathing, when you save all your strength for in here.

(taps Bryan's forehead)

You don't show anger, you don't show anything. You flat line.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
*Become uninteresting, gray, no
 threat.*

Off the fire in Bryan's eyes going out--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan's flat-lining eyes. He's shirtless, battered, bruised and sweating, hanging by his wrists from a pipe.

TWO POPOVS work him over. One BALD, the other with a SCAR across his face.

Bald Popov wears a large, gaudy, silver CRUCIFIX on a chain.

BERNIE (V.O. PRE-LAP)
*And you look for weaknesses.
 There's always something.*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - TRAINING FLASHBACK

Bryan's naked, under lights. Exhausted. John watches Casey and Bernie gaffer tape a broom handle to his kneecaps.

BERNIE
*Because these are human beings
 we're talking about.*

They force him to kneel on the broom handle.

CASEY
*Once you find a weakness, it gives
 you hope, which gives you strength
 to endure almost anything. Trust
 me, I've been there.*

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan focuses on Bald Popov's CRUCIFIX.

A POPOV, wearing a watch CAP, enters, carrying a bucket of water and electrical cables that, Bryan SEES, are connected to an ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX in the HALLWAY. They connect cables to Bryan's right wrist and left ankle.

BALD POPOV
Last chance. Who are you?

Bryan says nothing, fixating on that CRUCIFIX.

BALD POPOV (CONT'D)
Who do you work for?

Bryan still says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. ODNI - HART'S OFFICE - DAY

Hart at the window, looking out across the woodlands of Fairfax county. A KNOCK. Faaron enters.

FAARON
They landed in the U.K. Package
secure at Bravo Sight November.

HART
Good.

FAARON
That's some operator you recruited.

HART
Yuh.

FAARON
Almost to the point of reckless--

HART
He just saved the op.

FAARON
Right.

HART
And consequently kept De Kloet
alive as a target.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - NIGHT

Scar Popov throws the bucket of water over Bryan. He braces himself against the cold. His muscles constrict.

They zap him with the electricity. The LIGHTS FLICKER. He writhes in agony and

BLACKS OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FISHING VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

CU: BRYAN -- eyes fixed on the large photograph of Cali by the altar. WIDEN to reveal that the service is over, casket buried, and he is sitting alone.

He HEARS a snuffle. He looks over his shoulder to see CALI'S ROOMMATE, near the back of the church, dabbing her eyes.

When she realizes she has disturbed Bryan, she offers a smile that's both sad and apologetic. His smile reflects hers.

She leaves. The wind outside slams the door. BANG--

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - DAWN

Bryan jerks awake. He's still hanging from the pipe. Alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAWN

WIDE - two men meet. Casual. One of them has a Jack Russell Terrier and throws a toy for it.

CLOSER -- Mahler. With BOB, 50s, terrier lover. British. Criminal vibe. Tough and resourceful, a human Jack Russell.

BOB

Germans my arse. Nah, this wasn't
the krauts.

MAHLER

How do you know?

ANGLE

Mahler's Land Cruiser and two of the Contractor's sedans idling close by.

RESUME

BOB
Sorry to break it to you but you're
not my only friend in the world.

INTERCUT - SNIPER'S CROSS HAIRS on Mahler from a window
overlooking the park.

A woman's face (30s) pressed to, and partially obscured by,
the sight. More of her later.

Don't be fooled by Bob's turn of phrase. There's a ruthless
mind at work there, that likes to keep people guessing.

MAHLER
So who were they?

BOB
My money's on the yanks.

MAHLER
Don't the Americans usually leave
guys like Tomas Vitek out in the
wild for as long as possible, to
lead them to bigger game?

BOB
These days you never know what that
lot are thinking. Not like the good
old days.

MAHLER
If the Americans are here, on the
offensive, I need to know more.

BOB
(pause)
Vitek's fellas caught one of them.

MAHLER
What?

BOB
Thought you'd like that.

MAHLER
Where are they holding him?

BOB
That part's gonna cost you.

MAHLER
We're already bloody paying you.

BOB

This is extra. You think that amount of legwork and communications intercepts comes cheap? Do me a favor.

MAHLER

(pause)

How much?

CUT TO:

CROSS HAIR POV of Bob and Mahler agreeing on a price and shaking on it.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

START on the wall clocks for D.C., GMT, PARIS, KABUL, MOSCOW, BEIJING. 23:47hrs in D.C. 05:47 in Paris.

RILEY

Come take a look at this.

The others come look at her screen. She's been monitoring a SAT MAP.

BLINKING RED DOT moves southwest. Down the side of the screen, coded data.

She works the keyboard. A bunch of NON-BLINKING BLUE DOTS appear in and around central Paris. The red one has split from the blue ones.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Red's the live feed from the tracker Bryan put in the car outside the bank, when he was doing recon on De Kloet. Blue's that same car's movement in the 31 hours since the tracker was placed. And for the last 20 minutes it's been traveling west, at speed, away from it's established movement pattern to...

She works the keyboard and shows them an auto-repair shop, 31 miles outside Paris, on the same main road.

RILEY (CONT'D)

An auto-repair shop, registered to--

VLASIK
Tomas Vitek.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAWN

CLOSE on the TRACKER in the GRILLE of the sedan.

WIDE to REVEAL that car and the Land Cruiser and another sedan swing into the front courtyard of the chop shop.

Same place where Vitek sold the Hungarian the weapons. Closed for business.

Mahler and SIX CONTRACTORS get out of the vehicles.

TWO POPOVS come out of the building.

POPOV #1
Oui? Je peux vous aider?

MAHLER
You have a guest. We'd like to see him.

POPOV #1
And you are?

FOUR SILENCED SHOTS. Two dead Popovs. Mahler steps over them.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bernie removes the broom handle from Bryan's bleeding knees. Bryan fights through the pain and forces himself to stand.

Bernie offers him a bottle of water. Bryan takes it. John swipes it away. Bryan looks at him, defiant.

JOHN
Think. You're not thinking.

BERNIE
You gotta make them believe you're too weak to do anything--walk, talk, drink water, anything.

JOHN

That's when they either decide to bring you back from the brink or put a bullet in your head.

BERNIE

So it's kind of a win-win if you think about it.

JOHN

But what you're banking on is their egos, telling them they can turn you.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - DAWN

BRYAN'S DEAD EYES. Staring at Bald Popov and Scar Popov.

BALD POPOV

Is he dead?

SCAR POPOV

Almost.

He pulls his gun, puts it to Bryan's head.

BRYAN'S POV -- Mahler and two of his men silently enter, behind the Popovs. Two shots. Bald and Scar Popov drop out of sight, dead. Mahler comes close, looks into Bryan's eyes.

MAHLER

Take him down.

They cut him down. He falls to the floor. His right arm trails across Bald Popov's neck and CRUCIFIX.

When they lift him back up, the crucifix is GONE.

MAHLER (CONT'D)

Clean him. Feed him. Hydrate him.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE AIRSTRIP - DAWN

A bunch of Quonset huts. Radar dishes. A Gulfstream. Rain. And the Union Jack flag.

From one hut, TWO PILOTS scramble to the Gulfstream.

From another hut, John, Sam, Bernie and Casey do the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MILLS HOME (FISHING VILLAGE) - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bryan and his Dad (Gabe) going at it. View of the ocean across the street. SUV idles outside the house.

GABE

You were born and raised a fisherman, god damn it.

BRYAN

I gotta go do this, dad.

GABE

Do what? You haven't even told us what it--

BRYAN

Dad.

GABE

(beat)

Fine. Go ahead. What do I care?

BRYAN

I may have been born a fisherman. But you raised us to be more than just that. Why do you think Cali put that kid's life before her own?

Gabe tears up.

EXT. MILLS HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bryan kisses his mom and brother good bye. He picks up his bag and goes to the idling SUV, driven by Sam.

He sees his Dad at the window. He nods good bye and gets in the SUV.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT PIPE ROOM - DAY

Bryan ASLEEP, cleaned up, in sweats, no shoes, handcuffed. Two of Mahler's CONTRACTORS enter and kick his feet.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

They bring him out of the pipe room, past the ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX which has conduits to the rest of the place.

INT. BASEMENT UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Bryan is sat in a chair across a table from Mahler. One Contractor waits outside. The other stays in the room.

MAHLER
Remove the cuffs.

The cuffs are removed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

JOHN
*The good cop in a harsh
interrogation is the closer.*

INT. BASEMENT UTILITY ROOM - DAY - INTERCUT

Bryan is wired to a POLYGRAPH MACHINE, plugged into a wall outlet.

A thermos and tin mug on the table.

CAMERA on a tripod, recording Bryan.

Contractor stands by the door, gun drawn.

JOHN
*He wants you to believe he's the
one who can bring you back from the
brink. In return for the truth.*

MAHLER
Are you German?

BRYAN
No.

MAHLER
American?

JOHN
*If there's a machine. Don't waste
time trying to game it.*

BRYAN

Yes.

Mahler pours tea from the thermos into the tin mug and places it in front of Bryan. Steam rises to the light.

MAHLER

Milk, two sugars. Standard NATO.
Make you feel better. Go ahead.

Bryan takes the tea. But his hands shake. Tea spills. He can't get it to his mouth. He puts it back down.

MAHLER (CONT'D)

Are you military?

BRYAN

Ex.

MAHLER

CIA?

BRYAN

No.

MAHLER

FBI?

BRYAN

No.

All true, according to the machine. A baseline.

JOHN

*You get a very small window of time
to use the machine to game the man.*

Mahler gets out a pack of cigarettes.

MAHLER

Smoke?

BRYAN

No.

MAHLER

Do you work for the U.S. government
in any capacity?

BRYAN

No.

A BLIP on the polygraph readout.

MAHLER
Try again.

BRYAN
(pause)
I have seen some terrible things.

MAHLER
In the service of your country.

BRYAN
Freedom and democracy.

Polygraph readout remains steady.

MAHLER
Are you an independent or private contractor to the U.S. Government?

BRYAN
No.

MAHLER
Let's talk about Tomas Vitek.

BRYAN
Maybe I will have that smoke.

MAHLER
Was he your only target in Paris?

ANGLE

BRYAN'S RIGHT HAND balls into a fist, angled so Mahler can't see the LONG END OF THE CRUCIFIX poking out.

RESUME

BRYAN
No.

MAHLER
Who else?

BRYAN
Cigarette.

Mahler shakes out a cigarette. Hands it to Bryan. Bryan's left hand shakes. Mahler fires up a lighter, reaches over with the flame.

Bryan looks through the flame at Mahler.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I only know the code name.

MAHLER
Which is?

Bryan leans towards the flame. Looks through it at Mahler.

BRYAN
Shitforbrains--

And he KICKS the table over, DIVES at the WALL OUTLET, jams the CRUCIFIX into the SOCKET and SHORTS the power.

LIGHT FLICKERS OVER Bryan throat-punching Mahler's Contractor and taking his gun and grabbing and reversing Mahler's gun as it comes up, JAMMING it in his mouth as he's about to speak.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Ssh.

LIGHT DIES. Dark.

FOOTFALLS in the hallway. TWO FLASHLIGHT BEAMS through the crack in the door. He presses the gun to the door and fires.

They fire back, killing the contractor Bryan just punched.

Four more shots from Bryan.

Flashlight beams fall to the floor.

Bryan opens the door, grabs Mahler as a shield.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - SIMULTANEOUS

The remaining THREE CONTRACTORS hear gunfire. They move towards the entrance, spread out, military-tactical.

INT. CHOP SHOP - STAIRS - DAY

Bryan bringing Mahler up at gunpoint.

BRYAN
How many more men?

MAHLER
You're not getting out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Contractors in position. Bryan comes out, Mahler's his shield.

Shots exchanged. Then--

CONTRACTOR #1

Our orders are to shoot through him. Orders he gave.

ON Mahler, stoic. Kinda brave.

BRYAN

So be it.

That same look from the train, like he almost wants to die.

SHOTS FIRED... Bryan returns fire, using Mahler as a shield.

But it's Mahler's Contractors who go down.

John, Sam, Bernie and Casey break cover. Bryan's jaw drops.

JOHN

We brought clean underwear.

Then POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. SCIF - NIGHT

Deputy DNI Hart has been caught up by Marzoki and Riley.

HART
No casualties?

RILEY
And a clean getaway.

MARZOKI
And German bullets.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

Louis the something decor. De Kloet downloads a gig of encrypted data onto a zip drive.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

He opens a lock box, takes one of several passports, places the zip drive into the box, locks it with a special key.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

De Kloet comes up the stairs from the vault and falls into step with TWO CONTRACTORS who escort him out--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

--to an SUV. Which is when Mahler's Land Cruiser arrives and its rear window lowers enough to reveal Mahler, wearing a look of calm that can't possibly be genuine.

Mahler says something into a radio. The Contractors hear whatever he says in their earwigs. They steer De Kloet to the Land Cruiser as Mahler's window closes.

INT. LAND CRUISER - SIMULTANEOUS

Sam holds his gun to Mahler's groin area. Bryan's at the wheel. Casey opens the door. De Kloet starts to get in, then sees what's happening and his body goes into lock down.

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

John and Bernie come up behind the contractors, guns in their backs.

BERNIE

Do we have to explain?

The Contractors know they're beat. John and Bernie relieve them of their weapons and radios. Calm and efficient.

INT. LAND CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

De Kloet gets in, next to Mahler. John and Bernie get in. Bryan steps on the gas. Casey pats De Kloet down. Finds the passport and lock box key.

DE KLOET

Please--

De Kloet's not built for this.

CASEY

Hold still.

De Kloet gets a needle to the neck. Passes out.

BERNIE

Now that's a clean take.

Bryan drives, cracking a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Fleet of cop cars. Siren lights. HELICOPTER (O.S.) above.

The Contractors' two sedans. But no Land Cruiser.

FRENCH POLICE move through the place, marking bullet strikes, photographing bodies.

A PLAIN WRAPPER CAR pulls up.

BOB (terrier owner from the park with Mahler) dressed in a suit gets out and flashes French Intelligence I.D. to a GENDARME.

GENDARME

Monsieur.

He's allowed to proceed into the CHOP SHOP/CRIME SCENE.

INT. BASEMENT UTILITY ROOM - DAY

A COUPLE FRENCH DETECTIVES collect and bag empty shell casings and the VIDEO CAMERA, which lies broken on the table.

Bob enters. Shows his ID again.

BOB

(perfect French)

Laissez moi un instant, s'il vous plait.

They exit. He shuts the door, puts on latex gloves, inspects the camera, pops out the memory card, replaces it with another and places the original in his pocket.

He puts the camera back where it was and removes his gloves.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Bob exits the Utility Room, passing the Detectives.

BOB

Merci.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTLINE/FISHING VILLAGE - DAY

Seagulls wheel over sea foam.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE CEMETERY - DAY

FIND Bryan placing flowers on Cali's Grave.

SERIES OF TIME CUTS/ANGLES - he stands there a long while.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

De Kloet alone in the stark room with a one way window. He's in overalls and flip flops. Riley and Faaron enter. They sit and wait. De Kloet blinks first:

DE KLOET

Please. There's no need to--I want to, I want to help.

FAARON

You do understand, we don't negotiate with terrorists.

DE KLOET

I'm not a terrorist. I'm a banker.

FAARON

Let's start with your client list.

ANGLE

Deputy DNI Hart watching through one way glass.

DE KLOET

I'm a dead man if I do that.

Riley places the zip drive from the lock box on the table.

RILEY

You already did.

Faaron slides a legal pad and pen to De Kloet.

FAARON

Begin with your clients here in the U.S.

De Kloet starts writing.

Hart beams. A massive win.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

A strikingly beautiful and stylish woman, 35, carrying a fashionable purse, waits on the curb.

A car pulls over. She gets in back.

INT. CAR (TRAVELING) - CONTINUOUS

She catches the driver's eye in the mirror. There's a briefcase on the seat next to her.

The Driver is Bob. And she is SUMMER, the woman with the sniper rifle earlier.

Bob's all business and plain-speak now.

BOB

In the briefcase you'll find pictures of the target, your passport, cash, credit cards, car keys, cell phone and airline ticket to Reagan International.

She opens the briefcase. Pulls out FRAME GRABS of Bryan from his interrogation by Mahler.

SUMMER

This is all we have to go on?

American accent with a slight trace of German.

BOB

That's it.

SUMMER

Unusual for you.

BOB

He may be military. CIA. I don't know. Which is why I'm sending you to Washington.

SUMMER

Finger prints?

BOB

No matches on any known databases.

She opens the passport to the back page. "SUMMER JONES."

BOB (CONT'D)

I'll take those pictures back when you've burned them into your brain.

She hands the pictures of Bryan back to him and decants the remaining contents of the briefcase into her purse.

BOB (CONT'D)

Your car is in Long term parking, space 434.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

The keys to your new apartment are
in the glove box. Everything you'll
need is waiting for you there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Virginia. Quiet. A cab pulls up to the mailbox, in the shadows. A woman gets out, carrying a tote bag, which she's about to put in the mailbox when she sees someone inside the house, a couple lights on.

So she goes to the house and rings the BELL. Her back to us. Front door opens.

BRYAN

stands there in sweats and tee-shirt. Sleepy eyes.

WOMAN

Hi.

REVERSE

to REVEAL Cali's roommate, who spoke at the funeral.

BRYAN

Hello.

WOMAN

(offers her hand)

I'm--

BRYAN

Cali's roommate.

WOMAN

Lenore. Sorry, I didn't mean to--

BRYAN

No no. Come on in.

LENORE enters.

INT. BRYAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Two bedrooms. Small back yard. Basic decor and furniture.

Bryan's charmingly awkward with beautiful women.

BRYAN

It's good to finally meet you. Cali talked about you a lot.

LENORE

I brought you some things I thought you should have.

BRYAN

All the way from Boston?

LENORE

I have family in D.C. Your mom gave me your address. I was going to leave it in the mailbox but then I saw the light on and, well anyway, here you go.

She hands him the tote bag. He reaches in and pulls out framed pictures of Cali, Bryan and the family, dating back to when she was a little girl and he was teenager. And there's one of him in Green Beret uniform, coming back from the war.

There are also a bundle of letters with MPS (Military Postal Service) letters from Bryan to Cali.

BRYAN

(chokes up)

She kept all my letters?

LENORE

You kidding?

BRYAN

Thank you.

LENORE

I should leave you in peace now--

BRYAN

No don't leave.

That just came out. The vulnerability he's had to bottle up until now. Raw and exposed.

LENORE

Okay--

BRYAN

Cali was right.

LENORE

About what?

But then the DOOR BELL RINGS. Who the hell? Bryan moves to the door, looks through the peephole.

BRYAN
Hold that thought.

He opens the door.

OUTSIDE - John and the guys. They brought smiles and grocery bags full of steaks and booze. Off Bryan's frown--

JOHN
Told you he'd be happy to see us.

They barge in. And there's Lenore. A vision.

BERNIE
Hello.

LENORE
Hi.

BRYAN
John, Sam, Bernie, Casey. This is Lenore.

She's taken their breath away.

SAM
Are we--

LENORE
I was just leaving.

CASEY
We got plenty of meat.

She laughs. Shoots Bryan a wry look.

LENORE
Another time maybe. Thanks though.

BRYAN
(to the guys)
Give me a minute?

They go through to the back. She holds out her hand.

LENORE
Give me your phone.

He gives it to her. She types in her number. Hands it back.

BRYAN
 She said you were... pretty
 special.

She reaches up and kisses him on the cheek.

LENORE
 Likewise.

As she leaves--

LENORE (CONT'D)
 I'm glad your light was on.

EXT. BRYAN'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

START on a burst of FLAMES. John fires up the grill. Bernie
 throws the meat on. Casey opens beers. Bryan comes out.

JOHN
 Lenore, huh?

BRYAN
 Friend of my sister's.

CASEY
 Didn't want to hang?

BRYAN
 I know. Imagine that.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Key in the door. Summer enters. Turns on the lights. A
 modern, new apartment. Lines, angles and shadows, befitting a
 femme fatale.

BEDROOM CLOSET - she pushes aside some clothes and finds the
 safe. She enters the code and opens it.

FROM INSIDE THE SAFE - hand gun, silencer, ammunition, burner
 phones, passports, a folder... She takes the folder and
 closes the safe door on us.

CUT TO:

INT. BRYAN'S PLACE - NIGHT

Bryan and the guys are playing cards. Booze and cigars in evidence. Bryan stares at the tote bag in the next room.

BERNIE

You people bring cash tonight? No more notes on napkins.

SAM

Shut your yap and deal.

JOHN

Still with us there, Bry?

BRYAN

Yeah. Sorry.

SAM

Pair of sevens, here we go...

BERNIE

You in our out, dude?

CASEY

Wait. I'm thinking.

SAM

That smoke coming out of your ears?

BRYAN

Hold up a second guys.
(raises his beer)
Thanks.

They clink their beers. We start to PULL AWAY.

BERNIE

You've got three sevens haven't you? Four? You don't fool me.

CASEY

Or maybe I got a straight flush.

SAM

Or maybe you got squat as usual.

And we're almost out the door when phones start BUZZING. All their phones. John throws his cards down, checks his phone.

JOHN

Damn. Three sevens and they page us.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Bryan)
Ready to go again?

AGGRESSIVE PUSH BACK into--

BRYAN
Ready.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE