

The Bourne Supremacy

Compiled from drafts

Dated

7/11/03

9/17/03

10/13/03

By

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Dated

11/14/03

11/19/03

By

Brian Helgeland

Based on the novel by Robert Ludlum and
The 2002 Universal Film "The Bourne Identity"

| | |
|---------|----------|
| GREEN: | 1/13/04 |
| YELLOW: | 12/11/03 |
| PINK: | 11/27/03 |
| BLUE: | 10/13/03 |
| WHITE: | 9/17/03 |

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

1 EXT. MERCEDES WINDSHIELD -- DUSK 1

It's raining...

Light strobes across the wet glass at a rhythmic pace...

Suddenly -- through the window a face -- JASON BOURNE -- riding in the backseat -- his gaze fixed.

A1 INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT A1

On his knee -- a syringe and a gun --

The eyes of the driver, JARDA, watching --

BOURNE'S POV -- the passenger -- back of his HEAD -- cell phone rings -- the HEAD turns -- it's CONKLIN --

BOURNE returns his stare...

CUT TO --

2 INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT 2

BOURNE'S EYES OPEN! -- panicked -- gasping -- trying to stay quiet -- MARIE sleeps.

A2 INT. COTTAGE LIVING AREA/BATHROOM -- NIGHT A2

BOURNE moving for the medicine cabinet. Digs through the medicine cabinet. Downs something specific.

3 INT./EXT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM/VERANDA -- NIGHT 3

One minute later. BOURNE moves out onto the veranda.

MARIE pads in. Watching him for a moment. Concerned. Clearly it's not the first time this has happened.

They both look different than last we saw them; his hair is longer. She's a blonde. Hippie travelers. Their cottage is humble but sweet. The bedroom opens to a beach and a town just down the hill. CLUB MUSIC from some all night rave wafting in from the far distance.

MARIE

Where were you, Jason?

BOURNE

In the car. Conklin up front.

MARIE
I'll get the book.

BOURNE
No. There's nothing new.

MARIE
You're sure?
(he nods)
We should still -- we should write it
down.

BOURNE
Two years we're scribbling in a notebook --

MARIE
-- it hasn't been two years --

BOURNE
-- it's always bad and it's never
anything but bits and pieces anyway!
(she's gone quiet)
You ever think that maybe it's just
making it worse? You don't wonder that?

She lays her hands on his shoulders, steadies him.

MARIE
We write them down because sooner or
later you're going to remember something
good.

BOURNE
(softens)
I do remember something good. All the
time. I remember you.

She smiles. Kisses him. Leads him back in.

4

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

4

MARIE getting BOURNE into the bed. Turning down the light.
Getting him settled. Waiting for that pill to kick in.
What would he do without her?

BOURNE
I'm trying, Marie, Okay?

MARIE
I worry when you get like this.

BOURNE

It's just a nightmare.

MARIE

I don't mean that. I worry when you try to ignore it.

He hesitates. But that gets him. He knows she's right. And with that opening, he's letting go. Resistance folding. Almost childlike. She's gathering him in. He's letting her do it...

MARIE (CONT'D)

Sleep. Sleep now.

BOURNE

I should be better by now.

MARIE

You are better. And I think it's not memories at all. It's just a dream you keep having over and over.

BOURNE

But it ends up the same.

MARIE

One day it will be different. It just takes time.

(beat)

We'll make new memories. You and me.

Silence. She strokes his face. He gives in to her tenderness. He's fading. Two waifs in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. BEACH -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 5

BOURNE running in the sun. A punishing pace along the sand. Moving strong. Effortless. Deep into it. Focused. The stunning conjunction of sun and scenery are lost on him.

6 EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY 6

A busy market town. Fishing town. Hippie town. Lots of young Western faces. Rundown and happening at the same time.

MARIE shopping. Filling a bag with local produce.

HIS POV

THE SILVER CAR has parked. There's a GUY -- well-dressed -- casual -- physical -- sunglasses -- call him KIRILL -- he's out of the car and heading across the street toward a building there. A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

BACK TO

BOURNE checking his watch. The car. The guy. Perimeter.

10

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE/GOA -- DAY

10

*

MR. MOHAN at his desk. He's a crisp, proper man of fifty. He's just been handed something --

A PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE -- an old passport picture.

MR. MOHAN

And your question, sir?

KIRILL across the desk.

KIRILL

She's my sister. There's been a death in the family. This is the last place we know she called from.

11

INT. COTTAGE -- DAY

11

A NOTE ON THE TABLE: "I'M AT THE BEACH"

BOURNE has just come in -- just read the note -- balling it quickly. In fact, everything is quickly now, because --

BOURNE is bailing.

Fast. Calm. Methodical. Some exfil procedure that he's honed and choreographed. Packing like a machine --

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- BACKPACKS thrown open on the bed. -- HOUSE CASH pulled from a lamp base. -- CREDIT CARDS taped under the counter.

12

EXT. MAIN STREET/BANK GOA/BEACH TOWN -- DAY

12

KIRILL coming out of the bank. Mission accomplished. Heading back to the SILVER CAR. Getting in and --

Fuck it -- there's an opening ahead and he's taking it -- *
 even though it's away from them -- he'll find another way -- *

29

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY -- (CONT) 29

BOURNE sees the HYUNDAI move forward into traffic. THE OLD *
 VAN is still blocking them from behind -- *

BOURNE *
 You drive. *

MARIE *
 What? *

BOURNE *
 (already squeezing over) *
 Switch! You drive! *

MARIE *
 -- where? -- *

BOURNE *
 -- make the left -- toward the bridge -- *

MARIE scrambling over the seat. BOURNE, eyes everywhere, *
 checks his watch. *

THE JEEP squirts back on the main street and --

30

INT. JEEP -- DAY -- CONT 30

MARIE at the wheel -- adrenaline pumping -- clear running
 for thirty yards ahead and --

MARIE skidding them into the right turn -- clipping another
 vehicle -- MIRROR SHATTERING! -- speeding up.

BOURNE scanning behind them -- MARIE moving out to pass --
veering back! -- an ONCOMING BUS -- just in time and --

MARIE *
 -- Jesus! -- *
 (glancing over) *
 -- is he back there? -- *

BOURNE *
 -- not yet -- *

MARIE *
 -- it's just him? -- *

MARIE
Jason, please don't do this...it won't
ever be over like this.

BOURNE
There's no choice.

HER POV

The old CONCRETE BRIDGE ahead. Almost there.

33 EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY/SUNSET 33

KIRILL slams into it. Quick, precise grabs into the bag.
Only a moment and he's got a SNIPER RIFLE.

A34 INT. JEEP -- BRIDGE -- DAY A34

BOURNE -- pistol in hand -- spare clip in the other --
checks his watch.

BOURNE
At the end make the left, when I roll out
do not slow down.

MARIE nods, got it. After a beat...

MARIE
I love you, too.

BOURNE
Tell me later.

MARIE looks ahead.

B34 EXT. LOW WALL -- DAY B34

KIRILL. Eye to the scope.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

There! The JEEP rumbling across the bridge. No clear
target, just the back of the full DRIVER'S SIDE HEADREST.

KIRILL'S FINGER

Squeezing. Firing.

KIRILL

Scans his perimeter. There's the old woman again. But more people with her. People coming out of the woodwork.

KIRILL checks the surface one last time. Nothing.

He breaks down the rifle in moments -- goes. *

40 EXT. JEEP -- RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY 40

BOURNE -- up into an air pocket held by the jeep's canvas top. A big gulp of air --

And he's back to MARIE. Frantic. Trying to unclip her seatbelt. Pull her out. But it's all jammed up. *

41 EXT. KIRILL -- BY THE SILVER CAR 41

Bag chucked in the back. All he has left is the scope. One last look to the unbroken surface. Then it's time to go. KIRILL -- drifting away -- disappears. *

42 EXT. JEEP -- RIVER BOTTOM -- DAY 42

The red halo growing bigger. BLOOD. *

BOURNE pauses. MARIE'S face is blank. She's dead. *

BOURNE finally pulling back. Realizing this is goodbye... *

DISSOLVE TO:

43-68 DELETED 43-68

69 EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE -- NIGHT 69

We pick up a MAN WITH A BRIEFCASE on a telephoto lens.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)
The seller has arrived.

BERLIN

74

EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

74

MIKE and VIC shake hands; two tired co-workers parting ways. MIKE will keep walking. VIC entering the building through the big glass doors, smiling as he's approached by A NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD. And we hear:

MIKE still walking, alone now, heading away from THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING toward A VAN parked up the block.

MIKE/RADIO
(sleeve mike, earpiece)
"This is Escort One. I'm clear."

75

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

75

THE COMMAND POST. CRONIN works the communications board...

CRONIN
"All teams -- listen up -- we are standing-
by for final green."
(turning now to--)

PAMELA, who has been listening. Just as she's about to give the final word, KIM raises a finger...

KIM
Langley...

She hands PAMELA a phone that's patched into her board.

PAMELA
(a bit surprised)
Martin?

76

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/LANGLEY, VIRGINIA -- DAY

76

THREE MEN -- CIA MANDARINS -- sit around a round table. MARTIN MARSHALL, Deputy Vice-Director, he's in charge. All is tense.

MARSHALL
I'm here. So is Donnie and Jack Weller.
We understand you're using the full
allocation for this buy?

PAMELA
That's where we came out.

MARSHALL

It's a lot of money, Pam.

PAMELA

We're talking raw, unprocessed KGB files.
It's not something we can go out and
comparison shop.

MARSHALL

Still...

PAMELA

For a thief. A mole. I vetted the
source, Marty. He's real. If it does
nothing more than narrow the list of
suspects, it's a bargain at ten times the
price.

MANDARIN #1

Pamela, Jack Weller here. It's the
quality that's at issue...

PAMELA

Yes, sir. I'm in total agreement. If
they're fakes, they're expensive.

(furious, impatient)

Gentlemen, I've got the seller on site and
in play. Quite honestly, there's not much
more to talk about.

MARSHALL looks to his MANDARIANS. Not convinced, but
doesn't want to lose the opportunity. Time to wash his
hands.

MARSHALL

All right Pam, your game, your call...

77

DELETED

77

78

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

78

All eyes on PAMELA as she puts down the phone to Langley.
Nodding to CRONIN. Yes.

CRONIN/RADIO

"Final Green. You are go. Repeat, you
are go for Final Green."

79

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT

79

VIC has just passed muster with The Security Guard, he's standing alone at AN ELEVATOR BANK.

VIC/RADIO
(sleeve mike, earpiece)
"On my way up."

VIC pulling his earpiece. Going dark. Waits for an elevator.

*

A80

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT A80

Dark. A small room full of wiring and infrastructure, lit by the glare of someone's MAG-LIGHT.

GLOVED HANDS quickly pass over racks of gear and wiring and then stopping at -- the main electrical risers.

They carefully place an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE -- no bigger than a pack of cigarettes -- onto the main riser...

Done with that, here comes A SECOND SMALL EXPLOSIVE DEVICE - - but this one's special, it's being taken from A PLASTIC BAG and mounted down by the floor on a sub-panel --

Done, the hands hold up what looks like a piece of tape. It bears a FINGERPRINT. As the tape is pressed down, transferring it onto the charge --

80

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

80

VIC alone with THE SAMPLES CASE. Pressing the button for #9, the top floor. The doors close. The car rises...2...3...4...5...6... And then, it stops. VIC bracing himself, as the door opens and --

IVAN -- Russian -- the guy we saw outside with the briefcase -- standing in an empty, darkened hallway.

IVAN
Show me.

VIC
Here?

IVAN
(holding open the door)
Now. Show now.

VIC flips open the case. CASH. Three million dollars.

81 INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR -- NIGHT 81

A GLASS DOOR. A suite of offices beyond. Clean.
Anonymous. One light on deep inside...

CASPIEX-PETROLEUM

Cherbourg -- Moscow -- Rome -- Tehran

82 INT. CASPIEX OFFICE -- NIGHT 82

Curtains drawn. Lights low. IVAN sitting with THE SAMPLES
CASE, counting the cash. VIC poring over --

RUSSIAN DOCUMENT FILES. Dozens of KGB files. Old and new. *
Spread sheets, financial data. Incomprehensibly Cyrillic. *
Marked up. But judging by the seals and clearance sign- *
offs, all top-secret. *

VIC
This is everything?

IVAN
Is there. Is all there.

Suddenly -- MUSIC -- a radio -- some tinny pop tune just
started playing from somewhere down the hall --

VIC
-- what the hell is that? -- alone --
you said alone --

Both of them sure they're being double-crossed --

VIC (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(reaching for his ankle)
-- who? -- who else is here? --

IVAN
-- no! -- not me! -- no other people! --

VIC
(coming up with a pistol)
-- shut up! -- just shut the --

Freaked by the gun, IVAN to his feet -- VIC pushing him
back as he rushes past -- THE SAMPLE CASE spilling cash and
--

RADIO VOICES piling up -- panicked, confusion cascading as -
-

| | | | |
|---------|---|---------|--------|
| 86-87 | <u>DELETED</u> | 86-87 | * |
| A87,B87 | <u>DELETED</u> | A87,B87 | * |
| 88 | <u>EXT. BERLIN NOVATEL/PARKING LOT -- NIGHT</u> | 88 | * |
| | Anonymous drone barn. KIRILL stepping out of a car. He's carrying the duffle. | | * * |
| 89 | <u>INT. BERLIN NOVATEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT</u> | 89 | * |
| | KIRILL. Heading down the hall. | | * |
| 90 | <u>INT. NOVATEL ROOM -- NIGHT</u> | 90 | * |
| | KIRILL enters. It's a small room. GRETKOV is waiting. He's forty. Professional. Trim and polished. Dominant. | | * * |
| | GRETKOV | | * |
| | (Russian) | | * |
| | (You're early) | | * |
| | KIRILL | | * |
| | (You're complaining?) | | * |
| | GRETKOV | | * |
| | (It's clean?) | | * |
| | KIRILL | | * |
| | (Would I bring it?) | | * |
| | GRETKOV taking over now. Tosses some money on the bed, checks out the photocopy of the files. | | * * |
| | GRETKOV | | * |
| | (What are you doing?) | | * |
| | KIRILL stripping quickly -- | | * |
| | KIRILL | | * |
| | (I'm taking a shower, it's been a long day.) | | * * |
| | GRETKOV | | * |
| | (Make it fast, my plane is waiting) | | * |

A GROWING PILE of Marie memories: Bank cards. Phony student IDs. Loose passport photos with a mix of looks and hair-dos. Clothes -- vacuum-packed bags -- spare shoes. *

B93

EXT. NEAR THE SHACK -- DAY

B93

A gasoline-stoked FIRE burning in a rock-lined pit. BOURNE feeding his papers and all of Marie's belongings into the fire. A passport cover crinkles back to reveal her photo. Her face begins to burn. Gas-soaked clothes tossed in. Nothing left except --

The PHOTOGRAPH -- the picture of he and Marie at the beach. The one from his desk.

BOURNE hesitates, holds the photo out to the flames. The rules of exfil say drop it -- but he can't -- won't --

He reaches to his bag, sticks the photo on top of his gear.

Then, hefting, the bag, BOURNE strides away. *

93

INT. BERLIN HQ COMMAND POST -- DAY

93

A folding table covered with XEROXED BERLIN POLICE PAPERWORK. PAMELA getting a show-and-tell from CRONIN and TEDDY. *

CRONIN

-- so there were two of these explosive charges placed on the power lines. One of them failed. The fingerprint... *

(Pamela's got it) *

That's from the one that didn't go off.

PAMELA

And the Germans can't match it?

TEDDY

Nobody's got it. We checked every database we could access. Nothing.

CRONIN

Show her the other thing.

TEDDY

This is a KGB file that must've fallen somehow and then slipped under, I guess, a desk there, or...

(handing it to her--)

PAMELA

Do we know what this says?

TEDDY

Yup...

(a scrap of paper)

The main word there, the file heading,
translates as: Treadstone.

PAMELA

What the hell is a "Treadstone?"

CRONIN shaking his head. Nobody knows.

CUT TO:

C93 EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY C93

BOURNE bouncing around on an old Punjab BUS. Alone in a
crush of humanity.

Going only God knows where...

CUT TO:

94-96 DELETED 94-96

A97 EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- LANGLEY, VIRGINIA A97

PAMELA'S POV as she drives toward the entrance.

C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA

*

97 INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 97

A long, bright, sterile hallway. PAMELA and CRONIN walking
briskly alongside A UNIFORMED S.P.S. OFFICER.

98 INT. C.I.A. ELEVATOR -- DAY 98

PAMELA and CRONIN watching THE S.P.S. OFFICER unlock the
operation panel. Coding in. They begin to descend and --

- 99 INT. DIFFERENT C.I.A. CORRIDOR -- DAY 99
- Drab and desolate. PAMELA and CRONIN come around a corner, walking with A NEW ESCORT OFFICER. Passing a sign that reads:
- Operations Library Center. *
- 100-102 DELETED 100-102
- 103 INT. SECURED READING ROOM #63171 -- DAY 103 *
- Sealed, triple-locked NUMBERED DOOR. It swings open. Lights flicker on. Tons of shit packed away in here. Shelves bulging. Boxes. Tapes. Binders. Hard drives. PAMELA steps in. A HUGE FILING CABINET labeled --
- TREADSTONE**
- PAMELA/PHONE (OVER)
- Ward?
- ABBOTT (OS)
- Yes?
- PAMELA/PHONE
- Pamela Landy.
- 103A-104 DELETED 103A-104
- 105 INT. ABBOTT'S OFFICE/C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY 105
- WARD ABBOTT at his desk. The cluttered clubhouse HQ of a man who's spent the last thirty-five years in the spy game. A PICTURE WINDOW offers a commander's view of the BULLPEN. *
- ABBOTT/PHONE
- What can I do for you, Pam?
- PAMELA/PHONE
- I was hoping you had some time for me.
- ABBOTT/PHONE
- Time for what?
- PAMELA/PHONE
- I'm free right now actually.

ABBOTT/PHONE

That sounds ominous. Let me check my schedule.

ABBOTT holds the phone. Eyes drifting out the window and --

ABBOTT'S POV

THE BULLPEN. CRONIN is standing with DANIEL ZORN, one of Abbott's trusted #2s. Clearly ZORN is getting the less polite version of Pamela's invitation. ZORN managing to shoot a quick, questioning glance to Abbott as --

106

INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

106

A cold room. Desk. Two chairs. ABBOTT and PAMELA alone.

PAMELA

Treadstone.

ABBOTT

Never heard of it.

PAMELA

That's not gonna fly.

ABBOTT

With all due respect, Pam, I think you might've wandered a little past your pay-grade.

She has a piece of paper. She slides it forward.

PAMELA

That's a warrant from Director Marshall granting me unrestricted access to all personnel and materials associated with Treadstone.

ABBOTT rocked and trying to hide it.

ABBOTT

And what are we looking for?

PAMELA

I want to know about Treadstone.

ABBOTT

To know about it?

(almost amused)

It was a kill squad. Black on black.

Closed down two years ago.

(MORE)

*

*

ABBOTT (CONT'D)

Bourne was his number one -- guy went out to work, screwed the op and never came back. Conklin couldn't fix it, couldn't find Bourne, couldn't adjust. It all went sideways. Finally there were no options left.

*

*

PAMELA

So you had Conklin killed.

(silence)

I mean, if we're cutting the crap...

ABBOTT

I've given thirty years and two marriages to this agency. I've shoveled shit on four continents. I'm due to retire next year and believe me, I need my pension, but if you think I'm gonna sit here and let you dangle me with this, you can go to hell. Marshall too.

*

(flat)

It had to be done.

PAMELA

And Bourne? Where's he now?

ABBOTT

(shrugs)

Dead in a ditch? Drunk in a bar in Mogadishu? Who knows?

PAMELA

I think I do. We had a deal going down in Berlin last week. During the buy, both our Field Agent and the seller were killed. We pulled a fingerprint from a timing charge that didn't go off.

*

(beat)

They were killed by Jason Bourne.

ABBOTT hesitates. Blindsided. What?

A courtesy knock at the door.

CRONIN

(appearing in the doorway)

They're ready for us upstairs.

BOURNE

(Uh, sure.)

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER comes out of his booth as a CARABINIERI joins him and they escort BOURNE to a small room at the side of the CUSTOMS HALL.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(Please wait in here.)

BOURNE scans the hall as he walks, enters room...

PAMELA'S (V.O.)

Seven years ago, twelve million dollars was stolen from a CIA account...

BOURNE takes a seat. CARABINIERI guards the room.

118

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

118

Same table. More faces. MARSHALL back in the throne. ABBOTT, THREE C.I.A. MANDARINS plus THEIR #2'S, and --

PAMELA

...in Warsaw. This is...

CLICK -- A PHOTO of the man killed in Berlin fills the projection screen behind her -- CLICK -- crime scene photo of dead body -- CLICK -- "PECOS OIL" logo --

PAMELA (CONT'D)

...Ivan Mevedev -- senior financial manager -- worked for one of the new Russian petroleum companies, Pecos Oil. He claimed to know where the money landed. We believe this could have only happened with help from someone inside the Agency... This...

CLICK -- CONKLIN'S PHOTO --

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(placing it on the table)
...this is Conklin's computer.

CLICK -- A PHOTOCOPY OF A BANKING CONTRACT --

PAMELA (CONT'D)

...At the time of his death, Conklin was sitting on a personal account in the amount of seven-hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

ABBOTT
Do you know what his budget was? *

PAMELA
Excuse me.

ABBOTT
We were throwing money at him. Throwing
it at him and asking him to keep it dark. *

PAMELA
May I finish? *

ABBOTT
Conklin might've been a nut, but he
wasn't a mole. You have me his calendar
for a couple of days, I'll prove he
killed Lincoln. *

(appealing to Marshall)
This is supposed to be definitive? *

PAMELA
What's definitive, is that I just lost
two people in Berlin!

ABBOTT
So what's your theory?
(mocking her)
Conklin's reaching out from the grave to
protect his good name?
(incredulous)
The man is dead.

MARSHALL
(he's heard enough)
No one's disputing that, Ward.

ABBOTT
For crissake, Marty, you knew Conklin.
Does this scan? I mean, at all?

MARSHALL signals for quiet...

MARSHALL
Okay, cut to the chase, Pam. What are you
selling?

PAMELA
I think that Bourne and Conklin were in
business. That Bourne is still involved. *

(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

And that whatever information I was going to buy in Berlin, it was big enough to make Bourne come out from wherever he's been hiding to kill again.

(to Abbott)

How's that scan?

*
*
*
*
*
*

As the MANDARINS all start talking at once --

ZORN enters. Stands at the head of the table. Tries to get their attention.

*
*

ZORN

Hey...

(they look up)

Look, you're not gonna believe this, but Jason Bourne's passport just came on the grid in Naples.

*
*
*
*
*

ABBOTT blinks. What?

*

119-120 DELETED

119-120

*

121 EXT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- NIGHT

121

NEVINS. American. A junior, C.I.A. Field Officer. Walking from the parking lot, talking on his cellphone.

NEVINS

...what can I do? I can't. I'll call you when I know what I'm into...

(a hassled pause)

I don't know, some guy's name came up on the computer.

(starting toward the building)

So start without me, if I can get there, I will. Later...

NEVINS hangs up and pockets the phone. He hustles towards the building.

122 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

122

The room is jumping. Agents tracking, working the phones and computers. PAMELA giving orders. ABBOTT watches.

CRONIN
 (looks up from computer
 screen)
 Looks like he's been detained.

PAMELA
 Who's going? Us?

CRONIN
 There's only a Consulate, they sent a
 field officer out half an hour ago --

PAMELA
 (cuts him off)
 Then get a number, they need to know who
 they're dealing with.

CRONIN already on it...

123

INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM -- SUNSET

123

As NEVINS flashes his credentials to CARABINIERI at door,
 who gives an unimpressed shrug and lets him in.

NEVINS takes his overcoat off, tosses it on the empty
 chair. We see a big ass .45 for just a second under his
 suit jacket.

NEVINS
 Alright, Mr. Bourne, is that your name?
 (BOURNE nods)
 Name's Nevins. I'm with the US Consulate.
 Could I see your passport?

BOURNE, silent, hands over his passport.

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 So, Mr. Bourne...

NEVINS studies Bourne's passport...

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 What are you doing in Tangiers?

Silence...

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 (faux friendly)
 Are you travelling alone?

BOURNE stares straight ahead. NEVINS comes around the table and sits in front of BOURNE.

NEVINS (CONT'D)
 (in his face)
 Look, I don't know what you've done.
 But, you're gonna need to play ball here.

NEVINS cell starts to ring. He shrugs an apology, turns away and answers:

NEVINS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Nevins...

PAMELA/PHONE
 This is Pamela Landy, a CI Supervisor calling from Langley, Virginia. Are you with a Jason Bourne now?

NEVINS
 (listens; looks at Bourne)
 Yes...

A123 INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

A123

PAMELA on the phone.

PAMELA
 Then use extreme caution. He can be very unpredictable and violent. Use whatever means necessary to...

123 INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM -- SUNSET

123

Whatever Nevins is being told, it's concerning. BOURNE watching him. Knows exactly what this is.

CLOSE ON NEVINS as he steps away, listening intently. His hand just starting to move toward his shoulder holster.

NEVINS (cont'd)
 Okay, I'll call you right back.

NEVINS flips shut his phone. He reaches for his gun, even as he turns, and --

BOURNE is right there in his face. WHUMP! Momentum and gravity reaching mutual agreement as NEVINS hits the deck.

CARABINIERI barely clears his holster before -- CHOP -- CHOP -- BOURNE has him down in a heap.

PAMELA/PHONE

Mr. Nevins?

NEVINS/PHONE

Who's this?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy, again. Where do we stand? *

A130 INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM -- NIGHT

A130

Nevins barely knows where he is.

131 EXT. NAPLES STREET -- NIGHT

131

BOURNE sits in the dark car. Headphones. A nest of cool gadgetry -- on the passenger seat. Listening in -- recording -- *

He writes: Pamela Landy -- circles it.

NEVINS/PHONE

I think... I think he got away. *

PAMELA looks at the faces waiting around the table. Shakes her head no... *

PAMELA *

Have you locked down the area? *

NEVINS/PHONE

Ah, we're in Italy. They don't exactly "lock down" real quick... *

INTERCUT -- BOURNE -- NEVINS -- PAMELA --

PAMELA/PHONE

How long have you worked for the agency?

NEVINS/PHONE

Me? Four years.

PAMELA/PHONE

If you ever want to make it to five, you're gonna listen to me real close. Jason Bourne is armed and extremely dangerous. A week ago, he assassinated two men in Berlin, one of whom was a highly-experienced field officer... *

(continuing as--) *

We're TOTALLY ON BOURNE at this point -- sitting there in the dark car, struggling to make sense of this -- what the fuck is she talking about? -- Berlin? -- He writes it, circles it.

PAMELA/PHONE (CONT'D)

I want that area secured, I want any evidence secured and I want it done now. Is that clear??

*

NEVINS/PHONE

Yes, sir -- ma'am...

PAMELA/PHONE

I'm getting on a plane to Berlin in 45 minutes, which means you are going to call me back in 30, and when I ask you where we stand, I had better be impressed. My mobile number is...

*

*

*

*

*

BOURNE already turning the key in the ignition -- THE PEUGEOT ROARING TO LIFE, as he writes the number.

*

Dropping the car into gear, BOURNE pulls briskly away from the curb.

A131

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY

A131

PAMELA finishes, hangs up.

ABBOTT

*

Berlin!

*

PAMELA

*

I've already got a team there. I doubt Bourne's in Naples to settle down and raise a family.

*

*

*

*

ABBOTT

*

You don't know what you're getting into here.

*

*

*

PAMELA

*

And you do? From the moment he left Treadstone, he has killed and eluded every person that you sent to find him...

*

*

*

*

Before it can come to blows --

MARSHALL

(riot act)

Enough. I want both of you on that plane.

*

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And we are -- all of us -- going to do what we were either too lazy or inept to do the last time around -- you're going to find this sonofabitch and take him down before he destroys any more of this agency.

(beat)

Is that definitive enough for you?

ABBOTT nods. Sharing a look with PAMELA as we --

AA131 INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY -- DAY AA131

PAMELA and CRONIN come screaming around a corner and down a long corridor, ABBOTT and ZORN trying to keep up.

CRONIN

-- Kurt's reopening all the wyfi and sat links --

PAMELA

-- uplink all relevant files to Kim --

(a look back at Zorn)

-- and I want them to contact anyone who had anything to do with Treadstone --

ZORN looks to ABBOTT, as they disappear around a corner...

B131 EXT. AUTOSTRADA -- NIGHT B131

THE PEUGEOT speeding North -- North towards Germany and --

132 DELETED 132

133 INT. BOURNE'S PEUGEOT -- NIGHT (CONT) 133

BOURNE driving -- listening to playback of Pamela's conversation with Nevins.

PAMELA/TAPE

"Jason Bourne is armed and extremely dangerous..."

BOURNE'S FACE -- eyes -- tight -- looking weird --

PAMELA/TAPE (cont'd)
(CONT'D)

"...a week ago he assassinated two men in Berlin, one a highly..."

A133 SUDDENLY A133

FLASHBACK! -- a shard -- pieces -- lightning flash of images GETTING IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR -- rolling BRANDENBURG BERLIN -- A MIRROR -- THE TELEVISION TOWER --

THE DRIVER looks back. We see him. (We'll know him later as Jarda.) Then -- A STEEL CASE on the backseat. Inside a SYRINGE, A DARK VIAL, PISTOL. As we lay hands on them --

B133 BACK TO: B133

BOURNE out of it -- jolted! -- almost losing control of the car for a second -- jerking back into his lane, -- recognition -- toughing it out -- Steady as she goes --

Catching his rhythm again. Accelerating and ---

134 EXT. BAKERY -- PORTOBELLO ROAD -- DAY 134

A BAKERY on the corner. NICKY emerging. Nicky from the old days. Suddenly, she stops --

ABBOTT stands there beside a parked car. The passenger door open. Message clear. Get the fuck in.

135 INT. US AIR FORCE BASE, ENGLAND -- DAY 135

Inside a hanger. Inside an office. ABBOTT watching as CRONIN questions NICKY. PAMELA sits on a window sill.

CRONIN

So your cover at the time was what?

NICKY

That I was an American student in Paris.

CRONIN

What exactly did your job with Treadstone in Paris consist of?

Nicky looks to Abbott. He nods that it's okay to answer. Pamela bristles at the check-off.

*
*

NICKY

I had two responsibilities. One was to coordinate logistical operations. The other was to monitor the health of the agents, to make sure they were up to date with their medications.

CRONIN

Health, meaning what?

NICKY

Their mental health. Because of what they'd been through. They were prone to a variety of problems.

PAMELA

(losing patience)

What kind of problems?

*

NICKY

Depression. Anger. Compulsive behaviors. They had physical symptoms -- headaches -- sensitivity to light --

PAMELA

Amnesia?

*

*

NICKY

Before this? Before Bourne? No.

NICKY gets agitated. ABBOTT steps in, fatherly, good cop.

*

*

ABBOTT

Were you familiar with the training program?

NICKY

The details? No. I mean, I was told it was voluntary. I don't know if that's true or not, but that's what I was told.

(a bit defensive)

Look, they took vulnerable subjects, okay? You mix that with the right pharmacology and some serious behavior modification, and, I don't know, I mean, I guess anything's possible.

ZORN arrives from outside.

*

ZORN
 The jet's ready.
 (points to Nicky)
 There's a car for you.

Everybody moving. NICKY relieved. She's off the hook.
 She thinks. She becomes aware of PAMELA considering her.

NICKY
 Good luck.

PAMELA
 You were his local contact. You were
 with him the night Conklin died. You're
 coming with us.

136 EXT. PRIVATE JET -- DUSK 136

Streaks across the sky.

137 INT. PRIVATE JET -- NIGHT 137

Quiet in the cabin. ABBOTT gets up to use the bathroom.
 PAMELA sits across from NICKY who stares out the window.
 As the bathroom door clicks shut, PAMELA seizes the
 privacy.

PAMELA
 I'm curious about Bourne. Your
 interpretation of his condition.
 You have specific training in the
 identification and diagnosis of
 psychological conditions?

NICKY
 Am I a doctor, no, but...

PAMELA
 Are you an expert in amnesia?

NICKY
 Look, what do you want me to say?
 I was there. I believed him.

PAMELA
 Believed what?

NICKY
 I believed Jason Bourne had suffered
 a severe traumatic breakdown.

PAMELA
So he fooled you.

NICKY
(frustration building)
If you say so. *

PAMELA
(leans in; still low) *
Not good enough. You're the person who *
floated this amnesia story. *
(shifts gears) *
Ever feel sorry for him? For what he'd
been through?

NICKY
You're making it out like we're friends
here or something. I met him alone twice.

PAMELA
You felt nothing? No spark? Two young
people in Paris? Dangerous missions?
Life and death?

NICKY
(incredulous)
You mean, did I want a date?

PAMELA
Did you?

NICKY
These were killers. Conklin had them all
jacked up. They were Dobermans.

PAMELA
Some women like Dobermans --

NICKY
What do you want from me? I was
reassigned. I'm out. *

PAMELA
See, that's a problem for me, Nicky. *
Whatever he's doing, we need to end it. *
This isn't the kind of mess you walk away *
from. *

PAMELA leans away. NICKY looks back out the window. *

138 EXT. TARMAC -- BERLIN AIRPORT -- NIGHT 138

Three in the morning as the GULF STREAM lurches to a stop. TWO BLACK SEDANS here for the pickup. TEDDY the greeting party as --

PAMELA, CRONIN, ABBOTT, ZORN and NICKY disembark --

A138 EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT A138

The SEDANS making their way, stopping at a non-descript office building.

B138 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT B138

ELEVATOR opens into their 9th floor world. Emergency activity. KIM ready to debrief, KURT work the computers. Energy up. PAMELA, ABBOTT and CRONIN bring NICKY into the room.

KIM

-- so far Bourne's had no contact with anyone on the list -- Langley pulled an image out of Naples, it's uploading right now.

*
*

KURT

Coming in now...

Everything stops, as THE PHOTO -- blurry, oblique -- begins materializing on HALF-A-DOZEN MONITORS around the room. Suddenly, they're surrounded by Bourne.

PAMELA

(to Nicky)

Is it him?

Looking closer -- she nods...

CRONIN

He's not hiding, that's for sure.

ZORN

Why Naples? Why now?

PAMELA has gone quiet, just staring at the picture, as --

KURT

Could be random.

CRONIN
Maybe he's running.

ABBOTT looks skeptical.

ABBOTT
On his own passport?

KIM
(the image)
What's he actually doing?

CRONIN
What's he doing? He's making his first
mistake...

And then, from behind them --

NICKY
It's not a mistake.
(everyone looks over)
They don't make mistakes. And they don't
do random. There's always an objective,
always a target.
(beat)
If he's in Naples, on his own passport,
there's a reason.

*
*
*
*
*

PAMELA turns to ABBOTT. A silent moment between them.
They're in it now and they know it.

C138 EXT. ITALIAN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY -- NIGHT C138

THE PEUGEOT streaking through the Alps. Passing a sign for
the German border. Moonlit glacial peaks whipping past as
CLUB MUSIC STARTS PULSING LOUDER AND LOUDER and --

D138 INT. THE PEUGEOT -- NIGHT (CONT.) D138

BOURNE driving hard. Pushing the car through the night.
Mission Bourne. As the MUSIC KEEPS JUST BUILDING AND
BUILDING, taking us into --

139 INT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT 139

Packed and loud. Skin and smoke. A DOORMAN on the move,
taking us with him through THE CROWD. Faces -- voices --
all the Moscow party people and --

AT THE BACK

INTO

THE KITCHEN. He drops his briefcase on the table, opens the fridge for a drink. Except what he comes out with is --

A GUN!

Wheeling around. The salaryman is JARDA. JARDA from Bourne's dream. But as he turns --

BOURNE behind him. Bigger gun. Waiting. So ready.

BOURNE
I emptied it.

JARDA
(a total pro)
Felt a little light.

BOURNE
Drop it.

JARDA lets the gun fall, looks his old comrade over a beat.

But Bourne's not interested in a reunion.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Here...

Bourne tosses him FLEXCUFFS -- JARDA puts his hands behind his back, turns to let BOURNE cinch them.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Front. Use your teeth.

JARDA
(caught scamming)
Sorry. Old habits.

BOURNE kicks over a chair. Sit.

JARDA (CONT'D)
Word in the ether was you'd lost your
memory.

*

BOURNE checking JARDA'S briefcase -- tearing through it --

BOURNE
You still should've moved.

JARDA
I like it here.
(a beat)
(MORE)

JARDA (CONT'D)

Last time I saw you was Greece. You had a good spot.

BOURNE reacts -- doesn't look over -- but realizes...

JARDA (CONT'D)

I had the girl. I had her lined up that whole afternoon. Waiting for you, that was the problem.

(defensive)

You ever do two targets? It's tough.

BOURNE turns. Cold.

JARDA (CONT'D)

(his real question)

So why didn't you kill me then?

BOURNE

She wouldn't let me.

(beat)

She's the only reason you're alive.

Silence. JARDA down a peg. Or two.

JARDA

What do you want?

BOURNE

Conklin.

JARDA

He's dead.

BOURNE -- the gun -- right to Jarda's face --

BOURNE

Try again.

JARDA

Shot dead in Paris. Dead the night you walked out.

BOURNE/PHONE

Then who runs Treadstone?

JARDA

Nobody. They shut it down. We're the last two. It's over...

(not finishing because--)

-- he's falling! -- landing hard -- BOURNE just kicked the chair out from under him --

BOURNE

You're lying. If it's over, why are they after me?

JARDA

I don't know.

BOURNE

Who sent you to Greece?

JARDA

A voice. A voice from the States. Someone new.

BOURNE

Pamela Landy?

JARDA

I don't know who that is.

BOURNE

What's going on in Berlin?

JARDA

I don't know! Why would I lie?

Silence. BOURNE pulls back. Unsure.

JARDA makes it to his feet.

JARDA (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do? You must have really screwed up.

*

BOURNE doesn't know. He backs off.

JARDA (CONT'D)

She really did that? Told you not to kill me?

(beat)

I had a woman once. But after a while, what do you talk about? I mean, for us. The work. You can't tell them who you are...

BOURNE

I did.

JARDA hesitates. It's really like Bourne just told him how much he loved her.

JARDA

I thought you were here to kill me.

Something in the way he said it. Plus Jarda just glanced at his watch.

BOURNE
What did you do?

JARDA shrugs, almost embarrassed. BOURNE looks across to the alarm pad Jarda hit on the way in. Voltage -- like a switch.

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You called it in?

JARDA
I'm sorry.

BOURNE
How long? How long do I have --
(stopping because--)

THE PHONE JUST STARTED RINGING -- loud -- insistent --

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
How long?

144

INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY

144

Jamming -- right the fuck into it -- three guys -- JARHEADS -- DOD Special Force dudes -- speeding through MUNICH -- JAR #1 is the driver -- JAR #2 is prepping weapons like a maniac in the backseat and --

JAR #3
(on the phone)
-- it's a red flag file! -- so fix it,
call them back ASAP! --

JAR #1
(the call)
What? What'd they do?

JAR #3
(bad news)
She called Munich local.

JAR #2
(slamming home another clip)
It's probably just a drill anyway.

*

CRONIN

-- hey! -- they've got him boxed in! --
 (new data coming up on the
 monitor)

Everyone rushing to look. Excited, except --

ZORN

Forget it. They lost him.

TEDDY

What're you talking about? They've got a
 three block perimeter.

ZORN

You can't see him? He's not in front of
 you? Forget it. He's gone.

CRONIN

(fuck you, buzzkill)
 It's not gonna be like last time.

*
*
*

ZORN

You better start listening to someone.
 Cause we've been there.

*
*

ABBOTT

Okay, enough...
 (stepping in)
 Take a walk, Danny. Get some air.

*
*
*
*

Zorn nods. Happy to.

*

NICKY

(piping in)
 I don't think we need to keep looking for
 him anyway.

PAMELA

And why is that?

NICKY

Because he's doing just what he said he'd
 do. He's coming for us.

*

And for the first time they're all thinking the same thing.

165

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER -- BERLIN -- NIGHT -- RAIN

165

*It is pouring rain. Seen from that Hellish car, A HUGE,
 DISTINCTIVE, NEEDLE-LIKE TOWER dominates the skyline,
 lights flashing through the dark and wet --*

166 INT. THE AUDI/REST-STOP -- NIGHT 166

BOURNE'S EYES OPENING! -- heart pounding -- springing up -- alone -- damn, his side hurts -- recoiling from that -- where is he? -- he's in the car -- looking around and --

HIS WINDSHIELD POV

AN AUTOBAHN REST-STOP. Gas station. Sleeping trucks.

BACK TO

BOURNE catching his breath -- shifting away from the pain in his rib -- checking his watch -- but what the hell is that on his sleeve? -- fuck, it's BLOOD -- JARDA's blood --

167 EXT. AUTOBAHN REST-STOP -- NIGHT 167

BOURNE out of the car fast -- careless -- wrong -- not even checking who's watching -- pulling off the shirt -- tearing it off -- throwing it down and --

Standing there. In the weird light. A big bruise ripening on his side. Looking around.

It's okay. Nobody's watching. But, shit, man...

Get it together.

A167 INT. PEUGEOT -- AUTOBAHN -- NIGHT A167

Streaking along. BOURNE back to his mission.

B167 EXT. AUTOBAHN -- NIGHT B167

Roaring by a SIGN: Berlin 75 KM.

168 INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT -- NIGHT 168

KIRILL striding through the terminal. Moving quickly toward a departure gate and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

GRET KOV above. Watching him go.

B179 INT. PAMELA'S HILTON HOTEL SUITE -- DAWN B179

Clean and plain. A bed nobody's slept in. THE PHONE begins ringing. PAMELA, fresh from the shower, rushing out from the bathroom to answer it --

PAMELA/PHONE

Hello --

Dial tone. PAMELA hangs up. That was strange --

C179 EXT. BERLIN STREETS/ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAWN C179

A TAXI driving through the empty early streets and --

D179 INT. BERLIN TAXI -- DAWN (CONT) D179

BOURNE in the backseat. Staring out the window and --

HIS POV

THE FERNSEHTURM looming as they pass, the Berlin TV Tower. That needle in the sky. From the flashback. And then --

E179 SUDDENLY E179

FLASHBACK! -- it's raining -- we're still moving -- still in a car -- still near Alexanderplatz, but suddenly it's pouring outside -- turning back, we realize we're not in the cab anymore -- there's A DRIVER up front, and beside him...

CONKLIN! -- yes, Conklin -- he's in the passenger seat -- turning back to us -- handing us something -- A PHOTOGRAPH -- a face -- some guy --

CONKLIN

Neski. Vladimir Neski...

(the photo)

He's at the Hotel Brecker. Get the papers. *

(beat) *

Say it.

BOURNE -- Treadstone Bourne -- alone in the back -- staring at the photo --

BOURNE

Neski. Hotel Brecker. Papers. *

CONKLIN

This is not a drill, soldier. We're clear on that? This is a live project and you are go. Training is over.

BOURNE

Yes, sir.

CONKLIN

Good, then gimme the damn picture back.

(taking it)

See you on the other side.

(to the driver)

Pull over, he's getting out.

F179

BACK TO

F179

BOURNE sitting in the back seat of the cab. Frozen there. Rocked. What's happening to him? No chance to work it out, because the taxi's stopped and --

TAXI DRIVER

(waiting; irritated)

(The Hotel Brecker or the Grand?, make up your mind.)

BOURNE

(What?)

TAXI DRIVER

(This is the Westin Grand. You just said Brecker.)

BOURNE

(fishing for money)

(Yeah. Sorry. This is good.)

G179

INT. BERLIN WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- EARLY MORNING G179

Concentric rings looking down on each other. BOURNE slipping in unnoticed, taking a quick look up before moving along.

H179

INT. HEALTH CLUB -- GRAND HOTEL -- DAY

H179

BOURNE stepping up to the GUY behind the desk. The gym mostly empty.

BOURNE

Hi. I think I left my backpack here yesterday. Black, Nike.

*
*
*
*

The guy disappears in back to check. *

BOURNE leans across the counter, scrolling the COMPUTER -- the guest list -- his finger stabbing down on... *

SCREEN: Landy, Pamela 413.

BOURNE clears the screen, walks away.

J179 INT. CONCENTRIC RINGS -- GRAND HOTEL -- DAY J179

Because of the set-up, Bourne, pretending to talk on a house phone, has a view of ROOM 413 across the way. The door opens, PAMELA exits, carrying an overnight bag -- *

BOURNE watches.

K179 INT. LOBBY -- THE GRAND -- DAY K179

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING. PAMELA coming out into the lobby. Heading toward the exit and --

L179 EXT. GRAND HOTEL ENTRANCE -- EARLY MORNING L179

A BLACK SUBURBAN at the curb. CRONIN standing there waiting, as she emerges -- *

PAMELA

Anything?

TEDDY

No. Munich's a bust. He's loose. *

PAMELA *

Are we locked up? *

CRONIN *

I told everyone they had an hour -- eat, sleep, shave, whatever they want, but once we're back, we're back for good. *

As they pile in, and -- *

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE walking right past them -- he's got the whole thing scoped -- heading quickly across the street and --

179I pt. INT. BERLIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAY 179I pt.

KIRILL opening the briefcase. TWO AUTOMATIC PISTOLS.
SILENCERS. AMMO. Care package.

181 EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP -- DAY 181

A bulkhead opening. BOURNE stepping out among the
satellite dishes. Unpacks a bag: telescope, water, food,
and we hear:

PAMELA (VO)
-- Box #2, call it Prior German
Connections -- Nicky, I want to re-run all
Bourne's Treadstone material, every
footstep -- Kim, Box #3 -- let's call it
Munich Outbound --
(continuing as--)

182 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY 182

We've been hearing it, now we're seeing it: PAMELA at the
chalkboard -- ABBOTT backing her up -- everyone else spread
around -- they're re-grouping -- urgently -- behind them *
cots are being set up -- food, water stacked up -- *

PAMELA
-- let's stay on the local cops, we need
a vehicle -- parking ticket -- something --
Langley's offered to upload any satellite
imaging we need, so let's find a target to
look for.
(to Zorn)
Danny, Box #4 -- I need fresh eyes --
review the buy where we lost the three
million -- timeline it with what we know
about Bourne's movements. Turn it upside
down and see how it looks --
(continuing as--)

183 EXT. TELESCOPIC POV -- DAY 183

A decent view into the Berlin HQ. Two windows. One offers
a look at an empty kitchenette. The other, a nice shot of
the bullpen area. It looks like they are in for the long *
haul. There's TEDDY pacing past...a glimpse of ZORN *
conferring with ABBOTT...now KIM talking on the phone.

NICKY reacts to the name. Runs to the other room to try and start a trace.

PAMELA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
What do you want?

BOURNE
I want to come in.

He wants to come in! -- it's like a bomb going off -- NICKY back in with Conklin -- PAMELA waving for a pencil.

PAMELA
Okay, how do you want to do it? *

BOURNE
I want someone I know to take me in. *

PAMELA
Who?

BOURNE
There was a girl in Paris. Part of the program. She used to handle the medication.

AND NOW WE STAY WITH

PAMELA -- her eyes flicker over to NICKY.

PAMELA
What if we can't find her?

BOURNE/PHONE
It's easy. She's standing right in front of you.

Busted. *

PAMELA
Okay, Jason, your move. *

BOURNE
Alexanderplatz. 30 minutes. Under the World Clock. Alone. Give her your phone. *

Click. The line goes dead -- Pamela steps away from the window, realizing he's on one of the roofs out there! *

NICKY

I don't know. He was sick. He wanted out. I believed him. *

PAMELA

Alright...

PAMELA gestures to ABBOTT, CRONIN, TEDDY.

PAMELA (CONT'D) *

...make the call. Get a wire on her. If it starts to go wrong, take him out. *

187 DELETED

187 *

A187 EXT. BERLIN STATION/MOTORPOOL -- DAY

A187

The rear of THE OFFICIAL BERLIN C.I.A. HQ -- and here they come -- TEN DELTA DUDES in civvies, sprinting to A COUPLE VEHICLES with DRIVERS ready and engines running and -- *

B187-C187 DELETED

B187-C187 *

D187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY

D187

NICKY, her hands overhead as -- ZORN tapes a TRANSMITTER and BATTERY between her shoulder blades -- TEDDY and CRONIN plot the area with TWO MEN plainclothed DELTA TEAM -- KIM and KURT on their own lines. *

KIM *

(this just in) *

They got the number. Bourne's calls came from Nevins' phone. The field agent in Genoa. *

TEDDY *

Nevins is Bourne? *

ABBOTT *

(losing it) *

Are you an idiot?! Bourne must've cloned his phone! *

An embarrassed silence. Abbott mad at himself for losing his temper -- looking up to find Pamela's eyes on his. *

ABBOTT (cont'd) (CONT'D) *

I hope you know what you're doing -- *

E187-F187 DELETED E187-F187 *

G187 EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAY G187

In all its vastness -- Alone -- there's the WORLD CLOCK -- NICKY waiting on the periphery, TWO PLAIN-CLOTHED DELTAS nearby.

IN QUICK SUCCESSION -- NICKY -- BINOCULAR POV -- SNIPER SCOPE POV -- on a VIDEO MONITOR.

H187 INT. BULLPEN -- COMMAND POST -- DAY H187 *

Everyone waiting. Holding their breath. Watching NICKY standing as...

J187 EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- WORLD CLOCK -- DAY J187

NICKY'S (Pamela's) PHONE rings. She answers as a yellow TRAM approaches...

BOURNE *

See that tram coming around the corner? *

NICKY *

Yes. *

BOURNE *

Get on it. *

She turns and walks as the TRAM arrives. The DELTA DUDES start moving...

K187 EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ -- DAY K187 *

The yellow TRAM arrives. NICKY enters. One of the DELTA DUDES just barely joining her. The TRAM begins moving. NICKY looks around nervously. Nothing happens. The TRAM moves about 500 yards across the PLATZ. Stops at the next stop. People get on and off. NICKY and DELTA DUDE relax a bit. Doors begin to close.

And just like that, BOURNE swoops in beside NICKY! Flashes a gun.

BOURNE *

Walk. *

BOURNE takes her arm and they just get off as the doors close leaving the DELTA DUDE behind. They disappear down into the PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY.

*
*
*

L187-M187 DELETED

L187-M187

*

N187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

N187

*

A madhouse, a video feed on a monitor.

PAMELA

Where's Nicky?

As they realize she's gone --

ABBOTT

Goddamn it -- I told you.

CRONIN

Listen! Listen!

He cranks the speaker.

BOURNE'S VOICE

What did I say? What did I tell you in Paris?

O187 DELETED

O187

*

P187 INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY

P187

BOURNE

What were my words?

(but she can't speak)

Leave me alone! Leave me out of it!

But you couldn't do that, could you?

NICKY

I did...Jason, I swear, I did...I told them... I told them I believed you...

BOURNE

Who is Pamela Landy?

NICKY

You hear me? I believed you.

BOURNE

IS SHE RUNNING TREADSTONE?

*

NICKY
What is this, a game?

BOURNE
I want to hear it from you.

She looks at him. Is he crazy? What?

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Say it.

NICKY
Last week an Agency field officer went to make a buy from a Russian national.

BOURNE
A Russian?

NICKY
It was Pamela Landy's op. The guy was going to sell-out a mole or something. I haven't been debriefed on exactly what it was.

BOURNE
Last week? When?

*
*

Is she supposed to answer? -- Nicky shrugs -- on quicksand.

NICKY
And you got to him before we could.

BOURNE
I killed him???

NICKY
You left a print! There was Kel that didn't go off! There was a partial print, they tracked it back to Treadstone! They know it's you!

BOURNE
I left a fingerprint! You fucking people.

*
*

SUDDENLY --

BOURNE'S jerking her down to a LOWER LEVEL --

BOURNE
That's a lie!

NICKY
(emphatic)
You never worked Berlin...

BOURNE raising the gun -- eyes gone dead -- oh, shit...

NICKY (CONT'D)
No...Jason...please...

BOURNE
I was here!

NICKY
...it's not in the file...I swear...I
know your file...your first job was
Geneva!...I swear to God you never worked
here!...

*
*
*

He's so ready to kill her. NICKY starting to cry -- hands
over her face -- covering up -- bracing for the bullet she
knows is coming --

BOURNE -- about to pull the trigger --

SUDDENLY

A193 *FLASHBACK! -- a moment -- a shard -- A WOMAN'S FACE -- A193
backing away -- begging -- begging us -- begging the camera
-- PLEADING FOR HER LIFE IN RUSSIAN -- this awful blur of
desperation and panic -- fear -- too fast -- too panicked --*

B193 JAM BACK TO B193

BOURNE swamped -- thrown -- hesitating --

CLOSE ON NICKY

Sobbing now -- when? -- finally looking out, and --

BOURNE IS GONE!

C193 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT C193

An hour later. Whole new vibe. Siege mode. Curtains
drawn.

THREE DELTA DUDES parked around the room. KURT and KIM
working the phones and screens.

*

The mood is dark. PAMELA, ABBOTT, CRONIN all in here, the "safe" zone, away from the windows --

CRONIN

(on a cell phone)

Got it, yeah. Hang on...

(to the room)

Okay, they've got three guys out front and another two taking the back stairs. No word on Nicky.

*
*
*

KURT

(looks up from screen)

Even if she's still got your phone, it might take awhile -- signal's hard to trace down there.

*
*
*
*
*

PAMELA turns, looking at the photo of BOURNE in Naples. Introspective.

*
*

PAMELA

So what's he doing? You believe him?

*

ABBOTT

It's hard to swallow.

(beat)

The confusion -- the amnesia -- but he keeps on killing? It's more calculated than sick.

(real soft sell)

What about Nicky? She's the last one to see Bourne in Paris. She's the one he asks for. They disappear...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PAMELA

Well, whatever he's doing, I've had enough -- this is now a search and destroy mission.

(turns to the room)

I want the Berlin police fully briefed and --

(handing the photo to Cronin)

-- get this out to all the agencies.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

ABBOTT agrees...

194

DELETED

194

*

195

EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT

195

A BMW parked in the shadows.

Doing a search HOTEL BRECKER 1997-1999. Scrolling. And then stopping. Freezing. Because...

ON THE MONITOR

A BERLIN NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. There it is. Written large in loud, tabloid German:

(OIL REFORMER MURDERED)

*

There's a photograph of the Berlin Police carrying two body bags out of the Hotel Brecker. There's a caption identifying the dead as Vladimir and Sonya Neski. There's even a long article accompanying all this, but it's in German and we don't need to read it anyway, because --

BOURNE is reading it.

And we're reading in his face. That he is rocked. That he has found another bottom to the abyss.

F193

INT./EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

F193

Remember the building where Vic was killed? We're back.

ZORN and ABBOTT making their way in. Zorn steering them away toward a stairwell at the back...

194

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT 194

ZORN and ABBOTT have snuck in here. Work light. Signs of repair on the wall.

ZORN

(nervous)

I did my box work, but I wanted to show you before I showed Landy. I came out here last night because none of this was making any sense. I mean, I'm with you on this, Conklin was a nut, but a traitor? I just can't get there.

*

ABBOTT

What do you have, Danny?

ZORN

(the electrical riser)

You put a four-gam Kel on here and it's gonna take out power to the building. You know that. What you can't know, is if it's gonna blow the room with it.

ABBOTT

And?

ZORN

There were two charges, they were supposed to go off simultaneously. The second one, the one that didn't go off, was down here...

(pointing it out)

First of all, this is nothing, it's a sub-line for the breaker above. Second, why put the charge all the way down here? If you're good enough to get in here and handle the gear, you're good enough to know you don't need this.

(beat)

Bourne would know.

ABBOTT

It was staged?

ZORN

Is it a slam dunk? No, but...

ABBOTT

Jesus...

ZORN

(spit-balling)

Okay. What if someone decided to cover their tracks by blaming Conklin and Bourne. What if Bourne didn't have anything to do with this?

ABBOTT

Keep going...

ZORN

Something's been going on here in Europe. And it's still going on. Post Conklin. Who's been in Berlin?

ABBOTT

Lots of people...

ZORN

Including Landy...

(jumping off the cliff)

She had access to the archives.

ZORN hesitates. But it's out. It's in the room.

ABBOTT
Who else knows about this?

ZORN
Nobody. You.
(he's scared)
I had to tell you, right?

ABBOTT
Show me again...

ZORN
Okay...
(turning away, when--)

ABBOTT -- out of nowhere -- his hand jamming up into ZORN'S RIBCAGE! -- *more than his hand*, because ZORN'S EYES barely have a moment to register shock before they bulge. Clenching the younger man's body, pulling him close, as he turns the knife and --

ZORN is dead.

ABBOTT without hesitation. Shifting away from the blood.

Letting the body fall.

ABBOTT standing there. Listening. Checking himself for blood. He's clean.

Looking for a place to stash the body, as --

A194 EXT. HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

A194

BOURNE across the street. Staring at the hotel. Haunted. As a POLICE SIREN edges closer through the empty streets --

AA194 *FLASHBACK!*

AA194

We are a POV -- a stake-out -- watching the HOTEL across the way --

The POV checks its watch -- checks the perimeter, the street deserted, foreboding --

THE HOTEL

Our destiny waiting up there somehow --

-- and suddenly a LIGHT COMES ON -- a terrible signal -- and as the car suddenly lurches forward and around the corner --

AB194 BACK TO: AB194
 BOURNE muscling up his backpack. Heading toward the hotel.

B194 INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT B194
 And hotel. Fusty but comfortable. And busy. GUESTS and STAFF doing their thing. A CLERK behind the reception desk.

CLERK
 Guten Abend.

BOURNE
 (playing it American)
 Guten Abend.

CLERK
 (switching to English)
 Can I help you?

SUDDENLY

BA194 *FLASHBACK! -- the lobby, but seven years ago --* BA194
across the room -- A MAN buttoning a raincoat as he
passes -- NESKI! --

BB194 JAMMING BACK TO BB194
 BOURNE stalled -- coming back, as --

CLERK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Sir?
 (smiling)
 Do you have a reservation?

BOURNE
 No. Sorry. I just got in...
 (rallying back)
 I -- Is room 645 available?
 (off the Clerk's look)
 I stayed there before. My wife and I.

THE CLERK nods, checking the register. THE CONCIERGE just down the desk glancing over at BOURNE. Nodding hello and --

CLERK
 I'm sorry, that room is occupied. Would room 644 be okay, it's just across the hall...

BOURNE
Sure. That's fine. Danka.

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| 194C-D | <u>DELETED</u> | 194C-D |
| 195 | <u>SHOT</u> | 195 * |
| A196 | <u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER ELEVATOR -- NIGHT</u> BOURNE riding up. Alone. Dread mounting, and -- | A196 |
| 197 | <u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u> THE CONCIERGE coming out of the office with a sheet of fax paper. Placing it quietly down beside THE CLERK and -- THE CAMERA FINDS THE FAX -- BOURNE'S FACE -- the same "wanted" picture and -- | 197 |
| 198 | <u>INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u> BOURNE off the elevator. He makes his way down -- HIS POV THE SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY. Suddenly scary. | 198 |
| A198 | <u>INT. BMW -- NIGHT</u> KIRILL sitting up as THE POLICE RADIO starts broadcasting an ALL-POINTS BULLETIN, the words "Hotel Brecker" in there -- KIRILL dropping the car into gear and -- | A198 |
| B198/200 | <u>INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u> BOURNE walking. There's his room, #618. But across the hall and down one... ROOM #645. BOURNE steps up. Listening a moment. Then he knocks. Nothing. He pulls A KNIFE from his pocket. | B198/200 |

SWAT TEAM BOSS
 (trying to take charge)
 (-- LISTEN UP! -- WE'RE CLEARING THE
 BUILDING! -- ROOM BY ROOM! --)

| | | | |
|---------|---|---------|---|
| 226 | <u>EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u> | 226 | |
| | PAMELA jumping out of A VAN the moment it stops. Seeing it all. The crowd. The army of cops. The searchlights playing across THE HOTEL FACADE. It's another disaster. | | |
| 227 | <u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u> | 227 | |
| | KIRILL wants to get upstairs -- he can't -- TOO MANY GUESTS coming down the stairwell -- BERLIN COPS trying keep it moving and -- | | * |
| 228-229 | <u>DELETED</u> | 228-229 | * |
| 230 | <u>INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY -- NIGHT</u> | 230 | * |
| | KIRILL hears BOURNE is on the roof. | | * |
| 231 | <u>DELETED</u> | 231 | * |
| 234 | <u>DELETED</u> | 234 | * |
| 232 | <u>INT. LOBBY/THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT</u> | 232 | * |
| | PAMELA and CRONIN listening to TEDDY who just got the police update -- | | * |

TEDDY
 Black coat, possibly leather. Dark slacks. Dark t-shirt.
 (pointing now--)
 He says they're gonna try and corral the guests on the street over there, and then check them out, but...

PAMELA
 (disgusted)
 Yeah, that'll work...What the hell was he doing here?

CRONIN

Maybe he just needed a place to spend the night?

PAMELA

I want to look at the room.
 (to TEDDY as she goes)
 Check it out.

*
*
*

PAMELA'S in charge now. They enter the elevator.

*

233

EXT. STREET BEHIND THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

233

BOURNE coming around the other side of the hotel --
 Stepping to the left before he spots the SWAT van --
 BOURNE about-faces -- heads the other way --

A SIDEWALK COP looks over, checks the BOURNE PHOTO print-out in his hand.

234

DELETED

234

*

244

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT

244

TEDDY huddled with the HOTEL MANAGER and A GROUP OF HIGH-RANKING BERLIN COPS, turning back as --

ABBOTT

(arriving breathless)
 They missed him?

TEDDY

So far. But they found Nicky. She's back at the Westin. Bourne let her go.

*
*
*

ABBOTT

He let her go? Great. Where's Danny? He should head over there and debrief her.

*
*
*

(the Hotel)

What's here? What was he doing?

*
*

TEDDY

We don't know. They're in a room upstairs. I was told to wait down here.

ABBOTT accepting that. Because he has to. Only we see the fear. Turns to leave...

*

238 EXT. TRAM PLATFORM -- BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT 238

A TRAM waiting as the LAST FEW PASSENGERS get on. The doors seem to stay open in slow motion as --

BOURNE appears -- makes a mad last dash --

And he's on!

And the doors don't close! It's not scheduled to go yet.

And here come the COPS!

BOURNE off the tram -- GUNS appear --

BOURNE runs to his left -- stops short --

The other cops are coming this way -- SCREAMING at him --

Not a lot of options -- BOURNE looks over the rail --

DOWN BELOW

A COAL BARGE passing, the prow just emerging --

BOURNE

On the rail and JUMPING even as the FIRST SHOT is fired --

239 EXT. DOUBLE COAL BARGE -- NIGHT 239

BOURNE lands hard -- stands -- voltage going up one leg --

And they're SHOOTING at him.

He can worry about the leg later. He RUNS.

Back toward them!

The barge moving slow -- BOURNE disappears under the bridge.

240 EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE -- NIGHT 240

Guns aimed, POLICE waiting for a clear shot. TWO OF THEM DASH to watch over the other side.

PAMELA

He must've had a reason. That's how they
were trained.

CRONIN moves around the bedroom, then into the bathroom
and --

CRONIN

He went out the window in here...

246-247

DELETED

246-247

245 pt

INT. ROOM #645 -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

245 pt

There on the mirror -- scrawled in soap on the glass...

I KILLED NESKI

CRONIN

Pam, you need to see this.

PAMELA moves in behind him.

CRONIN (CONT'D)

Who's Neski?

Both of them staring.

PAMELA

(thinking)

Alright...take it down.

CRONIN

What?

PAMELA

This stays between you and I.

(sensing confusion)

We finally have an edge. I don't want to
lose it.

253

EXT. CATHEDRAL PLAZA -- NIGHT

253

Very late -- ABBOTT waits on an isolated bridge -- a lone
figure in the shadow of East Berlin.

GRETKOV arrives by car. Walks through the darkness.
ABBOTT barely glancing over.

ABBOTT
You told me Bourne was dead.

GRET KOV
There was a mistake.

ABBOTT
I'll say. You killed his goddam
girlfriend instead. Now they're onto
Neski. They're at the Brecker Hotel even
as we speak.

GRET KOV
Will it track back to us?

ABBOTT
No. The files are spotless. Whatever
they find, it's just going to make Conklin
look worse.

GRET KOV
And the Landy woman?

ABBOTT
She's done everything I wanted. She bit
on Conklin so fast it was laughable. She
even found his bogus Swiss account...

GRET KOV
Anything else?

ABBOTT shoves a piece of paper -- and ADDRESS -- into
GRET KOV'S hand.

ABBOTT
(the paper)
There's a body in the basement. Danny
Zorn. He's got to disappear. For good.
Clean and fast. I'll put him in bed with
Conklin and Bourne. Even the girl, Nicky.
Give me twenty-four hours, I'll think it
up. But get the goddamn body out of
there.

It's getting late. A taxi now and then...

ABBOTT (CONT'D)
Neski was a roadblock. Without me,
there's no company, no fortune. You owe
me, Uri. One last push.

GRET KOV
One last push. One.

GRET KOV leaves. ABBOTT watches him go. *

254 EXT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT 254

Seconds later. GRET KOV getting in slowly. *

255 INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT 255

KIRILL slouched in back. Waiting. Gretkov to the DRIVER.

GRET KOV
(Airport.)
(to Kirill)
(We're done here.)

KIRILL nods. As they pull away, ABBOTT turns and walks into the foggy night... *

A248 EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT A248 *

Late. ABBOTT walks. A lonely figure. Past someone in the shadows -- *

BOURNE
Mr. Abbott? *

He turns to answer when BOURNE firmly guides him into a side street... *

BOURNE/ABBOTT SCENE *

248 INT. LOBBY -- HOTEL BRECKER -- NIGHT 248 *

As PAMELA and CRONIN exit the elevator, they are met by TEDDY. *

TEDDY
Here's what I've got.
(reads)
Remember Vladimir Neski? Russian politician? Seven years ago, he was due to speak to a group of European Oil ministers here at the hotel. He never did. He was murdered. *

PAMELA
By who? *

253-255 MOVED 253-255 *

A256 INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT A256

A BLUEPRINT spread across a table. NICKY, KURT & KIM all gathered around. CRONIN works the TREADSTONE files on another table. TEDDY at center briefing PAMELA. *

TEDDY *

We're looking at all Berlin outbound. *

Good news is, every train station in *

Berlin has thirty to forty fixed, digital *

security cameras. Common feed. *

PAMELA

Are we hacking or asking?

TEDDY *

Yes. In that order.

PAMELA

And what about you, anything? *

CRONIN

It's starting to link up -- the hijacked *

money -- the leak -- Pecos Oil -- one *

last bit is Treadstone. *

256 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN -- NIGHT 256

Crossing the border into Poland -- Cold, desolate, snow --

257 INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR -- NIGHT 257

CONDUCTORS moving quietly through the dark cars. Checking tickets and visas and --

BOURNE -- hands over his ticket and RUSSIAN PASSPORT -- off the grid --

258-259 DELETED 258-259 *

A260 INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT A260 *

4:00 am. KURT, KIM, and TEDDY spread around the room. *

They've been running laptop train station videos for *

hours. Just about ready to raise the white flag. *

All they have so far is an isolated loop of BOURNE limping into the men's room. Cronin watches it stutter along. *

CRONIN
Does it look like he's faking? *

TEDDY
On the way in? Forget it. *

KURT
The leg's definitely hurt. *

CRONIN
(the blueprint)
Well, there's no window in the men's room, folks, so let's find somebody coming out with a bad left leg. *

KURT
(worn out)
Maybe he's still in there. *

TEDDY
I've got a limping guy, but it's the right leg. *

KIM
Walking away, or walking toward you? *

CRONIN jumping on that, right there, over TEDDY'S shoulder - *

CRONIN
That's him. It's the coat! What train is that? *

260

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR -- DAWN

260

BOURNE -- asleep in his chair -- rocked by the rhythm. But something wakes him up.

Looks out the window -- something weird about the light out there -- then up to see:

MARIE -- looking at him over the back of his chair in front of him -- no big deal --

BOURNE
Hey...

She smiles. A beat. She comes around, sits beside him. He looks away out the window. *

BOURNE (CONT'D) *
I wanted to kill him. *

MARIE *
But you found another choice. *

BOURNE *
I did. *

MARIE *
It wouldn't have changed the way you *
feel. *

BOURNE *
It might have. *

BOURNE looks back at her. She smiles. He accepts it, *
leans back, closes his eyes. *

BOURNE (CONT'D) *
I know it's a dream. *

MARIE *
You do? *

BOURNE *
I only dream about people who are dead. *

MARIE leans over, kisses his forehead. *Whispers --*

BOURNE (CONT'D) *
God, I miss you. I don't know what to do *
without you. *

MARIE *
(softly, serenely) *
Jason. You know exactly what to do. That *
is your mission now. *

BOURNE opens his eyes.

And it's morning outside.

And Marie is gone.

A LITTLE GIRL smiles at him from over the back of the chair
in front. BOURNE can't meet her gaze for long. As he
looks back out the window --

NICKY
 Someone was using Treadstone as a private
 cleaning service.

ABBOTT
 Conklin...
 (a beat)
 It's -- I'm sorry, Pamela. I guess you
 were right all along.

Pamela waves him off, it's okay, but --

PAMELA
 There's something else.

Abbott can see by their faces: this hits closer to home.

ABBOTT
 What?

PAMELA
 They found Danny Zorn's body. Dead in the
 basement at the building where my people
 got hit the first time.

ABBOTT
 Oh, God... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA
 Did he say anything to you?

ABBOTT
 No... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA, straight...

PAMELA
 We'll know for sure when we get the
 security tapes.

CRONIN
 But we can relax. We tracked him. He's
 on a train to Moscow.

ABBOTT reeling, hiding it.

ABBOTT
Moscow? What the Hell's he going to
 Moscow for?

PAMELA
 (shrugs)
 Don't know.

ABBOTT
 Jesus... I, Zorn... I have to call his
 family. Tell them...

PAMELA
 I'm sorry, Ward.

They watch as he goes.

265 INT. WESTIN ELEVATOR -- DAWN 265 *

ABBOTT in the rising elevator. Imploding.

266 INT. GRETKOV'S OFFICE -- MORNING 266

Palatial. But you can't buy taste. GRETKOV working his computer -- answers his PHONE. *

GRETKOV
 Da...

ABBOTT/PHONE
 You didn't stay, Uri.

GRETKOV
 (matter of fact)
 This is not a clean phone.

267 INT. WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- DAWN 267 *

Everyone still here. CRONIN answering his cell phone -- motioning to them, he's got news -- *

CRONIN
 (phone to his ear)
 You're sure?

PAMELA
 What? The tapes? *

CRONIN
 (nodding but)
 Hold on...
 (holding the phone)
 Yep. And Abbott just direct dialed Moscow from his room... *

Now we realize, she's set a trap and Abbott's walked in. All the same, Pamela shakes her head, wishes it wasn't true.

And they're moving --

268

INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN

268

*

ABBOTT at his desk, still on the phone, pouring a vodka.

GRET KOV

Leaving was a business decision. We're both rich, come enjoy it.

ABBOTT

What do you mean?

GRET KOV

Go to the airport. Get a plane. I'll have a brass band waiting for you.

ABBOTT

Save it for Bourne.

GRET KOV

What?

There's a KNOCKING AT HIS DOOR -- ABBOTT simply ignores it.

ABBOTT

He left yesterday on the night train. He's probably just getting in now.
(he drinks)
You'll have to hurry.

GRET KOV

Bourne comes here? Why?

More KNOCKING...

ABBOTT

Good luck.

A268

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN -- DAWN

A268

*

Speeding East through the Russian countryside. The forest is gone, replaced by factories and refineries. A wasteland of rust and gray that seems to go on forever --

*

*

*

PAMELA
And Danny Zorn, what was that? *

ABBOTT
Had to be done. *

PAMELA
No good options left? *

ABBOTT
(shrugs) *
In the end, honestly, it's hubris. *
Simple hubris. You reach a point in this *
game when the only satisfaction left is *
to see how clever you are. *

PAMELA
No. You lost your way. *

ABBOTT
Well, you're probably right. I guess *
that's all that hubris is. *

He raises the gun.

PAMELA -- presses her lips together, closes her eyes.
BOOM!

She opens them. And as CRONIN flies back through the door --
There's ABBOTT -- dead at the desk -- he's shot himself --
also, in a way, with some help from Bourne.

270 INT. PLATFORM -- MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 270

THE TRAIN easing to a stop. The platform busy with people
waiting and -- PASSENGERS disembarking.

BOURNE among them. Unremarkable in THE CROWD and -- *

271 INT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY 271

BOURNE on the move. Welcome to the whole mad Moscow scene.
A jumble of faces and voices. Travellers. Arrivals and
departures. Families. Beggars. Drunk war vets. Hawkers.

318 pt 1 EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY 318 pt 1 *

BOURNE -- leaving the market -- taking a swig of VODKA and -- *

Continues -- knows there are TWO NEW COPS on his ass. *

318 pt 2 EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT -- DAY 318 pt 2 *

Another CAB STAND. CABBIE by a YELLOW CAB, looks up to see *

-- *

BOURNE -- coming toward him -- and also -- *

The TWO COPS. As BOURNE nears, the CABBIE shakes his head. *

Bourne pivots -- casually -- like he doesn't know they're *

coming until -- HE SPITS! -- VODKA -- into one of the cop's *

face! -- blinded as BOURNE takes him and his PARTNER out. *

The CABBIE raises his hands in surrender, steps aside as *

BOURNE takes his car -- *

318 pt 3 INT./EXT. CAB -- DAY 318 pt 3 *

BOURNE IN THE YELLOW CAB -- starting THE ENGINE -- peeling *

away! -- careening into the street and -- *

KIRILL sprinting into the parking lot, just in time to see - *

- *

318 pt 4 INT. CAB -- DAY 318 pt 4 *

BOURNE concentrating away the pain -- trying to drive -- *

319 EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT -- DAY 319 *

TWO LADIES ducked behind a BIG BLACK G-WAGON -- freaked out *

as KIRILL grabs their keys and -- *

320-335 INT./EXT. MOSCOW STREETS/CARS/FACES -- DAY 320-335 *

THE CAB speeding across A BOULEVARD into an older *

neighborhood of rising narrow streets and -- *

TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS PULLING U-TURNS on the BOULEVARD -- *

whipping around to give chase and -- *

THE G-WAGON in full pursuit now and -- *
 BOURNE DRIVING -- up this curving little hill and -- *
 THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS starting to climb and -- *
 KIRILL DRIVING and he's on the hill now -- *
 BOURNE -- bad hand on the wheel -- holding on -- trying to *
 find something in passenger seat -- TUBE SOCKS? *
 THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS splitting up! -- one on Bourne's *
 ass -- the other cutting hard into A SIDE STREET, flanking *
 him and -- *
 BOURNE -- topping the hill -- two choices -- right or left? *
 RIGHT! -- No! -- wrong -- because down the hill there's A *
 POLICE CAR just about to angle in from THE SIDE-STREET and - *
 - *
 BOURNE -- no choice -- FLOORING IT! -- *
 THE CAB -- it's a whale -- SLAM! -- knifing the front end *
 of THE POLICE CAR and -- *
 THE POLICE CAR -- spun back! -- CRASHING AGAINST A BUILDING *
 ON THE CORNER and -- *
 KIRILL -- right behind that guy -- swerving -- onto the *
 sidewalk -- SPARKS FROM THE WALL AS HE SCRAPES! -- hanging *
 in -- skidding into a turn down the hill and -- *
 JUST MISSING THE FIRST POLICE CAR bombing right past him! *
 BOURNE -- in pain as he packs his shoulder wound with the *
 socks -- Ahead -- the street banks downhill to left and -- *
 THERE! -- A BOULEVARD -- wide ride -- lots of traffic and -- *
 THE CAB rocketing into the flow and -- *
 BEHIND HIM -- POLICE CAR #1 with THE G-WAGON right on his *
 ass and -- *
 BOURNE -- Wrists flicking the wheel. THE CAB screaming *
 through the slower traffic and -- *
 KIRILL -- totally on it -- pedal down -- passenger window *
 open -- wind blowing -- he's got THE PISTOL in his hand -- *
 closing the gap and -- *
 THE BLACK G-WAGON -- blowing past POLICE CAR #1 and -- *

BOURNE -- steering -- barely -- as he tears a few strips of DUCT TAPE to finish his triage -- *

BLAM! -- BLAM!! -- THE G-WAGON -- right beside him! -- *

BOURNE -- reacting -- what the fuck?! -- that's not a cop! -- but no time to clock Kirill because -- *

KIRILL -- shit! -- can't keep shooting -- into the oncoming lanes -- swinging wide -- A TRUCK! -- swerving again and -- *

THE CAB -- wavering again -- rallying and -- *

UP AHEAD -- THE BOULEVARD opens into THE RIVER BELTWAY -- big -- wide -- fast -- KREMLIN in the BG and -- *

FOUR NEW POLICE CARS screaming down from RED SQUARE and -- *

BOURNE skidding onto THE BELTWAY -- looking for room -- *

-- Finding it -- open road -- *

KIRILL back in the hunt and -- *

THE RIVER BELTWAY -- CAB SCREAMING PAST -- then ONE -- TWO -- THREE -- FOUR POLICE CARS -- now the BLACK G-WAGON and -- *

BOURNE -- Both hands on the wheel -- He's already forgotten about his shoulder -- *

THE BELTWAY -- up ahead -- ANOTHER CHOICE -- right takes you up to the city -- left is a TRANSIT TUNNEL and -- *

BOURNE -- checking his rearview -- starting right and -- *

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS right on his ass and -- *

BOURNE -- fake out -- veering left! -- last second -- into THE TUNNEL and -- *

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS -- wrong -- and worse, trying to change -- CRASH!!!! -- SPINNING -- and it's not just them -- A THIRD POLICE CAR caught in the clutter -- Not to mention the COMMUTERS -- CRASH!!! The Police are out of the race. *

KIRILL -- not fooled -- threading the needle -- through the carnage and into -- *

338

INT. THE TUNNEL -- DAY

338

FOUR LANES -- two way -- and long -- there's -- *
 THE CAB -- squibbing past SLOWER CARS and -- *
 KIRILL on him -- move for move -- follow the leader and -- *
 BOURNE -- checks the rearview -- he's lost them all but the *
 G-WAGON -- who the hell is that? -- *
 The Heavyweights. World Championship Belt up for grabs. *
 KIRILL -- gaining -- nearly pulling level. *
 BOURNE -- nowhere to go -- that's never stopped him before - *
 - he carves a path -- turns two lanes into three as *
 sparks his way through a lane split -- *
 THE G-WAGON -- roaring after him.
 BOURNE -- checks the mirror -- closer -- who the Hell is
 that guy? --
 KIRILL -- Gaining -- FIRING through his passenger window.
 BOURNE -- BRAKES --
 TUNNEL -- As the two vehicles scrape along each other --
 KIRILL -- FIRING BACK -- odd angle --
 BOURNE -- ducking for meager cover as bullets stitch
 through the roof --
 TUNNEL -- The G-WAGON crushes the CAB against the wall --
 sparks showering the windshield -- finally --
 THE CAB -- shoots ahead --
 KIRILL -- in a controlled fury --
 THE SUV -- jerking hard and right into the rear of the CAB --
 BOURNE -- trying to keep control -- spots a MAINTENANCE
 TRUCK up ahead --
 KIRILL -- banging away as his quarry straightens --
 MAINTENANCE TRUCK -- looming --

BOURNE -- a hard left --

TUNNEL -- the CAB wrapping around the front of the SUV --
WHAM! -- pushing it to the right -- the cab continues --
SPINNING around the G-WAGON --

DETAILS -- front bumpers locking on rear fenders as --

TUNNEL -- The G-WAGON hurtling forward -- the CAB ass end
first -- locked together --

KIRILL -- firing into the CAB -- really unloading now --

BOURNE -- down on the floor -- a tornado overhead --

KIRILL -- slaps in a new clip -- intense --

BOURNE -- gun against his door -- just below the window
knob -- WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP --

SUV TIRE -- shredding.

KIRILL -- fights the wheel --

ANOTHER TRUCK -- looming large --

BOURNE -- looking between the seats out the rear window --
a LANE DIVIDING PILLAR ahead --

CAB -- as BOURNE sits up -- jerks the wheel to the right --

TUNNEL -- the cars unlock -- spin away from each other --

KIRILL -- focused -- taking deadly aim --

BOURNE -- staring back at him -- calm -- "I know something
you don't know."

KIRILL -- frowns --

THE TRUCK -- swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Kirill's POV --

KIRILL -- eyes go wide --

WHALLOP! -- steel vs. concrete -- concrete victorious -- a
bone compressing, truly horrendous impact!

BOURNE -- whipping the wheel --

CAB -- spinning to a stop out of harm's way -- door opening
--

BOURNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Of all the people in the world, you're the only one I have anything to offer.

(hesitating)

That's why I came here.

IRENA

(she's terrified)

Okay.

He's got something beside him. Something he's taken off the wall. IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPH. The Neski family. Same as the one that was in the Hotel Brecker. Mom, Dad and Irena, arms around each other, in front of the house. Before it was abandoned. Happy. Smiling. Perfect.

BOURNE

It's nice.

(a beat)

Does this picture mean anything to you? *

(no answer) *

Hmm? *

IRENA

It's nothing. It's just a picture.

BOURNE

No. It's because you don't know how they died.

IRENA

(he couldn't understand)

No, I do. *

A change in BOURNE as he studies her, measures her. Some moment of truth is here. IRENA braces, unsure.

BOURNE

I would want to know.

(beat)

I would want to know that my mother didn't kill my father. I would want to know that she didn't kill herself.

IRENA

What?

She really looks at him now. Fear overwhelmed by curiosity.

BOURNE

I would grow up thinking that they didn't love me if they just left me like that.

Irena making sure her eyes don't leave his. They don't.

 BOURNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It changes things. That knowledge.
Doesn't it?

 IRENA
 (wary)
Yes...

 BOURNE
That's not what happened to your parents.

 IRENA
Then what?

 BOURNE
I killed them.

Body blows, but he has her attention. She wipes a tear.

 BOURNE (CONT'D) *
It was my job. My first time. Your
father was supposed to be alone. But then
your mother, she came out of nowhere...
 (a little shrug)
I had to change my plan.
 (beat)
You understand me?
 (does she?)
You don't have to live like that anymore.
Thinking that.

 IRENA
You killed them.

BOURNE nods, that's right.

 BOURNE
They loved you.
 (beat)
And I killed them.

 IRENA *
How...how can...how can you be here and *
say this? *

 BOURNE *
I don't want you to forgive me. *

She stands suddenly. Stands because if she doesn't she'll
burst into tears. Because she knows if she starts crying
she won't be able to make sense of this.

IRENA

For who?
 (he doesn't answer)
 KILLED FOR WHO?

*

BOURNE pushes himself to his feet. A real effort.

BOURNE

It doesn't matter. Your life is hard
 enough.

IRENA

You're a liar.

BOURNE

You know I'm not.

IRENA

YOU'RE A LIAR!

BOURNE

Look at me.

There they are. Two people standing in a room. Squared
 off.

And now she starts crying. Really crying.

And he's taking it.

IRENA

I should kill you...if it's true you
 should die...I should kill you now!

BOURNE

I can't let you do that either.

*

IRENA

Because you're afraid!

BOURNE

No.

(starting for the door)
 Because you don't want to know how it
 feels.

She hesitates. Stunned. He's leaving. He's opening the
 door.

*
 *

BOURNE (CONT'D)

I have to go now.

*
 *

IRENA

Is this really happening?

*
 *

BOURNE
 (empty)
 I'm sorry.

And she sags. Back into the chair, as --

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE PHOTOGRAPH on the table. The sound of the door closing and Irena crying, as --

356

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT PLAYGROUND -- DAY

356

BOURNE trudging along. Across the snow. He's done it.

And he really can't take another step.

There's a bench. He sits down. Out of gas.

He just might die here. We slowly tilt up to the multi-colored Moscow tenements.

FADE OUT:

357

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

357

BOURNE waking up -- sitting up -- where is he? -- trying to get his bearings -- but it's so bright -- white walls -- sheets -- SUNSHINE through clean windows and --

PAMELA (OS)
 Hello, David.

There she is. Standing at the foot of his bed.

BOURNE
 Where am I?

PAMELA
 Ramstein Air Base, Germany.
 (smiles)
 Before the wall fell you would have woken up in a Russian prison hospital.

He looks around -- tries to move -- hammered by pain.

BOURNE
 Oh, shit...

PAMELA
 Careful...

Long moment. He's taking it in. Trying to.

BOURNE
Why am I alive?

PAMELA
Are you disappointed?

They study each other a beat.

BOURNE
I know who you are.

PAMELA nods. Very calm here. No sudden movements.

PAMELA
Thank you for your gift. I'm sorry about Marie. *

BOURNE
What's that? *

PAMELA
Do you think you can read? Are you well
enough? *

She has a folder. A PHOTOGRAPH -- Bourne's face -- stapled to the cover.

PAMELA (CONT'D) *

It's all in here. Treadstone. A summary of your life. All of it.

He waves it off.

BOURNE
Don't need it. I remember everything.

PAMELA
(smiles again)
Sounds like a threat.

BOURNE
You didn't answer my question.

PAMELA
Why you're alive?
(beat)
You're alive because you're special.
Because she kept you alive.
(she smiles)
Because we want you back on our side.

BOURNE silent. But hearing it. PAMELA leaves the file.

PAMELA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Take a look at it. We'll talk later.

BOURNE watching her back away. As she exits into --

358

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

358

Long, sterile hallway. CRONIN and NICKY standing there with an AIR FORCE SENTRY assigned to guard the room.

CRONIN and NICKY trying to play it cool, but now, as they get some distance down the hallway --

PAMELA
(to the sentry)
Let's give him half an hour.

*
*
*

NICKY
(quietly)
So?

PAMELA
Felt promising. It's a start.

*

A chill in the air. Both of them going quiet because there's A NURSE carrying a tray of food. She's coming toward us. They're walking away.

THE CAMERA

Staying with THE NURSE now. Coming up the hall.

THE SENTRY smiles -- opens the door and she enters --

359

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

359

Empty bed. Open window. Bourne is gone.

As THE MUSIC STARTS PUMPING, and we...

360

EXT. MUSEUM ISLAND BRIDGE -- BERLIN -- DAY

360

Off he goes. Disappearing into thin air...

FADE OUT.

*
*
*

THE END