The Bourne Supremacy

Compiled from drafts
Dated
7/11/03
9/17/03
10/13/03
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Dated
11/14/03
11/19/03
By
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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

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 <u>INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT</u>

Α1

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 <u>INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT</u>

2

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

A2 <u>INT. COTTAGE LIVING AREA/BATHROOM -- NIGHT</u>

A2

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

3 <u>INT./EXT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM/VERANDA -- NIGHT</u>

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 <u>INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM -- NIGHT</u>

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.

MARTE

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

6

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

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.

7 EXT. ROAD -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY

7

BOURNE still running, leaving the beach behind.

8 INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN -- DAY

8

MARIE back from the market, putting the groceries away. Almost done, when she stops for a moment --

A PHOTOGRAPH. There on the windowsill. A snapshot. Jason and Marie on a beach. Her arms around him. As if she were the protector. Big smiles. Young. Alive. In love.

MARIE smiles.

9 EXT. MAIN STREET -- GOA/BEACHTOWN -- DAY

9

Funky busy. Colonial facades in vivid, sub-continental technicolor. Loud morning traffic.

CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE coming out of a store with a big bottle of water. He's just finished his run. Standing there, chugging away, checking the scene, when something catches his eye --

HIS POV

THE STREET. A SILVER CAR -- something newish -- pulling down the block -- can't quite see who's driving, but --

BACK TO

BOURNE watching this silver car. So serious he's casual. Nobody passing would notice, but we do: <u>He's on alert</u>.

MOVING WITH HIM AS

BOURNE follows THE SILVER CAR on foot -- natural -- cruising the BUSY SIDEWALK -- blending into the mix -- chugging on that water bottle and --

UP AHEAD

THE SILVER CAR making the corner and turning now --

BACK TO

BOURNE slowing as he reaches the corner --

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 <u>INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE/GOA -- DAY</u>

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 <u>INT. COTTAGE -- DAY</u>

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 <u>EXT. MAIN STREET/BANK GOA/BEACH TOWN -- DAY</u>

12

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

13	INT. SILVER CAR DAY (CONT)	13	
	KIRILL starting it up. Glancing around nice and easy. He's cool. Putting the car into gear, he makes a slow through the marketplace. Eyes everywhere.	pass	*
14	DELETED	14	*
15	INT. COTTAGE DAY	15	
	BOURNE done the place is stripped pulling on t backpacks glancing around one last thing shit, almost missed it		
	THE PHOTOGRAPH the one of he and Marie on the beach the one we saw her looking at earlier there it is on windowsill jamming it into his pocket and		
A16	EXT. SIDE STREET/PARKING AREA GOA/BEACHTOWN DAY	A16	*
	KIRILL now parked and out of the car on the move foot he begins a sweep of the beach.	on	*
16	EXT. COTTAGE BACK DOOR YARD/ALLEY DAY (CONT)	16	
	BOURNE out the back jogging keeping low into t neighborhood through the alleys nothing random ab it, this has all been worked out and		
17	DELETED	17	*
18	EXT. BEACH GOA/BEACHTOWN DAY	18	*
	Crowded with tourists sunbathers MARIE at her favorite spot. Talking with TWO WOMEN, laughing with t - happy.	hem -	
18A	EXT. BEACH/PARKING AREA GOA DAY	18A	*
	A burly JEEP comes roaring up. BOURNE spots the SILVER CAR, parks at the other end takes off towards the be		*

19	EXT. BEACH GOA DAY	19	*
	KIRILL methodically making his way up the beach checking every blue tent every towel.		*
20	EXT. BEACH GOA DAY	20	*
	BOURNE coming up the beach the opposite way one eye KIRILL, one eye on MARIE.	on	*
	He arrives just as KIRILL looks up and sees them a hundred yards away a hard stare between them BOUR bends down	NE	* * *
	BOURNE We gotta go, Marie. We gotta go, now.		
	From the tone of his voice, she knows it's serious. Marie grabs her bag. A quick goodbye to the friends. They hurry off. BOURNE uses the sunbathers as cover. KIRILL retreats.		* * * *
21	EXT. BEACH/PARKING LOT GOA DAY	21	*
	They reach the JEEP she knows the drill bag tosse the back even as the Jeep pulls away and	d in	*
22	INT. JEEP DAY (CONT)	22	
	BOURNE driving. MARIE beside him		
	BOURNE We're blown.		
	She hesitates. One minute ago everything was fine.		
	MARIE No How?		
	BOURNE The Telegraph office.		
	MARIE But we were so careful.		
	BOURNE We pushed it. We got lazy.		*

23	EXT. BEACH	/PARKING LOT GOA/BEACHTOWN DAY	23 *
	out onto	ready back at the SILVER CAR following them the MAIN STREET blocked by the local traffic HUGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL out from his travel bag	c *
24	EXT. BEACH	TOWN ALLEY/OFF MAIN STREET DAY	24
	THE JEEP	pulling down this narrow little passageway and	
	BOURNE'S	WINDSHIELD POV	*
	MAIN STRE	ET packed with traffic and	
	BACK TO		
	BOURNE no	t liking this. Eyes all over trying to dec	ide.
		MARIE But you're sure?	
		BOURNE He was at the campground yesterday.	
		MARIE So	*
		BOURNE It's wrong. Guy with a rental car and hundred dollar sneakers sleeps in a tent?	*
	Trying to	decide whether to pull out or back up	
		MARIE That's crazy.	*
		BOURNE No. Not this. This is real. (suddenly) And he's right there (throwing the car into reverse)	* *
		MARIE Where	
		BOURNE Back there at the corner Hyundai silver	k k

25 *

	KIRILL trapped in some Main Street gridlock. Glancing back for a way out freezing suddenly, because <u>there</u>	
	<u>HIS POV</u> THE JEEP THE ALLEY right there twenty yards back a good look at BOURNE and MARIE as they disappear and	
26	EXT. ALLEYWAY GOA/BEACHTOWN DAY (CONT) 26	
	THE JEEP backing up the way it came BLOWING ITS HORN because an OLD VAN pulls in and blocks him from behind	
27	INT. JEEP DAY (CONT)	
	BOURNE leaning on THE HORN shit, now they've got to wait!	
	MARIEbut you're not you're not sure	,
	BOURNE We can't wait to be sure.	4
	MARIE I don't want to move againI like it here.	+ +
	BOURNE Look, we clear out, we get to the shack,	4
	we get safe. We hang there awhile. I'll come back. I'll check it out. But right now we can't	,
	MARIE where's left to go?	,
	BOURNE there's places we can't afford to be wrong!)
28	INT. HYUNDAI DAY (CONT)	
	KIRILL. Calm. Possessed of a familiar tactical patience. He can't get the Hyundai to the alley from where he is and it doesn't make sense to go on foot. He checks his rearview.	+

INT. HYUNDAI -- DAY (CONT)

25

	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
	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!
	BOURNE not yet
	MARIE it's just him?

*

*

11.
BOURNE yeah one guy I don't think he was ready
MARIE hang on
MARIE bearing down pulling out gives him a quick smile BOURNE knowing he's got a good one here
<u>INT. HYUNDAI DAY/SUNSET</u> 31
KIRILL stopping short on a rise. Bit of a view from here. Gets half out the car to look.
BELOW the JEEP headed for A BRIDGE. He's gonna lose them. KIRILL'S mind racing. Grabs duffle from the back, abandons car.
<u>INT. JEEP BRIDGE DAY/SUNSET</u> 32
MARIE driving. BOURNE preps his pistol. Eye out for KIRILL.
BOURNE You keep going to the shack. I'll meet you there in an hour.
MARIE (concerned)

31

32

Where are you going? BOURNE I'm going to bail on the other side and wait. This bridge is the only way he can

follow.

What if it's not who you think it is?

BOURNE If he crosses the bridge, it is.

MARIE

MARIE There must be another way!

BOURNE I warned them, Marie. I told them to leave us alone.

	Jason, please don't do thisit 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 baconly a moment and he's got a SNIPER RIFLE.	ag.	
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.		
В34	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 HEADRES	ST.	
	KIRILL'S FINGER		
	Squeezing. Firing.		

MARIE

34	EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE DAY (CONT)	34
	The JEEP jerking.	
	FRONT FENDER tearing into and along the guard rail cement shards fill the air	
	BOURNE reaching for the wheel Too late!	
	As the JEEP finally crashes through the flimsy guardrai	1
	Plummets splashes hard begins to sink out of sigh	t.
35	EXT. LOW WALL DAY (CONT)	35
	KIRILL lowers the scope, takes a quick look around. He basically gone unnoticed in this little nook with his silenced rifle. But people are already rushing toward bridge. Then there!	
	An OLD WOMAN looking directly at KIRILL from a doorway. Not quite sure what. But an old Indian woman in Goa? what.	So
	KIRILL drills her with a look. As she sinks back insid	e
36	INT. JEEP SINKING IN THE RIVER DAY/SUNSET	36
	Swallowed up. BOURNE and MARIE gone.	۲
37	EXT. LOW WALL SUNSET	37
	KIRILL scans the surface of the river under the bridge. Waiting.	
38	EXT. RIVER BOTTOM DAY	38
	Mud plumes as the JEEP settles. BOURNE reaches over to MARIE, tries to urge her out.	ל כ
39	EXT. LOW WALL DAY	39
	KIRILL with a killer's patience, waiting, almost done.	
	SCOPE POV	
	The surface of the water. Unbroken.	

	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 cany top. A big gulp of air	as
	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 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	<u>DELETED</u> 43	-68
69	EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE NIGHT	69

BERLIN

 $\label{eq:TEDDY/RADIO} \mbox{TV.O.)} The seller has arrived.$

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

As the man comes to a CHINESE RESTAURANT he stops. Squarely. So he can be seen clearly. Then he enters a STARK GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.) (cont'd) (CONT'D)

He's inside.

70 EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE -- NIGHT

70

TWO MEN cross the square to the Chinese Restaurant. VIC is forty -- steel-ass intel operator -- he carries A LARGE SAMPLES CASE. Beside him, MIKE, younger, ex-Navy-Seal.

71 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT

71

"The Hub". Secure, anonymous office space somewhere in the city. Shades drawn. Lots of gear cabled around. The stale, improvised feel of a temporary outpost. Four serious people alone in this room:

PAMELA LANDY is 46. A Senior C.I.A. Counterintelligence Officer. Hovering over the communications console.

CRONIN -- Pamela's #2 -- early forties, stone-cold facade -- quarterbacking the operation over the radio --

KURT and KIM are the techs here. His and Her headphones. Ruggedized laptops and comm gear spread around them.

CRONIN

What have you got, Survey One?

72 <u>INT. NEARBY BERLIN OFFICE -- NIGHT (CONT)</u>

72

Dark. TEDDY at the window. Another military face. Radio rig. Night Scope. Watching VIC and MIKE pass below him --

TEDDY/RADIO (OVER)

"Hub, this is Survey One. Mobile One is in motion. Seller is inside and waiting."

73 <u>EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT</u>

73

VIC and MIKE slow as they come to the same STARK, GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (OVER)

"We are ready to go."

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 A NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD. And we hear:	
	MIKE still walking, alone now, heading away from THE GLA OFFICE BUILDING toward A VAN parked up the block.	ASS
	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 the final word, KIM raises a finger	give
	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.	
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 77 DELETED

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 <u>INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT</u> A80

<u>Dark</u>. 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 <u>special</u>, 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 signoffs, all top-secret.

VTC

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 --

-- 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! --

VTC

(coming up with a pistol)

-- shut up! -- just shut the --

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

Wronq.

SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- SNAPPH! -- five fast, suppressed small caliber shots -- VIC falls first -- IVAN crashing back across a desk as the bullets tear into him -- both of them dead before they hit the floor and --

REVERSE TO FIND

The GLOVED HANDS unscrewing a SILENCER, tucking away the weapon. Already in motion before we know what's happened --pulling a climbing duffel out from his back pack --stuffing in THE SAMPLES CASE and IVAN'S BRIEFCASE -- all the files -- all the money...

Except, wait... He's left out ONE old KGB FILE COVER -- and now he pulls A PLASTIC BAG from his backpack -- GLOVED HANDS carefully remove A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER from inside the bag. And this paper looks exactly like all the stuff he's just tucked away; another page full of Cyrillic blur.

He's putting this sheet of paper inside the file cover. Now he's slipping them both underneath the desk, tossing them there as if they fell in the struggle and --

83 INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET -- NIGHT 83

The electrical risers -- as ONE OF THE TWO DETONATION DECIVES BLOWS -- a <u>single</u>, tidy, self-contained explosion and --

84 EXT./INT. THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY -- NIGHT 84

As the lights flicker and fail and THE NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD is suddenly cast into darkness and --

85 INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT 85

As they were. Waiting. But only a moment before --

TEDDY/RADIO

(sudden, urgent)

"Hub? -- we just -- we lost power -- the building! -- the whole place just went dark! --"

CRONIN looking at Pamela -- the first whiff of dread as --

CRONIN

"-- repeat -- who is dark? -- the target building or your location? --"

	RADIO VOICES piling up panicked, confusion cascading -	as -	
86-87	DELETED 86-	-87	*
A87,B87	<u>DELETED</u> A87,B	387	*
88	EXT. BERLIN NOVATEL/PARKING LOT NIGHT	88	*
	Anonymous drone barn. KIRILL stepping out of a car. He's carrying the duffle.		*
89	INT. BERLIN NOVATEL CORRIDOR NIGHT	89	*
	KIRILL. Heading down the hall.		*
90	INT. NOVATEL ROOM NIGHT	90	*
	KIRILL enters. It's a small room. GRETKOV is waiting. He's forty. Professional. Trim and polished. Dominant	t.	*
	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)		*

GRETKOV dumping three million dollars over the bed as KIRILL sheds his clothes, and we --

*

DISSOLVE TO:

A90 EXT. THE BRIDGE -- GOA -- DAY

A90

WORKMEN cluster as a cable winches --

The JEEP is raised from the river bottom. As water pours off of it $\ensuremath{\mathsf{--}}$

BOURNE -- Watching -- From a distance -- Empty --

CUT TO:

B90 <u>EXT. BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY</u>

B90

Crime scene. POLICE blocking OFFICE WORKERS from getting in the building. MEDIA vans clogging the street.

PAMELA and CRONIN, across the street, watching.

The mood is black. Ashes.

PAMELA

We need to get in there.

CRONIN

I'm working on it.

PAMELA stands there. Silent. Staring at the disaster across the street.

91-92A <u>DELETED</u>

91-92A

A93 <u>INT. SHACK -- GOA -- DAY</u>

A93

BOURNE is bailing.

Exfil procedure, but this is a heartbroken exfil.

-- A FOOTLOCKER open. Bourne's main stash.

BOURNE going through the footlocker. Setting aside his 'work clothes' -- other things he needs.

But he also has to separate.

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 HO COMMAND POST -- DAY

93

*

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

CRONIN

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 <u>INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS -- DAY</u>

97

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

98 <u>INT. C.I.A. ELEVATOR -- DAY</u>

98

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

99 <u>INT. DIFFERENT C.I.A. CORRIDOR -- DAY</u>

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 <u>DELETED</u>

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 <u>INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY</u>

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)

Nobody wants to know about Treadstone. Not around here.

(the warrant)

You better take this back to Marty and make sure he knows what you're doing.

PAMELA

(trump card)

He does. I've been down to the archives. I have the files, Ward.

107 DELETED 107

A107 EXT. BAY OF NAPLES -- LATE AFTERNOON

A107

A hard working port. A big MEDITERRANEAN FERRY coming in.

NAPLES

FERRY -- BOURNE at the rail. Unchanged from India. Staring ahead as Europe looms.

B107 EXT. FERRY DOCK -- LATE AFTERNOON

B107

BOURNE disembarking to an immigration queue. Looking unremarkable. Just one of many passing through.

108 <u>INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY</u>

108

As they were. ABBOTT watching PAMELA pull a photo from her file. Sliding it over. CONKLIN'S FACE peering back.

PAMELA

Let's talk about Conklin.

ABBOTT

What are you after, Pam? You want to fry me? You want my desk? Is that it?

PAMELA

I want to know what happened.

ABBOTT

You've got the files? Then let's cut the crap. It went wrong. Conklin had these guys wound so tight they were bound to snap.

(MORE)

28.

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.

A115 <u>INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- SUNSET</u>

A115

Now at the IMMIGRATION OFFICER booth, BOURNE hands over an OLD BLUE PASSPORT. It reads, JASON BOURNE. What's he up to? Is he giving up?

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(Where you coming from, Mr. Bourne?)

BOURNE

(Tangiers)

The OFFICER runs the CODE on the passport through the SCANNER.

115 <u>INT. INTERPOL MONITORING STATION -- MADRID -- SUNSET</u> 115

A TECH turns as a COMPUTER ALARM begins an incessant BEEPING.

THE SCREEN

As Jason Bourne's PASSPORT DATA begins scrolling through. A sleeper waking up on the grid. Then his PHOTO.

WORK STATION

As an Interpol SUPERVISOR leans in over the TECH'S shoulder to see what's up. After a beat...

As the TECH begins typing and hits send...

116 INT. C.I.A. RELAY STATION -- BETHESDA, MARYLAND -- DAY 116

CREWCUT turns from his monitor to his own SUPERIOR as, at the same time...

117 INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL -- SUNSET 117

Looking up from his computer, the IMMIGRATION OFFICER gestures BOURNE to one side.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(Sir, would you be so kind as to step
over here, please?)

*

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?
boes enib bean: 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?	1
As the MAN	NDARINS all start talking at once	
	rs. Stands at the head of the table. Tri	es to
	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 bl:	inks. What?	
DELETED		119-120
EXT. FERRY	Y BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL NIGHT	121
	American. A junior, C.I.A. Field Officer. rom the parking lot, talking on his cellph	
	NEVINSwhat can I do? I can't. I'll call you when I know what I'm into	
NEVINS har	ngs up and pockets the phone. He hustles ing.	towards
INT. CIA S	SITUATION ROOM DAY	122
	is jumping. Agents tracking, working the ters. PAMELA giving orders. ABBOTT watch	

119-120

121

122

	(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 alr	ready on it
INT. FERRY	BUILDING HOLDING ROOM SUNSET 123
	flashes his credentials to CARABINIERI at door, an unimpressed shrug and lets him in.
	ses his overcoat off, tosses it on the empty e see a big ass .45 for just a second under his et.
	NEVINS Alright, Mr. Bourne, is that your name? (BOURNE nods) Name's Nevins. I'm with the US Consulate. Could I see your passport?
	lent, hands over his passport.
BOURNE, SI	
	NEVINS (CONT'D) So, Mr. Bourne
	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
NEVINS stu	So, Mr. Bourne
NEVINS stu	So, Mr. Bourne Idies Bourne's passport NEVINS (CONT'D) What are you doing in Tangiers?

CRONIN

123

*

*

*

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.

BOURNE is back, silent and effective.

Finding NEVINS cellphone, BOURNE reaches into his bag. He holds the phone next to a larger, diagnostic MOBILE UNIT -- the "confirm" light blinks -- Nevins' phone has been cloned. BOURNE puts the phone back in NEVINS coat, takes his gun and CARABINIERI'S gun and radio and puts them in his duffle. We're starting to realize there's a plan at work here.

FINALLY

BOURNE -- exits the door, wedging a desk under the handle so it cannot be opened from the inside and calmly walks away like nothing ever happened --

124 EXT. NAPLES FERRY BUILDING -- NIGHT

124

And now we see the old BOURNE, in his long black coat, purposely striding out of the building. He pauses long enough for the security camera to get a good look at him.

THE RONIN returns.

125 <u>EXT. NAPLES FERRY PARKING LOT -- NIGHT</u>

125

BOURNE crosses the street and approaches a man putting his suitcase in the trunk of a green Peugeot. BOURNE reaches into his bag, pulls out some cash.

126 DELETED

126 *

127 <u>INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM -- NIGHT</u>

127

NEVINS stirring, the CARABINIERI still out. A phone starts to RING. Nevins' phone. Finally sitting up, he answers.

NEVINS

Hello?

128-129 <u>DELETED</u>

128-129

130 <u>INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY</u>

130

PAMELA at the other end of the line.

PAMELA/PHONE

Mr. Nevins?

NEVINS/PHONE

Who's this?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy, again. Where do we stand?

A130 <u>INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM -- NIGHT</u>

A130

Nevins barely knows where he is.

131 <u>EXT. NAPLES STREET -- NIGHT</u>

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...

<u>INTERCUT</u> -- 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? -- <u>Berlin</u>? -- 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 <u>INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM -- DAY</u>

A131

*

PAMELA finishes, hangs up.

ABBOTT *
Berlin! *

PAMET.A

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)

*

	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	<u>DELETED</u> 132	
133	INT. BOURNE'S PEUGEOT NIGHT (CONT) 133	
	BOURNE driving listening to <u>playback</u> of Pamela's conversation with Nevins.	
	PAMELA/TAPE "Jason Bourne is armed and extremely dangerous"	
	BOURNE'S FACE eyes tight looking weird	

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

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.

CRONTN

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. 136 136 EXT. PRIVATE JET -- DUSK Streaks across the sky. 137 137 INT. PRIVATE JET -- NIGHT 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? NTCKY 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.

42.

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.

PAMELA leans away. NICKY looks back out the window.

from.

This isn't the kind of mess you walk away

138 <u>EXT. TARMAC -- BERLIN AIRPORT -- NIGHT</u>

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 <u>INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT</u>

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?

CRONTN

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 <u>EXT. ITALIAN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY -- NIGHT</u>

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 <u>INT. THE PEUGEOT -- NIGHT (CONT.)</u>

D138

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

139 <u>INT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT</u>

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

* * *

;

A VIP BOOTH. KIRILL simply <u>shitfaced</u>. But in a really creepy, numb kind of way. THREE WOMEN, absolutely gorgeous, are sitting around him, chatting away as if he weren't even there. The girls looking up to see --

THE DOORMAN

(standing there)

(Can he walk?)

KIRILL stirs. His stupor a futile attempt to escape. Eyes still those of an exceptionally hard man.

A minute later. KIRILL can walk. The most graceful drunk you've ever seen. Making his way through the club. Tuning out everything but the need to get to THE DOOR and --

140 EXT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB -- DAY (CONT)

140

Yes, <u>day</u>. It's nine a.m. KIRILL suddenly in the sunlight. People going to work. Kids off to school and --

GRETKOV sitting in his Mercedes, not happy.

FOLLOW CAR and SECURITY and ASSISTANT equally unhappy.

GRETKOV

(You told me Jason Bourne was dead.)

KIRILL blinking against the sunlight -- trying to process.

141 <u>DELETED</u> 141

142 EXT. ANONYMOUS MUNICH NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

142

Discreet and chilly. A car pulls up. A MAN gets out.

MUNICH

We don't see his face as he heads in.

143 INT. JARDA'S HOUSE FOYER/KITCHEN -- DAY

143

The man enters. His alarm system -- <u>beep...beep</u> -- starts once he comes through the door. There's A KEYPAD on the wall. He enters his code and the beeping stops. Just like everyday. It's a sad house.

He hangs his coat on the rack. Moving now --

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

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

BOURNE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

How long?

144 <u>INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY</u>

144

<u>Jamming</u> -- 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.

145	TNT.	JARDA'S	HOUSE	KTTCHEN	 DAY

145

PHONE RINGING -- JARDA in cuffs -- BOURNE scanning out the windows -- everything fast --

BOURNE

-- car keys?

JARDA

-- my coat -- but we should --

BOURNE

-- what? --

JARDA

-- take the back -- get another car --

BOURNE hesitates -- just a moment --

Wrong.

SLAM! -- out of nowhere -- JARDA swings -- two-hands -- still cuffed -- like a mace -- catching BOURNE <u>hard</u> and --

BOURNE stunned -- JARDA smashing the coffee table, slices the flexcuffs through on a shard of glass -- Free!

JARDA follows up -- knee up in the ribs -- THE GUN KNOCKED FREE FROM BOURNE'S HAND! -- skittering across the floor -- BOURNE -- as JARDA starts to move -- backhanding him and --

146 EXT. MUNICH STREET -- DAY

146

TWO MUNICH PATROL CARS rolling and --

147 <u>EXT./INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY</u>

147

Seen from inside, glimpsed through the glass outside.

It's war -- a flat-out, close-quarter death match -- JARDA older and cuffed, but strong and determined -- BOURNE still hammered from that opening sucker-punch -- the two of them braced there -- grappling -- falling --

JARDA -- the cuffs -- he's got BOURNE in a choke-hold -- but BOURNE driving his head <u>back</u> -- into JARDA'S FACE and --

148 <u>INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY</u>

Jamming along through Munich --

149 <u>INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY</u>

149

JARDA -- BOURNE -- THE GUN on the floor -- struggling for it -- JARDA there first -- BOURNE on him -- pinned there -- four hands, one gun and --

BLAMM!!! -- wild shot -- into the refrigerator --

Still wrestling -- breaking JARDA's nose, until --

The gun knocked away again.

Finally their hands locked into each other's throats. This is as real and up close as it gets. Until, BOURNE finally holds dead weight. Eyes fixed. Staring...

BOURNE jumping back. Blood all over his shirt -- BOURNE'S first kill in a long time. A messy one -- Revulsion.

150 <u>INT. DOD RAPID CAR -- DAY</u>

150

JARHEADS getting close -- but up ahead -- ANOTHER MUNICH PATROL CAR in motion -- the JARHEADS react -- don't need or want the company.

151 <u>INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN -- DAY</u>

151

BOURNE -- all business now -- <u>pulling</u> THE STOVE away from the wall -- <u>there</u> -- THE GAS LINE HOSE -- BOURNE ripping it free -- gas running wide open into the room --

Next -- A FORK -- grabbing it -- jamming it down into the mechanism on a TOASTER -- wedging it there -- and now he's grabbing PAPERS -- JARDA's stuff on the table -- jamming a roll of sales projections into the toaster beside the fork --

BOURNE coughing from the gas, turning the toaster on.

Checking his watch.

Taking one last look at JARDA dead on the floor and --

152 <u>DELETED</u>

152 *

153	INT. DOD RAPID CAR DAY	153	
	They're just turning into the street		
154	EXT. JARDA'S STREET DAY	154	
	THE DOD CAR THREE DODS approaching the house, when	n	*
	BOOOOOMM!!! JARDA'S KITCHEN blown out! gone		
155	EXT. JARDA'S BACK DOOR DAY	155	
	BOURNE same moment flying out the rear as p urban backyard exfil he's flying and Gone.	lanned	
156	EXT. JARDA'S HOUSE DAY	156	
	Fire smoke it's all burning now MUNICH COPS back they'll have a story to tell tonight	blown	
157	INT. BOURNE'S CAR DAY	157	*
	Drives away past arriving police		*
158-163	DELETED 1:	58-163	
164	INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST NIGHT	164	
	The bullpen is <u>cranking</u> phones to Munich lines Langley ABBOTT watching from the sidelines KUR KIM at their work stations PAMELA on mobile, turn ABBOTT	T and	
	PAMELA So he beats a man within an inch of his life, strangles him, then blows the place up? (at Nicky) For someone with amnesia, he certainly hasn't forgotten how to kill, has he?		* *
	Across the room CRONIN and TEDDY suddenly excited what they're seeing on THEIR SCREEN	about	

165

CRONIN

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

It is <u>pouring</u> 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 <u>EXT. AUTOBAHN REST-STOP -- NIGHT</u>

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 <u>INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT -- NIGHT</u>

168

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

THE CAMERA FINDS

GRETKOV above. Watching him go.

169 EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION -- DAWN

169

BOURNE drives up.

170-178 DELETED

170-178

179 INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION -- DAWN

179

Quiet and forlorn this early. Just like BOURNE who's taking A LOCKER. Stashing A BACKPACK. Prepping the evac. Always ready. He heads outside, we hear:

HOTEL OPERATOR #1 (V.O.) (front desk German) (Berlin Hilton, how can I help you?)

BOURNE/PHONE (V.O.) (I'm trying to reach a guest, Pamela Landy, please.)

HOTEL OPERATOR #1 (V.O.)
(I'm sorry but I'm not showing that we have a guest by that name.)
(continuing as--)

A179 INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PHONE KIOSK -- DAWN

A179

BOURNE tucked in with a BERLIN GUIDE BOOK, a felt tip pen, and a Fifty-Euro phonecard. Working it.

BOURNE/PHONE

(Pamela Landy, please)

HOTEL OPERATOR #2 (Sorry, I don't see it here.)

Crossing out another Hotel off the list -- four down, forty to go -- as we start TIME CUTTING and...

HOTEL VOICES (V.O.)
 (overlapping)

(-- no one here by that name --)

(-- no, sir, there's no Landy here --)

(-- how are you spelling that, sir? --)

(-- sorry, but no --)

(-- I have no Landy registered, sir --)

 (continuing, until--)

B179 <u>INT. PAMELA'S HILTON HOTEL SUITE -- DAWN</u>

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.

apers.

(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 <u>INT. BERLIN WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- EARLY MORNING</u> G179

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

H179 <u>INT. HEALTH CLUB -- GRAND HOTEL -- DAY</u>

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.	7
	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	<u>INT. CONCENTRIC RINGS GRAND HOTEL DAY</u> 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	<u>INT. LOBBY THE GRAND DAY</u> 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	ł
	PAMELA Anything?	
	TEDDY No. Munich's a bust. He's loose.	4
	PAMELA Are we locked up?	k
	CRONIN I told everyone they had an hour eat, sleep, shave, whatever they want, but once we're back, we're back for good.	t t t
	As they pile in, and	7
	THE CAMERA FINDS	
	BOURNE walking <u>right</u> past them he's got the whole thing scoped heading quickly across the street and	

M179 EXT. HILTON HOTEL TAXI STAND -- EARLY MORNING

M179

BOURNE jumps into the first cab in the rank and --

N179 <u>INT. BERLIN TAXI #2 -- EARLY MORNING (CONT)</u>

N179

THE DRIVER starting up the car, as --

BOURNE

(That black SUV. Fifty Euros if you keep me close.)

THE DRIVER smiles and --

1791 pt. INT. BERLIN AIRPORT HOTEL -- EARLY MORNING

179I pt.

KIRILL walks down the same hallway Gretkov came to meet him last time.

A GUY carrying a briefcase toward him. Stopping for a moment to light a smoke. Letting KIRILL take charge of the briefcase. Smooth. Like it never happened --

180 <u>EXT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY</u>

180

The SUV rolling up. The CAB continuing past and stopping at the corner.

A180 <u>INT. CAB -- DAY</u>

A180

BOURNE looking back out the rear window.

HIS POV

As they pile out of the van, start inside. Acknowledged by a SECURITY DETAIL pretending to loiter outside. As we hear:

PAMELA (VO)

179I pt. <u>INT. BERLIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAY</u>

179I pt.

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

181 <u>EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP -- DAY</u>

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 <u>INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- DAY</u>

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 -- <u>something</u> --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 <u>EXT. TELESCOPIC POV -- DAY</u>

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.

l

3

184	EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP DAY	.84
	BOURNE eyes locked on the target. Scanning. Waiting	J •
	And then, something changes. Suddenly, there's somethin down there that's clearly a great deal more electric that what he's seen so far	
A184	TELESCOPIC POV A1	.84
	NICKY! she's just come into the kitchenette pourir herself a cup of coffee. Nicky who he knows. And	ıg
	BOURNE lowering the telescope. Yes. Now he's getting somewhere. Thinking it through, as	
185	DELETED 1	.85 *
186	INT. KITCHENETTE BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST DAY 1	.86
	NICKY is joined by PAMELA who goes for the coffee.	
	PAMELA Is it fresh?	
	NICKY It's got caffeine in it. That's all I know.	
	Before PAMELA can pour, her cell phone rings. She answers.	*
	PAMELA Pamela Landy.	
	BOURNE/PHONE I was at the Westin this morning. I could have killed you.	* *
	PAMELA Who is this?	
	INTERCUT WITH ROOFTOP	
	BOURNE It's me.	*
	PAMELA (Holy Christ) <u>Bourne</u> ?	

*

*

*

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!

A186	EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP DAY A186	
	As the bulkhead door swings in the wind BOURNE is gone.	
B186	INT. BULLPEN BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST DAY B186	
	Everyone gathered. A big, detailed MAP of ALEXANDERPLATZ spread on the table.	*
	ZORN Here's the clock shit he's put her in the middle of everything.	* *
	CRONIN it's a nightmare we'll never get her covered.	* * *
	ABBOTT Call a Mayday into Berlin station. We need snipers, DOD, whatever they got.	
	PAMELA Snipers? Hold on he said he wants to come in.	*
	ABBOTT My ass he does. You're playing with fire, Pamela. Marshall said nail him to the wall. I don't know how you interpreted that, but I don't think he meant repatriate him.	* * *
	PAMELA Don't you want answers?	
	ABBOTT There are no answers. There's either Jason Bourne alive or Jason Bourne dead. And I for one would prefer the latter. And what about her?	

PAMELA looks to NICKY.

PAMELA

What do you think? Is he coming in?

(points to Nicky)
You just send her out to this lunatic with no protection?

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.	
Н187	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 <u>INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY</u>

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 <u>DELETED</u>

0187 *

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?

*

Q187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

Q187 *

PAMELA all ears.

NICKY'S VOICE

She's CI. Counterintelligence.

She's a Deputy Director.

BOURNE'S VOICE

What the hell is she doing?

R187 <u>INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY</u>

R187

NICKY

What's she doing?

Nicky looks at him like he's crazy.

BOURNE

Why is she trying to kill me?

NICKY

They know!

(defiant, reckless)

They know you were here. They know you killed these two guys. They know you and Conklin had something on the side. They don't know what it is, but they know!

As BOURNE tries to process --

S187 INT. BULLPEN -- BERLIN H.Q. -- DAY

S187 *

Radio chatter going wild. Panic.

DELTA V.O.

(into radio)

Where are they? Anyone?

T187 <u>INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY -- DAY</u>

T187

Still walking. BOURNE knowing he must be driving them nuts.

BOURNE

How do they know that? How can they know any of that?

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

<u>I</u> left a fingerprint! You fucking people.

SUDDENLY --

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

U187	INT. BULLPEN BERLIN H.Q DAY	U187	*
	Big static on the speakers. DELTA C.O. cooly che map.	ecks the	
	DELTA C.O. She must be in one of the pedestrian tunnels.		
V187	EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ DAY	V187	
	As DELTA DUDES fan out, head for the subway entra	inces.	
W187	INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY SECTION TWO DAY	W187	
	An INTERSECTION of THREE TUNNELS.		
	BOURNE leads NICKY far left. She looks really so	ared.	
188	INT./EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT DAY	188	
	GRETKOV has landed. Just coming off the flight -	-	
189-A189	DELETED	189-A189	*
190	DELETED	190	*
191	INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY SECTION FOUR DAY	191	
	BOURNE What was Landy buying? What kind of files? (when she doesn't answer instantly) WHAT WAS SHE BUYING? NICKY		* * * *
	Conklin! Stuff on Conklin! (trying not to lose it)		

Suddenly he rips the microphone out from under her shirt -- he knew of course -- dropping it as he yanks her along.

192	INT. BULLPEN BERLIN H.Q DAY	192	*
	As the transmission goes dead. Christ ABOOTT dril look at PAMELA. Your fault!	ls a	
	PAMELA (ignoring Abbott) That phone has a locator on it.		* * *
	KURT and KIM work their stuff.		*
193	INT. PARKING GARAGE DAY	193	
	Gloomy, deserted. A mausoleum. Here come NICKY and BOURNE. She knows she's on her own now. BOURNE dead serious. Looks at his watch.		*
	BOURNE Why are <u>you</u> here, then?		*
	NICKY Please I'm only here because of Paris because they can't figure out what you're doing I'm here because of Abbott		* * *
	BOURNE Abbott?		*
	NICKY He closed down Treadstone he took care of me after Paris		* *
	BOURNE So when was I here?		*
	NICKY What do you mean?		*
	BOURNE For Treadstone. In Berlin. You know my file. I did a job here. When?		
	NICKY No. You never worked Berlin.		
	BOURNE My first job.		*
	NICKY Your first assignment was Geneva.		

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 <u>us</u> -- 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 <u>INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT</u>

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.	PAM:	ELA,	ABBO	OTT,	CRON	IIN	all	in	here,
the	"safe"	zone,	awav	from	the	wind	lows				

	JT:	

(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?

АВВОТТ

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 <u>DELETED</u> 194

195 <u>EXT. BERLIN STREET -- NIGHT</u>

195

A BMW parked in the shadows.

196

KIRILL wearing headphones, listening to a BERLIN POLICE FREQUENCY. There's an INTERPOL "WANTED" PICTURE OF JASON BOURNE there on the seat. He's in play.

D193 <u>INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST -- NIGHT</u>

D193

Quiet, intense activity. MILITARY RADIOS CHIRPING here and there.

THE CAMERA FINDS

ZORN moving through the bullpen, carrying a cup of coffee, heading back toward PAMELA'S OFFICE where --

ABBOTT is leaning in the doorway. Past him, inside, we can see PAMELA in the midst of a tough phone conversation. CRONIN and THE DELTA BOSS sitting there with her.

ZORN

(the coffee)

Sir...

ABBOTT

Thanks.

ABBOTT nods. Takes a sip. Looking beat.

ZORN (cont'd)

I have that number you wanted...

ABBOTT hesitates -- but only a moment -- he never asked for a number. But he's playing along. Looking satisfied as ZORN hands him a slip of paper.

ABBOTT

(glancing at it)

She say what time I should call?

ZORN

The sooner the better.

ABBOTT nods. Pockets the paper. Turning back, as if it were nothing and --

E193 <u>INT. BERLIN CYBER CAFE -- NIGHT</u>

E193

Massive. Modern. Busy. BOURNE in the back. In a corner.

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

199	DELETED	199
201	INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	201
	BOURNE enters a suite. Closing the door behind him.	
	And TREADSTONE BOURNE, seven years ago, does the sai	me
	BOURNE shakes off the flash, looks around. The lights on. An open suitcase on the bed.	are
202	INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY NIGHT	202
	THE CLERK, THE CONCIERGE and THE MANAGER are huddled in conversation with THREE BERLIN COPS who've just arrived and	
	Trying to be discreet, but this is clearly serious.	
203	INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	203
	BOURNE just standing there. Breathing it in.	
	TREADSTONE BOURNE doing the same	
204	DELETED	204
205	INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	205
	BOURNE with his hand on the wall. As if he can feel is Like it's all still here. Heart pounding and	t.
206	INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST NIGHT	206
	Chaos Bourne's been found everybody rushing out	
	CRONIN (to Teddy) go take the van!	
	PAMELA the hotel how far?	

Checks the hallway. He's clear. Wedges the blade in there and -- one...two... \underline{Pop} .

	ΓEDDY		
 five,	six	minutes	

CRONIN

-- Kurt -- you're here! -- keep the comm line open! --

207 <u>INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT</u>

207

BOURNE standing there. Looking out the window. The images -- the Television Tower over the city. Everything but the rain.

208 <u>EXT. HOTEL BRECKER COURTYARD -- NIGHT</u>

208

The BERLIN POLICE SWAT TEAM TRUCK arrives -- discreetly -- by the back loading area.

209 <u>INT. ROOM #645 BEDROOM -- NIGHT</u>

209

BOURNE flat against the wall. Just as he was. Leaning forward to see in THE MIRROR. Just so, and... There.

210 DELETED

210

211A INT. ROOM #645 -- FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

211A

A MAN in the mirror -- pacing into view -- NESKI -- on the phone -- a talking in Russian -- it's raining --

BOURNE standing there -- Treadstone Bourne, still wet from the rain -- one eye on that mirror and the other on A SYRINGE that he prepped -- a predator --

THE MIRROR -- the doorbell rings -- NESKI gets off the phone --

BOURNE tensing -- new element -- factoring and --

THE MIRROR -- as NESKI opens the door -- a new flood of Russian -- happy -- it's MRS. NESKI -- a surprise! -- but he's very happy to see her --

BOURNE pocketing the syringe -- new weapon -- pistol -- quiet -- methodical -- watching the lovers bill and coo and --

THE MIRROR -- Mr. Neski kisses her -- takes her bag -- she's hanging up her coat and moving now toward the bathroom and --

BOURNE checking the window -- the weapon -- his balance and --

THE MIRROR -- MRS. NESKI'S FACE right there -- seeing him -- so freaked she can't even register it yet --

BOURNE with the pistol in her face -- finger to his lips -- "shhh..." -- but she knows -- backing away -- begging for her life in Russian -- this awful blur of desperation and fear --

MR. NESKI turning back to see his wife backing out of the bathroom and BOURNE with the pistol -- with no hesitation --

SNAP! -- one shot -- into Neski's heart -- he's down --

MRS. NESKI -- what's just happened? --

BOURNE has her wrist in his hand -- raising it to her head -- to where he holds the pistol -- her fingers -- his trigger -- SNAP! -- letting the gun fall with her as she drops and --

BOURNE starts to move -- starts to prep his evac -- but there's something on the dresser --

A PHOTOGRAPH -- the Neski family -- father, mother and a TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL -- arms around each other -- happy and --

BOURNE staring at the picture -- undone for a moment -- HARD OUT FLASHBACK TO

212 <u>INT. ROOM #645 -- NIGHT</u>

212

BOURNE -- our Bourne -- standing where they fell.

Frozen there. Paralyzed by the shame of original sin.

212 pt DELETED

212 pt

213-214 DELETED

213-214

215	INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY NIGHT	215
	A SWAT CAPTAIN conferring discreetly with the MANAGER.	
	MANAGER He's in 618.	
	SWAT CAPTAIN Call all the guests on the 6th floor. Tell them to remain in their rooms. Tell them it's a police order. Then start on the 5th and 8th floors.	
A215	INT. ROOM #645 NIGHT	A215
	BOURNE trying to stabilize to breathe	
216	INT. STAIRWELL NIGHT	216
	The SWAT team on their way up.	
A216	INT. ROOM #645 NIGHT	A216
	RING! RING! BOURNE snaps back as the phone in his ro STARTS TO RING. Four times and it stops.	om
	BOURNE freezes. Footsteps. Shadows under the door. leans into the peephole.	Не
	BOURNE'S POV	
	ROOM #644. GERMAN S.W.A.T. TEAM. Taking position.	
B216	INT. ROOM #645 NIGHT	B216
	BOURNE backs away surveys the room his watch balance and	his
C216	EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	C216

Quickly turning into a major event -- HALF-A-DOZEN POLICE VEHICLES already parked here -- MORE ARRIVING every minute -- PASSERSBY mixing with the COPS and PEOPLE FROM THE HOTEL who've just come out and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

	KIRILL jogging over from THE BMW he's just parked and		
217	DELETED	217	*
218	DELETED	218	
219	INT. ROOM #644 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	219	
	WHAM! THE DOOR KICKED OFF ITS HINGES! SWAT TEAM flooding into BOURNE'S EMPTY HOTEL ROOM and		
A219	INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	A219	
	BOURNE in <u>motion</u> out the bathroom window and		
220	INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY NIGHT	220	
	BERLIN SWAT LEADER gives order to search other rooms a	and	
221	EXT. HOTEL BRECKER FACADE NIGHT	221	
	BOURNE up the water pipe to the roof as he arrives, SWAT team member turns BOURNE pulls him over the edfires point blank into the 2nd SWAT member's vest stunning him. He's moving fast scrambling along throof and into the night	dge	* * * *
222	INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY ROOM #645 NIGHT	222	
	WHAM! The door caves in and the SWAT team moves enter 645 rushing to the window Nobody No sign of hand		
223	EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	223	
	KIRILL heading for THE HOTEL ENTRANCE blocked by the exiting guests.		*
225	INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY NIGHT	225	
	Too many cops and radios		

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

226	EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	226	
	PAMELA jumping out of A VAN the moment it stops. See it all. The crowd. The army of cops. The searchligh playing across THE HOTEL FACADE. It's another disaster.	hts	
227	INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY NIGHT	227	
	KIRILL wants to get upstairs he can't TOO MANY coming down the stairwell BERLIN COPS trying keep moving and		*
228-229	DELETED 228	8-229	*
230	INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY NIGHT	230	*
	KIRILL hears BOURNE is on the roof.		*
231	DELETED	231	*
234	DELETED	234	*
232	INT. LOBBY/THE HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	232	*
	PAMELA and CRONIN listening to TEDDY who just got the police update		*
	TEDDY Black coat, possibly leather. Dark slacks. Dark t-shirt.		

PAMELA

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

				85.
May nig	be he just	RONIN needed a pl	ace to spend	l the
	ant to look	MELA at the roc Y as she go		
PAMELA'S in c	harge now.	They enter	the elevato	or.
EXT. STREET B	EHIND THE H	OTEL BRECKE	R NIGHT	233
BOURNE coming	around the	other side	of the hote	el
Stepping to t	he left bef	ore he spot	s the SWAT v	van
BOURNE about-	faces he	ads the oth	er way	
A SIDEWALK CO		er, checks t	he BOURNE PH	NOTO print-
<u>DELETED</u>				234
EXT. STREET O	UTSIDE THE	HOTEL BRECK	ER NIGHT	244
TEDDY huddled				JP OF HIGH-
The		BOTT ng breathles m?	ss)	

233

234

244

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...

	ABBOTT OK, if you see Danny tell him I went back to the hotel.	
	ABBOTT steps out into the street as	
235	EXT. STREET NEAR THE HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT	235
	BOURNE striding away and Following	
	SIDEWALK COP blowing a WHISTLE fumbling for his ho	lster.
	BOURNE running now, slowly at first, and	
A235	EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL NIGHT	A235
	Now FASTER, as if he can gauge his speed and distance	• • •
237	EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL NIGHT	237
	MOTION BOURNE tearing away and	
A237	EXT. BIGGER BERLIN STREET NIGHT	A237
	BOURNE slows to a walk TWO PATROL CARS heading his no choice <u>there</u> a narrow passageway between TWO MOVING TROLLEY TRAINS and SPRINTING through	
	The PATROL CARS skidding into 180's.	
B237	EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE NIGHT	B237
	THE RIVER SPREE lit by THE TROLLEY that's rumbling pathe running lights of a DOUBLE COAL BARGE up the rive	
	BOURNE runs across the bridge going as fast as he	can

hearing THE POLICE SIRENS swirling behind him, when --

All FOUR COP CARS SKID to a stop. As doors open --

BOURNE turns hard for a STAIRWELL, jumps the walkway curb,

A THIRD AND FOURTH POLICE CAR AHEAD!

leaps up the stairs, two at a time, as --

238	EXT.	TRAM	PLATFORM	 BERLIN	BRIDGE	 NTGHT

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 <u>EXT. DOUBLE COAL BARGE -- NIGHT</u>

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.

241	EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE NIGHT	241					
	Countering the barge going one way BOURNE the ot dodging all the super-structure on deck all the whi keeping his cover overhead						
	And LEAPING to the second barge!						
	And more of the same, until						
	BOURNE running out of barge						
	LEAPING back onto the BRIDGE FOOTING and						
242	EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE NIGHT	242					
	THE POLICE watching the barge fully emerge continui down river SHOUTING IN GERMAN that he's either "in water" or "hiding on the barge".						
	Off they go down the stairs						
	Leaving the PASSENGERS on the tram blinking out in shock						
	And BOURNE climbing back over the rail						
	Limping back on the tram just before						
	The DOORS CLOSE and off it goes						
243	EXT. NEXT BRIDGE DOWN NIGHT	243					
	POLICE converge from both ends Barge goes under as KIRILL arrives at the center of the bridge missed again behind KIRILL, a train snakes off into the night						
245 pt	INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER NIGHT 24	5 pt					
	PAMELA and CRONIN move into the living room. A couple COPS in the hallway outside.	of *					
	CRONIN The room he checked into was across the hall why, why would he come here?	* *					
	PAMELA glances around something bothering her about this space	*					

	PAMELA He must've had a reason. That's how they were trained.	* *
	CRONIN moves around the bedroom, then into the bathroom and $\ensuremath{}$	*
	CRONIN He went out the window in here	* *
246-247	<u>DELETED</u> 246-247	*
245 pt	<u>INT. ROOM #645 BATHROOM NIGHT</u> 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) Alrighttake it down.	* * *
	CRONIN What?	*
	PAMELA This stays between you and I.	* * * *
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.	* *

		90.
	ABBOTT You told me Bourne was dead.	
	GRETKOV 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.	
	GRETKOV Will it track back to us?	
	ABBOTT No. The files are spotless. Whatever they find, it's just going to make Conklin look worse.	ı
	GRETKOV 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	
	GRETKOV Anything else?	
ABBOTT sho	oves a piece of paper and ADDRESS int	0
	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.

GRETKOV

One last push. One.

	GRETKOV leaves. ABBOTT watches him go.	,
254	EXT. MERCEDES NIGHT	254
	Seconds later. GRETKOV getting in slowly.	,
255	INT. MERCEDES NIGHT	255
	KIRILL slouched in back. Waiting. Gretkov to the DRIVE	ER.
	GRETKOV (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	248
	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. $ \label{eq:tensor} % \begin{array}{c} \text{TEDDY.} \end{array} $;
	TEDDY Here's what I've got.	•
	PAMELA By who?	;

	TEDDY
	His wife. In room 645. Then she shot herself.
	(Pamela and Cronin share a look)
	PAMELA (to Teddy) AlrightI want you, Kurt and Kim to stay on Bourne, track everything that's out there
	TEDDY goes to get in the van. PAMELA follows with CRONIN.
	PAMELA (CONT'D) (confidentially to Cronin) And I want you to go through and cross reference our buy that went bad, the Neskis, and Treadstone
	As they get in
	PAMELA (CONT'D) they have to be related.
249	EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION NIGHT 249
	BOURNE'S ARRIVED. Limping. As he continues for the station
250	INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION LOCKER AREA NIGHT 250
	BOURNE retrieving the exfil bag he stashed in the locker. Changed his clothes.
251	INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION MEN'S ROOM NIGHT 251
	Bag slung limping out BOURNE has changed clothes. A big overcoat, knit cap.
252	INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PLATFORM NIGHT 252
	A busy midnight departure. Big train. BOURNE climbing on the train, under the sign:

MOSCOW EXPRESS

253-255	MOVED	253-255	*
A256	INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST NIGHT	A256	
	A BLUEPRINT spread across a table. NICKY, KURT & gathered around. CRONIN works the TREADSTONE file 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, digita security cameras. Common feed.	.1	* * * *
	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. tickets and visas and	Checking	
	BOURNE hands over his ticket and RUSSIAN PASSPO	RT <u>off</u>	
258-259	DELETED	258-259	*
A260	INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST NIGHT	A260	*
	4:00 am. KURT, KIM, and TEDDY spread around the r They've been running laptop train station videos f 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 <u>right</u> 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	<u>INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR DAWN</u> 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:	
	<pre>MARIE looking at him over the back of his chair in front of him no big deal</pre>	
	BOURNE Hey	
	She smiles. A beat. She comes around, sits beside him. He	*

looks away out the window.

95**.**

	I wanted to	kill him.	7
	But you four	MARIE nd another choice.	7
	I did.	BOURNE	7
	It wouldn't feel.	MARIE have changed the way you	7
	It might hav	BOURNE ve.	7
	oks back at l k, closes his	her. She smiles. He accepts it, s eyes.	7
	I know it's	BOURNE (CONT'D) a dream.	7
	You do?	MARIE	
	I only dream	BOURNE m about people who are dead.	
MARIE lea	ns over, kis	ses his forehead. Whispers	
	God, I miss without you	BOURNE (CONT'D) you. I don't know what to do	7
		MARIE ly, serenely) know exactly what to do. That sion now.	*
BOURNE op	ens his eyes	•	
And it's	morning outs:	ide.	
And Marie	is gone.		
in front.		at him from over the back of the chair 't meet her gaze for long. As he ndow	

261-262 <u>DELETED</u> 261-262 *

263	INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR DAWN	263					
	BOURNE watching the birch trees rush past, not quite hiding the smokestacks beyond. Eyes locked. Forging something within, one final mission, as we						
264	INT. BERLIN WESTIN HOTEL LOBBY EARLY MORNING	264					
	ABBOTT coming through. It's empty this early, but						
	Here's PAMELA, NICKY, CRONIN and the TEAM waiting to report.						
	PAMELA Sorry to wake you.						
	ABBOTT (waves off apology) I wasn't sleeping. (to Nicky as he passes) You OK?						
	NICKY Yeah, thanks.						
	ABBOTT What's up?						
	PAMELA Bunch of stuff.						
	PAMELA looks to CRONIN him first.						
	CRONIN We tied the room Bourne visited tonight to a murder/suicide seven years ago. A Russian couple, the Neskis.						
	ABBOTT (playing along) Neski. The reformer. I remember that.						
	CRONIN He championed the equal distribution of oil leases in the Caspian Sea. When he died, they were <u>all</u> released to one petroleum company, Pecos Oil. Guess what? the CEO, Uri Gretkov, is ex-KGB.						

*

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 <u>INT. WESTIN ELEVATOR -- DAWN</u>

265

ABBOTT in the rising elevator. Imploding.

266 <u>INT. GRETKOV'S OFFICE -- MORNING</u>

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 <u>INT. WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY -- DAWN</u>

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 <u>INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM -- DAWN</u>

268

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

GRETKOV

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

ABBOTT

What do you mean?

GRETKOV

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

ABBOTT

Save it for Bourne.

GRETKOV

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.

GRETKOV

Bourne comes here? Why?

More KNOCKING...

ABBOTT

Good luck.

A268 <u>EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN -- DAWN</u>

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 -- *

269 <u>INT. WESTIN HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBOTT'S ROOM -- NIGHT</u> 269

PAMELA knocking again. NICKY, TEDDY and CRONIN behind her.

PAMELA

Open it.

CRONIN with a pass key. TEDDY prepped and --

A269 <u>INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT</u>

A269 *

PAMELA leading -- they enter -- stop short --

ABBOTT at his desk, calmly pointing a PISTOL -- at Pamela.

ABBOTT

They go. You stay.

She looks back. CRONIN shakes his head 'no'.

PAMELA

Yes. Now...

They reluctantly obey. The door clicking shut behind them.

ABBOTT

Sit down.

PAMELA

I'd rather stand if it's all the same to you.

ABBOTT

I don't exactly know what to say -- I'm sorry.

PAMELA

'Why' would be enough for me.

ABBOTT

I'm not a traitor. I've served my country.

PAMELA

And pocketed a fair amount of change while doing it.

ABBOTT

Why not? It was just money.

	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 BOOM!	presses her lips together, closes her eyes.	
She opens	them. And as CRONIN flies back through the door	
	BBOTT dead at the desk he's shot himself a way, with some help from Bourne.	
INT. PLATE	FORM MOSCOW TRAIN STATION DAY 270	
THE TRAIN waiting ar	easing to a stop. The platform busy with people and PASSENGERS disembarking.	
BOURNE amo	ong them. Unremarkable in THE CROWD and	
INT. MOSCO	DW 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.

270

271

272	EXT.	MOSCOW	TRATN	STATION	CAB	STAND	 DAY
<i>L 1 L</i>	□21 -	11000011	T 1/7 7 T 1/	0 111 1 1011	c_{L1D}		ν_{L1L}

272

There, in the plaza. BOURNE hobbling across the street, when suddenly -- A CAR HORN! -- he turns and --

Look out!

A BIG BLACK BMW speeding past -- followed by TWO MORE -- all three cars with BLUE LIGHTS STROBING on the dashboards - a convoy -- whipping by like they own the place and --

TAXI DRIVER (OS)

(Gangster bastards don't care what they do.)

BOURNE turns. A grizzled TAXI DRIVER right beside him.

BOURNE pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

BOURNE

(his Russian is basic)
(You know this address?)

THE TAXI DRIVER squints, finally grunts affirmative.

He motions to his cab. As they get in and pull away --

273 <u>INT. MOSCOW GARAGE -- DAY</u>

273

Lots of cars. No people. But someone running... It's KIRILL pulling his keys as he sprints past and --

274 <u>DELETED</u>

274

275 <u>INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY</u>

275

BOURNE and THE TAXI DRIVER looking over as THREE MOSCOW POLICE CARS speed by -- SIRENS WAILING --

TAXI DRIVER

(It's always something, right?)

BOURNE just nods, as we --

	276	INT./	EXT.	BLACK	BMW		DAY
--	-----	-------	------	-------	-----	--	-----

276

KIRILL at the wheel. A guy in a hurry who knows what he's doing. One more thing, on the passenger seat -- TWO BIG AUTOMATIC PISTOLS --

277 <u>EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION -- DAY</u>

277

MOSCOW COPS fanning through the crowd showing BOURNE'S INTERPOL PICTURE. "Have you seen him?"

278 EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND -- DAY

278

MOSCOW COPS with the picture. Flashing it around, until --

YOUNG CABBY

(the moment he sees it)
(He was just here. They just left.)

279 INT. MOSCOW TAXI -- DAY

279

They've stopped. BOURNE flashes a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL --

BOURNE

You wait. You understand? Stay.

TAXI DRIVER

(happy to pocket the cash)

Sure. No problem. I sit.

280 <u>EXT. OLD MOSCOW STREET -- DAY</u>

280

Old Moscow. But not for long, there's new construction metastasizing all around it. BOURNE crosses the street and

HTS POV

AN ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE. Windows shattered and boarded up. Paint all but gone. Roof and gables all failing.

BACK TO

BOURNE crestfallen. Checking the address. This is it.

281	EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND DAY	281
	MORE COPS. Everything focused on ANOTHER TAXI DRIVER making a call on a cell phone everybody waiting on	
282	EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE DAY	282
	BOURNE off the sidewalk now, peering around the side, trying to see if there's anything around back and	
	OVER THERE	
	AN OLD WOMAN on the steps next door. Watching him.	
	BOURNE starts over. Finding the sweetest smile he's	jot
283	INT. MOSCOW TAXI DAY	283
	THE TAXI DRIVER still parked there	
	HIS POV	
	BOURNE and the OLD LADY she's pointing like she's directions when suddenly, the Driver's CELL PHONE F	
	TAXI DRIVER/PHONE (Hello?)	
284	EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE DAY	284
	BOURNE and the OLD LADY. His Russian is limited, but charmed nonetheless	she's
	BOURNE (A pento writeone minute) (searching his pockets)	
285	INT. MOSCOW TAXI DAY	285
	THE TAXI DRIVER on the phone not so happy anymore -	
	TAXI DRIVER (I'm looking at him American he's right here!)	

286	EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE DAY	286
	THE OLD LADY scribbling on a piece of paper. BOURNE reacting as the TAXI drops into gear. Pulls away.	
	BOURNE Wait! Hey!	
	But THE TAXI only speeds up, and	
287	EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION DAY	287
	MOSCOW POLICE CARS tearing away and	
288	DELETED	288
289	INT. BLACK BMW DAY	289
	KIRILL DRIVING. Reaching for his RINGING PHONE and	
290	EXT. MOSCOW STREET DAY	290
	THE BLACK BMW a moment later slamming on the brake fishtailing a U-TURN and	ces
291	EXT. MOSCOW BUILDING PROJECT DAY	291
	BOURNE hustling past all the new construction. Glancir back as POLICE SIRENS start rising behind him and	ıg
292	INT. RED LEXUS DAY	292
	KIRILL skidding around another corner and	
293	EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE DAY	293
	TWO POLICE CARS just stopped there COPS the OLD I pointing everyone turning as	LADY
	THE RED LEXUS speeds past them and	
294	DELETED	294

295	EXT. CONCRETE STAIRS DAY	295
	BOURNE coming down as fast as he can just ahead then A FOOTPATH BENEATH A FOUR LANE OVERPASS a neighborhoun the other side he could disappear there	
296	INT. RED LEXUS DAY	296
	KIRILL driving and scanning THERE! as he passes THE OVERPASS slamming on the brakes and	it
297	EXT. FOOTPATH DAY	297
	BOURNE hobbling out in the open twenty yards to go	
298	EXT. OVERPASS DAY	298
	KIRILL jumping out of the Lexus with A PISTOL in hand a	and
299	EXT. FOOTPATH DAY	299
	BOURNE no clue BANG! his shoulder! he's hit he throws himself forward and	t!
300	EXT. OVERPASS DAY	300
	KIRILL shifting for a better second shot and	
301	EXT. FOOTPATH DAY	301
	BOURNE he's diving! rolling! pure instinct under the embankment and	back
302	EXT. OVERPASS DAY	302
	KIRILL with no shot suddenly leaning over the rail just as the TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS come screaming up MOSCOW COPS jumping out with guns drawn and	
303	EXT. FOOTPATH DAY	303
	BOURNE he's up he's bleeding he's moving and	

304	EXT. OVERPASS DAY
	<pre>CHAOS KIRILL with his hands in the air MOSCOW COPS coming toward him everyone screaming</pre>
	MOSCOW COPS (UP! HANDS UP! KEEP THEM UP! DROP THE GUN! WE'RE CHASING THE SAME GUY! DROP IT!) MOCK-BOURNE (I'M KGB, ASSHOLES! WE'RE CHASING THE SAME GUY! HE'S GETTING AWAY!)
	They let KIRILL go he looks back at the footpath BOURNE is gone as
A304	EXT. MOSCOW CITY STREET DAY A304
	GRETKOV strolls along, suddenly two black sedans pull up and he is arrested.
A305	INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL DAY A305
	BOURNE hurriedly makes his way to the other end a few beats later KIRILL on the hunt
305	EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY 305
	A labyrinth of stalls. Food. Hardware. Clothes. And crowded. Even this hard-to-impress CROWD noticing
	BOURNE hobbling through. Nothing like a limping madman with a fresh gunshot wound to get attention
	PEOPLE back off pull THEIR KIDS out of the way SOME WOMAN STARTS SCREAMING and
306	INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET DAY 306
	A SECURITY GUARD hears the commotion jogs out and
307	<u>DELETED</u> 307
308	EXT. NEARBY MOSCOW STREET DAY 308
	KIRILL running toward the market FIVE MOSCOW COPS behind him, can't keep up and

309	INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY	309	*
	THE SECURITY GUARD coming up fast behind BOURNE		
	SECURITY GUARD (hey! hey you! stop!)		
	BOURNE turns. THE SECURITY GUARD right behind him and	l	
	BOURNE no warning his good arm SMASH!!! riinto THE SECURITY GUARD'S FACE and	ght	
	BOURNE takes HIS PISTOL and		
	THE CROWD they jump holy shit!		
310	INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET DAY	310	
	Crazy KIRILL sprinting through where did Bourne	go?	
311	INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY	311	*
	BOURNE back on the march, except now he's shopping!	-	
	Grabbing A BUNDLE OF TUBE SOCKS and		
312	INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY	312	*
	KIRILL sprinting out toward the stalls and		
313-314	DELETED 313	-314	
315	INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY	315	*
	BOURNE THERE! A ROLL OF DUCT TAPE and		
	A BOTTLE OF VODKA and		
316	INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET DAY	316	*
	KIRILL fighting his way through THE FLEEING CROWD		
317	<u>DELETED</u>	317	*

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 proces cabuarry rike ne account know they re	* * *
			The CABBIE raises his hands in surrender, steps aside as BOURNE takes his car	*
318	pt	3	<u>INT./EXT. CAB DAY</u> 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	<u>INT. CAB DAY</u> 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	i	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	*

110.

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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 quy -- 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 --
                                                               *
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111.

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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 --
```

336-337 <u>DELETED</u> 336-337

338 INT. THE TUNNEL -- DAY

338

*

*

FOUR LANES -- two way -- and <u>long</u> -- 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 quy? --

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---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

339	INT. TUNNEL DAY	339
	Gun ready BOURNE heads over.	
	Ahead Spam in a can. BOURNE crouches down looks	s in.
	KIRILL bloody, beat-to-crap barely alive but trapped entombed alive by the metal crushed around	
	BOURNE watches. Not here to help.	
	KIRILL looks over calms a moment as the two men consider each other	
	BOURNE looks at him long and hard.	
	Kirill dies.	
	And BOURNE stands and just walks away	
340-350	DELETED 340)-350
A351	EXT. MOSCOW AIRPORT TARMAC DAY	A351
	Snow swirls. PAMELA disembarks from the G-5 (or US military plane). She is met by RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.	
351	EXT. MOSCOW HOUSING PROJECT TWILIGHT	351
	Huge, awful Soviet-era housing towers fill the horizon	n.
	A CITY BUS grinds to a stop. PEOPLE trundle off. Worpeople at the end of their day. Tired. Cold.	rking
	THE CAMERA FOLLOWS	
	A GIRL. Trudging a man-made wasteland. Twenty. A prolittle waif. Sad eyes. Home from some job. IRENA.	roud
352	EXT./INT. PROJECT BUILDING ENTRANCE EVENING	352
	Grimmer up close. Rusted steel mesh over the windows DRUNK TEENAGERS. A haze of cigarette smoke.	•

IRENA pushing through. Doesn't want to talk to anyone --

353 INT. PROJECT BUILDING STAIRWELL -- EVENING

353

IRENA climbing. A JUNKIE here. Flickering light there.

354 <u>INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY -- EVENING</u>

354

IRENA -- her key at the door. Domestic disturbance playing across the hall. She opens up and --

355 INT. IRENA'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

355

It's dark. And she's barely through the door when --

IRENA jumps -- chokes back a CRY --

BOURNE is standing there -- propped there actually -- behind her -- gun in hand -- motioning for her to be quiet --

BOURNE

(his shabby Russian)
(Quiet. Silence. Okay?)

IRENA nods. Scared. Gun in hand, BOURNE pushes the door the last few inches so it's fully closed.

IRENA

(I have no money. No drugs. Is that what you want?)

And now she can really see him. He's a disaster. Shivering. Bloody. Eyes more hollow than hers are.

BOURNE

Sit. Can you...

(trying to conjure the

Russian--)

(The chair. Have the chair.)

IRENA

(accented)

I speak English.

BOURNE staring at her. Nods. Gestures for her to sit.

BOURNE

Please...

So she does. And here they are.

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.

117.

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.

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 multicolored 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.

PAMELA Careful...

Oh, shit...

BOURNE

*

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. <u>I remember everything</u>.

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.

	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	4
	Off he goes. Disappearing into thin air	+
	FADE OUT.	7
	THE END	

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