

THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY

by

Scott Wiper & John Petro

Revisions by Richard Price

SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT  
SEPTEMBER 1st, 2010

Intrepid Pictures  
1221 2nd Street  
Suite 200  
Santa Monica, CA 90401  
310-566-5000

August 11, 2010



WILL (CONT'D)  
We're sailing my father's boat  
to Gibraltar.

AGENT  
I envy you.

Will's baleful look implies beware what you wish for.

AGENT (CONT'D)  
(handing him the  
paperwork for lost  
baggage)  
Don't worry, we'll find you.

5 **INT. AIRPORT (TERMINAL) - MOMENTS LATER**

5

Will steps into the large expanse of the MAIN TERMINAL  
while listening to his voicemail.

Messages squawk from speakers in languages he can't  
understand. He navigates the bustle, looking for a familiar  
face...

VOICEMAIL  
No new messages.

MALE (O.S.)  
Will...

Will turns to see his father, MARTIN SHAW (50s). Lean and  
handsome. There's an edge to his welcoming smile; a history  
of tension between father and son.

WILL  
(shaking hands)  
I was expecting Josh.

MARTIN  
Glad to see you too.

WILL  
No, I meant...  
(cell rings)  
Sorry...

It's too hard to finesse his way out of it, so Will just  
gives his father a slightly awkward hug.

5A **EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

5A

Will and Martin walk in silence to car.

5B **EXT. AERIAL OF AN AUDI MOVING ALONG A HIGHWAY - DAY**

5B

6

## INT. AUDI (MOVING) - DAY

6

Martin drives fast along the highway. In the passenger seat, Will barely registers the scenery racing past...

WILL

So, how's the posting?

MARTIN

Good. We have a gospel quartet from Newark coming over next week doing about six cities, week after that, a Picasso biographer from Oregon State.

WILL

Why on earth would Spain want to hear from an Oregon-based Picasso scholar?

(cell rings)

Sorry...

MARTIN

Just a different perspec...

WILL

(on cell)

Hello? Yes, this is... Really... that's great, that's excellent... Sure, absolutely... whoa, wait... *This* Thursday? No, no, it's just logistically speaking...

(eyes his father)

Look, is it possible to call you back in a few hours? Terrific. I will. Thanks, thank you, alright then...

MARTIN

Are you going to be surgically attached to that thing all vacation?

WILL

That was one call, Dad. But to be honest? Right now, this "vacation"? It's just a real bad time for me to be away from the company.

MARTIN

Do you think there was ever a man who sat up in his deathbed slapped his forehead and said, "My God, why didn't I spend more time at the office!"

WILL  
 (casually)  
 Look who's talking.

MARTIN  
 (unriled)  
 Excuse me?

WILL  
 Nothing.

An awkward silence descends. Will's cell rings. He's dying to answer it but doesn't want to get into any more shit.

ON MARTIN - reading his son like a book. Doesn't say anything.

As the car crests a small hill...

6A **EXT. AERIAL - AUDI APPROACHING THE PORT, ABRUPTLY FACING** 6A

The blue expanse of the MEDITERRANEAN SEA spread out before them... It's a spectacular sight.

7 **EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT - DAY** 7

A 65' SAILBOAT moored in a small marina. She's a beautiful craft: large deck, spacious cabin, polished oak, gleaming brass, thick canvas sails -- immaculately ship-shape.

Martin and Will step aboard and put the bags down.

WILL  
 Hello?!

From below deck, LAURIE SHAW (50s) emerges up the stairs with a wide, excited smile.

LAURIE  
 Will?

WILL  
 Mom!

Laurie wraps her arms around him, as Martin goes below decks.

LAURIE  
 Oh sweetie!

WILL  
 Mom, you look great...

LAURIE

That's because we're all finally here... How was your flight?

WILL

Plane went up, flew straight across, went down again... Nothing a small bathtub of grain alcohol couldn't fix.

LAURIE

Oh, we can do better than that. Why don't you get out of that suit. It looks like an accordion.

(beat)

Where's your luggage?

WILL

Apparently still saying goodbye to the Golden Gate Bridge.

LAURIE

Oh for heaven's sake. Well, there's some clothes you left from last year's trip, why don't you change into those.

(heading below decks)

I'll have a nice glass of Rioja waiting for you when you're ready.

MALE (O.S.)

You see that? When I got here she said, "Beers in the fridge."

Will turns to his little brother JOSH (26). Josh is chubby but agile, beard and sandals, no corporate type, he.

JOSH

Mom always liked you best.

The brothers wrap each other up, truly happy to see each other.

WILL

Man-o-man...

JOSH

You too, boss...

WILL

How are your students this year?

JOSH

Are you serious? If any one of them ever had an intelligent thought it would die of

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 loneliness. But lookie here...  
 (calling)  
 Dara? Dara!

DARA COLLINS (26), Josh's girlfriend, approaches from the fore of the boat. She's petite.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 Dara... This is Will, the good brother.

DARA  
 The one who used to tell everybody he was an only child?

WILL  
 Only after Josh was born.  
 (to Josh,  
 flattering Dara)  
 Josh, this woman is way too attractive for you. I'm sorry, you'll have to return her.

JOSH  
 Actually, Dara was on the search committee that hired me.

WILL  
 (blushing)  
 Huh. Really?

DARA  
 Really.

JOSH  
 How was the ride with Godzilla?

WILL  
 No blood, no foul. Yet.

JOSH  
 Just take it nice and easy, OK?  
 It's only a week.

DARA  
 I think your dad's a sweetie.

Josh and Will stare at each other for a beat.

JOSH  
 Dara grew up in a Soviet orphanage.

Dara playfully punches Josh, as they all laugh.

**EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT / HARBOR DOCKS - NIGHT**

Everyone is seated around a table on the deck -- dinner laid out. Will has changed into shorts and a T-shirt. His Blackberry sits on the table by his plate.

LAURIE

Before we start, I just wanted to say how happy I am that we're all finally sitting around a table together again. I didn't realize how much I'd miss this.

JOSH

To family.

EVERYONE

To family.

They clink glasses in the center of the table.

MARTIN

And good wind.

EVERYONE

And good wind.

WILL

To wind...

Food is served... more wine is poured.

DARA

This looks fantastic.

LAURIE

My caveman caught it this morning.

MARTIN

*Lupino*. Mediterranean Sea Bass.

Will finishes his second wine, pours himself another. Martin notices this.

DARA

You fish, Mr. Shaw?

MARTIN

*Spear*-fish, actually.

He points to a SPEAR-GUN propped against the boat's railing.

JOSH

Every boy needs a hobby.

WILL

First time Dad took me out when I was ten years old I speared my own flipper.

MARTIN

Second time you nailed that moray eel.

WILL

Cried myself to sleep two nights running.

MARTIN

Indeed you did.

Will's VIBRATING BLACKBERRY, which clatters silverware -- brings the table conversation to a halt.

Will rises, with his wineglass.

WILL

I'm sorry. It's important.  
(saluting)  
As you were, men. Be right back.

Martin quietly watching Will as he descends into the cabin.

9

**INT. CABIN - MINUTES LATER**

9

WILL

(into phone,  
stressed)

Look, if I may be so bold, I honestly believe I'm the man you're looking for, the only problem with meeting this week is that I'm out of the country...

(beat)

Is there an airport here? Sure. I mean...

(laughing)

For a second I thought you meant you could fly in to see me...

(stressed grin)

Absolutely. I'll be there Thursday.

10

**EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS**

10

Will coming back to the table, his father studying him.

(In this scene, Will increasingly has a meltdown enhanced by drink.)

MARTIN

(to Dara)

...basically I'm a booking agent. The State Department posts you here and there and your job is to try and talk some interesting Americans into touring the place.

(beat)

By the time these boys were teenagers they'd seen more of the planet than a roomful of astronauts.

WILL

(a little looped)

That's another way of saying that we never got to have the same friends more than two years in a row.

MARTIN

You did four years at Dartmouth, as I recall.

WILL

(bottoms up)

That's because it's a college, Dad. You're supposed to "do" four years.

LAURIE

Will...

WILL

Well I'll tell you one thing. Living in about 12 countries over 18 years? Me and Josh half-learned about 15 sports including goats-head polo, cricket, some kind of badminton they play in Southeast Asia with fish bladders...

MARTIN

Stop exaggerating.

WILL

Soon as we finally got the hang of something, we were off to somewhere where they're nuts about diving off cliffs or playing water polo in level five rapids... Never could make the varsity.

JOSH

Excuse me, my man, even I played basketball and ran track in the Comoros, remember?

(aside)

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

Of course no one in the school was over five foot three.

(beat)

And Will was pretty much the all star everywhere we went.

WILL

(the real point)

Well, whatever we were doing, it would've been nice to see Dad's face in the stands now and then.

MARTIN

(evenly)

The job is the job, son.

WILL

That it is.

JOSH

So, what's the plan for tomorrow?

MARTIN

(eyes on Will)

Rise and shine at six. Cruising due south by seven. Make port in La Calera by three.

WILL

Any chance we hit Cartagena by Wednesday?

MARTIN

Why Wednesday?

WILL

(takes a beat)

I'm not sure if I can stay the week.

LAURIE

*What?!*

WILL

Something's come up at work-

LAURIE

Oh, Will.

WILL

I'm sorry, Mom. Believe me, getting back on a plane in a couple of days is the last thing I want to do.

MARTIN

Your mother and I have been planning this trip for three months.

WILL

(sharply)

And I've been trying to build my company for three years.

An awkward silence falls over the table. Martin pours a tall glass of wine to cool his simmering temper.

JOSH

(speedy,  
distracting)

See now for me, the real question of the evening should be how can a humble foreign service official afford such a spankingly fine boat. Thoughts? Suggestions? Suppositions?

Will and his father avoid eye contact.

11      **EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT**      11

Music plays. Wine flows. Martin, Laurie, Josh and Dara are talking quietly and drinking on the deck.

12      **EXT. ROCKS IN THE HARBOR NEAR THE BOAT - NIGHT**      12

Perched on a broad stone, Will is on his Blackberry.

WILL

I need to book a flight from Cartagena to San Francisco this Wednesday? One way.

WILL'S POV: Laurie making her way to him.

WILL (CONT'D)

(on cell)

Sorry, I'll call back.

(off cell)

Mom...

LAURIE

You don't always drink like that, do you?

WILL

No. I just... I'm so under the gun, you know?

LAURIE

Anything we can help you with?

WILL

No, no, thank you. I'll land on my feet. I always do.

LAURIE

I hope you're able to stay the whole week, but if you can't, I'll live with it.

(she kisses him and starts to leave.)

Just... for the time you're with us, you and your father, you're both my guys, OK?

WILL

Sure...

13

**EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT - NIGHT**

13

The deck is silent and dark. Will, restless, walks along the rails.

MARTIN (O.S.)

For some reason this morning I was remembering that track meet in Philadelphia your senior year...

Will turns; Martin in silhouette, sits with a drink

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That West Indian kid from Villanova, he was staring at your back for 98 meters.

WILL

The race was 100.

MARTIN

(offering wine)

He set the NCAA record that year and he could barely catch you. An Ivy Leaguer, too, imagine that.

WILL

I came in second.

Martin gestures for Will to have a seat. Refills his glass.

MARTIN

(wryly)

Goat heads polo?

WILL

(almost kindly)

Dad, you spent our entire childhood squiring can't-find-him-on-the-air jazz musicians around can't-find-it-on-the-map countries, you brought academic hacks to talk in cities where no one even spoke English... You were just never around. And now you, you demand this annual outing like that makes up for everything. I'm sorry to be harsh here, but we're both tough guys so... I just have to tell you...

MARTIN

I love my family, I love my work. I believe in my family, I believe in my work.

(beat)

Maybe it was your mother's doing, but, end of the day? You turned out pretty solid. Josh too.

Silence, waves gently lapping...

WILL

Dad? In your heart of hearts... You think I folded in that race, didn't you...

Silence, waves gently lapping...

WILL (CONT'D)

Hello?

MARTIN

You want the truth, tough guy?

Shaking his head, almost laughing at the predictability of that answer,

WILL

(rises)

What if I told you I let him win just to piss you off?

MARTIN

I'd say that's the dumbest thing I'd ever heard.

WILL

(jogging in place; a little bombed, smiling-cocky)

I can still run like the wind though...

Will, Blackberry in hand, turns to leave. He trips on something, regains his balance.

This makes both father and son briefly grin.

MARTIN

(calling out)

Hey, Will? Whatever's going on with your company right now? That thing [Blackberry] won't help you. So for the little time that you're with us? Do yourself a favor and stow it.

Will heads below decks.

ON MARTIN: alone now in the dark, sipping his wine.

14 **OMITTED** 14

15 **OMITTED** 15

16 **OMITTED** 16

17 **OMITTED** 17

18 **EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - EXTREME WIDESHOT - 7:00 AM** 18

CAMERA cruises across the brilliant blue water. A bright summer day. The Spanish coast shines in the distance. Finally, we arrive at--

19 **EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT - (MOVING) - DAY** 19

The Shaw family is a good sailing team. A well-oiled machine with a very intense skipper:

MARTIN

Get ready to come about! Laurie, scoot to your left. Dara, get down off the deck. Josh, release the jib. Will, you're on port...  
COME ABOUT.

Martin pushes the tiller. Boat rotates. What every sailor craves: "coming about" in a brisk wind. The massive sails swing about.

As he works the jib, Will notes an email on his Blackberry. Doesn't read it but is momentarily distracted by the signal.

Martin yells, very intense--

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Will, two cranks on the jib.  
It's luffing. TWO CRANKS, TWO  
CRANKS ON THE JIB--

WILL

Heard you the first time.

MARTIN

Crank it, CRANK IT.

WILL

No need to yell.

Will pockets his Blackberry, cranks in the jib line. The sails fill with wind, the boat picks up steam.

MARTIN

Will, on this boat, when we're executing a manoeuver, you do as I say.

Will and Josh share a knowing look, they're used to their father barking out orders at them.

20

**EXT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT (MOVING) - LATER**

20

In the near distance a yellow power boat, driven by TWO YOUNG GUYS, weaves recklessly past the other boats. One boat, passed too closely, rocks wildly in the sudden wake.

ON MARTIN: warily watching these jerks.

The sailboat cruises into the bay of Puerto Serena -- a small fishing village.

MARTIN

We'll anchor here for lunch.  
Josh, get up on bow, release the anchor on my command. Laurie, let down the jib.

Dara, inexperienced, stands alongside the rail, her face to the sun.

Martin glances over, sees Will finally sneak a peek at the screen.

CLOSE ON SCREEN - His flight itinerary.

Martin swallows his anger, continues:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I've got the main sail. Will, take the wheel.

Martin climbs up on top of the boat to let down the main sail. As Josh releases the anchor, a massive roar approaches:

THAT YELLOW POWER-BOAT flies past them at a close distance.

The sailboat rocks violently in the speedboat's wake. The MAIN SAIL BOOM drops hard and the boat turns...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Will! Head her into the wind!

Will, still distracted, hesitates for a heartbeat and then it's too late.

The sail fills with wind and the boom swings across the deck like a large baseball bat, heading right for the oblivious Dara, her head about to be smashed.

Will dives towards her, roughly shoving her down, saving her life, but her head hits the edge of the rail with a sickening whack.

JOSH

Dara!

Chaos. Everyone moves fast. Josh and Laurie join Will and tend to her injury -- a gash near the hairline. Laurie grabs a clean towel and holds it to her cut.

DARA

(dazed)

I'm okay. I'm okay.

LAURIE

Marty, get me the first aid kit.

Martin grabs the kit from a cabinet beneath the wheel.

JOSH

You'll be fine, babe.

WILL

Mom?

LAURIE

Just a little bump on the head.

WILL

Thank God.

Will's Blackberry vibrates in his hand. As he glances at the screen, his father explodes:

MARTIN

GOD DAMN IT!

He smacks Will's Blackberry from his hand. It FLIES OVERBOARD AND SINKS beneath the waves.

Will stares at his father -- could kill him.

WILL

Are you *kidding* me?

MARTIN

What did I ask of you last night about that goddamn thing...

(re: Dara and her bleeding head)

You think this is a game?

WILL

No, it's a vacation, right?

JOSH

(steps between them)

Guys, what the hell...

DARA

Jesus! I'm OK! I'm OK!

LAURIE

(sharply)

Martin! There's no Dermabond in this kit. I need you to get the other one from the cabin.

Martin holds his look on Will for a beat...

LAURIE (CONT'D)

*Martin!*

...before descending below deck.

Furious, Will stuffs his T-shirt and a pair of flip-flops in a large Zip-lock bag.

WILL

I'll get some ashore. Do you need anything else?

LAURIE

Try to find *Bacitracina*. The *farmacia* should have some.

WILL

Anybody have cash?

Josh hands him a 20 Euro bill and Will seals it in the bag.

LAURIE

Come right back.





30 INT. SHAW'S SAILBOAT (LOWER CABIN) - CONTINUOUS

30

The cabin is RANSACKED. A chair lays on its back, one leg snapped. The bathroom door is shattered as if from a piledriver blow. Clothes lay everywhere. The Radio equipment has been smashed. There's a small spatter of blood against a white blanket, another small spray against a wall.

Will moves through it; bewildered, scared.

31 INT. PUERTO SERENA POLICE STATION - DUSK

31

Will enters, hyper. OFFICER VICENTE and OFFICER REYNALDO play cards at a desk and smoke cigarettes.

WILL  
(90 M.P.H.)  
Something has happened to my  
family.

The two cops stare at him.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Hello? I said...

VICENTE  
Tranquilo, tranquilo...

WILL  
Look, they're gone and our  
boat's ripped to shit --  
ransacked.

REYNALDO  
*Por favor. Tranquilo.*

WILL  
Tranq -- what? Are you hearing  
me?

The POLICE CAPTAIN, PIZARRO, exits his office.

PIZARRO  
*Que pasa?*

Will listens, trying to understand. But he has no real Spanish.

VICENTE  
(in Spanish)  
The kid's family boat got raided.

Pizarro picks up the phone and dials, just out of earshot. When the other end picks up, Pizarro speaks fast... listens for a moment. Then hangs up.

PIZARRO  
I am Captain Pizarro. You are?

WILL  
(with effort)  
William, Shaw. Once again, my  
family...

PIZARRO  
Yes. Take me to the boat.

32

**EXT. COVE - DUSK**

32

Crickets chirp in the hot summer air. TWO POLICE CARS arrive at the scene, one carrying Will and Pizarro, the other Vicente and Reynaldo.

They both park.

Pizarro walks Will down towards the water's edge.

Startled, Will freezes when he sees:

A generically Mediterranean-looking man, ZAHIR, sitting on the rocks. He is well-dressed, tall, lean and disturbingly calm. A pistol is tucked in his waist.

He rises as they approach.

WILL  
Who the hell are you?

PIZARRO  
Please, Mister Shaw, relax.

Zahir steps forward to meet them on the platform. He speaks English well but with a slight accent, hard to place.

ZAHIR  
Will. Can I call you Will?

WILL  
How do you know my name?

ZAHIR  
Your mother told me.

WILL  
Where is my mother?

ZAHIR  
I can take you to her. And the  
rest of your family.

Pizarro puts his hand on Will's arm as if to offer him support in his hour of need. From the darkness, a POWER-BOAT glides up. ESMAEL (30) is at the wheel with a pistol

and shoulder holster. He's thicker than Zahir, closer to the ground, dressed more like a local fisherman.

Will is growing more and more agitated.

WILL

Did you do something to them?

Suddenly, Pizarro's grip tightens on Will's arm. Comfort has become restraint.

CLOSE ON WILL: tensing up. Adrenaline kicks in and he backpedals. Pizarro tries to lock Will's arm behind his back, but Will reacts quickly -- instinctively:

He spins and shoves Pizarro, who falls into the water. Will sprints from the platform for the still-running POLICE CAR...

Will jumps behind the wheel and tries to shift the car in 'Drive,' but the stick is stuck in neutral. He stomps on the gas, but the car simply REVS.

Reynaldo jumps from his car and runs towards Will's car.

Zahir walks deliberately towards him.

ZAHIR

Let's go see your family, Will.

Zahir getting closer and closer -- but finally the stick responds and Will tears out of there.

Reynaldo runs back to his car. Gets in. Vicente peels out after Will.

PIZARRO

(on radio, in Spanish)

He gets away, you're looking for a job.

32A Will keeps pushing it, driving uphill, Vicente on his ass. 32A

33 **INT. POLICE CRUISER (DRIVING) - DUSK** 33

Will is confused, sweaty, in a panic. He sails down a hill and into the village --

Looking over his shoulder at the police car behind him and not on the road in front of him, Will tries to make a hard turn to lose them and slams into the corner of the rocks, deploying the airbag.

34

**EXT. PUERTO SERENA STREET - DUSK**

34

Vicente and Reynaldo approach the wrecked vehicle, guns drawn... Dazed, Will stumbles from the wreckage. Reynaldo throws him hard against a stone wall.

WILL

What are you doing?

VICENTE

(softly)

*Ey... Tranquilo...*

Vicente punches him in the stomach and Will doubles over in pain -- too weak from the crash to put up any resistance.

Vicente then pulls back for another blow, but HIS ARM IS PULLED BACKWARDS, A FIST CRACKS HIS FACE, and Vicente hits the ground.

Will looks up to see: HIS FATHER.

Martin turns to Reynaldo and THRUSTS AN ELBOW INTO HIS FACE, shattering his nose.

From the ground, Vicente aims his pistol, but Martin kicks it, the weapon flies off into darkness. Face bloodied, Reynaldo trains his gun at Martin.

MARTIN SHAW IS AWESOME. He chops Reynaldo square in the solar plexus, then a strike to the throat. Done.

Will rises, but Vicente swings; clocks him in the head. Will's head hits a wall; concussion-hard.

Will drops. Dizzy.

Vicente swings a metal telescoping baton at Martin, but he blocks it with his forearm; a bone-shattering crunch.

Martin grabs the back of the cop's neck; shoves his head down as he brings his leg up, smashing his knee to the cop's face. Vicente drops to the ground. Done.

Concussed, Will's eyes roll back. He loses consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.

35

**INT. AUDI SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT**

35

Martin drives fast down a freeway. His right arm is broken and he grimaces in pain when he moves it. Bluetooth in his ear, he's all business:

MARTIN

(to Carrack)

I'm hitting the city now. You  
goddamn better be there.

Martin hangs up. He looks at Will in the passenger seat --  
struggling towards consciousness.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You alright?

WILL

No. Where's Mom? Where's Josh?

MARTIN

They'll be fine. How bad are you  
hurt?

WILL

What do you mean, *they'll be  
fine*? What's happening?!

Martin thinks, chooses his words carefully.

MARTIN

Some people are holding your  
mother and Josh... and Dara.

WILL

Why?!

MARTIN

You're owed a lot of explaining, I  
know that. But right now I just  
need to try and figure out what  
happened and how to fix it,  
understand?

WILL

Not good enough.

MARTIN

(with difficulty)

Will, I do work for the  
government... But not... not the  
cultural wing.

WILL

So you're like, what...

MARTIN

Let's just call it a field  
operative.

WILL

A *what*? What the hell does *that*  
mean? What are you saying,  
you're a spy? A spook? What you

(MORE)





PALMA (CONT'D)  
just here, now he's gone again,  
they think I make you up.

MARTIN  
Senora Palma, you look ten years  
younger every time I see you.

PALMA  
(grabbing his broken  
arm w/ affection)  
The biggest liar in Madrid too.

Will winces; he knows the pain must be white hot. Martin  
stares back at him with a face that gives away nothing.

38 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

38

Approaching the car, Martin nurses his injured arm.

MARTIN  
You drive.

WILL'S POV: his father is now armed, the butt of an  
automatic (retrieved from the apartment) peeking out from a  
shoulder holster under his jacket.

39 **OMITTED**

39

40 **EXT. PLAZA DE LA VILLA - DAWN**

40

Will drives towards the plaza. The twilight streets are  
empty and quiet.

MARTIN  
Pull over here.

Will parks at the curb.

Martin scans the square (which is part of a university  
campus) across the street: Nothing, just a few pedestrians;  
people going to work, to school, or going to sleep. He  
checks his watch and pulls out the automatic, chambers a  
round.

WILL  
(the lie sinking in;  
in post-shock)  
So this cultural attache thing was  
bullshit... Was always bullshit?  
All our lives...

MARTIN  
(beat)  
It was a cover. Yes.

WILL  
Did Mom, does Mom...

MARTIN  
Your mother knows. She knows  
everything.  
(beat)  
She's my wife.

Quiet before the storm; an intimate moment.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I'm putting you  
through this, Will. You're a  
great kid. Always have been.

Will is speechless; Martin has never said this.

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Look, you and I, we never made it  
easy for each other. I don't know  
why, maybe because we're too  
similar.

WILL  
Similar? I'm nothing like you.

Martin smiles, i.e., so you think.

He looks into the plaza: a stately, tall, well-tailored  
WOMAN strolls into view; could be a professor, a lawyer:  
relaxed; low-key.

Say hello to -- CARRACK.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

MARTIN  
Sit tight. I'll be right back.

Martin exits the car and making a call THAT WILL CAN'T HEAR  
calmly heads towards Carrack.

We see the following episode through WILL'S POV FROM INSIDE  
THE CAR:

Martin crosses the street shutting down the call as he  
enters the university square. It's a classic Spanish plaza,  
relatively deserted at this hour.

Martin and Carrack face each other...

Martin makes sure Carrack sees he's armed.

Carrack responds with a look of confused dismay.

WILL'S POV: The discussion. His father seems coldly enraged and threatening.

Carrack continues to appear nonplussed; consistently tries to reason with him.

At some point she reaches out and touches his coat.

Martin rips his arm away, turns, heads back towards the Audi.

Carrack stands there bewildered for a beat, then sadly turns away; disappears into the long shadows of a side street.

Furious, Martin moves to the car...

And then a MUFFLED POP is heard and MARTIN DROPS TO THE GROUND.

Unable to interpret why his father stumbled like that, Will just looks on with consternation.

41

**EXT. PLAZA DE LA VILLA - CONTINUOUS**

41

His father has been shot in the shoulder. The wound bleeds profusely, but Martin is still able to raise his pistol and fire TWO SHOTS towards the roof of a nearby building...

[It is only by his father's return fire that Will realizes his father has been shot.]

TWO SHOTS FROM THE ROOF, hitting Martin square in the chest... He slumps to the cobblestone.

Will leaps from the Audi and races into the Plaza to his father's side. A pool of blood widens underneath him.

Stunned, Will feels for a pulse; checks his breathing. The bleeding is relentless.

WILL  
 (wild-eyed,  
 shouting into the  
 ghostly plaza)  
 Help me! Please! Somebody help me!  
 My father's been shot! Can I get  
 some...  
 (one of his few  
 words)  
*Ayudame!*

Not knowing if there's going to be more shots, Will gets behind his (unknowingly) lifeless father and tries to drag him to the car; but Martin is dead weight and the going is geologically slow.

Suddenly Martin's cell-phone RINGS inside his pocket... Will, however, is out of it, muttering to his dead dad in the nakedly exposed plaza.

The cell-phone keeps ringing... and ringing...

Finally, Will pulls the phone out of his father's blood-soaked coat. It reads: "UNKNOWN CALLER" - Will picks up.

MALE (O.S.)

You have less than 21 hours.  
What's the status?

WILL

I need help!

It's ZAHIR, from the boat.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Put Tom on the phone.

WILL

Please! My father's been...

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Will. Put Tom on the phone.

WILL

Who? Who the hell is Tom? Who the hell are you?

ZAHIR

21. Not a minute more.

WILL

21 hours for *what*. Until *what*...

The line goes dead; the plaza is ghost-town quiet.

Will takes a breath, hooks his arms beneath his father to continue to drag him towards the car.

But this time, as he's adjusting his grip, he looks into his father's fixed eyes...

and finally realizes that he's dead.

Before he can even emotionally react...

A DOOR SLAMS... Will swivels towards the sound...

A MAN has just exited a building and sees Will kneeling by Martin. He pauses -- a pale, emotionless face -- he could be a university student given where they are: Will feels no sense of danger.

He has an oversized athletic shoulder bag; a student hitting the gym before classes.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to Gorman)

Please! Can I get some help!

Calm and cool, the Man moves towards Will, his hand slides inside his jacket, pulling a SILENCED GLOCK PISTOL. This is GORMAN (30).

Will sees the Glock, puts two and two together and starts to panic as the killer moves towards him. He searches, sees:

HIS FATHER'S .45 AUTOMATIC

...lying on the ground. Will grabs it, aims clumsily, pulls the trigger: nothing. The gun is JAMMED.

Gorman fires, misses, the bullet skimming off the pavement past Will's shoulder. Long shot for a pistol.

Will flattens to the ground, grabs the phone, and scampers for the cover of a STONE PILLAR some twenty yards away.

He turns the pistol over in his hand. It's clear he has no experience with guns. He thumbs a button: the clip ejects.

WILL (CONT'D)

Shit...

Will jams the clip back in. He studies the gun, notices a jammed shell in the chamber. He pulls the slide: the shell flies free, and the gun simultaneously FIRES--

Another bullet SLAMS into the stone by his feet, ricochets off.

Will grimaces in pain: the gun was so close to his face he's been momentarily FLASH-BLINDED and can barely hear.

Gorman momentarily slides behind a tree for cover, grins. From this brief exchange, he knows what he's dealing with.

He steps from behind the tree, moves in.

WILL'S POV/HEARING: a blur. Multiple figures move towards him; all Gorman. He hears everything as if he's submerged.

A TAXI suddenly pulls up fast next to Martin's body, obscuring Will's view of his father. When it takes off again the body is gone.

Will knows he must run... and he does -- a DEAD SPRINT towards the opposite side of the plaza.

He makes it and disappears into a narrow alleyway.



YOUNG COP  
*Senor, que te paso?*

WILL  
*Un hombre!* He just killed my  
 father.

YOUNG COP  
*Calmaté... Calmaté...*

WILL  
 He's here! He's coming-

Will points back where he last saw Gorman; as he does, his T-shirt lifts up, inadvertently revealing his PISTOL. The cop jumps back and draws his own gun.

YOUNG COP  
*Deja la pistola!*

WILL  
 What?

YOUNG COP  
 (gesturing)  
*Dejala!*

WILL  
 Okay! Okay!

Will carefully sets his gun on the ground and raises his arms in surrender.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 There's a man coming... *Por favor,*  
 we need to go inside. Please.

YOUNG COP  
 (gun on Will)  
*Abajo! Besa el piso!*

WILL'S POV: across the intersection, Gorman crouches inside the stairwell tunnel. He pulls his silenced sniper rifle--

YOUNG COP (CONT'D)  
*Besa el piso!*

WILL  
 (no comprende)  
 What? I don't...

Gorman aims; locks Will in the cross-hairs...

YOUNG COP  
*Abajo!*

Will finally gets what the cop is demanding and DROPS TO THE GROUND just as the first bullet rips through the air, HITTING the young cop in the head. The cop crumbles, dead.

Pop-- another BULLET pelts the concrete an inch from Will's head.

Will grabs his father's gun and fires wildly across the intersection at Gorman: A LOUD .45 BLAST. Gorman vanishes.

A few STREET VENDORS/EARLY-RISERS hear the blast; they scream, run in a panic. Will backpedals clumsily--

Just then, having heard the gunfire: TWO MADRID COPS rush out of the sub-station:

They see their dead colleague; see the pistol in Will's hand.

WILL

No, wait--

The COPS shout; draw their guns.

A split decision: *surrender or run?*

Will turns, bolts across the street and LEAPS over a short concrete wall, landing in--

46

**EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY**

46

Will drops from the wall, descends a grassy hill into a lower-level park; police sirens approach.

Two cops run after Will down a set of stairs into the park.

WILL'S POV: The park is not crowded as Will takes cover.

One Cop stays to guard the exit and the other chases after Will into the park.

He takes a relieved breath then hears radio crackle from the shoulder mike on a cop, calling for help, while another OFFICER already on the street joins in the chase.

Will either needs to hide or flee, he flees. As he runs, he is spotted by a HORSE MOUNTED COP, who chases after him.

Will is racing the horse towards the low safety of a pedestrian tunnel. They are both fighting for position.

The horse rears up to avoid colliding with the low level tunnel entrance; Will disappearing inside.

The two cops who were in the initial pursuit catch up to the mounted cop who points out where he went.

COPS' POV: Will somewhere up ahead, but lost in the crowded shadows.

- 47 **OMITTED** 47
- 48 **INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY** 48
- Will turns on the sink. He frantically washes his hands, face and neck... His father's blood covers his T-shirt and despite his scrubbing won't lift.
- Tears fill his eyes -- the image of his father crumpling to the ground playing over and over in his head...
- Will is finally able to catch his breath. He dries his face and hands, finger-combs his hair, and smooths out his bloody, wrinkled shirt -- studying his reflection in the mirror.
- 48A **OMITTED** 48A
- 48B **EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY** 48B
- Will looks like a bum: shoeless and desperate for a change of clothes. But he can't afford anything here...
- A vast labyrinth of STANDS, TENTS, and BOOTHS where immigrant merchants sell clothes, hats, jewelry, fruit, candy. A festive atmosphere. Locals. Tourists. Street musicians.
- AT ANOTHER STAND, he inspects shirts hanging from a rack. When the MERCHANT turns his back to help another customer, Will slips away with one unnoticed.
- 48C **OMITTED** 48C
- 49 **EXT. MADRID STREET (CALLE SERRANO) - DAY** 49
- Will sports a new look: Loose-fitting linen pants and a dark, short-sleeved button-down. He wears sneakers and a poor-boy pulled low on his forehead as he moves quickly up a busy BOULEVARD toward his destination:
- THE U.S. EMBASSY: Stars & Stripes snapping in the wind.
- He steps into a narrow PEDESTRIAN PASSAGE just before the embassy, finds a trash can, and HIDES HIS FATHER'S PISTOL in a paper bag at the bottom.

49A **EXT. U.S. EMBASSY GATES - DAY**

49A

2 Civilian contractors (security people?) stand there casually talking in front of the open gate.

Will (passportless and pursued) stands a few feet outside the gate and sanctuary for a beat then suddenly thrusts himself between them and into the compound.

Will squats, raises one hand as if in surrender and palms the grass with the other as security, guns drawn, come running.

WILL

(shouting)

American soil! I'm an American!

American soil!

50 **INT. U.S. EMBASSY OFFICE - DAY**

50

In a small windowless office with nothing but a desk and two chairs, Will paces the room -- anxious, impatient.

He goes to the door and looks out a small square window: A brightly lit, empty corridor. He tries the doorknob, but it's locked.

He rattles the doorknob... What the hell?

Finally he sits in one of the chairs and buries his face in his hands -- utterly lost.

The door opens and MECKLER, a 40ish embassy functionary, ENTERS AND SITS opposite Will.

MECKLER

Sorry that took so long.

WILL

Can you help me?

MECKLER

There's no record of a Martin Shaw with any of our agencies in Spain. Or Europe, for that matter.

WILL

He told us he was a cultural attache.

MECKLER

I thought you said that he wasn't.

WILL

My father is dead. He was assassinated, executed, and, I  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

was right... I saw...

(choking up)

it... and I don't... My family  
has been taken, he was trying to  
save...

MECKLER

(cutting him off)

Mr. Shaw, there's a local  
warrant for your arrest. It  
claims you killed a police  
officer.

WILL

Wait, *hold* it, no, how do you  
know it's me? Whoever shot my  
father was taking shots at me  
halfway across the city, he was  
right on my ass when I came up  
to that cop. Man, you got this  
whole thing backwards, just give  
me a second here. Why on earth  
would I shoot...

MECKLER

(cutting him off)

We can assist you in securing  
legal counsel and protecting  
your rights as an American  
citizen-

WILL

Look... I didn't kill that cop.  
All they have to do is test the  
bullet and they'll see it  
couldn't have been fired from  
the gun I had. But it's going to  
have to wait, because my family  
doesn't have that time.

(beat)

Will you help me? Please, you  
have to help me.

MECKLER

(beat, then...)

I suggest you accept our help in  
getting you counsel.

WILL

(cold fury, through  
clenched teeth)

Is there someone else I can talk  
to?

MECKLER

Just stay calm.

WILL

Don't ask me to stay calm -- or *tranquilo*. That's all anybody tells me: *tranquilo, tranquilo, calme, calme*. My father is dead! My family's been kidnapped. I'm wanted for a murder I didn't commit! And here I am, asking my *country* to help me, and all I get is some, some robot who treats me like I've got two heads. There is nothing for me to be *tranquilo* about right now! Can you *understand* that? Or is English not your native tongue...

A short silence falls over the small room as the two lock murderous eyes... Finally broken by MECKLER'S PHONE RINGING.

MECKLER

Yes. Yes, ma'am. Right now in fact... We're on our way.

Meckler hangs up, stands.

MECKLER (CONT'D)

Someone needs to talk to you.

51 INT. U.S. EMBASSY CORRIDOR - DAY 51

Meckler and Will move fast down the hall.

52 EXT. U.S. EMBASSY PARKING LOT - DAY 52

They exit out a secure fire-door into a parking lot.

A BLACK SEDAN idles close by. DIXON, an innocuous, middle-aged man in a dark suit ushers Will toward the sedan.

DIXON

Come with us, Mr. Shaw.

Will turns back: MECKLER IS GONE.

Dixon opens the back door of the sedan to reveal:

CARRACK, the woman Martin met in the square, sits in the backseat.

CARRACK

Will?

Will freezes.

CARRACK (CONT'D)

Your father's put your family in a tough spot. I can help. Why don't you get in.

WILL

I'm okay here.

CARRACK

Will, I've worked with your dad since you were a baby. He was my friend.

WILL

You killed him.

CARRACK

No! I was trying to save him, I was there to keep him alive... but he wouldn't listen to me.

(sadly)

Marty, he was always like that, right from the beginning.

It's going to take a bit more to convince Will.

CARRACK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I'll bet if you raise your left hand I'll see a fat white scar running across your palm.

(Will remains mum)

You got that cutting a lemon peel for a Martini you made me when you were ten.

WILL

In Caracas. My parents' house.

CARRACK

You forgot the lemon and your father made you take it back and make it right. Twelve stitches. Your mother almost fainted. I'm Jean Carrack.

WILL

I remember you.

CARRACK

(nodding)

Good.

WILL

If you didn't kill him, who did?

CARRACK

Your father made a big mistake,  
he took something from the wrong  
people.

WILL

Took what? What did he take?  
From who?

CARRACK

Please, just get in the car and  
I'll explain everything as best  
I can.

(Will hesitates)

Do you want to save your family?  
There's an expiration date on  
that.

Will reluctantly gets in, sits next to Carrack.

The rear doors lock automatically, Will takes a deep wary  
breath.

The car glides through the gate.

52A Carrack's car drives down a Madrid street.

52A

CARRACK (CONT'D)

OK... First thing... If we're  
going to get them back it's  
critical that you tell me  
everything you know about  
Marty's...

(beat)

your father's situation.

WILL

I thought you were the one who  
was going to do the talking.

Via the rearview, a flicker passes between Dixon and  
Carrack. Will catches this; getting more paranoid now...

CARRACK

We need to know everyone your  
father's been in contact with.

But Will's not listening; he's staring in horror at the  
blood on his tee.

CARRACK (CONT'D)

Will, are you OK?

WILL

(hyperventilating)

I think I'm going to be sick.

CARRACK

Pull over.

53

**EXT. CAR**

53

Pulling over on a busy avenue. Will bolting out, hunching over as if to puke.

Dixon casually exits the car, comes around as if to corral him.

WILL

I'm OK, I'm...

Will abruptly grabs a big guy passing by, whirls him into Dixon, who drops to a knee and then Will just jackrabbits into the crowd.

Dixon recovers, starts to pursue, but Carrack lays a staying hand on his arm through the window.

CARRACK

(softly)

He's just scared.

54

**EXT. MADRID STREET (NARROW WAY) - DAY**

54

Will darts around a corner, sees a garbage man who is just picking up the bag containing his father's gun.

Will bulls into him snatching the bag then keeps going, the garbage man cursing him out.

54A

**OMITTED**

54A

55

**OMITTED**

55

56

**OMITTED**

56

57

**EXT. MADRID STREET - DAY**

57

He moves briskly around a corner, nearly BUMPING into TWO MADRID COPS.

WILL

Sorry.

Will walks on, pulling his cap lower; he glances behind him; the cops eye him suspiciously; *or is it just his imagination?*

A CITY BUS pulls up. Will joins the group waiting to board.

58

**INT. CITY BUS - DAY**

58

Will steps onto the bus. He watches RIDERS drop change into a machine until it CHIMES.

When it's Will's turn, he dumps all of the change but the machine doesn't chime.

The driver BARKS at him in Spanish. The passengers waiting to board behind Will grow restless and he can feel everyone's eyes upon him.

Out the window: the two cops he bumped into have drifted over to see what the hold-up is.

Suddenly, an COLLEGE GIRL reaches forward and drops an additional coin into the machine... It CHIMES. Will could weep.

WILL

*Gracias.*

COLLEGE GIRL

(smiling benignly)

*Tonto...*

Will moves to a seat at the back of the bus as they pull into traffic -- the cops receding in the rear window.

HIS FATHER'S PHONE RINGS... He checks the caller ID: UNKNOWN CALLER. He answers:

WILL

Yes?

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Let me speak to your father.

WILL

You can't... He's dead.

A beat of silence.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

These aren't games we're playing.

Suddenly, Laurie is on the phone -- her voice firm but scared.

LAURIE (O.S.)

Will, put your father on.

WILL

(relief)

**MOM!**

LAURIE (O.S.)  
They need to talk to him now.

WILL  
Are you okay?!

Once again, Will is attracting the attention of the OTHER PASSENGERS.

LAURIE (O.S.)  
(calm, steady)  
Will, put him on.

WILL  
(beat, choking)  
Mom, I can't...

LAURIE (O.S.)  
(beat, she gets it,  
voice shaking)  
Where is he...

WILL  
They killed him. They...

A short animal blurt of grief comes over the line. It's too much for Will and his eyes turn iridescent with unspilled tears.

ZAHIR (O.S.)  
Tom and I made an agreement.  
Remind him of what is at stake.

WILL  
Listen, you, his name is,  
(choke)  
was Martin, not Tom. You don't  
even know who he is and you  
threaten to kill his family? Is  
there a chance that some mistake  
is being made? Some small goddamn  
chance?

ZAHIR (O.S.)  
He's now got 18 hours to return  
my suitcase.

WILL  
Your suitcase...

ZAHIR (O.S.)  
And having his son tell me he's  
dead, or any other little scam  
or diversion he might cook up  
won't buy him a heartbeat's more  
time. He knows us better than  
that.

WILL

My father, is dead. I have his  
blood under my nails, in my hair.  
And his goddamned name is not...

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Goodbye, Will.

WILL

Listen to me! Listen to me!

ZAHIR (O.S.)

The suitcase... 18 hours.

59

**INT. NONDESCRIPT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

59

Zahir hangs up the phone, stands there, lost in thought.

Esmael sits at a rickety table hunched over a salad.

On a shabby couch, Laura sobs in Dara's arms.

Josh sits grief-slumped next to them; his eyes red as a  
bull's. He stares at Zahir murderously, then suddenly  
flies at him.

Zahir watches Josh's charge with near-disinterest, as  
Esmael, still chewing his lunch, takes him down without  
even breathing hard.

JOSH'S POV, FLAT ON HIS BACK: Looking up at Esmael, his knee  
in Josh's chest, still eating that sandwich.

Josh arches up enough to deliver a vicious headbutt to the  
burly but smaller man.

Esmael remains in position, knee into Josh's chest; calmly  
regards the blood trickling down from his hairline to his  
whitebread and says something to Zahir.

ZAHIR

He says sit back down with your  
mother before he tears your head  
from your shoulders.

60

**INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS**

60

ON WILL: crazed.

He sees the College Girl that helped him and who is now  
sitting nearby working a Sudoku grid. She takes notice of  
Will's state. Paranoid, Will looks away.

And then, an idea dawns on him. He takes out his father's  
phone and scrolls through the list of 'outgoing calls.'

One number was called frequently in the hours before his death: DIEGO OFFICE.

Will redials "DIEGO - OFFICE". A young woman answers in Spanish--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Diego Caldera Investigaciones.

WILL  
I'm sorry... *Habla Ingles?*

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Yes.

It's hard to hear; there's music in her background.

WILL  
Yes... OK, then... I'm not sure  
if I have the right number?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Who are you looking for?

WILL  
Diego?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Yes. This is Diego Caldera  
Investigations. How can I help  
you?

WILL  
What is your address?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Calle de la Cruz 34, Madrid.  
Suite 202.

Will gestures to the COLLEGE GIRL, asking to borrow her pen. She hands it to him.

WILL  
Once more, please?

Will writes an address on the palm of his hand.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Will hangs up and returns the pen to the girl.

WILL (CONT'D)  
*Gracias...* Do you speak English?

COLLEGE GIRL  
A little.

Will takes a breath, big favor here, gestures to her smart phone.

She shrugs, smiles, cute boy after all, hands it over.

CLOSE ON - Diego's address typed into the phone's web browser; a map coming up showing the route from his location to the address.

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. DIEGO CALDERA INVESTIGACIONES - DAY** 61

Establishing. Along a busy street, Will stands outside a building entrance with a sign that reads:

"INVESTIGACIONES DIEGO CALDERA"

A scooter leans on its kickstand.

62 **INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY** 62

Will mounts a dark flight of stairs; stops at the second floor landing. Nervous, he readies his pistol; carefully flicks the safety "off."

He comes to the door that reads "DIEGO CALDERA". It is open just a crack; he peaks in: sees no one, and enters:

63 **INT. CALDERA MAIN OFFICE - DAY** 63

...empty. Will looks around, the office is sparsely decorated, filled with beat-up '70s-style furniture. The lively SPANISH MUSIC that he heard over the phone, (and now playing considerably more softly) comes from a side office, that door wide open; Will pulls back, hides, but has a clear view of:

LUCIA CALDERA: 22, Spanish and obligatorily beautiful.

She's just sitting idly at a desk littered with unfiled documents; invoices, reports etc. Her hands are motionless, her face despite its beauty, wooden. There's something off here. Nonetheless, Will tucks his gun away; this is not a hostile situation.

He steps into the room; her reaction is startled; but silent. She makes no move to rise.

WILL

Hi, *hola*, how're you doing there.

LUCIA

Good.

WILL

I believe we just talked on the phone? You gave me the address?

LUCIA

(stiffly)

Yes.

(beat)

Can I help you?

WILL

I'm looking for Diego Caldera.

LUCIA

I don't know where he is. There is something I can help you with?

Her English is flawed, memorable.

WILL

I need to speak with him.

LUCIA

You are a client?

WILL

No. But maybe my father was.

(she waits)

Martin Shaw?

LUCIA

I don't know that name.

MALE (O.S.)

Hello, Will.

It's DIXON from the embassy, having quietly stepped in from the main office.

He's been there all along. His automatic dangles casually down his side.

No wonder Lucia has been stiff as a board.

DIXON

You know enough to come here?

(gestures for Will  
to take a seat)

Oh brother, you really do need to come in and tell us...

Suddenly Lucia moves like a blur, charging across to room at Dixon with a letter opener.

But Dixon's reflexes are honed, and he's ready for her, the gun drawn back for a crack across the face.

With his eyes on Lucia, Dixon doesn't see Will rush him from the opposite direction.

Will manages to hit Dixon enough to knock him off balance so that Lucia's attack hits home too.

As Dixon fends off her letter opener thrust, he drops the gun and all three scramble to retrieve it in a pinwheel of arms and jostling shoulders.

They're in a violent heap, the letter opener now lost in the fray.

Will stretches for the gun, but Dixon pulls him back and stands above him, kicking him. With each kick, Dixon's movements become heavier and heavier.

Then finally, he collapses to the ground with a thud, revealing the letter opener protruding from his bloody side.

Will struggles to his feet, his eyes as big as silver dollars.

And then, out of the corner of his eye, another blur -- Lucia flying at Will now, letter opener still at the ready.

Will catches her wrist but the force of her attack knocks him flat on his back; Lucia landing right on top of him cursing and shouting in Spanish.

(As woodenly frightened as she was when he walked in the door, she's the opposite now; all flash and fire.)

WILL

Stop!

Lucia continues cursing him out, the letter opener still an object of contention.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the... STOP!

And he open-hand clocks her on the jaw, Lucia's turn to go sprawling backwards, Will up like a shot, standing over her as she clears her head.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the hell is *wrong* with you?

This unleashes a third untranslated torrent of invective from her.

WILL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

In. ENGLISH! I only, understand, *English!*

LUCIA  
 (in English)  
 You want to kill my uncle too?  
 Everybody wants to kill my uncle  
 today?

WILL  
 Who the hell is your *uncle*?

And something in his confusion, his despair, slows her  
 down. She's still coiled but breathing steadier.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Is Diego Caldera your uncle?

LUCIA  
 This *cabron*...  
 (Dixon)  
 comes in here pulls a gun,  
 smashes my cell and tells me to  
 sit and shut up. Waiting for my  
 uncle to come in. Then you come  
 in. "Where's Diego." I see your  
*pistola* right away.  
 (beat)  
 Who the hell are you?

WILL  
 I'm Will Shaw.

LUCIA  
 Him?

WILL  
 His friends murdered my father  
 this morning.

LUCIA  
 (slowing down)  
 Your father was murdered?

WILL  
 That's why I'm here. He called  
 this office about a dozen times  
 looking for Diego. My father was  
 Martin Shaw.

LUCIA  
 I told you. I never heard of  
 him.

WILL  
 Your uncle. Where is he?

Lucia does not respond.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look... This guy, his people, they came for your uncle, right? If they didn't find him here, where are they gonna look next?

Suddenly, the sound of approaching sirens.

WILL (CONT'D)

Do you really want to be here when his [Dixon's] pals show up?

She looks at him -- understands what he is saying.

64 **EXT. MADRID STREET (CALLE DE LA CRUZ) - DAY** 64

Will and Lucia exit onto the street, moving fast. She's on Will's phone, leaving Diego a frantic message in Spanish.

Sirens. Police. An ambulance. All will be here soon.

Lucia climbs onto the motor scooter parked by the entrance. She revs the engine as Will gets on, then speeds away.

65 **EXT. MADRID STREET - "LA LATINA" BARRIO - DAY** 65

Lucia parks behind a dumpster, hiding the bike.

They hop off, sweating in the August air. Lucia tries Diego again, snapping her phone shut in frustration when his voice-mail picks up.

LUCIA

(points)

He lives there.

They hurry for the entrance, neither noticing the BLACK SEDAN WITH DIPLOMATIC PLATES parked out front.

66 **INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT BUILDING (FOYER) - CONTINUOUS** 66

Lucia and Will push through the entry door into the FOYER and she leads them up a flight of stairs and down a short hallway.

66A **INT. DIEGO'S APARTMENT BUILDING (LANDING) - CONTINUOUS** 66A

As they approach Diego's apartment, Will DRAWS HIS GUN. Lucia unlocks the door, but when she attempts to push it open it's as if someone on the other side is pushing back.

Will switches the safety off on his gun.

Lucia pushes harder and the door opens.

67 LUCIA'S POV: On the floor, up against the door lies Diego; 67  
staring up at her - dead. There's a pistol in his lifeless  
hand.

Stunned, Lucia drops to her knees by the body.

Will signals urgently for her to keep quiet then cautiously  
proceeds into the otherwise silent seemingly undisturbed  
apartment.

Stepping all the way into:

68 **THE KITCHEN** 68

where GORMAN stands there casually tending to a bullet  
wound in his arm.

CARRACK sits in a chair by the window, her hand casually  
reaching inside her tailored jacket. But Will swings his  
gun onto her before she can get to it.

WILL

Don't do that!

Carrack brings out a handkerchief.

CARRACK

My gun is on my left hip.

Will gingerly moves forward and tries to remove it; no go.

CARRACK (CONT'D)

Detach the snap, Will.

Will takes her gun then moves to Gorman and removes a gun  
from a concealed holster inside his jacket.

WILL

(to Gorman)

Stand with her.

Gorman does as he's told and Will retreats to the doorway,  
tossing their guns into the hall.

CARRACK

(calmly)

He opened the door firing. We  
didn't even get a chance to...

WILL

*Who are you people?!*

CARRACK

Can you put the gun down first?

WILL

I'm not an idiot.

CARRACK

Of course you're not. But you're scared, and scared people holding guns to my face... it *scares* me.

WILL

Then this is gonna be a nerve-racking conversation because there's no way I'm putting this goddamn gun down.

CARRACK

Tell me what can I do for you, Will?

WILL

I want my mother and my brother back. Alive.

CARRACK

I don't have your mother or your brother. I wish I did.

WILL

Who does?

CARRACK

(deep sigh)  
I'm sorry to say, the people your dad stole from.

WILL

Who did he steal from?

Carrack pauses... shifts in her seat.

CARRACK

Marty took something he was simply supposed to retrieve. It was, it is, a matter of national security. He betrayed his country. He betrayed us, his team. And now I'm charged with recovering it. I wish it was anybody but me.

WILL

You wish. You wish. You wish. Why did you kill him?

CARRACK

(after a beat,  
desolate)  
I loved your father. He was a true comrade in arms.

WILL

*Why?*

CARRACK

To stop him from selling it. If the situation was reversed he'd have done the same.

WILL

I don't believe you.

GORMAN

Honestly, we don't give a shit.

CARRACK

(glaring at Gorman,  
then, to Will,  
heavily)

Look. Will, you're the last person I want to get more involved in this right now but I have no choice but to ask for your help. This was not a one man operation.

(beat)

You need to tell me whoever else you saw or heard him speak to about this. Tell me what I want to know and I'll pull out all the stops to help you get your family back. But this has to come first.

WILL

(almost to himself)  
The suitcase...

There's a quickening in the room, eyes into eyes...

CARRACK

What about the suitcase... Do you know where it is? Do you know who has it?

WILL

I wish I did.

Carrack wears a sympathetic yet slightly assessing expression; half-smiling as if she's trying to assess if this kid is playing her.

CARRACK

Who else knows about the suitcase?

WILL

The guys who want it back. The guys holding my family.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (re: Diego)  
 And him? Is that why you killed  
 him?

GORMAN  
 (holding bloody  
 arm)  
 That there was self-defense.

CARRACK  
 That's it? No one else?

ON GORMAN: off Carrack's glance.

WILL  
 Who has my family...

Gorman delicately reaches for a hidden automatic pistol tucked into the small of his back.

CARRACK  
 Well, we owe you something,  
 don't we...

Suddenly, Gorman's eyes widen and HE DIVES FOR COVER.

BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Three deafening gunshots tear into the wall behind where Gorman had stood. Will whips around:

LUCIA CLUTCHES HER UNCLE'S GUN, smoke wafting from the barrel.

Gorman finally whips out his second piece and starts firing.

Will pulls Lucia out of the kitchen.

69 **INT. BACKSET STAIR - CONTINUOUS**

69

Will blindly and clumsily returning fire as he hustles Lucia down the stairs.

Lucia claps her hands to her ears and screams in pain. Will's shooting too close to her ear and it's deafening.

70 **INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

70

Will bursting in, Lucia in tow. He frantically tries to block the door with a dresser that's not quite big enough to do the job.



WILL

Trust me. I got you all the way.  
Go.

Lucia takes the cable, Will leaning back to steady the wire for her, his arms straining.

77 But as soon as Lucia pushes off and begins her descent, 77  
Gorman fires upwards at Will, forcing him to duck sideways  
and let go of the wire.

(So much for "trust me"). Lucia plummets out of sight.

Will can't see her; has to run and take cover behind the wall on the roof from Gorman's barrage.

78 ANGLE - LUCIA, hanging on for dear life from a lower 78  
terrace.

79 ANGLE - THE ROOF; Will takes the remaining part of the 79  
cable wraps it around his arm and runs for the open terrace,  
just as Gorman and Carrack gain sight through the window.  
His only option is to jump. He's scared; momentarily frozen.

80 ANGLE - THE ROOFTOP of the building across the street. 80

81 ANGLE - GORMAN breaks through the door and heads up to the 81  
roof. CARRACK, weapon in hand, begins to go downstairs.

82 ANGLE - LUCIA still hanging. 82

83 LUCIA'S POV: People at their windows, recognizing Diego's 83  
niece. A man opens his window, helps her inside.

84 **EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS** 84

With no options left, Will looks across the street and tries to psyche himself up for the jump that will bring him out of Gorman's range.

He takes a few steps back...

WILL

Oh jeez, oh jeez...

and leaps like Tarzan on a vine for the terrace on the other side of the street.

85 CAMERA FOLLOWS as Will takes off and we see that Gorman has 85  
made his way to the ledge off the roof and calmly fires...

86 CLOSE ON - A BULLET hitting Will in the leg. 86

ON WILL - NON-REACTIVE, adrenalized, keeps sailing, reaching for that other terrace.

87           **EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

87

LUCIA'S POV: (She's made her way to the street) - Will in the air, way off target, he's not going to make it. The cable pulling tightly and swinging Will back towards Diego's building, slamming him into the terrace below.

LUCIA

Dios mío...

ANGLE - THE ROOF; the antenna to starts to break and bend from Will's acrobatics.

88           **INT. STAIRWELL**

88

Carrack is making her way down the stairwell, gun concealed in order to not alarm the tenants she encounters. Her face continues to harden and morph into her true self.

89           **EXT. THE TERRACE**

89

GORMAN'S POV: THE ANTENNA, NEARLY SNAPPED.

He begins taking shots at the cable, the only thing keeping Will alive. As it begins to come apart...

ANGLE - WILL falling past the next terrace...

ANGLE - ROOF - THE ANTENNA; between the destruction of the cable and Will's weight it begins to fall off the side of the ledge.

ANGLE - THE STREET; Will hits the ground hard. He thinks he's made it. Rolls on his back in relief.

WILL

Oh man, oh man...

90           WILL'S POV: THE ANTENNA, rushing down from the roof directly at him. 90

He rolls away at the last second.

LUCIA (O.S.)

Will! *Andale!*

Will gets up, stumbling and hurt, and joins her to race away, get lost in the crowd.

91           ANGLE - CARRACK emerging from the building. 91

92           CARRACK'S POV: Will and Lucia in the crowd. No clear shot. 92

She begins to push her way through the crowds to get at them, the crowds obliviously pushing back.

CARRACK'S POV: Will and Lucia, having made it to her scooter, are driving away.

Without blinking Carrack wheels and starts to make her way back to her car.

93 ANGLE - ROOF; Gorman also sees the getaway. 93

94 **EXT. SIDE STREET - "LA LATINA" BARRIO - MOMENTS LATER** 94

The scooter pulling over.

We can still hear the sirens converging on Diego's building.

95 LUCIA'S POV: Blood dribbling over the sides of her ride. 95  
She tracks it to Will's thigh.

WILL  
(oblivious)  
Are you OK?

She knows he doesn't know he's hit but before she can say anything...

Fifty meters down the street, a door slams shut. They look:

96 CARRACK exits Diego's building. She jumps into a sedan and 96  
drives towards them.

97 WILL (CONT'D) 97  
You got to be kidding me...

98 Lucia tears off at full throttle. 98

99 OMITTED 99

100 Lucia guns it, whips around a corner. She drives like a 100  
pro through streets which seem to become more and more  
narrow. Will hangs on for dear life, eyelids starting to  
flutter from shock.

101 Behind them, Carrack guns it. Despite Lucia's skill, he's 101  
gaining rapidly.

102 They race past a TRAFFIC COP almost mowing him down. 102

103 He reports it into his walkie-talkie, just as Carrack 103  
flies by.

104 **EXT. WARREN OF SMALL STREETS** 104

As Lucia takes turn after turn in a series of evasive actions...

CLOSE ON WILL - Feeling dizzy and dizzy, still oblivious to his injury.

Just as the coast looks clear, that there's no way they could have been followed, CARRACK roars into the frame, tries to sideswipe them off the road.

Lucia dodges for her life but Carrack maintains pursuit.

Lucia desperately turns down another street.

104A      **EXT. NARROW STREET - CONTINUOUS**      104A

Carrack right behind them, taking her gun out speeding up.

ANGLE - ON WILL - Near passing out; increasingly disoriented.

Lucia takes another evasive abrupt turn.

104B      **EXT. STREET NEAR TRAIN STATION**      104B

Carrack right behind them, it's getting more crowded, now or never.

ON WILL - Reeling in his seat. He looks down and finally sees he's bleeding and that he's been shot.

WILL

Guess what?

LUCIA

Calmate...

WILL

I think I was shot.

ANGLE - CARRACK, right as she draws a bead.

BACK TO:

WILL (CONT'D)

I was definitely shot.

In his disorientation and dismay he starts shifting his weight; he doesn't even know that he's on a scooter now.

LUCIA

(losing control)

Stop moving around!

CARRACK, right about to clip them, squeezes one off precisely when...

CARRACK'S POV: Lucia loses control, the bike hitting the ground, her shot going wide.

BACK TO:

WILL AND LUCIA on the ground, onlookers rushing up, soon it's a mob scene.

LUCIA'S POV: Carrack in her car, no opportunity to close in for the kill.

Carrack and Lucia make eye contact through the windshield. Carrack nods, the reprieve is temporary.

CARRACK

You lucky little bitch.

Police sirens in the distance.

Will is so disoriented and blood-drained all he can do is stand there wondering where he is.

LUCIA

Can you ride?

WILL

(snapping back)  
What? Yeah, yeah...

They hop back on, turn off into another street.

105 And the scooter vanishes into the ancient mazes of Madrid. 105

106 **EXT. CLUB 39 PASOS, OUTSKIRTS OF MADRID - DAY** 106

Establishing. A large hardcore nightclub, demi-mondish; not for tourists.

107 **INT. CLUB 39 PASOS - DAY** 107

Lucia and Will enter the back door. Will presses his forearm tightly against his bloody hip.

Guys working there immediately start yelling at all the goddamned blood they'll have to clean up.

Lucia waves them off and starts walking Will across the club.

ANGLE - REHEARSAL AREA

CRISTIANA (20s), a dancer, is rehearsing her act; erotic but not stripperish.

CRISTIANA

(seeing the blood)  
Lucia, what the hell...

LUCIA

(keeping moving)  
Come with me, he's been shot.

Grumbling, Cristiana joins them in their bloody march to...

107A **INT. AT DRESSING ROOM DOOR** 107A

Lucia, Will Cristiana. No subtitles, but it's clear Lucia is giving her the rundown.

We stay with Cristiana as she marches back across the club to...

107B **INT. KITCHEN** 107B

Where she starts collecting up knives and other quasi-surgical paraphernalia.

Suddenly the owner of the club busts in, MAXIMO (35), a brute of a man, and he's yelling like everybody else.

MAXIMO

I've been calling you for five minutes. You're supposed to be rehearsing, what the hell you doing in here and what's with all the goddamned blood on my floor!

CRISTIANA

Not now, OK?

And she leaves him sputtering in the kitchen as she heads for the dressing room.

ON MAXIMO - thrown, pissed, follows her out back across the club, picks up one of his security men, HABIB (26). They arrive at the dressing room to see WILL, woozy from shock, big-eyed as he stares at all the knives Cristiana brought in.

108 **INT. DRESSING ROOM** 108

Lucia and Cristiana are squatting before him, trying to calm him down but he's starting to freak out.

WILL

She's a dancer! I saw her! I'm not getting cut by a dancer!

LUCIA

Will, she's in nursing school.

WILL

No! No way!

MAXIMO

This the guy bleeding all over? Get him the hell out of here! What are you doing!

LUCIA  
He saved my life.

MAXIMO  
Thank him outside the club.

LUCIA  
Diego's dead.

MAXIMO  
(dumbstruck)  
What?

LUCIA  
These people, they killed Diego,  
they killed his father, and they  
were trying to kill us. He saved  
my life, OK?

MAXIMO  
(subdued, sad, angry)  
OK... What do you need?

CRISTIANA  
*Callalo! Necesito concentrar.*

Will lies back -- accepting his fate.

Cristiana yanks Will's shirt up to inspect the wound, but  
it's below the waistline and she yanks down his pants to his  
thighs.

Cristiana runs her hand over his hip/upper thigh, inspecting  
the wound. She talks incessantly. Lucia translates-

LUCIA  
She needs to be sure that the  
bullet is not inside.

The girls banter back and forth in Spanish. No subtitles.

Cristiana grabs a bottle of Vodka -- pours it all over her  
hands and rubs them together.

LUCIA (CONT'D)  
You're bleeding a lot.

WILL  
No kidding...

Cristiana rips the face plate off the room's heater; cranks  
the flame up. She jams a spoon into the side grate so that  
the spoon's head hovers over the flame.

WILL (CONT'D)  
(seeing this)  
Oh Jesus.

MAXIMO  
 (seeing this)  
*Oh Jesus.*

Cristiana gives orders to Lucia, who washes her hands and offers Will the bottle.

WILL  
 No.

MAXIMO  
 Give it here.

Maximo takes a slug and passes it back to Lucia who pours it over Will's wound.

WILL  
 (gaspng)  
 What the...

LUCIA  
 Don't move.

WILL  
 OK, OK, I can do this, I can do this.

LUCIA  
 Sure you can.

WILL  
 Can I ask you something?

LUCIA  
 Now now...

WILL  
 Seriously... What's your name?

LUCIA  
 What?

WILL  
 I don't know your...

Cristiana sticks her finger inside Will's wound. Will howls in pain.

LUCIA  
 Lucia.

CRISTIANA  
 (to Maximo, who looks seasick)  
*Ayudame! Necesito que se quede quieto!*

Maximo and Habib hold Will down.

Straddling him, Cristiana probes inside the wound with her finger. Will jumps, electrified with pain.

Maximo pins Will's arms down with all his strength as Cristiana probes her finger inside Will. He fights, moves. Lucia joins in the struggle to keep Will still.

Cristiana digs -- searches... Then pulls out her finger. Satisfied, she speaks in Spanish to Lucia.

LUCIA

No bullet. Just a graze.

Cristiana grins in triumph.

She turns to the heater and grabs the spoon, which has turned a BRIGHT ORANGE. Cristiana wraps a towel around the handle until she can hold it. She gives instructions to Lucia, but Will knows exactly what's about to happen.

WILL

(hoarse, weakly)

Oh, you are shitting me...

MAXIMO

(green-faced)

Ay, mierda...

LUCIA

This will stop the bleeding. But you need to hold still one more time. Okay?

WILL

(sweatbeads popping)

Absolutely shitting me...

The girls and Maximo pin him down. Lucia douses the wound with alcohol one last time and then CRISTIANA PRESSES THE RED-HOT SPOON TO THE WOUND.

Will groans, teeth on the edge of splintering... Cristiana presses hard... And Lucia counts:

*Uno.*

*Dos.*

*Tres.*

*Cuatro.*

*Cinco.*

Cristiana removes the spoon.

Will can't catch his breath.

His wound has been fully cauterized. Cristiana wipes blood from her hands. Lucia turns to Will:

LUCIA

You okay?

WILL

I'm sorry...

MAXIMO

I think I'm going to puke.

CRISTIANA

*Mejor?*... Better?

WILL

*Si, bueno.*

Cristiana smiles... Will passes out.

109

**INT. MAXIMO'S OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER**

109

Lucia, reduced to silhouette, sits on a window sill smoking a cigarette.

[In the early parts of this scene she's edgy, something about the photo, her father with Laurie -- aka a woman not her mother; Will of course, is clueless at this point.]

Will is flat on a narrow bed, out cold. His eyes pop open and he shoots to a sitting position, instantly hissing in pain.

LUCIA

(flatly)

Why did they kill my uncle?

WILL

What time is it?

LUCIA

Why did they kill my uncle?

WILL

I don't know. There's a suitcase.  
Maybe they thought he had it.  
Maybe they thought he knew where  
it was...

(trying to rise,  
can't)

I have to find it for them.  
They're holding my family. If they  
don't get it today they'll kill  
them.

LUCIA

Why your family?

WILL (CONT'D)

Because they think my father was  
the one who stole it. And now he's  
dead.

LUCIA

(flipping him a photo  
of Martin)

Why do you have a photo of Tom  
Keaton in your wallet?

Will feels for his wallet. Lucia holds it up.

CLOSE ON - PHOTO - A younger Martin with a younger Laurie on  
another, more humble boat.

WILL

That is my father, Martin Shaw.  
Why does everybody call him Tom?

LUCIA

(tearing up)

He's dead? Your father, he's dead?

At this point Lucia's mood shifts from surly (who's that  
woman) to grief and shock.

WILL

(startled by her  
tears)

Yes. I told you.

LUCIA

(trying to control  
her grief)

OK... OK...

WILL

(gently, still  
thrown)

So he was a friend of your uncle?  
A client?

LUCIA

(distraught  
throughout)

Friends before anything else. All  
my life.

WILL

Do you know what they were up to?

LUCIA

I don't know. But they always came  
to each other when there was  
trouble.

WILL

Your uncle. Was he a spy?

LUCIA

A long time ago he was in State Security. Maximo was kind of his protege. But for the last ten years he was just a private investigator.

(tearing up again)

You called your father Martin?

WILL

I didn't call him that. That was his name.

110 WILL'S POV: A wall clock - renewed panic.

110

WILL (CONT'D)

I can't stay here, I need to find my family.

LUCIA

You can't even walk.

Will starts hobbling around the room to test his leg.

WILL

And it's not safe here for you. They know who you are. They know...

LUCIA

(getting a grip, but still teary)

Where do you need to go?

WILL

I don't know. Wherever the suitcase... I have to get them the...

LUCIA

Hang on... I left a message for a friend of Diego's. He's been in Spanish Intelligence since forever. Maybe he can help.

WILL

Where is he?

LUCIA

He'll call soon.

Maximo enters the room.

MAXIMO

Cops.

Will wincing from the pain in his thigh, gathers anything of his he can find.

110A      **EXT. BACKDOOR OF THE CLUB**      110A

Two policemen standing near the motor scooter, inspecting it -- calling in the license plate.

Habib drives by in Maximo's car.

CLOSE ON - BACKSEAT - Will and Lucia hunkered down low.

111      **OMITTED**      111

112      **EXT. AVENIDA APPROACHING METRO STATION - DAY**      112

Will and Lucia walk fast through a lush public park -- their eyes darting about anxiously.

Lucia's PHONE RINGS. She pulls it out and answers:

LUCIA

Carlos...

Lucia speaks in Spanish, explaining their situation... After some back and forth, she hangs up.

WILL

Diego's friend?

Lucia removes the SIM CARD from her phone and crushes it under her heel.

WILL (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LUCIA

What he told me to do. He won't talk on the phone.

(as they enter the metro station)

This way.

113      **INT. UNDERGROUND METRO STATION - DAY**      113

The train platform is near empty. Lucia sits quietly on a bench, hugging her knees to her chest -- staring at nothing.

Will glances around, notes every metro cop, every security camera; tries to cover his face the best he can.

WILL

(disgusted)

Tom Keaton...

LUCIA

I never knew him as anyone but that.

WILL

Did you know what my father did?

LUCIA

What do you mean?

WILL

What he did for a living.

LUCIA

He said he was a business consultant.

WILL

(almost laughing)

A business consultant, now...

LUCIA

(suddenly edgy)

And you? What do you do?

Will picks up her sharp tone and answers warily.

WILL

I have a company, a small company.

LUCIA

(edgy)

And what does your small company do?

WILL

(laughing)

Actually, we're, kind of... business consultants.

LUCIA

(edgy)

Like father like son, uh?

WILL

What's going on with you?

Lucia starts tearing up again, but now Will is less thrown, has a cooler reaction.

WILL (CONT'D)

You knew my father well?

LUCIA

(beat)

Yes.

WILL  
 (after a hesitant  
 beat)  
 Were you his lover?

LUCIA  
 His *what*?!  
 (reddening)  
 This is what you think?

WILL  
 (taken aback, not so  
 cool)  
 I don't know what to think... You  
 seemed so upset when...

LUCIA  
 (cutting him off)  
 I was not your father's lover...

WILL  
 (mortified)  
 OK, OK.

LUCIA  
 My mother was.

WILL  
*Come again?*

LUCIA  
 He was my father too. You're my  
 brother.

The TRAIN ROARS INTO THE STATION -- drowning out the shock  
 and confusion in Will's voice, his face a mask of disbelief  
 and disorientation.

CUT TO:

114 INT. TRAIN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

114

Will and Lucia ride the train, both silent and staring  
 straight ahead... Will darkly stunned.

WILL  
 How do I know you're telling the  
 truth... The whole world's full of  
 liars, phonies...  
 (beat)  
 traitors...

LUCIA  
 (heartbroken, tearing  
 up again)  
 He was my father and I don't give  
 (MORE)

LUCIA (CONT'D)  
 a goddamn whether you believe me  
 or not.

WILL  
 What a hypocrite...  
 (coldly)  
 So you're supposed to be my... We  
 don't even look alike.

LUCIA  
 I look like my mother.

WILL  
 (bitter)  
 Did you know about his "other"  
 family?

Lucia doesn't respond, but her reaction says she did.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Honest with you, was he? All those  
 years trying to please that  
 bastard...

Will steals a peek at her; sizing her up.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (grudgingly)  
 OK, so let's say...

LUCIA  
 No "let's say". He was. My mother  
 loved him. I loved him.

WILL  
 So was he... What kind of...?

LUCIA  
 He liked me. When he saw me. He  
 was hardly around. Sometimes I  
 think the more a parent is absent  
 the more you love them.

WILL  
 That's not love. That's  
 loneliness.

LUCIA  
 So you too?

WILL  
 (macho)  
 Me? I was fine with it.

LUCIA  
 (knowingly)  
 Sure you were.

WILL  
 (re: the other woman)  
 And your mother? What is she like?

LUCIA  
 She died when I was ten.

WILL  
 I'm sorry.

LUCIA  
 And that woman in the photo, she's yours?

WILL  
 Yeah. She's good. She's, she's OK... I hope...  
 (beat)  
 We don't even look alike.

LUCIA  
 You already said that.

115

**EXT. ATOCHA TRAIN STATION - DAY**

115

As they walk from the train Will seems detached, clouded.

WILL  
 Got any other brothers or sisters?

LUCIA  
 You mean besides you?

WILL  
 Besides me.

LUCIA  
 No.

WILL  
 That's a relief.

LUCIA  
 Why is that a relief? A relief for who? You?

WILL  
 Maybe we should go our separate ways now...

LUCIA  
 What? Why?

WILL  
 It's dangerous and not your fight.

LUCIA

It's not? I lost my father today too, do you not get that?

(fuming beat)

What is it, I make you uncomfortable? Angry? How do you think I feel? At least you saw him more than once a year. At least he married your mother.

WILL

I'm sorry... He was a difficult man to live with.

LUCIA

(coldly)

Yes, well, I wouldn't have known that...Look... You want us to go our separate ways? No problem. Just remember... You have no money. You don't know this city. You don't know the language. You don't know Carlos. You don't even know which way's which in this station. If you want my help, it's yours. But I won't beg.

Will watches her for a long moment, then heads after her.

116 **OMITTED** 116

117 **INT. TRAIN STATION CAFE - DAY** 117

A dim cafe/bar overlooking the tracks. Will and Lucia wait at a corner table.

CARLOS (60) approaches. He is distinguished and fragile, wearing glasses, a hat -- sports a cane. He smiles and tips his hat to her; an old-school gent.

Carlos eyes Will's gun which lies on the table, hidden under a newspaper, his hand at the ready.

CARLOS

(re: the gun)

In that position, you'd want to flip the firearm to its other side.

(off Will's quizzical look)

The empty shell ejects from here.

He points to the SLIDE OPENING on the right side.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

If you fire it like that, the shell will eject against the table-top and most likely jam.

Will flips the gun so that the ejection port faces up.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Lucia told me what happened. I'm sorry. Your father was a friend for many years.

Carlos sits.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I met him in '78 when I was still in the field.

(taps his bad knee)

Thanks to a rather barbaric KGB operative, I've got a desk now... We never worked together directly, but we'd compare notes throughout the years.

Will just stares at him with pleading hopelessness. But Carlos seems to have come to his own conclusion on that.

WILL

Do you know the men who killed him? The men who killed her uncle? That have been trying to kill us?

CARLOS

We were caught by surprise ourselves.

WILL

They work out of the U.S. Embassy.

CARLOS

Tell me what you know about the men who took your family.

WILL

They looked Spanish, Italian, Arabic, Mediterranean, Turkish, Tunisian, Greek, they looked like everybody around here, like nobody... All I know is that they say he stole a suitcase from them and they want it back -- *badly*. And these, these, embassy men who, who killed him? They seem to want it just as bad.

CARLOS

This suitcase. What does it hold?

Will shoots him another look of helpless ignorance.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Perhaps both parties should come together to discuss the problem.

(beat)

You were unaware of your father's work?

(Will nods)

That's not such a bad thing... The anxieties of young children...

WILL

My father whatever he was... Was this, this thing he did... Did he strike you as that kind of man?

CARLOS

No. However...

(a beat)

As you're finding out yourself, in our community, those closest to us, in the cold light of day, often turn out to be someone else entirely.

WILL

They're calling him a traitor...

(looking at Lucia,  
re: second families)

And I've discovered certain things...

(Lucia stares back at  
him, i.e., get off  
it)

There's been something nagging me. This boat he owns... Owned. How could he possibly...

CARLOS

The boat was a gift. From us. In gratitude.

WILL

For?

CARLOS

A favor.

Will's phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID: "UNKNOWN."

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I wouldn't answer that.

Will stands and Carlos lifts his cane, holding it to Will's arm.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Turn it off. Remove the chip and destroy it.

WILL

I can't do that.

Will answers.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Let me speak to Tom.

WILL

Tom is still dead.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

And his family remains in great peril.

WILL

I want to see them. And I want to see them now.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Or what?

WILL

*Or what?* I don't know what. I suppose you kill them and then go back to wherever you're from without your precious suitcase.

(bluffing beat)

Which I have.

ON CARLOS - Bad move.

A long beat passes.

ZAHIR'S VOICE

The Puerta del Sol. Twenty minutes. Come alone.

Line goes dead.

WILL

The Puerta del Sol. You know it?

CARLOS

That was a foolish and dangerous lie you told him. Don't go.

Carlos pulls out a SPANISH PASSPORT, opens it to show Lucia's picture and a fake name. He slides it to her.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

That's for you.

(to Will)

I can have one for you in an hour.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

That is all, I'm afraid, that I can do.

WILL

I'm not going anywhere without my family.

Will out. Lucia rises to follow, but Carlos grabs her by the arm.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

*Please, don't be stupid.*

WILL

He told me to come alone. Listen to Carlos. You've risked enough already.

Will walks out without turning back.

LUCIA

Wait... If you come out of this alive, I'll be at the club.

118

**EXT. PUERTA DEL SOL - DUSK**

118

Massive public plaza.

It's a hot summer night in Madrid. Will wanders amidst tourists, students, musicians.

ZAHIR (O.S.)

Keep your hands where I can see them.

ZAHIR is right behind him, calm and cool. He plucks Will's gun from his waistband and Will starts to turn and face him.

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

Turn around and walk with me.

WILL

Where?

ZAHIR

There.

At the edge of the square directly in front of them, Will sees Esmael standing by a CAR WITH TINTED WINDOWS.

As they cross the square, tourists pay them no mind. Will eyes a POLICE OFFICER. Zahir follows his gaze:

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

You're wanted for the murder of a Madrid police officer. Want to rot  
(MORE)



WILL (CONT'D)

there really go to town on me.  
He'll feel better but I still  
won't know a goddamned thing.

Zahir's gaze wanders clinically over Will's body, assesses the truth of what he says by the landscape of sheer battery before his eyes. This kid is an amateur, and a complete mess.

ZAHIR

Do you know how we've come to  
this, you and I?

WILL

I just want to see my family

Ignoring the request, Zahir gestures for Esmael to steer Will to a table with a laptop.

ZAHIR

Come see your father at work.

He opens the LAP-TOP and turns it so Will can see:

122            *ON SCREEN: B&W surveillance footage.*            122

*A parking lot. FOUR MEN IN TWO SEDANS. Two of the men exit from their car while the other two remain seated inside theirs. While one man pops the trunk, his partner stands alertly, focused on the other car.*

*And then we see Martin Shaw casually emerge from a THIRD PARKED CAR, walk up, a hand in his coat pocket, and swiftly smoothly lean into the window of the occupied car and kill both men with a silenced pistol.*

*Then firing from the open driver's side window past the dead men and through the open passenger side window, he kills the other two where they stand.*

*Martin then calmly walks to the other car, reaches into the trunk, pulls out a SUITCASE, gets back in his own car and drives off.*

123            Zahir stops the video. Seeing his father almost            123  
nonchalantly murder four men puts Will into a state  
of floppy shock.

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

The first two men your father  
killed were my agents. I knew  
their families; I'd dined in their  
homes. I had to tell their wives  
and children that they were gone.

WILL

*Agents?*

ZAHIR

Same as your father. Just under a different flag.

WILL

Agents...

(re: his capture, his family's kidnapping)

How about torturers,

(re: Esmael)

how about thugs,

(re: everything)

how about kidnapers, hell, how about terrorists.

Zahir is amused by this, but Esmael swears angrily.

Zahir takes out a folded sheet from the *Haaretz Daily*, the writing in Hebrew. There's a large photo of a blasted cafe, bodies still on the scene.

ZAHIR

My wife and son met a terrorist once. In a cafe in Tel Aviv. He sat at the table beside them wearing twenty pounds of plastique; in an instant they and fifteen others were turned to ash.

WILL

Tel Aviv. You're Israeli?

ZAHIR

One country's terrorist is another country's patriot. One country's murderer is another's warrior. My men were *posing* as Jihadists. We'd outbid a group from Hezbollah who were attempting to purchase a piece of technology that could put my nation at great risk. Your father killed my men, took the package, and was planning to sell it back to our enemies.

(an extended beat)

At the boat, we made an agreement: he returns the device to me and I free his family. Now you tell me, he is dead. And I, what I fear -- what we should both fear -- is that whoever killed him has the suitcase and is completing that sale as we speak. This puts Israel in a potentially disastrous situation... So the first question becomes, who killed your father?

WILL

Men from his own agency. They also killed his friend and have been trying to kill me. You all should really get together and chat about this... You'd probably get along great.

ZAHIR

Do they have it?

WILL

I believe they want to get their hands on it.

ZAHIR

Or perhaps they have it already. But even so, they're after you.

WILL

(re: bullet wound,  
etc.)

It appears that way.

ZAHIR

Perhaps they want to eliminate you as a witness. Perhaps, like me, they think you know more than you do. But it seems that the bottom line, as you would say, is that wherever you go, they'll be hunting you. And that would suit our purposes fine.

Zahir says something to Esmael which provokes a brief argument. Esmael reluctantly frees Will's hands.

WILL

You're letting me go?

(beat)

Why should I do anything for you?

You can't even show me my family.

I don't even know if they're

alive.

ZAHIR

Oh, they're alive.

Zahir ushers Will to a thick door.

WILL'S POV: Blinking into focus; through a small filmy glass set into that door he sees his family sequestered in sort of a security or "panic" room.

WILL

(yelling)

Mom!

No reaction from inside.

ZAHIR

It's soundproof.

(beat)

You know the irony is, if your father's killers are trying to eliminate witnesses, the only thing keeping your family alive right now, is their captivity.

He slides a grate over the view of his family.

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

So. Here's the deal. I need you out there to draw them to you. Word on the street is that there are some old friends of ours come into Madrid in the last few days who'd be likely buyers so we feel that the sale is imminent.

WILL

And my family?

[ITALICIZED DIALOGUE IS TO BE SHOT. TBD IF USED]

ZAHIR

*Would you like to know what's in the suitcase? A remote kill-switch created by your government. It disables the circuitry of American military hardware, of which my country owns a great deal. And if it winds up in the hands of any of our, multitude of enemies? It would be a doomsday device.*

So... regarding your family. Your father is the cause of all this. If you can't retrieve and return the suitcase to us before it's sold, they die as promised. Understood?

Esmael comes up behind Will and slips that black hood, once again, over his head.

CUT TO:

124

**EXT. HILLSIDE VILLA - NIGHT**

124

A private home carved into a hillside overlooking Madrid.

A garage door OPENS, a sedan glides into the night.

125 **EXT. PARQUE DEL OESTE - 15 MINUTES LATER**

125

We hear the sedan come to a stop; hear a door open...

Will is tossed from the rear seat, tumbles in a heap onto the grass.

The car takes off.

ON WILL: coming to. He surveys the deserted park. Surveys himself; dressed in the near-rags of his ordeal.

The Israelis left him his gun.

126 **EXT. BASTIÓN NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

126

At night, it's a heart thumping hot spot, possessing a charismatic excitement entirely absent during the day. Pounding music emanates from inside. A SMALL ARMY OF BOUNCERS monitor the line of beautiful young Spaniards and Internationals waiting to get in.

Will steps out of the shadows, crosses the street, and approaches.

All eyes turn to Will: He's a battered mess.

An Armani-clad bouncer steps between Will and the door.

Before he can confront Will, Habib recognizes him and ushers him into the club.

127 **INT. CLUB 39 PASOS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

127

Habib brings Will to Maximo.

MAXIMO

You look like shit.

WILL

Thanks, thank you. I need to find Lucia.

MAXIMO

Come. I'll take you.

Half-carrying Will's battered frame, Maximo leads him through the club. Pounding music; flashing lights; packed dance floor.

Lucia meets them near the bar.

LUCIA

*Dios mío...* you're alive.

Lucia leads Will to the couch where he collapses.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

What happened?

WILL

They're alive. I saw them.

LUCIA

(to Maximo)

*Puedes traerle algo de ropa?*

Maximo exits; Will and Lucia are alone. Lucia leans down and whispers:

LUCIA (CONT'D)

(with restraint)

I'm glad to see you back.

Hold on Will, surprised to hear this from her.

128 **OMITTED**

128

129 **INT. MAXIMO'S OFFICE - LATER**

129

Lucia cleans Will's cuts with rubbing alcohol.

WILL

(trance-like)

-- and he just shot them. Like it was nothing... I can't even...

She listens impassively, neither protesting nor shutting him down.

WILL (CONT'D)

Lucia, if you'd seen that video...

LUCIA

-- He was our father.

WILL

(agonizing)

Listen, is there any way I can hear one of the messages my father left at your office?

LUCIA

I can't. All of Tom's calls went into Diego's private recording system. I don't have the code. All I know is it's four digits.

WILL

Four digits? Try his birthday.

Lucia picks up her phone and dials... punches in the numbers.

LUCIA

Didn't work.

WILL

Try someone else's. Did he have children?

LUCIA

No.

WILL

Who was he closest to?

LUCIA

My mother, his sister.  
 (she tries again, no dice, then...)  
 Hold on...  
 (tries again, she got in)  
 Yes.

WILL

Her birthday?

LUCIA

No. Twenty-two ten. October twenty-second, the day she died. Just...  
*Escuche...*

MARTIN SHAW'S VOICE

Hey, it's me. Listen, I need your help. I'm about to see Carrack. Last week she sent me on a hostile recovery. Thought it was a Syrian-based group we've been on, but turns out they were *Mossad*. She played me, I'm almost sure of it, and the *Mossad*...

CLOSE ON WILL: as he realizes this is the call his dad made outside the Audi, just before he was killed.

DISSOLVE TO:

129A **EXT. UNIVERSITY PLAZA - DAWN**

129A

Martin is on the phone outside of his car.

MARTIN

(his voice softens)  
 They took my family, Diego. They got Laurie and Josh... and his girlfriend. Will's with me. Not sure who to trust on my end.

Martin confronting Carrack. Will in the Audi.

CARRACK

Marty, what the hell's going on?

MARTIN

Did you set me up?

CARRACK

Did I... What? What are you talking about?

FLASH TO:

WILL, deaf witness in the car, then...

BACK TO PLAZA

MARTIN

The Israelis kidnapped my family.

CARRACK

They what? Why? You have to slow way the hell down here...

MARTIN

Fuck you. Where's the suitcase? Do you still have it? What are you going to do with it. Sell it? Or did you sell it already.

ANGLE ROOF - GORMAN SETTING UP, the two of them seen and heard through his telescopic site.

CARRACK

Marty, the suitcase went straight up the line. It's right where it's supposed to be. What's going on with your family?

MARTIN

Straight up the line my ass. You bring it to me.

CARRACK

I can't do that. How can I do that? Just tell me about the Israelis. Tell me how I can help.

BACK TO PLAZA

MARTIN

They don't get it back my family dies, so one hour from now, I pick the suitcase up at the Moncloa drop, or I call Langley.

(turning, walking  
back to car)

Then I start hunting you down.

CARRACK  
 (grabs hold of  
 Martin's arm)  
 Hunting... Marty, please, get a  
 hold of yourself.

BACK TO WILL'S POV FROM THE AUDI: Martin tears his arm away,  
 turns, heads back towards the Audi.

Carrack stands there bewildered for a beat then sadly turns  
 away; disappears into the long shadows of a side street.

Furious, Martin moves to the car.

And then a MUFFLED POP is heard and MARTIN DROPS TO THE  
 GROUND.

BACK TO:

129B

**INT. THE CLUB**

129B

ON WILL - Convulsing with the memory of that shot.

LUCIA (O.S.)  
 Will?

WILL  
 (snapping out of it)  
 The Israeli was right, they had it  
 all along.  
 (beat, great relief)  
 He was no traitor. They played  
 him.

LUCIA  
 But why all this killing...

WILL  
 (thinking, then...)  
 They're just covering their  
 tracks. Anyone who knew anything  
 about it. And the Israeli said the  
 likely buyers are in town. This  
 could go down any time.

Will looks up. Maximo is standing there, has been standing  
 there.

He hands Will some clean clothes and some sneakers.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Gracias.

Maximo pours three shots of *Duque de Alba* brandy. He offers  
 one to Will, but he refuses. Maximo and Lucia down theirs.

WILL (CONT'D)

How much did you hear?

MAXIMO

Along with what Lucia told me before? Enough. This Carrack and the others... These are the people who killed Diego?

WILL

Yes.

(beat)

I understand he was your mentor in the Security Service.

MAXIMO

Mentor.

(snorting)

He kept my ass out of jail. Many times. How can I help?

WILL

I need to get them coming after me again.

(beat)

That's why the Israelis let me go. I'm their stalking horse.

LUCIA

Stalking horse...

WILL

Bait.

LUCIA

The Americans... How do you draw them out?

WILL

They're spooks, right? Eyes everywhere?

Lucia nods, the wheels beginning to spin.

LUCIA

So they'll be tracking you.

MAXIMO

Phones, e-mail...

LUCIA

Tracking me too.

WILL

Are you ready for this? You still have the new passport.

LUCIA  
Don't insult me.

WILL  
OK, then...  
(nodding)  
Do you have a credit card?

Lucia reaches into her purse. She finds her credit card and with her eyes on Will -- this is the ballgame here -- hands it to Maximo.

LUCIA  
Start a tab... I'd like a red wine please.

Will grabs his shot of primo Spanish brandy and downs it.

WILL  
Fundador for me.

SMASHCUT TO:

130

**EXT. CLUB BAR/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT**

130

Lights. Pounding music. Clubbers come and go through the entrance tunnel: a tall SILHOUETTE arrives on the main floor:

GORMAN

He blends in with his dark suit and cool stare. He steps up to the bar and orders a drink. Then leans against the rail and scans the room.

From out of nowhere, TWO MASSIVE BOUNCERS, CESAR and HABIB, appear in front of Gorman.

GORMAN  
(in Spanish)  
What can I do for you?

CESAR  
(Spanish)  
*You need to come with us...*

GORMAN  
Okay.

Gorman pushes off the bar, then delivers a LIGHTNING QUICK STRIKE to Cesar's throat. The bouncer gasps for breath and staggers backwards.

Habib jumps in and they trade some savage blows before Gorman sweeps him off his feet and pounds his head into the bar floor, at which point Cesar rejoins the fray rabbit-punching Gorman to seemingly no effect, trying to get a forearm around his throat, but getting bucked off by Gorman's forearm hurled

back to the face, both men up on their feet again, circling each other, Gorman licking the blood from his lips smiling, digging this, ready to charge when Maximo comes up behind him and Tasers him in the ribs.

Gorman's muscles spasm and he starts to fall to the floor. Cesar catches him and the three hustle him through the club with discretion and efficiency.

131

**INT. POWER ROOM - NIGHT**

131

Somewhere in the basement of the club...

Gorman sits in a chair backed up against a vertical support pole; wrists duct-taped behind his back; ankles taped to the legs of the chair.

Will hovers over him, glaring -- his face twisted with rage.

He punches him in the face, drawing blood.

Gorman spits it out and smiles.

WILL

Why did you kill him?

GORMAN

You really want to know?

Will stares.

GORMAN (CONT'D)

Champagne wishes and caviar dreams.

WILL

What?

GORMAN

For money, moron... A lot, of money.

WILL

Is it sold?

GORMAN

(mocking)

Is it sold? You're dumber than your father. That deal's gonna happen and the only way you'll know where is if you make me tell you. And I ain't telling you shit.

Gorman LAUGHS.

WILL

Cut him loose.

HABIB

Are you stupid?

WILL

Do it.

(to Gorman)

Get up.

MAXIMO

He'll kill you.

WILL

Up.

GORMAN

(rising)

You are so sweet...

Will just goes at him; and miracle of miracles; fueled by his grief and the rage at what has befallen his family, he actually rocks Gorman back on his heels at first; an onslaught that the bigger man wasn't expecting..

Nonetheless to protect Will from the inevitable deadly counterattack, Maximo and his guys have Gorman re-secured before he can destroy Will.

GORMAN (CONT'D)

(smirking, to Will)

You have no idea what you're doing, do you?

A PHONE RINGS. It's Gorman's; the caller ID: Blocked.

WILL

Carrack?

GORMAN

Who's to say?

WILL

Why isn't she here too?

GORMAN

(spitting blood)

Because she's a lady.

Will exits the room. Maximo, Habib and Cesar go back to work on Gorman.

ON WILL: all the craziness has left his face; it was an act.

Lucia emerges from a staircase in which she's been ducking the violence.

LUCIA

I was hoping the Israelis would have come charging in by now.

WILL

No. They don't want him. They want the suitcase.

LUCIA

Do you think they already sold it?

WILL

No. You know why? He came alone. He wipes out the witnesses, she handles the merchandise.

LUCIA

Unless she panics and ditches the whole deal.

ON WILL: Then he'll never get his family back.

O.S. they hear Maximo curse, Gorman roar in pain.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

How long is that [the beatings] going to go on?

WILL

What?  
(shrugging)  
A few more minutes.

LUCIA

And then?

ON WILL: eyeing the windows that line the hallway.

WILL

And then trust me.

133

**INT. POWER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

133

The door flies open and Will strides looking out of control again, eyes wild in his head.

WILL

Enough! Stop!

Máximo, Habib and Cesar are in the same place we left them -- hovering over a weakened Gorman.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (eyeing the windows  
 in the room)  
 How long do we do this?!

MÁXIMO  
 (calm and casual)  
 Until he tells you what you need  
 to know.

WILL  
 (distracted)  
 I can't... This is not... He's a  
 psychopath... He likes it.

GORMAN'S PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

GORMAN  
 If I don't answer that...

WILL  
 Then what? *What?!*

Will picks up Gorman's phone and flings it against the  
 concrete wall -- shattering it.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 No more. No more.

Will grabs DUCT TAPE from the table and approaches Gorman. He  
 balls up a piece and stuffs it into Gorman's mouth, then  
 wraps several loops around his head to secure it -- gagging  
 him.

He tears off another strip and covers Gorman's eyes.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Just stick him in the corner and  
 see if anyone comes to pick him  
 up.

Maximo reluctantly unbinds Gorman from the chair, pulls him  
 to his feet, and walks him to a darkened corner of the room.

A number of metal pipes run up the wall and Will duct tapes  
 Gorman to one of them.

Will moves back across the room and motions for the three of  
 them to follow him outside.

Maximo looks skeptically at Will.

MAXIMO  
 I know it is not easy to watch.  
 But it will work.

WILL

It won't.

MAXIMO

Then at least let me cuff him to the pole. That duct tape...

WILL

...won't hold.

Will reaches the bottom of the basement stairs. Lucia is waiting for him at the top dangling a set of car keys.

LUCIA

We need your car, Maximo.

MAXIMO

(lost)

...okay.

WILL

(to Maximo)

Promise me you won't go in there.

MAXIMO

I don't understand.

WILL

He thinks I'm an idiot? Let me deliver on that.

Will races up the stairs and he and Lucia exit into the night.

135

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

135

Will and Lucia sit in Maximo's BMW. It's late and the streets are quiet. Through the windshield, they have a clear view of the club.

LUCIA

Will this work?

WILL

I don't know.

LUCIA

And the Israelis are out there...

WILL

They better be.

LUCIA

If I can ask... I understand the crazy amateur routine in there... But taking off his restraints and

(MORE)

LUCIA (CONT'D)  
fighting him mano a mano... That  
was for the act?

WILL  
That was for my father.  
(beat)  
Our father.

LUCIA  
We're going to get them back,  
Will.

Will hopes...

POV: From inside the car, a small BASEMENT WINDOW on the club  
suddenly POPS OPEN...

LUCIA (CONT'D)  
*There...*

He sees it too and leans forward... GORMAN'S HEAD POKES OUT  
OF THE OPEN WINDOW and quickly scans the vicinity. He then  
pulls his entire body out, jumps to his feet and hurries into  
the street.

WILL  
It worked.

He and Lucia exchange a glance -- allowing themselves a  
little smile.

LUCIA  
You're a genius.

WILL  
I don't know about that, but I  
sure seem to have this asshole's  
number.

Gorman moves quickly to a parked CAR. He breaks a window with  
his elbow -- hot wires the ignition and peels away from the  
curb.

Lucia pulls out and follows -- maintaining a safe distance.

136 INT. SAME - LATER

136

Lucia and Will follow Gorman's car through the near-empty  
Madrid streets...

136A EXT. MADRID STREET - NIGHT

136A

Gorman pulls over and gets out. He approaches Carrack at her  
car. They start to briefly argue. Then they get into her car  
and pull out. Will and Lucia follow.



This is THE EXCHANGE.

WILL'S POV: Silent shadows (Mossad) appearing along the garage walls, shadows into shadows.

Suddenly Zahir appears alongside Will gesturing for silence.

ZAHIR

(hushed)

Crawl back out of here now. It's going to be bad.

WILL'S POV: One of the men pops open a case and rests it on the trunk of a car. Gorman goes to the case and removes a THICK BANDED STACK OF CASH. It is just one of many such stacks in the case. Gorman looks at Carrack -- grinning.

WILL

No.

ZAHIR

Leave or I'll have you dragged out.

Carrack then reaches into the trunk of the Alfa Romeo and removes a suitcase -- THE SUITCASE. She pops it open and reveals the contents to the two other men.

WILL

Tell me where my family is or I'm not going anywhere.

The buyers nod their approval and Carrack closes the suitcase and hands it to one of the men.

ZAHIR

Listen to me, you goddamned kid...

WILL

They mean nothing to you. You can burn them in a heartbeat.

(too loud)

So you *tell* me!

At the sound of Will's raised voice, the buyers and rogue agents perk up like deer.

ZAHIR

*Harah [shit]...*

And in an instant a full scale firefight commences. Mossad agents, machine pistols extended, spring out of the shadows; the garage lighting up, filling with flash and smoke.

Zahir advances past Will, takes out one of the buyers then catches a round in his shoulder which puts him on his back.



145 He approaches Gorman's car which has crumpled like a used 145  
sheet of tin foil. And there, sitting on the passenger  
seat, next to a dying Gorman is THE SUITCASE.

GORMAN  
(disgusted, last  
gasps, bleeding out)  
Of all the people who should've  
killed me...

Will watches dispassionately as the light goes out of  
Gorman's eyes, then reaches for the suitcase.

But just as he does, he hears gunshots again, and the rising  
grind of another car coming up from below.

Leaving the suitcase, he races back towards Lucia and they  
both take cover on the far side of the battered Mossad car as  
Carrack (unseen to them) roars up from below.

ANGLE - CARRACK. Gun drawn, she gets out of her car,  
approaches Gorman, takes the suitcase, regarding him for a  
sad moment, then splits.

ANGLE - WILL AND LUCIA maintaining their viewless cover on  
the far side of the Mossad car.

Suddenly they hear the screech of tires, look up and see  
Carrack tearing out of there with the suitcase.

Will jumps up and starts firing but Carrack's car turns out  
of sight.

LUCIA  
The car.

They race to their own car, Will driving.

146 **EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS** 146

Carrack exits the garage without a scratch and oblivious to  
Will on her tail. Drives off.

A beat later Will comes roaring up and nearly gets into a  
head-on with a speeding car.

LUCIA  
JESUS!

DRIVER  
*Loco cabron!*

WILL  
Yeah, thanks, thank you.

Roaring off.









WILL'S POV - Carrack slightly ahead. He can see her eyes in her rearview. She's smiling.

Just as he accelerates, she suddenly slows and now he's moving past her.

WILL

What the hell?

And then he gets it as his rear window gets shot out.

She just wanted him to pass in front of her to present a target.

Will fights to keep control of the car as more bullets home in.

WILL'S POV - A parked car. They slam into it. They're stuck.

Carrack takes off.

Will frantically rocks the car forward and reverse until it comes free.

They resume the hunt.

175      **INT. CARRACK'S CAR - 5 MINUTES LATER**      175

As she drives, calm but alert, she constantly checks her rearview mirror.

176      **INT. WILL'S CAR - SAME**      176

On the prowl. Where'd she go?

179      **EXT. BIG INTERSECTION - 5 MINUTES LATER**      179

Carrack gets to a red light behind a waiting car.

Another car pulls up directly behind her. She's boxed in.

179      **INT. WILL'S CAR. APPROACHING INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS**      179

LUCIA'S POV: She sees Carrack trapped.

LUCIA

Eso!

WILL

Yes.

He accelerates towards Carrack.

CARRACK'S POV - Will's car. Coming at her.



WILL'S POV: Carrack's car just about disappearing into the distance.

ANGLE - CROWD AROUND THE SHOT DRIVER

It's a madhouse of people jabbering and wailing. Suddenly the dead man's car peels out.

183      **INT. DEAD MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

183

Lucia is now driving, Will, his arm possibly broken, in the shotgun seat.

For the first time, Will takes out his gun.

They troll the narrow streets. Nothing. No one. Nobody.

And then, just as they're getting lulled by the silence, they come to a tiny intersection and almost go directly by Carrack's car which has been eerily quietly sitting there as if waiting for them to cross her path.

Both Will and Carrack start firing simultaneously.

Lucia floors it. Carrack pulls in behind them, the bullets continue to fly, but now the roles are reversed; the pursued has become the pursuer.

ON CARRACK - Roaring curses as she blasts away.

Both cars tear up the narrow street then fan out, TRY TO FAN OUT, as the street abruptly opens up into a massive plaza outside of a bullfight arena.

The chaos again, is maddening. Bullets and screaming, pedestrians going down.

184      **INT. WILL'S CAR**

184

As Lucia desperately tries to avoid hitting anyone, Will draws a bead on Carrack's car which is still dogging them. He fires.

CLOSE ON - CARRACK'S FRONT TIRE, blown out.

ON CARRACK - as she realizes that she's lost control of the car.

185      **EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS**

185

As Carrack's car skids across the plaza then flips, sliding to a halt at the verge of subway entrance stairs.

CLOSE ON - WILL and LUCIA, riveted by the accident, their heads turned back as they drive, then..

WILL'S POV - Turning his head forward to see, too late, the vehicle stopped in front of them.

WILL

Lucia!

IMPACT.

The car soaring up, then coming down on its roof.

Only the screams of the pedestrians are heard, both cars silent, then...

CLOSE ON - CARRACK'S CAR, upended, teetering like a turtle shell on the lip of the subway stairs.

A crumpled door is forced open from the inside.

Carrack, injured and bloody, crawls out, the suitcase in one hand, her gun in the other.

No one approaches her as she struggles to her feet.

186

**INT. WILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

186

In the wreckage Will is conscious -- shaken and bruised, but not hurt seriously. Turning to Lucia, he sees:

That she is hurt: UNCONSCIOUS and BLEEDING badly.

WILL

Lucia... Lucia.

The SHUFFLING OF FEET catches Will's attention.

WILL'S POV: Carrack, limping towards him, her face a murder mask.

Behind her, her car finally slides down the subway stairs.

WILL'S POV: On the other side of Lucia lies his pistol.

He lunges for it. No dice. Lunges again. And again.

He whips around to see...

Carrack at his window. She raises her gun.

CARRACK

You little fucking nobody... Do you have any idea the shit I've done for my country?

(raising the automatic)

Do you have any idea how much they owe me?

Will glares at her, refusing to cower.

And then she seems to come to a state of repose, slowly lowering the gun as if distracted.

And then she looks down to see that her gut is a slow blooming bloodrose.

She drops to her knees, Zahir's gun still smoking behind her.

Then Will's door is flung open and he's pulled from the car. He doesn't recognize any of the half dozen men surrounding him, but he's too weak and exhausted to resist as he's dragged into the backseat of an SUV.

186A **INT/EXT. SECOND SUV**

186A

Through the backseat window, Will sees Zahir (arm in a sling) hand off the suitcase to three other Mossad agents who jump into this second car and immediately take off for parts unknown.

187 **INT. WILL'S SUV**

187

Then Zahir slides into the front and the SUV, driven by Esmael, accelerates away from the scene.

WILL

My sister! She's hurt back there!

ZAHIR

Relax, she's halfway to the hospital.

WILL

My family.

ZAHIR

We're going to them now.

The SUV zips through the streets. Esmael says something.

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

(translating)

He says you should get a job driving in the demolition derby.

ZAHIR (CONT'D)

(beat)

You did one hell of a job.

(beat)

Your father, for all the hell he caused us? Would be proud.

ON WILL: this throwaway compliment; he'll never forget it.



Will hugs his mother.

LAURIE (CONT'D)  
(brokenly)  
Your father...

WILL  
I know.

Then his brother, and Dara. More tears, of joy, of loss.

191

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

191

Will and his mother sit at a small table near a glass window overlooking Madrid. Will's scrapes and cuts have scabbed over; healing has begun. They are both quiet. Somber.

LAURIE  
The Embassy says your dad's name should be cleared soon, they just can't say when. Same for the criminal charges against you. It's just some red tape. Then we can all go back...

WILL  
Go back...

LAURIE  
Yes, go home and...

WILL  
Mom...  
(swallowing)  
My company went under three weeks ago. I fought like hell but we were just too small and the recovery was too slow.

LAURIE  
And so all those calls this week...

WILL  
Looking for work.

LAURIE  
That's what we thought.

WILL  
You knew?  
(beat)  
Of course you did. Dad was a spy.

LAURIE  
Dad was dad.

Laurie reaches out and takes his hand.

WILL

But why didn't anybody say  
anything to me?

LAURIE

Because your father understood how  
he made you feel sometimes and  
didn't want to add to your pain...  
He loved you, Will. More than you  
know...

WILL

I loved him too. Do you think he  
knew that?

LAURIE

(smiling)  
What do you think?

WILL

(beat)  
How long did you know about Lucia?

LAURIE

For years. As he might have told  
you... We had no secrets from each  
other... painful as they might  
have been.

(beat)

The irony is? He was going to  
introduce Lucia to us all at the  
end of the trip.

GO WIDE to reveal that they're in a HOSPITAL CAFETERIA.

191A

**INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - 15 MINUTES LATER**

191A

Will approaching a phone bank.

ON WILL, as he lifts the receiver.

A hand behind him casually kills the dialtone.

Will turns to see he's surrounded by three hard American  
faces.

Maybe there's more to Carrack and company than just Carrack  
and company.

He's hustled to a waiting service elevator manned by a fourth  
hard guy.

191B      **EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTAB. SHOT**      191B

Will silently hustled along.

191C      **INT. FEATURELESS HOSPITAL OFFICE**      191C

Fluorescent lighting, scuffed walls, minimal cheap furniture.  
The door opens, and Will is escorted inside.

BANDLER (O.S.)  
Have a seat there, Will.

Will sits to face a man in his forties, jacket and tie, eyes like chips of coal set into the face of an ex-SEAL.

BANDLER (CONT'D)  
My name's Mike Bandler, I'm with the Agency. The treason charges against your father have been dropped as of this morning.

WILL  
(wary)  
OK... Good.

BANDLER  
And as far as your own situation with the courts?  
(he flips Will his passport)  
Your lawyer was a piker.

WILL  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
So I'm free to leave the country?

BANDLER  
Oh sure. Whenever. By the way, that big job interview you set up back in San Francisco for Thursday? Don't sweat it, the company's declaring bankruptcy next week.  
(beat)  
Sound familiar?

ON WILL - darkening.

BANDLER (CONT'D)  
On the other hand, now might be a good time for you to consider a whole new line of work.

WILL  
What kind of work?

BANDLER

You handled yourself pretty well out there for a kid who doesn't know shit. I have to tell you I was impressed.

WILL

What kind of work.

BANDLER

Ever consider government service?

WILL

Can I ask you something?

BANDLER

Shoot.

WILL

That suitcase?  
(beat)  
What the hell was in it?

Bandler just stares. The three other hard boys just stare...

BANDLER

There's only one way I can answer that.

WILL

Yeah? What's that?

BANDLER

Take the job.

WILL

(beat)  
I need to see my family now.

Bandler nods, gestures toward the door.

192      **INT. MADRID HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - 15 MINUTES LATER**      192

Will walks with Josh and Dara down a brightly lit corridor. He stops at one of the many doors that line the walls and looks in through the window:

193      **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**      193

POV: LUCIA is dressed in a hospital gown standing by the window. Sitting in a chair nearby is Laurie, who is saying something that makes Lucia smile.

They're working on it.

194

JOSH

194

A sister. Damn. Everybody into the  
gene pool.

(beat)

You told her about me, right?

WILL

You know something? I forgot.

JOSH

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

WILL

So? I'll do the intros now.

Will begins to steer Josh into the room.

Dara stays put. Will extends his hand to her to join them.

The three of them enter.

Through the glass we watch Will make the introductions.

Martin's family is finally whole.

194A

**OMITTED**

194A

194B

**OMITTED**

194B

195

OMITTED

195

196

OMITTED

196

197

**OMITTED**

197

**END**