

THE GRAY MAN

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Based on the novel by
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EXT. DESERT - DAY

Blinding white light... the sun high over an endless windswept plain.

In the distance, through shimmering heat, a roiling cloud of dust approaches - a CONVOY OF VEHICLES.

They are the ubiquitous flatbed Toyotas of insurgents everywhere, crammed with militants waving black flags inscribed with the Arabic shahada.

INT. TOYOTA - MOVING - DAY

Six FEMALE PRISONERS in orange jumpsuits, hands zip-tied and faces covered by niqabs, kneel under militant guard, bound for a predictable fate.

Only one of them betrays no fear. Her eyes are very different from the dark, scared eyes of the other women. Hers are blue and uncommonly piercing. Or calculating.

As she stares calmly at a particular guard, he yells in Arabic to look away. When she doesn't, he cracks her in the face with his AK47.

She raises her head and continues to stare. It's unnerving.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

As the convoy speeds towards a bombed-out MIDDLE EASTERN TOWN in the distance...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The Toyota pulls into a fortified compound where MILITANTS are unloading long MILITARY CASES from a truck.

A militant opens one of the cases. Inside: an FIM-92 STINGER MISSILE LAUNCHER, a man-portable antiaircraft weapon.

The Toyota pulls up. As the prisoners are dragged out and pushed, stumbling, through dust, towards a low building:

MILITANT
(in Arabic, re: prisoners)
I was told five.

Their guard shrugs. Now it's six. As the militants herd the prisoners into the building...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The prisoners are led down a flight of steps to a terrible hallway, past a room where a PRISONER is being whipped with electric cable.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Shoved into a reeking concrete room, the prisoners are ordered in Arabic to sit. As one begins to sob quietly another, older woman comforts her.

The militants are distracted - just long enough for blue eyes to work her bound hands along the backs of her legs and slip her feet through her restraints.

Before either guard can react, she stands and in one fluid move drives her elbow into the nearest man's jaw, breaking it. She kicks the next man in the legs, sending him to his knees. Looping her hands over his head, she yanks them together and twists, breaking his neck with a quiet snap.

It has been seconds. The women stare, wide-eyed, as she slips off her restraints, unwraps her niqab and strips off the jumpsuit to a vest and fatigues - her body a lethally efficient piece of machinery.

This is COURT GENTRY.

She finds the guard's sidearms, checks the magazine, kicks one to the older woman.

COURT
Go. Get out of here.

As the women hesitate...

COURT (CONT'D)
Save yourselves. Go.

The older woman picks up the pistol, looks at her.

PRISONER
(in Arabic)
...Who are you?

Court doesn't say, already leaving the room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Moving past the torture room, Court glances in briefly - but doesn't intervene. She has another objective.

As she moves out of frame we HOLD on the room, the prisoner being lashed... until, a moment later, Court reappears and slips inside. We STAY OUTSIDE as the guard gets in precisely one more lash, before a shadow behind him moves, a blow is heard, and the guard crumples to the floor.

As Court now cuts the bewildered prisoner down:

COURT
(low, urgent, in Arabic)
Which way to the main house?

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Court peers out a door, ducks back as militants walk past, then darts to an adjacent building. She scales the wall.

EXT. COURTYARD HOUSE - DAY

An internal courtyard, an oasis of mosaic tiles, climbing jasmine and rose.

Seated on a shaded dais is a Saudi businessman - KHALID - the guest of a militant CLERIC, a pleasant-faced murderer in dulband and spectacles.

They're served tea by a YOUNG ARAB GIRL, her hands shaking as she pours for them. As she spills tea on his suit, Khalid catches her wrist angrily.

CLERIC
(in Arabic)
The pretty ones we forgive their
clumsiness. And she is pretty, is
she not?

Terrified, the girl shrinks away as Khalid releases her.

KHALID
(in Arabic)
I have no need of a concubine.

CLERIC
(in Arabic)
She's not a concubine.

He smiles and sets a pistol down on the table between them.

CLERIC (CONT'D)
(in Arabic)
She's a test.

EXT. COURTYARD HOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

Court moves to a low wall overlooking the courtyard. Below she can see a MILITANT holding the terrified girl while Khalid and his two BODYGUARDS look on. Court brings up her pistol and draws a bead on... KHALID.

Just then the Cleric loses patience, grabs the pistol and rises to push the girl to her knees in front of Khalid... the Cleric now blocking Court's shot.

CLERIC

(in Arabic)

We are grateful for your support.
But we have questions about your
loyalty. This is how you answer
them.

As he forces the gun into Khalid's hand, Court - waiting for a clear shot - hears gunfire behind her...

EXT. COMPOUND - SAME TIME

Militants fire at the escaping female prisoners. The older woman fires back, killing a militant on the run.

EXT. COURTYARD HOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Court focuses on her target, silently urging the Cleric to *get the hell out of the way* as:

Khalid and his bodyguards react with alarm to the sound of gunfire, the Cleric insistent -

CLERIC

(in Arabic)

There will be no more business
between us! Not until you do it!

Khalid - *fuck it* - presses the gun to the girl's forehead. As she prays and the Cleric looks on, still preventing Court from getting a clear shot:

Court (hearing shouts in Arabic) makes a split-second strategic decision. She fires at the Cleric, dropping him with two rounds - a double-tap - before squeezing off a third shot that wings Khalid and sends him spinning to the ground.

Instantly, the bodyguards respond. One unlimbers his HK, spraying the rooftop while the second drags Khalid to his feet and out of the courtyard.

BODYGUARD
Assassin! Assassin!

Court drops back as masonry erupts around her.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Khalid's bodyguards bundle him into a Range Rover, tearing out of the compound.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

From the roof Court watches the Range Rover pull out of the compound. Thinking fast she stows her gun and rips strips of cloth from the niqab she wore earlier, wrapping her hands like a boxer before a fight.

A door bangs open behind her. Militants spill out and open fire. Court fires back, driving them into cover, then sprints to the edge of the roof and vaults over it as bullets rake the wall behind her.

Dropping onto a lower roof, Court heads for the compound's high perimeter wall, its top embedded with broken glass.

She leaps the narrow gap between building and wall and hauls herself over, the wraps on her hands protecting her from the worst effects of the glass.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Landing in the street behind the compound, Court catches sight of the Range Rover. She hears an engine roar behind her and turns to see:

There's a TOYOTA FULL OF JIHADIS coming right at her. Without hesitating, she runs towards it, pulling her pistol. She fires into the cabin, spiderwebbing the windshield and killing the driver. In a breathtaking show of agility, she leaps onto the hood of the advancing car, springs over the heads of the startled militants, and dives off the back into a knee-breaking combat roll.

Coming up from the roll, she turns to watch the Toyota careen into a building, spilling jihadists.

A civilian on a MOTORBIKE swerves around the crash. Court faces him like a matador and clotheslines him off the bike.

As she now leaps onto the bike and tears off after the Range Rover...

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - DAY

In the back, a wounded Khalid nervously checks the windows.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Court weaves down crowded side streets, narrowly avoiding bystanders and catching intermittent glimpses of the Range Rover on a busy main thoroughfare.

As she speeds up, the dirt bike's engine straining, a jihadist Toyota bounces out of a side road in front of her. Lightning fast, Court cuts around it, heading for a narrow alleyway up ahead.

She takes the turn at speed, the Toyota slamming to a stop behind her, unable to fit.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

The Range Rover speeds through a busy square, scattering shoppers, market vendors and pedestrians.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - DAY

Clutching his shoulder, Khalid sees a sign up ahead, directing them (in Arabic) to a bridge. They're home free. Then, he reacts as he sees the motorbike burst out of an alley ahead of them.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Hurtling into the flow of traffic, Court tacks around a parked TAXI, the over-matched bike engine straining to keep up with the powerful Range Rover.

She comes alongside and fires left-handed at the driver.

The Range Rover swerves, forcing her into the oncoming traffic. Court hits the brakes, squeezing through the gap and barely avoiding a head-on collision with a truck coming the other way.

She accelerates, following the Range Rover as it takes the exit for the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Range Rover comes across a long bridge spanning the slow-moving river, sections damaged during recent air strikes.

Court roars onto the bridge, chasing the Range Rover. As it slows to avoid a bombed-out section of bridge, she comes up on the SUV's inside. The Range Rover swerves again, trying to crush her against the railing. Court pulls ahead so that now they're chasing her -

She weaves as a bodyguard fires his HK from the passenger side, keeping just in front of the SUV as if encouraging it to try and hit her.

The driver takes the bait, accelerating and clipping her rear wheel, nearly toppling her from the bike. Court speeds up as the Range Rover bears down, then veers sharply to one side, leaving the Range Rover heading straight for a yawning gap in the tarmac -

The driver slams on the brakes and swerves wildly but it's too late. The Range Rover somersaults over a dividing wall and flips onto its roof.

Court circles back, drops the bike. She pulls her pistol as she walks back to the Range Rover.

Inside, both bodyguards are dead. Khalid hangs upside down, suspended by his seat belt. As he gropes for a gun dropped by one of the contractors:

He sees Court stride towards him, backlit in the glaring sun.

As she comes closer her features resolve and recognition dawns in Khalid's eyes, followed swiftly by confusion and finally... fear.

KHALID

But... you're dead. You're *dead*.

He's wrong; she's very much alive. As she raises her pistol:

EXT. MARINA - SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

The call of gulls, the lap of ocean.

TITLE: SOUTH CAROLINA - SIX MONTHS EARLIER

RAY HOWARD, late-60s, walks along the main dock, past fishing and sailboats. In shirtsleeves and carrying his suit coat, he's clearly not local.

He stops to ask for directions, and is pointed in the direction of a forty-foot houseboat: THE PAINTED LADY.

ANGLE ON THE PAINTED LADY

In the cockpit, backlit against the aqua sky, a woman turns and shields her eyes against the glare to watch him approach.

She's sun-bleached and tan in faded denim cutoffs... but it's Court. Her expression says she's not too happy to see him.

HOWARD
(smiles)
You're a hard woman to track down.

EXT. THE PAINTED LADY - DECK - LATER

Court brings ice tea out to Howard, sitting on deck. Boats coming in and out b.g.

HOWARD
You look good.

COURT
I am good.

HOWARD
Healthy. Happy.

COURT
I am.

HOWARD
Jim?

COURT
He's good, too. Ask him.

They obviously know each other well, but there's a tension between them. As if she knows why he's here, but is waiting for him to say it.

HOWARD
I wouldn't come down here, but you're the best operator I ever worked with. In or out of the service.

COURT
Save it. I'm retired, Ray. We both are.

He smiles at that, then brings out a photograph from a pocket and sets it face down on the table between them.

HOWARD

It's a private contract. The money's good. Her husband's a rich man.

COURT

I don't need the money.

HOWARD

That's not what I heard. Why don't you discuss it with Jim?

COURT

Because I know what he'll say. He'll say it's up to me.

(then)

I'm not a killer. Not any more.

HOWARD

It's not a kill/capture. It's a search-and-rescue. And before you tell me to use one of my meat-puppets, I need a softer profile.

COURT

A woman.

HOWARD

There's nobody else like you on the circuit. Believe me, I've looked.

He smiles again, noticing her glance fall on the photograph - sensing it pull at her.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Her name is Annabel Chavez. She's being held by the FARC in Columbia.

COURT

Senator Chavez?

HOWARD

The government won't negotiate, but her husband wants her back. Her country needs her back.

COURT

Don't try and play me. It won't work.

But she reaches for the photo and turns it over.

It's a shot of a handsome and formidable Latin woman and her husband, a kind and intelligent-looking man in glasses.

Howard watches her study the image, feeling her come around to the idea. He drains his ice tea, reaches for his jacket.

COURT (CONT'D)
Stay and eat.

HOWARD
I got to get back to D.C. The two
of you talk it over.

COURT
(looks at him)
Is this a government op?

HOWARD
No. They can't trust the
government. Theirs or ours. The
husband came to me because I'm
private now. That's where the
money is.
(she returns the photo)
Talk to Cahill. Let me know what
he says.

They look along the marina. At the far end of the dock, JIM CAHILL - forties, lean and tanned - is coming down off a fishing boat with a party of tourists. Cahill spots them and waves to them.

COURT
(looks at Howard)
You already spoke to him didn't
you?

INT. THE PAINTED LADY - SALON - NIGHT

The cabin is humble but cosy. A few photographs and souvenirs, among them a shot of them both in fatigues with Howard and a SEAL TEAM.

CAHILL (O.S.)
He called me at the boatyard, asked
if you'd be interested.

Court and Cahill are doing the dishes in the cramped galley. She washes, he dries. They are relaxed and intimate with each other - a couple for some time, partners for far longer.

COURT
And you told him yes.

CAHILL
You know I'd never make a decision
like this without you.

COURT
I think you already have and you're
waiting for me to agree with you.

CAHILL
All right. If I was, would you?

COURT
(a beat)
You asshole.

She said it lightly, but there's an edge to it. He follows
her up into the salon.

CAHILL
We could buy our own boat. Stop
paying rent on this piece of junk.

COURT
I like this boat. I thought you
liked this boat.

CAHILL
We could run our own trips. Maybe
open a dive shop. Hey -

He catches her in his arms, turns her face to his.

CAHILL (CONT'D)
We ran ops like this in our sleep.
It's not like you to get scared.

COURT
I'm not. I just... like things the
way they are.

CAHILL
(smiles)
So do I.

He kisses her softly, pulls her down to a bench.

CAHILL (CONT'D)
You know what I told him? I told
him it was up to you.

COURT
You better believe it is.

As she kisses him back and they now start to make love...

EXT. AIRFIELD - COLOMBIA - DAY

An isolated rural airstrip surrounded by ragged jungle, high in the mountains of Colombia. Early morning mist shrouds the peaks.

A Blackhawk sits on the tarmac. No lights. No markings.

Loading it are THREE MERCENARIES, ex-Seals, in nondescript fatigues, wraparounds and tattoos - the uniform of private contractors worldwide.

They are VARRICK, big, bearded; RIEGEL, relaxed, genial-looking team leader; and (as he turns from loading ordnance into the helo) -

KHALID - *whom we recognize as the Saudi from the opening.*

They watch as a JEEP bounces onto the airfield. Court and Cahill climb out, carrying duffel bags of kit. Riegel meets them, extends a hand.

RIEGEL
Kurt Riegel.

CAHILL
Jim. You work for Ray Howard at Adelphi?

RIEGEL
When the pay's right.

He offers the hand to Court, who nods but doesn't take it or offer her name.

RIEGEL (CONT'D)
I'll be honest, I was uncomfortable when he told me I'd be working with a woman.

CAHILL
You should be. She's about to show you humps how it's done.

As they carry their kit to the Blackhawk.

RIEGEL
They're holding Chavez in the mountains. We'll drop you, pick you up at the LZ. Things get hot, you're on your own. None of us were ever here.

Cahill nods. Fine. Court is looking off to a row of shacks on the periphery of the airstrip - sees a FIGURE move inside one.

INT. DARK SHACK - AIRFIELD - SAME TIME

A MAN stands at the window, watching the mercenaries out on the airstrip. He has his back to us, but his gold watch and expensive clothes seem out of place in the surroundings. He checks the time.

EXT. AIRFIELD - COLOMBIA - SAME TIME

Court looks back at the shack as the figure moves out of sight. Riegel and Cahill are studying a map.

COURT

Who'd you say was paying for this?

RIEGEL

The husband. We'll pick him up after you're in.

(of the map)

The compound is here. Your cover's Red Cross. They've allowed it and they're expecting you. You grab Chavez and egress here. We'll be with the helo three clicks north at the LZ.

As Court tears her gaze from the shack, trying to concentrate, trying to bury her unease about this...

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

It's raining hard. Lightning scars the sky above thick jungle canopy.

Suddenly from the dense undergrowth, two figures emerge half-dragging and half-carrying a third - a WOMAN. They're streaked in mud, drenched by rain but we see it's Court and Cahill. The woman is half-starved and terrified, but recognizable from her photograph as CHAVEZ.

As they drag her through lush, exotic foliage:

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

The Blackhawk squats in a clearing.

Khalid and Varrick look tense, chewing on their bladder packs as their eyes scan the undergrowth. Only Riegel seems relaxed, calmly swirling his knife on a whetstone. He stops, suddenly alert.

Riegel sheaths the knife and unlimbers his rifle, the others following suit as:

Court and Cahill emerge from the bush with Chavez. As they cross the clearing, another man steps down from the helicopter, the kindly bespectacled HUSBAND from the photo.

Husband and wife fall into each other's arms - tears of surprise, relief, joy...

Court and Cahill hang back, respectful of this private moment. He clasps Court's hand roughly, somewhere between celebration and contest. She grins at him, finally allowing herself to relax.

At that moment, Varrick and Khalid exchange looks then glance to Riegel. He nods.

Varrick and Khalid OPEN FIRE, muzzle-flashes strobing. Chavez and her husband go down, ripped apart. In the same instant:

Riegel drives his knife into Cahill, beneath his body-armor. Still gripping his hand, Court sees his eyes widen in shock.

Before she can react, high-velocity rounds hit her from behind, punching the wind out of her and knocking her to the ground.

Riegel kneels beside her. He looks at her sadly, even regretfully for a moment... then drives the knife into her.

Her cold blue eyes hold his as the life drains from her.

The air fills with the whine of powerful turbines, rotor-wash bending the trees and kicking up vegetation as the BLACKHAWK prepares to lift off.

Khalid and Varrick fire safety rounds into the dead, then join Riegel on board.

Slowly, painfully, Court crawls to where Cahill lies dead. Her bloody hand clasps his.

HER POV. She watches, dying, as the HELO rises above the jungle canopy. As the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of the helo fades in sync with her slowing heartbeat, the sky lit by intermittent flashes of lightning passes from dark - to light - to dark - to light - to - BLACK.

KHALID (V.O.)
You're dead. I watched you die.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUED

As Court raises the pistol at Khalid, hanging upside down in the shattered SUV. He searches her face for any hope of survival.

KHALID
They told me no survivors. I was just doing what they paid me to do.

COURT
Who paid you? Who was behind it?

KHALID
Riegel. I don't know. They tell me who to kill and I do it. Please. You have to believe me...

COURT
(a beat)
I do.

And with that she fires two rounds into him, then a final safety shot. For a second she stands there, letting the satisfaction of it wash over her.

Then, she turns and runs back to the motorbike. In the distance, jihadists are arriving in Toyotas. As she peels out, speeding away from the city:

EXT. CIA - LANGLEY - DAY

Establish the iconic headquarters building.

INT. CIA - PREDATOR BAY - DAY

In a high-tech Predator bay, an OPERATOR and a young COUNTERTERRORISM ANALYST monitor grainy drone-fed aerial footage of the wrecked Range Rover on the bridge and the motorcycle speeding away...

CIA ANALYST
Is this live?

PREDATOR OPERATOR
Affirmative. We have a Reaper hot in the area.

CIA ANALYST
 (processing)
 Shit. Where's Abi?

INT. CIA - DAY

ABIGAIL WHITMAN, a CIA targeting officer and Middle East specialist in her early thirties, carries an herbal tea through the crowded bullpen.

As she arrives at her cubicle the analyst races up and grabs her arm, spilling tea -

WHITMAN
 What the heck, Phil - !?

CIA ANALYST
 (low, urgent)
 Somebody just smoked Khalid.

As Abi stops, stares, then abandons her tea and hurries out with him -

INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A video monitor in a seventh-floor conference room displays grainy magnified UAV footage of the events on the bridge.

WHITMAN (O.S.)
 At a little after 10:30 local time,
 an unknown shooter carried out a
 targeted killing of Omar Khalid in
 Syria.

Whitman is briefing her boss, PAUL RYBACK, Director of the National Clandestine Service. Ryback is a climber, smarter at advancing his career than on operational details - which he leaves to people like Whitman.

RYBACK
 Uh-huh. So what? Let's not cry
 over spilt jihadis.

WHITMAN
 He wasn't with the terrorists, he
 was arming our allies in the
 region.

RYBACK
 (looks at her)
 He was an asset? Why didn't I know
 about this?

WHITMAN

Deniability. We set the whole thing up through the Saudis. We told Riyadh it would be invisible, those are the only terms on which they'd be involved.

RYBACK

Is there going to be blowback?

WHITMAN

The insurgents already released a tape claiming it was a U.S. hit.

RYBACK

Jesus.

WHITMAN

It gets worse. Saudi GID are saying it was us, too. They want the shooter by the end of the week, or they go public.

He looks at her, then at the footage on screen.

RYBACK

This all we have, a lot of gray blur?

WHITMAN

That's it.

RYBACK

Who is he?

WHITMAN

We don't know. Mossad, London, French Intelligence - they're all denying it.

Ryback watches the footage, the images fuzzy and indistinct.

RYBACK

Find him.

WHITMAN

I'll contact Special Activities Division.

RYBACK

No, you won't.

WHITMAN

Sir?

RYBACK

Our director gets wind of this,
he'll burn the whole department
down. And you're the first person
I'll throw in the flames.

His look to her asks if they're clear on this.

RYBACK (CONT'D)

Go outside the agency. I want it
done quick, clean and quiet. Don't
bring me a name, bring me a body.
I want his head shipped to Riyadh
in a box of dry ice.

Whitman hesitates, aware she's been ordered to carry out an
extrajudicial killing. Ryback watches the drone footage of
Court - a gray blur - shooting Khalid.

RYBACK (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this guy?

She weighs her decision... then commits:

WHITMAN

The question is where.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ESTABLISHING

The city on the Bosphorus, domed mosques and urban sprawl,
the gateway between Europe and Asia.

EXT. ISTANBUL - CROWDED STREET - DAY

As a tramcar passes along Istiklal Avenue, one of the busiest
streets in the world... we FIND Court among the jostling
crowds, her rucksack and baseball cap marking her as just
another tourist.

She watches the life moving all around her, people flirting,
negotiating, hurrying to and fro; checking for tails but
also... just watching.

Court's an outsider, alienated both by profession and nature.

EXT. ISTANBUL - STREET NEAR BAZAAR - DAY

Court buys a prepaid cell phone and a copy of the
International New York Times from a newsstand.

She activates the SIM. Sends a text, one character: "\$"

Without breaking stride, she removes and destroys the SIM underfoot. Dropping the phone in the trash, she rounds a corner and is gone.

EXT. ISTANBUL - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Court steps down off a tramcar, crosses the street to a bank.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

A closed-circuit surveillance camera watches as Court enters the marble lobby below. She passes under another camera as she crosses past armed guards to a desk, where a third camera observes her exchange:

COURT
(Turkish)
I have a safety deposit box.

Borrowing a pen she writes down an account number from memory, passes the slip of paper to the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
(Turkish)
One moment please.

As the receptionist leaves Court discreetly POCKETS THE PEN she'd used, careful to keep the action - and her face - out of view of the cameras.

INT. BANK - SECURITY VAULT - DAY

Court is shown into a safety deposit vault, where the MANAGER locates and pulls from one of the drawers lining the walls a steel security box.

The manager sets the security box down on a table provided and leaves. When she's alone Court produces a pair of thin cotton gloves, puts them on then opens the steel box.

Inside: passports in several nationalities, a Glock micro-compact with extra mags, cash in multiple currencies... and one million dollars' worth of uncut DIAMONDS.

Working quickly with gloved hands, she transfers the contents of the box to her rucksack and zips them inside.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Court carries the rucksack out, past the obsequious manager.

MANAGER

(Turkish)

Will you require security today, madam? We're happy to provide a bodyguard.

COURT

(Turkish)

That won't be necessary.

EXT. ISTANBUL - FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Rucksack over her shoulder, baseball cap low over her eyes, Court exits the bank. Turning a corner she TOSSES THE PEN - the one she used without gloves - in the pail of a passing refuse collector.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

A condo over the waterfront.

INT. MIAMI APARTMENT - DAY

In the sleek modern kitchen of a penthouse apartment with wraparound views of the marina, SEAN MARKHAM - 40s - fixes a sandwich at the breakfast bar.

A cell phone rings. Markham puts down the sandwich to take the call. He's dressed well, good suit, expensive tie. But, oddly, he's wearing gloves.

WHITMAN (V.O.)

Sean Markham?

MARKHAM

Yeah.

WHITMAN (V.O.)

My name is Abigail Whitman. I'm a colleague of Paul Ryback's. He suggested I get in touch.

MARKHAM

Uh-huh.

Noticing movement out the corner of his eye, Markham steps around the counter to investigate.

WHITMAN (V.O.)
I'd like to speak to you about a
private matter. How soon could you
be in Washington?

MARKHAM
I can be there tonight. I got a
couple loose ends to tie up first.

WHITMAN (V.O.)
You know the Mayflower Hotel on
Connecticut Avenue?

MARKHAM
I'll find it. Eight o'clock?

WHITMAN (V.O.)
Fine. I'll know who you are.

The call cuts off. As Markham crosses the living area he
steps over the BODY of a man in sweatpants, careful not to
get blood on his shoes.

Ahead of him a WOMAN in a bloody sundress crawls across the
floor, moaning, terrified.

Markham puts away his cell phone, calmly takes out a silenced
micro compact and shoots her.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Whitman follows the Maitre D' past elegant diners in the
hushed restaurant to the table where Markham is eating,
having already ordered. As Markham spots her, grins, stands
graciously while she sits -

MARKHAM (V.O.)
You don't look like a spook, Miss
Whitman.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATER

They've finished dinner. Or Markham has. Whitman drinks
water.

WHITMAN
(indulging him)
Too young?

MARKHAM
Too pretty.

WHITMAN

Well... not looking like a spy is kind of the point.

MARKHAM

(smiles)

What can I help you with?

WHITMAN

It's a straightforward search and destroy. A little over thirty-six hours ago, an unknown assassin took out a CIA asset by the name of Omar Khalid.

MARKHAM

And you want me to find him.

WHITMAN

Bagged and tagged and nothing to do with the agency.

MARKHAM

That's all you got?

WHITMAN

No that's not all. But it's need to know. And right now I need to know if you're the right the man for this.

MARKHAM

(smiles, then)

If it was a contract there's gonna be a money trail.

WHITMAN

(don't patronize me)

We're working on it.

MARKHAM

Look for diamonds.

WHITMAN

Excuse me?

MARKHAM

Your shooter's going to stay off the grid. He'll want something high-value, anonymous and easily transportable. In Sierra Leone we used diamonds.

Whitman considers him, realizing: this makes excellent sense.

WHITMAN

So you'll take care of it?

MARKHAM

I'll give you two weeks at my usual fee. But the minute I put a team in play the meter starts running.

He grins at her. Whitman regards him a moment, then stands and hands him a business card.

WHITMAN

You've got one week. You can reach me on that number.

She walks out. Markham admires her ass as she goes, picks up the card and examines it.

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

A flophouse room. Evening prayer drifts through the window, with its so-called view of an alley. Court lets herself in, locks the door.

TIME CUT as she rolls back a threadbare rug, jimmies a loose floorboard and exhumes a metal LOCK BOX. Inside: passports in several nationalities, a Glock micro-compact with extra mags, and cash in multiple currencies. She puts the diamonds inside, takes out a set of DOG TAGS.

ANGLE ON THE TAGS

Military dog tags, US Navy, Cahill's name, rank and serial number engraved there.

She closes them in her fist, shuts her eyes.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - THE PAST

And we are suddenly back in the clearing. The storm has past. Rainwater drips from the trees. The bodies lie where they fell - a tableau.

Until one of the corpses lurches up, gasping for air - Court.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - LATER

Two fresh graves have been dug in the jungle floor. Court, sweating and bleeding through crude bandages, drags Cahill's body to a third.

She lowers him into the earth and sits to catch her breath, gripping his lifeless hand in hers.

ANGLE ON COURT

Sitting there beside the open grave, holding Cahill's hand.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - DAYS LATER

As villagers gather outside simple huts, dogs barking and chickens roaming, to watch the arrival of a curious visitor - Court.

They watch her hobble through the village, until, sun-burned and weakened from dehydration and blood loss, she collapses.

At first nobody approaches or offers to help... then an ELDERLY WOMAN pushes through a knot of gawkers and checks to see if she's alive.

EXT. HOWARD HOME - VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A Tudor mansion in an exclusive enclave of McLean.

INT. HOWARD HOME - NIGHT

Drifting through the darkened house filled with shadow and silence - except for a stertorous BREATHING.

Following the BREATHING, we climb a staircase past expensive art and photographs of Howard from his military days, alongside more recent shots of him shaking hands with senators and congressmen.

Approaching a bedroom the BREATHING SUDDENLY STOPS as:

INT. HOWARD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howard's eyes open as he wakes to find a knife pressed to his throat. He turns, carefully, to see Court crouched by his bed, his relief tempered by fear for his life.

HOWARD
You're alive.

COURT
You're surprised?

HOWARD
They told me you and Jim... you
never made it out.

COURT
(controlled)
He didn't.

HOWARD
I'm sorry.
(then)
They said the mission was
compromised, you never made it out
with Chavez.

COURT
They lied.

HOWARD
What?

COURT
You have thirty seconds to save
your life.

HOWARD
You think I set you up?
(she doesn't say, just
presses harder with the
knife)
You were eighteen when I scraped
you off that parking lot, gave you
the money to make bail. You've
known me half your life. The day
you graduated Harvey Point was the
proudest day in *mine*. If you think
I'd sell you out, then go ahead and
cut my throat.

They hold their look to each other; Court lowers the knife.

COURT
Somebody was there at the airstrip.

HOWARD
I'll look into it.

COURT
And I need funds.

HOWARD
What for?

She just looks at him; he knows what for.

COURT
The operators you used -

HOWARD
Kurt Riegel, Tony Varrick, Omar
Khalid.

COURT
- I want to know where they are.

He knows what she's asking, nods he'll help. But warns her:

HOWARD
You go kicking over rocks,
something nasty's liable to crawl
out and bite you in the ass.

COURT
Let me worry about that. Just send
me what I need to know.

And the sound of the muezzin takes us back to:

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Court sits at the broken table, contemplating the dog tags another moment. Then, she opens the New York Times she bought to the classified section, locating a particular ad.

"NEED MONEY FAST? LEGARA-PEARCE LOAN COMPANY IS THE ANSWER! Any hope you have of a healthy end of year nest-egg, zip on over to the Legara Pearce LoanCo. Execs are here ready nesting for you!"

Working quickly from a memorized cryptography key, she circles certain letters in the ad - decoding a shift cypher.

She jots something down on a notepad, selects a Dutch passport with her photo and carries it into the bathroom.

On the notepad, one word: HOHENZOLLERN. A number: 2/3/2131.

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL BATHROOM - LATER

The passport propped open on the sink, Court dyes her hair with peroxide to match the photo. Leaving the treatment in to work, she then grabs a BOX OF CONDOMS.

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

She sits at the table, spills the diamonds onto the newspaper and bites the foil off one of the contraceptives.

As she now begins filling the condom with the diamonds...

EXT. A BUILDING IN MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - DAY

A sleek executive office building, an anonymous corporate headquarters.

INT. A.E.S. BUILDING - DAY

Glass doors etched with *Adelphi Executive Solutions, Dubai, Lagos, London, Washington D.C.* skew as Markham pushes through from reception.

Behind glass on a headset in his office, the company's founder and CEO - Howard - signals he needs two minutes.

While he waits, Markham surveys the blandly elegant suite of offices staffed by young Ivy Leaguers. He checks out the pretty receptionist, and, caught at it, smiles magnificently.

HOWARD (V.O.)

How's it going, Sean? I heard you got your own company now.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Howard shows Markham in, sits on a sofa across the coffee table from him.

MARKHAM

Yeah, I'm doing okay. You?

HOWARD

Same old, same old. What's up, you drop by to steal my contracts?

MARKHAM

No, I'm here on behalf of a friend.

HOWARD

Our friends at Langley?

Markham just smiles, takes in the wall of photographs, citations and awards from Howard's wide-reaching military career.

MARKHAM
Omar Khalid. You know him?

HOWARD
Should I?

MARKHAM
Ex-Seal turned contractor, couple
tours in Iraq.

HOWARD
It's not ringing any bells.

MARKHAM
He recently graduated to running
Stingers to whichever ragheads are
on our side now.

HOWARD
Good for him.

MARKHAM
No doubt. Until he got his head
blown off down there by parties
unknown.

HOWARD
What does this have to do with me?

MARKHAM
Well, that's what we're here to
find out.
(then)
I know you know him, Ray. He was
on your books until six months ago,
when you dropped him and severed
all contact. What I want to know
is *why*, and how come you're
protecting whoever it was who
killed him.

The temperature drops several degrees. Outwardly Howard
remains calm, even amused.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)
Something funny?

HOWARD
I just remembered why I never hired
you.

MARKHAM
Yeah?

HOWARD

A situation calls for a scalpel,
you bring a chainsaw.

They regard each other a beat.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Here's how it works. You come back
with a subpoena from the U.S.
Attorney and I'll turn over my
records. Until then, we got
nothing to talk about.

Markham smiles, stands to leave.

MARKHAM

Good to see you again. I'll be in
touch.

Howard sits there until he's gone, looks out the window; he
looks disturbed.

INT. A.E.S. BUILDING - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

As Markham crosses to his recent-model BMW his cell phone
chirps. He answers.

WHITMAN (V.O.)

You were right. Howard bought
three million in uncut diamonds.

INT. CIA - DAY

Abi with a CIA TECH at a monitor displaying the location of
the bank in Istanbul.

WHITMAN

They're in a bank in Istanbul.

MARKHAM (V.O.)

That's only a day's drive from the
border. If our shooter picked up,
he did it recently.

WHITMAN

We're pulling CCTV and account
details now.

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL ROOM - SUNRISE

The sound of DAWN PRAYER from a nearby mosque.

Routine exfil. Court - blonde, smartly dressed, in gloves - clears the apartment, wiping down the room as she goes.

She drops the newspaper and notepad in a wastebasket. Carries it into the bathroom. Sets it down in the shower stall. Lights a match and torches the contents. Her unused passports go in the flames.

The gun is stripped down. Separated into six or seven innocuous pieces of blued steel.

She checks the Dutch passport which identifies her as *Anneke Meyer*, born 1980 in Utrecht. She slips it into her elegant carry on bag, takes a last look around the room, and leaves.

EXT. ISTANBUL - A STREET ON THE WATERFRONT - EARLY MORNING

Traders are setting up for the day. Court walks along the Bosphorus... and discreetly drops the pieces of the gun in the river. As she now crosses the street and hails a TAXI:

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE SUITE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

A MONITOR -

showing closed-circuit footage of Court entering the bank, approaching the receptionist.

WHITMAN (O.S.)

There... rucksack and Dodgers cap.

REVEAL: Abi and BAYLISS - an aide - at the monitor. They watch Court write down her account number, *her face deliberately obscured by her cap and never quite in view.*

BAYLISS

Not your usual customer. What do you think, accomplice?

WHITMAN

She used a pen, can we get the pen?

CIA TECH

(at another screen)

We got her leaving.

On another MONITOR: a high-angle over the street where *Court now tosses the pen in the trash.*

Bayliss and Whitman exchange a look. There goes the pen.

WHITMAN

Okay, what is she, about five-six?
Weight one-fifteen, one-twenty max?
Pull the best frames and send it
out to Turkish NIA. Every Istanbul
outbound. Do not detain. Maybe
she'll lead us to our shooter.

And from a close frame of Court in the bank - face obscured -

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

That same face, only blonde, in a passport photo. A female Turkish PASSPORT OFFICIAL looks from the image in the Dutch passport to the woman standing before her. She gestures for Court to remove her sunglasses.

Court does. There's still a livid bruise from the rifle butt she took to the head in Syria. As the passport official eyes it warily...

COURT

(a shrug of weary
resignation)

Men.

Meaning the way she says it, "what can you do?" The official offers her a half-smile in sympathy and returns her passport, waves her through.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Turkish AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS AND POLICE are drinking coffee and chatting in a back room of the airport.

A heavysset TURKISH DETECTIVE notices an image pop up on screen - sent from the Turkish National Intelligence Organization: An enlarged frame of Court from the bank, her face partially obscured. Below it, her scant vital statistics.

Laser printer. The guy hits a button and Court's image starts printing out - fast -

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

As a bored-looking security officer watches the innocuous contents of various bags - including Court's - pass through an x-ray machine, Court steps through the metal detector without incident.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

The same passport official who earlier checked the photo of Court in her passport looks at the blurry closed-circuit still of the same face now, on the screen in her booth that alerts her to the watch-list.

She doesn't *think* she recognizes it... but then she looks closer and sees what might be bruising around the eye.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DEPARTURE LEVEL - DAY

Court rides the escalator up to the departure level as o.s. the KLM flight to Cologne is announced.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

The female passport official talks urgently with an armed security guard at the gate. They speak Turkish but we don't translate it because we don't have to. As the guard rushes off toward the departure gates:

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE SUITE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

BAYLISS

(cutting off a call)

Anneke Meyer, she's on a KLM flight to Cologne.

WHITMAN

Get someone on her plane. Do not alert her. Let's find out who she's meeting.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATE - DAY

That heavysset Turkish detective and another, both in cheap suits, approach the KLM STEWARD at the gate.

Court watches from her seat among the waiting passengers. She's too far away to hear what they're saying, but she notes the steward's alarmed reaction.

As the detectives "casually" survey the passengers:

KLM STEWARD

(over P.A., in Dutch and English)

(MORE)

KLM STEWARD (CONT'D)
Will all passengers flying to
Cologne on KL 1671 please come to
the departure gate as your flight
is now boarding.

Everyone starts to move for the gate... but Court hangs back,
her attention on the late arrivals. Cheap suits, no luggage.
They're clearly cops.

Making an instant strategic decision, Court rises and starts
back the way she came. The detectives notice and follow her.

As she calmly reaches the escalator down to the terminal, she
sees a SECURITY OFFICER on his radio riding up from the lower
level. He spots her.

AIRPORT SECURITY
Meyer? Anneke Meyer?

He catches her arm. She twists free and slides down the
central divide of the escalators to the lower level, as:

AIRPORT SECURITY (CONT'D)
(Turkish, into radio)
Code Bravo! Code Bravo! Departure
level.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DEPARTURE LEVEL - DAY

As Court sees more AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS coming her way
she looks around for an exit. Behind her, beyond a wall of
glass, long lines of bored and weary travelers fill the
CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION HALL on the lower arrivals floor.

She smashes a fire alarm and pulls it. As the building's
FIRE ALARMS WAIL, Court pushes open a now-unlocked security
door and steps through to:

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION HALL - DAY

Emerging into the vast hall, she joins the crush of PANICKED
TRAVELERS as AIRPORT STAFF herd them towards the FIRE EXIT.

The detectives from her flight rush out onto a balcony above
the hall, in pursuit. They survey the crowd in the hall
below, but Court is impossible to make out in the throng.

Down in the hall, Court moves with the crush of people
towards the fire exit. She's a few yards from the doors when
she spots ARMED SOLDIERS arriving on the tarmac.

Court changes course, pushing against the tide now. In the confusion nobody notices her slip between two empty immigration desks.

She walks briskly away when somebody spots her and calls out:

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
Hey you! Stop!

Court runs towards the baggage claim area.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - CORRIDOR - DAY

A half-dozen SOLDIERS wearing tactical armor run down the hall. They race past a sign to the baggage claim area.

INT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE HALL - DAY

Alarms are still wailing. The hall is being evacuated according to fire protocols, only a skeleton staff and few stragglers remaining.

Court comes through, heading for the exit to the customs area. Up ahead, she sees the soldiers rush in. She ducks behind a baggage carousel carrying luggage off the planes.

The soldiers fan out through the hall, weapons raised. One of them spots her and calls out her position.

TURKISH SOLDIER
(Turkish)
Behind the carousel!

They rush around the carousel, guns ready - but she's gone.

INT/EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE HANDLING AREA - DAY

Crouched on one of the conveyor belts passing in from the hall, Court hops down in front of startled baggage workers.

Ignoring their yells to stop, Court heads for the strip of airfield visible at the far end of the handling area.

AN AIRPORT COP hears the shouting and turns to see Court approaching him calmly from thirty feet.

AIRPORT COP
(Turkish)
You can't be back here!

Still coming, Court raises her hands to pacify him.

COURT
(Turkish)
It's all right...

The cop's RADIO crackles, alerting him to look out for a blonde woman matching the description of the one only twenty feet from him now.

He draws his gun and yells into his radio.

AIRPORT COP
(Turkish)
I've found her! Baggage handling!

He holds the gun on her but Court keeps coming.

COURT
(Turkish)
There's been a mistake.

AIRPORT COP
(Turkish)
Stop where you are!

They're ten feet apart now and closing. His finger tightens on the trigger but he hesitates to pull it.

It's a split-second too long. Inside his range now, Court in three moves knocks the gun aside, disarms him and puts him down.

Never breaking stride, she heads out to the tarmac.

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Court runs out onto the busy airfield - planes taxiing, ground crew and service vehicles crisscrossing the tarmac.

She hears shouting, glances back to where the soldiers from the baggage hall rush out after her. She sprints towards an approaching catering truck.

The soldier raises his rifle, about to fire when the passing truck momentarily obscures Court from view. When it passes, she has vanished.

As the soldiers come to a halt, looking around for her -

INT/EXT. CATERING TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Distracted by the terrible Turkish pop music playing on the cab's radio, the DRIVER fails to notice:

In his side mirror, Court clinging to the rear of the highloader (the cargo container that services the planes).

As they approach a SECURITY GATE off the airfield, Court climbs onto the roof. She lies flat while the oblivious driver shows ID to a GUARD, who waves the truck through.

Once they're beyond the airfield, the truck slows to merge with traffic. Court leaps down off the roof. This time:

In his side mirror, the driver spots her. He's bewildered.

Coming out of her tuck and roll, Court picks her moment, steps out into the traffic and darts across the road. As another car blows past we see - she's GONE.

INT. CIA - RYBACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Ryback gathers files, late for a meeting. Whitman hovers.

RYBACK

They lost her?

(she confirms it)

How many Turks does it take to screw up a surveillance?

WHITMAN

We traced the diamonds she picked up to Howard.

RYBACK

Ray Howard?

WHITMAN

Markham thinks he paid for the hit.

RYBACK

Ray Howard is a friend of this agency going back twenty, thirty years...

WHITMAN

All the same, we've linked him to the accomplice.

RYBACK

Markham's not paid to think. You are. Why would Howard take out his own guy?

WHITMAN

Maybe he's cleaning house.

Ryback considers it a beat, puts the files in his briefcase.

RYBACK

Who is she?

WHITMAN

We know she's not Anneke Meyer.
Meyer died in a traffic accident
with both her parents in 1984.
We've circulated her image to every
port authority, airport and border
crossing in Turkey. If our gray
man wants to collect, he'll have to
come to her.

Ryback closes his briefcase, fixes her on his way out.

RYBACK

Forget the woman. Bring me the
gray man.

EXT. AEGEAN COAST - SUNSET

A beach CROWDED WITH REFUGEES fighting for places on one of
the inflatable boats waiting in the shallows to ferry them to
the European mainland.

We find Court negotiating with a TRAFFICKER near a boat
crowded with refugees. His words aren't translated but the
gist is clear - there's no room. It's a ruse, the guy using
it to drive up the price.

Court pulls out a roll of currency. The guy shuts up fast.

EXT. BOAT - AT SEA

Court bounces around in an inflatable designed to hold twenty
and currently ferrying twice that number across the strait.

As the dinghy hits a swell - drenching the refugees in spray -
a SYRIAN MAN offers Court a gentle smile of reassurance.

Court looks away, staring ahead at the moonlit Greek coast.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - GREEK ISLAND - DAY

Tent city. Near a bustling port. Court walks past an
immigration queue, where overwhelmed GREEK POLICE check
papers for the hundreds coming off the boats.

She approaches a MEDICAL TENT set up by the Red Cross, waits for some nurses to pass, then lifts the flap and goes inside.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

Court swipes a white coat and stethoscope then continues through the tent -

EXT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

- where she collides with a BURLY GREEK POLICE OFFICER, who immediately demands to see her identification. As she makes a show of searching her pockets:

MAN (O.S.)
Doctor...! Please, my daughter...

Court looks around to see the man from the boat hurrying up with his TEENAGE DAUGHTER.

MAN (CONT'D)
She's sick. Please. Come quickly.

The man, FAROUQ, is in his forties. As Court glances at the cop, then follows after the Syrian and his daughter -

MAN/FAROUQ (V.O.)
I know you're not a doctor.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - LATER

Down on the beach amid tents and drifting smoke from campfires, Farouq heats food on a small stove. His kind intelligent eyes find hers.

FAROUQ
A doctor would have done a better
job of those stitches. I can look
at them if you want.
(nothing from Court)
I'm a surgeon. Or I was. My name
is Farouq. What happened to you?
(she says nothing)
Here, eat something.

He smiles gently, hands his daughter then Court a bowl.

COURT
If the price is conversation, I'm
not hungry.

Farouq takes no offense, a man familiar with painful histories.

FAROUQ

You don't want to talk about the past. I understand. It's better to look to the future.

He continues to hold out the bowl... and something about the gesture, or simple hunger, persuades her to accept it.

FAROUQ (CONT'D)

Wherever you're from, you won't get through Europe without a passport.

COURT

Don't worry about me.

FAROUQ

I've paid for transport. We're going to my sister in Sweden. You should travel with us.

COURT

Paid who?

Court follows his glance down the beach to where dangerous-looking ALBANIAN TRAFFICKERS are loitering near a truck.

COURT (CONT'D)

Bad idea.

FAROUQ

We don't have any choice.

COURT

They'll rob you, or worse.

FAROUQ

(smiles)

We have no more money for them to steal.

COURT

It's not money they want. You're worth something to them. So is she.

They look to the daughter, who smiles back uncomprehendingly.

FAROUQ
(wrestling with it)
When good people have suffered what
we've suffered, sometimes only bad
people can help.

Court glances at him, he smiles, they continue to eat.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - LATER

Court watches POLICE WITH DOGS patrol the perimeter fence,
waiting for her chance to slip through.

Her POV: across the camp, Farouq and his daughter climb into
a truck stencilled with the name of a Slovakian food company.

CLOSE on Court as she weighs a decision, realizing she has no
choice, and hating it.

INT. TRUCK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Thirty REFUGEES are crowded inside between the storage
containers. From among them a surprised Farouq and his
daughter watch the hard-looking Albanian help Court up, his
hand lingering on her thigh too long.

COURT
(Albanian)
Put your hand on me again and
you'll lose it.

The Albanian grins... but removes his hand. As Court finds a
place, the truck door rattles down and everything goes BLACK.

EXT. SERBIA/MACEDONIA BORDER - NIGHT

Long lines of vehicles at the border crossing, separate lanes
for buses, cars and trucks. Their nervous heavyset DRIVER
waits as SERBIAN BORDER GUARDS inspect underneath the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Court sits among the exhausted and terrified refugees huddled
in the stifling dark. Farouq's daughter is CRYING with fear.

REFUGEE
Shut her up... she'll get us
arrested.

As Farouq tries to comfort and quiet her without success, Court takes out a coin and begins flipping it casually yet expertly between her fingers. It catches the girl's attention. Distracted, she watches the coin flash through Court's fingers... then seem to disappear. The girl smiles, but Court remains expressionless. As THE TRUCK MOVES OFF:

EXT. SERBIA/MACEDONIA BORDER - DAY

The truck rolls past a sign informing the driver they've entered the Republic of Serbia.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - SERBIA - DAY

A rest area for long-haul drivers and their vehicles just off the main highway. The truck rolls in and parks.

The driver climbs out and opens the rear door. Inside, the refugees squint as daylight floods the interior.

Court watches the driver step back as a flashy SUV rolls into the parking area. Two big Albanian Gangsters get out and approach the truck, the tell-tale bulge of pistols in their waistbands. Trouble.

One of the guys climbs in. He's overweight, complacent, chewing a toothpick. He moves among the refugees, weighing and assessing the women.

Of the six female refugees, two are discounted as too old. But one woman traveling alone, the wife of another, and Farouq's daughter meet his requirements. He hauls them up and shoves them one by one out of the truck.

FAROUQ
(panicked)
Amira!

The gangster shoves him back down, looks Court up and down.

ALBANIAN 1
You, too.

COURT
Where are you taking them?

He backhands her, hard.

ALBANIAN 1
That's where. Get off the truck.

Right now one of them is looking at a dead person - and the Albanian thinks he knows which it is. But they're confined at close quarters. Court stands and climbs out of the truck to get the space she needs.

Outside, the thugs examine the women by daylight. The DRIVER remonstrates, gets yelled at to shut up. Court watches them.

ALBANIAN 2

What are you looking at, bitch?

She doesn't say; she needs him to get closer. He obliges, pulling a knife. He steps in to press it against her cheek.

ALBANIAN 2 (CONT'D)

You're worth more without scars,
but money is money. And you can
still suck a dick with no tee-

Lightning fast, Court knocks the knife aside and in the same move pulls the gun from his jeans and shoots him with it, turning on the second Albanian as he goes for *his* gun and shooting him, too, before he can fumble it from his belt.

As the refugees react to this astonishing reversal, Court spots the driver hauling his fat ass out of the parking lot.

She aims at the fleeing driver's back... then lowers the gun.

COURT

(to Farouq)

Can you drive?

(he nods)

Then do it. Now!

As Farouq climbs into the cab, the women standing there:

COURT (CONT'D)

Go on!

The refugees start back to the truck, one woman lingering just long enough to KICK one of the dead thugs squarely in the balls before joining the others.

Court lifts Farouq's daughter up and puts her in the cab beside her father. As the truck pulls away, the girl stares back at Court... some indefinable connection between them, a mutual recognition.

As Court watches the truck pull onto the highway, then turns to the dead Albanians and searches their pockets for car keys and a CELL PHONE -

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Farouq drives, shaken by the experience. He looks over to check on his daughter, who's found something in her pocket.

FAROUQ
(Arabic)
What is that?

The girl opens her palm... where a DIAMOND catches the light.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - SERBIA - DAY

Court climbs in the Albanian's SUV and sits there a moment, weighing her options. She meets her own eyes in the rearview mirror.

Deciding something, she flips open the gangster's cell phone.

INT. CAFE - MILAN - DAY

CLOSE on a cell phone sitting on a cafe table next to an espresso. It chimes with a message: *The party is on... send the guest list to the location agreed.*

REVEAL: HOWARD at a cafe near the Duomo. He reads the message. He looks disturbed.

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE SUITE - DAY

CLOSE on footage from closed-circuit cameras in the Adelphi building: Howard walks to his car carrying an overnight bag and newspaper. The image freezes -

CIA TECH (O.S.)
He left the building at 0600, last
known sighting. We think he
skipped the country.

REVEAL: Whitman and the CIA Tech at a console. Whitman studies the screen.

WHITMAN
Pull everything from Ronald Reagan,
Dulles and Baltimore. And have NSA
send over some recognizers.

BAYLISS
(protesting)
There's sixty thousand passengers a
day through Dulles alone -

WHITMAN

Then they'd better send them all.

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Markham buys two hotdogs at a stand on Constitution Avenue with a view of the Capitol building. Abi walks up to him.

WHITMAN

Nobody with Howard's passport flew from the D.C. area in the last two days.

He offers her a hotdog, which she declines by not reaching for it. They walk. He eats.

MARKHAM

He'll be using a cover.
(she gives him a look)
Anything off his phones?

WHITMAN

No mention of the diamonds, the code for the deposit box... no operational intel at all.

MARKHAM

They're communicating some other way. Dead drops. Hand-offs. Old school tradecraft. I'll explain it over lunch.

WHITMAN

I thought this was lunch.

MARKHAM

(grins)
You don't think much of me, do you?

WHITMAN

I was told you could do your job. Beyond that, I don't think of you at all.

MARKHAM

Did I do something to upset you?

WHITMAN

(looks at him)
Mostly, it has to do with the dog.

MARKHAM

Excuse me?

WHITMAN

In Pakistan you were dropped in the tribal region to take out a local warlord who'd been getting fat off CIA funding. A bomb would have brought too much attention. You took care of it. But you killed his dog.

MARKHAM

(looks at her)

You're an animal lover, huh? It figures. A man's harder to house-train.

WHITMAN

You also killed his brother, his pregnant wife, and all four of his children.

Markham stops, finishes his hotdog, drops the other in a trash can and looks at her.

MARKHAM

People like you hire people like me to clean up their shit. You don't want to know how it gets done.

WHITMAN

We hire you to use judgement. A drone can kill. It takes a human being to know when not to.

They regard each other a beat. Then:

MARKHAM

Reach out to European counterfeiters. Black marketeers. Good paperwork's hard to come by.

She nods, walks away.

WHITMAN

Enjoy your lunch.

EXT. BUDAPEST - NIGHT

Est. The Hungarian capital. A sweeping view across the Danube to the Gothic parliament building, lit up at dusk.

EXT. THERMAL BATHS - NIGHT

A mixed-gender crowd bathe in naturally-heated outdoor spas, steam rising from the water. The baroque bath building glows yellow in the sodium light.

Court, in a bathrobe and carrying a towel, crosses inside.

INT. THERMAL BATHS - NIGHT

As she comes through the main hall, the voices of bathers echoing off the high vaulted ceilings, she scans the alcoves off the pool until she spots a Hungarian man (SZABO) chatting to another on a stone bench.

Every man in the pool tries not to stare as she disrobes to a bathing costume, but none are entirely successful. She slips into the water, watching the two men.

The guy with Szabo briefly examines a document Szabo slips him, pays him and leaves. Szabo counts the money, rises and climbs in the pool... close to Court.

She glances at him: forty, smooth, handsome. He grins.

COURT

Viktor Szabo?

His smile never wavers but takes on the guarded tightness of a professional criminal.

SZABO

Are you Police? Interpol?

(she's not)

Then I'm Viktor Szabo.

COURT

I need something from you.

He smiles again. He can work with that.

INT. THERMAL BATHS - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Szabo leads the way along a corridor below the baths, past hissing and steaming pipes carrying naturally-heated spa water at great pressure. He arrives at, and unlocks, the door to:

INT. SZABO'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A basement room. As Szabo hits the lights and overhead fluorescents flicker on, Court takes in the place:

High-end printers, scanners and laser-copiers, jars of chemicals and fixers, reams of paper stock and laminate, top-end digital camera trained on a low riser in front of a white photography backdrop - a subterranean counterfeiting studio.

SZABO

What am I making?

COURT

Passport and driver's licence.

SZABO

Who do you want to be?

COURT

It doesn't matter, so long as it's clean.

SZABO

What do you do - trafficker, arms dealer, assassin?

Court says nothing. He looks at her.

SZABO (CONT'D)

A clean identity? Thirty thousand.

COURT

(pulls out cash)

That's twenty, it's all I have.

She tosses it to him. He immediately flicks it back at her.

SZABO

We're not haggling in a bazaar. These aren't fake clones they sell on the deep web so teenagers can buy alcohol. These are genuine passport blanks, with registered identities from the country of origin.

Court regards him coolly, then produces two diamonds and hands them over. He goes to examine them under a magnifier.

COURT

They're worth fifty. We're not haggling.

He looks at her... then smiles; they have a deal.

SZABO

Do you want to get dressed first,
or should we make it a candid shot?

He indicates a privacy screen behind which she can dress. As she does so - and as he steals glances of her in a handily-placed mirror - Szabo goes through his stock of passport blanks:

SZABO (CONT'D)

Let's see... American. Too obvious. You are an American, correct?

(nothing from Court)

European. We can do Spanish, Italian, French...

(settling on:)

South African.

He produces a dark green South African passport blank, turns to a laptop and loads a database of potential cover identities, scrolling through until he finds one suitable:

SZABO (CONT'D)

Lynn Coetzee. Born March 17, 1979.
Issued in Cape Town, July 2009.
It will hold up to everything except possibly American Homeland Security. But if you're in Europe, it will get you where you need to go. Where do you need to go?

Court reappears, dressed. She ignores his question.

COURT

You'll need a signature.

He watches as she signs the passport blank - "Lynn Coetzee."

SZABO

All right. Let's take some pictures!

She crosses to the riser and sits. Szabo takes a few shots, checks the screen, then reaches for another flash from a bag.

SZABO (CONT'D)

It's funny. They say women are expert at keeping secrets. But we only met ten minutes ago and I already know everything about you.

When his hand comes up again he's holding a plastic oxygen mask which he clamps over his mouth. Court springs across the room at him as GAS PLUMES DOWN from above.

Fighting it, she manages to get her hands on Szabo, who kicks up from his chair and backs away to watch from a safe distance as she passes out.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - SUNSET

A Gulfstream sits prepped for takeoff. Whitman waits on the tarmac, watching an SUV approach.

As the SUV drops Markham and several of his operatives off, including BARNES, 40s, a big, genial-looking ex-Delta guy, and the men carry heavy ruggedized cases of equipment into the jet:

MARKHAM

(re: Szabo)

Who is he?

WHITMAN

Some Hungarian pimp. He wants the reward before he tells us anything.

MARKHAM

Stall him. Offer him whatever he wants.

WHITMAN

It's eleven hours flight time. He won't wait that long.

MARKHAM

He won't have to. These aren't the only gentlemen in my employ.

He gives her a dry look. As Whitman regards the mercenaries hauling kit into the plane:

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

Hey, Barnes! You get through to Perini and Daniels in Budapest?

BARNES

They're rolling. Thirty minutes.

He turns to Whitman.

MARKHAM

Relax, honey. This is where we take over.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - THERMAL BATHS - NIGHT

Court comes to in a cement closet, a 6' x 6' cell without windows or lights. A featureless steel door. Her mouth is taped shut, she's handcuffed to a hissing water pipe above her, and, oddly, her feet are bare.

Suspending herself from the pipe she kicks at the door with her feet. Again. It's no use.

Hearing a sequence of electronic beeps from outside, she watches the thick steel door open and Szabo step in. He's aiming a gun.

SZABO

I don't know who you are and I
don't care. But there are others
who do, and they have deep pockets.
They're on their way now.

He turns and enters a code, the door closing with a solid metallic thud - entombing them.

SZABO (CONT'D)

The code I just entered is four
digits long, that's ten thousand
possible combinations. If anything
should happen to me, you'll never
get out of this room.

Her blue eyes follow him as he approaches, pressing the gun to her temple. He grins...

SZABO (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, I thought we might kill
a little time.

As he rips at her t-shirt to expose her bra, Court drives her knees savagely into his sternum and Szabo drops to the floor, hissing for breath.

She now hooks her calves around his head and twists - and with a sickeningly efficient snap Szabo falls face down, his neck broken, dead.

Court hangs there. Now what? She pulls at the handcuffs above her, testing them.

She pulls again, harder this time. Finally she yanks down with all her strength and succeeds in breaking the pipe.

Instantly, steaming water sprays out under tremendous pressure.

Kneeling in several inches of water, she searches Szabo for a key to the handcuffs. Nothing. She moves his body to the door, jams it against the bottom of the frame... sealing it.

Now, she locates a second pipe and breaks that, too. The room starts filling with water, fast.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

A six-man assault team, all ex-Spec Ops, prep weapons inside: suppressed HK's with AimPoint scopes and laser sights. PERINI is team leader. DANIELS drives, jamming through Budapest.

EXT. STREET BEHIND THERMAL BATHS - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up a half-block away. Perini and three contractors climb out, checking the street for bystanders. It's late. Quiet at this hour.

They disperse, taking a side street behind the baths.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Court waits, the water up to her waist and rising.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The four contractors descend to the basement, weapons ready.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The water's up to Court's chin. She takes a series of shallow, rapid breaths to empty her lungs, then fills them with one long deep one, like a professional free diver, and goes under.

Water continues to rush from the pipe. It's up to the ceiling now, with nowhere left to go.

Underwater, she kicks at the door... a dull metallic clang.

INT. SZABO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Beams from their laser tracers preceding them, the contractors fan out to clear the darkened room. Empty.

PERINI
 (into mic)
 This is Echo One. There's nobody
 here.

He signals Contractor 2 to hit the lights. They flicker on, revealing the deserted photography studio.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Daniels and Contractor 5 monitor GPS satellite feeds of the baths and surrounding streets. He speaks into a SAT PHONE:

DANIELS
 Archangel, this is Echo Two. Area
 secure. No sign of the target.

INT. GULFSTREAM - IN FLIGHT

Barnes on a satellite phone with Daniels in Budapest. He catches Markham's eye, shakes his head.

BARNES
 Nothing. It's a bust.

INT. SZABO'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Perini reacts to a faint noise.

PERINI
 (keys mic)
 Wait... I hear something.

He strains to catch the sound again. A dull metallic clang. It seems to be coming from behind a long, featureless wall of the studio. He signals 3 and 4 over to investigate. The contractors spread out, laser-sights playing across the long smooth wall broken only by a small numerical code box.

But on closer inspection, the wall isn't *entirely* without features. A faint rectangular seam is visible, about the size and shape of a door...

And, oddly, there's water pooling beneath it.

Contractors 3 and 4 exchange a puzzled look. And in that moment, the door groans, the bolts securing the frame shoot out - AND THE DOOR BURSTS OFF ITS HINGES UNDER THE PRESSURE OF 2,000 GALLONS OF WATER.

Contractor 3 is hit by the door and flattened, Contractor 4 swept off his feet by the water that brings Court spilling and tumbling out with it.

Heaving for breath, she rolls aside and comes up holding the counterfeiter's Glock. As 4 climbs to one knee aiming his carbine, Court fires two rounds - hitting him in the vest - knocking him down.

Perini and contractor 2 open up, silenced .30 caliber rounds blowing out table lamps, computer monitors, sending papers flying as Court darts through the room.

She leaps for cover behind the big steel table, flipping it as the underside distends in a series of .30 caliber dimples.

Perini signals Daniels to hold his fire. It's quiet a moment, just the rushing of water, the tinkle of falling glass.

PERINI (CONT'D)

We don't want to kill you. But if that's the way it has to be, we don't have any problem with it.

Behind the desk, Court weighs her options. She sees the water spreading through the room.

Daniels looks to Perini for the okay. Perini gestures to "wait." They watch as Court throws the gun out from behind the desk.

Perini gives Daniels a look. Told you. They advance.

PERINI (CONT'D)

Put your hands behind your head and face the wall.

She doesn't. Instead, she springs cat-like onto a long wooden bench, ripping a mains cable out from a fuse box as she does so and dropping it in the water.

Immediately, the lights flicker and go out, blue electricity arcing as the two contractors shudder from the voltage coursing through them. They fall, smoking, into the water.

Court hooks the cable and lifts it, writhing and sparking, out of the water, secures it carefully under something heavy, then steps warily down.

Clothes torn, soaking wet, bloody from cuts, she finds the keys to her handcuffs and unlocks them, finds the passport blank he was preparing, grabs the cash box Szabo earlier stashed her two diamonds in - and the rest of them, she now sees - and throws it in a rucksack.

She turns to the bodies of the two electrocuted men and rifles their pockets, but neither carries identification.

Retrieving the digital camera he used, she leaves the room.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

DANIELS

(radio)

Echo One, this is Echo Two -
respond.

Nothing. Daniels glances at 5. They reach for weapons.

EXT. STREET BEHIND THERMAL BATHS - NIGHT

Court emerges in an alley behind the baths. Hearing raucous laughter, she turns to see a group of drunken tourists... and beyond them the contractors crossing the street from the SUV, their weapons carried low, out of sight.

She runs across the alley and leaps onto a fire escape, hauling herself silently onto the first landing just as:

The contractors arrive, laser-sights sweeping the alleyway.

Court tries a window behind her. Locked. As she climbs up another floor she topples a plant pot from a ledge - catching it before it can fall.

Down in the alley, the contractors react to the patter of falling earth. They train their weapons on the fire escape above, but see nothing.

INT. BUDAPEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

Court, having climbed through an unlocked window into a darkened apartment, pulls her Glock and waits for the men below to move on before creeping to the door.

She freezes as she hears keys in the lock. A WOMAN in her sixties enters carrying grocery bags - which she drops when she sees the intruder in her living room.

They face each other... the woman taking in her torn, bloody and soaking wet clothes.

From the hall they hear the contractors search the building:

DANIELS (O.S.)
Sweep the place, the sonofabitch
can't have got far.

Court holds the gun out of sight, wondering which way this is going to go. The woman turns to the open door... then shuts and locks it.

WOMAN
(Hungarian)
Did they hurt you?

The question surprises Court, who takes a moment to respond with a shake of her head.

COURT
I need clothes.

WOMAN
Yes, of course, please - I'll call
the police.

COURT
No. No police.

Now it's the older woman's turn to be surprised... but she accepts it with a nod.

WOMAN
You can shower through there.

Keeping the gun out of sight, Court watches the woman pick up her groceries and carry them into the kitchen.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

Shower water hits the two vicious scars from bullet wounds in the center of Court's back and the huge looping circular scar on her abdomen.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Court is treating her cuts and abrasions when she hears the woman approach. Her hand moves instinctively for the gun concealed beneath clean towels. The woman knocks, enters carrying clothes.

WOMAN

It's years since I was your size,
but they'll do until you get ho-

She stops, noticing the cruel scars. Ignoring the offered clothes, Court reaches instead for a pair of jeans and t-shirt drying on a rack. The woman regards her quietly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Whatever they did to you, they
can't touch what's in here.

She places a hand over Court's heart. Court looks away, taken aback by this small act of human kindness. She pulls money from her bag and tries to press it on the woman.

COURT

For the clothes.

The woman shakes her head, squeezes Court's hand gently - a tiny moment of connection.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Daniels and 5 step through the flooded basement, light flickering and sparking from the power-outage. They come across the two injured, barely-breathing contractors felled when the door burst.

DANIELS

(into radio)

Two dead, two hospital jobs. How
do I play it?

(listens)

Copy that.

As the injured contractors reach up for help... Daniels unlimbers his rifle and fires two rounds into each of them.

INT. GULFSTREAM - IN FLIGHT

Markham hangs up the sat phone. Irritated. Barnes watches him, checks the time.

BARNES

Six hours to Budapest... he'll be
long gone.

MARKHAM

Reroute to Cologne. He's owed two
million in diamonds, he'll be
coming to collect.

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE SUITE - NIGHT

Male and female super-recognizers scour footage from multiple closed circuit cameras in three international airports, looking for a match with the man - Howard - seen in a frame grab displayed on the big screen on the wall.

INT. CIA - NIGHT

Alone in her cubbyhole, Whitman studies that same shot of Howard walking to his car, newspaper under his arm.

Her desk's an unholy mess, littered with coffee mugs, a half-finished crossword in the New York Times. She picks it up... as an idea strikes her.

She flips through to the classified ads... thinking.

WHITMAN (V.O.)

Howard took out classified ads in the New York Times International edition last month. One ran this week.

INT. GULFSTREAM - IN FLIGHT

Markham on the sat phone.

MARKHAM

What's it say?

INT. CIA - CRYPTOGRAPHY - NIGHT

CLOSE on a screen converting scrolling strings of numbers to letters, five visible so far... H O H E N.

REVEAL: ANALYSTS bent over terminals, decoding digital reproductions of the *Legara-Pearce Loan Company* ad.

WHITMAN

It's in code. Cryptography's working it now.

MARKHAM (V.O.)

Update me before we land. You got six hours.

INT. BUDAPEST STATION - DAWN

As Court, in a dark suit and carrying a laptop bag, boards a fast train to Vienna, police with dogs pay her no more heed than they do any of the other commuters crowding the platform.

EXT. WESTERN HUNGARY - MORNING

The bullet train blows through the landscape at two hundred kilometers an hour.

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - MORNING

In her first class seat, Court takes advantage of the train's Wi-Fi to access the internet.

She logs onto the Adelphi Executive Solutions computer system and HACKS into Howard's email.

Entering his password from memory, she accesses his incoming and outgoing messages. She clicks on the "drafts" folder and opens the pending message:

A photograph of Markham in the Adelphi lobby pops up, alongside a digital reproduction of his driver's license.

Court memorizes the name and image. Then hits "delete," erasing the file.

As she then looks out at the racing landscape...

INT. GULFSTREAM - IN FLIGHT

Markham on a satellite phone with Whitman in Langley.

WHITMAN (V.O.)
It's a shift cypher, I'm uploading
it now.

On the screen of Markham's ruggedized laptop a copy of the decoded ad pops up:

*NEED MONEY FAST? LEGARA-PEARCE LOAN COMPANY IS THE ANSWER!
Any Hope you have Of a Healthy End of year Nest-egg, Zip on
Over to the Legara Pearce LoanCo. Execs are here ready
nesting for you!*

WHITMAN (V.O.)
It decodes as one word.
Hohenzollern.

Markham turns to Barnes:

MARKHAM
Hohenzollern.

Barnes at *his* laptop runs a search:

BARNES
We got a Germany dynasty... castle
in the Swabian Alps. A bridge in
Cologne -

MARKHAM
That's it.

WHITMAN (V.O.)
The cypher is a number sequence:
two, three, two, one, three, one.

MARKHAM
(writing them down)
A German zip code's only five
digits.

WHITMAN (V.O.)
It's too short for a phone number.

MARKHAM
Is it GPS coordinates... another
code?

WHITMAN (V.O.)
We're running variables.

Markham, frustrated, glances at his wristwatch. His eyes catch on the date - the third. As he separates the numbers on the pad so that they now read: 2/3/2131 -

MARKHAM
It's a date. February third,
twenty-one thirty-one hours.
(a beat)
They're meeting tonight.

EXT. COLOGNE - DAY

A HELICOPTER SHOT: the city on the Rhine, the Cathedral dominating the skyline. We TILT DOWN to see a train crossing the iron-arched Hohenzollern Bridge. Moving in on a window of the train we find:

INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Court staring out, surrounded by the hum of normalcy. A GERMAN COP spot-checking passports glances at her South African fake, returns it with a smile. She goes back to looking out the window as:

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - DAY

Her train crosses the bridge into the city, heading for Cologne Central Station.

EXT. COLOGNE AIRPORT - DAY

Tires blow off smoke as the Gulfstream touches down, its engines screaming in reverse thrust.

The jet taxis to a security area, where several sedans and SUVs are waiting on the tarmac.

EXT. DOM HOTEL - COLOGNE - DAY

The sedans and SUVs pull up to the hotel, a five-star palace opposite the city's medieval cathedral. As Markham, Barnes and EIGHT DELTA OPERATORS carrying cases head into the hotel:

MARKHAM (V.O.)

Listen up. Here's what we know.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATE DAY

Markham and his men in a thousand-dollar-a-night suite that already resembles a barracks. The Delta guys spread around the opulent room, unloading weapons and tactical equipment.

MARKHAM

In a little under three hours,
persons unknown will be meeting on
the Hohenzollern Bridge. It's a
hand over, or dead drop, most
likely between this woman -

He gestures to a Table of Organization: those indistinct surveillance shots of Court in Istanbul thumb-tacked to a bulletin board alongside drone footage of the 'gray man' -

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

- and our target, the hitter.

DELTA 1
What's the package?

MARKHAM
Unknown. It could be intel, it could be payment. We think our shooter's here in Cologne to close another contract.

He indicates AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY OF HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)
Nate, Jared - I want counter assault teams east and west of the bridge. Barnes you'll be central to intercept.

BARNES
Rules of the day?

MARKHAM
Watch for German local. But the minute we ID our shooter, you're weapons free.

DELTA 2
You got his name?

MARKHAM
We'll find out when he's dead. I want a counter-surveillance team around the hotel. Kyle, you're inside.

A Delta operator working a chaw of tobacco as he puts on Kevlar, KYLE, looks up.

KYLE
Hell no. I want to be on the fire team.

BARNES
I'll trade. Markham's been chair-borne so long I'm scared he'll shoot me by mistake.

MARKHAM
I ever shoot you I'll mean it.
(grins, then)
Kyle, you're in the hotel in case he makes a play here.

KYLE

Goddamn it... What am I looking for?

MARKHAM

You need me to hold your dick while you take a leak? You're looking for a killer.

(grins)

You want to know what that is, take a look around this room.

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A passenger train rumbles past. As the brightly-lit carriages flash by, Markham and Barnes walk across the footpath that runs alongside the tracks.

Both men wear body armour beneath their civilian clothes. They stop in the middle of the bridge, looking around casually. Pedestrians pass to and fro, any one of whom could be the man they're looking for.

Markham checks his watch. 8:45 p.m.

EXT. HYATT REGENCY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Two Delta operators lie prone on a rooftop overlooking the east end of the bridge. Both men sight on the bridge through the scopes of their high-powered rifles.

EXT. COLOGNE CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

A second sniper team observes the western end of the bridge.

Through his NIGHT-VISION SCOPE one can make out Markham and Barnes three hundred yards away in its center - and somebody approaching.

DELTA 2

Heads up... jogger on your six.

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Markham glances back to see a JOGGER approaching, weaving through the crowds. As the figure comes closer Markham can see it's a woman, her face obscured by a hood, about the same build as the accomplice.

Barnes's hand drifts to the pistol concealed under his jacket. Markham warns him with a look to wait.

EXT. COLOGNE CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Through his scope the sniper watches the jogger on the bridge. He speaks into his radio.

DELTA 2
Do I take her down?

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Markham watches as the jogger comes closer, a fall of street light revealing... she's Asian. As she runs past:

MARKHAM
Negative. Let her go.

Markham and Barnes watch the jogger recede from view, never looking back. As Markham checks his watch - 8:50 p.m. - the perspective shifts to:

A VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

- of Markham and Barnes on the bridge. The view sifts over the sniper teams on the rooftops.

REVEAL: Court is watching from a high vantage the other side of the river. She lowers the binoculars, thinking.

As the CATHEDRAL BELLS toll the half hour:

EXT. COLOGNE CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

As the second BELL chimes, the Delta operator peering through his night scope sees a flock of pigeons taking flight from the square below.

DELTA 2
(into mic)
Someone's coming.

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

A CYCLE COURIER zips through the crowds in Heinrich Boll Platz, the pedestrianized square leading on to Hohenzollern Bridge. He's listening to MUSIC on his headphones. As he races onto the bridge:

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Barnes turns to see the courier whip past, a hundred and fifty yards away from Markham at the center of the bridge.

BARNES
(low, into mic)
Three, you got eyes on this?

EXT. HYATT REGENCY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Through his NIGHT-VISION SCOPE the Delta operator can make out the courier weaving through the crowds, a hundred yards from Markham.

DELTA 3
I see him.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

NATE and JARED and a third Operator listen in from the back of a parked van amidst high-tech electronic equipment, staring out the tinted windows at the bridge. They ready as:

MARKHAM (V.O.)
On my mark.

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Markham angles through the crowd, watching the courier approach from fifty yards.

As their paths intersect, Markham suddenly steps out and slams the guy sideways. The cyclist is knocked off his bike and crashes face down onto the footpath.

Barnes - rushing towards them - into his wrist mic:

BARNES
Go!

EXT. STREET NEAR HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The back doors of the parked van bang open and Nate, Jared and the third operator jump out. They run onto the bridge.

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The courier leaps to his feet angrily, ready to confront Markham. But when he sees the big man aiming a pistol at him, his expression changes.

MARKHAM	COURIER
Don't move! Drop the bag!	(German)
	Wait - please -

As the courier rips off his headphones and reaches into his bag:

EXT. HYATT REGENCY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Through the NIGHT SCOPE, we can see the courier reaching into his bag. The sniper peers down the scope.

His finger takes up the trigger-slack.

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The courier rips a PACKAGE from his bag, holding it out to Markham. Markham studies the terrified man, a skinny 20-something hipster. He keys his mike.

MARKHAM	COURIER
(into radio)	(in German, re: the
Hold your fire.	package)
	Shit man, I don't care - take
	it!

MARKHAM

Who's it for?

COURIER

(English)

I don't know! They told me, be here at nine-thirty and give them this.

MARKHAM

Who told you?

COURIER

My controller! I work for Bike Syndikat! You got a problem call them!

The operators from the van arrive. Markham signals them to stand down. He rips open the package.

Inside: 8x10" photographs of TWO BRITISH OIL COMPANY EXECUTIVES, some biographical data and news articles.

As Markham studies the photos:

BARNES
What's the play?

MARKHAM
(a beat)
Reset, let's see if he shows.

As Markham turns and strides back along the bridge, pulling out his phone:

COURIER
(German)
Hey! Someone has to sign for that!

INT. DOM HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

An attractive woman in a figure-hugging dress strides through the elegant lobby, passing Kyle. He glances up to admire the view as she walks into the lounge bar, then goes back to checking his cell phone.

A message from Markham: *Anything?* He types a response: *Negative.*

He sits there a moment, watching the woman order a drink at the bar. He checks the time, weighs a decision, and stands.

INT. DOM HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

He saddles up to the bar beside the woman, who is nursing a drink. The woman - Court - looks over at him as he arrives. He smiles. She looks away.

KYLE
(to Barman)
Coffee.

As the barman goes off to make it, Court glances at him and now he looks away. Both aware of a game in its early stages.

COURT
You're not drinking?

KYLE
I'm working.

COURT

Pity.

KYLE

Won't stop me buying you one.

COURT

Coffee keeps me up at night.

There wasn't *much* flirtatious spin on it, but enough to hook him. He smiles...

KYLE

Whatever you're having.

She "considers." Then:

COURT

Vodka. Neat.

Kyle grins. He signals the barman.

KYLE

Make it a double. I just hate to think of you tossing and turning the whole night, all alone in that big old bed.

COURT

Me, too.

He looks at her. She smiles. The CATHEDRAL BELLS ring:

EXT. HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE - NIGHT

As the cathedral bells sound the hour, Barnes paces the predetermined route along the bridge, checking the faces of passers by. He stops by Markham.

MARKHAM

Roll it up. He's not coming.

As Barnes keys his radio to advise the team:

INT. DOM HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

They're at the bar, his hand on her thigh. Court removes it, finishing her drink. He puts it back.

KYLE

Another?

COURT

I have to be up early, so... we
could have it in your room.

As Kyle looks at her, unable to believe his luck:

EXT. COLOGNE STREET - NIGHT

The van pulls up, Markham and Barnes get in. As they peel away...

INT. DOM HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Things have escalated, Kyle all over her. She removes his hand from between her legs.

COURT

Slow down... which floor?

Kyle disengages just long enough to jab the button for the suite, then goes back to pawing her.

INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

As they drive, Markham pulls out his cell phone and sends a message.

INT. DOM HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

His hands inside her dress, Kyle feels the raised scar tissue on her abdomen. She looks at him.

He's distracted by the chirp of his cellphone and checks the screen: *Missed target. Stay frosty.*

As he glances from the phone to Court - her scar just visible - a rapid series of realizations are made. He lunges for her throat.

They fight, a brutal, chaotic and virtually silent struggle in the confines of the elevator. Kyle is Delta-trained and twice her size. But he finds it hard to get the leverage or momentum he needs.

And Court is ferocious, compensating for the discrepancy in strength with agility and precision.

He draws his sidearm. Court in three moves disarms him and gets him in a choke-hold.

He slams her repeatedly against the wall of the elevator... until he finally stops struggling and goes still.

EXT. DOM HOTEL - NIGHT

The elevator arrives at the floor of their suite, the doors open and Court spills out with the dead Delta. A couple just entering their room stare.

COURT

I told him he'd had enough to drink.

The couple scurry in and lock their door. Court props him in a chair, finds his room key, empties a bourbon from a room service trolley down his front and goes off to find the room.

EXT. THE PLAZA OUTSIDE THE DOM HOTEL - NIGHT

The van pulls up, Markham and his team climb out and head in.

INT. THE SUITE IN THE DOM HOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE on a disassembled laptop... as gloved hands fit a small chip to the circuitry, installing a program to remotely spy on the computer.

Court replaces the battery and motherboard, reboots to the desktop, takes a last look around and leaves the room.

INT. DOM HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Markham follows his operators through the hotel lobby, their rifles concealed in long bags.

As they reach the elevator, step inside:

INT. DOM HOTEL - NIGHT

Court comes down the hotel corridor toward the elevator.

She waits, watching the numbers climb to her floor. The doors open, revealing Markham and several of his guys. Court doesn't react.

Markham smiles, holds the door for her. She steps inside, passing close enough for him to smell her perfume. As walks away, something makes him glance back - a hunter's instinct, maybe, or simple attraction.

As the elevator doors close over Court's expressionless face:

INT. DOM HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Markham comes around the corner... and sees his man slumped dead in the chair. As Barnes checks for a pulse and shakes his head:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Markham crashes in, pistol drawn... but finds the room empty.

INT. CIA - WHITMAN'S CUBICLE - EVENING

Whitman at her computer.

MARKHAM (V.O.)
(phone)
We intercepted the contract. I'm
sending it now.

INT. THE SUITE IN THE DOM HOTEL - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Markham and Barnes at a laptop, his team around him, studying street plans and routes through the city. Barnes logs on to a SECURE WEBSITE as Markham feeds the images of the two British oil men into a portable scanner.

As DIGITIZED IMAGES of them appear on the screen:

INT. A SHABBY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Court sits with her laptop, those same images appearing on the screen in sync with Markham's.

She listens through a headset to a live feed from the room:

WHITMAN (V.O.)
Simon Jones and Philip Bowman.

MARKHAM (V.O.)
They're collecting an award here in
Cologne. Why would he go after a
couple oil execs?

Court runs a search on Jones + Bowman + Cologne and finds several articles about an upcoming charity concert in the city.

INT. CIA - WHITMAN'S CUBICLE - SAME TIME

Whitman looks at the two men on her monitor, trying to fit the pieces together.

WHITMAN

I don't know.

EXT. COLOGNE AIRPORT - DAY

A shaky, distant POV of JONES AND BOWMAN disembarking from a Bombardier BD-700 private jet.

With them is a SECURITY DETAIL, kevlar bulking out their suits... among them RIEGEL and VARRICK. As Jones and Bowman are escorted to armored SUVs, the view shifts to their staff bringing luggage off the plane, the FLIGHT CREW visible behind them.

REVEAL: COURT on a roof overlooking the tarmac, where PAPARAZZI loiter to snap shots of the any celebrity arrivals.

PAPARAZZO

(in German, flirting)

Which agency did you say you worked for?

COURT

(in German)

I didn't.

She raises her telephoto camera again. She shoots a few frames of the motorcade as it drives off the airfield.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - COLOGNE - EVENING

A monolith of concrete and glass, overlooked by the soaring Gothic cathedral. Security is tight.

Markham shows ID, is searched and led inside.

INT. CONCERT HALL - EVENING

Markham is not happy.

MARKHAM

How many ways do you want me to say it? Your lives are in danger.

He consults with Jones and Bowman in a function room on the first floor.

Beyond them STAFF arrange flowers and set out crystal and china for a charity dinner. To one side is a stage, with, opposite, floor to ceiling windows affording a spectacular view of the cathedral. Jones and Bowman aren't buying it.

SIMON JONES

We're businessmen. We run a charity.

PHILIP BOWMAN

We're donating half a million to build schools in Africa.

SIMON JONES

Why would anyone want to kill us?

MARKHAM

You're running militant-control oil through Nigeria.

SIMON JONES

Excuse me?

MARKHAM

And your African water projects have displaced thousands. You're bad people.

A chilly beat.

SIMON JONES

Those are serious allegations. I hope you can back them up.

MARKHAM

Look. You've mistaken me for someone who gives a shit. I'm not here to judge you. I'm here to warn you.

PHILIP BOWMAN

Who... took out the contract?

MARKHAM

It's connected to the CEO of a private security and military company, man name of Howard.

RIEGEL (O.S.)

Ray Howard?

Markham looks, sees Riegel and Varrick exchange a look.

MARKHAM
You know him?

RIEGEL
I worked for him. We both did.

INT. MARKHAM'S HOTEL ROOM - COLOGNE - NIGHT

Markham comes in. Leaving the lights off, he shrugs off his coat and sidearm, pours a drink from the minibar, strips off his shirt and carries his drink to the bed, where he lies back, sipping thoughtfully. We HOLD on the room, a shadowy corner concealed by a decorative silk screen. Then REVEAL:

Court stands in the shadows, the edge of the bed and Markham's feet just visible. She is expressionless.

The sound of thumping TECHNO takes us to:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strobe lights and pounding EDM. A mostly-young crowd. Alone at a table, Court watches two men chatting up a woman at the bar. When the woman excuses herself, Court heads over there.

They exchange a few words over the din, the men obviously happy for her to join them. As they vie to buy her a drink, she discreetly DROPS BENZODIAZEPINE INTO A GLASS on the bar.

The woman returns. Introductions are made. She drinks from the glass Court spiked.

INT. MARKHAM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

An alarm hits 5:00AM and beeps.

For a moment Markham, in bed, doesn't move... then slowly he stirs, wakes, reaches to shut off the alarm.

He lies there, coming round. He scratches his bare chest absently and notices his fingertips come away RED. He stares at them blankly. Blood?

He bolts upright, races into the -

BATHROOM

- hits the lights and inspects himself in the mirror.

WALK AWAY

The words printed on his chest in blood-red lipstick.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - DAY

From above, the square is a hive of activity: preparations underway for a big gala benefit and charity concert. Security is tight. German police with bomb-sniffing dogs patrol the red carpet.

As the MOTORCADE arrives - the armored SUV under German police escort - and Riegel and Varrick form a box to escort Jones and Bowman inside:

ANGLES AROUND THE PLAZA

As German SWAT TEAMS cover the area.

From a window of an OFFICE BUILDING.

High in the CATHEDRAL overlooking the venue.

On the ROOF OF THE CONCERT HALL itself.

As Jones and Bowman reach the entrance to the hall and go in:

EXT. S-BAHN STATION - DAY

Court, carrying a long travel bag, buys a ticket from a kiosk for the city's light rail network. A moment later the train pulls up. As the passengers alight, Court gets on.

INT. CONCERT HALL - SECURITY CHECK - DAY

Guests in cocktail attire pass through extensive security measures: metal detectors, sniffer dogs, body searches.

INT. S-BAHN - MOVING - DAY

Court stares out the window of the moving train. As it turns a corner, the cathedral comes into view ahead.

INT. CONCERT HALL - FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

Riegel watches the guests take their tables. He checks his watch and signals the emcee to begin the speeches.

EXT. S-BAHN STOP - DAY

The train approaches an elevated section of track and slows to make a stop. Court steps off, the bag over her shoulder.

As the train continues on its way Court jogs alongside, catches onto a service ladder, and climbs onto the roof of the moving car.

EXT. S-BAHN - MOVING - DAY

As the train rounds a corner above street level, Court drops flat on the roof. She pulls from the bag and assembles a German-made BLASER R93 SNIPER RIFLE.

INT. CONCERT HALL - FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

Simon Jones takes the stage, to applause. He waits for it to die down.

SIMON JONES

Thank you... thank you.

(pause)

Albion Petroleum invests millions in the effort to improve lives all over the globe. But nothing means as much to me as the work we do for children.

EXT. S-BAHN - MOVING - DAY

As the train glides along a stretch of elevated track, Court puts her eye to the scope.

Her MOVING SCOPE POV is of the blur of buildings in front of her. A break between them suddenly appears and the concert hall comes into view - the facade with its wall of windows.

And beyond the glass, just visible behind Jones inside is:

VARRICK.

SIMON JONES (V.O.)

We are a company who *cares* -

Court squeezes the trigger.

INT. CONCERT HALL - FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

The pop of shattered glass draws flutters of alarm from the audience, who angle in their seats, perhaps mistaking it for a bird colliding with the windows.

Only Riegel recognizes it for what it is. As Varrick's head snaps back and he tumbles off the stage, Riegel throws Bowman to the ground to shield him, yelling into his radio.

RIEGEL
Shots fired! Repeat, shots fired!

Somebody screams. Pandemonium breaks out.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - DAY

A confusion of radio chatter in German/English as the sniper team on the rooftop scan the buildings opposite for any sign of the shooter.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

The chatter continues as snipers watch from the windows.

EXT. COLOGNE CATHEDRAL - DAY

The chatter continues as a third sniper team survey the rooftops below, and sweep the crowds now spilling out from the hall into the plaza.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - DAY

Confusion, panic, chaos.

Markham leaps out of an SUV. As he runs through the plaza against the tide of people rushing out, he scans the rooftops and window of the surrounding buildings from any one of which she might be training a gun on him -

MARKHAM
(into radio)
Anyone got visual? *I need a location.*

DELTA 1 (V.O.)
Negative.

DELTA 2 (V.O.)
We got nothing.

DELTA 3 (V.O.)
No sign of him.

Markham turns slowly, spotting through a gap in the crowd the last carriage of the train disappearing from view along the elevated track -

MARKHAM
(into radio)
It's the train! Get a team to the
next stop!

EXT. S-BAHN - MOVING - DAY

Court dismantles the rifle, jogging along the car.

EXT. COLOGNE STREET - DAY

An SUV pulls up, fast, screeches to a stop. Kyle and three of Markham's DELTA GUYS spill out, race toward the S-Bahn station.

EXT. S-BAHN PLATFORM - DAY

As the train pulls in, Court swings herself over the edge of the roof and drops down to the platform. The train doors open... and Court blends in with the disembarking passengers.

EXT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Kyle and the Delta team rush up the steps to the platform, fighting against the flow of passengers disembarking from the train.

EXT. S-BAHN PLATFORM - DAY

Moving with the crowd, Court spots the Delta guys searching the platform. She feigns suddenly feeling faint, a concerned passenger catching her arm -

GERMAN PASSENGER
Are you all right?

She nods, discreetly positioning herself between her rescuer and the Delta guys moving past. The moment they're gone she "recovers" and moves off down the steps.

As the train pulls out the crowd on the platform thins, leaving Kyle and the Delta guys searching in vain.

INT. SUV - DAY

Riegel hustles Jones and Bowman into a waiting SUV. He climbs in the front seat and cradles an AR-15 in his lap. As the SUV pulls away -

RIEGEL
(into radio)
This is team leader, target is
secure. Fall back to exfil point
for immediate extraction.

In the backseat an AIDE checks on Bowman, who's sustained a few cuts during the escape. He angrily swats her off.

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL - COLOGNE - DAY

An alarm clock next to the bed in this bland corporate hotel room BEEPS and BEEPS... but the woman from the nightclub whose drink Court spiked sleeps through it, still dressed in last night's clothes.

The roar of engines taking us to:

EXT. COLOGNE AIRFIELD - DAY

As the BD-700 private jet stands by on the runway, powerful engines gearing up for takeoff...

An SUV crosses the tarmac and pulls up alongside Riegel, who's standing among men from his security team and German police in tactical armor.

Markham climbs out. Riegel crosses to meet him.

RIEGEL
Who is he?

MARKHAM
You know as much as I do. I tried
to warn you.

RIEGEL
(nods, then)
I'm going to find him, and gut him
like a fish.

He turns and boards the plane.

A moment later the jet is taxiing. As Barnes joins Markham and they watch the jet scream down the runway.

The cops behind them yell, training their weapons on a woman rushing across the tarmac accompanied by German transport officials. It's the WOMAN FROM THE BAR, now in uniform, a dark skirt and light blouse. She's...

THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(distressed)

I don't know what happened - I
slept through my alarm - I have to
be on that plane - !

Markham catches the gist over the engine roar. He shares an uneasy glance with Barnes. They turn as the jet takes off, soaring away into the sky...

INT. PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT

In a similar dark skirt and light blouse, and carrying a tray of drinks, Court enters the main cabin.

Jones and Bowman and two of Riegel's men recline in their seats, the tensions of the past hour ebbing away with every foot of altitude they put between them and the ground.

Riegel rolls the stress out of his neck, barely glancing at Court as she places his drink down on the table next to his cellphone. Which rings.

Markham's name shows on the caller ID. Court notices and Riegel catches her hesitation, looking at her properly for the first time.

They lock eyes, recognition dawning. Riegel lunges for his sidearm. He's too slow. Raising the silenced pistol concealed under her tray, Court fires. The bullet spins Riegel out of his chair.

As the bodyguards spring for their guns, Court drops each of them with two silenced shots. She swings the gun on Jones and Bowman, frozen in their seats.

PHILIP BOWMAN

I had nothing to do with our
African projects. Simon made every
decision.

COURT

If I wanted you dead you would be.

She turns back to finish Riegel just as:

Riegel crashes into her, knocking the gun aside. Her shot punctures a window of the cabin.

Instantly, the air is sucked out of their lungs as the cabin depressurizes in seconds. Oxygen masks drop. An alarm chimes over the rushing wind. Loose magazines and debris whip through the cabin.

As Court and Riegel fight for control of the gun, Bowman stumbles past them, making for the safety of the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - IN FLIGHT

The pilot glances in alarm as Bowman yanks open the door, then grabs a mask to suck oxygen into his depleted lungs.

INT. CABIN - IN FLIGHT

The cabin fogs as the temperature drops rapidly to match the frigid air rushing through at 28,000 feet. Court and Riegel are locked in battle over the gun, both weakening with lack of oxygen.

Court gets him in a chokehold, denying him valuable air. The effort of it distracts her long enough for Riegel to seize the gun. He puts a bullet in her thigh.

As Court staggers back, Riegel grabs a dangling mask and gasps for air. He fires wildly at Court, several shots going wide as she springs clear.

They're knocked off their feet as the plane drops three hundred feet in three seconds.

INT. COCKPIT - IN FLIGHT

The pilot slumps forward, hit by one of the stray rounds.

As the plane lurches violently, Bowman's eyes go wide in terror. He watches the vertical speed indicator go from green to yellow... to red.

INT. CABIN - IN FLIGHT

The cabin is rocked by turbulence as the jet plummets at a rate of 6,000 feet a minute.

Court loops the tube of his oxygen mask around Riegel's throat, using it as a makeshift garotte. He claws at her face as he draws his SOG knife to cut the cord.

Pulling free, he slashes at her with the knife. Court snatches up a tray and blocks his attack. Another violent wind shear flings them both against the plane's hull.

Riegel pins her, forcing the knife toward her throat. Court struggles but she's fading, hypoxia setting in. As the blade inches closer, she scrabbles for the emergency door release - and pulls it.

The depressurized cabin allows the door to open. The door is ripped off instantly in the jet stream, and RIEGEL IS SUCKED OUT OF THE PLANE after it.

Clinging from handhold to handhold as wind whips through the cabin, Court retrieves her flight case. Inside, where she packed it, is a parachute.

She gets it on, gets to the door of the plane and jumps out.

EXT. SKIES OVER AUSTRIA - CONTINUOUS

The slipstream from the plummeting jet smashes her against the fuselage like a rag doll.

For a few moments she's unconscious, in free fall, at terminal velocity, less than a minute from impact with the thickly forested Austrian alps.

Then, revived by the richer oxygen at this altitude, her HALO training kicks in. Angling her body to slow her descent, she rips the parachute release.

As the drogue and main chute engage and haul her up, she watches THE JET CRASHING into a mountainside.

EXT. CIA - LANGLEY - DAY

Establish.

INT. CIA - RYBACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Whitman briefs Ryback in his office. Behind her on a screen: digitized images of Riegel, Varrick and Khalid, along with their personnel files.

WHITMAN

Kurt Riegel, Anthony Varrick and Omar Khalid were all hired by Ray Howard for an operation in Colombia six months ago to liberate Annabel Chavez from the People's Army.

Ryback looks at her.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

The mission failed and Chavez was killed, along with her husband and two of Howard's operatives.

A new image on the screen: Court and Cahill's heavily-redacted personnel files, their photos stamped DECEASED.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

The official line is FARC guerillas were responsible. But the scuttlebutt is, this was a hit arranged by Chavez's political opponent - the Colombian president.

A beat on Ryback.

RYBACK

How does this connect? Howard's cleaning house?

WHITMAN

Not exactly. There's no evidence Howard knew about the hit. Somebody used him.

(then)

I think it has to do with the two KIA. In particular the woman.

As she turns to Court's image from her personnel file.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)

She's ex-Black Squadron. They run kill/capture missions in male/female sniper recon and espionage teams. Howard recruited her aged eighteen when he ran the autonomous asset program out of Harvey Point, North Carolina. Had to bail her out of the county lockup to do it. Some jocks tried to run a train on her in a parking lot and she put four of them in hospital.

(off his look)

Troubled kid, string of foster homes, juvenile arrests for intoxication and narcotics. The SEALS straightened her out. She and Howard were close.

As Ryback looks at her.

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
I think he's trying to put it
right.

EXT. CABIN - ITALY - DAY

Est. An isolated rustic cabin high in the Italian Alps.

EXT. CABIN - ITALIAN ALPS - DAY

Howard on the porch, staring out over the valley ringed by snow-capped mountains. He tips pills into his palm and heads inside for water to wash them down.

INT. CABIN - DAY

As Howard comes into the kitchen and stops, noticing something odd:

The tap is running. Although he knows he left it off - his every sense screaming - his face betrays nothing as he moves to a TV showing news of the plane crash in the Alps.

He switches it off and turns holding a worn 9mm Beretta. He aims it at the doorway as... Court steps out.

HOWARD
(after a moment)
Want to hear a funny story?

Before she can say anything... she collapses.

INT. CIA SURVEILLANCE SUITE - NIGHT

ON SURVEILLANCE VIDEO: a blur of motion as travelers criss-cross a busy airport terminal. We see an older man at an Alitalia desk.

WIDER, as a young woman - a "recognizer" - freezes the image of Howard on screen... checks the DATE/TIME STAMP in the lower corner.

INT. CIA - NIGHT

Bayliss running through the deserted pen. He finds her at her cubicle, surrounded by surveillance stills of "Meyer" and drone footage of the *gray man*.

BAYLISS

One of the recongizers picked up Howard taking a flight to Milan, Italy. I combed his financial records for foreign assets. He owns property in the Italian Alps.

WHITMAN

Tell Markham.

He goes to make the call. Abi sits there looking at the surveillance stills of "Meyer", then at the photo of Court in her personnel file marked DECEASED.

And something clicks.

INT. CABIN - DAY INTO NIGHT

In a SERIES OF CUTS Howard treats Court's injuries, Court swimming in and out of consciousness as: he lifts her onto the sofa... scissors through her stolen jeans, exposing the wound in her thigh... digs out the bullet with sterilized tweezers and - clink - drops it in a cup... cauterizes and disinfects the wound... dresses it with gauze.

Having rigged an improvised IV with glucose and saline, he inserts the needle under her skin. He sits there, holding her hand.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

It's dark when Court comes to. From the sofa she can see Howard watching her from across the room. He pours a drink.

HOWARD

(dry)

I shouldn't drink... but this counts as a special occasion.

As she sits up painfully, removes the IV needle and examines herself:

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I didn't know if you'd make it.
But you always were a fighter.
(of her injuries)
What happened?

COURT

I fell out of an airplane.

He chuckles, thinking she's joking... realizes she's not. The chuckle becomes a cough, then a gasping for air which he soothes with a long drag on a nebulizer.

COURT (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Ray?

He gestures he's fine. Court glances around the room, takes in the medical equipment and an array of pills.

COURT (CONT'D)
(realizing)
How long?

HOWARD
Few months if I'm lucky.
(then)
Cancer. It's got the pancreas, the liver, the bone... Hell, I don't even know what a pancreas is *for*. But I guess I'm about to find out.

COURT
Why didn't you tell me?

HOWARD
(dry)
When you had a knife to my throat?

COURT
(after a beat)
I had to be sure it wasn't you.

HOWARD
(nods, then)
Are you? I'd like to leave with a clean conscience.

They hold their look to each other; she nods. He smiles.

COURT
Did you find him?

He looks at her but doesn't answer. She watches him reach with difficulty for two envelopes, set them in his lap.

HOWARD
I want to give you something.

COURT
A name.

HOWARD

A choice.

EXT. SKIES OVER ITALY - NIGHT

A Blackhawk flies over rocky terrain, running lights extinguished for stealth.

INT. BLACKHAWK - IN FLIGHT

In the dim glow of cockpit instrumentation:

Markham and Barnes sit with a team of seasoned SPECIAL FORCES OPERATORS. Some of them we recognize from Germany and others we don't, on loan from CIA.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Court and Howard as before, the envelopes resting in his lap.

HOWARD

I want to give you the chance to
live your life.

COURT

You already did that once.

He nods to acknowledge her gratitude, then indicates one of the envelopes.

HOWARD

There's a key inside. It's to an
apartment in London. You'll need a
clean passport to get there.
That's in here, too. In the
apartment you'll find bank details
to a numbered account. There's
enough in there for you, your
children, and your children's
children. You can sit in bars,
meet a guy. You can start over.

A beat of silence.

COURT

Do you have any idea how hard it
was to start over the first time?

He looks at her almost sadly.

HOWARD

You were always more than just a killer.

COURT

I'm what you made me.

HOWARD

I didn't make you. I harnessed you. Whatever made you, happened long before that.

She looks away, looks back.

He nods, realizing he's not going to persuade her. He lifts the second envelope.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

The name of the man who gave the order is in here, along with where to find him. But I'm asking you not to go after him.

(then)

You do, it's a new life too - a different one. There's no going back from it.

It's quiet... until both of them now hear the distant thrum of rotor blades.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

You'd better get out of here. Now.

INT. BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

Flying low over the treetops, the men grab their gear and prepare to fast rope.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Howard bangs out of the cabin with the envelopes, Court following as he jogs to a jeep with off-road tires parked in the driveway.

HOWARD

(re: envelope)

I want you to think about this.

COURT

We'll discuss it on the road.

HOWARD

They don't know you're alive,
they'll only be looking for me.

COURT

(realizing what he intends)
No, Howard.

HOWARD

I'll stall 'em.

COURT

Ray. No.

HOWARD

I've done all the running I want.

He grips her shoulder, so much more he wants to say to her.
But he can't seem to find the words, or finds they aren't
necessary. He hands her both envelopes.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Think about it very carefully.

EXT. PINE FOREST - NIGHT

The Blackhawk hovers overhead, the treetops swaying in the
rotor-wash. Markham and his operators fast-rope from the
belly of the helicopter.

As they fan out through the trees and approach the cabin:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Howard opens the freezer and takes out another bottle of
vodka. He pours a big measure and takes a long meditative
swallow, looking at the stove.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Markham's men surround the cabin, the beams from their laser
sights probing through the windows. Barnes, the team leader,
kicks in the door.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The operators swarm inside, clearing the place room by room.
As Markham moves through, his cell phone rings -

MARKHAM

Yeah.

WHITMAN (V.O.)

She *survived* -

INT. CIA - NIGHT

Whitman at her desk, on the phone, surrounded by the surveillance - drone shots of *the gray man* - *Anneke Meyer* - Court's file marked DECEASED.

WHITMAN

Your gray man is a woman.

INT. DOM HOTEL - FLASHCUT

As Markham glances behind him to the attractive woman in the elevator, the doors closing over her expressionless face -

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Markham hangs up, moves through to find Howard in the living room. Surrounded by armed men, Howard calmly sips his drink.

HOWARD

Can I help you fellas?

MARKHAM

You better hope so.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - ITALY - NIGHT

Headlights swerve around a corner as the jeep negotiates a treacherous mountain pass.

INT/EXT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Court drives, staring straight ahead. She shuts her eyes tightly. When she opens them again she has made a decision.

She pulls over and turns the jeep around.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Markham pulls up a chair opposite Howard. The two former soldiers regard each other.

MARKHAM

I know you have SERE training. It won't be easy to get out of you what I need to know. So let's make it simple. There are two ways this can go.

HOWARD

Hey, I'll take the easy way. What do you want to know?

MARKHAM

There is no easy way. There's the hard way and the worse.
(then)
Where is she?

Howard smiles, sips his drink. Markham sighs and nods to Barnes, who steps in and cracks Howard hard across the jaw.

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

That's the best you're going to feel all night.

HOWARD

(after a beat)
All right... I'll tell you everything you need to know.

But first he digs in a drawer for a pack of stale cigarettes and lighter. He offers one to Markham who declines, waiting to hear it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

You have never in your life come up against anything like her. Everything you think, she's already thought of. Every move you make she's anticipated and is already nine moves ahead. You will forever be playing catch up, until that moment when you're finally close enough to look her in the eye and realize you're only there because she wants you to be, and the life is draining from your body.

Howard takes out a cigarette, tamps it against the pack and sets it between his lips.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I don't know what they're paying you for going after her. But it's not enough.

He grins and raises the lighter. In that instant, Markham smells gas and glances through to the stove in the kitchen.

Almost as fast as the thought hits him, Markham reaches for his pistol and fires two rounds into Howard at point-blank range.

As the lighter falls from his lifeless hand onto the floor:

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Two operators stationed by the door see a pair of headlights approaching on the road from the cabin. They raise their weapons.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Markham sees headlights flare in the windows. As Barnes throws his rifle to his shoulder -

MARKHAM

No - !

He's too late. Barnes fires a burst at her jeep and the muzzle flash ignites the gas -

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

An explosion rips through the cabin and blows out the doors and windows. The ensuing fireball engulfs the two operators, knocking them off their feet.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Court slams on the brakes, watching as flames tear through the interior of the cabin.

For a moment she stares at the blazing house, too stunned and horrified to move. The windscreen spiderwebs as bullets whine through the jeep.

She throws the vehicle in reverse, backing up down the road.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Markham and the surviving operators stagger out of the burning building.

They fire at the jeep as it turns and accelerates away.

INT. PREDATOR BAY - LANGLEY - SAME TIME - DAY

Monitors show real-time images of the burning cabin as the jeep drives away. As a PREDATOR TECH moves his joystick, the images shift to follow the jeep.

WHITMAN
(to an aide)
Alert Stelvio local.

EXT. THE STELVIO PASS - NIGHT

The jeep roars onto the pass, the highest paved road in the Eastern Alps, a tortuous series of switchbacks and hairpin bends.

As the jeep speeds past two Polizia Stradale (Italian Highway Patrol) vehicles parked roadside, the ITALIAN OFFICERS inside react to the chatter on their radios.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Hearing powerful engines, Court glances to the rearview mirror. She sees the police vehicles in pursuit. She hits the gas.

EXT. THE STELVIO PASS - NIGHT

Tearing around a corner, fishtailing and sending flurries of gravel over a precipitous drop, the jeep hits a straightaway and accelerates.

The police cars, powerful Alfa Romeos, easily outmatch the slower 4x4. The lead car closes on the jeep's rear bumper as the road hooks around sharply into a tight curve.

Both the jeep and lead car just make the turn. The second Alfa Romeo isn't so lucky, the driver not so skilled. His vehicle crashes through the barrier and flips, rolling end over end down the mountainside.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Entering a tunnel, Court cuts around a slow-moving civilian, putting valuable distance between her and the cop car behind.

But just as she gains the advantage, the BLACKHAWK rises alongside, hovering beyond the open wall of the tunnel.

The door gunner fires, high-caliber rounds hitting the jeep.

Court swerves to avoid the gunfire, pulling out into the oncoming lane. She races alongside a TRUCK, matching its speed and using it as cover.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From the window, we see the Blackhawk bank away, unwilling to risk civilian casualties. The Italian DRIVER stares in amazement. HORNS blare up ahead.

EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Still parallel with the truck, Court sees headlights approaching in her lane. She accelerates, pulling in front of the truck in the split-second before she would collide with the oncoming car.

Behind her, the remaining police Alfa fails to make the same move in time. The civilian vehicle plows into the Alfa and both cars spin to a crunching stop, blocking the tunnel.

EXT. THE STELVIO PASS - NIGHT

The jeep races out of the tunnel, no longer pursued. Ahead, the ribbon of open road glints silver in the moonlight.

Then, a HELLFIRE MISSILE streaks overhead and explodes fifty feet from the jeep.

INT. PREDATOR BAY - LANGLEY - SAME TIME

Whitman watches the silent explosion on the monitors. As the smoke and debris clears, they see the jeep still moving along a series of turns.

Ryback rushes up, glances at the display.

RYBACK

Is that her?

WHITMAN

It's her.

RYBACK

(to Predator Tech)

Reacquire the target and fire again.

WHITMAN

Sir... we're on European soil.

RYBACK

(to Predator Tech)

You want to go back to playing
video games in your mommy's
basement? Reacquire the target and
fire again.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Driving, Court checks out her window for the telltale glint of the Predator. But at two miles up there's no sign of it.

She focuses on the road, another tunnel looming ahead.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The jeep enters the second tunnel, this one carved through solid rock with no open sides.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Court looks around, grabs a golf club from the bag on the back seat. She jams it between the gas pedal and driver's seat, pushing the throttle to maximum.

As the jeep gathers speed she takes off her belt and loops it through the steering wheel, securing it.

With the jeep maintaining an erratic but generally straightforward trajectory, she opens the door, grabs both envelopes and jumps out.

EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

As Court hits the tarmac hard and rolls, an oncoming car swerves to avoid her. Coming out of the roll she limps to safety, watching the jeep leave the tunnel.

EXT. THE STELVIO PASS - NIGHT

As the driverless jeep barrels out of the tunnel onto a long open straight, a second Hellfire rocket streaks down and rips into it.

The jeep explodes in a massive fireball.

INT. PREDATOR BAY - LANGLEY - SAME TIME

The monitors show distant images of the flaming wreckage, at a silent and antiseptic remove.

PREDATOR OPERATOR
(sick about it)
Target destroyed.

As Ryback looks on, Whitman tries and fails to muster the proper sense of triumph.

WHITMAN
What a waste.

BAYLISS
Two Hellfires at seventy grand a pop. I'll bury it in the operational budget.

WHITMAN
I wasn't talking about the missiles.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A long-haul TRUCK pulls up and deposits Court in the parking lot of a bar and rest stop outside a small Italian town off the *autostrada*.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place is half-filled with a mix of truckers and locals, most of them men and all of them intrigued by the unfamiliar and unattached woman at the bar.

Court is working on her third or fourth drink, staring hollow-eyed at the two unopened envelopes on the bar. At a nearby table, a group of single guys give her interested glances, talking about her.

She catches the eye of one of the guys. Encouraged, he says a few words to his buddies then comes over. Court watches him approach, expressionless.

For a second it seems like she might let him buy her a drink, like she *wants* him to buy her a drink. But as he now arrives and grins at her...

Court gets up with the envelopes, and leaves.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Court sits at a table in a cheap hotel room, the kind that rents by the hour. The envelopes on the table, next to an empty fifth of vodka.

She picks up and opens one of the envelopes, slides out a set of keys and a passport. He told her the truth. The second envelope, the one he warned her not to open, sits there. It tugs at her.

Hearing laughter, she glances to the window. Outside, a young couple emerge from their car after a late night. Court watches until they're gone, then studies her own reflection in the glass.

Finally, she reaches for the second envelope and opens it.

Inside: a copy of his agency personnel file and several black and white surveillance photographs of PAUL RYBACK.

FLASHCUT to the jungle clearing and the figure in the helo as lightning makes his features briefly discernible as Ryback's.

BACK TO: Court in the hotel room, studying his photograph.

INT. CIA - DAY

A hand unpins a surveillance still from the drone footage of the *gray man* in Syria.

WIDER as Abi clears her cubicle. A box on her desk. Everything now off the walls.

TIME CUT. She feeds Court's photos and personnel file into a SHREDDER. As Court's image separates into strips:

INT. CIA - RYBACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Ryback looks up from his desk, sees Whitman at the door.

WHITMAN

I want to confirm the body with
Italian local.

RYBACK

I'll take care of it. You clear
things with Riyadh?

She nods. He nods. She turns to go -

RYBACK (CONT'D)

Abi?

(she stops)

Good job.

She nods. He watches her leave.

EXT. THE STELVIO PASS - DAY

Markham, in civilian clothes, stands among Italian police and emergency vehicles, watching a crane winch the wreckage of the jeep off the mountainside.

His cell rings and he glances at the screen: Unknown.

MARKHAM

(answers)

Sean Markham?

RYBACK (V.O.)

It's Paul Ryback.

MARKHAM

What happened to the girl?

RYBACK

This has gone above Miss Whitman's pay grade. From now on you'll report directly to me.

MARKHAM

So long as the check clears.

RYBACK

The first thing I want you to do is confirm the body with Stelvio Local. I need DNA and visual I.D. I want to know I'm not going to have a problem.

MARKHAM

You've already got a problem.

Markham looks on. As the crane swings the wreck into view he can see... it's empty.

INT. CIA - DAY

From her cubicle Abi can see Ryback pacing behind the glass of his office, on the phone. She watches him, curious, sensing his mood.

Ryback glances up, notices her. He ends the call then steps out of his office, comes over.

RYBACK
Listen. I'm going to need you to
debrief the Director.

WHITMAN
Yes, sir.

RYBACK
Not here. Can you make it out to
the ranch this weekend?

INT. AIRLINE - IN FLIGHT - DAY

As a male cabin crew member clears empties from the passengers in coach, Court smiles to thank him.

PILOT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we have been
cleared for landing in Huntington,
West Virginia...

EXT. RANCH - WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

A sprawling horse ranch, nestled in a hundred acres of evergreen in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Outside the Colonial main house, men in suits with ear pieces patrol the grounds, noticeable bulges under their jackets where shoulder holsters are. Others carry weapons openly.

Whitman gets out of her car, notes the security as she walks into the house.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Whitman follows Ryback through the beautifully appointed house, past maids and a cook busy in the kitchen.

WHITMAN
Is the Director here? I noticed
the security.

RYBACK
He's been held up. You can wait in
here.

He shows her in to a book-lined and very masculine study.

RYBACK (CONT'D)
Anything you need, Marcella can
bring it in to you. You need
anything? Coffee?

WHITMAN
Please.

There's a beat of silence. He's nervous and she can see it.
As he leaves:

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
Sir?
(he stops, looks at her)
Cream and sugar, thanks.

He makes a smile, leaves Abi there in the study. She frowns,
turns to take in the photographs on the walls, the volumes of
books on the shelves.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

In the distance we see a horse trailer turn off the highway,
coming up the long, fence-lined drive that leads to the main
house.

A security guard clocks it and reaches for his radio.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Ryback looks up from reading a magazine on the couch to
see Markham walk in.

MARKHAM
How much does she know about what
you told me?

RYBACK
Whitman? Nothing. Not everything.
Not enough.

MARKHAM (V.O.)
She's smart. How long before she
figures it out?

A long beat on Ryback.

RYBACK
She's in the study.
(then)
Don't do it here.

Markham nods. Then reacts as a voice speaks in his ear piece.

SECURITY 1

Be advised, we have a vehicle approaching. Looks like a trailer.

MARKHAM

(to Ryback)

You expecting livestock?

RYBACK

What? No.

Markham goes out, gesturing Ryback to stay where he is.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Whitman in the study... looking at the pictures on the wall. Among them, a PHOTOGRAPH of Ryback shaking hands with the Colombian President in Bogota.

It stops her cold. She keeps looking at it. The door opens and Abi turns, startled. But it's just the maid with coffee and biscuits on a tray.

They smile at each other; only one of them means it.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Security guys flag down the horse trailer, a big Mercedes, directing the DRIVER to pull over. They open the door, pull him out.

DRIVER

Hey, easy.

While security guys check his ID and pat him down, others search the cab and inspect underneath the truck with mirrors.

SECURITY 2

What's in the back?

DRIVER

Hey, I drive. They send me an address, a time, I drive out, I drive back. How do I know?

MARKHAM

(arriving)

Open it.

Markham stands to one side, out of the probable trajectory of fire, as the driver lowers the gate electrically. A beat.

Markham nods to one of his guys, who draws his weapon and climbs into the truck. Nothing. Empty. Piles of straw.

Moving deeper into the stalls, the security guy notices a pile large enough to conceal a person. He approaches warily, weapon levelled. Kicks at it. Nothing.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

From the treeline, we can see Markham and the security team surrounding the trailer outside the house. A DELTA OPERATOR in full camo sights through his rifle.

As he touches his hand to his ear to copy a radio transmission:

A shadow moves behind him - Court - masked and in full black tactical gear - like a ghost. She jams an X26 TASER against his neck, firing off 50,000 volts -

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME TIME

MARKHAM
(into wrist mic)
Kilo 1. Do you copy?
(nothing)
Kilo 1. Come in.

No reply. Markham gets a bad feeling. Nods for the guys to spread out and search the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Two DELTA GUYS in full camo move through the trees. One stops, hearing a clatter of stones behind him. He looks that way, signals the other to investigate.

It's a mistake. The moment he's alone, Court steps out from camouflage behind him. She throws an arm around his throat, fires the TASER at the second Delta. He goes down twitching, connected to the dart-like electrodes. Court disarms the first Delta, brings the barrel of his own gun down sharply on the base of his skull, knocking him unconscious.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME TIME

Ryback at a window, looking outside. He turns to see Markham stride through, pistol drawn.

MARKHAM
Go upstairs. Take Whitman.

RYBACK
What's happening?

MARKHAM
And stay away from the windows.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

Through the window, we can see more DELTA guys running across a field behind the house. Abi stares out, realizing she's in a bad situation.

There's the sound of KNOCKING on the door.

RYBACK (O.S.)
(muffled through door)
Abi. I need you to come upstairs
with me. Open this door.

The door knob RATTLES but it can't be opened. Abi jammed a chair up against it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Markham and the two remaining operators see movement through the trees. Markham throws his rifle to his shoulder, but there's no clear shot.

He signals the two guys to flank her, while he follows.

EXT. FOREST - LAKE - DAY

Scrambling through undergrowth, Markham climbs a rise overlooking a lake. He sees, some hundred yards away:

A figure in a black tactical gear sighting through a rifle.

Markham kneels and sights through his own weapon.

Through the SCOPE POV he can see the back of the figure's head. He has the drop on her.

He pulls the trigger, sees the head shudder under the impact of the high-velocity round - a clean hit.

EXT. FOREST - LAKE - DAY

As Markham makes his way to the corpse, slipping and stumbling on the rocks. He approaches the body and rolls it over with his boot:

It's not her. *It's one of his guys.* In the instant he realizes he's been set up -

Court attacks, driving her fist low and deep between his belt and body armor. Markham goes down on one knee, stunned, in pain. She seizes him around the neck and jams the blade of a combat knife against his throat.

COURT

It's only money. You can still walk away.

He holds his look to her. There's a momentary sense of recognition: both of them soldiers, in a fight that only concerns one. He nods.

Court lowers the blade. She removes his pistol, steps back, kicks his rifle away and waits for Markham to catch his breath. Markham shakes off his pain and astonishment - then springs at her, drawing his own knife.

They fight, a vicious struggle between equally skilled combatants.

Markham is stronger. During a series of feints and counters he catches her hand and smashes it onto a rock, snapping the wrist. Her knife clatters away. She is unarmed, and forced to favor her weak hand. She strikes a series of hammer-like blows into his side, causing him to double over, then drives her knee into his crotch. Markham goes down, sucking for air. Court rolls clear, comes up holding a holding his discarded .45 in her left hand. Their eyes meet. Markham lunges. Court fires three rounds into him, blowing him back.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - STUDY - SAME TIME

Abi hears the distant crack and echo of gunfire. She glances through the window, sees pintails rising from the trees.

She looks around, weighing only bad options: stay here and get shot in this room, or take her chances out in the house.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Ryback coming through the house, a gun in his hand. He passes a MAID in the hall.

RYBACK

It's all right. Everything's okay.

But the maid doesn't respond. Frozen to the spot, staring into the living room. As Ryback then moves through to:

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

He runs smack into:

COURT.

Standing there. Injured. Bleeding. The gun in her hand. She motions with it for him to put his own gun down. He does it, backs slowly into the room.

COURT

Do you know who I am?

(he nods)

Do you know why I'm here?

(he nods)

Sit down.

Ryback feels his legs collide with the sofa. He sits, never taking his eyes off her.

RYBACK

I make decisions every day to save lives and sometimes people have to die to do it.

COURT

(shakes her head)

Someone got rich off this.

RYBACK

You want money? I can give you money.

COURT

How much.

RYBACK

Whatever you want. Name it.

Court holds up Cahill's dog tags.

COURT

What was the price of James
Cahill's life?

A beat.

RYBACK

You kill me and you think the world
is going to look any different
tomorrow?

COURT

All I know is, you won't be here to
see it.

And she raises the gun. But just as she's about to fire:

Markham, mortally wounded, shoots at her from the door. The
shot wings her, knocking her down.

He staggers over to her. Raises his gun to administer the
coup de grace.

MARKHAM

If you're going to shoot, shoot.
Don't waste a lot of time talk-

Another shot rings out. Markham collapses, felled by a
bullet from:

WHITMAN.

She holds Ryback's gun, hands shaking from fear and
adrenalin, in the weaver stance she learned at Camp Peary.

Ryback stares at her, stunned by this reprieve. Then he
lunges for Markham's weapon. He's too late.

Court gets to it first, stands, and, with barely a glance,
fires four shots into Ryback, killing him.

She turns the gun on Whitman, who drops her weapon and covers
her face to ward off the bullet she expects any second.

WIDE on the two of them standing in this all-American living
room, bodies on the floor, Court aiming the gun and Whitman
covering her face. HOLD.

Then:

Whitman finally, tentatively, lowers her arms. When she
does, she sees she's alone with two dead men.

Court has gone.

EXT. CIA - DAY

Establish.

INT. CIA - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Whitman sits at a gleaming table in a wood-paneled conference room on the seventh floor. There are a half-dozen section chiefs and various aides and analysts in attendance. Whitman looks nervous among the brass.

Everyone looks round as the principals file in, including the CIA DIRECTOR.

CIA DIRECTOR

All right, I think we can all say
we're gratified to hear Miss
Whitman survived her ordeal -

WHITMAN

(corrects him)
Whitman.

CIA DIRECTOR

Excuse me?

WHITMAN

It's Whitman, sir. Abigail
Whitman.

CIA DIRECTOR

(a beat)

Now maybe one of you gentlemen can
help clear up for me how the hell
Paul Ryback died at the hands of an
assassin known operationally as -
(checks notes)
- The Gray Man.

He looks around the room. Nobody volunteers.

CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Steve? You're acting DNCS.

ACTING DNCS

(equivocates)

It's my second day. I'm still
feeling my way around. As far as
I'm aware, this *gray man* put us in
hot water with Riyadh. But he's
been identified and neutralized.

CIA DIRECTOR
Can we confirm that?

WHITMAN
Yes, sir.

The director looks to Abi, surprised she's spoken up.

CIA DIRECTOR
Miss Whitman? I'm hearing it may
have been one of ours.

WHITMAN
No, sir.

Whitman turns to the wall, clicks a remote to bring up on
screen a big ID shot of:

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
Sean Markham, a former Delta
operator who ran a private military
and security company out of
Virginia. While he did have
contracts with CIA, DOD and NSA in
his portfolio, in this instance he
was acting alone.

The Director regards her as:

WHITMAN (CONT'D)
We can link him to Ryback, but
we're still exploring the nature of
that connection.

The Director holds his look to Abi a long, long moment and
she holds hers to him. Eventually -

CIA DIRECTOR
Okay. I'll buy it. What else?

As Whitman relaxes, off the hook - for now - Steve clicks
another button. The image on screen changes to a big photo
of a Sudanese dictator -

ACTING DNCS
Bakri Abboud. We've reached the
point where his leadership in Sudan
is no longer tenable. The French
want him dead.

CIA DIRECTOR
Can we oblige them?

ACTING DNCS

Not without angering the Chinese.
We need to persuade him it's time
to seek exile in an amenable third
party nation.

CIA DIRECTOR

Okay. How do we do that?

Nobody has any ideas. We push in slowly on Whitman, who most
certainly does have one...

EXT. PARK - LONDON - DAY

And we see a woman in a gray hooded sweatshirt jogging
through a central London park.

As the woman - Court - runs past children feeding ducks,
lovers on benches, businessmen eating lunch - she slows,
noticing:

A cycle courier up ahead, weaving through the crowds, his
trajectory intersecting with hers.

She keeps running, watching him. The cyclist draws closer.
Her hand goes into her pocket, for whatever weapon she might
have there. As the cyclist is almost upon her, he reaches
into a shoulder bag, and:

He throws a newspaper down onto the grass in front of her.

As he speeds on, Court looks after him, alert now. Keeping
one hand in her pocket, she picks up the paper. The
International New York Times.

Glancing around, she opens it to the classified ads, her
attention caught by one ad in particular:

*All is forgiven. We'll do it your way. Call if you're
interested.*

Slowly, Court folds the newspaper. They want her back. She
doesn't know how she feels about it.

She drops the newspaper in the trash. And as she runs off
into the crowds... a gray figure lost among ordinary people
going about ordinary lives -

CUT TO BLACK