

THE NOVEMBER MAN

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel. "There are no Spies"

By

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BLACK

Voices surround us, close. The intimacy of a two-way radio conversation. One voice older, seasoned, dark. Devereaux. The other younger, bright, sure of itself. Mason.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Scenario...

MASON'S VOICE

Christ, now? Are you kidding?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

There's two bulls standing on a hill, looking down at a field full of cows.

MASON'S VOICE

I don't believe this...

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Wait, listen. The young bull says to the old one, 'Hey pop, let's you and me run down there and fuck one of those heifers.'

BRIEF FLASH -- THREE SEDANS PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE HAGUE.

MASON'S VOICE

(tense)

Here we go.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

What does the old bull say?

A man gets out. 40, hard, handsome but not pretty. Face and eyes that have seen it all, done most of it. Cell phone to his ear. This is DEVEREAUX, the older voice. He's instantly surrounded by security.

MASON'S VOICE

You know this is an open channel.

BRIEF FLASH -- REVERSE ANGLE -- CLOSE, ON THE STREET.

Static washes over the line. Devereaux's waiting for his answer.

MASON'S VOICE

I don't know. What does he say?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

I don't know. That's your final answer?

MASON'S VOICE

'I don't fuck cows'?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

They're all cows. Of course they fuck cows.

MASON'S VOICE

You're unbelievable. Can we concentrate on the business at hand --

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

The old bull says: "No, son. Let's walk down there and fuck 'em all.

WITH MASON, CLOSE, ON A ROOFTOP. Eye pressed to a sniper rifle. Devereaux's deep CHUCKLE comes over his headset.

DEVEREAUX

Blue suit. Four o'clock. Thirty yards.

CAMERA swing to A MAN, emerging from behind a pillar, making his way through people, angling towards Devereaux.

MASON

Got him. He's moving.

DEVEREAUX

Wait, hold your shot --

MASON'S VOICE

No, he's moving on you.

THROUGH CROSSHAIRS. The man, moving towards the agents, a hand into his jacket.

Devereaux, thirty feet from the man, distance closing, vulnerable...

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Wait. Check your vectors. Hold your shot.

MASON

Negative, I got it. Just trust me for once.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Do not fire!

CROSSHAIRS CENTER ON THE APPROACHING MAN! CRACK! A shot echoes out. The man, shot in the head, slumps forward, gun in his hand.

THE STREET. Chaos. Men in suits MOVING. Guns coming out.

MASON'S VOICE

I got him. I got him...

Mason's POV: Devereaux. Now alone by the sedan, staring at the man's body, still on the phone. Now he looks up straight at us.

MASON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

He was going for you. I got him.

Still nothing from Devereaux staring at us. Then he turns, the CROSSHAIRS FOLLOWING HIS GAZE...

... to the Man, dead on the ground, gun lying by his side... a sense of something just beyond, something terrible.

MASON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Devereaux? He was going for you.

(beat)

Devereaux...?

Devereaux is gone.

Card Over Black: "THE NOVEMBER MAN"

Then a strange sound. Knock. Knock... The sound of wood tapping on wood...

FADE IN:

2

EXT. CAFE - DAY

2

A chess board. A man's hand moving a Knight, then hitting the game clock. A child's delicate fingers doing the same.

CLOSE ON THE BOARD. The man's hand lingers on his King, then tips the piece over.

A GIRL, 10, bright eyed, just a hint of Slavic features, studies the board, then looks up at her opponent.

Devereaux. The same worldly eyes, scars, pain. But softer here... She smiles.

GIRL

Tu m'a laisse gagner. (You let me win.)

DEVEREAUX
T'es sur? (You're sure?)

GIRL
Oui, il y a trois tours. (Yes,
 Three moves ago.)

Devereaux smiles, hands her twenty francs. She gives him a peck on the cheek, picks up a school bag, exits.

A beat. Devereaux rises, heads out into

3 **EXT. SWISS STREET - MORNING**

3

Card: "Five years later"

Devereaux walks. A sedan pulls up behind, stops. Door opens. Devereaux pauses, looks in -- moment of hesitation, a realization that there's nowhere to run, a decision made -- climbs inside.

4 **INT. SEDAN - MORNING**

4

A 60 year old man with thinning hair and a paunch ill concealed by his off-the-rack suit sits in back.

HANLEY

HANLEY
 Thirty-seven years in the field,
 all of a sudden, my God damn feet
 give out. I go in, doctors tell me
 I got this gout. You ever heard of
 this? I thought only old Brit
 fucks get this nonsense, but I got
gout. Swear to Christ.

Devereaux doesn't look at the man. No love lost here.

DEVEREAUX
 How did you find me?

HANLEY
 That's it? No hello, Hanley, nice
 to see you? Been too long? --

Devereaux starts to open the door.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
 Wait... wait.
 (beat)
 Hell, I don't know what to say.
 (MORE)

HANLEY (CONT'D)

I never thought I'd see you again
either. It's... it's nice. You
look good.

DEVEREAUX

What do you want?

Beat. Hanley reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a file, flips it open. Devereaux looks down at a surveillance photo with "FSB" stamped on the top: A WOMAN, 40s, Slavic, very attractive stares back at him. "NATALY ULANOVA" typed across the bottom. The image has weight for Devereaux.

HANLEY

Nataly's in trouble.

DEVEREAUX

Send in a team.

HANLEY

We've been having some family
issues. She's a little light on
trust right now.

A beat. A decision made.

DEVEREAUX

She's got no reason to trust me,
Hanley.

HANLEY

That's what I tried to tell her,
when she asked for you.

This... effects Devereaux.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Since you left she's been working
her way close to Federov. Seems
she got something. Something big.

A beat. Devereaux closes his eyes.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Federov's going to be the next
Russian President. Nataly claims
she has a god damn eye witness who
can tie him to that bloodbath in
Chechnya. I don't mean someone who
saw him give the order. I mean
someone who saw him pull the
trigger.

(beat)

(MORE)

HANLEY (CONT'D)

If she's right, how long you think she lasts in there?

Devereaux stares at Hanley, unreadable.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Look, I don't give a shit about mother Russia. But Federov's a sociopathic asshole and Nataly is my asset and our friend. I don't know about you, but I don't have many of those left.

(beat)

Get her out of that hornet's nest.

Devereaux leans forward, reading Hanley. Hanley looks away...

DEVEREAUX

(realizing)

She won't give you the name until you bring her out.

Hanley meets his gaze. Admits it.

HANLEY

...Always was a ball buster, wasn't she?

5

INT. HALLWAY, MASON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

5

MASON, 30, dark haired, long and lean, body of an athlete, a big tabby cat in one arm, knocks on a door.

A beat. It opens to reveal a young woman in a robe, hair a mess, eyes filled with sleep. SARAH.

SARAH

Zillow.

MASON

She was stuck on the window sill this time.

SARAH

I'm so sorry.

MASON

No. Don't worry about it. I needed to get up anyway.

Switching to accented English now:

SARAH
I don't know why she always... I
think she likes you.

That sits there. She reaches for the cat. Her robe falls open. She pulls it back together, embarrassed. Mason pretends not to steal a glance.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He nods, turns to go.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Would you... like a cup of coffee?

He looks at her, smiles.

A door opens behind Mason. His apartment. A WOMAN looks out -- dark hair, too much mascara, streaked. Last night's error in judgment.

WOMAN
(Serbian accent)
Mason?

MASON
Sarah. This is Magie.

WOMAN
Margaret.

She shoots him a look, walks out. Mason's turn to be embarrassed. Sarah can't help but laugh. It's a nice sound. She gives him a little wave and closes the door behind her, leaving Mason alone in the hallway.

His cell phone rings. He glances at it.

6 **INT. GULFSTREAM JET - MORNING**

6

Three OPERATORS -- two male, one female, all professionals -- are arrayed around the plane.

Mason sits apart, a sealed manila envelope in front of him. A beat. He tears it open, pulls out a file.

Staring back at him: A photograph of NATALY ULANOVA, the same woman Devereaux was looking at.

Printed underneath: "Priority Extraction."

7 INT. OFFICE, - AFTERNOON

NATALY ULANOVA, blond, beautiful, tense, pulls a file from a safe, slides the file into her purse, shuts the safe, exits.

8 INT. LOBBY, FSB (RUSSIAN STATE SECURITY) - AFTERNOON

The seal of Russia's Internal Security Service. Turnstiles, metal detectors, scanners. A half dozen armed SECURITY OFFICERS scan IDs and spot check personal effects, all under the unblinking eyes of batteries of video cameras.

Nataly's ID scanned. Officer nods and she's on her way.

9 INT. PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Cars glide by, lights illuminating Nataly as she makes her way towards her compact Lada. She gets to the car, fumbles with the lock, climbs in.

10 EXT. MOSCOW SIDE STREET - EVENING

Dusk. Light filtered through city smog. Summer heat lifts off slick streets.

11 INT. LADA - EVENING

She wipes sweat from her brow. Texts with one hand: "5 mins." Waits for a reply...

12 EXT. MOSCOW SIDE STREET - EVENING

A van cuts in front of her! A car JAMS her from behind. Red and blue lights flash behind grills. Armed STATE SECURITY OFFICERS close on her, shouting orders in Russian. One opens the door. Hands pull her out.

BOOM! Gunshot? Officers turn, guns lined, looking for the shooter. BOOMBOOM! A brick of firecrackers cooks off in a garbage can!

Nataly runs, cutting down an alley! Security follows.

13 **EXT. ALLEY - EVENING**

Nataly sprinting. ARMED SECURITY appear up ahead. She turns.

A car speeds towards her. Tires lock up. She's lost. Passenger door is thrown open from inside. She looks at the driver.

NATALY

...Devereaux?

DEVEREAUX

Get in.

She hesitates. BEHIND HER, Russian Security stream into the alley. Nataly lands hard next to Devereaux as he jams the car forward.

14

INT. HOTEL ROOM - HOTEL, MOSCOW - EVENING

14

A coin runs over a man's fingers, over and over. Pull back to reveal Mason, eyes on his phone. The text reads "5 minutes."

His team waits, silent, surrounded by computers, secure satellite uplinks, etc.

OPERATOR

Incoming....

(looks at Mason)

42. Confirm?

This gets Mason's attention.

MASON

Get him on the line.

Fingers fly over the keyboard. Mason grabs a secure phone.

MASON (CONT'D)

She'll be here in less than three minutes. I can get her out.

VOICE

They have her. Confirm 42.

Not liking this. Pained.

MASON

...42 confirmed.

And he's moving, grabbing an aluminum case and pushing out the door. The rest of the team goes into emergency mode -- jacking into communications links, checking personal weapons.

15 **EXT. ROOFTOP - HOTEL, MOSCOW - EVENING**

15

BANG. Door blows open as MASON moves onto the rooftop, assembling his sniper rifle even as he moves. His hand touches his ear...

VOICE

Target is zero-point-six clicks and closing, turning south towards your position.

Mason reaches the edge of the roof, his weapon coming down...

MASON'S POV -- THROUGH THE SCOPE: Devereaux's sedan slides around a corner, accelerates towards Mason's position.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Range in eight, seven, six...

16 **INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

16

Nataly stares at Devereaux as he accelerates, cutting through Moscow traffic.

NATALY

Its been a long time.

DEVEREAUX

(brief hesitation)

You have a name, he needs it.

NATALY

What, all business this time?

DEVEREAUX

(looking at her)

...You know how this works, Nataly.
The name?

A beat. She opens her case, hands Devereaux the file. He flips it open. Inside, a grainy black and white photograph of a young girl, maybe 13, head wrapped in a scarf, eyes dead against the bleak winterscape, stares back at him.

NATALY

Mira Filipova. Find her, before they do.

Devereaux produces a satellite phone, hits a key. One ring and its answered.

DEVEREAUX

Mira Filipova.

HANLEY'S VOICE
You're in trouble.

Devereaux CRANKS the wheel.

THWACK! A round PUNCHES through the windscreen, catches Nataly in the chest. She grasps at the wound, blood spraying between her fingers...

FREEZE.

REVERSE ANGLE. Tracking back along the trajectory of the round, by buildings, over rooftops, 200 yards, A.C. units, laundry, 400, church steeple, 500, to

17 **EXT. ROOFTOP, HOTEL - EVENING**

17

MASON. One eye pressed against a 20X Zeiss digitized telescopic sight.

CAR VEERS TO THE SIDE!

CROSSHAIRS TRACK, just as fast, onto the driver. Mason FIRES! FIRES! Three shots...

... missing the driver who rolls out of the car even as the car REVOLVES to block Mason's shot.

18 **EXT. STREET, MOSCOW - CONTINUOUS**

18

DEVEREAUX. Sitting, back against a stone wall.

IN FRONT OF DEVEREAUX: The car, upside down, crumpled against a wall, the driver's door open. Nataly inside, hanging from her seat belt, frightened eyes staring back at Devereaux. One hand clutching the wound in her chest.

The other reaching out to Devereaux... She dies.

Blood mixes with fuel. An electrical component sparks. Flames ignite.

Devereaux's gaze locks on where the shot came from. Holy hell behind those eyes.

19 **INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

19

Mason pushes through a stairwell door into a lobby. Operators approach from other angles as outside, a VAN pulls up.

20 EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 20

20 EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 20

21 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 21

... a MAN, face shadowed by a hat, appearing out of nowhere.

22 EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 22

BUMP. The MAN moves by the Operator, gently knocking him. Operator, annoyed, feeling where they made contact... Eyes go WIDE!

OPERATOR

GUN!!!

And everything moves incredibly fast, incredibly hard.

Devereaux wraps the Operator up, levels the gun on the second... FIRES! Slug catches the man in the throat.

People SCREAM, PANIC.

REVERSES with Operator #2, using the man's body to catch three slugs from Operator #3 who's unloading at him. BLAM! Devereaux shoots her in the head, drops the body.

WITH MASON

Bursting through the doors, firing the sniper-rife, no stock.

WITH DEVEREAUX

Gliding around the van, coming around the other side, gun lined on Mason... not firing.

DEVEREAUX AND MASON

Mason also lined on Devereaux, holding his shot. Confusion. Rage. Worlds shattered. Closing on Mason's eyes fast.

FLASHBACK TO:

23

EXT. BEACH, INDONESIA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

23

Mason. Young, cocky, almost wet behind the ears, trots down the sand with two beers, offers one to...

... Devereaux. Sitting in the sand, staring out. Devereaux ignores the beer, raises a bottle of whiskey. Drinks deep.

MASON

Easy there, sir.

Devereaux looks over. Big bloodshot eyes. Stinking drunk.

DEVEREAUX

What are you, my mother?

Mason laughs, sits and drinks. Devereaux keeps his heavy gaze on Mason, lifts a finger, taps him on the forehead.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Hello? Any one home in here?

Hello?

MASON

Knock it off.

DEVEREAUX

You're scary. You should drink more. The shit... the fucking shit I am showing you... You should drink a lot more.

MASON

Thank you.

Devereaux squints at him. "What?"

MASON (CONT'D)

I'm serious. I know with my background, most people wouldn't have considered me. Thank you. I won't disappoint you.

DEVEREAUX

...Where do you think I came from?

SLAM BACK TO:

24

EXT. MOSCOW HOTEL - EVENING (RESUME)

24

Mason and Devereaux, guns lined.

MASON

...You.

DEVEREAUX. A touch of softness behind brutal eyes.

DEVEREAUX

Why?

Both men. Questions. Knowing this is neither the time nor the place for answers. SIRENS approach.

RUSSIAN MILITARY POLICE vehicles slide to a stop. Armed men, the same that were after Nataly, pour out.

Still Mason and Devereaux are LOCKED... and then, almost at the same moment, they disengage. Devereaux moving into a crowd, Mason back into the hotel...

SMASH TO:

25

INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - AFTERNOON

25

Card: "CIA Belgrade Station Command and Control."

Card: "Ten minutes earlier."

HUGE SCREENS, backed up by smaller monitors, show the Moscow Hotel. Satellite view. Local cams, tapped. Live video from a hotel balcony. Mason and his team locked thermal, labeled. Vitals remotely monitored.

Other monitors show Moscow streets. Nataly's Lada in traffic.

TECHNICIANS and ANALYSTS work the operation as PERRY WEINSTEIN circles the room. 50s, old school, headset on, the man in charge. His was the voice on the other end of the conversation with Mason.

WEINSTEIN

Target is in motion, headed west.

(beat)

Target confirms five minutes to rendezvous.

TECH #2

We're getting chatter over secure FSB channels.... They're moving on the target, sir.

This gets everyone's attention. All eyes on monitors as security vehicles box Nataly in. She's pulled out... runs!

Tracking her. An alley.... A sedan.... She gets in...

Weinstein stares. A beat.

WEINSTEIN

Send 42.

Beat.

MASON (V.O.)

She'll be here in less than three minutes. I can get her out.

WEINSTEIN

They have her. Confirm 42.

MASON (V.O.)

...42 confirmed.

HANLEY (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Hanley's entered.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

We're in Moscow? Why wasn't I informed?

Weinstein ignores him. Hanley reads the boards. Understands.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Perry? What the hell are you doing?

WEINSTEIN

My job, John. You have a problem, Langley's on line 2.

(keys his headset.)

Target is zero-point-six clicks and closing, turning south towards your position...

Hanley's PHONE RINGS. He glances at the ID, moves away from the group.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Range in four, three...

Hanley picks it up. Listens. Then, softly...

HANLEY

...You're in trouble.

ON THE SCREENS: Devereaux's car VEERS.

MASON (V.O.)
Shot taken. Waiting for
confirmation...

ON THE SCREENS: Devereaux's car IMPACTS. Flips over.
Slides. Devereaux rolls free. Bullet strikes register as
hot flashes on the car. Black blood pours from Nataly's
chest. Thermals indicate a drop in her core temperature.
Then the fire flares.

WEINSTEIN
...Target confirmed. It's a kill.

26 **INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, COMMAND AND CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER** 26

The whole operation visible in here through large glass
windows. Sound muted. Hanley goes to a cooler, pours
himself water.

Weinstein in the doorway, just entered. Tense between the
two men. Then:

HANLEY
I knew her. You knew her.

WEINSTEIN
Yes.
(beat)
It was over when the Russians made
her. I did her a favor.

Hanley's about to respond when, BEHIND THEM, seen through
glass, the SCREENS LIGHT UP! Gunfire. Techs RUSHING to
their posts. CHAOS enveloping the room as the hotel
firefight plays out.

27 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - CONTINUOUS** 27

Weinstein and Hanley push out into the main room into a DIN
of shouting, the sound of GUNFIRE over speakers, SCREAMS.

ON THE SCREENS... Mason's team -- vitals flatlining.

TWO RED PULSING FIGURES. Devereaux and Mason, locked.
Mason, labeled. Devereaux simply marked "Hostile."

WEINSTEIN
Who hit us?!! WHAT THE HELL IS
GOING ON?!

ON THE SCREEN: The two figures, still stationary. The Russian vehicles sliding into view...

The figures PART. Mason... fading into the building. Devereaux into the crowd. The computer trying to stay locked on him. Jumping lock from body to body... losing track.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)
Don't you lose that man! Nobody
DARES lose him!

SILENCE. The flow of random panicked bodies on the screens.

Beat. Beat. Beat... Mason's voice crackles over speakers.

MASON'S VOICE
...It was Devereaux.

Shock. Nobody speaks. Weinstein, also confused.

MASON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
It was god damn Devereaux. What
the fuck was he doing there...?

Weinstein stares at the screens, the dead agents... the room confused, running scans. All coming up empty or BLOCKED.

A young female Agent, inexperienced, glasses and no make up, stares at the image. CELIA.

CELIA
Who's Devereaux?

WEINSTEIN
...Peter Devereaux. One of ours.
Active '77 to 08. He worked for
Hanley.

Weinstein looks. Hanley is gone.

Devereaux sits alone at the bar, drinking. Mira Filipova's file spread out before him.

The grainy b/w photo of the young girl, huddled in a UN Blanket. Dead eyes. Records of an interview... Rape noted. U.N. docs. Chechnya. Processing papers. A DVD.

Devereaux examines it. Pops the disk into a laptop. A grainy image appears, colors washed out by darkness, rain, and shadow. A match flares as a uniformed Russian soldier lights a smoke. Beat. A vehicle drives by. Another beat...

KABOOOM! The building EXPLODES! A tidal wave of debris washes towards us. End video.

Devereaux lifts his eyes: A TV over the bar shows the Russian Federation's Energy Minister, Arkady Federov -- Russian by blood, Soviet by philosophy -- giving a speech. Then a CNN reporter announcing that:

CNN REPORTER

...Russia's oil minister Arkady Federov is due to leave tonight for the Belgrade Energy Summit, where he will enter into urgent negotiations regarding Russian oil sales to the European Union. Mr. Federov is expected to succeed ailing President Dimitry Kafarov in next month's elections....

A beat. Devereaux pockets the file, heads into the terminal. A man similar in build to Devereaux approaches. Devereaux bumps him, keeps going... checking his new travel documents.

29 **E/I. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT**

29

The plane breaks through clouds, descending over Belgrade. Behind it, the rising sun begins a new day.

Inside, sunlight touches Mason's face. He's alone in the passenger compartment of the jet.

30 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

30

Papers, computer hardware, stale food... three stacks of cash and a gun.

Hanley sits in front of two of the computers, staring, jittery and exhausted. Been working all night.

ON THE SCREENS: An access page for "Nataly Ulanova." Computer cycling passwords.

On another screen: Crunching a search on "Mira Filipova." C.I.A. LOGOS. Pictures. War-ravaged city. Faces, distraught, malnourished.... A destroyed building.... Bodies of Russian Soldiers.... That PHOTO of a young girl's eyes peering out from a blanket. Haunting.

"SEARCHING RELATIONSHIPS...."

A NOISE makes Hanley check the door, hand moving to his gun as one of the computers BEEPS, drawing his attention....

BOOM! Door's BLOWN OPEN! Men STREAM IN. Hanley SLAPS a kill switch. Two computers FRY.

He SPINS, lunges for the third... A tazer hits him. Charge courses through him. He drops, convulsing.

31 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HOTEL IMPERIAL, BELGRADE - EVENING** 31

ARKADY FEDEROV sits as a Serbian politician makes his case. His SECURITY CHIEF whispers something in Federov's ear.

32 **INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL, BELGRADE - EVENING** 32

Elevator doors opening, Federov and SECURITY CONTINGENT moving fast towards elevators..

SECURITY CHIEF (RUSSIAN)
Ulanova's dead.

FEDEROV (RUSSIAN)
Did you get to her in time?

SECURITY CHIEF (RUSSIAN)
We don't know. She made a copy of this file. It hasn't been recovered.

SECURITY CHIEF hands him a file. Federov flips it open. That PHOTO of Mira Filipova stares back at him.

FEDEROV (RUSSIAN)
...Where is she?

SECURITY CHIEF (RUSSIAN)
We think Belgrade.

FEDEROV (RUSSIAN)
You need to find her.

Federov steps into the elevator. Security Chief stays behind. Raises a cell phone.

33 **INT. BELGRADE FLOPHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT** 33

Grimy nicotine-stained bed and walls. Peeling wallpaper. The sound of ARGUMENTS and SEX filtering in.

A woman, ALEXA, 30s, dark haired, sits on the bed in bra and skirt, answers her phone. A beat.

ALEXA

Da.

She hangs up, crosses the room. Three laptops open on a desk, types: MIRA FILIPOVA....

34

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY, BELGRADE - NIGHT

34

Harsh fluorescent light. 70's blinds.

The coin flows over the man's fingers. Mason, sitting at one end of a large conference table... staring down at the coin.

In the background, VOICES ask questions.

"Was there any indication that Devereaux was in the operational theater?"

"Did Devereaux identify himself before he opened fire on your agents?"

"Did Devereaux indicate which foreign agency or agencies he was commissioned by?"

Another question, a female voice:

CELIA'S VOICE

Why didn't you shoot?

The question makes Mason look up at Celia, who finds herself suddenly caught in the spotlight of Mason's gaze.

MASON

...What?

CELIA

...I'm sorry, just...

(aside)

Can I have sixty-three point four?

MONITORS show keyhole sat pictures of the gun battle. FAST FORWARD to the moment Mason and Devereaux locked.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Here... why didn't you shoot?

Mason takes her in. Fresh out of the academy, trying not to show it. He shakes his head. Looks back at the coin.

WEINSTEIN'S VOICE

Yes, Mr. Mason. Why didn't you shoot?

Room STIFFENS as Weinstein enters, keeps his gaze on Mason.

MASON

...There was no threat.

WEINSTEIN

The man who has just assassinated
your entire team is pointing his
gun at you and you say... there was
no threat?

MASON

Devereaux was disoriented, he
didn't expect to see me. He wasn't
working for a foreign agency... he
was doing what I would have done.

(beat)

We tried to kill him. He killed
us.

WEINSTEIN

You had maybe a quarter of a second
to assess. You gleamed all this in
that much time?

MASON

(no hesitation)

Yes.

WEINSTEIN

So why didn't you shoot?

(beat)

Why didn't he shoot?

Weinstein gestures to the agents who quickly pack up and
leave. Suddenly, it's just Weinstein and Mason.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

That's really the question, isn't
it?

Weinstein looks at the heat-signature image of Mason and
Devereaux.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

...Do you think you know him?

MASON

As much as someone can.

WEINSTEIN

What will he do now?

MASON

Look for those responsible... hurt them.

WEINSTEIN

Hurt you?

Mason doesn't answer. Doesn't have an answer.

Weinstein opens a red folio, worn. Sets a high resolution satellite photo down: NATALY, dead, slumped in the wrecked sedan, flames licking at her body.

Mason takes it in, doesn't blink. Business. Weinstein sets more photos down: Nataly and Devereaux, maybe six years younger. Together, on a beach. At a restaurant, laughing. Spied on in bed, making love.

Mason... blinks.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

You think you know him, but you don't.

(beat)

There are things in this world that mattered to Devereaux. People he let inside, people he loved perhaps.

Weinstein sets the picture of dead Nataly back on top.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

And we just killed a very important one.

MASON

...What happened out there?

WEINSTEIN

The Russians made her. And once they got to her...

MASON

Devereaux had her.

WEINSTEIN

(beat)

No one had heard from Devereaux in six years. We still don't know what he was doing there, or who he was working for.

Mason's eyes bore into Weinstein for a beat. Seeing... fear? Rises, starts to leave.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)
What are you going to do?

MASON
(matter of fact)
Same thing he would: Find him.
Kill him before he kills me.

Weinstein... nods.

35 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - EVENING**

35

Hanley gone. Boxes lie in the center of the living room. Large plastic Ziplock bags containing evidence and/or information. Hanley's house is being "cleaned."

A CLEANER -- middle aged, ectomorphic -- carefully removes a cooked hard drive from a computer. Next to him, a SECOND CLEANER clones the third machine's hard drive.

Cleaners SWING AROUND, but Devereaux's already inside the men, pivoting one's gun arm around, striking him with an open palm to the face exactly once, driving his fist into the second's gut. Both drop.

Devereaux's eyes settle on the computer monitor.

A face, female, thirty, beautiful, fierce, stares back at him from a Serbian driver's licence picture. A name: **Alice Fornier**. Underneath, "Refugee Services," and "Intake Worker...."

36 **INT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

36

...The same face stares at us from a laptop screen.

We pull back to reveal Alexa staring at the image. Two other laptops run searches.

ON THE SCREENS. Data STREAMS. The photo of Mira Filipova... Last known contact -- August 1995, U.N. Refugee Services. "Rape." "Slavery." "Russian Special Forces." "Traversed wilderness... ...6 days." "Frostbite."

37 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - EVENING**

37

A black and white Agency photo of Devereaux sits static on a large LCD screen. Flight manifests, passport checks, data from ATM and traffic cameras cycle on monitors. Email (Carnivore) and phone traffic (Eschelon) is scanned.

Celia runs a trace, glances nervously to the side where Mason sits, a caged animal, waiting, running that coin over his fingers. He catches her eye, she looks away, spooked.

MEYERS (20s), super-geek with looks turns from his computer.

MEYERS

Biometric match from the Frankfurt
border crossing, coming up...

AN IMAGE floods the screens: A border checkpoint, A MAN glancing up at the cameras. Devereaux.

MEYERS (CONT'D)

This is two hours ago... There, he
looked right at the camera.

Mason's eyes take in the image. He smiles just a little.

CELIA

Cleaners at location Alpha have a
possible hit. Authorization and
access codes positive. Go ahead.

When the man speaks, the voice is nasally.

CLEANER'S VOICE

It's Jurgen. I need information on
subject Fournier, Alice. Cellular
number, current location, home and
business addresses.

The coin running over Mason's fingers... stops.

A Belgrade Driver's license and U.S. Passport, along with
photos and data scroll across the screen. Cell phone number
flashes, then GPS coordinates, followed by cross streets.

CELIA

Accessing. Hold. Oh my god!

Mason is right there next to her. No one even saw him move.

MASON

How many on station at Hanley's?

CELIA

Two.

MASON

...Call the other.

Celia grabs a phone, dials, hands it to Mason. It rings...

38 **INT. HANLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

38

Cleaner #1, nose bent, eyes black and blue, sits duct taped to a chair, eyes on Devereaux who holds a cell phone to his ear.

The second Cleaner is on the floor, head wrapped in Saran Wrap, a small straw stuck into his mouth letting him breath.

The second cell rings. Devereaux knows he's been made. And probably by whom. A small smile creases his features.

39 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - CONTINUOUS**

39

Celia's phone rings to message...

MASON

It's Devereaux.

MEYERS snaps up a phone.

MEYERS

I want everyone we have at Vuka
Karadzica one nine five now!

MASON

He won't be there.

CELIA

What then?

MASON

...Give him what he wants.

She stares at him, keys her headset:

CELIA

Fournier, Alice, cell 75 29 3654.
Current location, Key Oslobodenya
53.

40 **INT. RESTAURANT, RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT**

40

EDGAR SIMPSON, New York Times Bureau Chief, impeccable in dress and demeanor, angles for Alice who is already seated, alone. She rises as he nears. Kiss on both cheeks.

EDGAR

Sorry I'm late. I've got a raft of
bloggers claiming to have a sex
tape with Merckle.

(MORE)

EDGAR (CONT'D)

(shudders)

Really, the times we live in.

They sit. Beat. His big watery eyes take her in. A fatherly warmth, pride. And sadness.

ALICE

What?

EDGAR

The answer is yes, I know he's here. We're leading with him tomorrow.

(hard beat)

...And no, we won't be pushing the Chechen angle.

Alice's demeanor shifts slightly. Chink in the armor.

ALICE

The man is a war criminal, Edgar. He oversaw the systematic extermination of an entire population. Look. I brought these.

She spreads photos on the table -- war, rape, death -- as well as legal briefs, witness statements, etc.

EDGAR

Stop.

ALICE

And I have more testimonials. Legal opinions. A case can be made here for crimes against humanity --

EDGAR

Stop.

ALICE

There's precedent for the German Federal Courts to--

EDGAR

Stop.

Beat.

ALICE

What do you think he'll do next? A man like that, suddenly given the power he's been given. He needs to be stopped. So I'm asking you to --

EDGAR

You're asking the New York Times to go to war with the next president of mother Russia! And as its editor, I'm telling you that without a single credible eyewitness capable or willing to testify against him, I can't.

She looks away.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Look, Alice, you have to move beyond this.

ALICE

How?... He hurt so many people.

EDGAR

And you've helped so many. Find some peace in that.... Nobody can stop Federov now. I'm sorry.

FROM THE KITCHEN

Devereaux enters, scans. Must be a hundred women here, half with their back to him.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Alexa enters. She scans the room, gaze locking on Alice seated across from Edgar. She checks the rest room location, settles into a booth...

WITH DEVEREAUX

Scanning the space. Outside, the sound of a HORN. Devereaux TRACKS two VANS that have pulled up, men getting out. Mason.

Devereaux lifts his cell, dials, waits. It rings.

Devereaux'S POV -- TWO WOMEN answer phones simultaneously. Alice and another, a dozen tables to the left.

ALICE'S VOICE

Yes?

WITH ALEXA

Who also has tracked the van's arrival. SCANS the men, makes a decision, rises...

WITH DEVEREAUX

Eyes darting from vans, to the men... to Alexa closing the distance toward Alice.

ALICE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Yes, hello?

DEVEREAUX

You have eight seconds.

ALICE'S VOICE

...To do what?

DEVEREAUX

Live. Stand up.

On Alice, reacting, looking around. People milling. ALEXA, closing behind her.

ALICE

Excuse me?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Four, three. Do it now or you're dead.

Almost on reflex, she does, phone still to her ear.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Move towards the bar, now!

She does, drawn by his voice, the conviction. Alexa, ten feet away now.

Devereaux angling towards, grabs a steak knife from a table as he passes. Two predators closing on the same prey.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Duck.

But she's seen Alexa, too. STARES at the knife that SNAPS open in her hand. Paralyzed.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

DUCK!!

Last second, she does, just as Alexa swings the blade!

Devereaux BLOCKS it. Alexa turns on him, the knife a blur. Devereaux deflects, takes a punch to the solar plexus, blocks a knee, a lightning-quick motion and Devereaux turns away, pulling Alice with him.

Behind them, Alexa STARES, honestly surprised. Devereaux's steak knife is planted in her side. She puts a hand to it, cocks her head... impressed.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Mason pushes in, tracks Devereaux, pulling Alice into the kitchen, follows.

41 **INT. KITCHEN, RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

41

Restaurant EMPLOYEES pull back as Devereaux leads Alice through. She's pale, wide-eyed, fighting for breath.

ALICE

Who are you!? What are you doing!?

Devereaux moving them into a hallway now, approaching a door.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What's happening!? No! STOP IT!

Door's kicked open. CIA Agent pushes in, tactical radio to his ear. Devereaux drives a fist into the man's ribs, relieves him of his radio.

42 **EXT. STREET, BELGRADE - NIGHT**

42

Devereaux, one hand gripping the radio, the other on Alice's arm pushes out of the kitchen, tracks a trolly car rumbling towards them.

WITH MASON, seconds later, pushing out of the kitchen, seeing Devereaux and Alice angling towards a parked Audi, man sitting inside, talking on his cell phone.

Mason SPRINTS after them, pulls up as the TROLLEY rumbles by.... It passes, revealing... the Audi, the man still talking.

ENGINE TURNS OVER on the next vehicle over: a phone truck. It REVERSES at Mason. He leaps out of the way as it careens by. Keys his radio.

MASON

Vodaphone truck, license Lima-
Charlie-8-Charlie-Sam-4-9.

A van screeches to a halt next to him. Mason climbs in.

43

INT. VAN - NIGHT

43

An AGENT drives. In the back, surveillance equipment, satellite uplinks, communications gear manned by two AGENTS. This is a mobile command center. Everything that takes place in the van is fast, clipped, professional.

MASON

Can you get a hack into local CCTV?

AGENT

(typing fast)

Almost there.

AGENT #2

Belgrade PD inbound. ETA four and a half minutes.

MASON

How many units do we have on the ground?

AGENT #2

Three.

AGENT

We're in.

Monitors flicker to life, showing Belgrade CCTV traffic cameras of the area. Lots of traffic. No Devereaux.

MASON

Where the hell is he?

Agent, taking in the images, shakes his head.

Mason's cell rings. He snaps it up:

MASON (CONT'D)

Mason.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

How's it going?

ON MASON. Engagement. This is it.

MASON

...I'm a little busy right now.
Can I call you back?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Let's just talk a little. You can keep doing what you're doing. I don't mind.

AGENT
 (typing fast)
 Truck's got a low-jack, I'll have
 it in 30 seconds...

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 Sounds exciting. Want to tell me
 about it?

MASON
 (beat)
 Scenario. Hard target with a
 female accomplice. Took a forty
 second lead on me in a utility
 vehicle. He's trying to go
 underground.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 Tell me about the target.

MASON
 Male. Old. Used to have skills.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 Used to?

MASON
 Probably still thinks he does.
 He's arrogant, confident he'll
 evade. He's already made a
 mistake.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 Really?

MASON
 He initiated contact. Wants to
 play mind games.

AGENT
 Got it.

Agent hits a key. Mason glances at a monitor. The Telekom
 Truck barreling down an alley...

44

INT. BELGRADE TELEKOM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

44

Devereaux driving, cell phone to his ear.

DEVEREAUX
 Can I ask you a personal question,
 Mason?

MASON'S VOICE
Sure, what's on your mind?

45 **INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

45

Mason... he's waited for this. For years.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
...What was wrong with the Audi?

Beat. Mason processes.

MASON
...It wasn't big enough.

Eyes snap back to the CCTV monitors: The truck speeds towards a van. His van!

Mason MOVES! Sprinting for the van's back doors, kicking them open, leaping, just as

46 **EXT. STREETS - NIGHT**

46

The telephone truck SMASHES into the van, caving the side in, driving it up and onto a sidewalk, into a building.

A stuck horn screams, loud and constant. Fluid spills from a shattered radiator. Civilians get out of their cars, gawk. Again, chaos.

Mason, sprawled on the asphalt. Picks himself up, gun lined, closes on the Telekom truck... empty. Gun disappears under his jacket.

MASON
(into his radio)
He's in , headed old town. Headed
into Kalenic...

47 **EXT. STREETS, OLD TOWN - NIGHT**

47

Small streets, packed with tourists and locals who pour out of beer houses and clubs. Two sedans slide to a stop. Mason and a half dozen AGENTS fan out. Kalenic open air market ahead of them.

48 **EXT. KALENIC MARKET - NIGHT**

48

Devereaux, hand on Alice, pushing through the throngs.

ALICE
Who were those men? Were they
Police?

DEVEREAUX
No. Sort of.

ALICE
(starting to lose it)
Then who the hell are you? Who are
you!? What do you want -- Please
let me go! Let me --

Devereaux swings her around so his back's to a wall, forcing
her to see him and only him.

DEVEREAUX
Alice. Look at me. Just look at
me and only me. Focus on my voice.
And breathe, don't forget to
breathe.

ALICE
What's happening? I didn't do
anything!

DEVEREAUX'S POV: Agents moving through the crowds. On
lightposts, CCTV cameras, tracking. He keys on Meyers...

DEVEREAUX
I believe you. But they won't...
If you want to walk out of here,
you're going to have to trust me.
Can you do that?

Beat. She nods.

ALICE
What do I have to do?

DEVEREAUX
When I say, walk. Do not stop, no
matter what happens. Do not look
back.

ALICE
What are you--

DEVEREAUX
Walk. Now!

And he's gone, lost in the crowd. She starts forward...

WITH MEYERS, scanning faces, searching. Corners to see Alice, moving away from him.

MEYERS

Stop! Stop right there!

ON ALICE. Still walking. Terrified.

Meyer's accelerating, almost to Alice... pushing by a man seated at an outdoor table... BOOM! Devereaux rises up, drives his fist into the Meyers's organs.

Crowd REACTS. Devereaux ignores them, ushers Meyers to his seat, rifles his pockets.

With Alice. Still walking... And Devereaux's there, taking her arm, angling through a set of tourists.

DEVEREAUX

Come on.

49

INT. KALENIC MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

49

Mason pushing his way through drunk revelers, eyes panning. Celia meets up with him. No words exchanged. They're all on the same net, different parts of a single organism.

He veers towards Meyers who is still at the table.

MEYERS

He got my weapon.

CELIA

(radio to her ear)

Belgrade PD's at the crash site, be here in sixty.

Mason pans: Bars, clubs, storefronts, people. His cell rings. He snaps it up.

50

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

50

Devereaux moving up the stairs, one hand on the phone, the other on Alice's back, guiding her, pushes a door open to reveal a parking garage.

DEVEREAUX

You're losing your perimeter. Too many bodies moving.

51 **INT. STREETS, OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

51

On Mason, listening.

 DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
You're losing control.

Mason nods to an agent holding a hand cell scanner. Agent mouths "Thirty seconds."

 MASON
You want to know why I was in
Moscow? What my orders were? Who
sent me?

A beat. No answer.

 MASON (CONT'D)
Come in, Devereaux, and we'll talk
about it.

52 **INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

52

Devereaux scans the garage, locks on an older VW.

 DEVEREAUX
No, this is my scenario. I make
the rules.... Come on, kid, give
me enough to keep it interesting.
Enough so I'll make a mistake. You
owe me that much.

 MASON'S VOICE
I don't owe you a thing.

 DEVEREAUX
... How many people have you
killed, Mason?

 MASON'S VOICE
Now, or in the next five minutes?

WHAM! Devereaux drives his elbow through the driver's side window. Unlocks the door. Climbs in.

 DEVEREAUX
Do you think about it sometimes?
Maybe you're having a coffee, or a
screw, maybe you see a beautiful
woman, or a child. You think
"that's a beautiful thing." But
then you see them, the lives you've
taken. Stops you cold.

53

EXT. STREETS, OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS

53

MASON'S POV -- DOWN THE STREET: His own people have locked off the far end. They've got the block sealed.

MASON

You know, I'm glad we're having this conversation. I feel like there's these emotions, that have been pressing on me.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Are there?

Agent with scanner mouths "Ten seconds."

MASON

No, you asshole. I sleep like a fucking baby.

Agent with scanner stares at the thing, confused. It's beeping like crazy, lights green, unable to get a lock.

AGENT

He's here. Right here.

Heads snap around, trying to find Devereaux. Everyone except Mason who's gaze is locked squarely on Meyers.

MASON

Give me your phone.

Meyers pulls out his phone. Mason grabs it.

CLOSE ON the LCD: It's on, set for call forwarding. The call was initiated by Meyers' phone. Mason TOSSES the phone.

MASON (CONT'D)

I don't get you, Devereaux. You're running the wrong way. I'm the one you want. Why not take your shot?

54

INT. VW - CONTINUOUS

54

Devereaux is hot wiring the car.

DEVEREAUX

...Tempting. Always willing to die for the cause, Mason?

MASON'S VOICE

You taught me that. Fear is the enemy.

DEVEREAUX
I didn't finish teaching you.

A sedan drives by, tires screeching on concrete.

55 **EXT. STREETS, OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

55

Mason, moving down the center of the street, hears it.
Stops. Pans. Eyes land on the parking garage. He motions
his men towards it...

MASON
Yet here I am, about to take you
down, all the same.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
...You're nothing. You're a blunt
instrument, at best. No knowledge,
no perspective.

56 **INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

56

Mason and his team moving up, fast, checking floors..

MASON
Keep talking, old man.

DEVEREAUX
Jesus Christ, kid, it's been five
minutes. You should have had me
locked in two. What the fuck is
wrong with you?

57 **INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

57

Mason pushes in a door, scans. An open door. VW at the far
end of the row, driver's door open.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
Sixty seconds. You're gonna lose
your containment. Where am I,
Mason?

Mason's moving now, gun out, eyes panning, angling towards
the VW. Other Agents close from other angles.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE (CONT'D)
This is embarrassing. This is
humiliating for both of us.
(MORE)

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

What is it, Mason? No order? No
one here to tell you what to do?

MASON

How did it feel? When you realized
I killed her?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

(hard beat)

You can't turn this around, kid.

MASON

You want to know how I felt? When
they showed me pictures of you with
her and you looked... happy,
Devereaux. I'd never seen that on
your face before. And you want to
know how I felt, when I realized
that I had taken that from you?

(beat)

Man... that was like my birthday.
That was better than sex.

Beat. Beat. Static.

MASON (CONT'D)

I think it was because I knew, that
no matter what happened from then
on, I'd hurt you in a way you could
never hurt me back.

Beat. Still static.

MASON (CONT'D)

You know you're right. I don't
give a fuck about the people I've
killed. And if by pure luck, you
wind up killing me, I won't give a
fuck about that either. I already
beat you. All this... it's just...
the funeral.

Beat.... Then:

Devereaux's voice -- except it's not over the radio. It's
live. He's that close.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

...That was quite a speech.

MASON

You bring out the best in me.

Mason swings around a van, gun lined on the VW. It's empty. Eyes flick to the steering column. The wires... sparking.

He dives as electricity arcs!

KABOOOOOMMMMMMM! The gas tank explodes, knocking Mason and others back. Smoke fills the air. Men try to get a bead, find a target.

A Renault speeds by, Devereaux at the wheel. For a moment, he locks eyes with Mason. Then he's gone.

58 **EXT. PARKING GARAGE, STREET LEVEL - NIGHT** 58

Devereaux pulls the Renault into traffic.

59 **INT. RENAULT - NIGHT** 59

Alice sits in the passenger seat, looking out at the passing world. Drained. Exhausted. And mostly afraid.

DEVEREAUX

Mira Filapova. Where is she?

ALICE

(suprised)

How do you know that name?

DEVEREAUX

When was the last time you saw her?

ALICE

I don't know.... Three years. I was her case worker.

Devereaux takes her in, his eyes boring in on her.

DEVEREAUX

I need to find her.

ALICE

I can't help you --

DEVEREAUX

The woman who tried to kill you at the restaurant was a professional.

ALICE

I don't--

DEVEREAUX

And the men who chased you were
Agency.

ALICE

Agency? CIA? Oh shit. Why are
you all after her?

DEVEREAUX

Because whatever this girl knows, a
lot of people want it. If they
can't find her, then you're the
next closes thing.

(beat)

And a friend asked me to find her.

It's her turn to study him, deciding if she trusts him...

ALICE

I have a file, at my office.

A police car, lights flashing, careens by. Alice can't help
but wince.

60 **EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

60

Low rent part of town. A sign reads "Refugee Center" in half
a dozen languages. Alice unlocks the door.

Devereaux pushes her inside, locks the door behind.

61 **INT. REFUGEE CENTER - NIGHT**

61

Alice at her cubicle, pulling a thin file from an old
cabinet. Devereaux takes it, flips it open. The PHOTO of
the young girl with haunted eyes stares back at him in grainy
black and white.

He keeps turning, scanning.

DEVEREAUX

Where is she?

ALICE

I told you--

DEVEREAUX

You must have an idea. Friends,
places she frequented. People
don't just disappear --

ALICE
(losing it)
I DON'T KNOW, OKAY!? In my line of
work, yes, YES THEY DO! They
disappear! One day you think
they're there, the next they're
just GONE!
(calming)
...She stopped coming to meetings.
People said she was using. Doing
tricks...

She turns her eyes up to him, defeated.

ALICE (CONT'D)
It happens. What does she have to
do with this?

Devereaux doesn't answer. His eyes are locked on another
photo. This of a hard-looking Russian with a bald head and
dead eyes.

DEVEREAUX
You know who this man is?

ALICE
A pimp. He brings girls in from
the Caucasus, sells them for sex.
I thought that Mira might be
working for him. His name is
Lebedynko.

DEVEREAUX
His real name Semyon Denisov. He
was in charge of Federov's Special
Operations Units during the second
Chechen war.

Alice reacts.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
Do you know where he is?

ALICE
...Yes. But a man like that is not
so easy to see.

Devereaux, eyes still scanning the file, almost smiles.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Whatever it is you think you want,
I can't give it to you.

DEVEREAUX

So I should let you go.

ALICE

Yes. You should let me go. Now.
Right now. Let me go.

DEVEREAUX

...Okay.

She looks at him for a beat, walks to the door, opens it,
stops. Outside the night is dark and lonely.

ALICE

They're going to kill me.
(off his silence)
I didn't do anything. I'm just
trying to give people a better
life. You have to tell them that I
didn't do anything.

DEVEREAUX

I need you to listen to me, very
carefully, Alice. I don't care
what is "right." I have no
interest in making things "better."
The world, like this... is exactly
how I like it. Right now, I am
having... FUN. If you want to tell
them you didn't do anything,
they'll be waiting right out there,
and I'm sure they'll listen.

ALICE

Fuck you.

This time Devereaux does smile.

62

INT. RENAULT - NIGHT

62

Driving. Alice watches the dark streets move by.

ALICE

Why do you hate him so much?

Devereaux glances at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

The man you were talking to back
there. Why do you hate him?

DEVEREAUX

...I don't hate him. He's probably
the closest thing to a friend I
ever had.

ALICE

Do all your friends try to kill
you?

DEVEREAUX

...Eventually.

63 **EXT. RUSSIAN BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

63

He pulls up, climbs out of the car. She looks up. They're
in front of a BAR. All signs in Russian.

64 **INT. RUSSIAN BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

64

Devereaux guides Alice through. Might as well be in a gang-
controlled Moscow suburb. Russian eyes follow them as they
push through to

65 **INT. BROTHEL - MOMENTS LATER**

65

Dark, seedy. Euro-trash groove plays on small speakers.
Russian TV station on behind a small bar. Low light.
RUSSIAN GIRLS, half-dressed. Hopeless eyes stare up.

Devereaux moves to a heavy-set MADAM behind a counter.

DEVEREAUX

I need to talk to him.

She eyeballs him, stoic. Shakes her head "no."

MADAM

...Somebody shot at him. Now
nobody talks to him.

Devereaux slaps down 500 Euros.

66 **INT. BROTHEL - ACROSS THE ROOM**

66

Alice sits, watching the scene play out in front of her. The
girls and their haunting listless sexuality. Those waiting,
those lost, those on the arms of men, laughing empty...

She looks up, Devereaux has arrived above her, watching.

DEVEREAUX
You don't approve?

ALICE
I've seen worse.

Devereaux stares, surprised...

ALICE (CONT'D)
There are so many like them. Mira
was one. She survived only because
Arkady Federov liked the way she
looked.

The Madam reappears, nods to Devereaux. Alice is staring at
the TV, a Russian newscaster, an image of Federov stepping
off a plane.

NEWSCASTER (RUSSIAN)
*...Federov landed in Belgrade
yesterday for a meeting with NATO
leaders...*

ALICE
Imagine it. For four years, the
only way she could stay alive was
to smile and moan like a dumb
animal.
(turning to Devereaux)
But hey, this is the world, how you
like it. Remember?

67 **INT. INTERIOR ROOM, BROTHEL - NIGHT**

67

Dark and humid. Pornographic art on the walls, Russian
music. Men with guns.

Devereaux is forced onto his knees. Near him Alice is held
by another large man, her arms twisted back...

At the other end of the room: a bright light.

DENISOV (50s), lean, dangerous. Body covered in Cyrillic
gang and military tatoos. He lies on a table. Tubes run
into his arm. A nervous DOCTOR and a NURSE work on
extracting the bullet lodged in his gut.

Sweating, drinking, Denisov observes the procedure. Lifts
heavy eyes to Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX
You've looked better, Deni.

DENISOV
I've felt better.

DEVEREAUX
Husband?

Devereaux helps himself to a large glass of vodka.

DENISOV
Ha! I wish. Some red-haired
bitch. Perfect ass. Good shot,
too.

DEVEREAUX
If it makes you feel any better, I
put a knife in her a few hours ago.

Denisov focuses.

DENISOV
Dead?

Savors the drink, shakes his head.

DEVEREAUX
Was a little short on time.

DENISOV
Pity. I would have liked to talk
to her.

DEVEREAUX
Talk to Federov. He sent her.

Denisov studies Devereaux now, steady.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
You don't know why, do you?

DENISOV
(stone cold)
Perhaps you'll tell me.

DEVEREAUX
Nataly Ulanova. She had something
on Federov and they killed her.
Maybe you know what that was, so
now they're trying to kill you.

Denisov... blinks. Closest thing to surprise he can show. A
beat, then he LAUGHS painfully, shakes his head.

DENISOV

This is what I like about you,
Devereaux. Everybody who knows
this thing, they want to kill. So
now you want to know it as well.

Surgeon pulls out the bullet, drops it into a pan. "Clank."
Denisov shakes his head, laughs. Surgeon tracks, concerned.

DENISOV (CONT'D)

You've wandered above your pay
grade today. To a place people
like you and I don't easily return.
You should turn around now.

Devereaux doesn't move. A beat, Denisov nods his men off.
They pull away. Doctor starts to close the wound.

DENISOV (CONT'D)

(to the Doctor, in Serbian)
*Go! Who the fuck are you?! Get
out of here!*

Uncertain, the Surgeon pulls away from his work, also leaves.
Denisov lights a pungent Eastern block smoke.

DENISOV (CONT'D)

....Chechnya. Ugly little god-
forsaken country. Oil, however.
Lots of oil. Fifteen years ago, we
of mother Russia needed a way to...
keep control. So, a building blew
up. Good Russian soldiers with
mommies and daddies back at home
got killed.

(beat)

And just like that, Federov got his
dirty little war.

DEVEREAUX

You dropped the building?

DENISOV

Me? Ha! Russia back then, we
couldn't even keep track of our
nuclear weapons. How was Federov
going to keep an operation like
that a secret?

On Devereaux... understanding. And that anger building
again. We've seen it once before.

DEVEREAUX

...We ran it for you.

DENISOV

Tits to asshole. All we did was
sit back and... watch everybody
die.

(smiling, enjoying)

Your problem is, you always thought
you were doing a little bit of
good. That your soul would maybe
come out clean in the end.

(beat)

Not so much, eh, Devereaux?

ALICE

What does this mean?

DEVEREAUX

...It means that my country helped
his country murder a lot of people.
And now...

DENISOV

(dragging his smoke)

... and now, they have to murder a
few more. For old times' sake.

68 **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

68

Cavernous space, filled with shipping containers.

SCREAMS emanate from inside one, barely audible...

69 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS**

69

SLOSH! Water streams out of a hose... lands on a man's face,
covered with a cloth. The man is strapped, inverted. An
INTERROGATOR keeps the hose directed. A SECOND observes.

INTERROGATOR

Why did you engage Devereaux?

He nods to the first man who diverts the water, removes the
cloth from Hanley's face. Hanley wretches, sucks air into
watery lungs.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Why did you engage Devereaux?

HANLEY

...Inside channels were,
compromised... Had to go
outside...

The Interrogator nods.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
No! NO PLEASE NO!!!

Soaking cloth SLAPPED back over Hanley's face. Hanley's body CONVULSES as he drowns some more.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
Langley. Get me Langley!

Hanley's teary eyes find the room's camera.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
...I'll talk to Langley.

BLACK

Voices, a familiar radio exchange...

MASON'S VOICE
*See, you're right. I don't give a
flying fuck about the people I've
killed.*

70

INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE, US EMBASSY, BELGRADE - EVENING

70

Stack of files. "Devereaux" prominent. PULL BACK to Weinstein at his desk, staring at a PLAYER, listening to Devereaux and Mason's conversation from the mall. Played here against silence, it's intimate, embarrassing.

MASON'S VOICE
*And if by pure luck, you wind up
killing me, I won't give a flying
fuck about that either. I already
beat you. All this... it's just...
the funeral.*

Weinstein looks up. Mason stands in the doorway.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
...That was quite a speech.

MASON'S VOICE
You bring out the best in me.

Mason BURNS. Weinstein presses STOP. Eyes Mason...

WEINSTEIN
Not exactly... accurate, that last
you said.

MASON

Keeping him engaged was an
advantage --

WEINSTEIN

Yes. To him. I don't know if he's
too in your head, maybe you're mad
because you never had a daddy, I
don't know and frankly I don't
care. He played you for a fool.

Weinstein HURLS the player against the wall. It BREAKS,
lands on the floor, SQUAWKS, starts PLAYING AGAIN.

MASON'S VOICE

*...to know how I felt? Can I tell
you? When they showed me pictures
of you with her. I saw a picture
of you, fucking her. You looked...
happy. I'd never seen that on your
face --*

Weinstein's foot comes down on the thing, silencing it. We
didn't see violence coming from this stately man.

WEINSTEIN

(distant)
This is not your fault. This is my
fault. I thought you were ready,
you're not.

MASON

Don't --

WEINSTEIN

Go home, David. Take some time
off. I'll let you know when it's
done.

Hard beat. Nothing like this has ever happened to Mason.

MASON

...I can still--

Weinstein sits at his desk, disgusted. Doesn't look up.

WEINSTEIN

No you can't. You're embarrassing
yourself. Go home.

A beat. Mason tears out of the room. Other agents working
outside track his departure.

Weinstein watches him go. Runs his fingers over his stack of files. Stops, noticing one missing... Realizing Mason lifted it. Weinstein nods.

71 **EXT. BELGRADE - EVENING**

71

Mason moves along the streets. A beautiful hot Belgrade night. People laugh and sweat, pouring out of bars, hanging out in parks, couples together. Beautiful young people entering a club. None of it impacts him. Or does it?

72 **INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

72

Techno music, blue lights, lasers, a Rasta DJ. Skin. Sweat. A coin runs seamlessly over fingers under the strobing light.

Mason sits in a corner, facing into the club. Two drinks in front of him. The second for show, a barrier. His eyes play over the night-dwellers....

A MAN, on the arm of a woman... meets eyes with another man across the bar. They'll be going home tonight....

Mason stares at the red file, taken from Weinstein's office, still sealed sitting in front of him. Devereaux's file...

The file: Photographs spill. The images of Devereaux with Nataly he saw before. Others he's never seen before. Weinstein and Devereaux, Hanley, younger, in the field. Smiling. He and Devereaux in Indonesia. Could be father and son.

The club: ...A GROUP of after-work investment bankers. A BLONDE, professional, her back to him.

The file: Another photo of a younger Weinstein, Hanley, and Devereaux, in camouflage fatigues. Papers. Operation reports. Commendations for awards and honors... all marked "SUPPRESSED." Another set of papers:

"TRAINING REPORT. SUBJECT: DAVID MASON. ...extreme physical ability..." "...highly motivated..."

Mason flips pages, moving through his own history.

"...candidate lacks the ability to adapt to changing scenarios..." "...Impetuous..." "...questionable tactical and operational judgment..." "...lacks discipline..." "...candidate unfit for operations..."

"...RECOMMENDATION: DROP."

Mason STARES at the words. Suddenly, MOTION makes him tense, look up. The Blonde has taken the seat across from him. She smiles, offering. He stares at her.

FLASHBACK TO:

73

EXT. MOROCCAN CAFE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

73

Crowded streets. Children and animals, heat and dirt.

SOMEONE'S POV -- A younger Mason and a YOUNG ARAB WOMAN -- attractive, not beautiful. But with presence. Their hands touch on the small table. He's smiling. Her hand runs along his arm as she heads into the cafe.

Mason tracks her. When he looks back, Devereaux is seated across. Sad, uncompromising eyes study the younger man.

MASON

I checked her out.

Devereaux's eyes probe. Doesn't like what he sees.

DEVEREAUX

Jesus...

MASON

When I'm not on the clock--

DEVEREAUX

(laughs)

We're always on the clock. You feel the need for a relationship, get a dog.

Devereaux pulls out a wallet, starts laying down \$100 bills.

MASON

Come on, Devereaux. She's just --

DEVEREAUX

Scenario: Agent falls in love with a girl. Agent runs an op. Girl gets kidnapped. Other side wants agent to give up his source. What does he do?

\$300 on the table...

MASON

There a point to this?

DEVEREAUX

*Apartment over my left shoulder,
second floor, four windows from the
left.*

Only Mason's eyes move to the apartment:

*Drawn shades, open just a crack. And just visible, a
telephoto lens.*

MASON

*(pained)
...Us or them?*

DEVEREAUX

*Hell, I don't know. Does it
matter?*

*Mason's eyes are locked on Devereaux. Beat. He looks back
towards the interior of the cafe.*

74 **EXT. MOROCCAN CAFE - DAY (FLASHBACK) - MOMENTS LATER** 74

*The Young Woman returns to the table, now empty. Sees \$500
in cash lying there. She blinks. Confused, ashamed...*

75 **ACROSS THE STREET, HIDDEN** 75

Mason watches. Hurting...

BACK TO:

76 **INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT** 76

*The Blonde stares at Mason, expectant. He closes the file,
rises, walks away.*

77 **INT. HALLWAY, MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 77

*Mason gets to the hallway from the stairs. Is surprised to
see Sarah sitting outside her apartment with her back to her
door.*

MASON

Hi...

*He tracks her cat sitting in front of his door, pawing at it.
She smiles, rolls her eyes.*

SARAH
All she wants is to be at your
place.
(to the cat)
Ungrateful bitch.

Mason goes to his door, strokes the cat...

SARAH (CONT'D)
The door closed. My keys are
inside.

MASON
I can help you with that. You have
a pen?

She offers him one from her briefcase, is pulling herself up
when CLICK, he opens the door with the pen. Just like that.
Offers the pen back to her.

SARAH
Should I be impressed or
frightened?

MASON
Little bit of both.

She smiles, impish, cute. Takes the pen. He angles for his
apartment, slots his key in.

SARAH
So what happened?

Mason looks at her... blinks.

MASON
I guess I got fired.

SARAH
It's not so bad. I've been fired
before. You just go get another
job.

MASON
Just like that?

SARAH
Just like that. Thank you for
this.

Mason nods, steps into his apartment, closes the door.

78 **INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

78

A knock. He hesitates... opens it. Sarah's standing there with a bottle of top shelf booze, two glasses.

SARAH

But first, you get drunk.

A beat. He motions her in.

She takes in the place, impressed. All the time, Mason tracks her.

MASON

Do you ever wonder if what you're doing is the right thing?

SARAH

...I'm in advertising. Most of the time I think everything I do is the wrong thing.

Mason... laughs

She smiles. It's nice. She offers him a glass. Hands touch. Eyes meet. Hold....

79 **INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

79

Mason and Sarah land on the bed, clothed. Him making well-trained moves, pulling off her skirt, hands and mouth doing all the right things. She, LAUGHING, wiggling in his grasp.

He pulls back, starts to unbutton his shirt. Tanned muscled frame underneath...

SARAH

...Wait.

She pushes him back away from her. Sits up on her knees above him. Unbuttons her blouse with slightly trembling fingers. Blouse falls. Slides her bra off. Sits there, small breasts exposed.

He reaches up. She accepts his touch, slides her underwear off, climbs on top of him. They fuck, intense. He rolls with her across the bed. She stays with him, raises herself up at him in her climax, the two of them tumbling off the bed onto the floor, landing in an awkward pile...

... the calm. A small laugh. What was that?

80 **INT. BAR, HIGH-END HOTEL - NIGHT**

80

Low-lit. Acid jazz spooling over speakers. Leather furniture. An attractive female server sets drinks down in front of a group of AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN.

BUSINESSMAN

... and I keep telling them. I say
"Listen, my friends, MADE IN CHINA
is no longer something you want to
be advertising." It's like --

BUSINESSMAN #2

Holy Christ --

BUSINESSMAN #3

Gentlemen, welcome to Belgrade.

FOLLOWING THEIR POV -- THE BAR

Where Alexa has entered, makes her way to the bar. Lanky and pale, a sheen of sweat on exposed skin. Her dress clinging to her body. Heroine chic. Vulnerable and trashy.

She senses the men's gaze. Looks up at the first... smiles.

81 **INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (LATER)**

81

A large flatscreen plays an episode of Seinfeld, dubbed in Serbian. Laugh track LOUD.

A woman's cries. Loud, guttural. Suggests potent sex.

PANNING from the flatscreen, over clothing, discarded on the rug, to the bed. A man's form lying there. The Businessman. Dead. We keep MOVING...

THE BATHROOM

Door open. Blood spattering white tiles. Alexa, peeling off her shirt in front of the mirror. She CRIES OUT again, grabs a bottle of vodka, splashes it into a tumbler.

Splashes the wound in her side with vodka. Another CRY throttled between clenched teeth. Fumbles for the hotel mending kit, pulls out a needle, thread. Positions the needle over the wound.

ON THE FLATSCREEN. Jerry and Elaine. Serbian jokes. Laugh track. A SCREAM FROM O.S.

82 **EXT. BELGRADE STOREFRONT - NIGHT**

82

Devereaux emerges with Alice with two new pre-paid phones in his hands. Rips one open and hands it to Alice as they turn down a residential street.

ALICE
Where are we going?

Devereaux doesn't answer. Just accelerates a little.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Did you ever think maybe she's
better where she is? If we --

DEVEREAUX
Your girl witnessed Federov and a
CIA Agent conspire to start a war
that killed hundreds of thousands
of civilians. Now whoever gets to
her first owns Federov. You think
Federov doesn't know that?

83 **EXT. PRIVATE HOME - NIGHT**

83

Ahead of them, A COUPLE -- young, affluent, dressed for dinner -- exits a town house. MAN locks the door behind them. Descends the stairs...

DEVEREAUX
If she's not already dead, she will
be soon.

Devereaux watches the couple move away down the street. A beat, and he heads up the stairs they just descended. Puts a boot through the door. The lock caves. He pushes inside.

84 **INT. PRIVATE HOME - NIGHT**

84

Large, well-appointed. Wall mounted alarm blinks. Alice enters, watches as Devereaux rips it off the wall, takes it apart, disarms it in seconds.

85 **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

85

Devereaux opens the fridge, finds a plate of sardines. Sets it on the counter and munches a few.

ALICE

What it must be like to be you.
Take what you want, do as you
please...

He turns, carries the sardines into the darkened living room,
opens a teak cabinet... finds a dust-covered bottle of 60-
year scotch. Holds it up, admiring.

ALICE (CONT'D)

This is your plan? Break into
someone's home? Get fall-down
drunk?

He holds the bottle out to her. Beat.

ALICE (CONT'D)

...Shit.

She drinks. Long pull. Spills a little.

Her fingers find the baby grand's keys. She starts to play.
Beautiful. Haunting.

DEVEREAUX

Rachmaninoff.

ALICE (RUSSIAN)

"Isle of the Dead."

DEVEREAUX

You speak Russian?

ALICE

Yes.... My parents were university
professors. They taught me.

She seems to pull out of a memory, something distant. Plinks
the keys...

Devereaux moves to the window, looks out through blinds at
the street. Cars. People moving by. Oblivious.

She holds the bottle out. Devereaux reaches for it. She
doesn't let go.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What happened in Moscow?

DEVEREAUX

Something... ordinary.

ALICE

In your world, maybe. Her name was
Nataly?

Devereaux nods, looks away. She gets it. She watches as
Devereaux takes the handgun from his pocket, disassembles it
on a small table.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Will killing him really make it
better?

DEVEREAUX

...It's a start.

Beat. She LAUGHS, takes another swig.

ALICE

Wow. How's it feel, having a heart
like that? That must work well for
you, in your line of work.

Devereaux takes the bottle. Swigs, looking at her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What?

DEVEREAUX

In Rwanda... the NGO's told the
Tutsi's to stand up for themselves,
then ran away when the killing
started. In El Salvador, the
students protested, and then flew
home to mommy when it got ugly.

ALICE

Someone has to --

DEVEREAUX

People like you always shout the
loudest...

(shoots her a wink)

... and run the fastest.

ALICE

Why did you save my life?

The question takes Devereaux aback. He looks at her...
drinks again, hands her back the bottle. Reassembles the
handgun. Fast. Works the slide...

DEVEREAUX

Don't put your faith in me, Alice.
I promise, I'll disappoint you.

ALICE
I don't believe you.

Devereaux checks outside again.

DEVEREAUX
Go upstairs, find some clothes for us.

Alice goes to the stairs. Turns back.

ALICE
Is that how it began, with the man who wants to kill us? Did you disappoint him?

Devereaux doesn't answer. Rests his hand on the weapon.

ALICE (CONT'D)
...What happened?

DEVEREAUX
I left.

ALICE
Why?

86 **EXT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

86

DEVEREAUX'S POV -- THROUGH THE WINDOW. Out of Alice's line of vision. Across the street, is Mason's building.

DEVEREAUX
...He saved my life.

87 **INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

87

Sarah, nude, asleep tangled in Mason's sheets. He, next to her... staring at her. She looks angelic, peaceful, content....

His eyes close. Sleep.

88 **INT. BEDROOM, PRIVATE HOME - NIGHT**

88

Alice enters, turns on a wall-mounted flatscreen. She opens the closet. Tosses men and women's clothing on the bed. Grabs something that looks like it might fit, angels for the bathroom.

89 **INT. BATHROOM, PRIVATE HOME - CONTINUOUS**

89

Alice pulls her shirt off over her head, undoes her jeans and starts to pull them down...

... STOPS. Devereaux is there, leaning against the door frame, staring at her. She turns away on instinct.... Turns back to him.

A long beat. The two of them, staring. Devereaux angles for the bed, takes the clothing.

ALICE

You know what's funny about you
Devereaux?

90 **INT. BEDROOM, PRIVATE HOME - CONTINUOUS**

90

Devereaux pulls off his shirt, painfully. Look at his own torso in wall mounted mirror. Scars, wounds...

ALICE (O.S.)

At the end of the day, you're just
a huge softie, aren't you?

(beat, realizing)

I think I may be a little drunk.

DEVEREAUX

Really?

91 **INT. BATHROOM, PRIVATE HOME - CONTINUOUS**

91

Alice pulls on a stolen outfit. Looks at herself.

ALICE

Shut up, I'm entitled. But I mean,
look at you. You're avenging the
woman you love, protecting a woman
you barely know. Face it, deep
down in that scary heart, you're a
gentleman...

92 **INT. BEDROOM, PRIVATE HOME - CONTINUOUS**

92

Devereaux finishes changing.... pulls out his wallet.

ALICE (O.S.)

What happens if they find Mira
before you do?

DEVEREAUX

Then your problems are over.

ALICE (O.S.)

They'll kill her, won't they?

DEVEREAUX

...Yes.

ALICE (O.S.)

What if no one ever finds her?

He looks up into the mirror...

DEVEREAUX

...No one can hide forever.

Alice hears Devereaux's feet on the stairs.

ALICE

Devereaux...?

Alice moves back into the bedroom, empty. Her eyes lock on the bedside table and five \$100 bills.

Then to the TELEVISION. On it, a photo of Devereaux and Alice, moving through the hotel kitchen. "TERRORISTS... WANTED."

93 **EXT. PRIVATE HOME - NIGHT**

93

Devereaux exits out into the night. Street populated, intersection nearby. His gaze locks onto Mason's building.

94 **INT. BEDROOM, MASON'S APARTMENT - LATER**

94

Time's passed. Less traffic outside. Quality of the moonlight has changed. Mason asleep. The feeling should be serene, peaceful. It isn't. It's like someone's watching them. POV shifts, taking in the room...

...Mason's eyes blink open. Smiles as he reaches over, finds the bed empty next to him. He orients, remembers. A low glow of light from the kitchen.

MASON

Sarah?

Bzzzzz. Looks over. His phone chirps a text. He picks it up, reads it. It's from Sarah. **"Did I wake you?"**

He replies **"Where did you go?"**

A moment, then. "Not far... What are you doing?"

Mason: "Nothing... where did you go?"

Sarah: "I have something to ask you."

MASON (CONT'D)

Sarah?

No response. Mason, knowing something's very wrong, panic building, slides on underwear, moves towards the kitchen, texting:

95

INT. KITCHEN, MASON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

95

Mason: "Where are you?"

A beat, then... Sarah: "Scenario..."

HE STOPS SUDDENLY -- ALERT, TENSE, SCARED. Lights flick on!

Devereaux and Sarah sit at a small table, a bottle between them, cell phone in Devereaux's hand.

Training takes over. Mason tenses, ready to lunge.

SARAH

David...

Devereaux tosses her phone away. Hand moves, brushes by a sharp knife lying in front of him, takes the bottle. Pours amber whiskey into a glass.

MASON

(to Sarah)

I'm here. You're alright. This is going to be alright. I won't let him hurt you. Do you understand?

Devereaux brings the glass to his lips, drinks. Savors it.

MASON (CONT'D)

Let her go.

DEVEREAUX

"Let her go..." And you, what? Bullets start bouncing around?

(to Sarah)

Tell him he needs to listen. Tell him.

SARAH

...You need to listen.

Mason tenses as he takes in angles, distances, odds.

DEVEREAUX
(to Sarah, conspiratorial)
You know what he's doing? He's
trying to decide what you're worth.

MASON
(to Sarah)
He won't hurt you.

DEVEREAUX
(whisper, to Sarah)
He hasn't decided yet. Ask him.
Ask him if you're worth saving.

Sarah looks at Mason, trying to keep it together.

SARAH
...Am I worth saving?

Devereaux SLAMS the table, SHOUTING At SARAH.

DEVEREAUX
HE'S NOT ANSWERING YOUR QUESTION,
IS HE? YOU NEED TO MAKE HIM ANSWER
YOUR QUESTION!

SARAH
AM I WORTH SAVING?

MASON
Yes. Yes, you are.

Devereaux takes in Sarah for a long beat, processing.
Finally looks at Mason, understanding.

DEVEREAUX
You like her. Huh.

Mason tenses as Devereaux angles the blade towards Sarah,
running its tip over her arm.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
So... time to finish your training.

MASON
What can you teach me? You gave up
on me.

DEVEREAUX
What did you want?

MASON

To be good. To be better than you.

DEVEREAUX

What's it mean, to be better than me? Be better at something? Be a better man?

Mason looks away. Demons bubbling up.

MASON

...Why did you drop me?

DEVEREAUX

(to Sarah)

Oh, here it comes...

Sarah quivers, focused on this monster in front of her.

MASON

I took the shot. It was one shot.
I had no choice.

DEVEREAUX

There's always a choice!

MASON

Answer the fucking question!

DEVEREAUX

You made the wrong one.

Hard beat. Devereaux studies Mason. Human. Vulnerable.
Weak. Slight head shake.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

I came here to kill you tonight,
Mason.

MASON

I didn't know what she was to you.

DEVEREAUX

You think this is about Nataly?
No... This is about you.

Mason's eyes flick from Devereaux to Sarah, scared.

MASON

Don't do this. I'm asking you.

DEVEREAUX

You can be a human or a killer of
humans. Not both.

(MORE)

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Eventually, one of these people
will have to extinguish the other.
You need to show me that it's not
too late for you...

MASON

No.

Devereaux SLAMS the gun onto the table, MOVES FAST. Suddenly
has Sarah up in front of him, the knife at her throat.

DEVEREAUX

Second chance, Mason. Scenario.

MASON

Please.

DEVEREAUX

Your target has just severed the
femoral artery of a woman --

SARAH

David!

MASON

NO!

DEVEREAUX

...Has just severed the femoral
artery of a woman you have been
intimate with --

MASON

NOO!!!!!!

DEVEREAUX

-- What do you do?

A sudden motion. Devereaux's arm moves in a blur and he's
backing out of the room fast as Mason GRABS the weapon,
checking the load as he --

SARAH

David?...

Sarah's standing there, looking down at her thigh in horror
as BLOOD WELLS TO THE SURFACE. She WILTS, landing awkward on
the floor as blood POOLS under her, spreading across tile...

BANG! Front door SLAMS. Mason LINES the weapon on the door,
moves towards it, then looks back to Sarah who's crying,
trying to hold the blood back.

ON MASON. Caught. Emotions ripping at him...

... and then with a YELL he moves towards Sarah...

96 **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER** 96

Silent. Just the sound of Sarah's heart rate over everything... slowing.

Mason, cinching off Sarah's leg with a belt as he dials his phone. Blood all over his hands, her body, her face.

97 **INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT** 97

Mason in the back, covered in blood, watching medics work.

98 **INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT** 98

Sarah's weak heart rate on the monitors. Her face, her eyes taped shut. In deep focus, Mason stares through glass.

He turns away, wipes his face.

99 **EXT. UPSCALE ROW-HOUSE - NIGHT** 99

Alice banging at the door of a tall row house. Door opens to reveal... Edgar.

EDGAR

...Alice?

100 **INT. ROW HOUSE - NIGHT** 100

Alice pushes in...

ALICE

Edgar. I need your help. Like I never have before. I need money. As much as you can spare. And clothes. Please, please...

Something about his face... His eyes dart downwards to a car key in his hand. She puts her hand out, touches it...

ALICE (CONT'D)

...Edgar?

EDGAR

(whisper)

...go.

He presses the keys into her hand.

THWAK! A bullet hits Edgar in the back. Blood flies, spattering Alice as he PITCHES forward into her arms. Alexa steps into view, gun lined...

Alice ROLLS BACK as silenced rounds chew up the door where she just was. Alexa advances, taking aim. Edgar GRABS her leg, throwing her off.

She points the weapon down at Edgar. THWAPT! THWAPT!

Alexa looks back up... where did Alice go?

101 **EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE ROWHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER** 101

ALEXA moves down the street, listening, feeling.... Instinct draws her to the parked cars. Checks one, two....

Car three rumbles to life. Tires scream. The car lurches forward as Alexa leaps out of the way, firing rounds into the rear screen as it speeds away.

102 **INT. AUTOBAHN REST STOP BATHROOM - NIGHT** 102

Grimy walls, flickering fluorescent. Door opens and a woman walks in. Slow, steady, walk. She reaches a sink. Alice.

STARES at herself. A deadness in her eyes. Starts to SHAKE, to CRY, a SCREAM BUILDING...

103 **EXT. BELGRADE - DAWN** 103

Dawn's light washes over the city.

104 **INT. MASON'S APARTMENT - DAWN** 104

Door pushes open. Mason walks in. Nothing in his face.

He moves to the table. The file on Devereaux, the pictures, still there.

THE PICTURES: Devereaux with Nataly, on a park bench, holding hands, in love, watching children play around them. Devereaux with Nataly, exiting the park. Children run ahead.

Mason stares at this version of the man he never knew. His eyes... scanning the pictures... something connects.

MASON
...Sonofabitch.

Mason fires on his computer, types fast. The screen accesses CIA MAINFRAME. A series of security protocols.

His PHONE RINGS. He snaps it up, speaks without waiting.

MASON (CONT'D)
Mason, David. Access three niner
four oh two seven.

Beat. The screen changes. He's in. He types fast, checking the small date-and-time stamp on the back. Beat.

ON THE SCREEN: A satellite overview. A city. CLOSING IN. Small streets, canals, a lake nearby. Lausanne, Switzerland. ZOOMING IN MORE...

...suddenly we're looking at the park from the air. Same moment the picture was taken. Two figures on a bench, pixilated. But we know, this is Devereaux and Nataly.

Mason taps forward. Frame advances. The figures leaning into each other, then separating. Rising... walking...

MASON (CONT'D)
FUUUUUUUUUUUCCK!!!!

He LUNGES back. Chair crashes. Grabs it, throws it across the room. Smashes against framed art.

105 **INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - MORNING**

105

Weinstein stares at his closed-circuit TV. The silent image of Hanley being waterboarded... Weinstein shakes his head, disgusted.

He stands and moves to the window, watches his agents working... thinking. Focuses on Celia. And idea born...

He knocks on the glass. She looks up. "Me?"

106 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - MORNING**

106

Hanley sits on a chair, head lolling to the side, face sticky with sweat. Wrists zip-tied through holes in the table. To the left is the waterboard station.

Blurred eyes track as the heavy door swings open, a FEMALE FIGURE enters, confirms with the two interrogators who leave.

As the figure approaches, the figure of Celia becomes clear. Nervous. Her first time in this deep.

CELIA
...Would you like some water?

No response. Then Hanley GRUNTS LAUGHTER. Celia pours a glass of water, sits across from him.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about the treatment. If it makes a difference, I argued against it.

Again, no response. She tries another tact:

CELIA (CONT'D)
You ran Devereaux from 1998 until his retirement in... 2006. On April 17 of this year, you went to Lausanne under the name...
(glancing at a file)
Sanders and reactivated him.

Hanley focuses on her.

HANLEY
(rough, almost inaudible)
Show me your tits.

CELIA
Excuse me?

Eyes coming up. Voice clearer, eyes lit.

HANLEY
...That's why Weinstein sent you, girlie. Sure as hell wasn't for your personality.

CELIA
...Fuck you.

Hanley grunts a laugh. Looks around...

HANLEY
...I liked the other guys better.
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU!?

CELIA
This container is soundproof.

HANLEY

You don't think I know that? I
approved the design of these
fucking things.

CELIA

We were discussing Devereaux.

Long beat.

HANLEY

...Show me your tits.

107 **INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - MORNING**

107

A GUARD sits behind glass. To the side are a stack of
surveillance monitors showing the interior of the warehouse,
the shipping containers...

**A hand pushes Mason's ID under the glass. Mason's name is
prominent. Face belongs to Devereaux.**

Guard compares the ID to Devereaux.

MARINE GUARD

One moment.

108 **INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - MORNING**

108

Weinstein sits at his desk, going over papers. An AIDE
appears at his door. Weinstein raises his eyes.

AIDE

Sir, David Mason is requesting
access to Hanley.

Weinstein nods. Good. This was supposed to work this way.

WEINSTEIN

...Give it to him.

109 **INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING**

109

A GUARD escorts Devereaux down a row of containers. A few
WORKERS, conspicuously not working, eyeball them.

110 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS**

110

Bang! Bang! Loud banging on the metal door from outside.
Celia goes to it, works the release...

HANLEY

Ah, my tormentors have returned.

CELIA

I gave orders not to be disturbed --

Door opens. Guard tumbles in, drops to the floor.

Celia backs away until she hits the wall, trembling, looking up at Devereaux, armed. He TWISTS her arm so that she goes to her knees, crying out. Zip-ties her wrists.

HANLEY

Leave the poor girl alone.

Devereaux SWITCHES. Closes on Hanley, gun lined in his face. Hanley just... grins.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

...What the fuck took you so long?

On Devereaux. Beat. Hesitation. He moves to a video camera, unplugs it.

DEVEREAUX

Talk.

Hanley's eyes flit to Celia who's crawled to the corner. Devereaux grabs him by the throat, drives him up against the wall hard.

HANLEY

Agency's suspected for years that Federov started the war by dropping a building on his own men, then blaming it on Chechen nationalists. Then Nataly reaches out to me. Says she's found an eyewitness who will swear Federov was involved. But not only that, she drops a bomb.

DEVEREAUX

We did it.

HANLEY

Who the fuck you been talking to?

DEVEREAUX

People you should have been talking to. Who was it on our side?

Hanley hesitates. Eyes flit back to Celia. Devereaux applies more pressure.

HANLEY

I don't know. But I will tell you this: I was there. We were getting her out. Even Mason thought we had her. Then Perry ordered a code 42. He signed her death warrant.

111 **INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

111

Mason pushes inside, file in hand.

WEINSTEIN

That was fast...

Mason spills photos onto Weinstein's desk. In each, Devereaux... and the girl we met in the first scene.

MASON

He has a daughter.

Weinstein takes in the photos for a beat. Mason spreads them out... starts tapping photos.

MASON (CONT'D)

He's there, every time. He's close... but he doesn't want anyone to make the connection. He's there every time.

WEINSTEIN

Devereaux wouldn't --

MASON

Nataly Ulanova went underground June '99. Resurfaced in February the next year...

Mason turns Weinstein in his chair, faces off with him.

MASON (CONT'D)

She was his wife. They had a child. He raised her. Nataly would visit. Maybe for a day, maybe an hour. Just to watch. I don't think the daughter even knew.... He had a whole God damn family... hidden from all of us....

(beat)

And we tore it to shreds.

WEINSTEIN

...What made Hanley talk?

Mason double takes. What is Weinstein talking about? And Weinstein reads it also, reaches for his phone, punches a number. It rings out. He hits monitors. Surveillance images come up. A building. Corridor. Shipping containers. A dead screen.

WEINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Ah, hell.

112 **INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS**

112

Hanley is bent over, sucking in air.

HANLEY

She can destroy him, Devereaux.
That's why he had Mason kill
Nataly, and that's why he's going
after Mira.

DEVEREAUX

(shaking his head no)
Mira was a Chechen peasant. Even
if she was there, she wouldn't have
understood what they were planning.

HANLEY

That's what Federov thought. Hell,
that's what everybody thought.
...except Nataly. Turns out, the
girl wasn't a peasant. Her parents
were university professors. She
was fluent in Russian and English.
She understood everything.

On Devereaux. A horrible realization dawning...

HANLEY (CONT'D)

She even played god damned
classical piano....

Devereaux suddenly walks out. Hanley slides down the wall
next to Celia, who's staring at him with wide eyes.

113 **INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - DAY**

113

Moving through high-end patrons, white-gloved staff, towards
the front doors where a HIGH-END PROSTITUTE enters.
Beautiful, red-haired, perfect body. Vacant eyes.

The prostitute angles into an elevator. Just as doors are
closing, ANOTHER WOMAN steps into the elevator with her.

Prostitute is immediately aware she's in the presence of competition, checks her out: The red hair spilling over creamy shoulders. Her dress cut low, showing ample cleavage. Her lips, red and wet. Eyes lined, almost punk.

Her face... Alice Fournier. But she's transformed herself. Her body screams sex, her eyes a determined sadness...

114 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - DAY** 114

The place a quiet buzz of communication. Eyes and Ears watching a barrage of information, trying to find the pattern, find Devereaux.

Mason in back, silent, eyes fixed on the screens. A beat. He tracks Celia at her workstation. Her wrists bandaged, her confidence shot.

MASON
(to Celia)
You. Tell me what I don't know.

Senior agents exchange looks. Mason stays on Celia.

MASON (CONT'D)
Yesterday you asked me a question I
didn't know the answer to. Ask me
another.

Celia... tracks the board, the monitors. Points at an image of Alice Fournier.

CELIA
...Who's she?

115 **INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL IMPERIAL - DAY** 115

Elevator doors open. Alice exits alone, turns towards a doorway at the end of the hall where two RUSSIAN SECURITY stand guard.

Behind her, elevator doors close on the form of the prostitute, unconscious on the floor of the elevator.

Alice reaches the door, smiles at the security.

116 **INT. FOYER, GRAND SUITE, HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER** 116

Alice stands still as the men go through her small purse. Find lube, condoms, some electrical tape. Nothing else.

One man turns her against a wall, roughly searching her. His hands go everywhere, miss nothing.

IN HER EYES. Accepting the humiliation. That raw determination.

117 INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - SECONDS LATER 117

Mason... studying the picture....

MASON
The woman. Alice Fournier.
(to Celia)
Run it.

The search starts. Images of Alice: At rallies, entering a bank. Voice prints matching. Phone conversations pulled from archives. Alice's voice fills the room:

"Hey, you reached Alice, I'm not in right now..." "No, Serrano! Not one of them over there has forgotten. It was a fucking genocide."

118 **INT. MASTER BEDROOM, HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER** 118

Curtains pulled. An arc of light from a desk lamp. Changing hues from a muted TV playing CNN across the room. Arkady Federov at the desk, going over papers. Tired. Old.

Door opens. Alice is led through on the arm of a Security Agent. Federov glances up into the reflection in the window in front of him, appraising... nods.

The agent leaves. Suddenly, just the two of them, Alice's face obscured by shadow.

FEDEROV
Get on the bed.

ALICE
...I'd like to wash first.

Beat. Federov nods to the bathroom.

119 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 119

Alice turns on the shower, catches sight of herself in the mirror. She looks away, searches the bathroom, finds a hand mirror. Wraps it in a towel...

Alice's voice: *"We won't let the world forget. We can't."*

WHAM! She shatters the mirror, wraps a long slice of mirror with the electrical tape, making a prison-style shiv. Raises her dress and slides the weapon down the back of her panties.

120 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - NIGHT** 120

Mason and Celia. Alice's voice still filling the room.

"Edgar! I got it. I got the position. I can't thank you enough..." "Sometimes, I don't know. I just don't know who I am anymore..."

IMAGES also collecting. Facial biometrics being measured, collected into the search... then suddenly a wholly different image: The face of a young girl, no more than 16. Bruised, hungry. Vacant eyes, staring at the camera. U.N. refugee number. MIRA FILIPOVA.

The voice. Younger, thin: *"My name... is Mira Filipova..."*

121 **INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS** 121

Alice stares at her reflection.

"...My parents were killed, by the Russian General Arkady Federov. I survived..."

122 **INT. CIA COMMAND AND CONTROL, BELGRADE - CONTINUOUS** 122

Mason, staring into those eyes.

MASON

Where's Federov? Right now.

123 **INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 123

Alice emerges from the bathroom into the dim light of the bedroom. Federov sits in an undershirt.

Alice reaches up and undoes the strap of her dress. The fabric crumples to the floor around her feet.

He rises, moves to her. Runs a hand over her body, over her breasts, between her legs. Puts a hand behind her neck...

... STOPS. The sharp glass shiv suddenly at his neck. Surprised for an instant, but regaining his cool quick.

FEDEROV

You're not going to kill me.

ALICE

You're wrong.

FEDEROV

No. If you were, I'd already be dead. You don't know what you're doing, do you? You're an amateur. Who sent you...?

Alice presses the edge against his neck. Blood welts around the blade. She pushes him back until he reaches the bed.

ALICE

This is for my mother and my father. My brother...

She LEANS FORWARD, her face coming into the light...

FEDEROV

Oh my God...

ALICE

Shut up. This is for a little girl, who's life you --

FEDEROV

But this is amazing! So many people who want me dead and yet here you are, the angry little girl who didn't know how to fuck --

ALICE

Shut up!

FEDEROV

(mocking)

Maybe you will kill me now. We will see. But I must tell you, my dear girl... Making you into a woman, it is one of the sweetest memories I carry with me. It is --

ALICE

God damn you!

Alice pulls the blade back to strike. Mistake. Federov moves FAST for a man his age, SLAPPING the blade aside even as he grabs her by the hair, PUNCHES her in the stomach.

She sucks air. He hauls her back up, the blade now in his hand, gliding across her face. A thin red line.

FEDEROV

Did you forget who I am?

ALICE

Go to hell.

FEDEROV

Let me remind you.

He rips her bra away, shoves her back onto the bed, fumbling with his pants....

SOUNDS from outside the door. A CRACK. Federov glances up... BOOM! Door blasts open. Devereaux stands there, a weapon in his hands. Behind him, the downed Security Agents.

A MOMENT. Then with a SCREAM Alice GRABS the blade, raising it over his throat.

DEVEREAUX

Don't. Alice don't.

Alice hesitates. Hand shaking. Starting to come down...

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Mira... Mira, don't. He has to tell the world what he did.

She freezes, eyes locked on Federov. Suddenly she SPITS in Federov's face, retreats across the room.

Federov wipes the spittle away, eyes hard.

124 **E/I. HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS**

124

Black sedans pull up. Doors open and Mason and three agents pile out, weapons under coats. They head down the street towards the hotel.

125 **INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

125

Devereaux places a digital recorder on the table by Federov and switches it on. A light glows red.

DEVEREAUX

1999. You supported an American operation to impersonate Chechen terrorists. Who was the American agent who ran it?

For the first time, Federov has lost his sense of humor. He stares darkly at Devereaux, then calls out to Alice who's pulling her dress back on.

FEDEROV

How does it feel? Your revenge.
Are you made better? You're dead.
(to both of them)
You're both dead.

DEVEREAUX

The name, General.

Federov shakes his head.

Devereaux SLAMS the photo of Weinstein, himself and Hanley on the table -- a photo he must have taken from Mason's apartment -- jabs Weinstein's likeness with his finger. Federov shakes his head. Devereaux SLAMS Federov's face down onto the image. Pulls it back up.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

The name!

ALICE

Devereaux.

Something about her tone. He looks over.

Alice's hand, shaking, reaches out, takes Devereaux's hand. Moves his finger from Weinstein... to Hanley's image.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What's his name?

DEVEREAUX

...John Hanley.

ALICE

John Hanley... That's him.

Devereaux STARES at her, processing... Then the faintest SOUND comes from the door.

Devereaux DIVES towards Alice, bringing her down as BOOM! The door's blown off its hinges. Slugs stick across the walls as Devereaux returns fire, swings around in time to see Federov diving through a side door.

Bullets TRACE after them as he hauls Alice towards:

126

INT. HALLWAY, IMPERIAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

126

Devereaux hauls Alice out the suite's rear doors just as a CIA AGENT -- MPK40 sliding out from his jacket -- pushes through.

Devereaux DRIVES the man's head against the door frame, grabs the sub-machine gun as two more CIA AGENTS come around the corner.

Devereaux lines, fires a burst, at a fire extinguisher.
White gas pours over the men who push through the haze...
Devereaux and Alice are gone.

AGENT
(into a mic)
Contact. Penthouse floor. Target
heading south.

127 **INT. OTHER CORRIDOR, IMPERIAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS** 127

Mason, moving, gets the call through his earbud, SPRINTS.

128 **INT. HALLWAY, IMPERIAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS** 128

A MAID stands by her cart, eyes wide with confusion as Devereaux passes, machine gun raised. He pulls off her ID and scanner card.

The sound of sirens. Devereaux moves to windows.

129 **INT/EXT. IMPERIAL HOTEL, STREET - CONTINUOUS** 129

DEVEREAUX'S POV -- THE STREET BELOW. Serbian SWAT vans pulling up. Serbian SWAT OFFICERS with tactical weaponry moving into the building.

130 **INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR, IMPERIAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS** 130

He pulls Alice down the hallway towards a service elevator, passes the Maid's card over a scanner.

DEVEREAUX
(to Alice)
Go to the lobby. Walk, don't run,
out the front exit.

ALICE
What are you going to do?

DEVEREAUX
Book store on Brace Jugovica.
Twenty minutes. If I'm not there,
go to the Belgrade police.
Identify yourself. Tell them
everything.

Doors open. She hesitates.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

Go!

He shoves her into the car, just as "DING," second elevator opens. Three Serbian SWAT inside, step out, freeze. Devereaux, machine gun lined on them. He grabs one of their tactical radios, then pushes them back into the car, pulling the pin from a tear gas grenade on one of the men's harnesses as he backs out. Door closes to the sound hissing gas and gags.

BULLETS SPARK off metal next to his head.

Mason!

Devereaux delivers a BURST of fire as he slides sideways, through a door...

Mason ducks back, then closes, blasts through a door just in time to see the regular elevator doors close.

131 **INT. STAIRWELL, HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER** 131

Mason moving fast down the stairs, taking them six at a time. Door ahead. He hides his weapon as he pushes into:

132 **INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER** 132

Crowded, chaotic. SWAT OFFICERS moving through. RUSSIAN SECURITY, including Federov's Security Chief, pushing forward.

Mason walks through, panning, searching... There!

Ahead, standing at the bar with his back to him, is Devereaux.

Mason angles towards him, starting to move fast, his hand gripping his weapon under coat...

Devereaux raises the SWAT radio, speaks words we do not hear.

Serbian SWAT react, guns coming up, covering Mason.

SERBIAN SWAT (SERBIAN)

HANDS! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

Mason has no choice but to comply as SWAT converge. He STARES at Devereaux who walks casually out the front even as Serbian SWAT grab him, find his weapon, start to cuff him...

ON MASON. He can't let this one go...

Mason MOVES. Blinding speed. Takes out the three SWAT officers in as many blows. SPRINTS AFTER DEVEREAUX!

133 **EXT. HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER** 133

Mason pushes outside. More police pulling up. No Devereaux. He catches a shadow crossing an adjacent alley. Moves.

A door marked's ajar. Pushes in.

134 **INT. FURNITURE STORE - MOMENTS LATER** 134

Mason rolls in, gun out, eyes panning. Place is closed. Empty save furniture. He calls out, his voice echoing in the large space.

MASON

Scenario. Your partner is posing
as a target. Civilians are
present.

Moving low, fast.

MASON (CONT'D)

Your hitter is emerging from behind
a set of columns. You have seven
seconds to make the call and take
the shot. You don't, your partner
is dead. What do you do?

Using furniture as cover.

MASON (CONT'D)

Five seconds, Devereaux.... Three
seconds. Think!

DEVEREAUX (O.S.)

(voice echoing)
Change the rules. Change the shot.

Mason reacts, triangulating, closing.

MASON

There is no option. There's no
clever way out. You take the shot
or you don't. Two seconds... What
the fuck am I supposed to do?

No answer.

MASON (CONT'D)
 One second. What's your call?
 What should I have done!?

Swinging around an armoire... Stopping.

Devereaux stands at the end of a row. Unarmed.

FLASHBACK TO:

135 **EXT. THE HAGUE (FLASHBACK)**

135

OPENING SEQUENCE:

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 Wait. Check your vectors. Hold
your shot.

MASON'S VOICE
 Negative, I got it. Trust me.

THROUGH CROSSHAIRS. The man, moving towards the agents, a hand into his jacket. Shifting to Devereaux, thirty feet from the man, distance closing, vulnerable...

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
Do not fire!

CROSSHAIRS CENTER ON THE APPROACHING MAN! CRACK! The man, shot in the head, slumps forward, gun in his hand.

MASON'S VOICE
 I got him. I got him...

Devereaux. Now alone by the sedan, staring at the man's body, still on the phone. Now he looks up straight at us.

MASON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 He was going for you. I got him.

Devereaux staring at us. Then he turns, the CROSSHAIRS FOLLOWING HIS GAZE to the Man, dead on the ground, gun lying by his side...

and then BEYOND, where a CROWD of people is forming. A woman SCREAMS. People, pushing, suddenly a GLIMPSE:

A young girl lies on the street, in the line of fire from the man. She's motionless. Blood pools...

MASON'S VOICE
Devereaux...?

SMASH BACK TO:

136 **INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS**

136

DEVEREAUX
...You should have let me die.

Mason shakes his head.

MASON
...It wasn't a choice.... Letting
you die, it wasn't a choice.

DEVEREAUX
I know.

MASON
...Then why? Why did you drop me?
Why did you fucking walk away!

A long beat.

Devereaux reaches into his jacket. Mason tenses.

DEVEREAUX
You were too good.
(beat)
You would have become like me.

Devereaux pulls out... the tape recorder.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
And you deserved better than this.

Devereaux lays the recorder on the hood of a car, walks away.

Mason tracks him... hand wavering ever so slightly...

137 **INT. US EMBASSY - AFTERNOON**

137

WITH MASON, following him from the back, as he pushes in past
the Marine Guard at the front gate. People REACT.

He moves through hallways, into a secure corridor, angles for
a door.

138

INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

138

Mason STOPS SHORT. A familiar face looks up at him from behind the desk: John Hanley.

Hanley raises his eyes to Mason.

HANLEY

Sit.

Mason doesn't.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

You know who sits here? Your boss sits here. I'm sitting here. So sit the fuck down.

Mason sits. Hanley eyes him....

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Think you understand what's happening here?

Hanley. Mason. Eye to eye. The phone on the desk rings. Hanley looks at it, at Mason... then punches it on SPEAKER.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

Devereaux. Been waiting for your call.

Mason reacts.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Where's Weinstein?

HANLEY

Funny thing. Turns out the keys to Federov are worth more to Langley than whatever qualms Weinstein had about my methods. He seemed surprised when they removed him. Can't say I think you'd be, though.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

(beat)

It's over, Hanley. She made you. She'll tell everyone.

Hanley, pained, nods.

HANLEY

Yeah, I know. Channel five.

Click. Hanley punches off the phone. Mason looks at him, surprised. Hanley grabs a remote off the desk, points it at the television and...

139 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

139

Small, dingy, anonymous. A room that could be anywhere. Alice sits on the bed, watching Devereaux who holds his phone, now dead, in his hands.

Devereaux grabs a remote, turns on the television, scrolls channels. An IMAGE comes up. Devereaux's daughter. Its the Belgrade version of an Amber Alert.

Devereaux goes still. For the first time, the unstoppable force drained... weak.

ALICE

...Devereaux?

He STARES at the television, dials the number which scrolls across the bottom of the screen. The line picks up.

HANLEY'S VOICE

We understand each other?

140 **INT. WEINSTEIN'S OFFICE, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS**

140

The same image on the TV. Mason, staring at the face of the girl he discovered. Hanley's eyes never leaves Mason.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

I'll kill you if you hurt her.

HANLEY

I know. I know you will.

(beat)

If it's any consolation, it was your boy that found her. I just thought... well you should be proud. He did good, didn't he? Found that soft underbelly. I wasn't even sure you had one.

ON MASON, gut punched. He's become exactly what he aspired to. And now he has to live with it.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE

Yeah. He did good.

HANLEY

One hour.

Hanley hangs up. Eyes on Mason, staring at the television.

MASON

Where is she?

HANLEY

(beat)

You're a weapon, Mason. A damn good one. I value that. So are you and I going to have a problem?

Hanley approaches Mason. Those watery tired eyes... but they miss nothing.

HANLEY (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not going to be checking under the god damn toilet every time I take a dump, am I?

MASON

...We want the same thing.

Beat. Hanley nods.

141 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

141

Alice stares at the image of Devereaux's daughter on the TV.

ALICE

She's yours, isn't she?

Devereaux doesn't respond. Picks up his jacket.

ALICE (CONT'D)

She's beautiful.

Purposeful, automaton... Can't get his arm through the sleeve of the jacket. Tosses it down. PUNCHES THE WALL. AGAIN. AGAIN. Fists going through drywall, splintering studs, busting knuckles.

He stops. Doesn't look at her.

DEVEREAUX

Go to the train station. Buy three tickets to Altenberg. It's inside the country so you won't have to show ID. The border there is weak...

ALICE

He doesn't want you, he wants me.

DEVEREAUX

Wait one hour. I'll be there.

ALICE

And if you're not?

Silence.

DEVEREAUX

Then I've given you up for my daughter.

ALICE

...And if I run?

DEVEREAUX

They'll kill her.

Beat. Long one. Devereaux's daughter's face plays over the television -- a true innocent.

ALICE

How will it happen?

Devereaux looks at Alice. At the strength, the conviction in the face of death.

DEVEREAUX

...You won't feel it.

ALICE

How can you be sure?... Tell me.
I need to know.

Devereaux moves so he's standing over her, touches her hair with his hand. Her eyes close. The image gentle in contrast to his words.

DEVEREAUX

...The bullet will be traveling at over four thousand feet per second. Faster than sound. The effect at that velocity is... absolute. You won't feel anything. You'll just... cease to exist.

Alice nods, smiles...

ALICE

...You were wrong. You didn't disappoint me.

Devereaux, staring at her, thrown. She leans in, kisses him on the cheek.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Just be there.

A moment's hesitation... and then he's gone.

142 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT** 142

Lush, no expense spared. Federov stands in front of a mirror. One of his new SECURITY enters, nods. It's time.

143 **INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT** 143

Heart monitor silently pulses. IV drips.

SARAH. Lying in the bed. Her eyes flutter open... focus on Mason, sitting in a chair pulled up next to her.

SARAH
...Hey.

MASON
Hi.

SARAH
Who are you...?

He meets her eyes, can't say the words. Shakes his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay...

With some effort, she pulls a hand out from under the blankets, takes his hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Okay.

144 **INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - NIGHT** 144

Mason blows out of the ICU, moves down the corridor. Celia rises from a chair, locks step with Mason.

CELIA
...This is fucked up.

He looks at her. For the first time, she returns his gaze.

145 **EXT. STREET, BELGRADE - NIGHT**

145

Steam rises off a wet street. Hot, muggy, the kind of air that has weight. Traffic rolls by, people go about their business, oblivious to the lone man standing on the sidewalk, looking up at a building -- Devereaux.

HIS POV: The United States Embassy, Belgrade.

SEEN FROM AFAR

Devereaux crosses towards the building. Before he's halfway to the main entrance, LIGHTS hit him. VOICES, shouting out. FIGURES move towards Devereaux, rifles lined.

MARINE SERGEANT

On your knees! Now! Get on your knees!

Hands grab him. A foot to the back of a knee brings him down. Hands pulled behind his back. Handcuffs proffered...

VOICE

That won't be necessary, Sergeant.

Faces look over. Devereaux looks up. Hanley.

146 **INT. BELGRADE HAUPTBAHNHOF CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT** 146

A huge LCD scrolls train times, platforms, etc.

We're in a massive and modern edifice of stainless steel and glass, elevators and escalators. Throngs of commuters and travelers hustling to catch their trains.

Alone amongst them is Alice.

147 **INT. LOBBY, US EMBASSY - NIGHT**

147

A half dozen Marines watch as Devereaux is brought in.

148 **EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

148

Federov is escorted under high security to his limousine, gets in, wincing from the motion.

Across from him, an AIDE.

AIDE

Good evening, sir. You're scheduled to speak in 35 minutes...

149 **INT. PLATFORM, BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT** 149

Alice stands on the platform, watching people push by her, boarding trains. She should as well. Instead she turns, walks into

150 **INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT** 150

All glass. Platforms on either side. Views of the entire station. Alice moves to a computer, sits. Shaking hands slide a credit card. She types:

"HOW THE CIA STARTED THE SECOND CHECHEN WAR. By Alice Fournier."

She stares at the screen for a beat, then highlights her name, changes it to: "by Mira Filipova."

151 **INT. DEUTSCH TELEKOM VAN - NIGHT** 151

In the back of this van, computer screens glow - monitors credit and debit card transactions. A TECHNICIAN slouches in a corner - his throat cut.

Alexa tracks transactions. "ALICE FOURNIER" scrolls across the screen. Then an address: Belgrade train station. She moves to the front, throws the van into gear...

152 **INT. ELEVATOR, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS** 152

Devereaux and Hanley side by side, looking at their reflections in the stainless steel doors.

HANLEY

...You tell yourself no one's going to get hurt. At least no one you care about.... You played it well, though.

DEVEREAUX

Did I?

HANLEY

It's a game. Someone always has to lose.

DEVEREAUX

You think maybe you might have crossed the line with this?

HANLEY

A long time ago, my friend...
You'll require proof of life, of
course.

DING. Elevator doors open.

153 **INT. FIFTH FLOOR, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS**

153

All eyes are on Devereaux as he and Hanley move through the
floor, stepping into

154 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS**

154

Mason waits in one corner, that coin sliding across his
fingers. Eyes give nothing.

Leaning on a far wall is JONES -- a Mason clone. But
thicker, more seasoned, more dangerous.

Hanley gestures to a chair. Devereaux sits. Nothing said.
Hanley lifts a telephone receiver, dials.

HANLEY (SERBIAN)

Put her on the phone, please.

Beat. He offers the phone to Devereaux.

GIRL'S VOICE (FRENCH)

Papa?

DEVEREAUX (FRENCH)

*How you doing, kiddo?... I know
you're scared. I'm scared, too.
But you're going to be all right.
Everything is going to be all
right... I promise you that.... I
just wanted to hear your voice and
to tell you I love you more than
anything in this world....*

Eyes coming up, not looking directly at Mason. Switching to
English now,

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)

*...I'm sorry I wasn't there for you
when you needed me. I didn't do
all the things I should have. And
if I could do it again, if I could
do it right, I would.*

Hanley pushes down on the phone, ending the call.

DEVEREAUX (CONT'D)
 ...Hauptbahnhof, platform 7.

Mason moves forward... brings out the tape recorder Devereaux gave him. Hits PLAY. Voices spool out:

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 The name!

ALICE'S VOICE
 Devereaux!
 (beat)
 What's his name?

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
 John Hanley.

Mason stops the tape. Pops it. Drops it on the floor. Crushes it under his boot.

Hanley looks at the two, shakes his head.

HANLEY
 Know what your mistake was,
 Devereaux? You misjudged this
 kid. He's a survivor. He's not
 like you.

Devereaux's stares at Mason..

DEVEREAUX
 ...No, I don't suppose he is.

HANLEY
 Call me when it's done.

Mason's moving for the door. Like a pit bull unleashed.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
 Mason. Take Jones.

Mason glances at Jones. They're gone. Hanley produces a bottle of Scotch.

HANLEY (CONT'D)
 Drink while we wait?

Devereaux... shakes his head no.

Mason and Jones move for the elevators.

CELIA
Excuse me, sir!

Mason stops as Celia approaches, hands him a data stick.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Latest maps for your nav. Just got
them in...

Mason nods, pockets the stick and is moving, followed by
Jones. Celia watches them go.

156 **INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT** 156

Alice types. The screen fills with text: "General
Federov..." "...collusion" "...CIA operative John
Hanley..."

A BANG echoes through the station, making her jump. It was
nothing...

157 **INT./EXT. MASON'S BMW - NIGHT** 157

Speeding through traffic. Jones glancing at Mason who
ignores the man, jacks the data stick into his mobile GPS.

A location flashes. He cranks the wheel.

158 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - NIGHT** 158

Hanley stands at the window, looking down at the traffic.

HANLEY
You know what we used to call
you?... The November Man. 'Cause
after you passed through, nothing
lived... Guess some things don't
change.

DEVEREAUX
...Sometimes they do.

159 **EXT. MINISTRY BUILDING - NIGHT** 159

Federov exits his limousine, heads towards the building.
AIDES and SECURITY surround him.

160 ***I/E. MASON'S BMW - NIGHT***

160

Mason's BMW leans over as it slides around a corner, clipping a trash container.

In the seat next to him, Jones grips the dash. Glances over.

JONES

Train station's that way.

Mason shoots him a grin.

MASON

Shortcut.

161 ***INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT***

161

Alice, sitting at the table. Stock still.

Cursor blinks on an email. Recipient box contains CNN, BBC, Fox, Herald Tribune, NY Times... dozens of news outlets. Alice's finger hovers over "SEND."

Realizes her hand is shaking. Angrily wipes a tear away.

PULLING BACK AND ABOVE. Alice, now just one of a dozen people in the cafe.

SUDDENLY BEING LOCKED BY A SCOPE. Crosshairs finding the base of her skull...

A CROWD of tourists moves in, blocks the shot.

REVERSE ANGLE TO

162 ***INT. BELGRADE CENTRAL TRAIN STATION, GIRDERS - NIGHT***

162

Alexa, hidden amidst the high steel girders of the building. Rifle positioned, eye to her scope. Patient...

163 ***INT. MASON'S BMW - NIGHT***

163

Mason checks the GPS, puts the car into a 4-wheel slide around a corner. Accelerates.

JONES

You should slow down.

Mason downshifts. The world streaks by outside.

Jones starts to panic. A decision made. He's a blur. Gun up, lined expertly on Mason's head.

JONES (CONT'D)
Slow the fucking car down.

Mason, almost smiles.

MASON
Seatbelt.

Mason FLOORS IT. BMW LURCHES forward. Jones confused, grabs the seat belt with his free hand -- reflex -- tries to engage the clasp.

ON MASON'S HAND on the wheel. Knuckles empty.

Jones, trying to click the seat belt closed. Can't. There's a coin stuck in the mechanism. Mason swerves up onto the sidewalk, then blasts through an intersection.

JONES
Stop the vehicle! Right now!

Mason looks at him, reaches into his vest... Jones presses the gun to his head. Mason just looks at him.

MASON
Wall.

Jones hears, tracks forward...

... a DEAD END LOOMS, the car accelerating at it, the wall FILLING THE SCREEN!

FLASHBACK TO:

164

INT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR, NORWAY - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

164

The younger Mason works at a table, disassembling the pieces of a sniper rifle.

Around him, AGENTS prepare. Their faces are familiar. Three armored sedans we recognize. This is the staging area for the opening of the film.

DEVEREAUX'S VOICE
You ready for this?

Mason turns. There's Devereaux, dressed as the Mark we met. This is an hour before the first moments we saw.

MASON
(smiles)
 What could possibly go wrong?

Devereaux... LAUGHS. *There's a piece of joy in him, and pride.*

DEVEREAUX
 Well, don't let me die.

MASON
 We'll see.

DEVEREAUX
 Yeah. We'll see.

The two men, across from each other. Devereaux's limo pulls up behind him. He turns towards it and...

MASON
 Devereaux!

Devereaux turns. Accepts the moment...

SLAM BACK TO:

165 **INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (RESUME)** 165

P.O.V. Straight-on as the BMW IMPACTS the wall!

Windshield shattering! Jones EJECTED through. Glass and debris filling the compartment of the car like a hurricane --

Mason, rolling free from the car even as it settles back on its shocks. A SERBIAN THUG picks himself up, lifting a gun, lining it in the room.

BOOM! Mason blows his brains out. The thug slumps to the floor.

166 **INT. PROKOP RAILWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS** 166

Alice stares at the computer... deciding. Tears rolling out of her eyes as she moves her hand away from the "SEND" key...

THROUGH SCOPE, CROSSHAIRS ON: Alice, glimpsed through the tourists, the tourists clearing...

167 **INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 167

ON MASON. Running. Sprinting up a small stairwell.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! His guns kicks as he double-taps another THUG. Mason leaps right over the tumbling body.

168 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS** 168

Devereaux waits. Hanley, behind the desk, getting edgy, waiting for that phone to ring.

DEVEREAUX

Did Langley know all along?

HANLEY

Yeah, that. If they did, I guess it would mean that what I've been doing, is United States god damn policy, wouldn't it... And what you've been doing... is treason.

DEVEREAUX

...Did they know?

Hanley just stares at him, those big watery eyes giving him nothing.

169 **INT. ANTECHAMBER, MINISTRY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 169

Federov stares in a mirror. His entourage around him. An AIDE opens a large door, leans in.

AIDE

They're ready for you, sir.

170 **INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 170

AT THE TOP of the stairs -- Serbian Monster with a shotgun OPENS UP. Pellets rip open Mason's gun arm, gun goes into the air...

... snatched down with his other hand. One shot, blows the man back. Gun clicks empty. Discards it as he IMPACTS the large man, comes up with the shotgun...

... running at a door at the end of the hall.

171 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS** 171

Hanley punches on the TV. Silent image of the crowd, the podium, all waiting for Federov.

HANLEY

You know what he's going to say?
Because I do. Our war, the cold
war. He's going to put an end to
it. He's going to fucking join
NATO. Why? Because I have my
hand so far up his ass I'm moving
his lips. I own Federov.

(beat)

This is what we worked for, all
those years. You know it is.

Devereaux just stares back.

172 **INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

172

Mason gets to the door. Doesn't slow down, puts his shoulder
down and blows right through it.

173 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY, BELGRADE - CONTINUOUS**

173

ON THE TV: The NATO members wait in the chamber. A voice
drones in Serbian...

HANLEY

Not one American life was lost in
that Chechyan mess. Not one.

DEVEREAUX

You're right.

HANLEY

West and East. Fuck that. From
now on, it'll be the civilized
world against the God-damned Middle
East. That's a fight I can
understand. Don't you get it?
This is a *win*.

DEVEREAUX

Hanley.

HANLEY

What?

DEVEREAUX

...Why are you sweating?

174 **INT. ROOM, TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

174

BOOM! Mason hits the door with his shoulder. Goes right through...

A MAN with a gun on the phone, another jacking a shell into a shotgun, lowering at the head of a trembling girl...

Mason BLOWS the man back. Catches a round in the neck from the man on the phone, blood PLUMES.

He REVERSES, fires at the man who DROPS to his knees...

... and Mason has the girl, swept up in his arms, cradling her head against his chest, his gun LINED on the open doorway as she SOBS against him.

MASON

Shhhhhh... Shhhhhh... It's all right. It's all right... Your father sent me.

175 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS**

175

Devereaux's eyes bore into Hanley's. Move to the gun in Hanley's shoulder holster.

DEVEREAUX

Is that the gun you're going to use to kill me?

HANLEY

....No. You're going to do that yourself.

DEVEREAUX

Never gets easy, does it.... You never forget that look. Just before you murder a man.

HANLEY

I've learned to live with it.

Hanley's eyes are locked on Devereaux. For the first time, a flicker of uncertainty. Phone rings. He doesn't answer.

DEVEREAUX

...You going to get that?

176 **INT. FLOOR, MINISTRY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS** 176

Federov moves through dignitaries, reaches the podium. Turns to face 100 expectant faces...

177 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS** 177

Hanley punches the phone on speaker.

HANLEY

Talk to me...

A long beat. Then...

MASON'S VOICE

I got her, Devereaux... I got her.

Hanley hears it, REACTS.

Draws his weapon. Devereaux is too fast. His arm grabbing Hanley's wrist, driving it onto the table, pinning his hand and the gun there.

The two men, eye to eye.

Then Devereaux lifts Hanley's cell phone, dials...

178 **INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS** 178

Alice. Waiting... waiting...

"THWACK!" The unmistakable sound of a silenced rifle. Alice's features convulse...

... IN DEEP FOCUS, behind Alice. A body falls from the girders, lands with a sick THUD on the tiled floor. A moment, a SCREAM. CHAOS as people REACT.

THE BODY, SEEN FROM ABOVE. Broken on the tile. Blood pooling underneath her: Alexa.

Alice stands... barely. Looking through the glass at the platform. Unable to see through the throng of people gathered around the body.

And then... unexpected in this moment of tension, a man walking by pinches Alice's ass. Violin case slung over one shoulder, he turns once to look at her: Denisov.

He shoots her a wink, turns again and is lost in the crowd.

On the table, by the computer, a cell phone. She moves to it, lifts it to her ear.

ALICE

...Devereaux?

Beat. And Alice LAUGHS despite herself. Tears flow, tension releasing. Laughing and crying together. Her hand reaches to the computer. She punches "SEND."

179 **INT. CHAMBER, MINISTRY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

179

In front of Federov, the dignitaries, waiting...

FEDEROV

Ladies and Gentlemen...

Federov STOPS. The rear doors of the chamber have opened and a wave of AIDES and PAGES rush in, find their respective bosses, pass them notes. Whisper in their ears...

Heads nod. Eyes turn back towards Federov. Unfriendly. One by one, the dignitaries start to leave the room.

EXT. PROKOP RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT

Alice walks out of the station. Breathes the warm night air... starting to smile.

181 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, US EMBASSY - NIGHT**

181

Hanley stares back at Devereaux, defeated.

HANLEY

You just doomed us to another decade of conflict. Of Shit. You know that, don't you?

DEVEREAUX

...Yeah, but the thing is...

(leaning in)

I like it this way.

Devereaux stands, we FOLLOW him out of the room as the VO of a NEWSCAST comes up.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
...Revelations from the State
Department today rocked the
political world as evidence of a
conspiracy between elements of the
CIA and the Russian Intelligence
Services headed by then General
Arkady Federov surfaced,
implicating both agencies in 1999
bombings previously attributed to
Chechen terrorists...

182 **INT. CORRIDORS, US EMBASSY, BELGRADE - NIGHT**

182

Agents and Marines react to Devereaux, line weapons on him.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Witness to the conspiracy was a
Chechen refugee, Mira Filipova, who
after immigrating to Serbia had
been living under an assumed
identity...

BANG! Off-screen, a gun shot. People flood past Devereaux,
headed towards the office.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
In the wake of the revelations,
John Hanley, recently promoted
Chief of the CIA's Belgrade
station, took his own life as
questions continue to swirl...

183 **INT. US EMBASSY, LOBBY - NIGHT**

183

Devereaux, hand on his wound, walking towards the doors.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Even as evidence mounts, a CIA
spokesperson shrugged off the
allegations saying quote: "We don't
have people running around with
guns. We don't do things like
that, at least not anymore."

184 **EXT. US EMBASSY - NIGHT**

184

Devereaux steps onto the street. Mason stands there.

Devereaux's daughter is next to him. Sees her father. Runs to him. Throws her arms around him. Devereaux looks up from his daughter's embrace, back to Mason.

A beat. A nod between the two men. A sense of something passed between the them. Respect.

Devereaux and his daughter head down the street, passing by Mason. For a moment, their shadows are one. Then pull apart.

BLACK

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In Russia, Minister Federov's office has issued a blanket denial of all accusations.

185 **EXT. PRIVATE YACHT - DAY**

185

In silhouette, Federov moves to the rail of his luxury yacht.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The official Russian news service claims that he is, quote: "taking an extended vacation somewhere near the Baltic Sea." Reports indicate that he is suffering from an undisclosed illness...

THWPT! Federov drops over the edge, dead before he hits the water.

We stay on the body for a long beat... then PULL BACK, across a mile of calm sea to a:

186 **EXT. CLIFF - DAY**

186

Where Devereaux slowly lowers a high powered rifle. He rises, turns, walks down a slight slope to a waiting car. Pops the trunk, places the rifle in, climbs into the passenger seat.

Mason puts the car in gear.

We CRANE UP as they drive away, higher, until the car is a black dot on a lonely road.

END.