

THE OPERATIVE

by

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FADE IN:

Dead of night. Clear skies above. A light breeze blows.

In the far distance -- an old farm house -- large decrepit barn -- surrounded by woodland and fields.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A dark figure, in all black tactical gear, watches the house through night-vision binoculars.

A few lights on inside, but nothing out of place.

ALEX SAGEN, 33, is a racehorse of a man with some serious mileage behind him -- but he's only halfway around his track. Still has more to prove to the world.

He moves forward. Another soldier drops out of a tree behind him. Two more rise out of tall grass.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

A large military satellite dish stands in the yard. Power cables spewing from it down into a basement window.

Alex's feet creep up on the porch, training his M4A1 assault rifle on the front door. Soldier #2 picks the lock.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The door clicks open. Alex moves through the darkness.

Soldier #3 and #4 slink in through a rear window -- #4 goes down into the basement -- #3 explores a back room area.

INT. FARM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex follows soldier #2 upstairs. He sprays an aerosol can of misty vapor at the base of an open doorway -- and steps over the INFRARED BEAM that flickers through the haze.

They find a locked room. Soldier #2 disassembles its keypad.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Soldier #4 moves fast -- wrenches open an electrical power box -- searching through a mass of wires.

INT. FARM HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

The locked door opens. Alex steps inside -- plugs a FLASH DRIVE into a COMPUTER TERMINAL -- his fingers glide across the keyboard --

-- WEAPON SCHEMATICS scroll down the screen.

Unbeknown to them, a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the top corner of the room records their activity.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BACK ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Soldier #3 searches the first floor -- stops at a window -- points his binoculars out.

In the distance: he clocks a HUMVEE bombing down a dirt road toward the house, kicking up dust. Two more further behind it.

He spins, about to call out -- just as someone's ARM circles around his throat -- YANKING him to the ground with a *THUD!*

INT. FARM HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Soldier #4 holds a pair of cutters over a RED WIRE -- staring at his watch -- waiting -- its timer counting down to zero...

INT. FARM HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Alex types fast -- glancing at his watch -- finally downloading everything he needs just as it hits zero --

INT. FARM HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

-- soldier #4 cuts the red wire. Electricity in the house going dead. He grabs his weapon, moves up the stairs -- crossing an infrared beam --

-- *ALARMS BLARE!* -- a metal shutter seals the room -- GREEN GAS fills the air. He wails, choking, trying to kick his way out.

INT. FARM HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Alex pockets the flash drive -- smashes his rifle down, destroying the terminal.

He hurries out into the hallway. Soldier #2 goes to follow -- but steps into a WIRE NOOSE laid on the floor -- pulling his foot up at the ceiling -- hanging upside down --

INT. FARM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- Alex spins as a shutter slams over the doorway, separating him from the soldier. He tries to lift it --

-- but someone's ARM goes around his throat -- choking him -- Alex kicks off the shutter --

-- him and the ATTACKER crashing back over the banister, plummeting down the stairwell to the...

INT. FARM HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The attacker hurls Alex against the front door -- swings for him -- Alex ducks -- his hand going through a glass pane.

Alex gets around him -- kicks out the back of his knee -- slams his head against the wall -- knocking him out...

...just as the FIRST HUMVEE skids to a stop outside -- shit! -- Alex turns, racing back up the stairs...

INT. FARM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

...just as the driver kicks open the front door -- unleashing gunfire -- Alex dives out a hallway window --

-- landing on a fragile porch ROOF that circles the house.

The driver quickly follows him up...

Alex runs along the roof, smashes through another window, dropping back inside the...

INT. FARM HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

...where soldier #2 squirms upside down. Alex flicks open a knife, cutting him free --

-- just as the driver arrives, pointing his rifle inside --

-- Alex grabs the barrel -- gunfire exploding from it -- he shoves the man off the roof -- hitting the ground -- out cold.

Alex and the soldier climb out the window, but the fragile roof COLLAPSES under their weight.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Soldier #2 HOWLS, breaking his ankle as they hit the ground.

Spotting the other two humvees fast approaching...

...Alex sprints to the satellite dish -- attaches C4 PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE from his pack and inserts remote detonator rods.

They hobble over to the...

INT. BARN - NIGHT

...finding an old jeep. The hood up. Alex slams it shut. Ushers soldier #2 inside. Alex slips behind the wheel -- hot wires it -- hits the gas -- SPEEDS out --

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

-- just as humvee #2 cuts across his path --

-- Alex clips its rear corner -- spinning it out -- causing it to stall.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Alex turns the wheel -- arcing around the house and barn --

-- he pulls out the remote detonator -- hits the switch --

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

-- KA-BOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!! --

-- the satellite dish EXPLODES -- a fireball so large it swallows up half the house --

-- but HUMVEE #3 rockets out of the fire -- like a bat out of hell -- chasing Alex -- dead on his tail.

Alex smashes through a fence -- cutting across a...

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The pursuing vehicle humvee closing the gap -- gaining on Alex fast -- WHAM! -- hitting his rear --

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Alex's head jerks forward. He adjusts course, plowing through another fence, moving up onto the....

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The humvee catching up fast, slipping around the side of the jeep, slamming against it side-on --

Alex taps his brakes, letting the humvee move ahead -- then accelerates, hitting its rear corner -- forcing it to spin out -- CRASHING into a ditch --

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Alex tears away -- leaving the humvee in his rearview -- engine smoking -- victorious smile on his face --

-- but out of nowhere, HUMVEE #2 returns, slamming into his side -- knocking the jeep off the road --

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

-- and FLIPPING onto its roof -- hitting wet mud -- airbags inflating. Brutal.

The humvee skids to a stop.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Alex and soldier #2 cut themselves free. Slowly crawl out, aching like hell.

EXT. DITCH/DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The ATTACKER and other men hop out of the humvee with AK-47s.

Alex and the soldier, on their knees, put their hands behind their heads. No choice.

The attacker draws his sidearm. Points it at Alex --

-- *BLAM!* -- Alex flinches -- but he's not hit.

FLOOD LIGHTS spring to life across the entire area, one by one.

The men lower their weapons.

Alex gestures toward soldier #2...

ALEX

He has a broken ankle.

He spits out blood, hitting the attacker's boot.

ALEX (CONT'D)
And I think you broke my tooth.

ATTACKER
Is that right? Let me take a look
at that.

The attacker grabs Alex's jaw -- pelts him with his other fist -- sending him crashing to the ground, semi-conscious.

ATTACKER (CONT'D)
Is that better, sweetie?

We rise higher and higher above the long stretch of country.

SUPER:

THE FARM

Covert CIA Training Facility

The house. The barn. All of it a brutal training ground.

INT. THE FARM - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A large bank of monitors. Almost every angle imaginable on the training facility.

JENNIFER MONROE, an ambitious, dangerously efficient intelligence agent in her late 30s, stands over a tech's shoulder, studying the live stream.

She just stares, mind ticking over -- as we PRELAP:

MONROE (V.O.)
Please be patient with us as we
assess your progress.

INT. THE FARM - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Monroe addresses a class of men and women, most of them bruised and beaten.

MONROE
All CT's will receive their scores
over the next several days.
Depending on those results, we'll
inform you of your options...

Alex watches from the back of the class.

MONROE (CONT'D)

...whether that's to continue to work with the agency in some capacity, or whether we feel you would find success elsewhere.

Sitting behind Monroe, intelligence agent JONATHAN BRUBAKER, mid 40s, hardened features and a hardened soul, stares at the class through cold, cynical eyes.

His troubling gaze locks-on to Alex at the back.

EXT. THE FARM - SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Alex and other trainees jog in formation across vast countryside, exhaling misty breath into the cold morning air.

MONROE (V.O.)

Please don't feel bad if you don't progress any further. This comprises some of the most difficult training in the world.

INT. THE FARM - GYM - DAY

Alex throws endless fist jabs at a punch bag.

MONROE (V.O.)

You did well to make it as far as you have already. You should be proud of yourselves. However, less than one percent ever successfully complete the training to become field operatives.

An internal mail man calls Alex over. Hands him an envelope.

MONROE (V.O.)

The odds are already heavily stacked against you from the start.

Alex opens the letter. His eyes focus on various words:

"We would like to thank you...", "unfortunately at this time...", "sorry to announce...", "good luck in your future endeavors"

MONROE (V.O.)

Most of you are destined to fail.

Alex sits down. Emotions deflated. Balls up the letter.

EXT. THE FARM - DAY

Brubaker strides around the compound, a man who moves with purpose, reading documents as he walks. Alex trying to keep pace by his side...

ALEX

...but what about my exam results?
They've got to count for something.

BRUBAKER

They do. Just not enough to get
you over the finish line.

ALEX

I scored higher than anyone here.

BRUBAKER

True. You scored higher than me.

ALEX

So how can I fail if --

Brubaker stops dead, snapping at Alex.

BRUBAKER

It doesn't work like that. You
acquired the mission's objective.
You even got out of the goddamn
house with the download. Something
most people never achieve. But you
just had to go back in to save your
buddy, didn't you?

ALEX

What was I supposed to do, just
leave the guy hanging there?

BRUBAKER

You were supposed to complete the
mission. You effectively saved one
soldier's life, but the information
you held could have saved the lives
of thousands of people.

Alex exhales, not sure what to say.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)

You made a bad call. Instead of
believing in some bullshit notion of
never leaving a man behind, maybe
next time you can think about the
bigger picture. About the lives of
Americans you're putting in danger.

Brubaker stares through him, unimpressed.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
There's no place for you here.

And with that, Brubaker walks away, leaving Alex standing alone. His eyes fall closed with regret.

INT. THE FARM - SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

Most of the beds now empty and unused.

Alex empties his locker, filling his luggage.

INT. THE FARM - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jennifer Monroe moves with urgency, weaving past analysts and workers. She bursts through a set of doors out into the...

EXT. THE FARM - PARKING LOT - DAY

...to see the failed trainees climbing on board a bus, about to depart. Alex turns as Jennifer calls out his name...

MONROE
Alex Sagen, my office, now.

He drops his bags, confused.

INT. THE FARM - MONROE'S OFFICE - DAY

Awards and plaques fill a wall. A lifetime of achievement and hard work.

Monroe pours coffee as Alex studies photos of her, several years younger, standing in some sand-covered war zone, dressed in civilian clothes with body armor.

MONROE
Fifteen long years I was eyes on
the ground. Got to expand my world
view. A lot of good people there.
(beat)
Dangerous people too.

Monroe pours coffee. Hands one to Alex.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Once known as Mesopotamia. The cradle of civilization. Isn't that ironic?

Off Alex's confused look...

MONROE (CONT'D)

The most unstable region on Earth. How long do you think it will be before some extremist gets their hands on a biological weapon or a dirty bomb, bringing with them humanity's end of days?

(turns to face Alex)

This agency is important. We're living in dangerous times, and the world needs eyes on the ground.

ALEX

I thought I failed the program.

Monroe sits behind her desk.

MONROE

Most people fail the program. It doesn't mean you don't have options here. You know I've always been a strong advocate of yours.

Alex sits opposite her.

ALEX

What about the other trainees?

MONROE

What about them? They'll move onto bigger and better things.

ALEX

That true?

MONROE

No. They won't. But you can. I have an opening in Paris I'd like you to consider.

ALEX

I'm not interested in a field office.

MONROE

Most people would kill to spend a year or two working Europe. You'll get to travel --

ALEX

Thank you, I mean that, but --

Monroe leans forward in her chair.

MONROE

Don't throw this away. It's not a desk job the way you think it is. I'm talking prisoner transportation, security detail for US Ambassadors --

ALEX

You mean babysitting?

MONROE

Low-level assignments, maybe, not exactly what you dreamed about doing, I know. But you could do a lot worse than agency support staff.

Monroe stands. Walks around her desk and sits on the edge.

MONROE (CONT'D)

So you didn't make field operative. You impressed us regardless.

Alex thinks hard. Not sure what to say.

ALEX

I could go freelance. I hear there's good money to be made.

MONROE

You could, but you'd be a fool. You can have a career here.

ALEX

I don't think Mr. Brubaker --

MONROE

Let me worry about Brubaker.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Do you remember what you told me when you arrived here?

ALEX

I said I wanted to make a
difference in the world.

MONROE

That's why I sit behind this desk
every day. You walk out that door
now, chasing fortune and glory,
what difference do you think you're
going to make in the world?

This hits Alex hard. He feels it.

He glances back at the photographs of Monroe.

ALEX

You were eyes on the ground, huh?

MONROE

Recruiting other eyes to be our
eyes. Ears to be our ears. Hearts
and minds too. I found assets. I
recruited assets. I turned assets.

She opens her eyes wide, mock-hypnotizing him.

MONROE (CONT'D)

That's what I'm doing now. Turning
you. Twisting you to my will.

Alex can't help but smirk, but tries to hide it. A decision
forming in his mind.

The loud *WHOOSH* of jet engines build, as we CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Gliding over the City of Love. The early morning sun
glitters off the River Seine. Traffic circles the Arc de
Triomphe. The Eiffel Tower looms in the distance.

CUT TO:

SLOW, FADED IMAGES. Discordant. Hard to make out at first.

A hand on a trigger. Muzzle flash. Slo-mo bullets ripple
through air. Hitting flesh. Splashes of blood.

A SWAT-like unit of men, a TACTICAL TEAM, swarming against
armed hostiles. A rapid assault, slowed down to a heartbeat.
We're inside an old...

INT. DERELICT FACTORY - DAY

Daytime, but it's dark inside. Puddles of rancid rainwater on the floors.

A Middle Eastern man rises from behind an upturned table. Muzzle flash from his rifle -- but return fire riddles him.

He's not the only one dead. At least half a dozen others.

Computer equipment sparking as it's hit. The last hostile drops to the floor dead. A silver FLASH DRIVE flies from his grip, sliding across a pool of blood.

The tac team circles the dead men. Their gun flashlights cutting through musty, rank air.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

A fast-motion sun circles over the city in quick succession -- day -- night -- day -- night -- day -- night...

As a week passes, we eventually settle outside the...

EXT. FIELD OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Alex, dark suit and tie, swipes his card through the lobby's security barrier, and exits out onto the street.

SUPER:

CIA FIELD OFFICE, PARIS

His friend, DAVID BURRELL, 36, a work-hard-play-hard kind of guy, constantly disgruntled, but has a boundless energy, exits the building, quickly catching up to Alex.

DAVID

You didn't hear this from me, but
we got a piss test coming up.

ALEX

(mocking a serious tone)
When?

DAVID

Two weeks.

ALEX

Lucky for me, I haven't smoked pot
since college, so I think I'm good.

DAVID
Okay, choir boy, you still drink,
don't you? Let's grab a beer.

Alex rubs his tired eyes.

ALEX
We've been awake almost thirty six
hours.

DAVID
Exactly. We deserve a drink.

ALEX
No, I deserve my bed. I'm gonna
sleep for the next three days.

DAVID
They're giving you three days?

ALEX
Five, actually.

DAVID
Son of a bitch.

A young woman heads out of the building, wrapping her coat
around her, making a beeline for David.

MARIA DELASSIO, 27, an Italian born, French raised, exotic
beauty. Olive skin, silky hair and bulbous green eyes. A
calm exterior masks an excitement for life, love and
adventure.

MARIA
Mr. Burrell?

DAVID
Hey, Maria, you call me David.

MARIA
You promised me you'd sign off on
this report, twice already.

DAVID
Of course I did.

She hands him a document on a clipboard. He flips through
several pages, signing each one.

Maria turns to Alex. Their eyes catching. A strange
connection between them. But the moment is interrupted as
David hands back the document.

MARIA
And you left your car keys on your desk.

She dangles them in front of David.

DAVID
Maria, you're an angel.
(pointing to Alex)
This is Alex, by the way.

MARIA
I know.

ALEX
You know?

MARIA
I read your file.

ALEX
I hope it was all good.

MARIA
It was... interesting.

ALEX
Don't believe everything you read.

DAVID
Especially if it has CIA written on it.

MARIA
You boys aren't here under any kind of cover, right?

David puts his arm around her.

DAVID
No, but that doesn't mean we're not saving the world.

MARIA
That sounds like an interesting fantasy.

DAVID
Oh, that hurts.

MARIA
I have to run. Ciao.

As Maria heads away...

DAVID
Maria, why don't you join us for a
drink. I'm buying.

MARIA
I have yoga class. Maybe some
other time, okay.

As she disappears into the distance.

DAVID
Man, she is cute.

ALEX
Don't play with fire. No
relationships with agency staff or
they'll cut off your balls.

DAVID
I hate my life.

Alex heads away too.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You've got five days. You have no
excuse not to get hammered with me
right now. I know a great club.

Alex reaches his Toyota. Hops inside. Starts the engine.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They'll be girls there. Hot French
girls. You've been here... what...
six months and you've hooked up
with no one?

ALEX
I will, as soon as I get some
sleep.

Alex speeds away. David shouts out after him.

DAVID
You can sleep when you're dead.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Alex strolls through the store, picking up bread, cheese and
a bottle of red wine.

EXT. STREET / ALEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Alex pulls over. Exits his car. Heads up the street to his apartment building. Bag of groceries in hand.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alex pauses near his apartment door -- it's OPEN an inch. He draws his Sig-Sauer.9mm sidearm. Places his groceries on the floor. Slowly edges forward...

The door opposite his apartment *CLICKS* opens -- he swings his gun around -- just his elderly neighbor Mrs. Musgrove -- she ducks away again.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex gently pushes his door open -- creeps through the kitchen -- scans his weapon across the living room.

Prowls past the bedroom. Empty.

Opens the bathroom door. Steam spills out. Shower running.

MARIA peeks around the shower curtain. Sees the gun.

MARIA

Are you going to kill me?

Alex holsters his weapon.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Towel?

He passes her a towel. She hops out, wrapping it around herself. Follows him into the kitchen.

ALEX

What are you doing here? You left my door open.

MARIA

Did I really?

ALEX

I almost shot my neighbor. She's probably having a heart attack right now. I gotta see if she's okay.

Alex heads for the door. Maria jumps on his back.

MARIA

Don't leave me for her.

She plants kisses on his neck.

ALEX

You're getting my floor wet.

Alex pulls her around to his front. Holds her tight.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What did I do to deserve you?

MARIA

Something good in a previous life
maybe.

She takes hold of his face, staring into his eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You look tired. What do they do to
you over there?

ALEX

If I told you, I really would have
to kill you.

MARIA

You could try.

She play-punches him.

ALEX

I gotta go to bed.

MARIA

But I thought we could go out. Get
dinner. Spend some time together.

ALEX

We are gonna spend time together.
I said I'm going to bed. You're
coming with me.

Alex picks her up. Dashes into the bedroom. They disappear
under the sheets.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A streak of moonlight cuts across the room. Alex, still
awake, stares at the ceiling. Maria, nestled against him,
stirs awake.

MARIA

What's going on in there?

ALEX

I'm just thinking. About you.
About us.

MARIA

About the future?

ALEX

For both of us. Where we're going
with this --

MARIA

You don't... have to get hung up on
this. You don't have to worry
about me. We're having fun, right?
We can just... we can just be.

(beat)

I know you love your job... despite
all your objections to the
contrary.

ALEX

I bitch and moan that much?

MARIA

What I'm saying is, I'll be fine,
no matter what you decide to do.
You don't owe me anything. You
don't owe me a life. We'll figure
out the future when the future
happens.

Maria lays her head against his chest.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I would never, ever, ask you to
leave what you love for me.

Alex adjusts his position. Stares into her eyes.

ALEX

What if I loved you more than any
of this? More than... anything.

She hugs him tight.

MARIA

Then the future belongs to both of
us.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

The early morning sun glinting off the city as it slowly comes to life.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Rows of large computer servers line the room.

A pair of BLACK GLOVED HANDS wrench open the back of a server unit. A mass of wires inside.

Fingers quickly move through clumps of tagged wires, looking for a specific cluster -- they find it -- clamping a small EXPLOSIVE DEVICE to them.

In their other hand, a small REMOTE DETONATOR. Arms it. A green LED flashes on both devices. Synced.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A wall full of screens. Each one a surveillance camera feed.

None of them being watched as a pair of security guards, with their feet up on the desk, read newspapers.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-ON: BLACK GLOVED HANDS -- somewhere else in the building -- pressing the detonator.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-ON: EXPLOSIVE DEVICE -- attached to the cluster of wires inside the server unit. The device SPARKS, melting through wires. An anti-climatic puff of smoke rises.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Almost every monitor goes dead. The security guards spring up out of their seats.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CUBICLE OFFICES - DAY

A series of computers go dead too. Confused office workers spy over their partition walls at their colleagues.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

A group of FOUR MAINTENANCE WORKMEN, wearing dark blue overalls, travel through the streets of Paris.

Written on the side of the vehicle: DATA-TECH SERVICES

REZA KONESH, 35, sits in the front passenger seat. His narrow eyes surveying the road.

EXT. FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The van pulls up at the security booth to the underground parking garage.

The driver flashes his work I.D. The guard lifts the arm, sending them through into the...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Reza and his men hop out, grabbing bags and toolboxes.

At the elevator, a security man waves them over.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

They follow the security man as he swipes his access card through various security doors, and eventually into the...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Reza and his men step inside. As the security man is about to leave -- Reza HITS him on the back of the head, knocking him unconscious --

-- quickly shuts the door -- steals the ACCESS CARD.

The other workmen empty their bags, pulling out GUNS and attaching silencers.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Reza swipes through multiple security points -- his men trailing him, keeping their weapons low.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - HIGH SECURITY AREA - DAY

Reza moves into a secured location, where a secretary looks up from her desk, surprised.

An armed tactical guard, in helmet and full body armor, puts his hand out.

ARMED GUARD

Hey, how did you get in --

Reza draws his silenced pistol -- *PHFT!* -- blowing a hole through the guard's head.

The secretary reaches under her desk, pulling up a gun --

-- *BLAM!* -- hitting Reza in the arm, spinning him.

-- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- her next shots kill workman #1

-- but workman #2 riddles her with suppressed gunfire.

They rush through another security door. Forensic specialists cower behind desks. No idea what is happening.

Reza finds a...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CRIME AND EVIDENCE COLLECTION AREA - DAY

Boxes stacked high with used weapons, blood stained documents, other items. A LAPTOP built into a BRIEFCASE. Cracked screen. Every item tagged and bagged.

Reza rifles through the boxes, desperately searching...

...as more tactical guards burst into the room. Workman #2 gets hit, goes down hard... but still alive.

Reza ducks as gunfire streams past him -- doesn't stop searching -- leaving the fight with workman #3.

Reza finds a FLASH DRIVE, pulls it apart, revealing a secret inner compartment with a...

MICRODOT

...inside. He holds the small capsule up to the light. Smiles. Found what he's looking for.

A bullet blows through workman #3's head. Dead before he hits the ground.

Workman #2, badly injured, pulls the pin on his grenade.
Shot dead as he tosses it...

-- BOOOOOOOOMMMM!!! --

The entire building shudders. Everyone in the vicinity dead,
-- except Reza. He jumps to his feet, runs out into a...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

...swiping the card through security doors -- almost slips as
he rounds a corner --

-- new guards emerging behind him. He dashes into a...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - STAIRWELL - DAY

...hopping down stairs two at a time --

-- but he spots more guards below moving up toward him.

He fires down at them -- they fire up. Bullets dancing off
handrails.

He rushes out into another...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Scared workers cower low against the walls when they see the
gun in Reza's hand.

One of these workers is MARIA. Heart in her mouth. Fear
rushing through her. Praying to herself.

Reza sees two more guards up ahead, fires past Maria -- *PHFT!*
-- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- taking one down --

-- one of Maria's colleagues caught in the crossfire --

-- blood-spray hitting Maria's face. She screams, hitting
the deck in shock...

Reza's magazine now empty -- just as a guard's bullet hits
Reza in the leg, knocking it out from under him.

He hits the floor -- next to Maria. Her eyes terrified as
she stares into his.

Reza has no where to go as a flurry of guards close in on him
from all directions -- completely surrounded. Game over.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

We glide over forest before finding...

SUPER:

CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY

...as we PRELAP with a ringing phone, answered by:

MONROE (V.O.)
Monroe, talk to me.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MONROE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer Monroe listens to the call on her cell as she files away important documents -- but suddenly pauses...

MONROE
Say that again?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HARRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Director AVERY HARRIS, mid 50s, a stern and weary soul, oozing authority, sits behind his desk, reading over spectacles as Monroe knocks on his door, half opening it.

MONROE
Sir...

HARRIS
I don't like the look on your face,
Jennifer.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

A bank of monitors circle a large main screen on one wall. Streams of data and video footage filling them all.

Intelligence analysts sit at computer terminals as Harris and Monroe hold the room.

HARRIS
How'd they get past security?

MONROE
We're still working on that.

HARRIS
Identities?

Monroe taps a tech on the shoulder. He brings up photos of the four men on the main screen.

MONROE
We're currently collecting data on these individuals --

HARRIS
Tell me we know something.

The photos scroll until we find REZA.

MONROE
We know one of them. Reza Konesh. The only survivor. We believe he's the ringleader.

Jonathan Brubaker enters the room.

BRUBAKER
We believed he was dead.

Off Harris's confused look...

MONROE
He's been off the grid for almost a decade, until now.

HARRIS
This guy got nine lives?

BRUBAKER
Maybe. Reza was on the Pentagon's kill list. We took him out in Kuwait in 07.

MONROE
Drone strike. We had credible intel that placed him inside a terrorist training compound at the time.

Harris points at the screen.

HARRIS
Doesn't look so credible where I'm standing.

MONROE
We'll have to re-check our sources.

Monroe shuffles over to another terminal.

MONROE (CONT'D)
He has many affiliations, but the
one we think is most relevant right
now is Mohammed Abdul Saleem.

A photo of MOHAMMED flashes up on the main screen.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Mohammed Saleem is considered one of
the most dangerous people in the --

HARRIS
(condescending)
I know who he is, thank you.

Monroe takes a breath. Nothing she says seems to hit a note
with Harris.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
So we can assume these two are
working something together in
Paris?

Brubaker nods. Harris turns to study the photo of Mohammed.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
What the hell did they want?

MONROE
We're still working on --

Harris snaps back at her.

HARRIS
I want to hear answers, not
excuses. Give me something solid.

Monroe has nothing to say.

Brubaker flips the photo screen back to Reza.

BRUBAKER
If we want answers, we're not going
to get them with him sitting in a
field office.

HARRIS
What else do we have in Paris?

Brubaker nods to one of the techs...

...a MAP of Paris appears on the main screen. The CIA field
office flashes in the center.

Other highlighted DOTS appear on the map. Brubaker points at the closest one.

BRUBAKER

We have a secure location in the north of the city. A safe house. Unoccupied. More options there to ask... the hard questions.

MONROE

I disagree. French authorities are going to want to question him themselves --

BRUBAKER

This has nothing to do with French authorities.

MONROE

This happened on French soil. They're gonna push, and they're gonna push hard. I suggest we get him stateside as fast as possible if we want to hang onto him.

BRUBAKER

(rolling his eyes)
Less options stateside.

Harris thinks, considering the options. He looks at that flashing dot on the map.

HARRIS

Get him to that location. I want to know everything he knows.

Brubaker eyes Monroe. A sly, victorious smile on his face.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The low setting sun glows around the curtain's edges. Alex's cell phone rings, waking him from a deep slumber. He reaches over, answers it. Eyes still closed.

ALEX

Alex Sagen.

He listens -- suddenly bolts up wide awake.

INT./EXT. TOYOTA - DUSK

Alex tears through Paris as the sun melts below the horizon.

EXT. FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Alex pulls over and hops out, his jaw almost on the floor, as fire engines, police and medics surround the building.

He spots Maria sitting on the back of an open ambulance, eyes wide, ingrained with shock.

He grabs her, snapping her out of her spell.

ALEX

Jesus, Maria, are you okay? Are you hurt?

She hugs him tight, trying to find some words. She exhales a strained groan of tears and anguish.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

MARIA

I thought... I thought I was going to die in there.

Paramedics wheel past body bags on gurneys.

Alex checks over Maria's body for wounds.

ALEX

You're not hit. You're fine.

MARIA

I've never... experienced anything like... My god...

Alex pulls her in tight again.

ALEX

Are you going to be okay?

She finds it hard to answer...

MARIA

Yes... I'll be okay.

(beat)

I can't stop shaking.

ALEX

You're just in shock, that's all. It'll pass. You're going to be just fine.

David and a group of armed tactical guards swarm past the front of the building. David sees Alex, waves him to follow.

Alex gazes deep into Maria's eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Maria, I have to go. I can't stay
with you right now. Can you make
it back to your apartment?

MARIA
Yes... yes I can.

ALEX
Good. Don't drive, get a taxi.
When you get home, try to relax.
Try to sleep if you can. I'll come
by later.

MARIA
Do you promise?

ALEX
I promise. I love you.

Alex stands... but doesn't want to leave.

MARIA
Go.

He kisses her on her forehead. Then darts away...
...catching up to David as he heads down into the...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

...toward a line of five SUVs.

ALEX
Jesus, David, what the hell did I
miss?

DAVID
Count yourself lucky you missed it.

David tosses him a plastic evidence bag containing the SMALL
EXPLOSIVE DEVICE from inside the computer server unit.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Found this up on third. It took
out most of the surveillance
cameras on that floor, and half our
servers.

David points at the white van with DATA-TECH SERVICES written
on the side.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Maintenance were called in, but,
whoever the hell these assholes
turned out to be... they passed
through security and opened fire.
Seventeen dead. More injured.

ALEX
My god...

DAVID
Four men, automatic weapons. A
real shit storm. They're bringing
him down now.

Alex stops -- grabs David by the arm.

ALEX
One of them is still alive?

David nods. Alex comes alive with excitement.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Let me talk to this guy.

DAVID
Can't do it. We're on transport
detail only. We're taking him to
606.

ALEX
606? Why there?

DAVID
They're bringing in a Q&A team.

ALEX
To interrogate him?
(then)
David, please, all I want to do is
talk to this guy.

DAVID
Alex --

ALEX
Just put me in the same vehicle
with him.

They turn as an elevator pings. Armed tactical guards step
out with Reza, his arms handcuffed to a secure belt around
his waist. A long chain down to each ankle.

They put him inside the third SUV of the five.

DAVID
(reluctant)
Okay, Alex, you're with me. Get
in.

Alex hops into SUV #3 with David and the prisoner.

Armed guards fill all five of the vehicles. They move out of
the parking garage...

BRUBAKER (V.O.)
Prisoner transportation has
commenced.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Harris paces back and forth as a line of green dots move on
the digital map of Paris.

HARRIS
ETA to target location?

BRUBAKER
Approximately twenty minutes.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

The convoy of five SUVs move at a steady speed, one by one.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

David sits in the passenger seat up front. Reza, in the
backseat, faces forward. A guard to his side.

Alex sits facing Reza, staring at him with confident eyes.
Reza stares back. His poker face saying nothing.

ALEX
It would be in your best interest
to talk to me.

Reza stares, unresponsive at first...

REZA
Really?

ALEX
We're going to get the answers we
want, sooner or later.

Reza smirks.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Trust me, it'd be easier on you if
you gave them sooner.

Reza turns away, gazing out the window. Alex clicks his
fingers, getting his attention again.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Over here, stay with me.

REZA
What is your name?

ALEX
My name? My name's not important.
What's important here is you. Who
you work for. What you wanted.
How you broke through security.

Reza turns away again.

The guard slams the butt of his gun into Reza's side.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to guard)
Hey, relax!
(to Reza)
Can I get you something? A
cigarette maybe? Something to
drink?

Reza doesn't reply.

INT. SUV #1 - NIGHT

The driver in the SUV at the front of the convoy notices a
white van pull out ahead, moving slow in the same direction --
too slow.

The driver radios back to the other SUVs...

SUV #1 DRIVER
I've got a slow moving vehicle
ahead of me.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

David answers his radio...

DAVID
Keep your eye on it. Probably
nothing.

Alex sits forward, looking into Reza's eyes, giving him a warm smile.

ALEX

I can help you. I can. But you gotta be straight with me.

REZA

You smile through your teeth at me, as you lie through your teeth.

ALEX

Give me something.

REZA

Truly, you have no idea what's happening here, do you?

ALEX

Why don't you explain it to me? What is it you were trying to achieve?

REZA

The day of reckoning is coming.

Reza gives that same smirk again.

INT. SUV #5 - NIGHT

Inside the last vehicle, the driver passes a parked car -- its headlights spring to life as it pulls out.

Every corner he turns, this car makes the same turn. He radios up ahead.

SUV #5 DRIVER

I've got a vehicle behind me.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

David answer his radio.

DAVID

What of it?

SUV #5 DRIVER (V.O.)

I don't know... something about it I don't like. Possibly a tail.

Meanwhile, Alex continues to prod Reza.

REZA

You think you are safe in your...
how do you say... Ivory Tower.

ALEX

Is that so?

REZA

The balance of power will be
readdressed.

ALEX

Who are you working for --

REZA

The hand of fate will be upon you
soon enough, my friend --

ALEX

Give me names, contacts --

REZA

You cannot escape destiny --

ALEX

Where did you get your weapons?

Reza smiles. Turns away again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is going well.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

As the convoy snakes through narrow streets -- the WHITE VAN
at the front slides to a stop, blocking most of the street --
-- the five SUVs slam their brakes.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex spins in his seat, turning to David and the driver.

ALEX

What's happening?

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

The van's side door opens. Inside, a MERCENARY lifts a
ROCKET LAUNCHER onto his shoulder -- aims -- fires --

-- BB000000OMMMMMMMMM!!!!!! -- SUV #1 explodes -- lifted twenty feet off the ground, before crashing back down again.

More merc cars arrive at the rear, LOCKING-IN the convoy at both ends -- creating a KILL BOX...

...hostiles jumping out, brandishing Heckler and Koch MP5s -- blasting gunfire --

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex draws his sidearm, gets out, turns back to the guard sitting with Reza.

ALEX
Watch the prisoner!

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

Tactical guards from all SUVs pour out -- taking defensive positions -- gunfire threading the shit out of everything.

Shots whip past Alex -- he roll-dives -- returns fire.

David ducks low in the passenger seat as bullets rip across the windshield -- the driver taking one through the neck.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is deathly quiet. Monroe peers at her watch.

MONROE
Have they checked-in yet?

ANALYST
No, Ma'am.

Brubaker watches the screen.

BRUBAKER
Maybe heavy traffic.

Monroe doesn't like it. She glances up at a wall clock displaying the local time in Paris.

MONROE
At this time of night?

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Alex stays low, dashing around cars -- clocks the merc in the white van at the front, reloading his rocket launcher again.

Alex shoots, hitting him in the neck, but the rocket FIRES --

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

-- it goes WIDE of its target -- streaming past Alex -- down the length of the convoy -- hitting a merc car at the rear --

-- EXPLODING -- somersaulting it high in the air.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

David raises his head -- as another merc car slides to a stop at the front. He opens fire on them -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- taking out its driver.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

An injured merc at the back pulls the pin on a GRENADE -- rolling it under SUV #5 -- BLOWING it in half.

Alex looks around. Knows they're all dead if they stay here. He grabs a radio -- screams into it...

ALEX

Get back in your vehicles. We're moving outta here, now!

The driver of SUV #2 starts his engine -- pulls out -- just as he's riddled with gunfire --

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

David ducks low, turns the key in the ignition, but the dead driver is in his way. He hits the pedals with his hands...

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

...accidentally reversing into a parked street car -- metal screeching against metal. David reaches over the driver's corpse and opens the door...

DAVID

Alex, get in here.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex races over. Pulls out the dead driver and slides in his place. He ACCELERATES at a merc car blocking the road --

ALEX
Hold on, hold on!

-- SMASHING it out of the way -- CRUSHING several hostiles behind it. But Alex's engine cuts out.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

David shouts back to SUV #4 behind him, waving them ahead.

DAVID
Go, go, go!

SUV #4 moves through the cleared path -- overtaking -- just as Alex gets his engine started again and quickly FOLLOWS...

...leaving a smoking war zone behind him.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex adjusts his rearview -- THREE cars pursuing them.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

SUV #4 and 3# skid around a corner -- the mercs unleashing hellfire at them.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Gunshots rip through the vehicle -- the guard gets hit in the chest and falls dead against Reza.

David fires through the back window -- his shots hitting the hood of the first merc car -- killing its engine.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

The two SUVs haul ass, weaving around parked cars.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Reza, with his hands cuffed in front of him, reaches for the dead guard's holstered PISTOL --

-- David dives into the backseat -- desperately grappling for control of the gun -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* --

-- just missing Alex as it rips through the windshield.

ALEX
Jesus fucking Christ!

David slams his elbow across Reza's face -- finally getting control of the weapon -- pistol whipping him.

In his rearview, Alex clocks a merc rise out of the sunroof, trying to hold a ROCKET LAUNCHER steady.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

The merc FIRES -- the rocket flies down the street at subsonic speed --

-- Alex moves to the side -- the rocket screeching past --

-- hitting SUV #4 instead -- EXPLODING into a ball of flames -- somersaulting it into the air --

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

-- Alex slides out of the way just in time as the burning wreck crashes back to the ground, blocking half the street --

-- only one of the two merc cars able to squeeze past it -- forcing the other to brake -- and use an alternate route.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Monroe glances at the clock again, then over to an analyst, waiting for an answer from him. He shakes his head.

MONROE
Get them on the phone.

BRUBAKER
They're running dark. No comms until they arrive at their target location.

MONROE
They're late.

BRUBAKER
Give them a little more time.

Monroe, frustrated, reigns herself in.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

Alex peels through a red light -- cross-traffic clipping him -- only one merc car still following.

Alex spins the wheel -- turning 180 -- slipping into a high-speed reverse, not stopping for a second as he leans out...

...emptying his clip -- taking out the driver -- before he spins the wheel again -- another 180 -- racing forward.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex hard-lefts out onto a street running adjacent to the RIVER SEINE. No more cars pursuing them.

DAVID

Who the hell are these guys?

ALEX

I don't know. Ask him.

Alex eyes Reza in the rearview.

DAVID

Are they your people? Have they come for you?

Reza doesn't answer.

ALEX

We're not going to let that happen.
Is that understood?

DAVID

You're goddamn right we're not.

David reloads. Alex exhales a long, deep breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You okay?

ALEX

Just another day at the office.

David smirks -- when suddenly, out of a side street, a merc car slams into them -- hitting side-on, clipping their rear --

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

-- the SUV spins -- flips -- airbags inflating -- tumbling through the air -- over the guardrail -- crashing into the...

EXT. RIVER SEINE - NIGHT

...hitting the water hard -- upsidedown.

INT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex and David struggle for air as water floods inside. The vehicle submerges fast -- dropping like a rock.

They crawl into the back, grabbing Reza as he takes in a last breath from a pocket of air -- before the vehicle fills completely. They go to open the door -- but it's STUCK.

EXT. SUV #3 - NIGHT

Alex and David squeeze out through the window -- reaching back inside, pulling Reza through it --

-- just as an onslaught of bullets zip down through the water -- hitting Reza several times -- blood erupting as he quivers and convulses -- DEAD.

More shots just missing Alex and David...

EXT. RIVER SEINE - NIGHT

...as they swim through the dark waters toward the river's edge -- then moving along it, away from the merc's gunfire...

...finally coming up for air under a bridge archway covered in shadow -- watching from a distance as the gunmen...

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

...lean over the handrail -- blindly firing shots into the dark water below.

But the men quickly take off as police sirens and flashing lights approach from the distance.

EXT. RIVER SEINE - NIGHT

As the cops arrive, David attempts to climb out, but Alex stops him.

ALEX
Don't. Follow me.

Alex swims further away. David follows.

EXT. STREET / MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A taxi pulls over. Maria exits. Heads to her door.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria sits on her couch. Alone, in the dark, still shaken.
She dials Alex on her cell -- but the call doesn't connect.
She slouches back, wiping away tears. Doesn't know what to do with herself.

EXT. RIVER WALKWAY - NIGHT

Alex helps David out of the water. They remove their wet cell phones. Dead.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

The broken light of a PHONE BOOTH flickers. Alex dials a number as David stands guard across the street in a doorway.

***Intercut:* INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Harris paces back and forth...

An analyst picks up the incoming call. He looks over to Monroe and Brubaker.

ANALYST
Call coming in from Alex Sagen.

BRUBAKER
Sagen?

Brubaker picks up, putting him on loudspeaker.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
Alex, this is Brubaker --

ALEX
They're dead. They're all dead.

MONROE
What? What are you talking --

ALEX
We were attacked.

MONROE
By who?

ALEX
I don't know. Professionals.
Automatic weapons. I'm with David.
We're the only one's who made it.

MONROE
Alex, are you hurt? Do you require
medical --

BRUBAKER
Do you have the prisoner?

ALEX
Are you listening to me? They're
all dead. Reza is dead.

MONROE
We hear you. We do.

David, on the other side of the street, standing guard in a dark doorway, suddenly pauses as he --

-- notices a MAN further ahead, casually strolling over a cross-street, umbrella in hand, moving slowly -- too slowly.

The man stops for no apparent reason.

David doesn't like it one bit. He puts his hand on his gun.

ALEX
Someone knew exactly what we were
doing, and where we were going.

MONROE
Alex, I need you to calm down.

ALEX
You're not listening. You have a
mole. Someone had the drop on us.

Harris turns to Brubaker and Monroe, face full of concern.

BRUBAKER
(to Harris)
That's impossible.

Across the street, David inches his gun out of his holster -- but the suspicious man starts up again, slowly walking away. Probably nothing.

HARRIS
(re: Alex, whispers)
Bring him in.

BRUBAKER
(to Alex)
Son, you listen to me and you do exactly as I tell you. Report back to your field office for a full debriefing.

ALEX
Sir --

BRUBAKER
That's an order.

Alex takes a breath, reigning himself in.

ALEX
Yes, sir, understood.

MONROE
Alex, keep your eyes open and watch your six. We'll speak again soon.

ALEX
Yes, ma'am.

Alex hangs up. Crosses the street to David.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Time to go --

-- but David pulls him inside the doorway, both disappearing into shadow -- as a slow moving car passes them.

David cautiously peeks out again once the street is clear.

DAVID
Let's not go that way.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

Police cars and ambulances occupy the road where Alex's SUV plowed into the river.

A large crane lifts the vehicle out of the water.

Body bags and chalk markings lay strewn all over the area.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

Alex and David disassemble their wet pistols as they walk, blowing them dry, and reassembling them.

DAVID

But it doesn't make any sense.

ALEX

We could have been heading
anywhere, in any direction. These
guys were ahead of our convoy
before they were behind it.

DAVID

(realizing)

There's no way they were following
us.

ALEX

They knew exactly where we were
going and how we were getting
there.

David digests that. Spooked.

DAVID

Alex, listen to me. This operation
was totally firewalled. If you're
right about this, we gotta be
careful. Careful who we talk to.
Careful who we trust.

Alex smiles a little. Never seen David show fear before.

ALEX

You getting nervous on me, champ?

DAVID

(deadly serious)

Something is very wrong here.

Alex drops his smirk. Nods.

ALEX

I agree.

After a few moments, Alex can't help but ask...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Other than the drivers, who else
knew the destination?

David doesn't like where this is going.

DAVID

What?

ALEX

You said it was firewalled. Did
anyone else know where we were
going?

David slows to a stop. Alex turns to him.

DAVID

You mean apart from me?

(beat)

What are you trying to say exactly?

ALEX

I'm just asking a question.

Alex glances down at the wet gun in David's hand.

DAVID

You don't trust me, is that it?

ALEX

Relax. I'm just trying to figure
this out.

Alex steps closer to David, looking him in the eye.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't fall apart on me, man.

David starts walking again. Alex follows.

DAVID

It's been a long night.

They turn a corner, finding themselves back at the field
office -- police and fire trucks still surrounding it.

MONROE (V.O.)

We have to consider we have a mole.
Maybe in Paris...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

A data file of Alex and David scrolls down the main screen.

Monroe talks to Brubaker and Harris, keeping her voice low...

MONROE

...or maybe someone in this room.

Monroe glances around at the faces of techs and analysts at their terminals. Some of them quickly averting their eyes. A paranoia hanging in the air --

-- before Monroe turns back, finding Brubaker's steely gaze looking right back at her. Ominous.

Harris interrupts the moment, pointing at the screen.

HARRIS

Tell me about them. How long has David been with the agency?

MONROE

David, four years. Spent a decade in San Francisco PD before that. Married twice, divorced twice.

HARRIS

And Alex?

MONROE

Six years serving overseas, another two with Blackwater before... before he broke his boss's nose.

HARRIS

How did he get on our radar?

MONROE

He was involved in some of our off-book operations before he cut loose. We liked what we saw. When he became available, we made a move for him. I was Alex's handler --

BRUBAKER

You should've handled him better.

MONROE

Excuse me?

BRUBAKER

Alex was a dangerous and reckless washout. He was no use to the agency.

MONROE

That's simply not true. He showed a lot of potential --

BRUBAKER

Despite failing the program?

MONROE

I have to recruit support staff from somewhere, and I have no problem recruiting career trainees who marginally fail one of the toughest tests in the world.

Monroe turns to Harris.

MONROE (CONT'D)

He was under tactical training at the farm, hoping to make the grade as an undercover field operative.

HARRIS

And?

MONROE

Some people fail big, but some fail small. It's obvious he has talents.

BRUBAKER

So you thought you'd put him behind a desk --

HARRIS

Brubaker, she just told you she has to recruit from somewhere.

Brubaker is silenced by Harris's support for Monroe.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Good call, Jennifer.

Brubaker's eyes burn with anger.

Monroe gives him that same victorious smile she got earlier.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

AGENT FARROW, male, 35, walks Alex and David toward a waiting area on an upper floor.

FARROW
I'll inform Langley you're here.

DAVID
Do we know what they wanted?

FARROW
Nope. As soon as we find out,
you'll be the last to know.

ALEX
What's the body count?

Farrow is reluctant to answer that.

FARROW
Don't ask.

Farrow opens a door to a...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex and David enter.

FARROW
I know you boys have had it rough
tonight. But you're not the only
ones. Sit tight for a while. You
want anything? Coffee?

They shake their heads. Farrow exits.

Alex sits. Runs his hands through his hair. Exhausted. The night's events playing through his mind.

ALEX
Why break into this place?

DAVID
Why break into any place?

ALEX
To steal something.

DAVID
Building's minimum security.
There's nothing here worth
stealing. Not for a terrorist.

Alex suddenly realizes something. He removes the plastic evidence bag with the explosive device from his pocket.

ALEX
You found this thing up on third,
right? What else is up there?

DAVID
Forensics and evidence stores.

ALEX
Anything in there recently?

David nods. He begins pacing back and forth.

DAVID
A few days ago, a tac team took out
a low-level criminal network
operating out of a slum in the
south of the city.

ALEX
Who were they?

DAVID
Drug traffickers. Only thing is...
no drugs were found. Everything we
recovered was brought back here.
Weapons, documents, hard drives.
We gave everything the once-over.
Tagged and bagged it, ready to be
transported to Langley for deep
analysis.

Alex stands.

ALEX
Reza got something out of there.

DAVID
Impossible. We searched him head
to toe. He was clean.

ALEX
Then you missed something.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Brubaker bursts into the room, slamming documents on the desk in front of Monroe.

BRUBAKER
I've found your mole.

Brubaker turns to Harris with a document.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)

Bank records for David Burrell and
Alex Sagen. Both of them have just
received payments of over \$500,000
within the last hour.

Monroe shakes her head, not believing a word.

MONROE

Show me.

She snatches it out of his hands.

HARRIS

Payment from where?

BRUBAKER

A dummy account. It's already been
terminated. But the only two
people who walked away from that
attack without a scratch, each
received a half a million dollars.

Harris looks to Alex and David's photos on screen.

HARRIS

Where are they?

BRUBAKER

I'm betting on a private jet,
halfway around the world by now.

An analyst hangs up a phone.

ANALYST

Sir, they just walked into their
field office, five minutes ago.

Brubaker's eyes go wide. He points.

BRUBAKER

Get armed guards down there now.

MONROE

Wait, wait... this doesn't make any
sense. Who are they working for?

BRUBAKER

Who the hell knows? Foreign
intelligence... a terrorist cell...
someone paid these guys off.

MONROE

Think! Why would they walk back in?

BRUBAKER

They don't know that we know.

As Brubaker storms past Monroe, she grabs his arm.

MONROE

My men have not gone rogue.

BRUBAKER

You might want to rethink that statement.

He breaks away from her.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Agent Farrow, on his cell, quickly hangs up. He runs down a corridor, drawing his sidearm. Hollers at an armed guard.

FARROW

Hey, you, you're with me.

The guard follows him as he goes to the...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

-- bursting inside, guns raised, startling Alex and David.

FARROW

Get your hands up!

DAVID

What is this? What are you doing?

FARROW

Hands up, now!

Farrow and the guard move closer.

FARROW (CONT'D)

I'm not going to ask you again.

Alex doesn't move. He gives David 'the eye' -- a subtle nod of the head -- an unspoken instruction.

The guard swings his rifle into Alex's stomach -- but Alex side-steps out of the way -- rips off the guard's helmet, swings it across his head -- knocking him out.

David grabs the pistol in Farrow's hand -- knees him in the stomach -- slams his face into a desk. Unconscious too.

Alex collects their weapons -- disassembles them in a flash.

He opens the door an inch -- scanning the corridor. Empty. But David grabs his arm...

DAVID

What the hell are we doing, man?

ALEX

You were right. We don't know who we can trust.

They casually step out into the corridor...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

David follows Alex down into the lobby -- they pause -- spotting armed guards at the main entrance. They turn away, trying to figure out another exit strategy.

They spot the elevators.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Farrow stirs awake. Shakes it off. Grabs his radio.

FARROW

Security. Code red. Lock down the building. No one gets in or out.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator suddenly stops, jerking Alex and David.

Alex stands on a handrail, reaching for an access panel on the ceiling.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Seconds later, Alex and David climb down to the bottom of the shaft. They force the doors to slide open to the...

INT. FIELD OFFICE - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Alex chooses a car at random. Snaps off the antenna. Slides it down the window into the body of the door, unlocking the catch. David slides into the driver's seat. Hot wires it.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Farrow and armed guards move towards the lobby. He grabs a sidearm from one of his men. He raises his radio.

FARROW

Do we see them yet?

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The security guard, looking at dozens of monitors, most of which are still down, reaches for his radio...

SECURITY GUARD

I got nothing.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The car slowly moves toward the exit, but a steel shutter is now sealed over it.

The guard in the security booth steps out, tapping the driver's window.

David, in the driver's seat, rolls it down.

SECURITY BOOTH GUARD

Building's on lock down, sir. I need to see some ID.

A gun *CLICKS* as it's put against the back of the guard's head. Alex, behind him...

ALEX

Open the gate, now.

He pulls the guard back into the booth. He throws a switch and the shutter slides up.

Alex hits him on the back of the head, knocking him out cold. Then slips into the car.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

On a monitor, a diagram of the building flashes red. The security guard grabs his radio.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, the parking garage. Someone's opening the gate.

EXT. FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Farrow and several guards rush out of the lobby, seeing the car speeding out of the parking garage. They raise their weapons to fire... but the vehicle is already too far away.

HARRIS (V.O.)
How the hell did we lose them?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Harris slams his hands down, his face red with anger.

HARRIS
They were in the goddamn building.

BRUBAKER
We'll find them. I'm gonna have men posted at train stations, airports --

HARRIS
A man on every road too?

Brubaker has nothing to say to that.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Alex researches hospital MORGUES as David stands outside. He finds the address of a morgue in the city.

EXT. BACK ALLEY / HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex marches ahead as David tries to keep pace.

DAVID
Will you just stop? This is crazy. We need to get out of the city, now.

ALEX

And go where? How long do you want to spend on the run?

DAVID

We need rest. Get our heads straight. Figure this thing out.

ALEX

That's what I'm doing.

DAVID

Going in there half-cocked isn't going to help any one of us.

David pulls Alex to a stop -- but Alex pushes him up against a wall.

ALEX

I'm not leaving. If you want to go, then go. I'm following this through.

DAVID

Following what through? We don't even know what we're doing here. You're going in there based on nothing but a theory.

David breaks free, pushing Alex away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're gonna get yourself killed over a fucking theory? Is that your plan?

Alex takes a moment. Can't just ignore what David's saying.

He leans against a dumpster. Exhausted.

ALEX

Have you ever... not done something you regretted?

DAVID

What?

ALEX

When you saw something happening and you didn't do what you could to stop it. To fix it.

(beat)

I don't want to let that happen again.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

(beat)

I can't.

He puts his hand on David's shoulder.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You need to go. It's okay. I got this.

Alex heads further away down the alley.

David turns to leave -- but can't. He quickly catches up again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What are you --

DAVID

Don't ask. Let's just get this done.

They locate a door. David uses a flick knife to jimmy the lock and they slink into a dimly lit...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...cold and grimy. No one in sight. Almost looks abandoned.

They stay low -- but quickly dart behind a gurney as a female nurse crosses the corridor ahead of them.

She steps behind a reception desk, flicking on a lamp. Files away documents before grabbing her coat and leaving again through the main, brightly lit part of the hospital.

Alex and David creep around a corner into another corridor --
-- stepping in a pool of fresh BLOOD as it spreads slowly out from under a closet door. What the hell?

They draw their pistols, opening the door, finding the corpse of a janitor inside. Bullet through his head.

They continue on -- finding another pool of blood trailing along the floor, leading into a...

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

Alex and David ease the door open an inch. Dozens of corpses lay on gurneys, all covered under white sheets.

They see a doctor on the floor, bullet hole in his head.

Two mercenaries stand over one of the gurneys -- Reza's CORPSE -- searching every inch of his body --

-- when one of them looks up, clocking Alex and David through the crack in the door -- he grabs his silenced gun -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- firing through the door --

-- hitting David in the stomach -- Alex roll-dives inside -- returns fire -- killing both mercs.

David staggers inside and collapses. Alex catches him. Gently places him down.

ALEX

You're gonna be okay.

He grabs some gauze. Applies it to David's wound.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Put pressure on this.

DAVID

Is it bad?

ALEX

How bad can it be? We're in a hospital, right? This is exactly where you wanna get shot.

DAVID

No one wants to get shot, dumbass.

David gestures toward Reza.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm okay. Let's get what we came here for, or else I just took a bullet for nothing.

Alex moves to Reza's corpse. Doesn't know where to start.

Snaps on latex gloves. Carefully moves his fingers over his chest. The length of each arm. Moves to his feet.

David reloads his pistol, desperately trying to take in big gulps of air. His face growing more pale by the second.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hope you're right about this.

Alex gestures to the dead mercs.

ALEX
 (re: the mercs)
 They prove I'm right. Why else are
 they here? They were looking for
 something.

Alex doesn't find anything. Then, his memory is triggered:

FLASHBACK

In the SUV, Reza says:

REZA
*You smile through your teeth at me,
 as you lie through your teeth.*

END FLASHBACK

Alex studies Reza's face. Focuses on his TEETH.
 Starts tapping each one -- until one of them MOVES.
 The FALSE TOOTH slips out easily. Alex taps out a small...
 ...MICRODOT device. Holds the tiny capsule up to the light.

ALEX
 What is this...?

David's breathing begins to slow...

DAVID
 Oh, shit... I'm... I'm going, man.

Alex pockets the MICRODOT and moves back to David.

ALEX
 Hey, stay with me, buddy. You're
 not going anywhere. I'm gonna get
 you to a doctor.

Through the crack in the door, David sees three more mercs
 moving up the...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...towards them. He aims -- fires at the approaching men --
 they dive for cover into side rooms.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

Alex slams the door shut as the mercs send gunfire their way.

DAVID
Alex, get out of here.

ALEX
We're both getting out of here --

David's eyes begin to lose focus.

DAVID
I'm not going anywhere. I can't
feel my legs.

ALEX
So I'll carry you.

DAVID
Get out of here, now!

David levels his gun at Alex.

ALEX
You stupid son of a bitch, they're
coming.

DAVID
Exactly. Now go.

Bullets ricochet off the outside of the door. Alex,
reluctant, moves away. He finds a window looking out into
another back alley. Smashes the glass away.

David opens the morgue door, leaning out into the...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...unloading his magazine on the approaching mercs. They
fire back -- hitting him twice in the chest.

The gunmen cautiously move up, entering the room.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE ROOM - NIGHT

They see the smashed window.

Look down at Reza's body -- finding the false tooth lying
next to him. Hollow and empty.

The mercs quickly continue their pursuit, climbing out
through the window, leaving the room empty.

On one of the dozen gurneys, a corpse covered with a white sheet moves -- ALEX sits upright, pulling the sheet away and hops off.

He crouches next to David. Sweeps his hand over his friend's face, closing his eyelids. Fights back tears.

ALEX
I'm sorry.

Alex leaves down the corridor.

BRUBAKER (V.O.)
We've found David.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Monroe, staring at Alex and David's file, looks up as Brubaker enters the room.

MONROE
What? Where? Is he okay?

BRUBAKER
He's dead. Killed in a morgue of all places.

Monroe -- heartbroken -- no words for that.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
The same morgue where Reza's body is being stored.

HARRIS
Hold on... I'm not seeing the connection here. What did they want with Reza's body?

BRUBAKER
We don't know. None of this makes any sense. But I've been digging.

Brubaker taps an analyst on the shoulder.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
I pulled their phone records.
Found something interesting.

Dual lists appear on the digital screen.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
We trawled their contacts. Nothing unusual for the most part, except one. Alex has made several calls over the past few months to a Maria Delassio --

This grabs Monroe's attention.

MONROE
Maria Delassio?

HARRIS
You know the name?

MONROE
She's an agency employee. Low-level intelligence analyst if I recall correctly. No one special.

BRUBAKER
We should consider her a threat if she's been in collusion with Alex.

MONROE
Let's not jump to any conclusions --

HARRIS
If she's not important, why have they been talking?

BRUBAKER
Maybe they're working together. Maybe they're in a relationship --

MONROE
That's bullshit.

BRUBAKER
Your guy is a traitor and a liar who's already killed a half a dozen people today.

Monroe has nothing to say to that.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)
(to Harris)
I suggest we bring the girl in for questioning.

MONROE
What kind of questioning? The hard kind? The kind that disregards her human rights?

Monroe turns to Harris.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Why don't we post men outside her apartment? We can tap her phone. If we get lucky, maybe Alex will resume contact with her.

Harris considers her answer.

BRUBAKER

Sir, we should --

HARRIS

She's right. Post men outside her apartment. It's the smart move right now.

EXT. STREET / MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. A car creeps to a slow stop.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

An ominous POV as we float down a hallway toward Maria's apartment door.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria, half-asleep, steps out of her bedroom. Stumbles into the kitchen. She takes a bottle of water from the fridge --

-- just as a HAND goes over her mouth -- she screams -- muffled -- pelting her elbows back --

ALEX

Maria, it's me. Relax.

She spins, eyes wide with fear, but it's just Alex.

MARIA

What are you doing? You scared the shit out of me.

ALEX

Keep quiet.

She goes to turn on the light.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't.

Alex opens the curtains an inch. Peeks down at the street below. TWO MEN sitting in a car, one smoking.

Maria sees several cuts and grazes across Alex's body.

MARIA
What happened to you? Come, sit down.

She pulls him over to her dinner table.

ALEX
Someone is watching your apartment.

MARIA
Why?

ALEX
Because they're looking for me.

He removes the MICRODOT from his pocket.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Or maybe for this.

She stares, curious. Doesn't know what to make of it.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have come here, but you might not be safe. If they're looking for me, they may be looking for you too.

MARIA
What? Why? No one knows about us.

Alex glances back to the window.

ALEX
Somebody knows something.

MARIA
Alex, please, you're scaring me.

Maria's on the verge of tears. Alex hugs her tight.

ALEX
It's going to be okay.

Alex puts the MICRODOT on the table.

MARIA
They want that thing? What is it?

ALEX
That's what I intend to find out.

MARIA
How?

ALEX
I don't know yet know. I'd need
access to some specialist
equipment...

Alex trails off.

MARIA
What is it?

ALEX
The safe house...
(pause)
The safe house might have what I
need.

Enthusiastic, he looks into her eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Get dressed. We're leaving, now.
I'm gonna put you on a train and
get you out of the city for a few
days.

MARIA
What about you?

ALEX
I can't take you with me. It's too
dangerous. But I'm going to make
sure you're safe. Trust me.

Maria takes a breath. Finally agrees...

MARIA
Give me two minutes to get my
things.

Maria heads into the bathroom.

Alex, exhausted, sits down. Puts his gun on the table.
Reaches over to a bottle of whiskey, pours himself a shot.

As he slides the bottle back in it's place, he notices a
small DEVICE behind it.

He picks it up, just as Maria reenters the room. He studies
it closely, seeing that it's a small...

...REMOTE DETONATOR -- the one used earlier in the field office's computer server unit --

ALEX
The hell...?

Suddenly -- Maria slips a razor sharp GARROTTE over his neck --
-- Alex raises his hand -- CATCHING the wire before it catches his throat.

He rises -- rams her back against a wall. He drags the garrotte forward -- unloops it from around his head -- THROWS her over his shoulder -- she smashes through a coffee table.

The garrotte lost in the tussle somewhere...

Maria, on her back -- FLIPS upright -- kicks at him. Alex blocks -- again -- and again -- and again...

ALEX (CONT'D)
Maria, what the hell are you --

-- but a brutal blow sends him crashing into glass shelves.

Alex drops low, sliding his leg -- sweeping her off her feet -- he stamps his foot down to her head -- but she roles out of the way --

-- kicks up at his crotch -- he keels over in agony.

Maria spots a sharp LETTER OPENER -- runs for it...

...Alex tries to get to it first -- arrives half a second too late -- grabbing her arm --

-- she breaks free -- wields the blade at him -- slicing through the air as he ducks and weaves -- before STABBING it through his arm --

Alex howls -- pulls her in tight and swings her around in a circle -- once -- twice -- releases --

-- throwing her through the apartment WINDOW --

EXT. STREET / MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

-- Maria SCREAMS -- falling floor after floor -- onto a parked car -- instantly dead.

Across the street, the two agents watching her apartment jump out of their vehicle -- seeing Alex in the window above.

They race into the building.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex, confused, adrenaline high, stares down at Maria -- his whole world crumbling.

He thinks quick -- limps back to the table, grabs the MICRODOT. Flees the room, disappearing out the door.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The two agents cautiously step up out of the stairwell, guns drawn as they inch down the corridor and into...

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shattered glass and broken furniture everywhere.

One of the agents turns to the other.

AGENT #1
Call it in.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Harris paces back and forth in front of the large digital screen as Monroe sits quietly. Brubaker hangs up a phone.

BRUBAKER
He just threw his girlfriend out of
a fifth-story window.

Harris sits back in his seat. The situation growing more out of control by the second, weighing heavily on him.

***Intercut:* EXT. STREET / MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Alex limps past Maria's body. Doesn't want to look at her, but he can't help it.

HARRIS (V.O.)
I want to know what he's doing.

Alex shakes it off. Stumbles away from the gruesome scene...

HARRIS (V.O.)
I want to know who he's working
for.

Harris turns to Monroe and Brubaker.

HARRIS (V.O.)
I want you on a flight to Paris.
Both of you.

***Intercut:* EXT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

A golden sunrise streams across the sky, glinting off a private jet as it banks, somewhere over the Atlantic.

***Intercut:* INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Monroe stares out the window. An onboard assistant passes her a report.

HARRIS (V.O.)
Find him. Bring him in.

She peers over her documents at Brubaker, sitting up front, sipping a glass of scotch.

***Intercut:* EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY**

The private jet's landing gear screeches down on tarmac.

HARRIS (V.O.)
I don't care what it takes. I
don't care what you have to do.

At a standstill, the door rolls open. Monroe and Brubaker exit, greeted by a convoy of vehicles.

***Intercut:* EXT. FREEWAY - DAY**

The trail of black SUV's race down a freeway...

HARRIS (V.O.)
He's gone rogue and I want him
stopped. At all costs.

...before moving into the heart of Paris, reaching the...

***Intercut:* EXT. MAISON HOTEL - DAY**

Monroe, Brubaker and several agents head into the lobby.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Establishing. North of the city. Quiet.

EXT. NARROW STREETS - DAY

Alex, on foot, walks slow through an old neighborhood. Buildings crammed tightly together.

As an old lady exits an...

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

...Alex slips inside before the door closes.

On the top floor, he finds APARTMENT 606. Studies it for a moment, then moves away, disappearing down the corridor.

INT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A young man, EDWARD MILLEN, late 20s, climbs the stairwell to the top floor.

Next to the apartment door, he opens a wooden panel on the decrepit wall, revealing a hi-tech KEYPAD. Dials in a code and swipes his security card.

The door opens -- just as ALEX puts a gun to the back of his head. Edward freezes, terrified.

ALEX

Move.

INT. APARTMENT 606 - DAY

Alex pushes him inside. Shuts the door. He edges Edward through the apartment, gun against his back, hand on his shoulder, using him like a shield.

ALEX

You the housekeeper?

EDWARD

Yeah. Place is empty. There's no guests here.

ALEX

You sure about that?

EDWARD

I'm telling you, man. No one's here.

Alex slowly peeks into each doorway he passes, before reaching the main living room/control center. No one inside.

He slams Edward up against the wall. Pats him down. Removes a gun from his belt.

Alex sees a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in the top corner of the room. He pushes Edward to a bank of monitors at a control desk. All views of the apartment.

ALEX

Kill the cameras. All of them.

EDWARD

Why?

Alex pulls the hammer back on his gun. Edward flicks a switch. The monitors go dead.

He pushes Edward down into a chair.

Unbeknown to Alex, there is a PISTOL strapped to the underside of the desk. Edward glances in it's direction, but doesn't make a move for it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Are you with the agency?

Alex scans around the room. His eyes rest on computer and tech equipment on one side of the room.

ALEX

Do you know how to use that?

EDWARD

I wouldn't be the housekeeper if I didn't.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - SECURE AREA - DAY

Monroe and Brubaker step through the chaos of the attacked field office as an analyst, unsure of himself, steps in.

ANALYST

Sir, Ma'am, it's probably nothing, but one of our safe houses just lost their camera feed.

Monroe and Brubaker look at each other, unsure.

ANALYST (CONT'D)
It might just be a technical fault,
but we... thought you should know.

Off their confused look...

ALEX (V.O.)
You see anything?

INT. APARTMENT 606 - DAY

Edward looks down through an ELECTRON MICROSCOPE at the MICRODOT. Alex stands by the window, peering down on the street below.

EDWARD
Nope, nothing.

Edward sits up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Maybe it's magnetic.

ALEX
Magnetic?

EDWARD
Yeah, whatever's on this thing, it
could be stored magnetically.

ALEX
Have you got anything that can read
that?

Edward places the microdot inside a small device, which in turn he slots into a FLASH DRIVE.

EXT. NARROW STREETS - DAY

A car full of mercenaries bomb down a series of narrow lanes, slicing wing mirrors off parked cars.

They hit the brakes -- letting out one RIFLEMAN with a long-range rifle -- he heads into a tall apartment building.

The merc car roars away again.

INT. TALL BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

The rifleman races up, two steps at a time.

INT. APARTMENT 606 - DAY

Data readouts surge over Edward's computer screen from the inserted flash drive, blinking an LED light as it reads the microdot. Alex stands over his shoulder.

ALEX

What is it? A video file or something?

EDWARD

It's a data file.

Edward flicks through design blueprints -- technical manuals -- complex algorithms -- images of a SATELLITE --

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Whoa!

ALEX

What is that thing?

EDWARD

It's a... weapon. Designs for some kind of sub-orbital defense satellite.

Flicking through more data.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Says here it's been in development for a long time. Fifteen years. Looks like they finally cracked it.

ALEX

It's military?

EDWARD

Some kind of black project.

EXT. TALL BUILDING - DISTANT ROOFTOP - DAY

The rifleman emerges on a roof. He puts his eye to the scope of an SR-25 semi-auto sniper rifle, aiming it into apartment 606 --

-- but he can't see anyone from this angle. Curses under his breath. Quickly moves to a different position.

ALEX (V.O.)

What type of weapon?

INT. APARTMENT 606 - DAY

Alex leans over Edward as he scrolls through the data.

EDWARD
Scalar. Some kind of quantum
particle system, utilizing light,
or energy, or... something...

Edward finishes scrolling through the images, landing on a different file. Opens it. Lines of CODING stream down his screen. His eyes go wide -- his face drops.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Holy god...

ALEX
What? What is it?

Edward pushes away from his desk.

EDWARD
These are authentication codes.
Codes for that weapon. Whoever has
these... they control that thing.

Edward stands. He's in way over his head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Where the hell did you get this --

-- a GUNSHOT rips through Edward's head.

Alex DIVES for cover. Peeks out, spotting the GLARE of the rifleman's scope in the distance.

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Down on the street, the car full of mercs slides to a stop.

Locked and loaded, the men race inside.

INT. APARTMENT 606 - DAY

Alex runs -- grabbing the FLASH DRIVE/MICRODOT -- bullets
skimming him -- rolling out into the...

INT. APARTMENT 606 - CORRIDOR - DAY

...just as the group of mercs rush up the stairwell -- shit!

-- Alex fires at them -- they hit the deck -- he scrambles out of a DORMER WINDOW, and up the sloping...

EXT. APARTMENT 606 - ROOFTOP - DAY

...reaching the pinnacle, looking out at the...

MAZE OF ROOFTOPS

...all around him. Buildings crammed against buildings. Narrow streets lined between them. He runs...

EXT. TALL BUILDING - DISTANT ROOFTOP - DAY

The rifleman lines up his scope -- fires -- shot after shot -- each one just missing Alex as he dives down onto a...

EXT. LOWER ROOFTOP - DAY

...of an adjoining building -- landing hard.

The rifleman slams his fist down, frustrated he's lost sight of his target. He heads back down to street level instead.

EXT. APARTMENT 606 - ROOFTOP - DAY

The other mercs climb out the same window Alex did seconds earlier, following after him.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

-- moving fast -- jumping -- hopping -- climbing --

-- rooftop to rooftop to rooftop...

...the mercs trying to mirror every move he makes.

-- dashing through a roof garden / running the length of a crumbling ledge / leaping over the gap of a narrow street / landing on sloping tiles.

CLOSE ON: THE MERCS

-- in hot pursuit -- but they lose sight of Alex -- so they SPREAD OUT in multiple directions to cover more ground.

CLOSE ON: ALEX

...sliding open a glass door, careening through a young couple's apartment... they SCREAM as he passes them...

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

The rifleman, now down on the street, hears the screams -- tracks them into a building's lobby.

INT. YOUNG COUPLE'S BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Alex stumbles out of the apartment door -- heads to the stairwell -- but glimpses the rifleman down below -- shit! --

-- Alex goes up instead -- out through a roof access door...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

...unexpectedly CRASHING into a merc -- they tussle -- falling down a tiled slope -- both DROPPING off the edge --

-- Alex grabbing onto a top floor...

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

...but the merc misses it, hurtling six stories to the ground.

Hanging from the rail, Alex climbs down to the next balcony -- then the next -- and the next -- until he reaches the...

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

...just as he spots the rifleman cautiously emerge from the lobby -- Alex quickly slips around a corner into another street -- narrowly avoiding a slew of bullets.

He desperately tries to open the doors of several parked cars, one after the other, but most of them are LOCKED.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

Up top, the mercs track the sounds of gunfire, making their way toward the rooftop's edge.

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

The rifleman races to the corner where he saw Alex --

-- just as a Volkswagen comes tearing at him -- Alex behind the wheel -- the rifleman's body tossed over the car's roof.

Up top, the mercs arrive -- aiming their weapons -- just as Alex speeds away. Too late. They scream in frustration, losing their target.

BRUBAKER (V.O.)

Looks like they had an argument. A big one.

EXT. MARIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Police surround Maria's corpse, now covered by a white sheet.

BRUBAKER (V.O.)

And it looks like you were wrong.

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Forensics dust for prints as Brubaker and Monroe stroll through the apartment. He holds up one of many framed photographs of Alex and Maria, embraced in a loving hug.

BRUBAKER

I guess no one explained agency policy to your guy concerning relationships with staff.

Monroe takes it. Can't believe what she sees.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)

Looks like he has a knack for breaking the rules. And that's before he sold out his country.

MONROE

I'm still not convinced that's the case.

BRUBAKER

You need to wake up, Monroe.

MONROE

I'm not giving up on him.

An analyst hands Brubaker a plastic evidence bag containing the REMOTE DETONATOR.

ANALYST

Sir, the remote detonator. It's confirmed, Alex Sagen's prints are all over it.

Brubaker passes it to Monroe.

BRUBAKER

Are you convinced yet?

Monroe finds the news hard to swallow.

BRUBAKER (CONT'D)

You need to reassess what you think you know about your guy.

MONROE

It doesn't make sense. Why kill the girl?

BRUBAKER

She was in on it too. Maybe she was becoming a liability. Maybe she wanted more money. Who the hell knows?

EXT. MAISON HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Monroe, Brubaker and their team of agents head back to their rooms.

INT. MAISON HOTEL - MONROE'S ROOM - DAY

Monroe splashes water on her face. Grabs a towel. She exits the bathroom hearing her cell phone ring. Picks it up.

MONROE

Monroe.

ALEX (V.O.)

Don't trace the call. Don't record it. Don't do anything.

Monroe instantly recognizes Alex's voice.

***Intercut:* INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY**

Alex, bruised and injured, leans against the inside of a phone booth.

ALEX

I'm innocent.

MONROE
Try telling that to the Deputy
Director.

ALEX
I'm telling you.

MONROE
Half a million.

ALEX
What?

MONROE
Brubaker uncovered records
detailing the deposit of \$500,000
in your account in the last 24
hours. Explain that one.

ALEX
I don't know what you're talking
about.

MONROE
The agency thinks you've gone
rogue. And to be honest, you
haven't done much to convince them
otherwise.

Alex's eyes fall closed. Doesn't know what to do.

ALEX
I'm being setup.

Monroe doesn't reply to that. Doesn't believe it.

Alex takes a moment, thinking. Settles on an answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Brubaker didn't find records of any
money because there isn't any.

MONROE
I've seen them with my own eyes.

ALEX
If he found them it's because he
planted them.

MONROE
Why? Why would he do that?
Brubaker may be a lot of things --

ALEX

I don't know why. All I know is
that I'm innocent.

Monroe takes a breath. Not sure what to make of all this.

MONROE

You're going to have to give me
something. What is this about?

Alex pulls the FLASH DRIVE/MICRODOT from his pocket.

ALEX

It's about a weapon.
Authentication codes to a military
satellite. That's what Reza
wanted.

MONROE

Codes? You have these codes?

ALEX

They're safe.

MONROE

If what you say is true, you need
to come in, now more than ever.

ALEX

Not gonna happen. I'll be dead in
minutes. The victim of an
unfortunate car accident or maybe
just a bullet in the back of the
head.

MONROE

If you want to prove your innocence,
you have to come in. It's the only
play. I can't do anything for you
if you don't come in.

Alex thinks hard. No answer is easy for him.

MONROE (CONT'D)

My god, Alex... this agency will
hunt you to the ends of the earth.
Is that what you want?

After a long moment...

ALEX

If I'm going to bring myself in,
I'll only do it with you. You're
the only person I trust right now.

MONROE

But I don't know I can trust you.

This hits Alex hard -- no reply. But Monroe softens...

MONROE (CONT'D)

Okay... I'll bring you in. But make no mistake about it, when we meet, I will be armed.

ALEX

How long for you to get to Paris?

MONROE

I'm already here. I landed six hours ago with Brubaker.

Alex shifts slightly. Wasn't expecting to hear that she was in Paris.

MONROE (CONT'D)

But it's not safe for you in the city. I'm practically handcuffed to his side everywhere I go.

ALEX

Can you slip him?

MONROE

I can, but if we're gonna do this, we need to do it fast.

ALEX

Tell me where.

MONROE

Outside the city limits. Twenty miles south. Saint Pierre vineyard. There's a chateau out there. Let's say... two hours.

ALEX

I'll be there.

MONROE

Stay safe.

Alex hangs up. He puts his head against the phone booth's glass pane, exhausted.

END INTERCUT...

INT. MAISON HOTEL - MONROE'S ROOM - DAY

Monroe hangs up -- but in the room with her, we see that BRUBAKER has been sitting there the whole time, listening to Monroe's side of the conversation.

BRUBAKER

How did you know he would call?

MONROE

Because he trusts me.

Brubaker smiles. Not something he does often.

BRUBAKER

Good.

MONROE

But he doesn't trust you. He thinks you're setting him up.

BRUBAKER

Why would he think that?

MONROE

You tell me.

Brubaker belittles her comment with a look. He gets up to leave.

MONROE (CONT'D)

He's innocent in all of this, you know.

BRUBAKER

After everything you've seen...

MONROE

Why would he call me? Why hand himself over?

BRUBAKER

We're about to find out.

Brubaker exits the room.

Monroe pulls out her gun. Checks it's loaded. Holsters it.

INT. MAISON HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Walking back to his room, Brubaker removes his cell and makes a call. He peeks over his shoulder with sly eyes, making sure no one is in earshot.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Alex removes his shirt. / Cleans his wounds. / Wraps himself in gauze.

He holds the MICRODOT up to the light. Studies it. Puts it on the bed next to his lighter and cigarettes.

Removes a creased photograph from his wallet: MARIA, smiling, happy. Now just a memory. One that hits him hard.

Alex crumbles to the floor, against the side of the bed, conflicted tears in his eyes. Not sure if he loves her or hates her.

EXT. PARIS - DAY

Travelling in his stolen Volkswagen, Alex drives along freeways, moving away from the city.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alex speeds down a long stretch of straight road. Rugged surface. Endless fields either side.

CUT TO:

POV: RIFLE SCOPE

Through the scope of a rifle, far ahead of Alex's car, looking back on him -- cross-hairs lining up...

...Alex's car jerks and shudders in the circular frame as the vehicle travels along the rugged road surface.

INT./EXT. VOLKSWAGEN - DAY

Alex rolls open his window, taking in the country air.

-- *PHFT-ZING!* -- the whirl of a long-range bullet -- the windshield splinters -- one shot after another --

Alex turns the wheel in panic -- his car **TUMBLES** -- over and over -- before righting itself again -- sliding to an abrupt stop -- engine smoking.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Further down the road, outside an old, rundown chateau...

...a SNIPER, steadying his long range M24 SNIPER RIFLE on the hood of his car, reaches for his radio...

SNIPER

He's down. I repeat, he's down.
Get your asses up here.

The sniper casually slides into the driver's seat. Fires up the engine, takes off down the...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

...towards Alex's vehicle. He slows as he approaches, coming to a stop. Hops out.

The sniper throws the rifle over his shoulder. Draws his silenced pistol instead. Edges over to the crumpled Volkswagen, cautious, pointing his gun inside --

-- but the car's EMPTY -- his eyes go wide -- he spins --

-- just as Alex rises from a roadside ditch -- putting three shots in the sniper's chest -- down and out.

Alex winces in pain. Blood pouring from his shoulder wound where the sniper hit him.

He spots a convoy of vehicles travelling from the direction of the freeway towards the chateau, kicking up dust.

Alex grabs the silenced pistol. Jumps in the sniper's car, takes off towards the...

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

...skidding to a stop outside the old three-story house. Jumps out of the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The convoy speeds along. Barely stopping to inspect the dead sniper. Quickly following Alex's car toward the chateau.

INT. CHATEAU - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Alex enters the rundown building, silenced pistol in hand. Old wall paper peeling off every wall. Broken floorboards. Half the house rotten and in disrepair.

ALEX
Monroe? Monroe, are you here?

No answer. Alex strides up the stairwell. His feet dropping through several decrepit steps.

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

He searches the floor. Empty. Darts through several rooms. Almost each one has a doorway leading into its neighboring room. An open maze.

He peers out the window as the three cars pull up. Mercs. Assault rifles. All business.

Alex checks his magazine. NINE shots. Got to make them count. He races up to the...

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

...takes a deep breath, waiting for them. He hears the men kick open the front door, bursting inside.

INT. CHATEAU - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The mercs don't say a word, communicating with silent hand signals, directing each other to various rooms.

Some explore the first floor. Some move up to the second. Another two stagger up to the...

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Alex glimpses their shadows coming up the stairwell.

He slips away, backing into a...

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR BATHROOM - DAY

The whole world falls silent. Ghostly quiet as the hunt begins...

Alex closes his eyes, listening carefully as one merc moves past on the other side of thin drywall...

...he puts the gun barrel to the wall, waiting... waiting... waiting -- *PHFT!* -- puts a silenced round through it...

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

...killing the man, dropping him to the floor with a thud.

The other gunman hears it. Comes to check it out. He passes the stairwell, waves down at two other mercs, calling them up to follow him.

The gunman inches along the hallway. Behind him, Alex slips out of a room -- *PHFT!* -- putting a shot through his head before disappearing into another room.

Like a GHOST that no one sees coming.

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR/STAIRWELL - DAY

As the two mercs move up the stairs -- they're shocked to see the gunman, who was alive less than five seconds earlier, now dead. Spooked, they spread out, eyes wide.

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

One of the mercs rips an old curtain down, letting sunlight stream in through the dust-filled air.

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The other merc steps through a doorway -- just as Alex appears, smashing his face with the handle of his gun -- the merc's nose exploding with blood.

Alex pushes him over the stairwell banister. He crashes through the decrepit stairs, breaking his neck as he lands.

The other merc runs out -- shooting in panic -- Alex dives -- gunshots just missing him. He returns fire -- hitting the merc through his stomach.

Hearing the commotion above, men on the lower floors come sprinting up.

Alex dashes into another...

INT. CHATEAU - THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

...but his feet crash through rotten floorboards, dropping him up to his waist, stuck between floors --

-- his gun sliding away from him. His feet flailing in the empty room below.

Alex reaches for the pistol -- only a couple of inches too far -- as two mercs bomb up the stairs.

He groans with effort, fingers skimming its edge -- just as a gunman enters --

-- Alex grabs it just in time -- fires -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- killing him dead.

But another merc behind him races inside with a machine gun -- opening fire --

-- Alex forces himself to drop into the...

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR ROOM - DAY

...below -- gunfire skimming him -- he fires back up through the rotten floorboards -- killing the man above --

Alex darts out into the...

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

...unexpectedly crashing up against another gunman --

-- they tussle -- smashing through a drywall into a...

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - DAY

Alex knees the merc -- pitching him forward -- slamming his face against the marble sink. Brutal. Just as a --

-- another man bursts into the room -- assault rifle in hand -- Alex grabs the barrel -- pointing it away as gunfire erupts --

-- Alex pelts the man's throat -- crushing his wind pipe, leaving him gasping for oxygen...

...and slips into another...

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

...checking his magazine. Three shots. He moves cautiously, gun pointed out in front of him, as a merc below...

INT. CHATEAU - FIRST FLOOR KITCHEN - DAY

...hears Alex's footfalls above -- *CREAKING!* -- he aims his pistol up -- fires -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* -- *BLAM!* --

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

-- Alex FREEZES as shots splinter up through the floorboards, narrowly missing him.

Doesn't dare make a move. Sweat pours off his brow as he tries to remain perfectly still.

The gunman below doesn't trust the silence. Fires another slew of shots, one kissing Alex's face --

-- Alex ROLL-DIVES -- returns fire down through the thin floors -- hitting the man through the head --

-- blood spraying over a second merc just as he arrives in the room below -- the sudden shock of it causing him to reel in panic -- pointing his machine gun up --

-- SPRAYING bullets everywhere -- cheese-grating the entire room above.

Alex twists and turns -- desperately trying to dodge gunfire --

-- as the entire floor suddenly caves in -- Alex crashes down into the...

INT. CHATEAU - FIRST FLOOR KITCHEN - DAY

...swallowed up in a haze of wood shards and dust.

He raises his gun -- *PHFT!* -- *PHFT!* -- kills the merc -- *CLICK!* -- *CLICK!* -- *CLICK!* -- with his last two shots --

-- and he's empty -- just as he's hit on the back of his head from behind -- knocked UNCONSCIOUS.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR STUDY - DAY

Back up on the second floor, a hand slaps Alex awake. He's sitting on an old, decrepit chair, wrists handcuffed behind his back. Struggles to focus his eyes, training them on:

MONROE standing over him. A merc behind her.

MONROE

Where is it?

Confused, Alex can't get his bearings on the situation.

Monroe draws her gun, whipping it across his face.

MONROE (CONT'D)
The microdot, where is it?

He doesn't say a word. Just stares at her, angry.

MONROE (CONT'D)
You're going to talk. One way or
the other. Where is it?

ALEX
What do you care?

MONROE
What do I care? I care more than
you know. That's why I'm doing
this.

ALEX
Doing what?

MONROE
Changing the world.

On a desk with a laptop, and a small field satellite uplink antenna, the merc sifts through Alex's possessions:

Wallet, creased photograph, zippo lighter, cigarettes. He crushes the smokes: finding the MICRODOT stuffed inside one.

He passes it to Monroe. She studies it in the light.
Smiles.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Bring him in.

The merc steps into the hallway and waves a group of men into the room.

MOHAMMED ABDUL SALEEM, considered the world's most dangerous terrorist, whose image we saw earlier, steps inside with his assistant and a pair of his own armed guards.

His sly, narrow eyes catch Alex's, just for a moment...

...before he sits at the desk, opening a briefcase with a laptop built into it. Monroe passes him the microdot. He inserts it into a flash drive and plugs it into his computer.

Carefully studies the screen as CODING streams down it.

ALEX
(to Monroe)
Those codes... it's you...
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

you've put them out on the open market. You're selling them.

He doesn't need a reply from her to know that.

MONROE

You have no idea what you're talking about, Alex. You're just not smart enough to know you don't know a thing.

Monroe lowers crouches by his side, looking deep into his eyes, delicately brushing her hand through his hair.

MONROE (CONT'D)

I got the codes from a brilliant man with a brilliant mind. The weapon's creator.

(shaking her head)

Just another asset that I turned. I told you, Alex, that's what I do. I turn people. Twist them into what I need.

ALEX

You use people. Like you used Maria.

Monroe stands, angered.

MONROE

Maria was a freelancer. She knew exactly what she was doing. Eyes as big as saucers when she saw the money I was offering.

Monroe holds up the small remote detonator in its plastic evidence bag, tossing it to Alex's feet.

She glances over at the PHOTOGRAPH of Alex and Maria hugging.

MONROE (CONT'D)

If I had known she was...

(beat)

...compromised... involved with the likes of you, I'd have killed her myself. But you saved me the trouble.

That registers with Alex. Angered tears begin to well.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Don't be too hard on yourself.
We'd have had to take her out
eventually. Car accident. Suicide
maybe. Whatever.

Mohammed finishes analyzing the streams of data. "*Activation codes copied.*" He smiles. Nods to his assistant.

His assistant moves to Monroe's computer. Types in a series of commands. The sum of \$20,000,000 dollars flashes on screen. "*Money transfer complete.*"

Alex watches as Mohammed closes his briefcase laptop, hands the flash drive/microdot back to Monroe, and leaves with his men following. Not a single word spoken by him.

ALEX

I hope you earned yourself a decent cut.

MONROE

The money means nothing.

ALEX

Sure it doesn't. Whatever helps you sleep at night.

MONROE

I already brokered a deal with Mohammed's people a week ago. But it seems that even his most loyal can't be trusted. They were looking to sell it on the highest paying third party. The agency got wind of them operating in the area.

FLASHBACK:

SLOW, FADED IMAGES that we've already seen before, inside an old derelict factory. Discordant. Hard to make out at first.

A hand on a trigger. Muzzle flash. Slo-mo bullets ripple through air. Hitting flesh. Splashes of blood.

A SWAT-like unit of men, a TAC TEAM, all black tactical gear, swarming against armed hostiles.

MONROE (V.O.)

Brubaker sent in a full tac team without my knowledge.

The last hostile drops to the floor dead. A silver FLASH DRIVE flies from his grip, sliding across a pool of blood.

END FLASHBACK

Monroe holds up the flash drive.

MONROE

The agency recovered a few hard drives and weapon caches. But they had no idea what was really under their noses.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Mohammed and his men climb inside their vehicle.

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

Mohammed, in the backseat, caresses the briefcase. A treasure more valuable to him than anything in the world.

MONROE (V.O.)

And since the codes ended up right back in my hands, it seems Mohammed was more than happy to pay for them again.

Mohammed nods to his driver. He starts the car and takes off.

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR STUDY - DAY

Monroe nods to the merc. He draws his pistol --
-- but before he can execute Alex...

ALEX

Change the world, my ass. Tell me how selling a weapon to the world's most wanted terrorist is going to change anything?

Monroe takes a moment, considering her words carefully.

MONROE

Today, that weapon will hit a US city. It doesn't matter what city. Any city.

As Alex listens, hands still cuffed behind his back, he tugs at a BROKEN SPRING inside the old chair he's sitting on, as quietly as possible.

MONROE (CONT'D)

It'll be the straw that broke the camels back. The US security council will order a strike on the Middle East. Afghanistan, Iraq, Pakistan, Kuwait, Iran, I'm talking the whole thing. It'll be the single largest military operation in US history.

Alex finally snaps part of the broken spring free. Inserts it into the handcuff's lock. Wiggles it around inside.

ALEX

You're going to insight World War Three.

MONROE

No, Alex, WRONG.

Monroe leans forward, slamming her hands down onto his armrests, coming face to face with him.

MONROE (CONT'D)

I'm stopping World War Three before it ever happens. We'll take absolute control of the Middle East. Provide infrastructure, government, democracy, security. Freedom. We'll add stability to the entire region.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mohammed's vehicle starts up, moving away from the chateau...

...kicking up dust as it heads down the long road.

MONROE (V.O.)

The cost will be immense, but any and all future threats will be eradicated once and for all. I'll bring peace to the world.

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR STUDY - DAY

Alex, nervous sweat running down his face, carefully turns the broken spring in the lock of the handcuffs...

...but he just can't get them to open yet...

Monroe stands up straight. Nods to the merc again. But Alex interrupts...

ALEX
You psychotic bitch. That
weapon... you're just going to let
thousands of Americans die?

MONROE
Millions actually.

Alex's eyes fall closed, hardly able to believe any of it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mohammed's car passes the crashed Volkswagen --

-- next to it, the dead SNIPER's motionless body -- but he's
not so dead after all. His fingers flexing. Still alive.

INT. CHATEAU - SECOND FLOOR STUDY - DAY

Alex's hands still trying to pick the lock...

...as Monroe nods to the merc.

MONROE
Now kill him already.

The merc draws his pistol again, putting it to Alex's head --

-- but Alex, now handcuff free -- SWINGS-- knocking the gun
across the room -- palm strikes the merc's nose bone --
slamming it up into his brain -- instantly dead.

Monroe, shocked, reaches for her gun -- Alex runs at her --

-- *BLAM!* -- the shot just missing him as he grabs her wrist,
plowing into her hard -- both crashing through a window --
and down through the fragile roof of a...

INT. CHATEAU - FIRST FLOOR ROOM - DAY

...Monroe's gun lost in the tussle somewhere. They both
stagger to their feet -- she pelts him hard -- snaps her knee
up into his stomach --

-- he howls -- grabs her head -- slams her face first into a
wooden post -- knocking her UNCONSCIOUS. He finds her gun.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Alex races outside to Monroe's Lexus -- finding BRUBAKER in the driver's seat, bullet through his head.

He drags him out, slides in, fires up the engine. Takes off.

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

Mohammed opens his briefcase laptop. Enables control systems. Images of the satellite flash on screen.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Above the Earth -- a SATELLITE comes to life -- solar panels adjusting position -- intense sunlight streaking off them.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mohammed's vehicle bombs down the road. Far behind it, the Lexus hauls ass in pursuit.

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

Mohammed dials in commands: "weapon systems active."

His driver spots Alex's car approaching in the rearview.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A trail of dust kicks up in the air as Alex tears along, closing the gap, about to pass the crashed Volkswagen --

-- when the dazed SNIPER staggers to his feet -- haphazardly holding his rifle -- desperately trying to aim --

-- his shots puncture Alex's windshield --

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Alex hits the brakes -- jerks the wheel hard -- his car FLIPS -- tumbles sideways -- over and over --

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The sniper screams as the Lexus rolls at him -- crushing him up against the Volkswagen -- stopping hard -- upsidedown.

Strained -- creaking -- metal gives way to complete SILENCE.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The satellite -- FIRES -- shooting a constant BEAM OF BLUE LIGHT down at the Earth -- directly at...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

...cutting through clouds, hitting the streets below. A hundred feet in diameter.

Pedestrians stare in awe, dumbfounded. Cars hit cross traffic. Tires screeching. Mass confusion everywhere.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

As Harris and his assistants review reports, they hear a secretary SCREAM.

Harris darts out of the room, and into his...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HARRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

...staring in disbelief at the BLUE BEAM in the distance.

HARRIS

My god...

He turns, barking orders...

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Into the basement. I want everyone
in the basement now.

Workers jump to their feet, racing to stairwells.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

The upsidedown Lexus is squashed up against the crashed Volkswagen. Alex's eyes flutter back to consciousness.

He cuts himself out of the seatbelt. Kicks through the passenger door window. Crawls out...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

...stumbles onto his feet. Watches as Mohammed's car disappears into the distance.

ALEX

God no...

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

Mohammed operates his control system. A bar on the screen shows the energy of the satellite weapon increasing...

...moving up beyond "60% percent", higher and higher...

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The satellite *HUMS* as its power increases -- then, a BALL of ENERGY suddenly shoots down the stream of light...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

...hitting the ground. The Earth SHAKES. People scream, running for cover as the air itself begins to sizzle.

Another ball of energy hits. Again and again and again. A groaning *RUMBLE* invades our senses. The ground vibrates...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alex, thinking fast, squeezes himself between the gap of the two cars -- desperately trying to reach for something...

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The *HUM* of the satellite grows relentlessly. More bubbles of energy flying down.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

People spill out of the WHITE HOUSE, unable to take their eyes off the blue beam. Almost beautiful...

...if it wasn't so horrifying.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alex lies flat on the ground, putting his eye to the SNIPER'S RIFLE. Through the scope: he finds Mohammed's car in the distance -- lines up the cross-hairs -- *FIRES* --

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

The driver's head disintegrates -- his blood spraying over the inside of the windshield.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Mohammed's car turns -- flipping -- over and over --
-- landing on its roof -- hard -- kicking up a vale of DUST.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT stares in awe out the window at the beam of light, growing with intensity, ripping down through the clouds, as White House workers behind him race around in panic.

His security detail enter the room.

PRESIDENTIAL SECURITY
Mr. President, it's time to leave,
right now.

The President turns to them. Shakes his head.

PRESIDENT
It's too late.

He looks back to the window.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
God help us.

INT. MOHAMMED'S CAR - DAY

Mohammed, upsidedown, hanging from his seatbelt, blood running down his face, desperately reaches for the laptop. The energy bar on the screen still increasing...

85%... 90%... 95%...

As it reaches -- 100% -- Mohammed hits a large red button.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The satellite -- FIRES -- a devastating, gigantic BALL of ENERGY down the light stream. THE ONE TO END IT ALL.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The world goes silent -- a SLOW-MOTION nightmare as the energy ball rips down through the atmosphere.

Parents grab their children, sheltering them from the rain of destruction about to ensue. Tears pouring down their faces.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alex stares through his scope at Mohammed's overturned car, finger on the trigger, breathing cool and calm, waiting for the cloud of dust to disperse...

...finally sees the GAS TANK becoming visible through the haze -- fires --

-- KA-BOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!! --

-- turning the vehicle into an immense fireball --

Out of the explosion, the destroyed, mangled BRIEFCASE LAPTOP lands several feet away.

On the cracked screen: "uplink: lost"... the battery dies.

EXT. DEEP SPACE

The satellite cuts dead -- the stream of intense light fluttering on and off...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The energy ball rockets down the blinking beam...

...but just as it's about to hit the ground -- the ball of energy DISSIPATES completely --

-- nothing hits -- except a powerful GUST of wind --

-- a SHOCKWAVE of AIR knocking people off their feet -- ripping up dust -- cracking windows --

Then, it's over.

Silence. People slowly rise. Shock ingrained in their faces. Plenty of casualties, but no deaths.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Alex exhales a long, deep breath. Lays his head down, exhausted. The longest minute of his life.

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY

Later, Police cars and CIA vehicles screech to a stop. Alex drags Monroe, half conscious, out of the building.

He raises his hands. A hundred guns trained on him.

Agents cuff his arms behind his back. Force him to kneel, then push him to the dirt. His mind ticking over as he knows he's got a lot of explaining to do.

The loud *WHOOSH* of jet engines build, as we glide over a...

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

...several days later, now Stateside again, on the outskirts of Washington DC, as prisoner transportation van heads toward the city.

But... the vehicle turns off an exit ramp early.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Alex, gray jumpsuit, arms and feet chained, feels the shift in direction. Through the rear door windows, he sees they are leaving the freeway. Knows something isn't right.

A SECURITY MAN sits opposite Alex, glaring at him. And a SECONDARY SECURITY MAN sits to Alex's side.

ALEX
Why are we heading East? This
isn't the way.

The men don't answer.

EXT. SECLUDED DIRT ROAD - DAY

Later, the van still moving away from the city.

INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Alex keeps his cool, even smiles in the face of adversity, but knows this isn't going to end well.

ALEX

We're not going to Langley, are we?

The van slows to a stop.

Security man #1 draws his pistol.

SECURITY MAN #1

You died trying to escape...

(re: security man #2)

...after getting hold of his gun.

The other security man is suddenly confused...

SECURITY MAN #2

My gun? --

-- *BLAM!* -- he shoots security man #2 in the head. Turns it back on Alex.

Alex stays silent. Waits for what's coming...

-- but the rear doors open instead.

Deputy Director HARRIS steps inside, sitting opposite Alex.

HARRIS

Things are complicated, Alex. I'm here to uncomplicate them.

ALEX

Save it. I'm not interested hearing you justify the reason you're a traitor.

That hits Harris hard. Doesn't like it one bit.

He takes the gun from security man #1.

HARRIS

You think you understand what's happening here?

ALEX

Monroe obviously wasn't in this alone. You work for the same people she does.

He levels the gun at Alex's head...

HARRIS
They'd like to think so.

-- but Harris turns it back on the security man instead --
putting three shots in his chest.

Alex, more confused than ever, stares in silent shock.

Harris stands, knocking on the divide that separates the
driver's cabin -- the driver slides open a metal panel...

DRIVER
Are we about done yet?

-- *BLAM!* -- Harris puts a bullet through his head, before
sitting back down to face Alex.

HARRIS
There's a cancer at the heart of
this agency. We don't know how
deep it runs.

Alex doesn't know where to start.

ALEX
Who are they?

HARRIS
A radical element inside our
government that answer to no one.
They're out of control. You've
seen the lengths they're willing to
go to.

Harris throws Alex a key. He quickly frees himself.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Now run.

Run? Alex doesn't know what to make of that.

ALEX
What are you talking about? I'm
not running.

HARRIS
You don't have a choice.

Alex, stoic, refuses to move.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
I can't bring you in. We risk
tipping our hand.
(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

If they know we're onto them, we'll never find their source. It's the only play we have.

Alex, reluctant to move, eventually stands to leave. No choice. He glances back at the dead security men.

ALEX

Whoever these people are, they'll kill you for this.

HARRIS

Oh, I'm not even here. You did this all by yourself.

EXT. SECLUDED DIRT ROAD - DAY

Alex and Harris exit the van.

HARRIS

You're going dark now. You practically don't exist.

Harris hands him a piece of paper.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

It's the location and access code of a security deposit box. You'll find a go-bag inside, with money, passports, phone. Everything you need.

Alex's face is filled with concern.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You're an operative now, Alex. This is what you wanted all along.

ALEX

Not like this.

HARRIS

It's not fair and it's not right, but we don't always get to choose our fate. Not in the way we want.

Harris softens, putting a hand on his shoulder.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Lie low for a week. I'll make contact again soon.

ALEX
I'm taking my orders from you now?

HARRIS
You're taking your orders *through*
me. They're coming from up top.

ALEX
Who?

Harris takes a step back. Gives pause before answering.

HARRIS
The President of the United States.

Alex lets that sink in.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
We're going to find the heart of
this cancer, and we're gonna burn
their little house down.
(beat)
Are you ready?

Alex takes a minute. Nods. Ready.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Now get out of here. You've got
work to do.

With that, Alex slowly walks away...

...his walk turning into a light jog...

...his light jog into a dead run...

...running into an uncertain future.

Music pulsates -- tempo increasing -- volume rising -- as we
glide above Alex and the vast countryside...

FADE OUT.