

THY ENEMY

written by
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Logline:

*After learning his estranged brother is a rogue spy,
a disgraced FBI cadet becomes a fugitive to stop his sibling from
detonating an experimental nuke in New York City.*

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A black STEALTH JET cruises above the CLOUD LAYER.

INT. F-117 NIGHTHAWK - NIGHT

A single RED LIGHT fills the empty bomb bay. There's no deadly weapons to be found in here.

Unless you count the SKYDIVER clad in an EXO-SUIT: The form-fitting body armor houses an integrated exo-skeleton. Even his knuckles are enhanced by its fingerless gloves.

A HISS escapes from the tanks on his helmet. There's no parachute on this guy's back. The Skydiver kneels...

Heavy boots, knee pads and arm greaves MAGNETICALLY LOCK onto the deck with a hum. His slim visor's Heads-Up Display (HUD) blinks: *TEST COMPLETE*.

A buzzer sounds off. The red light turns GREEN. The bomb drop shutters slide open. Air rushes into the bay.

The Skydiver sprints the length of the fuselage. He dives into the roaring darkness!

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Limbs tight against his body, the Skydiver free falls through the starry night. Wind WHIPS around his muscular frame.

The visor's HUD flashes: *TARGET ACQUIRED*. A thirty second countdown begins -- 30...29...

The Skydiver bullets towards the cloud layer. 25...24...

He breaks through the thick veil, right into a vicious cloudburst of streaking HARD RAIN. 15...14...

There's something big in the distance. The Skydiver's on an intercept course with a military cargo jet!

10...9...8...

The HUD displays a flight path: Using the long wingspan of the huge aircraft as a HUMAN RUNWAY!

5...4...3...

EXT. C-17 GLOBEMASTER - NIGHT

The Skydiver spreads his limbs, reveals a WINGSUIT. He glides, then drops onto the wing between two SCREECHING jet engines! The greaves and knee pads mag-lock onto the hull.

The Skydiver pulls a rip cord. The wingsuit detaches. He secures a little BLACK BOX under the cargo jet's wing.

The box blinks, then boots up. Far away from the prying eyes of the COCKPIT.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The veteran PILOT inspects flickering gauges. The younger CO-PILOT taps his headset.

PILOT

Avionics has been compromised.
Navigation and Communications are
being rerouted. Anti-collision
systems are down.

CO-PILOT

Sir, I've lost contact with the
cargo bay.

INT. CARGO BAY - NIGHT

A dozen armed SOLDIERS guard something big. A stamp on the oblong container reads: *RQ-7B UAV-Shadow*.

They are scale unmanned aerial vehicles -- STEALTH DRONES.

The SARGENT hears something, from outside. He listens close, there's a TAP-TAP on the hull.

C-17 GLOBEMASTER

Outside the cargo bay, the Skydiver adheres gel-like SHAPE CHARGES around the entire fuselage.

COCKPIT

The Co-Pilot inspects a circuit board. The Pilot pries off a maintenance panel. The overhead speakers chirp static...

IMPOSTOR PILOT (V.O.)

This is Air Mobility Command flight
two-one-one to CNIC Norfolk, over.

NORFOLK STATION (V.O.)
Transponder ID confirmed. This is
Norfolk Naval Station, go ahead two-
one-one.

CO-PILOT
How'd they know our flight number?

PILOT
I can't override the transmission.

IMPOSTOR PILOT (V.O.)
Norfolk, we've got a catastrophic
engine failure. Losing altitude
fast, over.

CARGO BAY

The shape charges detonate in rapid succession, like
explosive dominos falling. The mini-blasts sheer off the
jet's -- ENTIRE TAIL SECTION!

The vacuum of pressurized air pulls the helpless Sargent out
into the howling night sky.

C-17 GLOBEMASTER

The Skydiver clings to the side of the NOSE-DIVING jet.

SCREAMING SOLDIERS pour out of the fiery hole. The hard rain
swallows their fading cries.

CARGO BAY

The cabin pressure starts to equalize.

The Skydiver SPIDER-WALKS down into the fuselage. His
magnetic boots lock onto the flight deck.

There's a DAZED SOLDIER by the drone container. He reaches
for an assault rifle. The Skydiver snaps his neck with ease.

The container's bolted down to the deck. The Skydiver pulls
on the drones. His EXO-suit BULGES. He frees the container.

COCKPIT

A dozen ALARMS sound off.

CO-PILOT
We're going down, sir.

The Pilot dwells on a wallet-sized photo of him with his DAUGHTER on Graduation Day. He unhooks his harness.

CARGO BAY

The Skydiver finishes securing THREE PARACHUTE RIGS to the drone container. Behind him...

The Pilot climbs down a ladder, Glock in hand.

PILOT
Show me your hands, boy. Now!

The Skydiver yanks a rip cord, hangs onto the rig. The trio of parachutes deploy.

The Pilot fires in vain. The Skydiver and the stolen stealth drones vanish into the swirling storm.

EXT. PARACHUTE RIG - NIGHT

The stolen cargo floats high above the open ocean.

The Skydiver sits atop the container, admires the view. He triggers a REMOTE DETONATOR in his EXO-hand.

The little black box under the C-17's wing DETONATES. A jet engine swallows far too much debris, then explodes in a blooming fireball! The wing snaps off.

A hiss of oxygen. The Skydiver pulls off his helmet. He reveals that... SHE'S NO BOY at all! DIETRICH, 30s, is a precision-tuned Ukrainian predator.

She watches the huge plane plummet into the churning water, there's glee in her fire-lit eyes.

The Nighthawk loops around on an intercept course. A V-shaped CATCH HOOK on the craft's nose spreads open.

Dietrich keys the COM LINK on her throat...

DIETRICH
Contact the American.

The hook snags the parachute rig. Dietrich and the stolen drones disappear into the night.

EXT. THE FRANCO/SWISS BORDER - DAY

Spruce trees blanket the mountainous farmland. A Boeing 777 ROARS past on final approach for the Geneva Int'l Airport.

The COLLIDER RING markers encircle over sixteen miles.

SUPER: *CERN. European Organization for Nuclear Research.
Particle Accelerator Complex.*

INT. TUNNEL - UNDERGROUND

Plenty wide enough to walk through. Pipes pumping LIQUID HELIUM cool the humming accelerator tube. There's a HAZMAT warning posted at each junction.

The pipeline snakes for miles until reaching a cavern that houses the world's largest PARTICLE COLLIDER.

INT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - UNDERGROUND

A German scientist, KURTZ, stands on a SCISSOR LIFT facing the supercollider's humming dark void. Hundreds of rotating magnetic panels dwarf the man.

A TECHNICIAN yells up at Kurtz.

INT. LABORATORY - UNDERGROUND

Scientists examine data streaming on flat screens. All the network cables connect to a spinning custom INDUSTRIAL CENTRIFUGE constructed out of TRANSPARENT PLASTIC.

The device stops. The centrifuge contains: A dozen iPhone-sized devices that glow a TRANSLUCENT GRAY. They look like small bars of transparent silver.

NATHAN CRANE, 40s, stares at the luminous cells. He ignores all the other high tech. Everyone wears a lab coat, but Nathan. He's sporting a designer suit. Kurtz frowns.

KURTZ

The United States is not welcome in my lab, Agent Crane.

NATHAN

Well then, lucky for me I'm not here today as an American.

Nathan and Kurtz shake hands.

KURTZ

Good to see you again, my friend.

NATHAN

Likewise. The centrifuge is new.

KURTZ

Yes. My 3-D printer is the fastest in all of Europe.

NATHAN

Now I have to play with it.

KURTZ

Be my guest, what can I do for the International Atomic Energy Agency?

NATHAN

Your work here is very exciting, Doctor Kurtz. But some at the UN think it's a little too exciting.

KURTZ

Nonsense. My proto-nucleus is harvested from pure light. The anti-matter particles are stable.

NATHAN

You've created a first strike nuclear device like no other.

KURTZ

I'm not a war monger! We need anti-matter engines to leave our solar system. How dare--

NATHAN

Nuclear Deterrence only works because uranium is a smoking gun. But your Clean Nukes are completely untraceable. You could vaporize millions in seconds with one of these and no one would ever know who pushed the button.

KURTZ

That's a paranoid theory.

NATHAN

It's a theory that the IAEA doesn't want to see tested by terrorists.

Kurtz ponders that scary thought. He fidgets with his DOSIMETER BADGE that detects RADIATION LEVELS.

KURTZ

This is my life's work.

NATHAN

I trust you with these things, old friend, it's the rest of the free world that I'm worried about.

Nathan's smartphone chimes. He checks the TEXT.

NATHAN

Sorry, I have to cut this short.

KURTZ

Show yourself out, and I'll think on your concerns. Look, I know you're only doing your job, Nathan. But it's just not possible for anyone to smuggle any kind of weapon down here. We're safe.

INT. WORK STATION - UNDERGROUND

A private room. Cables lead to a 3-D PRINTER. Dozens of schematics on screen. Each one a simple part of something bigger. Something that has a -- trigger.

A gloved hand sprays a TEFLON MIST over transparent plastic bullets. The mist gives the projectiles a YELLOW HUE.

LABORATORY

Alarms sound off, sirens flash. Monitors scroll warnings: *Liquid Helium leak. Alpha tube. Full breach imminent.*

Kurtz ushers out the last of his staff. He closes the large EMERGENCY HATCH behind him. The thick metal thuds shut.

Out of the shadows, Nathan rises. He types an ALPHANUMERIC STRING at a work station, all security cameras shut down.

Nathan opens the centrifuge. He takes the Clean Nukes, then secures them in a slim CUSTOM CASE.

LARGE HADRON COLLIDER

Nathan stands high on the familiar SCISSOR LIFT. There's a Clean Nuke in his hand. His finger slides across the shell.

A dialog box blinks: *SELF TERMINATE SEQUENCE INITIATED.* The countdown begins -- 10:00...9:59...

Nathan throws the Clean Nuke into the collider! He extends the lift to max height, brandishes a silenced AR-15 Assault Rifle made of TRANSPARENT PLASTIC. Nathan fires...

Yellow bullets spin and snake inside the see-through DOUBLE DRUM MAGAZINE. Each round's fiery trail tamed by the long transparent silencer. The target: An EXHAUST HATCH.

Dozens of rounds arc off the ceiling. The rifle heats up, almost out of ammo. The safety hatch finally falls OPEN! Nathan drops the MELTING GUN. He eyes the dangling hatch.

Balancing on the lift's thin railing, Nathan VERTICAL JUMPS, he grabs the handle. Nathan contorts, looks down at the steep drop. He hoists himself up into the shaft.

INT. CLEAN NUKE - SUBATOMIC

A galaxy of LIGHTNING STRIKES surround the nucleus. The outer shell collapses. The anti-matter: SUPERNOVAS!

EXT. PARTICLE ACCELERATOR COMPLEX - DAY

Blinding white light plumes, like a CELESTIAL MUSHROOM CLOUD from a nuclear explosion. Wind pounds the landscape. The blast's corona starts to fade...

In the middle of the collider ring, there's...

A FIVE MILE WIDE CRATER! Everything's gone inside the blast radius, as if the matter never existed at all.

Liquid Helium pours out of the compromised tube. The QUICKSILVER CASCADE freezes in the crater. Cauterizing the planet's open wound, like a crystal-filled GEODE.

Panicked scientists watch from a HELIPAD atop a SKYSCRAPER.

Kurtz stands apart from the group. He checks his Dosimeter Badge, it's green. Zero radiation. The HORRIFIC GRAVITY of what he's created hits Kurtz.

This is how Oppenheimer must've felt...

KURTZ

It can't be. There's no radiation signature. We're all clean.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

In the rear view mirror... Eyes just like Nathan's, but this time they anchor a much YOUNGER FACE.

WYATT CRANE, late 20s, rehearses facial expressions and canned greetings...

WYATT

I'm Agent Crane from the FBI, I need to ask you a few questions. Special Agent in Charge Crane. Don't lie to me, ma'am. I'm a Federal Officer. Where is he? My name is Wyatt Crane, have you seen your douchebag cousin since he committed treason?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

BOARDED UP HOUSES dot the backwoods. Wyatt steps out of the sedan, tightens his tie. He heads for the only place that looks vaguely lived in.

SUPER: *Virginia. One Week Later.*

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt steps up on the creaky porch. A BABY MAMA opens the screen door, glares at him. An UNSEEN BABY cries inside.

BABY MAMA

State your business.

WYATT

Hello, my name's Agent Crane.

BABY MAMA

Your first name is Agent?

WYATT

No. I'm Special Agent--

BABY MAMA

What do you want Special Agent, Agent Crane?

WYATT

OK. Have you seen this man?

Wyatt shows her a picture of a SUSPECT. Under the porch, the Suspect hides in a CRAWL SPACE.

BABY MAMA

No. Get off my porch, Fed.

WYATT

This is your cousin, yes? I mean, you two sure do look alike.

BABY MAMA

I told you I haven't seen him.

WYATT

Mind if I take a walk around?

BABY MAMA

Help yourself.

Baby Mama slams the door in Wyatt's face.

Wyatt walks around the back of the house. The baby cries are louder by a window, but a curtain blocks his view.

He continues his search. Behind that drawn curtain, there's no baby. Only an MP3 PLAYER in a CRIB.

Wyatt zeroes in on the crawl space. He pulls out his Glock, scans the prime hiding spot... No one's there anymore.

SEDAN

Wyatt in the driver's seat, he loosens his tie. The Suspect grabs the tie from behind. Wyatt chokes. He lunges for the PUSH BUTTON STARTER, but it's just out of reach.

SUSPECT

Your sidearm. Now.

Gasping for air, Wyatt complies. The Suspect presses the barrel against Wyatt's temple. Crane SNAPS, then resists.

SUSPECT

Game over, rookie. Better l--

Fingertips GRAZE the starter. The tie's knot slips. The sedan fires up. Wyatt gasses hard, then slams the brake.

The Suspect face plants into the dash. The Glock lands near him. Wyatt mashes the accelerator. The two men FIGHT.

SUSPECT

Stop the car now!

The sedan FISHTAILS from shoulder to shoulder. There's a STEEP GRADE dead ahead.

The Suspect grabs the Glock. Wyatt accelerates up and over the high apex. The car takes flight!

The jump makes the Suspect fire wide. He splatters the sedan's windshield with a -- PAINT BALL?!?

The car lands hard. The Suspect's arm smashes against the door, audibly BREAKS! Wyatt regains his composure.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

More shuttered houses and buildings, a GHOST TOWN. Men and women wearing FBI and DEA WINDBREAKERS train their CADETS.

SUPER: *FBI Academy. Tactical Village.
Quantico, Virginia.*

The sedan skids to a stop. All eyes on Wyatt. The Suspect, *who's actually an INSTRUCTOR*, cradles his broken arm.

WYATT

I'm sorry. I--

INSTRUCTOR

Are you nuts, Crane? Knowland will expel you for this!

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

BEN KNOWLAND, 40s, his cropped salt-and-pepper hair frames a weathered face. A face that's seen many tours of duty.

He's seated at his desk. The name plate reads: *Benjamin Knowland, Supervisory Special Agent*. Ben SUPER-GLARES at someone seated across from him...

BEN

We've talked about this before. We agreed this behavior was not going to continue. But here we are, once again. What is it with you and authority figures? Every time you step in something, it gets tracked all over my desk. If you ever pull another stunt like this, you're going back to -- public school.

JAMES, Ben's ten year-old son, looks very sorry.

BEN

Do you feel me, little man?

JAMES

Yes, Daddy. I feel you.

BEN

Good. Now, I know Mommy says never ever fight. And she's right, but if for some reason you must fight: What are the three rules?

JAMES

Never start a fight, but always be ready to end one.

BEN

Rule number two?

Little James demonstrates with his fists as he talks...

JAMES

Block with the right. Jab with the left and keep your shoulder high.

BEN

That's my spawn. And what's all important rule number three?

JAMES

Don't tell Mommy the rules.

BEN

Right. Because if you talk, Daddy has to go the Principal's office.

Ben makes a goofy face. James laughs at his silly father.

JAMES

Daddy, can I ask you for a favor?

BEN

Name it.

JAMES

Go easy on Wyatt, he didn't mean to make you five kinds of mad. He really feels like crap. Please give Wyatt another chance.

BEN

Did Wyatt tell you to say that while you were waiting outside?

JAMES

No. Yes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Outside Ben's office, TRAINEES rush past to and fro. Wyatt sits alone. A beautiful woman waits too, MRS. KNOWLAND.

The door opens, Ben and James step out. James hugs his mother. Ben kisses his wife.

MRS. KNOWLAND

Did you two have a good chat?

BEN & JAMES

Yes, ma'am.

BEN

Remember what we talked about,
little man.

James nods yes, then WHISPERS to Wyatt...

JAMES

I put in a good word for you.

WYATT

Thanks, dawg.

Wyatt and James fist bump it out. Ben glares at Wyatt with that already familiar SUPER-GLARE.

Mrs. Knowland and James leave. Wyatt steps into the open office. Ben follows, starts to close the door...

BEN

We've talked about this before--

As the door shuts. It's not long before yelling escalates in the unseen office. The door eventually opens. Ben steps out. Wyatt pursues him down the corridor...

WYATT

Supervisor Knowland, please.

BEN

The training exercise was over the moment the suspect got the drop on you, son. Period. That instructor you injured has more heart than you'll ever have. Be honest. Deep down inside, you always wanted to quit. That way you can blame everyone around you but yourself for failing, right?

WYATT

No, I swear I didn't know he was hurt, sir. I don't know why I didn't stop the car. Something just snapped. I'm sorry, sir.

BEN

I'm sorry, too. We need all the good agents we can get. But you're a waste of talent, cadet. I want you to quit the academy, Crane, effective immediately.

WYATT

No sir. I'll be at my disciplinary hearing at *oh-nine-hundred*, sharp.

BEN

Don't make me expel you. Just go on home and vlog on YouTube about how unfair your life is.

WYATT

I can't go home, sir.

BEN

After knowing you for six weeks, I find that very easy to believe.

WYATT

Yes sir.

EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - DAY

Ben strides out the FRONT ENTRANCE, Wyatt trailing.

WYATT

I spent every dime I had to get here, sir. Please let me stay.

BEN

And why would I allow that?

WYATT

So, I can become an FBI agent and uphold American values--

BEN

You're through, Crane. Leave.

Ben reaches the SUV. Wyatt searches for honest words...

WYATT

Because the academy might finally be the right place for me.

BEN

Might? You could've gone anywhere in the world, learned anything you wanted while making your superior officers miserable. So why here?

WYATT

I honestly don't know, sir.

BEN

If you ever want to be an FBI agent, you're going to have to get past me, kid.

Ben steps into his SUV, starts it up. He rolls down the window, then hands Wyatt a BUSINESS CARD.

BEN

Call me with your answer to my question, day or night. I'll stand with you at your hearing tomorrow morning. Now get out of my jurisdiction, cadet.

WYATT

Yes sir. Thank you.

Ben drives off. Wyatt smiles, watches them leave. Little James waves out the back window. Wyatt waves goodbye to the boy, then enters Ben's data into his cell.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Wyatt stares at a shot of Tequila. He looks at his smartphone, the contact on display: BEN. The ring tone chimes. The call's coming in from a BLOCKED NUMBER...

WYATT

Wyatt Crane.

NATHAN

Hello, little brother. It's been a long time.

WYATT

Not long enough. Goodbye shithead.

NATHAN

Wyatt, wait--

WYATT

This fucking day just keeps getting better and better. How the hell did you even get this number?

NATHAN

It's a long story. My battery's about to die. Where are you?

WYATT

Bungalow Alehouse, on the PW Parkway in--

Nathan hangs up. Wyatt stares at his cell in disbelief. He looks at the BARTENDER...

WYATT

Did that just happen?

The Bartender shrugs. The LAND LINE rings. The Bartender answers the call. He offers the phone to Wyatt...

NATHAN

Wyatt, are you there? Hello?

WYATT

Yes, I'm still here.

NATHAN

I need to see you. It's very important that you come to New York City, tonight.

WYATT

I can't do that, I have--

NATHAN

There will be a first class ticket waiting for you at Dulles Int'l Airport. Please, tell no one where you're going, do you understand?

WYATT

Yeah I hear you, but trust is a two way street, not a one way ticket. Where have you been--

NATHAN

I know, I've been a lousy brother, and I want to change that, Wyatt. But first I need your help. I'll be at JFK, I can't wait to see you.

And CLICK. Nathan's gone.

Wyatt contemplates his DILEMMA. He drinks the Tequila, then makes a decision. Wyatt flags down the Bartender...

WYATT

One for the road, make it a double.

BARTENDER

You got it.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - JFK AIRPORT - DAWN

A red eye flight touches down on a runway.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - CONCOURSE B - DAY

Wyatt navigates through a river of people. He doesn't see the MORNING NEWS REPORT on a flat screen...

ANCHORMAN

Today, Army officials released a statement about the cargo jet crash that claimed the lives of fourteen American soldiers last week.

An impatient JERK pushes his way past Wyatt.

ANCHORMAN

The C-17 went down during a routine rerouting flight. There was no cargo on board. Due to the ocean depths, it will be some time before the aircraft can be recovered.

ANCHORWOMAN

Up next, the UN continues its extensive investigation into the Large Hadron Collider accident. Once the world's largest particle accelerator complex, now the subject of global speculation as to where modern science went wrong.

ANCHORMAN

And at the top of the hour, we go live from the Kremlin. Russia's newly appointed First Deputy Prime Minister, Mikhail Francov, will make his first public statement.

Wyatt passes a TSA AGENT. He watches Wyatt, keys his radio.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Luggage ambles along the conveyor belt. Wyatt stands close to the carousel. He doesn't see what he's looking for.

Wyatt sits and waits. More luggage plops out. He fidgets in the plastic seat, checks his phone. No new messages.

On a nearby monitor, the MORNING NEWS REPORT continues from the steps of the KREMLIN...

EXT. KREMLIN - NIGHT

The CHEERING MASSES flood the RED SQUARE. One man stands by a podium, a giant RUSSIAN FLAG stretched behind him...

MIKHAIL FRANCOV, 50's, stinks of calculated charisma and he's got the classic Kennedy jaw line to back it up.

FRANCOV

(Russian w/English subs)

The nature of war has changed. And we must change with it. Last week, the enemies of our freedom created: Clean Nukes. Untraceable nuclear devices. We know the CIA destroyed the supercollider in a cowardly attempt to cover up the discovery. Nuclear Deterrence is dead. A new Cold War is upon us. Russia must unify with our Ukrainian brothers and sisters to lead the globe in Clean Nuke proliferation!

The ROAR of the throng fills the Red Square.

The crowd holds their cell phones high. All those glowing screens cast an EERIE AURA on Francov's smiling face.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - LOST & FOUND - DAY

A cheerful AIRLINE REP smiles at Wyatt...

AIRLINE REP

I'm sorry, sir. This claim voucher is invalid.

WYATT

But that's what the ticket agent gave me when I checked in.

AIRLINE REP

I'll try again. I can't seem to locate that number. I'm very sorry, sir. I can help you file a lost luggage report.

Four TSA AGENTS flank LAU WAI, 30s, a fit Chinese-American in a suit. Lau smiles. Wyatt doesn't like the look of this.

LAU

Wyatt Crane, come with me.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A HANDCUFFED Wyatt sits in the ALL-WHITE space alone. One table, two chairs, a locked door and zero windows.

The door eventually opens. Lau steps inside. He sets the luggage down, hangs his jacket over a video camera. Lau hovers over Wyatt, starts to roll up his sleeves.

WYATT

Who are you? Why am I handcuffed?

LAU

You'll have to forgive the TSA's enthusiasm. They assumed they had caught their first terrorist.

WYATT

Who, me? Why would anyone ever think that about me?

LAU

Because you're a talented loner with no family ties. People like you are much easier for our enemies to recruit, Mister Crane.

WYATT

Who are you?

Lau searches Wyatt's luggage. He finds Ben's business card, then STEALS it without Wyatt noticing.

LAU

I'm the special agent in charge of you. And I ask the questions. Why are you here in New York City?

WYATT

To meet my brother.

LAU
Where is Nathan Crane?

WYATT
I don't know. He was supposed to meet me here at the airport.

LAU
When did you last speak to him?

WYATT
Last night on the phone. He asked me to meet him here and hung up.

That fact piques Lau's interest.

LAU
When did you last see your brother?

WYATT
Christmas, eight years ago. Why are you so interested in Nathan? I thought all this was about me.

LAU
I know who you are. You're half-baked cookie dough from Quantico that should be at a disciplinary hearing right now. Tell me more about your older brother.

WYATT
Nathan's a junk bond trader.

LAU
Tell me about the man, not his job.

WYATT
He likes to dip his Oreos in milk.

LAU
I like to dip my Oreos in milk too.

WYATT
Yeah? Let me ask you a personal question: Would you blow off your own brother if he flew into town?

LAU
I don't see my brother anymore.

WYATT
Why not?

LAU

His wife thinks I'm an asshole.
Why did you turn your back on a
career in the FBI to meet a brother
you don't even like?

WYATT

I don't know anymore. My brother's
an asshole too, but that doesn't
make him a terrorist. Are we done
here, Special Agent?

LAU

Wyatt Crane, I'm detaining you
under suspicion of terrorist-
related activity. If you resist,
formal charges will be filed
against you.

WYATT

What? I haven't done anything!

LAU

Bullshit! Where is your brother?!

WYATT

I swear, I don't know!

INT. PASSENGER JET - DAY

Wyatt sits in the window seat. There's an AIR MARSHAL
between him and the aisle. The main cabin door seals shut.

INT. DEPARTURE GATE - DAY

Lau watches a re-broadcast of Francov's speech. He doesn't
notice the man wearing a STETSON COWBOY HAT watching him.

The STETSON MAN consults his POCKET WATCH, then walks away.

PASSENGER JET

A HANDCUFFED Wyatt watches The Stetson Man flash CREDENTIALS
at a BAGGAGE HANDLER. They walk towards the rear of the jet.

WYATT

Hey, I need to use the bathroom.
Can you take these off, please?
Come on, I don't want kids to see
me like this. It'll scare them.

The Air Marshal picks Wyatt up out of the seat, escorts him down the aisle. He pushes Wyatt into the LAVATORY. The Air Marshal stays close. Wyatt leaves the door slightly ajar.

An old STAIR TRUCK pulls up. The REAR CABIN DOOR slides open. Wyatt can't see the face under the cowboy hat. The Stetson Man, now in coveralls, carries a case of soft drinks.

STETSON MAN

Excuse me, sir.

The Marshal blocks the aisle. He retreats to the galley, where the Stetson Man drops the case. Flight attendants rush to clean the mess, trapping the Marshal.

Loose cans roll everywhere. The Stetson Man discreetly kicks one of them close to Wyatt. With a voice as smooth as single barrel bourbon, RIDLEY TURNER, 50s, whispers to Wyatt:

RIDLEY

Mister Crane, I presume?

WYATT

Who are you?

RIDLEY

I'm a friend of your family.

WYATT

Why should I believe you?

RIDLEY

Because Nathan Crane works for me. And you must come with me now, if you ever want to find him.

The Air Marshal clears the soda can mess. Wyatt shakes his head, NO. Ridley swats him with his Stetson.

RIDLEY

You're nothing like your brother, boy. He wouldn't just sit there with his pants down. I guess the apple can fall far from the tree after all. Enjoy the rest of your life in whatever black site they dump you in. Goodbye, kid.

Ridley departs. The Air Marshal sees the open exit. The Stair Truck backs away. The Marshal reaches for his gun, it's now or never...

Wyatt leaps into the light of day!

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Wyatt lunges for the Stair Truck. His handcuffed wrists cling to the edge of the TOP STEP.

Ridley floors the Stair Truck in reverse. Wyatt's legs dangle in front of the windshield.

RIDLEY

Welcome to New York City, son, hang on tight!

The Air Marshal stands in the open doorway. He fires at will with his sidearm.

Wide shots spark off the metal around Wyatt. His bound wrists quickly losing their grip. Wyatt screams.

Ridley cuts the wheel hard. The Stair Truck ONE-EIGHTIES, as Wyatt's fingertips start to slip! Just as the truck stops, he lets go and PANCAKES on the hood.

RIDLEY

Get up, now.

Wyatt peels himself off the hood, climbs into the cab. The marshal's bullets harmlessly clang off the stairs.

Ridley gasses the truck. Up ahead, there's a log jam of PASSENGER JETS on a TAXIWAY.

The Air Marshal talks into his cell...

AIR MARSHAL

Crane escaped. Someone on the inside is helping him!

DEPARTURE GATE

Lau ends the Marshal's call. He speed dials someone...

LAU

Watchtower, you've got unauthorized personnel on the tarmac. No, burn the incident report. Wyatt Crane was never here, understood?

He hangs up, then pulls out Ben's business card. Lau looks at the contact info, then RIPS UP the card.

TARMAC

Wyatt climbs into the Stair Truck. Ridley gasses the old rig. AIRPORT POLICE CRUISERS block all the exits.

Only one option left. Ridley streaks onto the TAXIWAY full of gridlocked jets. There's a GIANT TURBINE dead ahead!

Ridley jerks the wheel, almost takes out the SCREECHING ENGINE. Police pursue him. The truck clumsily serpentine around the jets. Much to Wyatt's dismay...

WYATT

Why don't you just stop and show the police your credentials?

RIDLEY

Because I don't have any authority on American soil. But most baggage handlers don't know that.

WYATT

You and my brother are CIA?

RIDLEY

Most of the time.

WYATT

Do you at least have a gun?

RIDLEY

Of course not, this is an airport.

WYATT

So, what exactly does my brother do for you?

RIDLEY

Nothing since he went dark on me two weeks ago.

WYATT

What? You said you could take me to Nathan.

RIDLEY

I said I was the only hope you have of ever finding your brother.

Ridley sees a chance for freedom. There's a huge tandem LUGGAGE CARRIER between them and a CARGO HANGAR. Ridley aims the Stair Truck at the carrier, hits top speed.

WYATT

There's no way you can clear that.

RIDLEY

You're right. Buckle up.

Wyatt fumbles with the SAFETY BELT. The overstuffed luggage carrier seconds away. He finally clicks the belt.

The Stair Truck plows into the carrier. Luggage flies into the air, like hundreds of graduation caps.

Ridley and Wyatt exit the truck. They run up the STAIR RAMP and over the massive luggage pile.

But Wyatt has second thoughts. He watches the cruisers converge on the wreck. This is all too much for him.

Wyatt puts his handcuffed wrists in the air.

The Airport Police arrive. The cops deploy. That's when Ridley YANKS Wyatt over to the other side.

He sheds his coveralls. Underneath, Ridley's wearing a suit and matching vest. He searches an interior pocket.

WYATT

I thought you didn't have a gun.

RIDLEY

I have something far more useful,
care for a snort?

Wyatt declines. Ridley takes a swig of bourbon from a GLASS HALF PINT. He stuffs his silk handkerchief into the bottle.

Ridley strikes a match. The designer silk ignites. He throws the glass bottle at the luggage heap.

The little bourbon bomb pops, then blossoms. Orange flames coat Ridley's makeshift blockade.

The Airport Police back away from the growing blaze.

INT. CARGO HANGAR - DAY

A door cracks open, Ridley scans the interior. The hangar appears to be empty.

Wyatt catches his breath. Ridley produces LOCK PICKS. He works on Wyatt's handcuffs as they talk...

WYATT

Why did you lie to me?

RIDLEY

It seemed the best way to motivate you at the time.

WYATT

Do you even have the slightest idea of where Nathan might be?

RIDLEY

I was hoping you could tell me.

WYATT

Shit. How the hell would I know? I haven't seen him in years.

RIDLEY

That's true. But you did talk to your brother last night. Yes?

WYATT

Nathan hung up on me just seconds after he called.

RIDLEY

That was it? You flew to New York because of one dropped call?

Ridley picks the lock, frees Wyatt.

RIDLEY

Trust me, Wyatt. I need to find Nathan just as bad as you do. He's the only one that can help us now.

WYATT

Nathan called back on a land line and told me to meet him here. That's all he said, I swear. I don't know anything else.

RIDLEY

I've got a car parked nearby. Our best bet is to head into the city. If Nathan's there, he'll find us.

Wyatt searches Ridley's face. Can he really trust this guy?

RIDLEY

Yeah, I get that a lot. But look at this way, at least I know where your brother lives. Do you, boy?

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - DAY

A huge SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE lowers a stack of INTERMODAL SHIPPING CONTAINERS onto a flatbed truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Several shipping containers fill the empty space. One of them is much longer than the rest.

Dock Workers unload the last container. The flatbed truck drives away. They lock the gate from the outside.

A RAT pads across the floor. The vermin sniffs a container, then SCURRIES away. Someone inside it starts up a CHAINSAW.

The whirring blade shreds the steel. Sparks erupt out of that module. The saw cuts through the exterior locks.

The door swings open. Someone strides through the smoke...

Could this be Nathan? Wrong, it's Dietrich. She tosses the chainsaw, pulls up her goggles and inhales the Brooklyn air.

DIETRICH

I love the stench of New York.

Dietrich claps. A dozen SLAVIC MERCS stride out of the container with purpose. They split off in silent pairs and start opening the other containers.

Last one out of the smoke is MILA (*mee-luh*), late 20s. She's a younger sexpot tomboy slice of her sister, Dietrich.

A wife-beater clings to Mila's wiry frame. She tosses a set of CAR KEYS to Dietrich.

MILA

(Ukrainian w/English subs)

The Aston Martin DBR10 can beat your toy car any day.

DIETRICH

(Ukrainian w/English subs)

Practice your English, Mila.

MILA

Fine. Aston Martin has superior engineering than Ford.

DIETRICH

The GT40 won Le Mans four times.

MILA

Who cares about a decadent French race? You're far too old school, big sister.

DIETRICH

There is no new school without the old school, little sister. Now, go open your present.

The sisters part ways. Dietrich unlocks a container. She peels back a CAR COVER, caresses what's underneath...

A pristine red 1968 FORD GT40 gleams. Six hundred horsepower of supercharged American know-how. Same exact model that Steve McQueen raced in Le Mans. An old school -- SUPER CAR.

Crowbar in hand, Mila gleefully pries open the biggest container. There's a slender Havoc MI-28 Russian GUNSHIP tucked into the shipping module. A big toy in a big box.

Mila marvels at the high caliber front-mounted DUAL AUTO CANNONS. Each gun equipped with an ample DRUM MAGAZINE.

MILA

(Ukrainian w/English Subs)

Best birthday gift ever.

Dietrich WHISTLES into an egg carton-shaped crate. Something within stirs. It's a MECHANICAL SPARROW! The critter's constructed out of gray carbon fiber.

The high tech bird stretches its engineered wings.

DIETRICH

Who's a good soldier? You are.

The dark sparrow perches on Dietrich's index finger. She whistles a melody. The device powers up, its eyes glowing.

Dietrich cups the bird in both hands, then LAUNCHES it into the air. The tiny drone takes flight.

There's lots of movement in the crate. The carbon fiber flock hovers, then streaks away.

Dietrich watches her minions infiltrate New York City.

EXT. NYC SKYLINE - DAY

A carbon fiber sparrow perches atop an arch of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE. The bird blends right in with the living avians.

Another of Dietrich's flock secures itself to the rooftop of the NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

The last drone-sparrow descends. The device nestles within the STATUE OF LIBERTY'S torch.

WAREHOUSE

Mila types away on a GETAC NOTEBOOK. It's connected to a humming PORTABLE SERVER under it.

On the display: A grid map of NYC with plotted points. The final dot turns from RED to GREEN.

MILA

Wireless ad hoc network online.
Biometric security activated.

Every mobile device Dietrich's team has CHIMES PERFECTLY IN SYNC with each other. As if they were now all linked.

All the Mercs check their smartphones. Each one using their THUMB PRINT to log into the device.

Dietrich listens to her voicemail...

NATHAN (V.O.)

Meet me tomorrow at the Cloisters,
eighteen-hundred hours. Payment
due upon delivery. Or the next
Clean Nuke I detonate will be in
your hometown.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY

Ridley's Cadillac Eldorado cruises 6th Street. The parade of brownstones seems endless to Wyatt.

WYATT

Do you really believe that my
brother is a terrorist?

RIDLEY

Nathan's the only man I know that
makes an exacting science out of
hiding his emotions. Great in the
field, but hell on my nerves.

WYATT

Welcome to my life. We've driven
around this block three times.

RIDLEY
Four actually.

Ridley parks the Eldorado in front of a shabby brownstone.

RIDLEY
Third floor, last door on the left.

WYATT
Why do you think Nathan called me?

RIDLEY
I think he either wants to protect you. Or use you as a distraction.

WYATT
A distraction?

RIDLEY
It's what I'd do if half the free world was hunting me and I didn't care about my family.

WYATT
Nathan used me to bait Lau.

RIDLEY
If Special Agent Wai was truly operational, this place should be crawling with field agents by now.

WYATT
Why aren't they here?

RIDLEY
Because your Chinese friend is hunting Nathan, off book.

Wyatt exits the Eldorado.

WYATT
Thanks for the cash and everything, Ridley. Aren't you coming with me?

RIDLEY
Hell no, I already searched that place three times. Good luck, kid.

The Cadillac pulls into traffic, then speeds away, but across the street...

Someone in a PARKED VAN watches Wyatt.

INT. RIDLEY'S ELDORADO - DAY

Ridley sets a BLUETOOTH device in his ear, makes a call...

RIDLEY

Nothing yet, but he's here. I can feel it. Wyatt's not a concern. The young lady's now in play too. She arrived this morning. And I don't see Nathan risking exposure to contact her, but he might.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wyatt knocks on the last door on the left. He practices upbeat facial expressions, then knocks again.

No answer. Wyatt searches the door frame, as if he were looking for spare keys.

That's when a NOSY NEIGHBOR opens her door...

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Can I help you?

WYATT

I'm here to see my brother, Nathan.

NOSY NEIGHBOR

OK. Show me your ID, please.

WYATT

I can't. Because I lost my wallet at the airport.

The Nosy Neighbor isn't buying that line.

NOSY NEIGHBOR

Maybe you should try him at work.

INT. CARAS FINANCIAL GROUP - LOBBY - DAY

Stock brokers and bike messengers navigate each other.

The RECEPTIONIST clicks a mouse at her work station. She shakes her head no at someone...

RECEPTIONIST

According to my database, Nathan Crane has never worked in this building, ever. I'm sorry I can't be of more help to you -- ma'am.

That's the last thing KAREN HAYDEN, late 20s, ever expected to hear. She's at a loss for words. A look of utter defeat on her dimpled face. Karen tears up.

KAREN

But that can't be.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you alright? Please, don't cry. Can I get you a bottled water? Is there something else I can do for you? You poor thing.

KAREN

Honestly, I wouldn't know where to start. I should probably just forget about him and take the next flight back to Oklahoma City.

Karen weeps. The Receptionist offers her a tissue.

KAREN

Thank you.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - SUBWAY STOP - DAY

Wyatt trots up the steps into daylight. A reggae duo plays steel drums for spare change.

INT. CARAS FINANCIAL GROUP - LOBBY - DAY

Wyatt approaches the Receptionist.

WYATT

Hello, I'm here to see my brother, Nathan. Could you please let him know I'm here.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly, sir. One moment.

She calls someone...

RECEPTIONIST

Could you let Nathan know his brother is here to see him?

The Receptionist listens a while, then ends the call. Wyatt assumes the worst.

RECEPTIONIST

Nathan will be right down, sir.

WYATT

Thank you.

Wyatt takes a seat, then paces. He's got zero idea what he'll say to Nathan. But Wyatt's just glad--

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Where's my little brother at?

JANITOR NATHAN, in coveralls, stares at Wyatt.

WYATT

Sorry, there's been a mistake. I'm looking for Nathan Crane. He's a stock broker.

RECEPTIONIST

No one works here by that name.

WYATT

How could you know that? You didn't even check.

RECEPTIONIST

Because I looked it up for someone else. And if you ask me, your asshole brother doesn't deserve a nice girl like her. Good day, sir.

INT. PARAGON SPORTING GOODS COMPANY - DAY

A retail chain for all your extreme sports needs.

Wyatt sets a hundred foot ROPE COIL next to climbing gear and binoculars. The CASHIER totals the goods: \$582.

CASHIER

Cash or charge?

Wyatt reaches for a wallet he no longer has. Instead, he pulls out the crumpled cash Ridley gave him.

WYATT

I'll just take the rope, carabiners and a roll of duct tape please.

INT. RALPH LAUREN BOUTIQUE - DAY

World class designer dresses fill the extravagantly renovated upper East Side mansion.

A manicured Dietrich models a killer black dress. The snug leather bodice accentuates her muscled contours. Dietrich has a captive audience: One very bored Mila.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Dietrich exits the boutique. Mila follows, and balances a stack of Ralph Lauren boxes...

MILA

I'm starving. I want authentic New York hot dogs with relish, mustard and extra onions. And they will be prepared for me by a genuine New York street vendor.

DIETRICH

Patience darling. There's just a few more things I want to buy before we vaporize the city.

Dietrich kisses her little sister on the cheek.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wyatt surveils Nathan's place from the ADJACENT BUILDING.

There's a familiar VAN parked down the block. The back door opens. Out steps a pudgy man in a suit, GLEASON.

Gleason lights a wood pipe. He puffs until the tobacco cherries a bright orange. Gleason relishes his break on the sidewalk. He eventually snuffs the pipe, enters the van.

A nervous Wyatt gauges the ALLEY: It's a car length across and a five story drop. He gives himself the max running start, grips the rope coil.

WYATT

When I find you big brother, I'm going to beat the shit out of you.

His palms covered with duct tape, Wyatt sprints for all he's worth. He leaps from the edge, soars across the alley!

EXT. NATHAN'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt muffs the tuck and roll, lands on his ass. He lays there for a moment, grateful to be alive. Wyatt tests the ROOF ACCESS DOOR, it's locked from the inside.

He secures the rope around a VENTILATION SHAFT. Wyatt rappels down towards Nathan's floor, almost there...

On the SIDEWALK below, Gleason exits the van! He answers his ringing cell. Wyatt halts his descent. If this guy looks up, he's toast. Gleason sparks his pipe, answers the call.

GLEASON

This is Gleason. Virginia change much since you graduated?

Gleason exhales as he listens. Smoke WAFTS up to Wyatt. His muscles straining hard in mid-rappel.

GLEASON

No sign of Crane since this morning. Either one of them, sir.

Up on the roof, the vent shaft starts to UNHINGE.

BLOOD seeps through the tape on Wyatt's palms. He winces in pain. Wyatt slips, then steadies himself. A droplet of blood FALLS... Splatters next to the fat man's shoe!

The rope's anchor shifts again. Gleason scans the alley with his phone's LED. Wyatt freezes. The light goes out.

GLEASON

It was nothing. I'll call you in four hours. You owe me one, Lau.

INT. NATHAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

In the BEDROOM, Wyatt quietly breaks a tape-coated WINDOW PANE. He unlocks the latch. Wyatt enters the loft.

An extensive search yields zilch. Wyatt zeroes in on a FAMILY PHOTO mounted on the living room wall:

It's TODDLER WYATT and TEEN NATHAN, smiling brothers arm in arm. The siblings stand in a SPEEDBOAT that's decorated with patriotic streamers. Fireworks bloom in the background.

Fond memories ambush Wyatt. He notices the wallpaper around the picture doesn't quite match up.

LATER

Wyatt tosses chunks of drywall. There's a SAFE embedded in the wall. The NUMERIC KEY PAD displays: *****

He sprinkles drywall dust on the device. Wyatt blows on the buttons. Residue sticks to -- *Four, Seven, Nine and Zero.*

WYATT

Four numbers for six digits. This could take a while.

Wyatt looks at the Fourth of July family photo, then realizes the answer. He presses: 0-7-0-4-9-0. The safe opens.

Inside, there's a gun with no bullets. Wyatt keeps the 9mm Beretta anyway. He tosses aside a pile of fake passports, grabs two stacks of EUROS and a SMARTPHONE.

Wyatt powers up the device. On screen: There's missed calls from Lau. Plus one message from Ridley...

RIDLEY

Talk to me, Nathan. I know who you've been meeting. Don't go through with the deal, son.

Lastly, there's a DUFFEL BAG full of portable surveillance gear. Wyatt recognizes a piece of tech...

WYATT

GeoTag trackers. Sweet.

In the foyer, Wyatt stands on a step ladder. He conceals a MOTION DETECTOR and an ATOMIZER inside a vent grate.

Wyatt waves a newspaper. The detector triggers the atomizer to spray a FINE MIST. *x1000 magnification reveals:* Hundreds of NANOCHIPS adhere to the colorful stringy pulp.

GeoTag posts an update on the smartphone. Wyatt initializes a MAP GRID. On screen: A blinking BLIP shows the paper's location in real time.

WYATT

Portable tracking is my friend.

Wyatt's inner geek digs the tech. He doesn't see the SHADOW under the door! The floor creaks, fear paralyzes Wyatt. The door knob turns, but it's locked.

NOSY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Nathan, is that you?

The Nosy Neighbor eventually walks away. Wyatt relaxes.

WYATT

When do you sleep, woman?

INT. UTILITY VAN - NIGHT

A drowsy Gleason fights off sleep. There's a KNOCK. A monitor reveals -- it's Ridley. He flashes credentials.

Gleason opens the back door. Ridley enters, a SILVER FLASK in his hand...

RIDLEY

Lau asked me to relieve you, sir.

GLEASON

Since when?

RIDLEY

Since he woke me up an hour ago,
sleepy head. Care for a snort
before you call your boss?

Gleason ponders the offer, then takes a big swig. That's when Ridley SLITS his fat throat with a STRAIGHT RAZOR!

NATHAN'S ROOFTOP - DAY

Wyatt sleeps against a heating duct. Far below, Karen exits a cab. She looks up at Nathan's shut curtains.

UTILITY VAN

It's still a bloody mess. Gleason's cell vibrates, it's Lau calling. Ridley lets voicemail pick up. *On a monitor:* Karen enter the building.

Ridley watches her. He takes a long pull from his flask, then cleans the razor with bourbon...

RIDLEY

It's time to find out what this
little girl is made of.

NATHAN'S LOFT

Karen knocks on the door, it creaks open. She steps into the foyer. The atomizer discharges. NANOCHIPS coat her hair.

KAREN

Hello? Anyone home?

NATHAN'S ROOFTOP

The smartphone chimes. Wyatt sleeps through the update.

The cell rings, it's a BLOCKED NUMBER. The noise wakes Wyatt. Could it finally be Nathan? Wyatt answers the call.

WYATT

Hello?

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Lau holds the phone while Ben speaks into his phone...

BEN

Guess I can't blame you for not showing up this morning, cadet.

WYATT (V.O.)

Sir? What do you mean?

LAU

Did Nathan help you at the airport? I want the truth this time.

WYATT (V.O.)

I already told you, I don't know where my brother is.

LAU

And yet you answer his phone. Who are you really working for, Wyatt?

WYATT (V.O.)

I swear to you, Supervisor Knowland is not involved. Leave him alone, please. He doesn't know anything.

LAU

Tell me where Nathan is or I'll arrest your friend for treason!

WYATT (V.O.)

I can't tell you what I don't know!

Lau hangs up on Wyatt. He shows Ben a WARRANT.

LAU

Several witnesses verify that you spoke with Wyatt Crane as you were leaving here yesterday. What exactly did you two talk about?

(MORE)

Tell me every detail. Or we'll continue this chat at a black site.

BEN

I'm curious, does it say in my personnel file why I took this posting here at the academy?

LAU

Enlighten me.

BEN

Well, I consider it my personal mission in life to ensure that our young impressionable cadets don't turn into entitled tyrants, like you. I'm tired of rendition happy field agents waging a campaign of fear against the free world. My little boy will not grow up in that kind of world. Not on my watch.

Ben presses an unseen button under his desktop. The door LOCKS itself. Ben rolls up his sleeves, makes a call.

BEN

Now, if you want to walk out here, Special Agent Wai, you're going to tell me everything you know about my cadet's family right now. Do you feel me?

LAU

Put the phone down, Knowland.

BEN

Make me. If you're operational, I'm the Pope.

Lau POWER-KICKS the desk, pins Ben against the wall. Ben flips the desk. Lau jumps back, adopts a FIGHTING STANCE.

He lunges at Ben, punches hard. Ben blocks, like a good boxer should. Lau kicks Ben's legs out from under him.

LAU

Stop, I don't want to hurt you.

Ben stands. He lands a thunderous HAYMAKER. Lau hits the deck. Ben searches him, finds a grainy photo of DIETRICH.

BEN

Who is she? Talk to me!

INT. NATHAN'S LOFT - DAY

Karen notices drywall dust on the floor. She takes down the family photo, inspects the exposed safe...

RIDLEY (O.S.)
Are you lost?

The query frightens Karen. Ridley's all smiles.

KAREN
You scared me. Sorry, I let myself in. The door was open.

RIDLEY
Really? How odd. I don't recall leaving it unlocked.

KAREN
It's not what you think. There's no need to call the police.

RIDLEY
Don't worry, I won't.

KAREN
Have you seen Mister Crane lately?

RIDLEY
Sadly, no. He took time off work for a personal project. Is there a message you'd like me to deliver?

KAREN
No, thanks. I just wanted to ask him a few work-related questions.

RIDLEY
Oh, you two work together? Nathan and I talk shop all the time. Maybe I can answer your questions.

KAREN
I think I should be going now. Someone's waiting for me outside, what's your name again?

RIDLEY
I never told you, my dear. Before you go, would you care for a snort?

Ridley offers Karen the silver flask. She clutches her bag.

KAREN
I don't drink.

RIDLEY
Pity.

NATHAN'S ROOFTOP

Wyatt watches Ridley assault Karen. She resists, but he drags her kicking and screaming to the bedroom. Wyatt's seen enough injustice. He grabs the rope coil.

NATHAN'S BEDROOM

Ridley zip-ties Karen's wrists to the bed frame. He searches her laptop bag...

RIDLEY
What's the access code for the safe, Karen?

KAREN
I don't know. I just walked in here a minute before you did.

RIDLEY
You should've stayed in Oklahoma City. Oh my. Look at all this intel you've gathered. So, why are you looking for Nathan Crane?

KAREN
I was going to ask you the very same question.

Ridley pulls out the STRAIGHT RAZOR. He taunts Karen.

RIDLEY
Try again.

KAREN
I just needed closure, OK? So, I flew to New York on a whim.

RIDLEY
You don't look like the long distance relationship type. Are you, Karen?

KAREN
No, I don't believe in them. They never seem to work out.

RIDLEY

I agree, communicating face to face is always best. Now tell me a story and make it good.

KAREN

All I know is in that bag. The data trail led me here. I came to New York to ask a total stranger a personal question. That's it.

RIDLEY

And what question would that be?

NATHAN'S LOFT

Ridley evaluates the locked safe. He places a BLUETOOTH DEVICE in his ear, then calls someone...

RIDLEY

I don't think Nathan's going to show up for a tearful family reunion after all.

DIETRICH (V.O.)

The younger brother could still be useful. Bring him to me.

INT. NATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wyatt taps on the glass, surprises Karen. He clutches the rope tight, opens the window. Wyatt shushes Karen.

WYATT

Don't scream, please.

KAREN

Who the hell are you?

WYATT

A friend of the Crane family.

KAREN

That's what the psycho neighbor in the next room told me.

WYATT

Ridley works for the CIA. He's Nathan's handler. I think.

KAREN

Nathan Crane works for the CIA?

WYATT

Yes. And if you want to find him,
you must come with me right now.
He's the only one that can help us.

Wyatt saws through the zip ties with a NAIL FILE.

NATHAN'S LOFT

Ridley pushes buttons, the safe rejects the code. He hears something in the bedroom.

NATHAN'S BEDROOM

Wyatt's out the window, rope in hand. Karen notices the gun tucked into his waist.

KAREN

How do I know you won't shoot me
once we get out of here?

WYATT

The gun's empty and my arm's about
to fall off. Can we go now please?

KAREN

Wait, I almost forgot my bag.

WYATT

Leave your stuff.

KAREN

No, I need it. Just one second.

Laptop bag in hand, Karen looks down into the alley at the STEEP DROP. She reaches out to Wyatt.

That's when Ridley grabs Karen from behind!

RIDLEY

Two for one. It's my lucky day.

He throws Karen on the bed. Ridley reaches for a REVOLVER tucked into his suit.

RIDLEY

Come in here, son. Or the young
lady gets a closed casket funeral.

Wyatt swings and smashes through the window! He body slams and downs Ridley. Wyatt pulls out his Beretta.

WYATT
Hands up, Ridley. Kick the gun
over here now.

A grinning Ridley raises his arms. He tosses the revolver
behind him into the loft. Karen eyes a TABLE LAMP.

RIDLEY
Oops, my bad. Now what?

WYATT
Now I'll have to shoot you.

RIDLEY
I see. Well, before I pass on, I'd
like to know what's in the safe.

WYATT
Nothing that concerns you.

RIDLEY
You're lying to me, boy.

WYATT
You lied to me first.

RIDLEY
Well here's some truth for you
junior, Nathan's meeting with a
group of Ukrainians today.

WYATT
Why would he do that?

RIDLEY
Don't you watch TV, boy? The
Russians outed Nathan. They know
he's selling the Clean Nukes to
their disgruntled neighbors.

WYATT
Selling them for what?

RIDLEY
They're Ukrainian patriots for
Christ's sake, do the math! They
want Russia out of their country,
by any means necessary. Nathan
must be stopped. If you run from
me, I can't protect you from them.

Karen whumps Ridley upside the head with the lamp! The blow
drives the BLUETOOTH deep into Ridley's EAR CANAL.

Excruciating pain disorients Ridley. He pulls on the bloody Bluetooth, but it won't come out. Ridley primal screams.

Wyatt tackles Ridley, pushes him into the loft. Karen locks the bedroom door, then shoulders her laptop bag.

Ridley hollers and pounds on the wood. He shoots wild through the door.

RIDLEY

I'll slit your throat, girl! I promise you! That day's coming!

NATHAN'S ROOFTOP

Wyatt and Karen climb the rope. His bloody hands pulling one over the other.

The VENT SHAFT up top starts to GIVE WAY. Wyatt almost loses his grip. He reaches the top, pulls Karen up to safety.

KAREN

How do we get down from here?

WYATT

I don't know. I didn't think we'd get this far.

Wyatt grabs the duffel bag. On the far side, Karen notices a TRASH CHUTE. It runs straight down into a DUMPSTER filled with hunks of jagged metal.

WYATT

Do you trust me?

KAREN

Absolutely not.

WYATT

Are you afraid of heights?

KAREN

All my life.

WYATT

Well if we live, you can sue me.

Bullets blast through the door. The dead bolt holds. Ridley kicks the barrier open. He scans the rooftop.

No Wyatt or Karen in sight. Ridley uses a SPEED LOADER to replenish his revolver. He aims down the chute. There's no one in there. Ridley squints down into the darkness.

He can't see Wyatt and Karen clinging to the rope on the OUTSIDE of the chute! They dangle high above CERTAIN DEATH.

Wyatt's hands ooze blood. He winces in silence. Karen looks down, panics. Wyatt silently calms her. The rope FRAYS!

Ridley heads back into the building.

KAREN

Now can we climb back up please?

WYATT

That's not an option.

KAREN

Why not?

WYATT

Because this rope's gonna break before we can make that climb.

KAREN

I think I'm going to be sick.

WYATT

But we can swing you over to that fire escape much quicker.

KAREN

I'd rather go slower.

There's a rickety FIRE ESCAPE about THIRTY FEET away. Wyatt starts to swing the rope. Karen hangs on for dear life.

KAREN

If we live, I am going to sue you.

WYATT

OK. Now jump!

Karen reaches out for the RAILING, then lets go! She grabs the metal, then pulls herself up to safety.

The rope's about to snap. Wyatt swings. The rope FAILS! He plummets fast! Karen catches his wrist, pulls him up.

WYATT

You still afraid of heights?

KAREN

More than ever. So, how well do you know Nathan Crane?

That's a tough one for Wyatt to answer.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben offers Lau a FIRST AID KIT. The two men triage their wounds as they talk...

LAU

Eight years ago, Nathan Crane saved my life. We were on a recon mission that went sideways. He took a bullet for me, a kill shot. And then I never saw him again. Please forgive me, Mister Knowland, I'm not always an entitled tyrant.

BEN

Call me Ben. You want to know if the man you owe your life to is a terrorist. I get that. It would chap my ass too.

Ben finishes treating the gash above Lau's eye.

LAU

Thank you.

BEN

When did you get the anonymous tip about Wyatt?

LAU

Minutes after his flight took off, I never knew Nathan had a brother.

BEN

I wish Wyatt had been honest with me about his background.

LAU

He can't tell you what he doesn't know. Wyatt thought Nathan was a civilian. And yet he still somehow found his way to you.

BEN

But I can't do my job when a cadet's family history is redacted! Wyatt came to the academy looking for answers. And I kicked him out of the one place that should have been safe.

Lau receives a TEXT. It's bad news.

LAU

The agent watching Nathan's home
has been murdered.

BEN

Call Wyatt, tell him the truth.

LAU

He won't believe anything I say
after what's happened to him.

BEN

So use that warrant of yours to
trace his phone and bring him in.

LAU

I can't, the warrant's a fake. You
were right about me, I'm off book.
And now a good man's dead and
Wyatt's on the run because of my
actions. Goodbye, Ben.

BEN

Wait. I'm coming with you.

LAU

This is not your fight.

Ben pulls out a Colt .45 pistol. He racks the slide.

BEN

It is now.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - UNDERGROUND

Wyatt and Karen wait for the train.

KAREN

Do you even have the slightest clue
where Nathan Crane is?

WYATT

I was hoping you might know.

KAREN

No, never met the guy. And here's
where we part ways. Thanks for the
help. I'm Karen, by the way.

The train approaches the station. Wyatt thinks fast.

WYATT

I'm Knowland. Jeff Knowland. Let me travel with you, it's not safe.

KAREN

News flash. No one tried to kill me, until I met you. So how about showing me some ID, Jeff?

WYATT

I can't do that. Homeland Security took my wallet when they interrogated me at the airport.

KAREN

Of course they did.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dietrich tries to ignore Mila.

MILA

I'm hungry.

DIETRICH

No hot dogs. Out of the question.

MILA

Come on. I'll even let you drive.

DIETRICH

We don't have time.

Mila pouts at her sister.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - UNDERGROUND

Still dirty from escaping, Wyatt and Karen slouch in their seats. They blend right in with the bums.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Next stop. Bowling Green.

KAREN

So, how do you know that Nathan works for the CIA?

WYATT

Because my father trains cadets at the FBI Academy. He has access to personnel records.

KAREN

Great, then call your dad and let him sort this all out.

WYATT

I won't involve my family any more than I already have.

That sentiment strikes an EMOTIONAL CHORD with Karen.

EXT. DEUTSCHE BANK - DAY

The heart of Wall Street during lunch hour. Karen exits the bank. Wyatt waits near a STREET CART selling HOT DOGS.

KAREN

You can't exchange foreign currency without a photo ID.

WYATT

Too risky. We have to find another way to convert the cash.

Wyatt and Karen watch ANTHONY serve up food. They both have the same idea at the same time.

ANTHONY

This is a falafel free zone, kids. So, buy some hot dogs or beat it.

INT. DEUTSCHE BANK - TELLER WINDOW - DAY

Anthony tosses 25,000 Euros on the counter. The TELLER gives him a look.

ANTHONY

What? I get a lot of hungry customers from out of town.

EXT. HOT DOG CART - DAY

Wyatt and Karen devour hot dogs. Much to the dismay of several hungry stockbrokers.

On the street corner behind the cart, Dietrich's Ford GT pulls to a stop. Mila exits the vintage super car.

Karen puts on an apron. Wyatt dons plastic gloves. The pair stumble through serving customers.

KAREN

So, how did you feel when you found out your friend was a spy?

WYATT

Betrayed. It makes me wonder if I ever knew the guy at all. I'd like to have some closure, you know?

KAREN

I agree, closure is a good thing.

Wyatt regards the next customer, it's Mila.

MILA

I want four all beef New York City hot dogs with sauerkraut, mustard and extra onions, now.

WYATT

(awful Brooklyn accent)
Hey, you're definitely not from around here with that accent.

MILA

And neither are you, hot dog man.

KAREN

Be nice to the customers, Jeff.

Mila takes her hot dogs back to the car. Dietrich's GT roars off through the financial district.

Anthony walks out of the bank. There's a thick envelope in his hand. He smiles. Karen kisses Anthony on the cheek.

KAREN

You're the best, Anthony.

ANTHONY

Anytime, princess. You're in New York City for the very first time, so get outta here! Go live it up!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's a one star fleabag. The only kind of place left in the city that takes cash, no questions asked.

Karen's in the bathroom taking a shower. The door's slightly ajar, just enough to eavesdrop.

A towel around his waist, Wyatt lounges on the bed. His toned abs still damp. He searches Karen's WALLET, verifies her identity. Wyatt opens the LAPTOP BAG.

He looks through shipping documents, flight records and grainy SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS:

- *Dietrich and her strike team in the Middle East.*
- *Nathan and Dietrich next to a shipping container.*
- *The Pilot and Nathan stand by a very familiar cargo jet.*

Wyatt recognizes the Pilot. He opens Karen's wallet, pulls out a familiar GRADUATION DAY photo... *The same image the PILOT looked at before Dietrich stole the stealth drones!*

KAREN

That picture with Nathan Crane was taken the day my father was killed.

The shower still running, Karen stands before Wyatt. A towel tight around her. Long wet hair clings to her shoulders.

WYATT

I'm sorry. When did he die?

KAREN

Last week his plane crashed, Nathan Crane put him on that flight.

WYATT

Why would he do that?

KAREN

My dad was a combat pilot. No one re-assigns Medal of Honor winners to pilot empty aircraft that are being re-routed. Nathan Crane got my father killed and he'll tell me why or I'll kill him.

Wyatt wraps a blanket around her, careful to drape her long wet hair over it.

A human scalp at x100 magnification reveals: *NANOCHIPS cling to thinning hair follicles...* It's Ridley's scalp.

EXT. ST. LUKE'S ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

Ridley scratches his Nanochip-tagged head. The padded bandage over Ridley's ear looks like mutated cauliflower.

He instinctively puts the phone up to his bum ear. Ridley winces in pain, then switches to the healthy one...

RIDLEY
So what's the verdict?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dietrich listens to her smartphone.

Behind her, a Merc works on a -- STEALTH DRONE! The ones stolen from the cargo jet. It's a 1/6 scaled single engine plane. The Merc modifies the fuselage with an ARC WELDER.

DIETRICH
I like your plan, CIA man. Mila will handle the text. I will send a team to help you out.

RIDLEY (V.O.)
You mean to watch my every move.

DIETRICH
Mila has a question for you.

Dietrich hands the cell to Mila. Before she can speak...

RIDLEY
Just send the damn text exactly how I wrote it, woman! It don't matter if Karen tells Wyatt. He'll still show up because Nathan might be the one who sent it. Are you eating? Do you understand a single mother-loving word I've been saying?!?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mila eats a HOT DOG as she speaks into the HEADSET...

MILA
I understand you, dickhead.

She hangs up on Ridley, then downs the bun. Mila types away on her notebook... It's a BOGUS TEXT to Karen!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Both dressed now, Karen opens a FIRST AID KIT. She tends to Wyatt's wounded palms as they talk.

KAREN
Her name is Dietrich. She's a Ukrainian Special Forces Colonel.
(MORE)

Dad's friend told me her strike team makes Blackwater look like Goodwill. Whatever that means.

WYATT

It means, we stay away far away from her while looking for Nathan.

Karen finishes taping the gauze. Wyatt flexes his palms.

WYATT

That's a good field dressing, are you military?

KAREN

Vet school. I train service dogs.

WYATT

That is very cool. Check your messages, but be quick.

Wyatt tosses Karen the battery to her cell. He turns his back to her, then does the same with his phone. The GeoTag software initializes. No blips in range.

Karen turns away, boots up her phone. She opens a TEXT. Her face lights up a little for the first time today.

WYATT

Good news?

KAREN

Yeah. Someone I've been trying to reach, but he never picks up.

The body of the message reads:

So glad to catch up with you. I know where Nathan will be this afternoon. Meet me at the Marble Cemetery on East 2nd Street at 2pm. Trust no one.

The text is signed by -- WYATT CRANE!

KAREN

Jeff, how well do you know Nathan's younger brother?

WYATT

Wyatt? Not that well. I met him a couple of times over the years.

KAREN

I see. So, tell me a true story about the Crane brothers.

Wyatt contemplates the request, then obliges...

WYATT

Well the first time I met Wyatt, he was a fat little kid. Nathan was much older and very into physical fitness. He had convinced his younger brother to enter a 5K charity run. I drove the follow car, Nathan rode with me. He just kept talking to Wyatt, encouraging him to not give up, even though the poor kid was dead last. He must've been terrified of letting down his big brother. But Wyatt kept putting one foot in front of the other. Eventually, we reached the finish line. Nathan had the entire varsity team there cheering. Then Nathan pulled out this medal and put it around his Wyatt's neck.

KAREN

That's such a sweet story. Are they still close?

WYATT

No, Nathan threw a big beach party, tons of his friends were there. He introduced Wyatt to them all. The kid must've felt like a movie star. He wore that medal around his neck all day. Even in the ocean, which is when Wyatt lost his swimming trunks. He was a fat kid, it happens. Then everyone's laughing at this naked kid running around like a tiny maniac, loving life. But Nathan was humiliated. He told Wyatt he didn't deserve that medal and ripped it off of his neck and threw it into the ocean.

KAREN

That poor kid. What did he do?

WYATT

Wyatt bawled, then dived right into the ocean. He almost drowned trying to find that stupid medal.

Wyatt puts on a smile for Karen.

EXT. NEW YORK MARBLE CEMETERY - DAY

High brick walls and brownstones surround one of the oldest landmarks in New York City. In the OPEN WINDOW of one of those brownstones:

A SNIPER holds a black and yellow TASER ASSAULT RIFLE. The barrel's wide, like a shotgun. He wears a headset...

RIDLEY (V.O.)
Everyone hold your fire until both
targets are inside the choke point.

The Sniper loads ELECTRONIC BULLETS into the clip. Each TRANSPARENT shell houses a battery and electrode BARBS.

ROOFTOP

A prime vantage point for Ridley. He eyes a blacked-out SUV parked down the block. Ridley speaks into his headset...

RIDLEY
Ground team, close the noose after
both targets enter the cemetery.

Ridley uses binoculars to watch Wyatt and Karen below.

EXT. 2ND STREET - DAY

ODETTE, a Jamaican woman, sits in the cab. In the back seat: the duffel and laptop bag. Wyatt fans out ten hundred dollar bills. The cabbie's all ears...

WYATT
Tell me again where you're going to
wait for us.

ODETTE
The parking garage on sixth, roof
level. And I better get another
grand in cash when you come back
for your stuff.

WYATT
You will, Odette.

Odette takes the money. She drives away. Karen checks the time. Wyatt leads the way towards the cemetery.

WYATT
OK. Now, repeat our exit strategy
back to me. Step by step.

KAREN

If my contact no shows, you and I
will meet at the parking garage.

WYATT

And if everything goes sideways?

KAREN

Blend in with the crowd, head for
the exit. I'll use the dumpster in
the alley to climb the fire escape
and wait for you on the roof.

WYATT

And what's your contact's name?

KAREN

That's on a need-to-know basis,
Mister Knowland. Nice try though.

Wyatt likes that Karen gives points for effort. They stand
by the IRON GATE, the only way in or out of the cemetery. As
they enter, the blacked-out SUV closes in on them.

MARBLE CEMETERY

The narrow entrance opens up into an emerald oasis. It's a
labyrinth of marble vaults and ancient elm trees. Karen
receives a TEXT from "Wyatt"...

*I can see you. Meet me in the south grove by the vault with
the weeping angel on top. :-)*

KAREN

He's already here.

Dozens of open windows flank a wary Wyatt. Karen looks at
passing visitors, but none engage her. She sits on a bench.

WYATT

He should've made contact by now.

KAREN

Maybe he will if you stop pacing.

Wyatt boots up his cell. There's a BLIP within range! He
grabs the cell from Karen. Wyatt sees his own name!

KAREN

Give that back!

Ridley watches the pair scuffle below.

RIDLEY
(into radio)
Fire at will!

The Sniper squeezes the trigger...

The transparent stun round rockets out of the barrel. A trio of MINI-FINS deploy on the shell's rear. The battery hums to life, charging the barbed electrodes.

Karen grabs her cell from Wyatt, then pushes off. That's why the E-bullet lodges into the tree, instead of her!

Electrodes discharge into the bark. Wyatt and Karen duck behind the elm. Another round electrifies the tree.

WYATT
I'll draw their fire. You get
everyone out of here.

KAREN
Pull out your gun.

WYATT
It's empty.

KAREN
I know that, but the crowd doesn't.

KAREN
He's got a gun! Run for your life!

Tourists panic. They sprint for the exit. The Sniper fires at will. Stunned tourists collapse and spasm.

That's when a TRIO of Mercs dressed as civilians emerge from the blacked-out SUV. Two of them zero in on Wyatt. He lures them deeper into the marble maze.

Mercs search by row. Neither of them spots Wyatt atop a vault. He's crouched behind a marble angel. An E-bullet from above ricochets off the halo, alerting the Mercs.

Wyatt sprints across the rooftops. The Mercs draw silenced pistols and OPEN FIRE. Marble dust hits Wyatt. He leaps off the roof, runs for it. Lethal rounds pockmark an elm tree.

The last Merc guards the exit. An E-bullet stuns a tourist near Karen, a woman wearing a sun hat. Karen takes the hat.

KAREN
Sorry.

She tucks her long hair up in the big hat. Karen blends in with the crowd, slips past the overwhelmed Merc.

2ND STREET

Wyatt trips over a stunned tourist. He face plants on the cobblestone sidewalk. The SUV closes in on Wyatt.

He sprints into gridlock. Wyatt leaps onto a low-riding roadster. Obnoxious HIP-HOP thumps inside the sports car.

Wyatt leaps off the roadster, just as an E-bullet sticks into the car's hood. The discharge SHORT CIRCUITS the speakers and thumping sub-woofer! Sparks and smoke everywhere.

The fireworks cover Wyatt's escape. He runs down the block, jumping from hood to trunk. Drivers spit profanity at him.

The SUV speeds down the sidewalk, pursues Wyatt. Pissed off pedestrians scatter in a hurry.

ALLEY

Karen trots up the FIRE ESCAPE, reaches the roof. Below her, there's a closed DUMPSTER that allows access to the ladder.

Wyatt outpaces the SUV as it skids into view. He leaps atop the dumpster, springboards off it. Wyatt barely manages to grab the ladder's bottom rung!

The SUV barrels into the dumpster, sends it sailing.

Wyatt climbs up to the first landing. The Mercs recover from the crash. They open fire.

Bullets ping off the railing. Wyatt unlatches the ladder's SAFETY CATCHES. The heavy metal plummets straight down.

The Mercs take cover. The bottom RUNGS smash right through the windshield, skewer the dashboard!

Wyatt scales the fire escape to freedom.

EXT. BROWNSTONE ROOFTOP - DAY

Karen pulls Wyatt up to safety. He lays there for a moment or three. Siren chirps rouse Wyatt.

Just outside the cemetery, Ridley flashes credentials at the cops. They rally and listen to his silver tongue.

Wyatt shows Karen the GeoTag BLIP on his smartphone.

WYATT
Ridley set us up.

KAREN
You can track him? Why didn't you
tell me that before?

WYATT
Same reason you didn't tell me
about Wyatt. Now that we've both
gotten shot at for not trusting the
other, are we even now?

KAREN
Not even close, Jeff.

EXT. FORT WASHINGTON PARK - DAY

A 160 acre ribbon of public land. The Hudson River keeps the
New Jersey shore at bay.

Manhattan's only LIGHTHOUSE stands short and stout under the
iconic George Washington Bridge. The tower's painted RED.

Ridley turns into the parking lot. He exits the Eldorado and
strides down a nature path.

The taxi pulls in behind him. Wyatt spots Ridley.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Odette parks, then turns off the engine. The RADIO mentions
a terrorist attack at the Marble Cemetery.

KAREN
Do I still have those nano-things
in my hair?

WYATT
No, you're clean. They wash out.

Wyatt roots through the duffel bag. He digs out SURVEILLANCE
GEAR: a small parabolic mic and a DAT recorder.

Karen recognizes something familiar in the lot. It's a mint
vintage Ford GT -- DIETRICH'S CAR. Mila sits in the GT.

KAREN
Wait.

WYATT

You wait. Ridley's on the move.

Karen shows him a photo: At a car show, Dietrich touches the actual Ford GT Steve McQueen raced in Le Mans.

EXT. LITTLE RED LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Dietrich watches a nuclear family enjoy the view. Ridley approaches her. His cauliflower-looking ear amuses Dietrich, much to Ridley's dismay...

RIDLEY

Did you know the incus bone's one eighth of an inch long and conducts vibrations into the inner ear? The hardest bone to break in the human body. And that bitch broke mine.

DIETRICH

What did you tell the police?

RIDLEY

That terrorists were responsible for the cemetery chaos. Likely to be the very same sleeper cell that hit JFK yesterday.

DIETRICH

Works for me.

RIDLEY

But your strike team didn't. They missed Wyatt and the girl. I want to talk to Nathan. We have history, I can deal with him.

DIETRICH

So can I. Don't contact me again until you have Wyatt.

RIDLEY

We're on American soil, you have no authority to give orders here.

DIETRICH

And neither does the CIA.

DIETRICH'S FORD GT

Mila eyes the taxi parked across the way. She sees the couple inside. Mila reaches for the door handle.

That's when Dietrich returns. The sisters speak in *Ukrainian with English subtitles...*

MILA

What did Ridley want?

DIETRICH

What every man wants, validation.

MILA

Does he know about the mission?

DIETRICH

The CIA's in the dark. And once Nathan delivers the Clean Nukes, he must die for our cause.

MILA

I could remotely drop something on him with a crane. Check it out.

Mila unfurls a thick black scroll-looking thing. Once flat, the ROLLABLE TABLET mobile device boots up. *On screen:* It's an algorithm for SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE operation.

Dietrich stares at the tablet, then her weird little sister.

MILA

What? It would be funny. Kill a Crane with a crane. Just drive.

TAXI

WYATT

Keep up with that little sports car and I'll double your money, Odette.

Odette grins, fires up the cab.

EXT. THE CLOISTERS - DAY

A secluded branch of the NYC Metro Museum of Art. It's devoted to preserving medieval European architecture. Over 200 kinds of flora fill the green vista.

A network of HEATHER GARDENS orbit the Abbey. Plenty of prime spots for a meet. Or an ambush.

A stone ABBEY anchors the tourist landmark. In the heart of the Abbey, carved archways surround an open air COURTYARD.

Dietrich sports an OVERCOAT. She admires a hulking gargoyle perched over a threshold, one monster to another.

HEATHER GARDENS

Mila and a quartet of Mercs join Dietrich. The group enters the gardens. They're looking for someone...

NATHAN CRANE steps out onto the path. Dietrich's pupils dilate. Everyone stands their ground, icy stares aplenty.

High above the meeting, the church's BELL TOWER presides over the manicured grounds. It's a prime vantage point.

BELL TOWER

Karen shares EARBUDS with Wyatt. He unfurls the PARABOLIC MIC, like a hand fan. Something below catches her eye.

KAREN

Nathan's here.

Wyatt looks down at his brother. They listen in on the meet.

KAREN

Has he changed much since the last time you saw him?

WYATT

Everything's changed.

BELL TOWER / HEATHER GARDENS - INTERCUT

Nathan wears a tight leather jacket. His BACKPACK big enough to conceal a case full of clean nukes. Mila sizes up Nathan, then regards Dietrich...

MILA

(Ukrainian w/English Subs)

He's much smaller than I thought he would be.

NATHAN

(Ukrainian w/English Subs)

I was thinking the same about you. Go have an ice cream while the adults talk business.

Mila fumes. Nathan spins Dietrich, KISSES her hard. She reciprocates, a lot. The two predators tongue spar.

Wyatt's face screws up in disgust, his fists clenched.

KAREN
What's wrong?

Nathan and Dietrich stroll through the garden alone...

NATHAN
How is my old handler?

DIETRICH (V.O.)
(through Wyatt's earbud)
Obsessed with finding your brother,
like you said he would be. Your
plan worked. Using Wyatt as bait
against your old boss, even I
wouldn't do that to Mila.

NATHAN (V.O.)
(through Wyatt's earbud)
That's why you need me around. Now
it's time to pay for your new toys.

It's all too much for Wyatt. Nathan used him. He's had enough. Wyatt yanks out the earbud, heads for the exit.

WYATT
When you see me pull up the hood on
my jacket, ring that bell.

KAREN
What're you going to do?

WYATT
Stop a terrorist any way I can.

KAREN
But Nathan's your friend.

WYATT
I'm done with him. If we have the
nukes, we can control Nathan.

KAREN
I don't want nukes, I want answers.

Dietrich plucks a pretty flower. She threads the stem through Nathan's lapel, like a seductive olive branch.

DIETRICH
Where are my Clean Nukes?

NATHAN

In a secure location. I will bring them to you, then arm the drones.

Wyatt hides from a Merc. He watches his brother from behind the dense tree line. Dietrich smiles at Nathan...

DIETRICH

Sounds fun lover, but how do I know you have my toys? Prove to me this isn't a CIA trap.

Nathan stares at Dietrich, poker-faced. He pulls something out of his jacket. It's a live CLEAN NUKE! The on-board OS already COUNTING DOWN -- 1:42... 1:41.

NATHAN

Start the cash transfer now or we all get vaporized.

Dietrich likes how Nathan plays hardball. She initiates the fund transfer on her cell. There's a lot of zeroes.

Wyatt raises the hood on his jacket. Nathan fidgets with the backpack, it's now or never. Karen grips the rope tight.

Head down, Wyatt strolls towards his brother. He's close, the church bells RING.

Nathan checks his watch. He looks up at the tower.

NATHAN

It's not closing time yet.

Wyatt makes his move... In one quick motion, Wyatt spins his brother around and snakes the backpack away.

Nathan grabs a strap. Wyatt hangs on tight. The brothers tug on the taut pack dangling between them.

Dietrich aborts the fund transfer, pulls a pistol on the Crane brothers. She's unsure which Crane to shoot first.

NATHAN

Wyatt, why are you here?

WYATT

I came to New York, just like you asked me to. Remember?

NATHAN

You don't know what you're doing.

WYATT

Oh I think I do, big brother.

Karen listens in on the Crane siblings. The shock on her face turns to tears...

KAREN

Bastard lied to me.

She scoops up the duffel and laptop bag. Karen sprints down the spiraling wooden steps.

NATHAN

Dietrich, I can handle this.

WYATT

I'm sick of all your lies!

NATHAN

Do as I say or we are all standing
at ground zero of the worst
terrorist attack in human history.
New York City will be a memory
unless you let go right now!

The brothers eyeball each other. 0:15... 0:14... Wyatt releases the backpack. Dietrich lowers her gun.

Nathan palms a mini STUN GRENADE out of the backpack...

NATHAN

(to Dietrich)

I'll be in touch, lover. Unless
the CIA makes me a better offer.

0:05... 0:04... BANG! The grenade pops. Nathan disarms the Clean Nuke, then vanishes in the smoke.

Ears ringing, the blast disorients Dietrich and Wyatt. He catches a glimpse of Nathan escaping.

Tourists panic, some screaming about terrorists. Mila and the Mercs arrive, assist Dietrich. But Wyatt's gone.

PARKING LOT

Odette hears the blast. She starts up her taxi, drives away from the smoky park. Just as Karen runs into view.

Wyatt emerges from the mist. Karen recoils.

KAREN

Stay away from me, Wyatt Crane!

WYATT

Karen, I can explain. Hey, where's our taxi?

KAREN

Took off, she's smart. Unlike me.

Nathan ROCKETS out of the chaos on a DUCATI. The Crane brothers lock eyes for a moment. Nathan speeds away.

WYATT

Our answers are going to get away unless we get wheels now.

Karen spots GARY, the not-so vigilant VALET. She gets an idea, runs over to him and lays the crocodile tears on thick.

GARY

What's wrong, ma'am?

KAREN

My dog's lost, please help me!

Now searching under a car, Gary bumps his head. He regrets being gallant. Gary doesn't see Karen signal Wyatt.

GARY

(from under the car)
So, what does your dog look like?

KAREN

He's very small and very dark.

Wyatt scans the key rack. He sees the Ford GT emblem.

Gary scrambles to his feet, looks around for Karen. That's when Dietrich's GT blows by the hapless valet. Flames spit out the QUAD TAILPIPES. Wyatt oversteers the beast.

The GT fishtails past the main gate. An out of breath Mila recognizes Wyatt. Dietrich and the Mercs catch up to her.

DIETRICH

What just happened?

MILA

The fucking hot dog man just stole your car.

A sheepish Gary hands Dietrich a key fob.

GARY

Here's your Hummer, ma'am.

Dietrich sheds her overcoat. The EXO-suit HUMS to life. She SUPER-PUNCHES Gary across the jaw. The valet's out cold.

DIETRICH

Get my big gun out of the back. No one shoots at my car but me.

EXT. FORT TRYON PARK - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

Nathan sees two TOUR BUSES side by side, dead ahead. He KNIFES the Ducati between them. Nathan streaks away.

Another tour bus pulls out, cuts off the GT.

FORD GT

Wyatt leans on the horn. He pulls out, then zips past the bus full of tourists. Oncoming traffic freaks out Karen.

WYATT

I hate buses.

KAREN

Car!

Wyatt slices back into his lane.

KAREN

Shit! I can't believe I bought your bullshit, *Jeff!*

WYATT

Sorry for thinking you were probably my brother's super spy girlfriend from Paris.

KAREN

I'm from Oklahoma City, asshole.

WYATT

Where did you lose your accent?

KAREN

Everywhere. After my mother died, I grew up on army bases.

Nathan slows, reaches into his backpack. He pulls out a Glock 41 -- *a fully automatic pistol with lots of bullets!*

No time to evade. Karen screams. Nathan takes aim, fires at his brother!

The GT's BULLETPROOF GLASS repels all the bullets.

Nathan leans into a turn. His unprotected knee inches from the asphalt. He vanishes into traffic.

Wyatt disconnects, slows down: *Did Nathan just try to KILL ME or did he know about the glass?* The GT's Bluetooth chimes.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Mila pilots the truck. Dietrich speaks into her HEADSET...

DIETRICH

My sister tells me that you and your girlfriend sell hot dogs for a living. Is that true, Wyatt?

WYATT (V.O.)

It's a long story.

KAREN (V.O.)

I'm not anyone's girlfriend, especially his.

HUMMER / FORD GT - INTERCUT

Wyatt navigates traffic. Dietrich clucks disapproval...

DIETRICH (V.O.)

There are better ways at making money. Just ask your brother.

WYATT

He's a worthless lying asshole.

DIETRICH (V.O.)

On that we agree, Wyatt. Perhaps we can come to an understanding.

KAREN

Perhaps you can get bent.

DIETRICH (V.O.)

You father died screaming after I incinerated him, Karen. Would you like to know how that feels?

KAREN

My father deserved better.

Dietrich loads her ANTI-TANK RIFLE. This gun shoots six inch projectiles through anything.

DIETRICH

He's just another disposable soldier sent to his death by the CIA machine. End of story.

Karen chokes back tears.

DIETRICH (V.O.)

But you can still have a happy ending, Wyatt. Come with me. Once Nathan delivers the Clean Nukes, you're free to go. If you behave and don't wreck my car, I might even let you kill your brother.

WYATT

Karen walks away clean, right now?

DIETRICH (V.O.)

Be my obedient leverage and your hot dog girl walks. You have my word as a Ukrainian.

Karen finds the ROLLABLE TABLET. She boots up the device.

WYATT

What kind of tablet is that?

KAREN

I've never seen one like this.

Dietrich slaps Mila in the back of the head.

DIETRICH

(Ukrainian w/English subs)

You left your tablet in my car.

Karen minimizes the crane algorithm. Another window displays a schematic for a customized -- STEALTH DRONE.

KAREN

Now who's got the leverage, bitch?

WYATT

What are the American drones for, Dietrich? How do they fit into your plan to Clean Nuke Russia?

DIETRICH (V.O.)

You'll never find out the truth, stop now or I will stop you myself.

Sasquatch couldn't handle that rifle's recoil, but it's a walk in the park for EXO-Dietrich. She fires, surgically pops the side cap off a FIRE HYDRANT. Water plumes!

The geyser forces the GT into oncoming traffic. There's a TRUCK on a collision course! The GT swerves just in time.

DIETRICH (V.O.)

Watch out for these New York City drivers: *They jump out of nowhere.*

The street's lined with parked cars. Dietrich's a puppet master with that sniper rifle. She fires at will...

A sedan explodes, then an SUV. A hatchback rips in half. A severed hood flies past the GT! Dietrich blows up everything around her car. Wyatt speeds through the fiery gauntlet.

DIETRICH

I love tourist season.

Dietrich fires at a double-decker TOUR BUS! Tourists jump from the open air roof. The bus driver slumps over, dead.

An AMBULANCE crosses an intersection. Just as the Tour Bus T-BONES it! The fused vehicles smash through a STARBUCKS.

Wyatt and Karen see a bloody BARISTA stagger outside. An explosion engulfs the poor girl. Karen gasps.

The GT approaches a four way traffic signal. Dietrich takes out the CONTROL BOX. The traffic lights go dark. Motorists careen into the kill zone. Wyatt floors the gas.

KAREN

Slow down!

WYATT

No, that's what she wants. If they catch us, we're dead, Karen!

Two cars HEAD-ON COLLIDE in front of the GT!

Wyatt yanks the hand brake. He FOUR-WHEEL DRIFTS around the savage wreck! The GT fishtails towards the ICONIC BRIDGE.

EXT. WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

Mila closes on Wyatt. The GT slows in traffic. Dietrich eyes the vertical SUSPENDER CABLES. Each one wrapped around the thick horizontal MAINSPAN. She loads a fresh clip.

Dietrich fires, slices right through the three-inch steel!

The loosed cable descends on unsuspecting traffic. The cable CLEAVES a helpless hatchback in half! Traffic scatters.

Dietrich digs this new game, fires at will. Another cable falls free. This one wallops an SUV. The vehicle flips forward, PINWHEELS end over end in midair!

Next up: A long SCHOOL BUS near the GT. "Go Tigers" graffiti on the windows. Dietrich severs another cable, this one descends upon the clueless school bus!

The steel SLASHES the school bus in half! Its precious cargo spills out all over the road -- FOOTBALL GEAR.

The lack of body count disappoints Dietrich.

Karen exhales in relief. Wyatt leans on the GT's horn. An 18-WHEELER and CAR CARRIER full of BMWs bottleneck traffic.

WYATT

Get out of my way!

Dietrich aims her anti-tank rifle at the carrier. She holds her breath... Her world goes SILENT, a moment of twisted Zen. Dietrich caresses, then squeezes the trigger...

The bullet streaks past the GT. Blasts through a BMW on the carrier. Shatters the cab's rear window. Kills the driver!

The car carrier veers into the truck, pinches off the semi's hitch. The tractor trailer JACKKNIFES! Both trucks TANGLE!

Semi and carrier simultaneously flip and BARREL ROLL, like dueling snakes! They snap dozens of cables.

Two BMWs fly. They crater an elevated on-ramp, sever an interstate artery! A stalled DUMP TRUCK plummets from the collapsing CLOVERLEAF! Debris rains on the commuters below.

DIETRICH

Come to me, Wyatt.

WYATT

Dietrich, you're not my type.

Wyatt watches the tangled rigs, looking for a wing and a prayer to fit through. The last BMW launches sky high.

Now's his one chance! Wyatt POWER-SHIFTS the transmission, speeds into the hulking buzzsaw of spinning trucks!

Karen can't look. Wyatt MANHANDLES the slender sports car through a rapidly shrinking hole. The flipping rig scrapes the GT's roof! Wyatt loses his grip on the wheel.

The car SEVEN-TWENTIES out of control. The GT screeches to a halt, inches away from the edge!

WYATT

That could've gone worse.

The last BMW crash-lands UPSIDE DOWN next to the GT!

The Hummer's trapped on the other side. Dietrich studies the carrier dangling over the edge. Her HEADSET chirps...

MILA (V.O.)

(Ukrainian w/English subs)

Our employer wants a word with you.

DIETRICH

(Ukrainian w/English subs)

Take a message. I'm busy.

EXT. SEDGEWICK AVENUE - DAY

The frontage road offers a view of the Washington Bridge and the Grapevine. Wyatt and Karen survey the carnage.

KAREN

Did all that just happen?

WYATT

Yup. We broke New York.

Wyatt's cell chimes. It's a GeoTag update.

WYATT

Two people that got tagged at Nathan's loft are closing fast.

He looks up from the cell. That's when BEN'S SUV cuts off the GT! Both vehicles screech to a halt in the street.

INT. BEN'S SUV - DAY

The police scanner talks of terrorists and a Ford GT...

BEN

The Bronx is a war zone.

Lau hangs credentials around his neck, racks the slide on his sidearm. Ben turns off the engine.

LAU

So what else is new? Stay here.

BEN
I didn't come all this way to warm
the bench, Lau.

LAU
They could be working together.

BEN
Wyatt got hung out to dry by his
brother. Believe it.

LAU
I like your version better. But
until Wyatt surrenders, I can't
trust him.

Lau exits the SUV. He shows his empty palms to Wyatt.

LAU
Wyatt Crane, I'm a legitimate
Homeland Security agent. Please
exit the vehicle. We need to talk.

FORD GT

Wyatt tucks the empty Beretta in the small of his back. Sun
glare prevents him from seeing Ben in the SUV.

WYATT
I can't trust Lau. He's after
Nathan, just like Ridley.

KAREN
What if Ridley stole you at JFK,
because Lau is actually a good guy?

WYATT
I like your story better. Only one
way to find out if it's true.

KAREN
Be careful. Asshole.

WASHINGTON BRIDGE / SEDGEWICK AVENUE - INTERCUT

Dietrich watches her car far below.

She slinks down the contorted steel, braces against wind
gusts. The carrier groans, but the CAB up above anchors it.

Dietrich nestles into a nook -- *a perfect sniper's nest.*

Mila rallies the Mercs. Fresh clips for all as a fresh round of cops arrive. They open fire on the outgunned officers.

Far below, Wyatt faces Lau.

LAU

I'm sorry about the airport, Wyatt.
My name is Special Agent Lau Wai.

WYATT

Your first name's Special Agent?

The two men share a weary smile. Wyatt pulls out his empty pistol! Lau draws his gun too. Karen exits the GT.

LAU

Put the gun down now!

WYATT

Tell me everything you know about my brother, Lau. I'm tired and I don't care if you live or die.

KAREN

Please don't shoot! Nathan tried to kill us at The Cloisters.

LAU

If Nathan wanted you dead, you would be. He saved my life eight years ago, Wyatt. And I think he's trying to do the same for you now.

Could that be true? Wyatt's resolve waivers. He fights off the ray of hope, steadies his empty gun on Lau.

Ben steps out of the SUV. Wyatt's stunned.

WYATT

Sir? What're you doing here?

BEN

I came here because I wanted to hear your answer to my question.

WYATT

You came a long way for nothing. I have no answers for you. I'm a coward, I can't face Nathan.

BEN

You've got it all wrong Wyatt, he's the one that's afraid to face you.

WYATT

If I had been a better brother,
none of this would've happened.

BEN

None of this is your fault, Wyatt.

Tears blur Wyatt's vision. He hands the gun to Ben.

WYATT

Thank you, sir. Thank you for
believing in me.

BEN

Call me Ben.

Wyatt and Ben shake hands.

Dietrich hums an upbeat tune, takes aim at the quartet down
below... Where Karen's showing Ben and Lau the tablet.

WYATT

Dietrich's going to use American
drones to Clean Nuke Russia.

BEN

And the world will think that the
United States is responsible.

KAREN

I'd believe it. We're always air-
striking someone.

LAU

We can take this evidence to my
superiors and clear Wyatt's name.
But first, I think he could use a
change of clothes. And a wallet.

Lau hands Wyatt his luggage. The men shake hands. Wyatt
opens the luggage. He pockets an old MEDAL!

BEN

Once the dust settles I expect you
back at the academy, cadet. But
we'll have to work on the whole
chain of command thing, a lot.

WYATT

Yes sir. I mean, Ben.

Dietrich shoots Ben right through the SPINE! His useless
legs crumple beneath him. Wyatt runs towards his mentor.

WYATT

Ben!

Lau grabs Wyatt from behind, drags him to safety. Ben reaches for his Colt. Another bullet hits his shoulder.

Several rounds ventilate the SUV's engine block. Karen takes cover behind the vehicle, tablet in hand. Lau returns fire, tries to start the SUV. It's dead.

Wyatt and Ben stare at each other...

BEN

Never start a fight, but always be ready to end one, son.

Ben aims his Colt high, empties the clip at Dietrich. She ends him with a HEAD SHOT. Wyatt watches Ben die.

Lau tosses a lit book of MATCHES on the SUV's floor mats.

LAU

When the smoke thickens, run for it. Do you hear me, cadet!?!

Wyatt snaps out of it, nods to Lau.

Dietrich loads a fresh clip, lines up her next shot. The car carrier shifts, its cab up above slides closer to the edge.

The fire creates a SMOKESCREEN. Lau pops the hand brake, pushes the SUV towards the river.

LAU

Go now! Get out of the city while you still can!

Lau unloads his last clip at Dietrich. Karen and Wyatt run for the GT. A bullet rips through the gas tank. Lau sees the leak. Sparks ignite the gas. The SUV explodes.

Dietrich admires her handiwork. Until the GT clears the smoke, then escapes. She slams her rifle on the carrier.

Up above, the cab slides over the edge. The entire rig plummets! Dietrich drops her rifle. Her EXO-suit hums...

She POWER-RUNS and FRONT-FLIPS over the falling cab, then SPRINGBOARDS off its hood and SOMERSAULTS onto the bridge!

Her EXO-boots crack the asphalt. While the car carrier craters on the gridlocked interstate below.

The tractor trailer blocks their escape. Dietrich's HEADSET rings. Cops close in. She sighs, takes the call...

SCRAMBLED MAN (V.O.)

Mop up your mess and mobilize to
the secondary site. You've made
enough headlines for one day.
Acquire the younger brother and
offer a trade for the Clean Nukes.

He hangs up on her. Dietrich rips the headset off. The device chimes again and again. She yells into the mic...

DIETRICH

What now!?!

NATHAN (V.O.)

Whoever you're taking orders from
must be really pissed off at you.

DIETRICH

I will hunt you down, lover.

NATHAN (V.O.)

You'd have better luck finding my
brother. I didn't appreciate
today's family reunion. The deal's
off Dietrich.

EXT. ELEVATED ON-RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The motorcycle idles under Nathan. Dietrich and Nathan make eye contact. He hangs up on her, departs on his Ducati.

WASHINGTON BRIDGE

An EXO-boot stomps the headset. A SWAT officer kills a Merc with a head shot. Mila shoots the cop dead.

MILA

We need an exit strategy now!

Dietrich's had enough. She grabs the nearest downed cable, yanks on the steel. The EXO-suit BULGES. She RIPS the cable out by its bolted-down roots!

The entire deck quakes. The suspension bridge can't take much more of Dietrich.

Wielding the cable like a bullwhip, she sweeps an entire SWAT TEAM right off the bridge! The rest of the cops retreat.

Dietrich SUPER-WHIPLASHES the massive roadblock with all her EXO-might! Strike after strike. Truck parts fly like gutter trash. The smoke clears, Dietrich cracks her EXO-knuckles.

DIETRICH

There's your fucking exit strategy.

EXT. WET DOCK - DAY

JUDD looks like a roadie for a rock band. He ushers the last passenger off the WATER TAXI. The commuters hurry to a busy YANKEE STADIUM. Everyone's excited for the playoffs.

Wyatt and Karen, bags in hand, approach the ferry. Judd watches the distant Washington Bridge smolder.

JUDD

Did you two see that shit up close?

WYATT & KAREN

We did.

WYATT

It's a real mess up there.

JUDD

Eh, it's just the Bronx. Hop on.

Wyatt pings the GT's alarm, headlights flash. He stares at the old school roadster. The GT looks like it's been shot out of a cannon, but it's still a legend on wheels.

INT. FORD GT - DAY

Under the driver's seat: *Nathan's cell searches for a signal.*

EXT. WATER TAXI - DAY

The ferry moseys down the Hudson. The driver jams to his earbuds. On deck, Wyatt ends a call. Karen ignores him.

WYATT

My parents are on vacation, we can take the train and crash there for the night.

KAREN

Was that fat kid story more lies?

Wyatt shows Karen the medal, the patriotic ribbon tattered.

WYATT

That night, I went back into the cold water and didn't come out until I found it. After Nathan called me, I packed the medal. I don't know why I did it, but I do know that you deserve to hear the whole truth, Karen.

KAREN

I'm sorry about Ben. He seemed like a good man.

WYATT

Ben was a good man. Just like your father was.

Karen almost smiles. The sun sets on the city.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

The COMMUTER TRAIN cuts through the New England air.

INT. TRAIN - SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT

Wyatt and Karen lay awake in opposing bunks. They try to ignore the sounds of a nearby party.

KAREN

I can't sleep.

WYATT

Me neither.

INT. TRAIN - CAFE CAR - NIGHT

A lazy conversion of an old dining car. Mixed drinks served in plastic cups. Individually wrapped snacks aplenty.

OFFICE GRUNTS pound Jell-O shots. They sing KARAOKE. A DRUNK GIRL murders a power ballad. Wyatt and Karen sit far from the fun. They drink in silence.

WYATT

I'm sorry I lied to you. I wish I could take it back.

KAREN

And I wish your brother was dead.

WYATT
I'll drink to that.

KAREN
I didn't mean it like that.

WYATT
Yes, you did. So tell me a story
about yourself.

KAREN
I'm twenty-six and single. Now you
know everything.

WYATT
Boyfriend?

KAREN
Not anymore.

WYATT
What happened?

KAREN
I guess he didn't have the stomach
for this trip.

WYATT
Indigestion?

KAREN
Lack of spine, I suspect. Hence
the break up text I got.

WYATT
He broke up with you over a text?

KAREN
Three of them, wanna see?

WYATT
No, I want to dance with you.

KAREN
I don't dance with liars.

Another love song. The drunk girl serenades her sweetheart.

WYATT
Can you make an exception? I did
save your life.

KAREN
After you endangered it.

WYATT

Come on, let's do one normal thing together today. Please?

Wyatt offers his hand to Karen. The pair inch together, they dance. Neither one of them wants the song to end. Even though that drunk girl can't carry a tune to save her life.

KAREN

Next time, no karaoke.

WYATT

Agreed.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

No one's cleaned the windows this century. It's definitely for locals only. Which is why Ridley sticks out. The locals don't appreciate his southern flair.

The BARKEEP drops off five shots.

RIDLEY

Hey! I wanted SIX shots of sweet Kentucky bourbon, not five!

On a nearby shabby tube TV...

LOCAL ANCHORMAN

The fourth terrorist attack in the last thirty-six hours crippled the Washington Bridge. New York City is under siege.

RIDLEY

You're welcome, New York! Give her hell Nathan! And don't sell cheap!

Ridley claps, toasts the news. The locals glare, plot their revenge on him. Ridley's cell rings. He answers, then switches the phone to his good ear.

RIDLEY

State your business in small words.

SARGENT RYAN (V.O.)

It's Sargent Ryan. We liaised at the Marble Cemetery. You asked me to follow up on Nathan Crane.

Adrenaline sobers up Ridley real fast.

RIDLEY

Give me some good news, son.

SARGENT RYAN (V.O.)

We impounded the Ford GT used in the Washington Bridge attack. And Nathan Crane's cell phone was found inside it, call history intact.

RIDLEY

Your country greatly appreciates your service, Ryan. Text me instructions where to meet you.

Angry locals flank Ridley. Bad timing, for them. These guys are no match for Ridley. He cripples them in seconds, then downs all five shots. Ridley hoots and hollers!

RIDLEY

Hooray for my side!

EXT. CRANE MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Prime real estate on Long Island Sound.

Wyatt crouches at the water's edge, holding the tablet and medal, his reflection distorts in the chop. Karen joins him.

WYATT

I should drop this toxic shit in the ocean and disappear.

KAREN

If you throw that medal away, you're no better than him. Don't bury the past, like Nathan did.

WYATT

Grandpa built a fallout shelter. Nathan and I used to play in it.

Her words inspire Wyatt. He finds a swatch of FRESH SOD, yanks up the earth. Beneath the soil, a steel BULKHEAD.

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - UNDERGROUND

Wyatt searches the tight dank space and bare shelves.

There's a gas-powered GENERATOR in a corner. Near that, a fresh plastic TARP catches Karen's eye.

KAREN

What games did you play down here?

WYATT

Cops and robbers mostly. Nathan always let me be the good guy.

KAREN

Irony noted. Take a look at this.

Karen pulls back the tarp. Someone's built an addition down here since the Red Scare. There's a familiar NUMERIC KEY PAD embedded in a hatch. Just like the safe in -- *Nathan's loft*.

Fingers outstretched, Wyatt pauses. He eventually keys in the same code: 0-7-0-4-9-0. An unseen lock clicks.

WYATT

The same code twice? Bad spy.

KAREN

Unless it was intentional.

BACKYARD

The BOATHOUSE faces the moonlit water. Perched atop the roof's apex: One of Dietrich's Carbon Fiber Sparrows!

INT. NATHAN'S LOFT - NIGHT

The front door swings open... There's a uniformed cop IMPALED to the wood. A thick blade lodged in his chest.

Dietrich wears a black pantsuit. His toes twitch. She pulls the knife, the corpse hits the foyer floor. Dietrich kicks the door shut behind her.

The GeoTag atomizer discharges, NANOCHIP MIST clings to Dietrich's hair. She spins around. Her HEADSET chimes.

MILA (V.O.)

A little bird told me there's movement at the Crane mansion.

DIETRICH

Fire up your birthday present, it's time to clean house.

Mila squeaks in delight, then ends the call. Dietrich pours booze all over the loft. Zippo in hand, she starts a fire, the photo of the young happy Crane brothers burns.

INT. SECRET CHAMBER - UNDERGROUND

Overhead lights glow. Intel strewn everywhere. There's an overturned chair by a desk. Half-torn pictures of Wyatt on the walls. They're all from recent years that Nathan missed.

Wyatt and Karen sit on the floor. They've been at this all night. There's even photos of Wyatt at the academy.

WYATT

All these years, Nathan was watching me the whole time. But why? Why not just talk to me?

Karen grabs a folder: *"To Whom It May Concern"*

KAREN

I think you should open this.

She offers him a BLANK ENVELOPE. Wyatt hesitates. He takes the letter, opens it. His eyes unblinking, until tears fall.

KAREN

What is it?

WYATT

The truth...

NATHAN (V.O.)

The life I've chosen can only end one way. My sole regret is that I never reconciled with my younger brother, Wyatt. He's the only one that might've believed I'm not a traitor. Now, I'll never get to see him again. I will steal the Clean Nukes and see who comes after me. I must prove my innocence or die trying to stop a new Cold War.

WYATT

What do you think?

KAREN

I think that sounds exactly like something you would say.

WYATT

Karen, we have to save my brother.

Karen hugs Wyatt. They hold each other. A distant explosion shakes the shelter, shelves fall. The lights flicker out.

WYATT

Do you have your phone on you?

KAREN

No, it's in the house.

Wyatt and Karen get to their feet. He checks the GENERATOR, the gas tank's full.

KAREN

What are you up to?

WYATT

A distraction.

EXT. SHORELINE - DAWN

Mila's GUNSHIP flies under radar along the coast. Twin auto-cannons spin. Bullets shred a transformer on a pole. The isolated mansion goes DARK. The Gunship heads for the home.

INT. MILA'S GUNSHIP - DAWN

From the pilot's cockpit, Mila looks down at her sister.

MILA

Hold your fire. Ground team will engage target in three minutes.

DIETRICH

Negative. Engaging target now.

Dietrich sits in the gunner's cockpit. She flips down the NIGHT VISION visor. Her helmet controls the targeting system. Wherever Dietrich looks, both auto-cannons point.

BACKYARD / FALLOUT SHELTER - INTERCUT

Mila's Gunship rises over the roof. The wind wallops Wyatt below. He runs towards the mansion, hoofs it past the extravagant all-glass GREENHOUSE.

Dietrich lays waste to a thousand glass panes in seconds.

WYATT

I'm the one you want! Leave Karen alone and take me!

Wyatt holds up the tablet. He backs up towards the mansion's patio. *Where all the exterior lights are set up.*

Karen PULL-STARTS the generator. Overhead lights power up.

FLOODLIGHTS blind Dietrich and Mila. They both flip up their visors. Dietrich growls, squeezes the trigger.

She pockmarks the mansion in seconds. A balcony collapses, a column cracks in half. Thousands of shells litter the lawn.

Wyatt retreats from the hellfire. Karen sprints out of the bulkhead. Wyatt follows her into the BOATHOUSE.

Mila pivots the Gunship towards the open water. Dietrich flips a switch, arms the missiles.

MILA
(Ukrainian w/English Subs)
 Stand down. We need Wyatt alive,
 remember our orders.

INT. BOATHOUSE - DAWN

Karen unties the mooring rope. Wyatt starts the SPEEDBOAT, the very same one in the photo of the young brothers. The engine stalls. The starter just keeps WHINING at Wyatt.

WYATT
 Come on.

MILA'S GUNSHIP

Dietrich flips the toggle between her legs.

DIETRICH
 Fuck orders.

She pushes that red button hard. Two missiles let loose from the Gunship's arsenal. The rockets INCINERATE the entire boathouse! The blast reaches the apex, swallows the sparrow.

Just as the flame-licked speedboat burrows through the blossoming fireball and into open waters!

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Wyatt navigates rough chop at top speed. Behind him, the wooden hull burns.

Karen pulls the pin on a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. She neutralizes the flames. They've got a big head start on Dietrich, but Wyatt knows it won't last. He pockets a nearby FLARE GUN.

KAREN
Got a plan?

WYATT
Yeah. Hang on!

Dead ahead: Small craft anchored by a town wharf. Fathers and sons on early morning fishing trips. Wyatt banks away from the shore. Chop slaps the hull. Karen spits out water.

There's two SAILBOATS on a COLLISION COURSE! Mila closes fast. Wyatt threads the needle between the boats. Cannon fire pockmarks masts and sails. Civilians dive to safety.

Wyatt and Karen look back, relieved. That's why they don't see: The OLD MAN in the ROWBOAT! Poor guy jumps for his life. The speedboat crashes through his tiny craft.

WYATT & KAREN
Sorry.

Up ahead, a TUGBOAT sounds off. It's towing a garbage scow, a taut STEEL CABLE between the two crafts. That's going to BEHEAD Wyatt if he doesn't act fast!

He dives on top of Karen. The cable shatters the WINDSHIELD, misses Wyatt's face by an inch!

The Tugboat blows its horn at the Gunship. Dietrich lays waste to it with her cannons. The tugboat explodes. Mila banks her birthday present away from the flames.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - DAWN

A very familiar DUCATI trails a line of CT state trooper cruisers. Cherries flashing on every SUV and sedan.

The bike passes the police. Oncoming traffic beeps. The Ducati streaks ahead, spooks the lead cop. He curses at the motorcycle. LIEUTENANT GORELLO hates crotch rockets.

INT. STATE TROOPER CRUISER - DAWN

Gorello's an Italian-American primate. He probably popped out of the womb giving orders. Gorello keys his radio...

GORELLO
All units converge on the cross town bridge. We'll mow down these terrorist pricks before they knew what hit them.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH - DAWN

The speedboat idles in the shallows. The sun rises. Wyatt and Karen stand on the shore. He knows this chase can only end one way. Wyatt hands Karen the tablet.

WYATT

A half mile inland is the main road into town. Find a cop and tell them everything.

KAREN

You're ditching me?

WYATT

Dietrich's after me, not you.

KAREN

You don't have to do this alone.

So much Wyatt wants to say to Karen, but there's no time.

WYATT

Alright, I'll stay. Just let me get the flare gun out of the boat.

Karen lets him go. He hops in the boat. Karen notices: The flare gun's tucked against his spine. She runs down the beach. Wyatt starts up the boat, pulls away.

KAREN

Come back you lying sonofabitch! I hate you, Wyatt Crane! Asshole!

The tide greets Karen, tears in her angry eyes. The Gunship booms overhead, pursues Wyatt. Karen retreats to the dunes.

The Gunship hovers, squares off against Wyatt. The speedboat streaks at the chopper. Dietrich fires missiles. Wyatt evades both of them. He pulls out the Flare Gun, aims.

Both cannons spit lead hellfire. The hull splinters all around Wyatt. He fires at the Gunship, takes a bullet in the shoulder. Globbs of thermite splatter the main rotor.

Dietrich and Wyatt flash past each other. The speedboat sputters smoke. Wyatt nurses the craft towards town.

EXT. COASTAL BRIDGE - DAY

The only way into town with wheels. Its two halves raise when boats pass through, but they're down now. Gorello deploys his dozen SNIPERS here...

GORELLO
Shoot to kill. They took down our
brothers in the Bronx. Am I clear?

The speedboat rounds the corner. The snipers assume firing
positions. Gorello makes a call...

GORELLO
We're in position, Special Agent.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: *Wyatt dead center in the CROSSHAIRS.*

WYATT
Please, don't shoot!

Behind him, the Gunship streaks into view. Wyatt's the meat
in a bullet sandwich no matter what. He closes his eyes.

GORELLO
Ready, aim, fire at that chopper!

Sharpshooters pelt the Gunship. Smoke plumes from its
damaged hydraulics. Dietrich fires her last missile.

Wyatt watches the incoming ballistic. He dives overboard,
the speedboat explodes. Wyatt hits the water face down.

MILA'S GUNSHIP

Alarms sound off. Mila fights the stick.

MILA
We have to land.

Down below, Dietrich notices an AMBULANCE moving through the
town square. She gets a naughty idea.

EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The first responders blow through a red light. They make
their way out of town, take another tight turn.

That's when they see MILA'S GUNSHIP blocking the road!

COASTAL BRIDGE

A wet Gorello lays Wyatt on shore, administers CPR. No sign
of breathing. Gorello pumps his chest.

GORELLO
Where's that damn ambulance?

Wyatt coughs up water. He mutters something about Karen.

GORELLO
Search the area for Karen Hayden!

All the cops spread out, leaving Gorello alone. He holds his cell up to Wyatt's ear...

GORELLO
Someone made a lot of phone calls
to stop me from shooting you,
Mister Crane. That person would
like to have a word with you.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

A banged-up Lau sits in bed, smartphone to his ear.

LAU
Hey asshole. You made it.

WYATT (V.O.)
Lau, you're alive.

LAU
Save your strength. You'll need it
to help me exonerate Nathan.

COASTAL BRIDGE

A woozy Wyatt smiles. The Ambulance arrives behind him. Two female EMTs approach Gorello.

GORELLO
About time. You two new in town?

DIETRICH
Yes, we are.

Mila shoots Gorello in the head. Dietrich levels her pistol at Wyatt. He drops the phone...

LAU (V.O.)
Hello? Wyatt, are you there?

PRIVATE BEACH

Karen watches the explosion in the distance. She assumes the worst about Wyatt. Someone sneaks up on her -- *it's Nathan Crane!* He muffles her cries with a gloved hand.

INT. INTERMODAL SHIPPING CONTAINER

It's shut tight. One portable light in a dim corner. A bound silhouette struggles in a chair. Dietrich aims her smartphone camera lens at the captive.

DIETRICH

Smile and say: Proof of life.

The FLASH reveals Wyatt. He's zip-tied and tape-gagged, his wounds treated and bandaged.

Dietrich e-mails the pic to someone. She puts away her cell, hovers over Wyatt. Dietrich straddles him, sits on Wyatt's lap. She kisses his taped mouth hard.

DIETRICH

Buck, little pony. Come on.

Her booted heels dig into his calves, as if Wyatt were a disobedient mount. He just glares at her.

DIETRICH

I said giddy up.

Dietrich clamps his nostrils shut. Wyatt can't breathe. He squirms and struggles for air.

DIETRICH

Harder. Put your hips into it.

She doesn't let him breathe. Wyatt bucks with all his strength. Dietrich grinds into his crotch. She arches her back and moans. Her chest heaves against his face.

DIETRICH

You and your brother do have at least one thing in common.

Dietrich grabs Wyatt's groin. Her cell rings. Dietrich releases him, takes the call. Wyatt gulps down air.

DIETRICH

Bring the Clean Nukes to me now,
Nathan, or the next family portrait
I send you will be much uglier.

She hangs up, dismounts Wyatt.

DIETRICH

Thanks for the ride, kid.

Dietrich knocks, the exit opens. It's DAYLIGHT. The hatch shuts after she leaves. Wyatt sits alone in darkness.

HOURS LATER

The container door slowly opens. It's NIGHT now. Someone in silhouette wearing tactical gear enters. A flashlight beam blinds Wyatt. The figure approaches. It's Nathan!

NATHAN

Be quiet, or you'll get us killed.

Nathan peels off the tape, cuts the zip ties.

WYATT

Nathan, what the hell's going on?

NATHAN

I'll explain everything later. We have to get out of here. Karen's outside waiting for us.

WYATT

Is she OK?

NATHAN

Yes, I found her on the beach. She told me about your friend, Ben. I'm so sorry, Wyatt. Who else knows about me?

WYATT

I briefed Lau. And Dietrich doesn't know he's still alive.

NATHAN

Good work. Let's go home.

The Crane brothers share a smile. Nathan brandishes a silenced Glock. He inches open the door, the coast is clear.

EXT. SHIPYARD - CORRAL - NIGHT

Nathan skulks in the darkness, Wyatt in tow. It's a maze of shipping containers. Overhead, huge cranes grind and hum.

FLOODLIGHTS expose Nathan and Wyatt! Mila and the Mercs aim their weapons at the brothers. Nathan gives up his Glock.

The brothers stand in a large three-sided CORRAL of shipping containers. The colorful metal modules are stacked high for privacy, like giant Lego blocks.

Dietrich, now wearing her EXO-SUIT, claps approval.

DIETRICH

You put on a good show, lover.

NATHAN

My old partner's still alive. You missed him on the bridge. I will eliminate Lau. It'll be easy, since he still trusts me.

WYATT

You played me my entire life, you lying sack of shit!

NATHAN

As usual, you've got me all wrong, little brother. I told you the truth about Karen. Here she is.

A Merc pushes a bound and gagged Karen into view. She's been slapped around. Dietrich and Nathan share a good laugh.

NATHAN

Safe and sound, just like I said.

Wyatt runs at Nathan, Mercs hold him back. Wyatt SPITS on his brother. That amuses Dietrich a lot, Nathan not so much.

NATHAN

Your gun please, Dietrich. Since we're on a tight schedule, I'll make it a quick death.

Dietrich removes the magazine from her pistol. She breech-loads ONE BULLET into the Glock. She approaches Nathan, then PIVOTS and offers the gun to Wyatt! He takes the pistol.

DIETRICH

Don't be shy, Wyatt. Get up close and personal for the kill. Look your brother square in the eye when you squeeze the trigger.

Wyatt jams the muzzle hard against Nathan's forehead.

WYATT

Anyone that cares about you winds up dead or alone in the dark!

DIETRICH

Not a very nurturing relationship.

MILA

If Nathan really loved you, you two would be working together.

DIETRICH
Like real siblings do.

The sisters AIR-KISS each other in sync. Mwah.

NATHAN
Every word you said was true,
Wyatt. I've done unspeakable
things in the name of national
security. Every time I make a
decision, someone suffers. So go
ahead, what're you waiting for?
Shoot me now! Do it!

Wyatt's trigger finger trembles. Nathan disarms his brother
with a nasty WRIST LOCK. Wyatt pulls free, disarms Nathan
using the same move! He tosses the gun away.

Thunder heralds a HARD RAIN. The brothers charge at each
other. Nathan lands an epic HAYMAKER on Wyatt's jaw. He
follows with a left to the kidney, then a knee to the chin.

Wyatt collapses onto the wet asphalt. He hacks, like a three
pack a day smoker. Lightning blooms above. Thunder rumbles.

NATHAN
News flash. Not everything that
happens in my life is about you!

Nathan pulls Wyatt up by his wet hair. *Unseen by all, he
slips a SWITCHBLADE into Wyatt's pants pocket.*

NATHAN
You know why I hated you all those
years? Because you're weak. You
don't have what it takes, Wyatt.

Wyatt SWEEP-KICKS Nathan to the ground. The Crane brothers
square off. Wyatt spits out blood.

WYATT
I'm a fast learner, school me.

Brother attacks brother. Flurries of close quarters punches
back and forth. Nathan squeezes the bandaged bullet wound
hard. Wyatt shrieks in pain. The siblings trade body blows.

Wyatt ROUNDHOUSE-KICKS his brother in the ribs. He pivots
his foot in mid-air, cracks Nathan upside the head.

WYATT
Ben died because I was dumb enough
to believe in you!

Nathan HEAD-BUTTS Wyatt! Mercs cheer. Nathan slams Wyatt against a table near ACETYLENE TANKS. He grabs Dietrich's Glock, aims at Wyatt's head.

NATHAN

No one's going to save you this time, you fat slob. You're going to have to do it yourself!

Wyatt feels the SWITCHBLADE. Nathan gives the slightest of glances to the tanks, but the Merc blocks his shot. *Wyatt now knows what he must do.* All eyes are on Nathan.

Which is why no one sees Wyatt jam the blade HILT DEEP into the Merc's thigh! Nathan has a clear shot at the tanks.

NATHAN

Nobody move! My brother and Karen walk now or we all die.

All guns on Nathan. Mila unfurls her tablet. She controls a SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE. It holds a stack of CONTAINERS. Wyatt frees Karen. They rally to Nathan. Mila moves the stack.

NATHAN

Go now. I'll hold them off.

KAREN

That wasn't the plan.

NATHAN

I'm changing it, Tell Lau I'm sorry. Can you do that, Wyatt?

So much Wyatt needs to say to his big brother, but there's no time. His emotions almost get the better of him.

WYATT

Consider it done.

Wyatt looks back at Nathan one last time... *He doesn't see Ridley and his team of armed SUIT GOONS crash the party!*

Green laser sights cover the Mercs. Red laser sights cover the Suits. The steady RAIN subsides.

RIDLEY

Did I miss anything important?

Two Suits detain Wyatt and Karen. Mercs grab Nathan.

Ridley pulls out his STRAIGHT RAZOR. He grabs Karen by the neck. Ridley presses the blade against her jugular.

RIDLEY

A southern gentleman never forgets his promises, Karen.

WYATT

Please, don't hurt her.

DIETRICH

Nathan led the CIA straight to us.

RIDLEY

Wrong, you did. Junior here gets a gold star, he planted a Nanochip tracker on you at the loft. And then I discovered his smartphone in that cute little car of yours.

Ridley holds up the cell. The GeoTag tracking grid updates on screen. A lone dot blinks. Dietrich's dot.

RIDLEY

You really should try using soap more often, bitch.

DIETRICH

Where is my car?

RIDLEY

I brought it with me. Here it is.

A Suit slides open a van's SIDE DOOR. The GT's been reduced to a METAL CUBE by a car crusher.

Dietrich glares venom at Ridley. Mila busts out laughing, much to Dietrich's dismay. Mila positions the crane to dump all the containers on Team Ridley.

RIDLEY

Since we're all here, I'd like to talk some Clean Nuke turkey.

DIETRICH

What are you offering, Ridley?

RIDLEY

A contract or three. The CIA could use a few good women.

WYATT

You can't be serious.

NATHAN

Put Dietrich on the payroll? She's next of kin to chaos.

RIDLEY

There's no job security in counter-intelligence, boys. Haven't I taught you two anything?

DIETRICH

What do I have to do for the CIA?

RIDLEY

Nothing you ain't already doing, darling. The CIA is all for you clean nuking Russia. I'll frame the Cranes for the leak and you girls are heroes for your homeland! Ukrainian patriots strike back, now that's a very sexy headline!

DIETRICH

But there's one problem with it...
We're not patriots.

Dietrich WHISTLES a familiar melody. The same one she used on the sparrows. A shipping container rumbles, internal gears churn, the roof slides back...

Unseen propellers spin, ten STEALTH DRONES rise. Every one of them armed with an active -- CLEAN NUKE!

MILA

That's just what we told Nathan.

The drone fleet hovers above the Crane brothers. There's a different TRAVEL STICKER on each one's fuselage...

NATHAN

Boston, New York, Toronto, Philadelphia, Montreal.

WYATT

Virginia Beach, Baltimore, the CIA, the FBI and Washington D.C.

NATHAN

Millions will be vaporized.

DIETRICH

It'll be the greenest nuclear blast in human history. Go science.

RIDLEY

That's one hell of a headline.

Ridley pulls out his flask, takes a long drink. Dietrich signals Mila. She drops the stack of steel modules.

Karen elbows Ridley's bum ear, runs for it. He doubles over, the phone falls from his shirt pocket, skitters away.

A half dozen shipping containers FLATTEN Ridley and a few Suits too. The stack SEALS OFF the corral's entrance.

Dietrich whistles again. The flock of Clean Nukes rises up into the sky. The scaled stealth bombers fly away.

DIETRICH

Kill everything!

The Mercs and the Suits open fire on each other. Bodies drop on both sides. Karen hits the deck. She BELLY-CRAWLS towards the dropped cell. A Suit falls dead next to her.

The Crane brothers hide behind a container. Bullets pelt the steel around them. Sparks zip past the siblings.

NATHAN

I'll get the tablet. You find Karen and call for help!

Wyatt navigates heavy gunfire. He ambushes a Merc, stuns him with a THROAT PUNCH. A Suit has a bead on Wyatt with an ASSAULT RIFLE! He dives, the Suit fires wide.

Nathan sneaks up on a Suit, snaps his neck. He picks up the machine gun. Nathan notices a crane LOWERING a container.

Across the corral: Mila controls that crane with her tablet, Dietrich by her side. She guns down any threats to Mila.

MILA

The crane will lift us to freedom.

A new window opens on her tablet. It's a MAP GRID of the shoreline. Not too far off its digital coast, there's a submerged SUBMARINE! Mila makes a call...

MILA

(Russian w/English Subs)
Our time table has changed, you must surface now.

SUB COMMANDER (V.O.)

(Russian w/English Subs)
We will rendezvous with you in three minutes, comrade.

The container arrives. The sisters climb aboard. Wyatt darts across the dark corral. Dietrich and Mila fire at will, a hail of bullets hound Wyatt.

INT. CARGO STACK - CONTINUOUS

Under a TARP, Karen makes a call on the salvaged cell...

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
We're sorry. All circuits are--

Karen redials. Wyatt POWER-SLIDES under the tarp! They couldn't be happier to see each other. The pair embrace.

WYATT
I thought I'd never see you again.

KAREN
I thought you were dead.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Hello? 9-1-1. Please state the nature of your emergency.

WYATT
Nuclear.

EXT. SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE - NIGHT

Dietrich and Mila survey the chaos. They don't see Nathan leap up at the container, grab the fleeting edge. He pulls himself up. Nathan shoots the PADLOCK on the double doors.

That gunfire sounded too close. Mila reloads. Dietrich pops a shell into the GRENADE LAUNCHER on her assault rifle. Mila halts the crane's ascent. Now, it's quiet. The sisters split up, then go on the hunt.

INT. SHIPPING MODULE - CONTINUOUS

It's empty, save for Nathan aiming at the ceiling. He stands perfectly still, his breath low and controlled. Corrugated steel creaks. Nathan pivots, poised to fire.

SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE / SHIPPING MODULE - INTERCUT

Dietrich arrives at the open end, Mila the closed. The sisters nod. In three, two, one... Mila KNOCKS.

Nathan shoots at that door. Dietrich hangs down into the opposite end, poised to fire an RPG! An explosion blossoms below. The blast PITCHES the trolley. Dietrich shoots low.

The projectile explodes. The blast RIPS the steel container in half! Nathan slides, catches the edge before he falls!

Mila plummets towards Nathan. He catches her by the wrist.

On the other half, EXO-Dietrich POWER-CLAWS into view and up to safety. Mila stands tall, waves to her sister.

NATHAN

Hold on, we can make it.

Mila draws a knife. She swipes at Nathan, he lets go. Mila drops! *As Nathan plucks the rolled-up tablet from her waist.*

Dietrich watches Mila fall. Rage fills her brain. She eyes Nathan, JAGUAR-LEAPS from one container half to the other!

Nathan pulls himself up on the trolley. He unrolls the tablet. Dietrich POWER-CLAWS her way up to him!

The display lights up. The crane's control panel already on screen. *Dietrich didn't know he had that.*

NATHAN

Down kitty.

Nathan stands on the safe trolley, releases the container halves. Dietrich's eyes goes wide as she falls to her death.

SHIPYARD

But like all smart kitties, Dietrich manages to land on her EXO-feet. The impact OVERLOADS the entire suit, a couple seams split. Dietrich collapses in a heap, but she's alive.

Mila coughs. Dietrich pulls debris off her. A light mist shrouds the siblings. The EXO-suit sparks, then gives out.

Dietrich drops on all fours, arches her back hard. The EXO-spine DISENGAGES, the tight body armor SLACKENS.

Like a snake, Dietrich SLOUGHS off her EXO-skin, revealing a sleek black unitard. Steam rises from her dark frame, like an ethereal aura. Dietrich cradles Mila.

MILA

I'm hungry.

DIETRICH

I'll make you some hot dogs.

Mila dies with a smile on her face. Dietrich kisses her sister goodbye. In the distance, she can hear talking...

WYATT

Time to detonation?

The shredded container halves descend. Nathan hops down to safety, tablet in hand. *On screen:* The drone flight paths update on a map. They close on the big cities.

NATHAN

The first Clean Nuke hits New York City in one minute.

KAREN

Can't you destroy the drones?

NATHAN

There's no self-destruct. Mila removed the safety protocols.

WYATT

Can we change the targets?

NATHAN

No, but I can trick the drones into a recall. It'll buy us some time.

KAREN

So, they'll detonate here instead.

NATHAN

Yes, an industrial zone. There's no civilians around for miles.

WYATT

Except us.

KAREN

And I'm holding onto ground zero.

They all stare at the tablet. A dialogue box pops up on screen: DRONE RECALL [Yes] or [No]. Decision time.

WYATT

I'm in.

NATHAN

Ten seconds. Are you in, Karen?

KAREN

Fuck yeah, let's save New York.

Nathan hits the recall, a new COUNTDOWN begins: 5:00...

NATHAN

It's done. Any ideas on how we distance ourselves from the tablet?

From behind, Dietrich shoots Nathan in the gut. He falls.

WYATT

Nathan!

Wyatt steps into the line of fire. Dietrich's got an easy kill shot. CLICK, no bullets. Wyatt punches her in the jaw.

Dietrich just grins at him. Even without the EXO-suit, she's still a super soldier. Dietrich retaliates with a knife!

Wyatt evades blade thrusts. He finally disarms her with a wrist twist. Dietrich counters, jabs him to the face.

Karen helps Nathan. She applies pressure to the wound. He forces her to take the tablet. 4:20... 4:19...

NATHAN

Find a boat. Get the tablet
underwater. Reduce blast radius.

Nathan slumps over. Karen regards the fight. Wyatt can't hold his own for much longer. A huge DILEMMA for Karen.

NATHAN

Go now!

Wyatt stomps Dietrich's foot. He breaks the arm lock she has on him. The pair circle each other...

WYATT

Who paid you to Clean Nuke us and
ruin what's left of my life?

DIETRICH

The highest bidder. Don't take it
so personally, Wyatt. This is just
a multi billion dollar fundraiser.

WYATT

Who needs that much money?

DIETRICH

A failing economy, thanks to you
the Ruble's gonna make a comeback.

WYATT

So, you're just an errand girl for
the invaders of your homeland.

That pisses Dietrich right off. She charges Wyatt. He runs at her full tilt. Dietrich chokes the life out of him. Both hands wrapped around his neck.

Wyatt writhes and gasps. He can't break her grip. Dietrich lifts Wyatt off his flailing feet.

DIETRICH

This is for my sister.

A pair of EXO-hands choke Dietrich from behind! *EXO-Karen to the rescue!* Dietrich writhes in her grip, releases Wyatt.

KAREN

This is for my father.

With all her EXO-might, Karen BODY-SLAMMS Dietrich hard, then throws her into a familiar pile of ACETYLENE TANKS.

Wyatt grabs a pistol. It's the same one he aimed at his brother. He checks the clip, one shot. Wyatt aims true.

The bullet erupts from the muzzle, pops the valve. Gas hisses, sparks fly. Rising flames INCINERATE Dietrich. She screams and flails until that bitch -- EXPLODES!

Karen collapses. The EXO-spine sparks, detaches. Wyatt pulls her out of Dietrich's high tech skin. An explosion cuts off their escape! Wyatt shields Karen from the flames.

A horn BEEPS, a bloody Nathan drives a FORKLIFT through the flames! Wyatt and Karen hang onto the ROLL CAGE.

The forklift motors down the PIER. A nearby GAS MAIN bulges, heat pops a valve. The pipeline explodes! Fiery bursts hounds the escaping trio. They drive into the ocean.

In mid-air, Wyatt and Karen leap off the forklift. Nathan plunges into the water. Karen surfaces. She looks around for the Cranes. Neither of them in sight, worry on her face.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Nathan sinks in the forklift. He passes out, arms akimbo in the dark water. Air bubbles slip out of his pursed lips.

Wyatt dives, extracts Nathan from the forklift. He swims for the surface, brother in tow. Wyatt doesn't see the old MEDAL slip out of his pocket. The childhood anchor fades away.

Air escapes Wyatt's lungs. Behind the brothers, a hulking dark form takes shape. It's a RUSSIAN SUBMARINE!

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

Finally, Wyatt breaks through. He gasps for air. Nathan coughs, Karen helps support him. The trio tread water.

KAREN

Two minutes to detonation.

NATHAN

Find a boat, sink the tablet.

Not a single sea faring vessel in sight. That's when the Russian sub's PERISCOPE rises into view.

WYATT

I think I have a better idea.

INT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE - BRIDGE

The RUSSIAN SKIPPER looks through a periscope. His thick silver beard frames a leathery visage. Whatever he sees deeply disturbs him.

OPEN SEA / RUSSIAN SUBAMRINE - INTERCUT

Wyatt holds up the unfurled tablet. He taps the touchscreen: *ONE MINUTE* left on the Clean Nuke COUNTDOWN.

The Russian Skipper curses. He barks orders at his younger EXECUTIVE OFFICER. Bells ring out. All overhead lights flash to RED. The bridge crew springs into action.

RUSSIAN SKIPPER

(Russian w/English Subs)

Full reverse!

Wyatt smashes the lens with the butt of his Glock. He JAMS the rolled-up tablet in the hole. It's a perfect fit. The periscope descends. Wyatt swims to shore. The sub retreats.

SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE

Karen and the Cranes ride the rising trolley. It's a spectacular view of the ocean. She rips a T-shirt, bandages Nathan's gut. He's lost a lot of blood, too much.

The clouds part, it's a star-filled sky...

WYATT

It's good to finally see you.

NATHAN

It feels good to be seen. I did everything I could to keep you away, but you came after me anyway.

WYATT

Of course, you're my brother.

NATHAN

I've rehearsed this apology a thousand times. And now I can't remember a single damn word of it.

WYATT

It doesn't matter, you're home now.

Wyatt and Nathan hug. The Clean Nukes fly overhead.

UNDERWATER

The submarine motors through the depths. Up ahead, a Stealth Drone sinks, like an old school -- DEPTH CHARGE. More nukes sink. Propellers push water, the drones intercept the sub!

RUSSIAN SUBAMRINE

Multiple SONAR PINGS echo in the control room. Defeat on the Russian Skipper's face. The pings get louder and louder...

SHIP-TO-SHORE CRANE / OPEN SEA - INTERCUT

Wyatt, Nathan and Karen watch the water. The Clean Nuke detonates! That familiar CELESTIAL MUSHROOM CLOUD plumes.

It's like someone cut a crater out of the ocean floor, huge waves quickly fill the naked earth with a monstrous -- SLAP!

The sheer force of the impact creates a -- TSUNAMI WAVE! And it's heading right for the shipyard. Steel girders shudder.

NATHAN

Hang on to something. Real tight.

The giant wave lashes the shoreline! Warehouses collapse, water pushes through everything man-made. Rows of colorful shipping modules tumble, like Legos smashed by a giant brat.

The crane's base PITCHES. Karen falls to her doom! Wyatt grabs her wrist. She dangles high above the oceanic chaos.

Wyatt pulls Karen up to safety. The wave extinguishes all the fires below. As if Dietrich were just a dream.

Distant sirens bleat. A searching SPOTLIGHT finds our trio, the light belongs to a COAST GUARD chopper.

INT. PASSENGER JET - NIGHT

THOMAS and ELISE CRANE, Wyatt's parents, sit in First Class as the Fasten Seat Belt sign chimes. They're on final approach into Hartford. Elise comforts her sick husband.

ELISE

Relax now, we're home now. You can even see the house from here.

Thomas snuffles, looks outside: *In the distance, FIRE TRUCKS surround what's left of his smoldering mansion!* His face turns beet red. Thomas coughs hard. Elise pats his back.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sunlight blankets the serene landscape. Rows and rows of ancestors marked by marble.

His physical wounds healed, Wyatt sits before a grave: *Ben Knowland. Loving husband & father. A selfless hero.*

Wyatt sits in silence, until Nathan arrives...

WYATT

How did you find me?

NATHAN

If I were you, this is where I'd be hating on myself for the one life I couldn't save. My first instructor almost expelled me too. He tried to tell me to stop alienating my family, but I never listened.

WYATT

I know you thought you could protect me by lying, but all you did was hurt me by staying away.

NATHAN

Can we turn a page together?

WYATT

It won't be easy. I'm not used to being honest about myself either.

NATHAN

Full disclosure, that's a tough nut to crack. It's time I come clean with Mom and Dad. Would you come home with me, brother?

WYATT

Only if you promise to stop
punishing yourself for making the
world a better place.

NATHAN

You first.

Nathan smiles. He offers his brother a hand up. Wyatt takes it. The Crane brothers leave together.

EXT. CRANE HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Repairs have begun on the mansion. Nathan and Thomas set up poker tables and folding chairs.

THOMAS

I wouldn't have assumed the academy
was a phase for Wyatt, if you had
been honest with us. This family
needs you, Son.

NATHAN

I'm sorry, Dad.

Thomas hugs Nathan tight. Elise and Karen exit what's left of the house. They bring out paper plates and napkins.

BANGER, an insolent CORGI, barks at the activity. Karen presses a CLICKER. She hisses. Banger drops to the ground.

KAREN

Good dog, Banger.

THOMAS

How does she do that? I can't get
that dog to do anything for me.

Wyatt pops up out of the fallout shelter. He lugs a propane tank and portable gas burner.

Lau and his FAMILY arrive in a familiar SPEEDBOAT. This one's brand spanking new with a big bow on top.

LAU

Where's the boathouse?

WYATT

Dietrich blew it up.

LAU

This was supposed to be a surprise.

NATHAN

It's a great surprise, we just don't have anywhere to put it.

Lau gently beaches the boat. He helps his older BROTHER and SISTER-IN-LAW hop off the craft. Everyone gathers.

LAU

This is my brother and his wife, they're in town for a visit.

Greetings all around. Wyatt shakes hands with Lau's Brother, regards the Sister-In-Law...

WYATT

Nice to meet you, Lau told me all about you during my interrogation.

Lau's family stares at Wyatt, then laughs. He laughs too, like it's a joke. Lau slaps Wyatt on the back. Hard.

NATHAN

So what's the final verdict?

LAU

You're not wanted for treason.

NATHAN

Nice. And how did you manage that?

LAU

I told the review board that if they promoted me, I'd keep an eye on you. Permanently.

Lau flashes a shiny new -- CIA CREDENTIAL.

LAU

Whaddya say, partners again?

NATHAN

Put it there, partner.

Nathan and Lau shake hands, then hug it out.

WYATT

What about me?

NATHAN

Graduate Quantico and we'll talk.

WYATT

Or, race me to the water. If I win, I get to work with you guys.

NATHAN
And if I beat you?

WYATT
We will never work together again.

NATHAN
You're on.

The Crane brothers SPEED-STRIP down to their briefs. They sprint for the shore. Nathan grabs an early lead.

ELISE
Get in here, young lady.

Just when Karen's missing her parents the most, the Cranes are here for her. Even Banger sits by Karen.

Everyone cheers on the brothers. Wyatt and Nathan POWER-RUN, they touch the ocean at the SAME TIME. Their home may be rubble, but the Crane family has never looked happier.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

Wyatt and Karen stand in the idle SPEEDBOAT. His cell anchored in a speaker dock. The studio version of the karaoke love song plays. They dance an intimate two-step.

WYATT
No karaoke this time.

KAREN
You remembered.

WYATT
So, did you make up with your ex?

KAREN
Nope.

WYATT
I'm sorry, that's terrible. Do you want to talk about it?

KAREN
No I don't, and neither do you.

Wyatt and Karen kiss each other like there's no tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. KREMLIN - OFFICE - DAY

A space worthy of Russia's First Deputy Prime Minister.

On a turntable, The Red Army Chorus booms with vintage Cold War pride. Maps of the Ukraine unfurled on a desk.

Someone holds two old Ukrainian PASSPORTS: Sad young girls pictured within -- *it's little Dietrich and Mila!*

Francov kisses the documents. He strikes a match. Young Dietrich and Mila slowly burn. Francov clenches his fist over the smouldering flames, tightens his grip.

His face trembles with rage, welcoming the pain. *As if he were a grieving parent.* Francov is the SCRAMBLED MAN!

He grinds the burnt identities to dust. Francov opens his scarred palm, discards the mess. He composes himself.

Francov pulls out a BURNER CELL, ignoring several phones on his desk. He makes a call...

FRANCOV
(*Russian w/English Subs*)
General, start your invasion.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END