

LION

by
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The Arlook Group
Matt Fisch

FADE IN:

A LARGE BODY OF WATER at night. A fine rain. Eerie scenery.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: CONGO RIVER. EASTERN CONGO

A long string of FISHING NET FLOATS bobs at the surface THEN-
SUDDENLY they are yanked underwater by the silhouette of a decrepit VESSEL ploughing into view. Engine revving. Chocking-
UNDERWATER: The PROPELLER tangles up in fishing net - JAMMING.

EXT. THE VESSEL'S DECK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

5 AFRICAN GUNMEN storm out. Alarmed. One man leans overboard, gestures at remnants of fishing net floating at the surface AS-
The other gunmen spot the culprit: A TARP-COVERED FISHING BOAT-
In it: TWO LOCAL FISHERMEN wave apologetically at the furiously shrieking armed men. As they steer their boat closer a-

FADED CRACKLING NOISE can be heard - What is it?

CLOSE ON: The oscillating needle of a measuring device (GEIGER METER) crackling with every peak of radiation it registers.

REVEAL: COMMANDER holding the meter. THREE OTHERS in khakis beside him - ASSAULT RIFLES on their knees - all hidden under the tarp cover of the fishing boat - WHO ARE THEY?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: US NAVAL STATION GAETA. CENTRAL ITALY

A FEMALE SECRETARY bursts inside the office of JACK TRENTON, a hawkish 50-year-old Special Operations official.

SECRETARY
They need you in the room. Now.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Somber. Dimly lit. The special operations brain of this base. SMALL STAFF at their posts: 5 MILITARY TECHNICIANS: Two for communications. Two for Intel. One for logistics.

Trenton enters. LEE, a seasoned Military Intelligence official, stares at a cluster of screens on the wall.

TRENTON
What've we got?

LEE
A cargo run headed for Zambia.

TRENTON
(glancing at the screens)
The one we've been waiting for?

LEE
Whatever it is, it's radiating like a floating Chernobyl.

TRENTON
Where do we stand?

LEE
We've disabled the vessel with our
men on stand-by. Stalling until the
air units arrive.

TRENTON
How long?

LEE
3-5 minutes due to the weather.

Trenton sighs. Leans over a microphone. Presses the button.

TRENTON/MICROPHONE
This's Jack Trenton, Director of the
Special Activities Division. How are
we holding up?

INT. TARP-COVERED FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Commander whispers at a mini VIDEO CAMERA mounted on the helmet
of another uniform -- they are US SPECIAL OPS.

COMMANDER/RADIO
No clear visual but it sounds like
the rag tags are losing patience.

EXT. THE VESSEL'S DECK - SIMULTANEOUS

The African gunmen fire warning shots at the terrified
fishermen to move faster to free the net.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trenton and Lee.

LEE
It's getting hotter. We risk blowing
our cover.

TRENTON
How many of them?

LEE
About five on deck. Probably more
inside.

TRENTON
(to communication tech)
ETA on back-up?

COMM TECH
3 minutes to rendezvous, sir.

EXT. THE VESSEL'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

A gunman loses his patience. Fires at a fisherman who falls
back. Hit in the leg.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON SCREEN: The fisherman writhes in pain.

LOGISTICS TECH
They're firing at our locals.

LEE
We wait, we go - either way, they're shooting!

LOGISTICS TECH
We might as well go in.

COMM TECH
2 minutes to rendezvous, sir.

Lee, Trenton exchange hard looks - Moment of decision.

LEE/RADIO
Commander - You're a go! Board the vessel!

EXT. THE VESSEL'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

The same gunman aims for the wounded fisherman when... ZIP! he takes a bullet to his chest. The gunman hits the deck as-

4 SPECIAL OPS pop out from under the tarp roof of the fishing boat. Shooting. BRAM-BRAM-BRAM! -- 3 more gunmen drop down.

They storm the deck -- Splitting: Commander and Special Op #1 inside the CORRIDOR. Special Op #2 and #3 heading downstairs.

We follow Commander and Special Op #1. BRAM-BRAM-BRAM -- fire from deep inside -- they return fire.

Pushing ahead -- the ship's bridge -- HELMSMAN and a MATE -- terrified -- unarmed -- NOT A THREAT -- moving past when-

Shots ring out from down below -- They run down the stairs -- Another corridor. Past the dead bodies of other TWO GUNMEN and-

INT. VESSEL'S CARGO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step in SEMI-DARK. Find Special Op #2 sitting against a wall. Clutching his chest. Special Op #3 - face down nearby.

SPECIAL OP #1
(inspecting the wound)
He's been knifed!

COMMANDER/RADIO
Men down! We need evac! Urgent!

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stupor. All glued to the jerky images on SCREEN.

COMM TECH
Air support: .8 miles away!

TRENTON
(dejected)
Jesus Christ...

He slumps in a chair as RADIO CRACKLING floods the room.

PILOT/RADIO(O.S.)
Bravo One Romeo Delta to base.

COMM TECH/RADIO
Bravo One Romeo Delta come in!

INT. MH-60R SEAHAWK HELICOPTER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

PILOT and COPILOT at the controls. More ops behind them.

PILOT/RADIO
Six-One Six-Two approaching target.

Seahawk windshield POV: as it approaches the VESSEL from air.

COMM TECH/RADIO
We have men down inside the ship.
Six-One, Six-Two - You are a GO!
Insert, rescue and secure! Over.

PILOT/RADIO
Roger that!

INT. VESSEL'S CARGO ROOM

Commander rips Special Op #2's vest open. Blood gushes out.

Suddenly - a LURKER in the dark!

Special Op #1 on his feet. Rifle aimed. Tactical light on.

Special Op #1 POV: Slowly between containers. Spot light scanning. Breathing heavily with every step when-

A SHADOW beside him -- He turns -- Too late -- WHACK -- a knifing sound -- Special Op #1 falls with a growl --

BAM! BAM! Commander fires -- misses -- ATTACKER moves swiftly back in the dark -- Commander after him -- behind containers.

The attacker reaches for the EXIT. Commander fires again -- too late -- attacker slips out.

Commander after him. In the corridor. Sees the attacker at the top of the stairs. One last push -- Steps onto the deck into-

A MASSIVE BLINDING FLOOD LIGHT - the two Seahawks' spot lights.

Commander's eyes adjust as newly arrived SPECIAL OPS move in on the attacker now out in plain sight.

The attacker - machete in hand -- gets squeezed in by a circle of weapons pointed at him. He turns AND-

SURPRISE - a disheveled, frightening WHITE MALE in fatigues.

COMMANDER/RADIO
You might wanna see this.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All glued to the screen in utter consternation.

TRENTON
Who is this guy?

LEE
 (to staff)
 Do we know who this is?
 (staff clueless)
 Agent? Smuggler? Can we get an ID?
 Any information? Anything? Anybody?

TECH
 -- he's white --

LEE
 Tell me something I don't know!

COMMANDER/RADIO (O.S.)
 Target pinned down. Capture or kill?

LEE
 (to Trenton)
 A foreign fighter? An intermediary?
 Arms dealer? Possibly the buyer...

TRENTON
 There's only one way to find out.
 (on the microphone)
 Take him up! Bring him home!

EXT. VESSELS'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Commander signals. A Special Op comes behind the confused attacker -- rifle up -- and-

SMACK - a blow to the head -- The attacker falls with a thud.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK: Phone rings. And rings... And rings.

INT. RAPOZA RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING

A night stand lamp lights up. SENATOR RAPOZA (60) scrambles for the phone. Heavy eyed. Messy hair. Pajamas. He answers.

RAPOZA/PHONE
 -- hello -- yes --
 (beat)
 -- uh-huh -- What? It can't be --
 (sitting up straight)
 -- how sure are they? --
 (beat)
 -- after all this time --
 (sighs)
 -- alright... alright --

Rapoza lowers the phone. Whatever he heard rocked him.

PULL BACK to reveal a colonial style bedroom. Old fashioned. Neat. Monotone. The place of a person married to his job. Rapoza looks around in confusion: Is this a dream?

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A building slides into view: THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

COLONEL (O.S.)
 Acting on substantiated intel,
 Monday, at 01:00 hours local time...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Civilian and military figures attend a debriefing behind closed doors. A COLONEL has the floor.

COLONEL (CONT'D)
 Our Special Forces raided cargo
 traveling East through Katanga
 province in the DRC. As a result-

He points to a PROJECTION SCREEN playing a slide show of photos-

COLONEL (CONT'D)
 150 pounds of uranium yellow cake
 and 14 tons of radioactive cobalt
 ore have been seized. The catch of
 the day however-

ON SCREEN: a photo of 4 TUBE-LIKE OBJECTS.

COLONEL (CONT'D)
 ...are the enriched uranium rods
 vanished last year from CREN-K
 Nuclear Center in Kinshasa. We
 worked hard to track them down, we
 have them all now.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Has it all been secured?

CAMERA finds Rapoza, sitting in the back. His mind wanders off
 while his good physical appearance masks his nervousness.

COLONEL
 Our arrangements with the Congolese
 Government mandate that they retake
 possession of the load, including
 the rods. For now.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 We can't have those nuclear
 components up for grabs again.

COLONEL
 They are part of the failed Atoms
 For Peace program sanctioned by the
 IAEA. We are filing a petition to be
 granted the radioactive parts for
 safe keeping.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Speaking of safe keeping, I was told
 that during the raid, we detained an
 interesting figure...

COLONEL
 (shuffling through papers)
 Yes, uh...

ORTH (O.S.)
 (cutting off)
 His name is William Hughes...

All eyes turn to a tall, bony man (60's), in uniform. He is ROBERT ORTH, Deputy of Defense Intelligence For Africa.

SECRETARY OF STATE
Mr. Orth...

ORTH
(stepping forward)
American national. Youngest son of
Walter Hughes, US diplomat to the
Congo 97-99.

The audience gasps - all the air sucked out of the room.

ORTH (CONT'D)
Key player of the Lambda Initiative
aimed at defusing a war that had
already wiped out 6 million people.
(beat)
1999 - He and his family were killed
after their boat was overrun by
suspected rebels.

On SCREEN: the photo of a ravaged, burned-down SAILBOAT.

ORTH (CONT'D)
Upon dispatch, the Congolese Coast
Guard found the bodies of Mr. Hughes-

ON SCREEN: the burned corpse of a MAN; a dead WOMAN in fetal
position; the body of a TEENAGE BOY wearing a life vest.

ORTH (CONT'D)
His wife Sharon - a humanitarian
worker and their oldest son,
Michael, found floating nearby. All
shot to death. Execution style.

The room turns eerily quiet. Rapoza looks down. He's seen the
gruesome pictures before.

ON SCREEN: a family photo: WALTER, SHARON, MICHAEL and a
charming 14 YEAR OLD BOY - a circle around his face.

ORTH (CONT'D)
(pointing at the boy)
That was William Hughes 14 years
ago. Also on the boat although his
body was never found. Presumed dead.
Until now.

SECRETARY OF STATE
Miracle he's still alive. Why's he
in custody, then?

ORTH
The thugs must have spared the boy's
life. God only knows what they've
done to him but...

ON SCREEN: a scary-looking mug-shot of the attacker. Wide-eyed.
Savage. Somebody you don't want to cross paths with.

ORTH (CONT'D)
This is William Hughes now.
(audience gasping)
A member of an armed group which has
been wreaking havoc in the Eastern
(MORE)

ORTH (CONT'D)
 Congo. Terrorizing communities and fighting for control over mineral fields. We have deemed him an enemy combatant. After all, he killed three of our men.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 What about his constitutional rights?

ORTH
 We're holding him under the Law of Armed Conflict for interrogation purposes. Hoping he'll shed light into smuggling routes and buyers.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Are we getting anything?

ORTH
 Not yet, but now Justice is considering turning him over to our civilian court system.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Is this man aware of his situation?

ORTH
 As I was informed, Mr. Hughes hasn't been too communicative yet.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 (to Rapoza)
 Senator, since you spearheaded the Lambda Initiative, I can only guess you knew the Ambassador.

RAPOZA
 Mr. Hughes laid the groundwork for our mission in the Congo. It's especially tragic that he died in a country he worked tirelessly to save, yet his legacy still lingers on.

There's dead air inside the room.

SECRETARY OF STATE
 Colonel, keep me posted on the progress with the Atomic Energy Agency. As for Mr. Hughes Jr., let's have Justice decide on it. Gentlemen-

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rapoza rushes, passing by people. Bursting inside-

THE MEN'S ROOM

He tosses his briefcase on the counter. Loosens his tie. Sprinkles water on his face.

The door opens: Orth steps in. Calm. Imposing. Watches Rapoza squirming in his own skin.

ORTH
 I was reading a book to my grandkids the other night. The story of Snow
 (MORE)

ORTH (CONT'D)
 White. A classic. When I got to the end, my granddaughter says: "if the Queen hadn't worried so much about her skin, she wouldn't have ended up in flames."

RAPOZA
 So much for a cautionary tale.
 (wiping his face)
 How did they find out it's him?

ORTH
 The Navy asked Justice to run a profile through their database. His DNA came back a perfect match-
 (as Rapoza fixes his tie)
 Let it go, Dennis. It's been a long time.

RAPOZA
 (grabbing his briefcase)
 Imagine the headlines once he's back: "a modern day Tarzan returned to civilization." I'm telling you, there's going to be some serious digging into the past. A best-seller in the making.

ORTH
 You panicked then, you're panicking now.

RAPOZA
 You know you have the resources to deal with it - You just got too comfortable.

ORTH
 What exactly are you asking me?

RAPOZA
 I'm asking you to act!

ORTH
 Things aren't like they used to be. There are new people in the department. New loyalties. My hands are tied. And what could we do now anyway?

RAPOZA
 (opening the door)
 We sure don't need a talking mirror to tell us what needs to be done, do we?

Rapoza leaves. We stay on Orth pondering. Picking up the wet paper towel from the counter. Tossing it in the garbage.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE TERMINAL OF A SMALL MILITARY AIRPORT - DAY

Four U.S. MARSHALS chatting, walking briskly past:

ADA MILLER (30). Government Attorney. Pretty. Know-it-all to impertinent - a statement to female power.

KATE, her assistant (and her opposite) carries a briefcase as Ada pulls a suitcase on wheels.

KATE
(re: briefcase)
You have all the case documents in here. Anything else - call.

ADA
Will do.

KATE
You'll be in Naples in 9 hours. I wanted you in a hotel but they said you'd be better off at the Base. No rowdy tourists.

ADA
It's no pleasure trip. I'll be in and out.

KATE
Never know. With you - it's always a roll of the dice.

ADA
You ever lost a bet on me?

KATE
I haven't gone all in yet.

Approaching the boarding area, Kate hands Ada the briefcase.

KATE (CONT'D)
I'll call ahead to Naples to ask for someone to...

ADA
(grabbing the briefcase)
...babysit?

KATE
Just to show you around and shield you from any gun-toting rambo flashing testosterone at you.

ADA
You're saying I have a knack for spiking the male hormone?

KATE
If by this you mean looking for trouble...

ADA
(departing)
Only claiming my place in the 21st century.

KATE
(under her breath)
That's exactly what worries me.

Off Ada heading to a MIDSIZED MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT. The four marshals can be seen climbing onboard.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

A TWO-LANE road flanked by the bare trees of a desolate fall. No human presence. Headlights approach in the distance.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

Rapoza is in the back seat, contemplating the darkness outside. The car passes by an abandoned BUILDING, symbol of a business gone bad. Turns onto an unpaved road. Comes to a full stop.

Eerie silence befalls as the driver flips the interior lights on. A KNOCK on the window startles Rapoza.

He opens the door. Steps right in front of a tall SILHOUETTE with undistinguished features and a raspy voice.

SILHOUETTE

Sir...

The silhouette walks off. Rapoza looks around. Weary. Buttons up his coat. Starts following. Descending into darkness.

The silhouette opens the back door of a LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. The interior lights shine on SEMION, a frail, beaming old man.

SEMION

(a slight foreign accent)

Mr. Senator, what a privilege...

As Rapoza climbs inside the Navigator, we notice the stern look of another man, LUDWIG (30), in the passenger seat.

SEMION (CONT'D)

Although I don't recall reaching out to my representative in Washington recently.

RAPOZA

No need to. A good public servant is always in tune with the needs of his constituency.

The silhouette shuts the door, separating us from the ones inside. He then lights up a cigarette as SILENCE returns.

FADE TO:

INT. ORTH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Family members converge around the dining table. 4 adults, 3 children get ready for dinner - A jolly atmosphere all around.

Orth helps a small child get in his highchair.

ORTH'S WIFE (O.S.)

Honey, it's for you.

A woman in her late 50's holds up a phone in the hallway. Orth gets up from the table. His wife walks past him.

ORTH'S WIFE (CONT'D)

Please don't keep us waiting.

Orth nods. Steps into the hallway. Picks up the phone.

ORTH/PHONE

Yes?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Rapoza by the side of the unpaved road. Cellphone to his ear.

RAPOZA/PHONE

I've got something going and it's important you back me up on this.

ORTH/PHONE

Tell me it's not about that boy.

RAPOZA/PHONE

No. It's not about him. It's about us and the responsibility we have to this country. We poured our lives into this and now a shit storm is about to blow it all away.

ORTH/PHONE

(weary)

Who have you been talking to?

RAPOZA/PHONE

People who can take this burden off our shoulders. Wipe the slate clean.

ORTH/PHONE

Are you even listening to yourself?

RAPOZA/PHONE

The world is one big cesspool and you'll get soiled trying to clean it-

ORTH/PHONE

What the hell are you getting at?

RAPOZA/PHONE

I found our cleansing agent.

ORTH/PHONE

(alarmed)

Have you offered anything?

RAPOZA/PHONE

Something we just got our hands on. Something they've been dealing with since the end of the Cold War.

ORTH/PHONE

If you're talking about the uranium then you've really lost your mind!

RAPOZA/PHONE

There's a whole lot more to lose.

ORTH/PHONE

Do you have the slightest idea what hands those could fall into?

RAPOZA/PHONE

It's going to Israel, Robert. They've been buying weapons grade uranium off the black market just so it won't get into the wrong hands.

ORTH/PHONE
It's not even in our hands yet.

RAPOZA/PHONE
I can do that. What I can't do is
stave off the waters once the flood
gates burst open.
(off ORTH'S silence)
Oh, they are not going to shut down
the Program. No. But it'll be a
major shake down. A scourge of
biblical proportions and somebody
will have to take the fall. You know
what Eisenhower said? "The search
for a scapegoat is the easiest of
all hunting expeditions." And you
know as well as I do, Robert: the
scapegoat is not a fairy-tale
creature.

Orth throws a nervous glance at the dining table. Meets the
scolding look of his wife. A little girl waves at him.

LITTLE GIRL
Grandpa, we're eating!

RAPOZA/PHONE
They'll make a show of us and I'll
die before I let that happen.

ORTH/PHONE
(giving in)
What do you want from me?

RAPOZA/PHONE
Someone to lead these men to
their target: A POISONED APPLE.

ORTH/PHONE
(resigned)
I hope you know what you're doing.

RAPOZA/PHONE
We've come so far, we can't afford
another ending, Robert. Not to this
story.

Rapoza hangs up. Gets inside the car as-

INT. ORTH RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Orth puts the phone down. Worried. Heads back to the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL VIEW of the Military Transport Aircraft touching down.

TITLE: US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA. CENTRAL ITALY

EXT. AIRSTRIP - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA - DAY

Ada, carrying her luggage, walks towards the tarmac. Behind
her, the four U.S. Marshals are met by a military figure.

STEVE KEAGAN, friendly, bureaucrat-type, mid 30's greets Ada
with a big smile. Hand outstretched for a shake.

KEAGAN
Ada Miller? Steve KEAGAN. Relations
deputy. Welcome to Italy or
benvenuto as the locals say. May I?

He grabs one of her bags.

ADA
(smiling)
Let me guess. My assistant called
asking for a favor to baby-sit.

KEAGAN
It was more of a cry for help
fearing her boss would get eaten
alive by a beast her department
doesn't have a leash on.

ADA
Justice vs Defense. Not a myth, huh?

KEAGAN
Well, you're about to meet one of
the beast keepers.

ADA
Ha! The Billy Bad-ass of the DOD?

Ada, Keagan disappear behind glass doors.

CUT TO:

A VIDEO MONITOR showing William Hughes (the attacker),
handcuffed, sitting obliviously in an INTERROGATION ROOM. A
TRANSLATOR is also present. Trenton pulls up a chair.

TRENTON
I know what it's like to be part of
some seriously messed up things -
changing men into their worst as a
response to the needs of survival. I
get that. The problem is...
(sitting down)
We know who you were, we don't know
who you are. Friend or foe?

William - detached and unresponsive. Translator mutters on.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Do you understand English?
(no answer)
Do you have any recollection of your
family? When you were a child?
Christmases, birthdays? Ball games?
(still nothing)
Can you at least tell me your name?
(losing patience)
Hey, I'm talking to you!

He snaps his fingers in William's face. Maybe too close when:

WHAM - William jolts. Sending Trenton backwards. Guards jump in
to restrain William as he bites into a guard's arm. Spits out
flesh, YELLING INDISTINGUISHABLY and - FREEZE FRAME.

CAMERA PANS 180 - WE ARE IN

TRENTON'S OFFICE

Ada stares at William's terrifying expression on the screen as Trenton gets up from behind his desk. Remote in hand.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
He calls himself "Nkosi"- Lion in Lingala - a mixture of French and African dialects. He's saying: "Send me back to Africa or I'll rip your brains out and eat them." I don't know what you make of it but to me, he sure looks humanly dead.

ADA
(matter-of-factly)
Yet legally alive.

She slides a BIRTH CERTIFICATE under Trenton's nose.

ADA (CONT'D)
And very much an American citizen entitled to petition for habeas corpus.

TRENTON
So you want him to appear before a judge like an ordinary pickpocket?

ADA
You have a problem with that?

TRENTON
I'm just saying he's not your common criminal. His mind got rewired long ago.

ADA
He still falls under the United States Constitution.

TRENTON
If you think the Constitution can handle this guy then you're in dreamland. The man doesn't give a rat's ass about any rule of law. The only authority he subjects himself to is his AK47's.

ADA
He still has rights and privileges.

TRENTON
The privilege to take out three of my men?

ADA
He did it to stay alive!

TRENTON
Or because that's all he knows!

ADA
He was the son of an American diplomat! A child when he was taken!

TRENTON
Now fully grown into a monster. Listen, the thugs he was with are responsible for serious atrocities.

(MORE)

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Killing, raping, pillaging are as casual to them as you standing in line for coffee.

ADA
They attacked his sense of self! Assaulted his identity - by God he deserves to get it all back!

TRENTON
Good luck fighting that Stockholm Syndrome out of him 'cause the one thing he wants back - is to his shithole.

ADA
You don't believe people can change?

TRENTON
I do. But it's the nature of change that makes us who we are. You of all people oughta know that...

Ada raises her eyes. Confused: what is he talking about?

TRENTON (CONT'D)
...Coming from a home where drugs, abuse and crime filled the family album - your juvenile record alone spelled sure-fire self-destruction.

She suddenly turns pale: the bastard read her file.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
That's why you picked the case, didn't you? That kindred spirit flared up reminding you that a dark past can always be turned into a bright future. The difference here is that you were given a chance when you could still be saved. You are merely the product of good timing.

ADA
As well as of a new home; affection from adoptive parents-

TRENTON
-Who saw you off to prom as he was being sent to wipe out a village.

ADA
He did what he did, but he's not a threat to the country!

TRENTON
Nonsense! I caught him hauling nuclear material to hell knows where! Whatever he was, he is no more and this is where he belongs now. He's nothing but a lost soul.

ADA
Or a treasure trove of information, isn't it? Extracting intelligence. I'm curious - Have you pulled anything from him, yet? Any names, routes, places? Have you tortured him already?

TRENTON
Why not ask him that yourself?

INT. DETENTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Damp. Cold. Basement-like. Guards open a prison cell. Pull out the ruffled silhouette of William.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Ada sets a file on the table. Same translator from the video recording is also present.

INT. ADJACENT OBSERVATION ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Trenton, Keagan watch Ada from behind a two-way mirror.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Hope she's good at making new
friends.

Keagan glances at Trenton: "what an asshole."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ada grows nervous at the approaching sound of shuffling legs and rattling chains.

The door opens. The guards bring William in. He stops. Fixes on Ada. His frightening appearance puts a knot in her throat.

ADA
(apprehensive)
My name is Ada Miller. I am your
government appointed attorney.

He lowers his eyes. Ada defaults to her office demeanor; sits down hoping he will, too - she's wrong.

The translator TRANSLATES in French what Ada says in English.

ADA (CONT'D)
Mr. Hughes, I need you to know that
as a US citizen, you have the right
to appear before a judge who will
address any concerns with your
arrest and detention.

No response from William. Ada takes it in. Opens her file.

ADA (CONT'D)
There is evidence linking you to an
armed group operating in the Katanga
province. The same one suspected of
killing your family and ultimately
abducting you.

She pulls out the photo of Walter Hughes, William's father.

ADA (CONT'D)
Your father - Walter Hughes, a
former American diplomat.

Another photo: Sharon Hughes surrounded by African women.

ADA (CONT'D)
 Your mother, Sharon, ran Hope in
 Congo - a humanitarian mission
 rescuing women and children
 victimized by the war.

Another photo: Michael Hughes blowing out birthday candles.

ADA (CONT'D)
 Your brother Michael. A high
 school student. You were all
 attacked in the Congo Delta. When
 help arrived, they were already
 dead and you... missing.
 (no reaction from WILLIAM)
 Obviously the killers took you
 hostage. Undoubtedly brutalized
 you. Preyed on your fears as a
 child. Drained you of your own
 identity and filled it instead
 with images of war and violence
 under which even a strong-witted
 adult would break.

ANGLE ON: another photo - a portrait of the Hughes family. A
 happy moment in time. Ada taps her finger on YOUNG WILLIAM.

ADA (CONT'D)
 That is when you, William Hughes,
 ceased to exist - At least for a
 while.
 (leaning back)
 As we learned who you are, we
 decided you should come home and
 that's why I'm here. All I want is
 your cooperation. I need you to talk
 to me, William.

William stares ahead, unmoved as Ada steps towards him.

INT. ADJACENT OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trenton - a smug smile on his face.

TRENTON
 I wouldn't do that.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ada stands right in front of William.

ADA
 (lowering her voice)
 I can't say I understand what you've
 been through but I need you to know -
 I am here to help.
 (reaching for his hands)
 Did they hurt you?

WHAM - William jolts up -- pinning Ada with her back on the
 table -- BELLOWING INDISTINGUISHABLY right in her face. The
 guards intervene -- pulling him off of her -- beating him down.

Ada stumbles up. Watches in awe as William is dragged out.

Shaking, she starts gathering her documents off the floor.

The translator picks up a page. Hands it over and WHISPERS something into her ear - Whatever she hears makes her pause.

INT. ADJACENT OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We follow Trenton on his way out. He glances at Keagan.

TRENTON
(sarcastically)
Now the "told-you-so" moment.

He catches up to Ada rushing down the hallway.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Unsurprisingly, the boy just proved my point.

ADA
I'm flying back tomorrow.
(defiantly)
"The boy" is coming with me. You'll have the court order on your desk first thing in the morning.

TRENTON
(perplexed)
Have I missed something?

ADA
Yes - him, still being an American.

She continues walking. Trenton stops. Turns to the translator.

TRENTON
What is she talking about?

TRANSLATOR
He replied before I even got the chance to translate. Looks like he understood exactly what she said.

Trenton turns at Keagan speechless: WHAT THE HELL?

EXT. AIR STRIP - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA - MORNING

The MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT is being prepped for take off.

A FUEL TECHNICIAN attaches a hose to the airplane's fuel tank. Turns the valve on. Fuel starts flowing with an intense hiss as-

4 marshals escort William to the plane. Chained like a wild beast, he stares ahead as his unkempt hair blows in the wind.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Keagan sets Ada's luggage in an overhead compartment.

KEAGAN
(beaming with admiration)
Must admit you exceeded my expectations in setting Trenton's ego up in flames.

ADA
I didn't come here to pick a fight.

KEAGAN
But you did. And you won. And it's
not going to sit well with him.

ADA
I hope he won't take it out on you
for being too agreeable.

KEAGAN
He's busy now licking his chops.

Ada smiles. She kind of likes this guy. And he notices.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
Too bad you're leaving. I could have
given you a victory lap outside
these gates. It's Italy after all.

ADA
Thanks. Maybe some other time.

She glances at William being strapped in his seat.

KEAGAN
(disappointingly)
Yeah, maybe some other time...

He turns around. Heads out of the airplane.

Ada slumps in her seat. Looks again at William as he suddenly
raises his eyes catching her by surprise. She turns her head.

PILOT
(reading her anxiety)
Just finished refueling. Be up in
the air in minutes. We've got clear
skies so I anticipate a smooth sail.

She nods. Smiles politely. Looks out the window. Sees Keagan.

EXT. AIR STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Keagan throws a last look at the airplane. The FUEL TRUCK
crosses his view as it drives off.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ada waves instinctively at Keagan as he disappears inside.

The pilots engage the engines. Booming noise floods the cabin.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

The aircraft lines up on the runway.

THE TERMINAL BUILDING - Trenton, defeated, stands by the
window. Hands in his pockets. Watches the plane taking off.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Pilots chat, pushing buttons as Ada opens William's file.

THE FILE: straight A's, an academic achievement award, photos
with Young William on a sports team - all indicating a bright
kid in an outstanding family environment.

She then looks at photos taken post-capture: rugged, savage, terrifying - A huge contrast.

She rests her head back. Relieved that it went smoother than anticipated. She glances at the vast sea outside the window as tranquillity sets in WHEN:

BOOOOOOOOOM!

An explosion rips through the fuselage. Two marshals are sucked right out. BUZZERS go off. SMOKE fills up the cabin. Debris flies. The plane SHAKES violently.

Ada sinks into her seat. Struck with terror.

PILOT/RADIO
-- mayday, mayday -- this is 0-1-7-7-
6 -- explosion on board -- declaring
emergency-

CO-PILOT
--hydro pressure dropping--

PILOT
-- control systems are failing --

U.S. MARSHAL (O.S.)
Sit down! Sit down right now!

William wrestles with his restrains like a wild animal.

CO-PILOT
-- hold on tight -- we are making an
emergency descent --

Ada, desperate, tightens seat belt. Is this really happening?

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
-- the left engine is on fire --

Ada sees the engine engulfed in smoke outside as the plane loses altitude. Shaking badly.

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
-- we're going down fast --

PILOT
-- pull the nose up --

CO-PILOT
-- we need to dump the fuel now --

PILOT/RADIO
-- we lost an engine -- unable to
control altitude -- we can't make
the runway -- we're ditching --

CO-PILOT
(pulling out life vest)
-- get the life-vests -- all of you--
we're going to land in the water --

Ada fumbles for the life-vest. Hears William behind her. Sees him pulling wildly at his restraints.

ADA
(to MARSHALS)
Life-vest! Get him the life-vest!

PILOT (O.S.)
800 feet -- 700 feet -- coming in
too steep -- pull up -- pull up--

One marshal reaches for a life-vest. In vain. He unbuckles when the plane banks, sending him flying in the cargo area.

ADA
Let him out! We're going in the
water!

Another marshal points his gun at William.

MARSHAL
Sit down now! Don't move!

PILOT (O.S.)
--raise nose -- flap up--

CO-PILOT (O.S.)
--we're still too fast--

Pilots struggle at the controls -- It's NIGHTMARISH!

PILOT
-- pull up -- brace for impact--

The aircraft hits the sea. Breaks up. Water gushes in.

CUT TO:

Ada unbuckles. Gets up. The water slams her against the wall.

A marshal lurches to the escape exit as William wrestles to free himself. Kicking. Pulling. In vain.

The fuselage tilts, sending a marshal next to William who head-butts him. Going for his keys.

Instinctively, the marshal reaches for his gun. Shoots. William falls back. Water up to his chest.

The marshal tries the opening in the fuselage when the plane breaks in half. Tossing him deep inside the cargo area.

Ada holds onto a metal bar. Mortified. Sees William almost submerged, fighting in vain to free himself.

WILLIAM
(bellowing at ADA)
Les clés! J'ai besoin des clés!

The body of a marshal is being tossed around - KEYS hanging off his belt. No time to waste - Ada goes for the keys.

With a last-ditch effort, she unhooks the keys from the marshal's belt. Throws them to William.

WILLIAM UNDERWATER POV: grabs the keys. Wrestles to unlock his handcuffs - CLICK - his hands free. Now frantically for his legs. Fumbles, running out of air. CLICK - his legs are free.

Comes up, gasping. Sees Ada with her head just above water.

ADA
(terrified)
There's a crack! A hole right there!

William spots the opening. Dives.

WILLIAM UNDERWATER POV: Locates the breach - Not wide enough.

HE starts pushing, twisting pieces from the fuselage. Running out of air. He swims back up. Sees Ada almost submerged.

He dives again. Pulls hard at the contorted metal. CLANK - a big piece comes off. Enough for him to sneak out as-

Ada is completely overwhelmed by water. Her face clouded with the fear of death. Letting out a cry of desperation, when-

TUG! Her body jerks. Yanked by William under water, through the fuselage gap, out of the sinking wreck, up towards the surface.

UNDERWATER: William, Ada ascending in a myriad of air bubbles. She looks up towards the surface. Out of breath.

SPLASH - Ada breaks the surface. Life-vest still attached around her neck. Gasps desperately for air as-

HOOONK - a BARGE blows its horn, announcing its presence nearby-

Ada takes a frantic look around her. William nowhere in sight as we hear a BUSY TELEPHONE SIGNAL: BEEP... BEEP... BEEP

ANGLE ON: A CELL-PHONE.

REVEAL: The fuel technician standing by a:

TURN OUT EMBANKMENT

Holding the CELL-PHONE. Looking out in the distance, towards the disaster area. Dialing a number. A faded VOICE answers.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello...

FUEL TECH/PHONE
(foreign accent)
...it is done...

INT. SEMION RESIDENCE - EVENING

Semion holds the phone to his ear.

SEMION/PHONE
(satisfied)
... Good ... Good... Well done...

He hangs up. Looks out at a magnificently landscaped backyard where Ludwig mingles with family members. Having a good time.

BACK TO:

The fuel technician as he walks towards a beat up car parked by the fuel truck. He gets in. Drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISASTER AREA - MEDITERRANEAN BAY - LATER

Rescue boats. Cranes over the water. Scuba divers diving. A hectic scene as everybody helps in a coordinated manner.

A BOAT sporting Italian Coast Guard insignia approaches.

EXT. ITALIAN COAST GUARD BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Trenton, Keagan on deck. Tight lipped at the rescue efforts.

The Coast Guard boat docks the BARGE. Trenton, Keagan step onto the barge. DUNCAN, an athletically built man greets them.

DUNCAN
Fishermen heard an explosion,
then saw the plane coming down in
flames. The bodies of two
marshals were recovered a few
miles away. Still strapped in
their seats. Ripped right out of
the airplane. The other two are
being fished out now.

TRENTON
...what a fucking nightmare...

DUNCAN
The pilots' bodies are stuck in the
cockpit on the sea floor. The LOAD
is missing.

TRENTON
(dumbfounded)
Missing? He was tied up like a
hog. How's that possible?

DUNCAN
Don't know yet but she might have
some answers.

Duncan motions to where Ada sits on a gurney, bundled in blankets and getting checked by paramedics.

KEAGAN
(rushing towards ADA)
-- holy shit --

DUNCAN
(to TRENTON)
She was found floating. In shock but
fully functional.

Trenton steps towards Ada. She is shaken up. Shivering. Keagan strokes her shoulders gently. He is completely flustered.

KEAGAN
Holy Mother of God! Are you hurt?

She nods. Speechless. Her face bruised up. Keagan comforts her.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
 You're cold. Let me get you
 something...

He leaves the frame as Trenton steps up, staring at her.

TRENTON
 Somebody up there must be looking
 out for you. If it were me, I'd
 probably quit my job and become a
 religious man.
 (beat)
 I've got TSA on its way right now.
 What a tragedy. Two pilots and four
 Marshals dead. One survivor. One -
 unaccounted for.

She knows who he's referring to.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
 I'm curious how a restrained man
 could have pulled this kind of
 Houdini given the circumstances.

ADA
 (shivering)
 Why do you care? He was under my
 watch.

TRENTON
 Thing is, if he made it out somehow,
 he belongs to me now. Alive, that
 man poses a serious risk. Imagine a
 wild beast on the loose, running
 wild in civilization. I'm now the
 animal control guy.

The paramedics return. Strap Ada in.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
 We'll make sure you get all you
 need. Keagan will arrange for
 your return home as soon as
 possible.

ADA
 I'm not going anywhere.

TRENTON
 (surprised)
 You just survived a plane crash. You
 ought to take it easy. Go back home.
 Shake this thing off. Get the hero's
 welcome and the dream-like vacation
 you deserve. What else is holding
 you here?

ADA
 Might as well spend my dream-like
 vacation abroad. It's Italy after
 all.

Ada is carted off the barge and onto a rescue boat when Keagan
 runs up, handing her a hot drink.

KEAGAN
 That should get your blood flowing
 again.

He helps the paramedics lift up the gurney.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
 (almost emotional)
 You never cease to amaze me.
 (as she cracks a smile)
 Even with all this mess - I'm
 happy to see you again. For a
 moment I imagined the worst.

ADA
 -- but I'm fine now --

She disappears inside the cabin. Keagan watches the rescue boat depart.

EXT. LOADING AREA OF A PORT - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD lights up a cigarette, watching the relief efforts in the distance when he notices movement by the docks.

EXT. THE DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The drenched silhouette of William comes out of the frigid waters. Exhausted, he wrestles to stand up. Cringes in pain.

SECURITY GUARD
 (Italian)
 Hey you! What are you doing?

William sees the guard heading his way and starts walking briskly - an agonizing limp. Inside a maze of containers and heavy duty machinery.

He almost runs into a PORT WORKER guiding a HUGE CRANE as it picks up a CARGO CONTAINER.

CUT TO:

The Security Guard huffing and puffing. Running into the same port worker. William nowhere in sight.

PORT SECURITY GUARD
 Did you see anybody?

PORT WORKER
 What?

PORT SECURITY GUARD
 A man running. Just now.

PORT WORKER
 (dismissive)
 No.

The port worker resumes his job. The security guard leaves.

TILT UP TO REVEAL: A LARGE CARGO CONTAINER flying some 50 plus feet in the air, held by the huge crane.

CLOSE ON: THE CONTAINER - William attached to the sidewall. Unobserved by other PORT WORKERS standing by a SEMI TRUCK.

As the workers secure the container onto the truck, one man notices the door unlocked. Curious, he opens it: CRATES and nothing else. He shuts the door. Locks it.

WORKER
 (to driver)
 All's good!

The truck drives off in a plume of smoke. Leaving the port.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - MOMENTS LATER

William crawls out from between a wall and a row of crates. Removes his shirt. Blood oozes from his abdomen.

Shaking with pain and blood loss, he rips open a few crates - all wine bottles. Smashes one. Uses a glass shard to cut a strap-like piece from his shirt. He then cinches it hard, letting out a painful growl that echoes over-

AN AERIAL VIEW of the truck merging onto a freeway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

A lazy atmosphere shrouded in fine chatter. A few people. A heavy-set WAITRESS pops into frame.

WAITRESS
 Good evening. A table for two?

REVERSE TO FIND: TWO MEN (40's). Athletic. Casually dressed. Middle-eastern accent. We'll call them AGENT X and AGENT Z.

AGENT Z
 Semion Yudin?

WAITRESS
 Sure. This way. He's waiting.

The waitress grabs menus, ushering them through as their inquisitive eyes scan the dining room.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 He's always early - a good friend of the house, you know. There he is.

They stop by the table where Semion and Ludwig are seated. They stand up. Shake hands with the agents.

SEMION
 Erev tov. I suppose names are irrelevant. This is my son. Please. Sit down.

Sitting down.

WAITRESS
 Can I get you something?

SEMION
 How about some of that home-made brisket? It will certainly open up these gentlemen's appetite.

WAITRESS
 Right away.

Semion grabs a slice of bread. Spreads butter on it.

SEMION
(to agents)
So, how do you two like America? You
enjoying your stay?

AGENT Z
Getting a bit homesick but we still
have some shopping to do first.

SEMION
You don't want to go home empty
handed.

AGENT X
Any suggestions?

SEMION
Sure.
(biting into the bread)
Mentioning being homesick reminds me
of my late father. A simple yet
brilliant man who survived the Nazis
just to be hauled off to the
freezing labour-camps of the Russian
Gulag. Only this time, the man
learned how to turn misfortune into
opportunity; when they let him out,
he was already more powerful than
the people who put him in. Soon
enough, from the kingdom he created
he was now ruling over an empire.
But when he decided to relocate his
family, the Israelis denied the
request saying he was not worthy to
join the Jewish cause citing...
illicit affiliation.
(beat)
How sad for an old man to be turned
down by his own people. My father
was no criminal. He was just a
simple man with a talent for
survival. And what is the Jewish
cause if not to survive? Isn't it
why you're here now? To preserve the
survival of the homeland?

AGENT X
Anything you can do to help?

We got it - they are MOSSAD AGENTS.

Ludwig plants a photo in front of them.

ANGLE ON: THE PHOTO - The NUCLEAR RODS seized by the US NAVY.

LUDWIG
Four Fissionable Uranium fuel rods.
20 percent enriched - the benchmark
for what you call "weapons-grade".

The agents look at the picture intently.

AGENT X
You have these?

SEMION
We're in retail, simply supplying
the demand, yet carefully selecting
(MORE)

SEMION (CONT'D)
our customers. You were the first we
thought of.

AGENT X
And the price?

SEMION
Affordable. Besides, in the spirit
of my father, you already qualified
for a substantial discount.

AGENT Z
How do we know they're real?

SEMION
You don't but you know my reputation
is.

The waitress brings the food. Sets the plates on the table as
Agent Z picks up the photo. Puts it in his pocket.

SEMION (CONT'D)
(re: food)
Let's dig in while it's still hot.
I'm telling you it won't taste the
same once it's cold, though I can
guarantee you-
(smiling)
-it's Kosher.

EXT. LOADING TUNNEL - NIGHT

A TRUCK backs into a loading tunnel. A worker guides it in. As
the truck stops, the worker opens the container door-

CRASH: Wine crates tumble down, crashing. William hops out.

WORKER
(stupefied)
Merda!

William - nowhere to go but inside the loading tunnel. He
stumbles upon a long hallway then bursts through the doors of -

A CROWDED KITCHEN -- Bumping into KITCHEN STAFF -- Knocking
over pots and pans -- Kitchenware shatters -- Staff yells.

William staggers through double-doors into the:

DINING HALL of an upscale restaurant -- Running into tables --
Shoving waiters -- Food trays fly -- Patrons scream --

William heads for the exit as customers move out the way.

VOICES (O.S.)
Polizia! Chiamo la polizia!

EXT. DOWNTOWN AREA - ROME - NIGHT

William bursts outside. Bumps into pedestrians. Steps onto-

A busy street -- A bus veers to avoid him -- Collides with a
car -- a chain reaction of crashes - Horns blare-

William frantically through the mess -- Into oncoming traffic --
a moped rams him -- sending him against a windshield.

He gets up -- Disoriented -- Adrenaline pumping -- Wide-eyed --
On the run again -- on the sidewalk as-

TWO STREET COPS pop out ahead.

STREET COPS
(Italian)
Stop it right there!

William changes direction -- Limping -- Cringing -- A police car -- William stops -- Looks back -- COPS in both directions -- He pivots -- Barrels through the double doors of a-

DEPARTMENT STORE

Pushing through shoppers -- Dropping bags -- Screaming. Imagine a wild animal loose inside a Macy's-like store at peak hours.

A SECURITY GUARD rushes him. William sends the man through a display window. Glass shatters.

The two cops burst inside the store. Dart towards William-

William turns -- sees doors closing ahead -- he dashes through right when the doors close - he is in a:

GLASS WALLED ELEVATOR. Going up.

CUT TO:

The two cops just missing the elevator. Running towards the escalators. Squeezing passed alarmed shoppers.

BACK TO:

ELEVATOR. Frightened shoppers. A MOTHER clutches her CHILD. The kid notices William's blood dripping.

The elevator doors open -- William stumbles out -- cops come his way -- William stammers inside a:

LUXURY CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

The cops hurry inside the store -- Split up, combing the area -- William nowhere in sight.

Cop #1 - a blood-smudged shirt on a rack. Steps behind the rack. Carefully.

A woman clutches a young girl points frantically to the back.

WOMAN
There!

Cop #1 between rows of clothes. Slowly. By a circular rack. Notices blood on the floor. Puts his hand on the rack, when-

GRASP! A BLOODY HAND grabs his wrist -- William emerges from under the rack. Twists the Cop's arm around the metal frame. Punches him in the ribs -- Cop falls down.

COP #2 (O.S.)
Stop! Don't move!

WHIP CAMERA TO FIND:

Cop #2 pointing the gun -- William ditches behind shelves.

Cop #2 loses sight of him - a glimmer in a mirror. Turns and-

SMACK! He is rammed violently by a GARMENT RACK propelled by William that crashes through a window -- Bursts onto the main pavilion like a derailed train.

William glances around to the panicked people being evacuated.

He gets the idea -- goes with them -- through the fitting room area -- down the stairs --- into an alley -- GONE.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA

Trenton storms in. Staff at their posts. Lee hunches over a computer monitor. Turns to Trenton.

LEE
We got reports of a man fitting
Hughes' description creating chaos
in Rome.

TRENTON
How long ago?

LEE
Just happened.

TRENTON
You sure it's him?

COMMUNICATION TECH
Looks like it's on local news.

TRENTON
Put it up.

THE SCREEN shows footage of the mayhem inside the store.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Stop it right there!
(image freezes on the
scuffle)
Go back. Enhance it.

Rewinding. Zooming in on William's profile.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
(stupefied)
Holy shit - It's him!

INT. ROOM - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA

Ada stares anxiously at a TV SCREEN: same news broadcast.

On TV: The CHILD'S MOTHER in the elevator speaks agitatedly at the camera. Repeating the word BRUTO over and over again.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA

COMMUNICATION TECH
He put down four cops before taking
off again.

TRENTON
Son of a bitch!

COMMUNICATION TECH
Witnesses believe he's wounded. Saw him bleeding badly.

LEE
He can't get far.

COMMUNICATION TECH
The Italian police already deployed a search team to the area.

Ada bursts inside the room. She is all rattled.

TRENTON
Call the Italians! Tell them he's ours and we want him back! Alert them that this man is dangerous. Advise use of force if necessary.

ADA
(to Trenton)
Just make sure they don't hurt him any more than he is already!

TRENTON
After putting four cops in the hospital? That's a lot to ask, isn't it?

ADA
You know he won't last long.

TRENTON
He's got an entire city on alert. The man is rabid.

ADA
The man is bleeding to death. He needs medical attention.

TRENTON
I can't lecture the Italians on what their standard procedure calls for.
(to DUNN)
I want a task force ready to leave at a moment's notice!

DUNN, an operation technician, storms out. Trenton follows him.

ADA
(not giving up)
For God's sake, he's hurt and must be treated with humanity, which clearly is not your strong suit!

Trenton stops. Turns. Eyes burning - How dare she?

TRENTON
Let me tell you about humanity. I used to believe that people were inherently good and reasonable. Until I saw one of my men blown to pieces right in front of me. It took four of us to clean up fragments of arms and legs - those same hands
(MORE)

TRENTON (CONT'D)
 that had just offered gum to a local
 kid. Never crossed his mind that in
 return, he'd get a hand grenade. You
 think that I'm a heartless son of a
 bitch? Arguably so, but in my world,
 humanity is not a suit you can
 easily afford to wear.

Trenton gets out as his staff stares at ADA. Awkward silence.

EXT. BACK STREETS - OLD TOWN ROME - NIGHT

A shadow lurches in the dark - it's William stumbling onto his feet. Pain with every limping step. He glances back to a distant siren. Loses his balance. Knocks over trash cans.

Turns a corner as his knees buckle. Slides down on a wall. Struggles to get up. No chance. Drops down. Wasted.

Silence befalls as he agonizes. His breath slows, as-

HEADLIGHTS approach, hitting William's face. Making him squint.

FLASHBACK:

Squinting from bright daylight, a frightened YOUNG WILLIAM steps onto the deck of a SAILBOAT. Sees the body of a man face down in a pool of blood - rifle still in hand.

YOUNG WILLIAM
 (whimpering)
 ... dad...

No answer - the man is dead.

SHARON HUGHES (O.S.)
 (fading voice)
 ... William... Willy...

Young William turns to see his mother lying down. Bleeding.

YOUNG WILLIAM
 (kneeling down)
 ... mom...

She grabs his hand. Looks into his eyes.

SUSAN HUGHES
 ... you be strong now, honey..

YOUNG WILLIAM
 (desperate)
 ... no, mom... No!

BAM! BAM! Shots fired. MOTOR BOATS approach. Terrified, Young William glances at his mom - her eyes glazing.

YOUNG WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 (shaking his mother)
 Mom! Mom! Please! Mom! Please!

BACK TO:

EXT. BACK STREETS - OLD TOWN ROME - NIGHT_

A HAND shakes William. His eyes flicker open.

WILLIAM'S POV: the blurred image of a child shaking him.

REVEAL: TONY - a 10 year old kid staring down at him.

TONY turns to a MAN (his FATHER) behind the wheel of a rusty pick-up truck - a mobile kiosk filled with junk for sale.

TONY
(Italian)
He's alive.

EXT. BACK STREETS - OLD TOWN ROME - MOMENTS LATER

Tony and his father wrestle William's limp body off the ground as William's eyes roll back. Hallucinating again:

FLASHBACK: Young William, terrified, drags his mom's body inside the hull of the sailboat. Yelling heard on the deck.

Young William lays his mom down. Grabs a kitchen knife. Wields it at the rugged African men coming down the stairs.

A THUG raises the gun. Another one stops him - amused by William's display of courage.

A swift move. The thug twists Young William's hand. Knife drops as hands grasp at his throat. A faint cry and-

BACK TO:

EXT. BACK STREETS - OLD TOWN ROME - NIGHT

Tony's father sets William's body in the back of the truck. Between artisan goods and other junk. Tailgate closes.

WILLIAM'S POV: Distorted images of colorful clothes hanging, blowing in the wind. Becoming FLAMES - he hallucinates again:

Young William inside the African thugs' boat. Staring at the sailboat drifting ABLAZE in the distance. His face is drenched in tears. The thugs celebrate loudly.

BACK TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ROME - NIGHT

The pick-up rolls inside an impoverished area: a Gypsy immigrant camp like many spread throughout Europe.

Rundown trailers. Derelict homes. Garbage. A crude reality of a primitive culture stuck at the edge of an advanced society.

Men approach. Tony's father opens the tailgate.

The men lift William up and rush him toward a house where NINO (60's) waves them in. William's eyes roll back. And again:

FLASHBACK: VILLAGE/WAR CAMP. A shocked Young William is marched on a leash by African gunmen. Cheering. Malnourished women, children gawk at him. Scabby dogs bark. Welcoming him to HELL.

BACK TO:

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside - Modest at best. A bunch of KIDS watch in awe as William is brought in. Nino motions to a wrinkled WOMAN (60's).

The woman clears the table as Nino rushes the kids out.

The men set William on the table, ripping his shirt off. His chest displays the SCARIFICATION ETCHING of a LION'S HEAD.

CLOSE ON: William's eyes fluttering. Hallucinating again.

FLASHBACK: VILLAGE/WAR CAMP. Young William is being paraded. A dog barks ferociously. Rabid-looking kids holler wildly.

An AFRICAN KID smacks him hard. Young William hits the ground.

BACK TO:

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

William passes out as Nino administers the old-fashioned ETHER.

Holding a pair of antiquated tweezers, Nino picks at the wound as the woman wipes the dark blood oozing out.

After much digging, Nino pulls out the bullet. Drops it in a pan. Sighs with relief.

TILT UP: Kids watch in amazement from the rafters - Tony uses a CELLPHONE to snap PHOTOS of William lying on the table.

INT. SEMION RESIDENCE - DAY

Semion plays with his grandkids when Ludwig approaches.

LUDWIG
He's still alive.

A shiver goes through Semion. He sends the kids outside.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
Resurfaced in Rome. Out of sight.
Maybe holed up somewhere. Wounded.
Likely an easy target for whoever's
after him.

Semion sits down on a sofa. Pensive. Worried. Shaking his head.

SEMION
Never underestimate the survival
instincts of a desperate man. Pain,
fear, suffering, they only rule over
the impulse for self preservation.

LUDWIG
I'll fly out tonight. Be there by
morning-

SEMION
No. There's no time for that now.
Not when the fox is chased by too
many hounds. Call our men in Italy.
Tell them they have a job to finish
and need to act fast. Tell them they
must find this man before anyone
else gets to him.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE SHOP - DAY

A SHOP OWNER walks a customer out when the phone rings. The SHOP OWNER turns - it's the FUEL TECHNICIAN.

SHOP OWNER/TELEPHONE
(answering)
Pronto...

He listens intently with a grave expression. He then hangs up. Flips the "OPEN" sign to "CLOSE." Knocks on a window.

REVERSE TO: A WELDER putting down the equipment. Whistling at TWO MORE MECHANICS. Going inside. We'll call them ASSASSINS.

A fax machine prints William's MUG SHOT. The shop owner grabs it then leads the assassins down the stairs into a:

BASEMENT

The shop owner opens a metal cabinet - an ARSENAL OF WEAPONS.

He hands the mug shot to the assassins, exchanges quick words in a foreign language, he then reaches for the guns.

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - DAY

William is in bed. Drenched in sweat and unconscious. Convulsing in septic shock. The woman wipes his forehead.

PUSH IN ON: William's rapid eye movement as his mind plays back distorted images of a brutal past:

FLASHBACK: VILLAGE/WAR CAMP. A terrified Young William is surrounded by savage African kids beating him up --

-- Young William lies in the dirt, bleeding, covering his head from pounding. African Kids cheer wildly --

-- An AFRICAN MAN teaches a distraught Young William how to fight by repeatedly hitting him and forcing him to hit back --

-- SAILBOAT. Young William beside his mom. Crying --

SUSAN HUGHES
... be strong now, honey...

-- VILLAGE/WAR CAMP. Young William gets up. Tears in his eyes. He clenches his fists and steps forward, swinging --

-- Turning into a wild version of himself as he punches away --

-- PULL OUT TO SEE: African Kids writhing in pain on the ground as Young William wipes blood off his face. Revels in victory.

BACK TO:

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

William gasps awake. Wide-eyed. A shiver goes up his spine seeing his limbs strapped to the bed frame.

NINO (O.S.)
(Italian)
Don't move!

William's eyes adjust to see Nino holding a blow torch. Melting the retainers off his wrists and ankles.

NINO (CONT'D)
(untying William's limbs)
There. You're free now.

William cups his wrists. Looks at Nino suspiciously.

We also get a better look at Nino: a gentle man aged at the confluence of a rough life and worldly wisdom.

NINO (CONT'D)
Who are you?
(off William's confusion)
What? You don't understand Italian?

William wrestles to mouth something - throat all dry.

WILLIAM
-- w-water --

OLD MAN
(heavy Italian accent)
Water? Oh, si parla inglese? Fa bene. We speak English, then.

Nino hands him a glass of water. He props him up. William cringes. Gulps down the water. Choking. He gives the glass back. Touches the white bandage around his torso.

WILLIAM
-- w-what is this? --

NINO
My son found you almost dead, with a bullet in your stomach. He picked you up thinking you're one of us.

WILLIAM
-- one of us --

NINO
One of us gypsies. This is my house.

The door opens. The woman, Tony and another kid peek in.

NINO (CONT'D)
That - my family.

They all stare at each other in silence.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NINO'S HOUSE - LATER

Nino uses a HATCHET to sacrifice a chicken for dinner.

INT. BATHROOM - NINO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

William stands in the door. The woman hands him a towel and some soap. She leaves. Closing the door behind.

William looks at the rusty pipes, peeling paint, corroded sink. Dips his hand in the steamy water in the bathtub.

Wipes the vapors off an ageing mirror. Stares at his pale, reflection. He then unspools his bandage, touching his wound.

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - LATER

Nino's family gets ready for dinner. As they look up, they see-
William standing in the door. Cleaned up. Dressed in a worn-out
hooded sweater, pants and sneakers.

NINO (CONT'D)
My son's clothes fit you well. Sit
down. You need to eat.

He sits at the table apprehensively as the woman puts food on
his plate.

NINO (CONT'D)
I'm Nino. This is my wife Maria.
Leo, Tony - my grandkids. What's
your name?
(no answer)
Hm?

WILLIAM
(hesitantly)
... Nkosi...

The kids giggle.

NINO
Nkosi? What name is that?

WILLIAM
... African... Congolese...

The woman motions for him to eat. William starts eating with
his hands. The kids giggle.

NINO
(skeptical)
You're from Congo?

WILLIAM
(chewing)
Yes... No... I... I don't know...

NINO
You don't know? I might not know
much about Africa but you, you don't
exactly look from Congo to me.

Nino looks at William ravenously shoving food in his mouth.

NINO (CONT'D)
(shrugging)
... or maybe you do...

WILLIAM
(chewing)
I've lived there since I was a
child.

NINO
With your parents?

William stops chewing. Stares at Nino. Unable to answer.

NINO (CONT'D)
What were you doing over there?

WILLIAM
(faintly)
...I was a... soldier...

NINO
(a hard look)
What kind of soldier were you?

William lowers his eyes. Is it some sense of guilt? We hope so.

NINO (CONT'D)
Soldiers usually talk with pride
about being soldiers. And who were
you fighting here then? You almost
died, and you're not even in Africa.

The woman nudges Nino: "Enough! leave him alone."

NINO (CONT'D)
(off WILLIAM'S silence)
You can stay as long as you want. I
guess we all have complicated lives.
We gypsies are no different.

WILLIAM
... what do you do?...

NINO
Us? We do what gypsies do best.
(grinning)
Survive.

EXT. TOURIST AREA OF ROME - DAY

A colorful, unassuming multitude of locals, tourists mingle
about. Nice weather, great atmosphere - Italy as we know it.

THE CAMERA FINDS: Tony and Leo (Nino's grandkids) blending in
the crowds. Getting ready to swipe a purse, when-

STREET COP #1(O.S.)
Un momento!

STREET COP #1 pulls Tony aside. Leo runs off. A STREET COP #2
searches Tony's pockets: money, a wallet, random crap and-

A CELLPHONE

STREET COP #2
(pushing TONY away)
Get lost!

Tony takes off running.

Street cop #1 browses through the stolen wallet as street cop
#2 checks out the cellphone. Pressing buttons. And-

STREET COP #2 (CONT'D)
Check this out!

ANGLE ON: the cellphone screen showing a series of photos of
William passed out on Nino's table.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA

Trenton, Lee and the entire staff is on alert.

COMMUNICATION TECH
A lead just came in!

THE SCREEN: The cellphone photo of William pops up.

LEE
It's him!

COMMUNICATION TECH
The Italians believe the photo was taken at an immigrant camp just outside Rome. They already sent officers to the area.

TRENTON
(getting into gear)
Listen up people! We have a dangerous man on the loose. I want everyone to stay alert to any updates coming in. Keep the channels open with the Italians. Let's put this beast back in his cage!
(to DUNN)
We're going to Rome!

He storms out. Bumps into his secretary who shows him a MEMO.

SECRETARY
This just came in.

Trenton grabs the memo. Glances at it. Passes it to Keagan.

TRENTON
Make sure she gets on that flight!

Trenton hurries down the hall.

INT. INFIRMARY - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA.

A DOCTOR gives Ada a final check-up when there is a KNOCK on the door.

DOCTOR
Come in.

A gloomy Keagan enters. Memo in hand. Doctor about to leave.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Ada)
Everything looks good. No internal injuries. No bleeding. The bruises will go away in no time. I've prescribed you a muscle relaxant and most importantly some rest.

The doctor leaves the room. Keagan shows Ada the memo.

KEAGAN
They want you back in Washington.

Suddenly alarmed, she snatches the memo from him. Reads it.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
Your flight's booked for tonight.

EXT. US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA - SECONDS LATER

Trenton hurries inside a FORD EXPLORER. Ada storms out. Fuming.

ADA
What are you trying to prove with this?

TRENTON
Don't know what you're talking about-

ADA
You had me cut out so there's no oversight in hunting him down.

TRENTON
Not my call. Seems like your people are concerned about you.

ADA
"My people" wanted me on this case!

TRENTON
(shutting the door)
They now want you back home. And if you hurry, you'll still have time for some shopping.

The Explorer takes off. Followed by a dark grey OPERATIONS VAN.

ADA
Son of a bitch!

She pulls out her cellphone. Dials frantically.

INT. OFFICE - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

Kate, Ada's assistant picks up the phone.

ADA/PHONE
What the hell is going on?

KATE/PHONE
(surprised)
Ada?!

ADA/PHONE
Why was I pulled out?

KATE/PHONE
Listen - they can't have you in the field after what happened. You need a break from all this.

ADA/PHONE
I'm fine! Defense is trying to brush me aside for their pure convenience.

KATE/PHONE
For God's sake, Ada. You've just walked away from a plane crash. Leave this to someone else.

ADA/PHONE
What if they kill him?

KATE/PHONE
That's not your concern anymore.

Ada hangs up angered as a car pulls beside her - it's Keagan.

EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA OF ROME - DAY

An assassin buys a gelato when he hears a whistle. Sees the other assassins waiving from a car. The man tosses the gelato in the garbage. Rushes back inside the car.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - DAY

Rolling. Ada in the passenger seat. Lost in her thoughts.

Keagan glances at her sympathetically. He then reaches behind, placing a HANDBAG in her lap.

KEAGAN
Here's a temporary passport, a few
personal things and some cash. Kate
overnighted this for you.

Ada checks the bag as the car slows for a stop light.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
If you wanna stop to get some other
stuff - we have time.

The car just sets back in motion when:

CLICK - the passenger door opens. Ada jumps out. Into traffic.
Cars honk, avoiding her.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
Ada! Get back... Shit!

She slaloms hazardously through traffic. Jumping inside a:

TAXI CAB

Shoving cash in the CAB DRIVER'S face.

ADA
Drive!

CAB DRIVER
(surprised)
Dove.... w-where?

ADA
Rome. And fast!

The cab driver puts the car into gear. Drives off.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Keagan lingers in the intersection under the pressure of horns blowing. He finally drives away. Pulls his phone out. Dialing-

KEAGAN/PHONE
She ditched me!

INT. EXPLORER - EUROPEAN FREEWAYS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trenton on the phone. Not happy of what he hears.

TRENTON/PHONE

What?!

KEAGAN/CELLPHONE

Jumped out of the car. Gone!

TRENTON/PHONE

Find her! Keep her off my turf!

INT. TAXI CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The cab driver talks into a TWO-WAY RADIO. Italian chatter comes back as a response.

CAB DRIVER

(to Ada)

Where in Rome? You have an address?

ADA

(nervous)

... I don't know...

CAB DRIVER

You have to know where you going...

Ada points at the two-way radio.

ADA

(direct)

Switch it to police frequency!

CAB DRIVER

What?

ADA

Tune your radio to get police activity.

CAB DRIVER

(appalled)

That's not possible. I can't do it.

ADA

(flashing cash)

Try it!

The cab driver glances greedily at the money.

EXT. IMMIGRANT CAMP - DAY

KIDS play soccer. William is part of the action: running, kicking and looking physically sound. The kids score. They cheer.

Nino walks by. William catches up with him.

NINO

You were doing pretty well out there.

WILLIAM

I need to talk to you.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE IMMIGRANT CAMP - CONTINUOUS

BINOCULARS POV: William follows Nino inside the house.

REVEAL: The assassins. In their car. One holding binoculars.

ASSASSIN #1
Merda! Polizia!

WHIP CAMERA AROUND: TWO ITALIAN COPS talk to some kids.

INT. NINO'S HOUSE - DAY

William and Nino stand by the door.

WILLIAM
It's about time I leave.

NINO
Any idea where?

WILLIAM
Back to Africa. I'm not safe here.

NINO
And you're safer over there?

WILLIAM
There I know what I'm up against.
Here - This is all strange to me.

NINO
If someone doesn't make you feel
welcome, it doesn't mean you are a
stranger. We gypsies are rarely
accepted yet this is our world, too.
You just need to claim your place in
it.

WILLIAM
You have a home. A family. I don't
have anything. Just memories.

NINO
Our memories tell us who we are.
Remember the good ones and they'll
take you home.

WILLIAM
How can you do that when you're a
moving target?

NINO
Sometimes it takes a little bit
of fighting - I'm sure you're no
stranger to that.
(off WILLIAM's insecurity)
You only have to ask yourself: are
you ready for it?

A KNOCK on the door. Nino opens: The two Italian cops.

COP #1
(Italian)
We need to search your house.

NINO
Why?

Cop #2 catches a glimpse of William. Barges in. Cop #1 follows.
Pushes Nino aside. Guns drawn.

COP #2
Freeze! You're under arrest!

William freezes. Cop #2 sheaths his gun. Pulls out a pair of handcuffs. Motions to William to drop down.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
Easy...

William kneels down. Raises his arms up. Cop #2 comes behind him. Carefully reaching out to cuff his hands when:

WHAM - William swiftly grabs a chair, smashing it hard on the man's head. Twists Cop #2's arm. Punches him, sending him to the floor -- Both men unconscious.

NINO
(in awe)
Maybe you are ready...

William throws a quick glance outside for more cops, when-

WILLIAM
Get down!

BRAM! BRAM! BRAM! - A terrifying shower of bullets starts ripping through the walls. William and Nino drop down.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The assassins move in, unloading, shredding the house.

CUT TO:

William crawling to Nino as debris flies through the house.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
The car keys!

Nino hands him the keys. William grabs a pistol from one of the unconscious cops. Eyes the PROPANE TORCH. And the door.

CUT TO:

An assassin reloading behind a tree when the propane tank rolls right by his feet, hissing - SHIT!

William appears in the door. Shoots the tank that blows up, sending the assassin flying in a ball of fire.

William fires continuously until he runs out of bullets. He then grabs Nino's hatchet and jumps inside the truck.

He puts the seat back down. Twists down the rear view mirror. Stomps on the gas. Backs up as bullets rip through.

He bursts through a fence, gunning down a dusty dirt road.

The three remaining assassins rush back into their car.

CUT TO:

William driving frantically as smoke rises from under the hood. Engine has been hit. He glances back. The assassins on his tail-

He veers off the road, SHARPLY SWERVING around a tree stump.

The assassins' car hits the stump head-on and flips in the air. Landing hard on its back as William gains distance.

Two assassins crawl out of the wreck, helping the third one out - he's pretty banged up. They see the pick-up smoking badly in the distance - they know it's on its last legs.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

The cab driver grows frustrated as police chatter drones over the 2 way radio. He pulls over to let Ada out.

CAB DRIVER
I can't do this, lady!

VOICE ON THE RADIO
(crackling)
"Attenzione! Fuoco pistola! Due
poliziotti giù! Cercato la Bruto!"

ADA
What did he say?

CAB DRIVER
(dismissive)
Some shooting.

ADA
What else?

CAB DRIVER
-- two officers hurt --

ADA
- "bruto" -- what does bruto mean? -

CAB DRIVER
-- violent, dangerous -- police
found this man at an immigrant camp,
that's all --

ADA
Immigrant camp - Can you go there?

The cab driver raises his arms in frustration. Ada pulls more cash out of the bag.

CAB DRIVER
I know a shortcut.

ADA
Take it!

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The sputtering pick-up comes to a stop. Hood engulfed in smoke.

William jumps out. Glances back. Sees the assassins close in on foot. The wounded one lags behind, limping.

William rummages through junk in the back of the truck. Finds some ROPE. Wheels start turning in his head.

RAPID TIME CUTS -- William building a TRAP:

-- tree branches cut -- one long -- one short -- he sharpens the short one into a SPIKE --

-- he loops rope around a V-SHAPED TREE TRUNK -- inserts the long branch in the center of the loop -- he then twists and twists until the rope turns into a SPRING LOADED device --

-- he ties up the spike at the end of the long branch -- it is now a:

SPRING LOADED WEAPON.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Approaching the immigrant camp, the cab driver notices the chaos and stops at a safe distance.

CAB DRIVER
(pulling over)
This is as far as I go.

Ada gets out. Slaloms through wailing women and crying children. POLICE SIRENS approach as men put out the fire.

A CHARRED BODY on the ground - the blown assassin. Ada leans over him and looking closer at a TATTOO on the man's arm.

Suddenly, a hand grabs her, startling her.

KEAGAN (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing?

It's Keagan. Pulling her towards his car.

ADA
(resisting)
What happened here?

KEAGAN
It's not where you should be right now.

ADA
(pointing to tire marks)
He was here!

KEAGAN
For God's sake, Ada! Can't you just-

ADA
You drive or not, I'm going after him!

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The assassins surround the pick-up - its engine still smoking.

WHOOOSH! A distant flutter.

Assassins train their guns - No more movement. Telling the wounded one to stay behind, they run towards the target.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Keagan slows down for the flipped-up car as Ada stares at the wreck. Dumbfounded.

ADA (CONT'D)
Who are these people?

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The two assassins slalom between trees and branches -- jumping over rocks -- around a bush and-

Running into William's JACKET on the ground - a DIVERSION!

CUT TO:

The wounded assassin scanning the clearing, when:

Swis-swis-swis -- a hatchet comes flying -- THRUSTING into his shoulder -- sending him to his knees as he sprays bullets left and right crazily. Aimlessly. Until-

He runs out of bullets but struggles to reload. Not so easy with a blown shoulder.

William emerges from behind a tree. Walks up to the man. Kicks his weapon out of his hands. Grabs at his throat.

Off the wounded man's frightened expression:

CUT TO:

The two assassins running back to the clearing. They see their wounded friend tied up against the V-shaped tree.

An assassin walks up to him. Notices the wounded man BITING DOWN TIGHTLY on a STICK while shaking his head. DESPERATELY.

Ignoring, the assassin removes the stick - SHIT - the stick is nothing but a TRIGGER DEVICE suddenly releasing:

THE SPRING LOADED WEAPON as it swings over and-

SMACK! - the spike impales the two men. Killing them instantly.

The last standing assassin watches in awe as:

William seizes the moment. Emerges and approaches, punching. Throwing the man off balance. The gun drops.

The assassin raises. Kicks William down. Goes for the gun as William is up and pouncing. Gun slides into a ravine.

William struggles to hold the man down. No avail. The man is too big. He gets on top. Hands at his throat. Choking William.

CLOSE ON: the assassin's arm: sporting a now familiar TATTOO.

William suffocates -- direly stretches after a ROCK nearby -- not close enough -- losing air, losing faith when-

SMACK! A blow to the head -- the assassin's inert body slumps over William who pushes it off. He gets up gasping for air. He stands up wobbly in front of:

Ada holding a long stick. In shock over what she just did.

Keagan jumps out of his car at William. Arm stretched.

KEAGAN
You are under arrest by the United
States Government!

William slams Keagan onto the hood. Fingers clenched on his
throat. Eyes piercing him.

ADA
Stop!

He throws her a fierce glance - No effect this time.

ADA (CONT'D)
Let him go!

WILLIAM
(roaring)
They want to kill me!

ADA
Not him!
(re: ASSASSINS)
These - They were sent after you.

WILLIAM
Why?

ADA
I don't know. But you just can't
keep running forever.

WILLIAM
I'm going back! To Africa!

ADA
Suit yourself but that will
give 'em plenty of time to catch
up with you.

WILLIAM
Why did you follow me?

ADA
Just doing my job. Trying to help.

WILLIAM
I don't need help!

ADA
Between the U.S. Government who'd
lock you up and organized crime
hunting you down - yes - you need
all the help you can get!

WILLIAM
(booming)
What do you want me to do?

ADA
First - let him go!

William ponders as Keagan critically runs out of air when-

THUD - Keagan falls to the ground, released from William's
grasp. Ada sighs with relief.

WILLIAM
Now?

ADA
We get outta here.

EXT. IMMIGRANT CAMP - DAY

Smoke rises. The Italian Police secure the area.

The camera finds Dunn and Trenton talking to an Italian Officer. Dunn acts as interpreter.

DUNN
Cops were trying to arrest him when
armed men opened fire.

TRENTON
What are we talking about here?

DUNN
Looks like they were after him.

TRENTON
A hit squad? That makes no sense.
Tell them we have nothing to do with
this.

Dunn relays the message to the Officer as Trenton walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL VIEW of Keagan's car rolling on the freeway.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - DAY

Keagan at the wheel. Ada in the passenger seat. Glances at William in the mirror. He is in the back seat, looking outside.

KEAGAN
Organized crime? Where did that come
from?

ADA
The tattoos. Tell-tale signs of a
crime syndicate known as New
Horizons. We've had our eyes on them
for some time. The alleged boss is a
Russian-Jewish businessman living
clean in the U.S., but suspected of
running a worldwide network of
fraud, weapons and drug smuggling
through a web of offshore companies.

KEAGAN
Why would they want him dead?

ADA
They were probably contracted out.

KEAGAN
By who?

ADA
(pointing to a truck stop)
Pull over!

KEAGAN
'Scuse me?

ADA
Stop the car! Right now!

EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Keagan's car pulls in. Brakes hard. Ada gets out of the car. Cellphone in hand. Dialing.

ANGLE ON: A cellphone on a night stand. Ringing insistently.

WE ARE IN:

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kate wakes up. Sluggishly, she picks up her cellphone.

KATE/PHONE
Hello...

ADA/PHONE
I want you to do something for me.

KATE/PHONE
Ada? It's 3 o'clock in the morning.

ADA/PHONE
I need you to look up New Horizons.

KATE/PHONE
Shouldn't you be on a plane now?

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - DAY

Keagan glances at William. Eager to break the ice.

KEAGAN
Are women like this where you come from?

William ignores him. Hops out of the car to a VENDING MACHINE.

INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kate is on her laptop. Accessing the DOJ's mainframe.

KATE/PHONE
Ok - I'm in.

ADA/PHONE
Pull up everything on New Horizons. Names, contacts. All we've got.

ANGLE ON: The laptop screen. Scrolling through pages of information. A photo of Semion Yudin pops up.

KATE/PHONE
(reading)
Semion Yudin. Investments in energy, banking, weapon manufacturers. Suspected of money laundering, drug trafficking, fraud...

ADA/PHONE
We never got anything on him. Look
for smaller guys.

ANGLE ON: The laptop screen. More pictures with info attached.

KATE/PHONE
Ivan Stolnick - dead. Misha Klein
fell off the map. Nikola Merkal
whereabouts unknown. Lucien Staman
aka Mowgly...

ADA/PHONE
This one - Mowgly!

KATE/PHONE
We tracked him down in Florida two
years ago. Almost got him when he
sniffed us and fled to France. The
last update has him in Paris. Alive.

ADA/PHONE
Call the French. See if I can get a
meeting with him.

KATE/PHONE
Something tells me this is trouble.

ADA/PHONE
Kate, it's critical you see to it!

She hangs up. Sees William pounding on the vending machine,
mumbling in frustration.

INT. EXPLORER - DAY

Trenton's cellphone rings. He answers.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee is on the phone.

LEE/PHONE
We just picked up a call from Miller
to her assistant in Washington.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
What about?

LEE/PHONE
She was asking for information on an
organized crime network.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
Go on.

LEE/PHONE
She's now traveling north, possibly
to Paris.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
What the hell is she up to?

LEE/PHONE
She showed interest in meeting up
with a suspect Justice has had their
eyes on.

TRENTON/PHONE
 (conclusive)
 Holy shit! She's running her own
 bureau of investigations.

Trenton hangs up the call. All nerves. Dialing...

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Keagan answers his cell.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
 You let her out of your sight!

KEAGAN/CELLPHONE
 I didn't. And I got him with us.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
 Come again?

KEAGAN/CELLPHONE
 It looks like she found him first.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
 (pissed)
 I don't know what the hell she's up
 to. Stay put until I get to you!

Keagan hangs up. Looks out towards Ada and William outside.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

William has just given up pounding the vending machine. Now he
 contemplates the foggy mountains. Ada approaches.

ADA
 (pointing at him)
 It's the William that's still inside
 they may be after.

WILLIAM
 (ominous)
 Let them come - I'll break their
 heads open-

ADA
 (sarcastically)
 And eat their brains out?

William glances at her. Not knowing what to make of her yet.

WILLIAM
 A dead jackal can no longer bite.

ADA
 But it can raise a helluva stink.
 How about we try getting to the
 bottom of this? Then you can be a
 free man. Go wherever you want.

WILLIAM
 How would you do that?

ADA
 I don't know, but you can help me
 find out.

CLONK! - the vending machine delivers a soda can. Keagan picks it up. Offers it to William who takes it and walks away.

KEAGAN
(sarcastically to ADA)
I wonder if he even knows what to do with it.

Not amused, Ada walks off. Keagan stops her gently.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
As a suggestion - Don't get too comfortable with the wild-man.

ADA
(dismissive)
He just needs a good tamer.

KEAGAN
Even tamers get eaten by their lions.

ADA
(amused by his worrying)
I'll make sure I don't put my head inside his mouth, then.

As she heads towards the car.

KEAGAN
Where to now?

ADA
(over the shoulder)
Paris. To see an old acquaintance.

Off Keagan worried.

ADA (O.S) (CONT'D)
There's someone we believe has worked as a mule for New Horizons.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - EUROPEAN FREEWAY - LATER

Same occupant configuration. William sips soda. Stares at faces from passing cars. Contemplating a society he was once part of.

ADA (CONT'D)
Running nuclear components out of the former USSR. He eluded us two years ago. Fled to Paris.

KEAGAN
Couldn't you guys get him back?

ADA
The man is terminal - radiation poisoning. The smuggling has turned him into a human x-ray machine and now the French won't extradite him out of compassion. I hope they will at least let me see him.

KEAGAN
What do you hope to get from him?

ADA
A start in the right direction.
Finding out who has a problem with
William being alive.

Keagan glances in the mirror. Sees William staring outside.

ADA (CONT'D)
(apologetically)
But you, you don't have to do this.

KEAGAN
Do what?

ADA
(re: current situation)
This. Risk your life, put your job
on the line for something that's not
worth anything to you.

Keagan scoffs.

ADA (CONT'D)
You could end it right now. Pull
over, drop us off. No hard feelings.
This is not your fight.

KEAGAN
(teasing)
It is my obligation.

ADA
Because my office asked you to look
after me? Why take the chance?

KEAGAN
(sheepishly)
When I'm asked to do a job, I just
like to see it through to an
honorable finish. Besides, that
usually comes with a pay increase.

Ada looks at him appreciative.

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Rolling on the streets of Paris. William is asleep. Head leaned
against the window.

*A RAPID FLASHBACK OF: a savage-looking teenage William firing
AK's -- William's mother smiling, inviting them -- smoke,
corpses, destruction -- William's brother blowing birthday
candles -- more mutilated bodies -- AN AFRICAN MAN IN UNIFORM
staring at us - the one who taught William how to fight AND-*

BACK TO PRESENT as the car door slams shut.

William wakes up gasping. Looks out. Sees-

EXT. SIDEWALK - PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ada dialing nervously on her cellphone.

ADA/CELLPHONE
How are we coming?

INT. DOJ BUILDING - WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

Kate at her desk. On her cell. Agitated.

KATE/PHONE
The French won't let you see him
without the Department's approval.

ADA/CELLPHONE
And?

KATE/PHONE
They won't sign off on it. Said it's
beyond the scope of your authority.

ADA/CELLPHONE
Damn it!

KATE/PHONE
Ada, why are you doing this?

Silence on the line. Ada glances at William in the car.

ADA/PHONE
When your life gets shattered and
takes a turn for the worse, what
good is your survival instinct if
you've really lost everything?

William looks back at her. Their eyes meet.

ADA/PHONE (CONT'D)
You're asking why I'm doing this?
Because I'm all he's got.

Kate shakes her head. Takes a deep breath. Resigned.

KATE/PHONE
Do you have a pen?

INT. EXPLORER - ROLLING ON EUROPEAN FREEWAYS - NIGHT

Dunn is on his laptop: an update!

DUNN
We've got an address!

TRENTON
Has Keagan confirmed it?

DUNN
Not yet. Seems like they'll make
contact in the morning.

TRENTON
What's the protocol with the French?

DUNN
They're offering assistance but
they're asking us to step down. No
crazy stuff. No firepower.

TRENTON
(sarcastically)
Tell them we'll use a butterfly net.

DUNN
 (motioning behind the car)
 Well, we're going to get lectured on
 specimen collecting right now.

Suddenly, POLICE LIGHTS start flashing right behind them,
 bidding them to pull over to the side.

INT. DINGY MOTEL - PARIS - NIGHT

MARCEL (30), French nerd, shady written all over, sits at the
 reception window, bobbing his head to-

Old rock music which only amplifies his compulsiveness as he
 types at TWO COMPUTERS at once.

The door opens - William, Ada and Keagan step in.

ADA
 Any rooms available?

MARCEL
 (containing annoyance)
 Oui... I mean yes. Only one.

ADA
 We'll take it.

MARCEL
 Names, please?

KEAGAN
 (pulling money out)
 No names.

Right-"ménage à trois". With a sleazy smile on his face, Marcel
 turns and opens a file cabinet filled with pirated movies.

MARCEL
 Would you like some movies to
 take to your room? I have some
 good romance ones.

ADA
 (you got it wrong, pal)
 We just need to rest.

As Marcel writes on the registry, Ada glances around this
 weird guy's office. Notices the two computers RUNNING CODE. She
 got it - he moonlights as a PIRATE/HACKER.

MARCEL
 (grinning confidently)
 Tourists? Far from home? You guys
 need anything, just ask. Marcel's
 full of resources, you know...

ADA
 Good to know, Marcel. How about
 that key for now?

MARCEL
 Right.
 (producing the key)
 Up the stairs. To your left.

Ada and Keagan start climbing up the stairs. William lingers by the window, mesmerized by the rock music in the background.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
You like it?

WILLIAM
What is this?

MARCEL
What planet are you from, man?
It's the old F-Mac: "Go your own way." Vintage.

ADA
You coming?

William looks up, beaming.

WILLIAM
... Vintage...

Ada stops in her tracks, admiring the change a piece of music just did to this man. She smiles: welcome to civilization.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PARIS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The room - modest at best. Two beds. A couch. Table and chairs. Old-fashioned TV. Keagan sets the groceries on the table.

KEAGAN
Anybody hungry?

ADA
I'm just going to take a shower.

She heads to the bathroom. Keagan grabs food from the bag. Chewing, he takes his shoes off. Gets in bed. Kills the light.

KEAGAN
If you don't mind, it's been a long day.

William ignores him. Walks out on the balcony, lured by the majestic night view outside.

EXT. EUROPEAN FREEWAY - SHOULDER - NIGHT

Trenton and DUPONT, a surly 50 year old French Police official face each other on the side of the road.

DUPONT
(French accent)
This is what we'll do. I'll put a tail on this man Mowgly if you say they're trying to get to him. But, you have to stay out of it.

TRENTON
I have a fugitive on the loose. All I'm asking is...

DUPONT
(sternly)
You are not in a position to ask. If you want to call the Interior Ministry, be my guest.

TRENTON
One of my men is out there with
them. He'll smooth things out.

DUPONT
I don't know your man. This is my
show to run and I need you to sit in
the audience. As a courtesy, though,
we'll keep you in the loop. Just no -
how do you say - "wet job." Clear?

Dupont heads back to his car as Dunn approaches a humiliated
Trenton. Passing a cellphone to him.

INT. OFFICE - US NAVAL STATION NSA GAETA - CONTINUOUS

Trenton's secretary is on the phone.

SECRETARY/PHONE
(nervously)
TSA just confirmed it was an
explosion on the plane.

TRENTON/PHONE
What are you saying?

SECRETARY/PHONE
They found traces of explosives.

TRENTON/PHONE
How's that possible?

SECRETARY/PHONE
Someone posing as a fuel technician
attached a bomb to the fuselage. The
fuel company found their driver dead
and the truck abandoned.

TRENTON/PHONE
What the hell does that mean?

SECRETARY/PHONE
It means that somebody wanted that
plane down.

She glances behind her to PLAIN-CLOTHED PEOPLE mingling about.

SECRETARY/PHONE (CONT'D)
This whole place is swarming with
agents. They're asking about the
survivors.

TRENTON/PHONE
(unnerved)
Tell them to take a fucking number!
I've got a job to finish here.

Trenton hangs up. Processes what he just heard.

TRENTON
(to DUNN)
Confirm with Keagan. We need to wrap
this up pronto!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PARIS - NIGHT

Ada walks out of the bathroom into the dark room.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

William contemplates the city lights in the distance.

ADA (O.S.)
It's beautiful, isn't it?

He turns to see Ada standing in the balcony door.

ADA (CONT'D)
Ever since I was a kid I've dreamt
of seeing "the city of lights." Now
I'm here and it all feels like-

WILLIAM
-A bad dream?

ADA
Rather surreal. I have a life. A
direction. Minutes later, the world
as I know it turns upside down.

WILLIAM
Bantu people say "No matter how long
the night, the day is sure to come."

ADA
You just have to survive the night.

She steps on the balcony. Moving closer to him. Empathizing.

ADA (CONT'D)
Out there, all this time, did you
ever hope of making it back?

WILLIAM
Back to what?

ADA
How about the world you were born
into and supposed to be a part of?

WILLIAM
Why choose one world over another?
Death comes no matter where you are.

ADA
(resetting herself)
In the interrogation room - you said
something to me, remember? That
nobody can hurt you more than you
already are. This tells me you
understand what has happened to you.
That you know who you were before
you were broken...

WILLIAM
I am not broken!

ADA
I'm saying you're now out of that
hellhole and when you decide to
start over-

WILLIAM
What makes you think I want to start
over?

ADA
I already see it. You've been
changing.

WILLIAM
I've been fighting!

ADA
For what? Just to stay alive?

WILLIAM
Isn't that what fighting's about?

ADA
Yes - for a wild beast on the
loose - until it gets caught.

WILLIAM
You, with your shiny shoes and
painted nails - what do you know
about fighting?

ADA
Not more than a child who watched
his family die before getting turned
into a savage.
(she got his attention)
But I know that there is more to
fighting than just the will to
survive.

WILLIAM
What is that?

ADA
The will to evolve. Changing into
a better self to fit the needs of
a civilized society. Something
your parents would have wanted.

WILLIAM
Civilized society - A pack of hyenas
fighting over who gets what in
Africa. Diamonds, uranium, coltan.
Your fancy cellphones, computers,
electricity - all work because of
what's in that hellhole.

ADA
(muttering)
-- natural resources --

WILLIAM
They come, they take and leave
behind people dying or killing not
to be killed. These lights you
dreamt of since you were little -
they are probably lit up by African
blood. So you think you can save my
soul and welcome me back into
civilization? Then why is it that
your civilization is now out to kill
me? Who is the savage here?

Her hand lands gently on his shoulder and he turns to meet her
comforting eyes. Something inside him starts thawing or at
least it's just what she wants to believe.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keagan, in bed, watches Ada and William on the balcony when:
 ZZZ-ZZZ - his cellphone vibrates on the night stand. He picks it up. A text message:

"AWAITING DELIVERY INFORMATION."

Keagan glances back towards the balcony. Pondering.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE AERIAL VIEW OF AN AIRPLANE LANDING AT NIGHT

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT TERMINAL - PARIS

We follow an athletic man, backpack on shoulder, approaching the customs booth. He hands over his passport.

CUSTOMS WORKER
 (looking at the photo)
 Mr. Thompson?

THE CUSTOMS WORKER raises his eyes to the man - it's LUDWIG.

CUSTOMS WORKER (CONT'D)
 Business or travel, sir?

LUDWIG
 Business.
 (re: BACKPACK)
 In and out.

CUSTOMS WORKER
 (stamping the passport)
 Welcome to Paris!

Ludwig grabs the passport. Continues to the LOCKER AREA.

He unlocks a box. Reaches in, grabbing a bag. Inside: a small automatic weapon. He closes the bag. Walks off frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - PARIS - NEXT DAY MORNING

People out and about. Cars pass by during morning rush.

Keagan's car pulls to the curb. Ada points to an apartment building across the street. Ready to get out.

ADA
 Rue de Leon Number 54. There.

KEAGAN
 (holding her back)
 Wait!

Keagan motions to a SUSPICIOUS VAN, parked in the distance.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
 They're staking him out.

ADA
 Shit! How are we gonna do this?

KEAGAN
(typing on his cellphone)
You say the man is ill?

ADA
So it's been claimed...

KEAGAN
(off cellphone screen)
"Pierre Dorneille" - the closest
pharmacy.

ADA
What do you mean?

KEAGAN
You have a number for this guy?

ADA
For Mowgly? Yes. Why?

KEAGAN
We're going to give him a call.

INT. APARTMENT - PARIS - DAY

MOWGLY, a gaunt, sickly looking man (late 30's) brews coffee when the phone rings. He answers.

MOWGLY/PHONE
(French)
Hello...

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

William is on the cellphone. Unsure of what he's doing.

WILLIAM/PHONE
(French)
... Mister Staman?...

MOWGLY/PHONE
Who is this?

WILLIAM/PHONE
...I'm calling from Pierre Dorneille
pharmacy...

REVEAL: Ada holding a CUE SHEET for William to read from. He is nervous at first but gets better as he moves along.

WILLIAM/PHONE (CONT'D)
You purchased medicine from us
recently?

MOWGLY/PHONE
Last week. Why?

WILLIAM/PHONE
I'm calling because there has been
an error in our labeling system.

MOWGLY/PHONE
(becoming worried)
An error?

WILLIAM/PHONE
It is possible that a wrong dosage
was printed on your prescription.

MOWGLY/PHONE
Excuse me?

WILLIAM/PHONE
We need to make sure you are not one
of the customers affected by this.
Sorry for the inconvenience.

MOWGLY/PHONE
(now he's really alarmed)
Inconvenience? These are not just
cold remedies. I am taking some very
strong medication.

WILLIAM/PHONE
Then you must bring the prescription
back for verification immediately.

MOWGLY/PHONE
(frustrated)
Unbelievable!

Mowgly hangs up, mumbling. Worried.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - MOMENT LATER

Keagan, Ada, William look outside the window. Waiting, when-

ADA
There he is!

EXT. OUTSIDE MOWGLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mowgly - GRAY JACKET, BASEBALL CAP, SUNGLASSES - hurries out of
his apartment. PLASTIC BAG in hand, he crosses the street.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ada, Keagan watch Mowgly waiting at a bus stop.

ADA (CONT'D)
He's taking the bus.

KEAGAN
Guess where he's headed.

ANGLE ON: Keagan's fingers pressing the "Send" button on his
cell. He then puts the car in drive. Drives off.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

A bus pulls over. Doors open. Mowgly gets on as the suspicious
van makes a U-TURN after the bus.

INT. OPERATIONS VAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Dunn's cellphone chimes. He reads the text.

DUNN/HEADSET
Subject's on the move. We just got a
new "delivery" address.

INT. EXPLORER - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Trenton just heard that.

TRENTON
What are we waiting for?

Explorer, Operations Van drive off.

INT. KEAGAN'S CAR - DAY

Keagan zigzags carefully through pedestrians and parked cars, squeezing through narrow streets.

KEAGAN
The pharmacy's right ahead.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Mowgly pulls out MEDICINE BOTTLES from his bag. He analyzes the labels with a worried look on his face.

INT. EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS

We're going back and forth between Trenton's team and the suspicious van in traffic, following the bus UNTIL-

The bus comes to a stop. Mowgly gets off. Crosses the street. Heads inside the PHARMACY.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Chief Detective Dupont is on pins and needles. Grabs the radio.

DUPONT/RADIO
(French)
Go after him!

CUT TO:

Two UNDERCOVER COPS running out of an unmarked car.

INT. PHARMACY - SIMULTANEOUS

Mowgly is at the counter. The PHARMACIST goes in the back when-

KEAGAN (O.S.)
Excuse me, do you speak English?

Mowgly turns to see Keagan holding a small medicine box.

KEAGAN (CONT'D)
(re: medicine box)
I really need to know if this is
non-alergenic.

MOWGLY
(reluctant)
I don't know...

KEAGAN
(walking behind the aisle)
- because the other ones here say -

Mowgly looks at the counter: the pharmacist is not back yet. Annoyed but resigned to help, he steps towards Keagan.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - SIMULTANEOUS

Explorer, Operations Van on a back street. Breaking hard at a long and empty alley to the right. Too narrow for any cars. No people. Just trash cans. Perfect for a secret meeting spot.

DUNN/HEADSET
In the alley!

TRENTON/CELL
Box him in!

CUT TO:

The two undercover cops rushing. Closing in on the pharmacy as-
OUT WALKS MOWGLY.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dupont sees him leaving the pharmacy.

DUPONT/RADIO
Pull back! He's out!

The undercover cops hit the brakes as-

Mowgly hurries away. Crossing the street when SOMEBODY pulls him by the arm - it's the pharmacist, holding the medicine bag.

PHARMACIST
Your medicine. Everything's fine.

Mowgly grabs the bag. Turns around. Continues hastily ahead.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dupont is on edge.

DUPONT/RADIO
Stop him!

The undercover cops sprint after Mowgly, pushing people aside. They catching up with him -- Grab him.

Undercover cop #1 snatches the bag from Mowgly. Looks inside.

UNDERCOVER COP #1
-- medicine --

Undercover cop #2 takes off Mowgly's SUNGLASSES - it's Keagan - wearing Mowgly's jacket and hat.

UNDERCOVER COP #1/RADIO
Merde! It's not him!

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN - CONTINUOUS

DUPONT
(adrenaline pumping)
GO -- GO -- GO!

An entire SWAT TEAM storms out of the van.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE PHARMACY - DAY

William pins Mowgly against a wall. The man fights off in vain.

ADA
We're not here to hurt you! Lucien,
look at me!

Mowgly stops squirming. Looks at Ada. Frightened.

MOWGLY
What do you want?

ADA
Information.

MOWGLY
About what?

ADA
New Horizons.

MOWGLY
I don't know anything...

ADA
(cutting off)
They're after this man and I don't
know why, so I need any lead, any
information, anything that will
point me in the right direction.

MOWGLY
You don't understand. I've been out
of it. Look at me! I'm dying!

CUT TO:

Trenton and Troy (another Trenton's team member) sprint down the long, narrow alley. They run into Dunn and Duncan, huffing and puffing -- No suspects in sight.

TRENTON
You sure this is it?

DUNN
Positive. It's where he said.

Trenton looks around - nobody.

TRENTON
Call the French! Get an update!

CUT TO:

THE SWAT TEAM storm inside the pharmacy. Weapons drawn.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE PHARMACY - SIMULTANEOUS

ADA
You know these people, Lucien. You
really think they give a shit about
you dying?

Mowgly glances at William. He gives in.

MOWGLY
Who are you?

WILLIAM
My father was an American Ambassador
to Congo - Murdered. Now they're
after me and I want to know why.

MOWGLY
(hesitantly)
I don't know... Could be a favor.

WILLIAM
-- What kind of favor? --

MOWGLY
New Horizons' been trying to get
access to radioactive material in
Africa.

ADA
How?

MOWGLY
Lambda could facilitate that for
them so they...

ADA
Lambda?...

VROOOM - A SPORTS MOTORCYCLE comes speeding down the alley. The
RIDER clutches a SMALL AUTOMATIC WEAPON. Spraying bullets.

William snatches Ada. Ducks behind a DUMPSTER as bullets
ricochet off the metal.

THE SWAT TEAM bursts through the back door. Out in the alley.

DUPONT
Freeze! Police!

The rider takes off at full speed as-

William pulls Ada from behind the dumpster. Running. Past
Mowgly's body in a pool of blood. Ada glances at him - DEAD.

WILLIAM
(pulling her by hand)
Come on!

Ada, William run out of the alley. The swat team behind.

A MAN climbs inside his car. William grabs him by the collar.
Tosses him on the pavement. Jumps in the driver's seat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(to ADA)
Get in!

ADA
(to the MAN)
-- I'm sorry -- I'm sorry --

Ada hops inside the car. The car bolts out onto the street, feet from the swat team and the fuming chief detective.

EXT. LONG NARROW ALLEY (THE WRONG ALLEY) - SIMULTANEOUS

Trenton, Dunn - frustrated.

DUNN
(right off the phone)
They just slipped away. 2 miles from here. The French are in pursuit.

TRENTON
(fuming)
Damn it! We're going after them!

CUT TO:

William gunning down after the rider -- Swerving in and out of lanes -- cars crashing -- Ada -- Terrified -- Holding tight.

CUT TO:

EXPLORER. Following in the chase from the distance.

TRENTON/CELL
Any response from Keagan?

DUNN/HEADSET
None yet.

TRENTON/CELL
Check his phone records. See who else he has gotten in touch with.

CUT TO:

William getting closer -- The rider fires -- WILLIAM veers on the curb -- through merchandise stands -- back on the street -- Loses distance -- rider crosses a bridge -- Speeds away.

A truck blocks the road -- William swerves on a parallel street -- Speeds on the other side of the river.

Ada, terrified, holds tight as William makes a sharp turn onto the bridge, closing in on the intersection.

The rider glances over the shoulder - NO WILLIAM and:

SMASH - William rams into the motorcycle -- The rider goes airborne -- Crashes all around as police sirens approach.

The rider is down on the pavement -- takes off his helmet -- It's Ludwig, shaken -- he stammers up -- limps away.

CUT TO:

William pointing at a BRIDGE in the distance.

WILLIAM
Meet me there!

He jumps out of the car. Takes off after Ludwig.

Ada stumbles out. Sees the bridge ahead. Goes for it.

CUT TO:

OPERATIONS VAN. Dunn typing on his laptop. Pulling data.

DUNN/HEADSET

He's got two messages sent within seconds of each other, 5 minutes ago. One to us and one to a private number.

TRENTON/CELL

What's the private one say?

DUNN/HEADSET

An address.

(beat)
Looks like a pharmacy... around the same area where they were last spotted.

TRENTON/CELL

Son of a bitch! He sent us on a wild goose chase!

CUT TO:

Ludwig limping. Dragging his foot. He glances behind. William closes in on him: a tiger chasing after its prey.

Ludwig turns the corner. Enters a 5 story BUILDING as-

A COP pops up in front of William. William lands him a punch. Cop hits the pavement. William scans around when-

A SHADOW - behind the staircase window - It's Ludwig, trying to move out of sight - too late!

William is already in the building. Ludwig - one floor ahead.

William catches up. Tackles. Both smash through a door. Inside of an apartment as tenants scream in terror.

William is up and punching. Sends Ludwig across the room, crashing through the balcony doors.

EXT. BRIDGE - MINUTES LATER

Ada is out of breath and desperate. William is not there when:

Tires screech to a halt: THE OPERATION VAN -- Troy and Kirk (another Trenton's team player) jump out at Ada, grabbing her.

KIRK

You're coming with us!

ADA

(pulling out cellphone)
I'm calling the Department!

TROY

(snatching the cellphone)
We don't need this right now.

He throws her CELLPHONE away. Shoves Ada inside the van.

CUT TO:

Keagan pulls up in a car. Steps out. Rushes to the cop William knocked out. Helps the man up - barely sitting.

KEAGAN
(French)
Where did he go?

The cop points inside the building.

ANGLE ON: Keagan's hand swiping the cop's GUN from the holster-

CUT TO:

THE SUSPICIOUS VAN - The swat team spill into the street.

CUT TO:

EXPLORER. Trenton scans the building. Sees tenants from the building across at the windows, gesturing. Alerted by something-

TRENTON
(to driver)
Go around!

Explorer peels off around the building as KURT - a lean, eerily calm sniper loads a RIFLE in the back seat.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
(pointing up)
There!

Explorer skids to a stop. Kurt pops through the sun roof.

CUT TO:

BALCONY. Ludwig clinging from handrail as William kicks him repeatedly. Trying to dislodge him.

CUT TO:

EXPLORER. Kurt aiming.

KURT
Got him!

TRENTON
Take it!

PFFT! - WEAPON SILENCER SOUND AND-

A TRANQUILIZER DART lodges in William's chest.

He pulls it out, tossing it. He then turns. Runs out of the apartment as the effects start kicking in.

Ludwig climbs back up. Storms out after William, who can't go downstairs. The swat team rushes up.

He stumbles up to the upper level. Through a door. Fumbles onto a platform. Leaps onto:

A STEEP ROOF TOP

William falters, wrestles with his balance. Leaps from one roof to another. He turns and-

Ludwig is right behind him, punching him. William falls back but staggers up, teetering. Face bleeding. Unphased.

Ludwig - steps up and gives William one last kick.

William slides off the roof. Breaks the gutter. Grabs onto an ANTENNA CABLE. Falls onto an another roof. Blows through a balcony but holds tight onto the cable, slowing gravitation. He lands hard on the pavement like a sack of potatoes.

A door opens - It's Keagan, bursting out in the backyard. Gun in hand. Approaches William's inert body. Looks up to-

Ludwig up high looking down - LOCKING EYES with Keagan as-

Swat men come running on the roof. Ludwig turns. Leaps onto another roof. Breaks a small window. Disappears inside as-

Keagan points the gun at William. Ready to execute him.

 TRENTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Keagan!

Keagan turns to see Trenton in the door.

 TRENTON (CONT'D)
Put the gun down! You're under
arrest for CONSPIRING...

Keagan whips the gun at Trenton but-

PFFT - PFFT - Keagan gets hit by the swat team's bullets.

Trenton is in awe. Sees swat men perched on the roof YELLING at him to raise his hands.

He kneels down with his arms up. Turns his head to see Keagan lying in a pool of blood, DEAD and-

WILLIAM NOWHERE IN SIGHT

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING. Police Cars arrive as panicked people storm out of the building like bees out of beehive.

ANGLE ON: A hand dropping a WAD OF CLOTHES: Ludwig ditches his MOTORCYCLE ATTIRE. He then walks out with the crowds.

CUT TO:

William on the move, stumbling, breathing hard. Tries to keep his eyes open as sirens are heard in the distance.

He reaches the bridge but Ada is not there. Desperation creeps on him as his head spins and shapes keep shifting around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - US EMBASSY - PARIS - NIGHT

Trenton bursts into the room where Ada is being held. Duncan is there with her. Ada springs up at him. Burning with anger.

ADA
You better have an explanation!

TRENTON
On holding you for aiding a detainee
on the lam? Your pro-bono case sure
sounds like a federal offense.

ADA
There is a bounty on that man's
head!

TRENTON
I need to know exactly what you've
been up to since you decided to run
your own investigation!

ADA
How about attorney-client privilege?
Trenton paces back and forth - A bag of nerves.

ADA (CONT'D)
You had your man with us all this
time. Hasn't he debriefed you yet?

TRENTON
Keagan is dead.

ADA
(taken aback)
What?

TRENTON
He facilitated information to a
criminal group responsible for
bringing down an airplane, killing
American lives and-

ADA
(revelatory)
-making sure the son of a United
States ambassador would never step
foot back in his home country.
William Hughes IS the victim of a
political conspiracy!

Now we got it: Keagan is the POISONED APPLE - Rapoza's man.

TRENTON
That's not for you to decide.
You'll ship back to Washington
and be charged with breach of
protocol. I'll make sure of that.

ADA
(taking a big breath)
Where is he? Where is William?

He heads for the door. Ignoring. She takes this as an answer.

ADA (CONT'D)
He got away...

TRENTON
(firing back)
It's only a matter of time before
they collect his tranquilized body
off the street. Putting the "lion"
back in its cage.

Trenton walks out. Ada looks up at Duncan.

ADA
I need to make my phone call.

Duncan hesitates but brings a phone to Ada. Stares her down.

ADA (CONT'D)
In private.

Duncan leaves the room. Ada picks up the receiver. Dials.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

STREET CLEANERS are at work. One sweeps. One picks up garbage.

A DISTANT CHIME makes them stop. What is that?

The sweeper notices a light, feet away, in a bush. He leans over: a cellphone - just stopped ringing.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - US EMBASSY - PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ada puts the phone down. Crushed. Out of options. When-

RRRRING! The phone rings back. She jolts. Answers.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SWEEPER/PHONE
Hello...

ADA/PHONE
Who is this?

The sweeper turns to his colleague for help.

SWEEPER
Anglais...

The garbage picker grabs the cellphone from him.

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
(broken English)
Is this your cellphone?

ADA/PHONE
Yes. Who is this?

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
Phillip...

ADA/PHONE
Phillip, are you by a bridge? An old
one. Big pillar with a statue?

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
Pont de la Tournelle? Yes...

ADA/PHONE
Do you see a man there? Waiting?

The garbage picker looks around. Nothing.

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
Just me and my partner.

ADA/PHONE
Look under the bridge.

Hesitantly, he walks down towards the embankment. It's dark.

ADA/PHONE (CONT'D)
Phillip...?

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
There's a homeless man. Sleeping.

ADA/PHONE
The homeless man. Describe him.

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
(approaching hesitantly)
Blond... Tall... Muscular...

ADA/PHONE
I need you to wake him up. You understand that, Phillip?

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
(nervously)
I don't know...

ADA/PHONE
It'll be fine. Just wake him up and give him the phone. That's all.

The man looks up at his colleague in hesitation.

ADA/PHONE (CONT'D)
That man's life depends on you right now. Please, give him the phone.

The garbage picker steps wearily to the silhouette on the ground. Shakes him gently.

GARBAGE PICKER
Monsieur... Mister... You ok?

The silhouette groans softly. Raising his head - it's WILLIAM.

GARBAGE PICKER/PHONE
... Here... You talk to her, ok?...

The garbage picker puts the cellphone in William's hand. He then backs out of sight.

ADA/PHONE
Hello... Hello...

William hears her voice. Raises the phone to his ear.

ADA/PHONE (CONT'D)
... William.... ?

WILLIAM/PHONE
(faintly)
Yes...

ADA/PHONE
(sighing ecstatically)
Oh, God! Are you ok?

WILLIAM/PHONE
... Where are you?...

ADA/PHONE
...The American Consulate. They are
flying me back home in one hour.

WILLIAM/PHONE
I... I'll come for you...

ADA/PHONE
No. They will get you here.

INT HALLWAY - US EMBASSY - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

Dunn approaches Trenton who is just a pack of nerves.

DUNN
The French are fuming. They want us
to ID the body.

TRENTON
Damn it!

His cellphone rings. He answers.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee is on the phone.

LEE/PHONE
We picked up a call from her phone.
Traced it to the embassy in Paris.
She's talking to him RIGHT now.

Trenton glances through the window: Ada is on the phone. She raises her eyes. Sees him staring at her then, disappearing.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - U.S. EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Ada suddenly panics. She knows what's coming.

ADA/PHONE
William - Get out of there! Lose the
phone and run! Now!

WILLIAM/PHONE
... I can't... do this alone...

ADA/PHONE
You're not alone. I'm not
abandoning you. You just have to
find help somewhere else now, you
understand?

WILLIAM/PHONE
... help?...

ADA/PHONE
Find out about Lambda. And what
any of this has to do with you
and your parents.

WILLIAM/PHONE
... Lambda... How?...

ADA/PHONE
(tearing)
Go your own way, William. Go!

Trenton listens in on the call. Not getting the CLUE.

Ada puts the phone down. Eyes in tears as-

William is already on the move, stammering in the night. On
Parisian streets. Sees stairs descending underground:

A SUBWAY STATION

He clambers down the stairs. Steps onto the PLATFORM. Between
a few late night commuters.

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Explorer tears down around a corner. Trenton on pins and
needles. Dunn is hunched over a laptop in the back seat.

DUNN
4 miles out. Shit! We lost him!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The train sets in motion. William sits in a corner. Alone.
Looking out the window. His mind wanders.

*FLASHBACK: Young William stands at the edge of the jungle. At
night. Staring hopeless into the dark depth of the forest: a
fenceless prison. Without escape.*

ADA'S VOICE (V.O.)
... go your own way, William...

Why would she say that?

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT

Dunn shakes his head. Hates giving bad news.

DUNN
Still nothing.

Trenton looks out the window. Deflated.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

The train pulls in the station. Doors open. Passengers get out.

Suddenly, William jolts up. Dashes out the train car. Onto the
platform and up the stairs.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

William runs into the night. Pushing it hard. Block by block. Street by street. A wild chase against the clock.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Ada stares out the window. Shattered. Will she see him again?

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Almost out of breath, William bursts through the doors of-

INT. DINGY MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marcel jumps up in awe at William, standing in front of him, huffing his lungs out. Classic rock playing in the background.

WILLIAM
I need you to look up something...

MARCEL
(grinning)
Vintage, you're back.

Now we know why "Go Your Own Way".

INT. DINGY MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Marcel slumps down in front of his three computers.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

WILLIAM
Lambda. Anything about Lambda.

MARCEL
(typing/mumbling)
Microwave data? Medical Clinic? The
Greek letter? What Lambda are we
looking for? Any clues here?

WILLIAM
Lambda. Congo. Walter.... Hughes.

THE SCREEN: the Marcel types: "LAMBDA CONGO"... and boom:

Links pop up with the keywords highlighted. A window opens: DEPARTMENT OF STATE web site detailing political and economical implications of the program. Mostly praises.

MARCEL
(reading)
... an economic approach to the
Congolese crises...

Scrolling down: A PHOTO. William jolts.

WILLIAM
This one!

Zooming in on the photo: Rapoza shakes hands with an AFRICAN OFFICIAL. Next to them - WILLIAM'S FATHER.

MARCEL
 (reading)
 President Kambia receiving Senator
 Dennis Rapoza and Ambassador Hughes.

William stares at the photo. Memories flare up in his mind:

FLASHBACK: *Young William peeks through a door slightly ajar.
 Sees a YOUNGER RAPOZA, pointing at a FOLDER on the table.*

RAPOZA
 (threatening)
 You're not doing this, Walter. Not
 now.

Walter Hughes sits down. White faced and tight lipped. Sharon
 Hughes is right beside him. Angry.

SUSAN HUGHES
 (hysterical)
 We are monsters, Dennis! Monsters!

The door bursts open - Young William barges in. Eyes in tears.

YOUNG WILLIAM
 (yelling)
 Is it true? Is it true, mom?

SHARON HUGHES
 Get out of here, William! Dode!

Dode, an AFRICAN HOUSEKEEPER comes running, pulling Young
 William out as he keeps yelling hysterically.

YOUNG WILLIAM
 They burned the village! They killed
 them! All her family! DODE's family,
 mom!

END FLASHBACK

William points at Rapoza's image on the screen.

WILLIAM
 Find more about this man.

MARCEL
 Can you help me with some
 motivation, here.

WILLIAM
 (showing Ada's cellphone)
 Will this do it?

Marcel glances at the fancy cellphone. Yeah - that will do.

Putting a serious face on, Marcel goes into a typing frenzy.
 Makes multiple attempts to access data - Until:

MARCEL
 Voila!

ON THE SCREEN: AN EMAIL INBOX.

More typing. Windows fill up the screen: digital copies of what
 it appears to be TOP SECRET documents, scrolling through-

WILLIAM

Stop!

ON SCREEN: A photo of Younger Rapoza next to an AFRICAN MAN in uniform. Both smiling cordially.

WILLIAM stares intently at the photo. And-

RAPID FLASHBACK CUTS: CONGO. *Young William is hit repeatedly by an AFRICAN MAN IN UNIFORM -- teaching him how to fight -- the AFRICAN MAN being cheered by a bunch of rebels -- WILLIAM now an ADULT is one of them -- the AFRICAN MAN glances proudly at WILLIAM -- zooming onto his face --*

END FLASHBACK

Back to the photo: it's the same AFRICAN MAN!

Showcasing a proud expression, Marcel hits "PRINT."

MARCEL

Time for pay up...

William pulls out the cellphone. Hesitating...

WILLIAM

One last call.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - US EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS

Ada is alone. The phone rings. She jolts. Should she answer?

ADA/PHONE

(answering)

Hello... Who is this?

(worried)

William? Is it you?

William listens to her voice in silence.

INT. EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS

A ping pops up on Dunn's monitor.

DUNN

We got it! 2 miles out north!

TRENTON

(energized)

Go! Go! Go!

The driver floors the pedal. Explorer speeds off in the night.

INT. DINGY MOTEL - NIGHT

William hangs up. Hands the phone to Marcel who gives him in return a back-pack containing the PRINTED DOCUMENTS.

WILLIAM

Can you look up one more thing?

CUT TO:

The Explorer. Skidding. Breaking hard. Right in front of the:

DINGY MOTEL

Trenton, Dunn, Troy storm inside. Marcel freeze shitless.

TRENTON
(scanning the moldy lobby)
Where is he? WHERE IS HE?

MARCEL
... gone...

Trenton is agitated as hell. Looks around the office. Eyes a computer monitor. Reaches for it. Spins it around.

ANGLE ON: The monitor showing a map of THE US EMBASSY IN PARIS.

Trenton bursts out in the street. Phone in hand.

TRENTON/PHONE
He's coming your way!

He jumps back inside the Explorer. The car burns rubber.

INT. US EMBASSY - PARIS - SECONDS LATER

Duncan hangs up. Rushes out in the hallway and into-

THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM

A SECURITY OFFICER watches monitors.

DUNCAN
Pull your men inside! Now!

EXT. SECURITY BOOTH - US EMBASSY - PARIS - NIGHT

Three MARINES process a JANITORIAL MINIVAN ready to leave. A marine waves to his colleagues: we're going inside.

MARINE
(to JANITOR)
Wait here!

The marines file inside the embassy.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - US EMBASSY - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

Ada is at the window, seeing the marines filing into the building. She can only guess: something's up.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

A few cars. William scans the embassy from the distance: A big building spanning over an entire block. No guards on watch-

He starts walking. Keeps to the shadows. Crosses the street. Under the trees lined up on the Embassy's sidewalk. Climbs up a tree with the skills of a primate.

Uses his weight to fling himself over the fence. Falls with a THUD. Gets up. Looks around. Nobody.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duncan follows William's image on a surveillance monitor.

DUNCAN/PHONE
He's on the property.

TRENTON/CELLPHONE
Reel him in!

CUT TO:

William searching for a way in. He sees a door. Goes for it.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DUNCAN
(to SECURITY OFFICER)
Let him in.

The security guard presses a button that activates a door that-
William opens. Peeks in. All good - Steps in cautiously.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DUNCAN/PHONE
He's in!

TRENTON/PHONE
Pin him down! I'm on my way!

CUT TO:

William in a long corridor, trying doors - ALL LOCKED. He moves on. Another DOOR all the way down. He goes for it.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM. The security officer activates a door as-
William opens it. Stairs lead into the basement.

CUT TO:

Marines jamming through the hallway. Rifles on hands.

QUICK PAN TO:

Ada seeing the marines on the move. A shiver goes up her spine. She can only guess why.

CUT TO:

William in the basement. Pipes run along the ceiling. A HYDRANT BOX on the wall. Another DOOR. He goes for it.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM. Duncan watches William hesitating.

DUNCAN
(to himself)
Come on... Get in...

CUT TO:

William opening the door. Peeking through.

William's POV: An empty storage room, no doors, no windows, no escape - IT'S A TRAP!

He pivots. Runs back. Past the hydrant box. Up the stairs. To the door. Door LOCKED - DAMN IT - He is trapped.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM. A smirk pops up on Duncan's face.

Got ya! DUNCAN (CONT'D)

CUT TO:

Marines lining up behind the door of the basement. Waiting...

CUT TO:

William looking around for an escape. Nothing. Just a HYDRANT BOX. He opens it. Pulls out a metal lever.

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM. Duncan sees the basement going dark as William smashes the ceiling lights one by one.

SECURITY OFFICER
He's killing the lights!

Go in! Now! DUNCAN/RADIO

The security officer presses a button AND-

CLICK - The DOOR unlocks, bursting open. Marines pour in the dark. Rifles trained. A second of silence and-

SWOOSH - The marines get blown away by:

A high-pressure stream of water, shooting from the HYDRANT HOSE: William aims it at the marines, scattering them like bowling pins while dropping weapons.

SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Duncan is in awe. Sees William wrangling the HYDRANT HOSE, tossing marines around like paper dolls.

DUNCAN
(to SECURITY OFFICER)
Lock it down!

ALARM starts blaring. Lights flashing. Duncan runs out.

CUT TO:

William in the hallway. Shooting water. Strewing marines left and right. He drops the hose. Runs-

Into the LOBBY where he notices a face peeking behind a window: the security officer. William runs up the stairs, bursting into-

THE SURVEILLANCE ROOM

The security officer pulls his gun. William twists it out of his hand. Punches the man down.

He sees Ada on one of the security monitors.

WILLIAM
(roaring)
Where is she?

The security officer shakes, gesturing: down the hall.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY. Duncan bursts inside the holding room.

ADA
(worried)
What's happening?

DUNCAN
There's a situation.
(pulling her out)
You're coming with me!

ADA
No!
(re: William)
I'm going with him!

Duncan turns. William comes straight at him. Duncan fumbles for the gun. Too late. He's already knocked out cold.

Ada opens a door. Pulls William into:

THE FIRE EXIT

ADA (CONT'D)
What the hell were you thinking? Is this your way of staying unnoticed?

WILLIAM
I know who's after me.

ADA
We need to get out of here!

Both run down the stairs. Open a door. Out in the courtyard as- The Explorer and the operations van pull in outside the gates.

CUT TO:

EXPLORER. Trenton pissed. The gates won't open. What the hell is going on?

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE ROOM. The SUV on the monitor. The security officer stammers up. Shaken and bleeding. Fumbles for the button.

CUT TO:

The gates open. The Explorer and the van storm in, breaking hard. Trenton jumps out. We follow him into:

THE EMBASSY LOBBY. Trenton in awe at the disaster. Marines drenched in water scatter around. Duncan's face is bleeding.

TRENTON
What the hell is going on?

DUNCAN
They're trying to get out. Both.

TRENTON
(fuming)
Have the whole place canvassed!

Marines burst out in the front yard. Others fan through the building. Some are still reeling from the water shoot out.

Trenton, Duncan inside the SURVEILLANCE ROOM. The security officer wipes blood off his face.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Pull up everything you got eyes on!

Surveillance images start playing on the monitors. Inside. Outside. Front yard. Backyard. Hallways. Everywhere.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
(re: camera image)
This one! What is that?

On one monitor: marines rush the JANITOR'S VAN out the gates. The van steals into the night.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
Damn it!

Trenton storms out the room. Down the stairs and-

OUTSIDE - Troy, Duncan jump inside the operations van that speeds off through the gates. After the Janitor's van.

CUT TO:

EXPLORER. Trenton hops into the passenger seat.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
(to DRIVER)
Follow them!

The driver floors it but... veers in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

The driver slams the brakes. Dunn's INERT BODY slumps over from the back seat. Passed out.

TRENTON (CONT'D)
(perplexed)
What the hell?

REVEAL: William - a GUN to the driver's head. Ada next to him.

ADA
(re: Dunn)
He's only asleep.

She tosses the PRINT OUTS on his lap.

ADA (CONT'D)
 (off Trenton's silence)
 Have a look at this!

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT

The operations van cuts off the janitor's van. Breaking hard-
 Duncan, Troy jump out at the driver.

TROY
 Open the doors!

Duncan, Troy search the van front and back - all clear.

TROY/RADIO
 Yellow One - Do you hear me?

INT. EXPLORER - SIMULTANEOUS

Trenton browses through the PRINT-OUTS. Hands trembling.

ADA
 Lambda Initiative - a generous
 assistance package including arms
 sales, military training and
 associated equipment so American
 companies can cash in on Congo's
 natural resources.

TRENTON
 Hardly any news. What does it have
 to do with all this?

ADA
 The program only led to more
 destruction ignored by Washington
 but it almost got exposed by this
 man-

Ada flashes the photo of Walter Hughes.

ADA (CONT'D)
 Walter Hughes, American Ambassador
 and William's father. Murdered.
 Silenced to protect the US interests
 in Africa.

TRENTON
 (skeptical)
 Is there any proof or did you just
 pull it out of a thriller novel?

CUT TO:

Troy is on the radio. Glances at Duncan: nothing-

TROY
 Try again.

BACK TO:

ADA flashing the photo of Rapoza and the African man in uniform-

ADA
 Dennis Rapoza. US Senator - director
 of the program. And Morris Sekono. A
 Congolese warlord. Bankrolled by the
 US to install an American-friendly
 government he later turned against.
 The same guy hired to stop the
 Ambassador from derailing a massive
 economic agenda.

TRENTON
 (scoffing)
 How the hell do you know that?

WILLIAM
 I know.

Trenton glances at William. First time hearing him speak.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 Sekono was my commander. I know he
 had orders to kill them.

ADA
 (re: WILLIAM)
 Yet spared his life - and that's
 Rapoza's problem right now - A dead
 man coming back to life. Rattling
 the past.

Trenton ponders. Everything seems hard to believe.

TRENTON
 And these... New Horizon people?

ADA
 It's a crime network. They're doing
 what they're good at. Offering their
 services to influential entities,
 usually for something in return. I
 assume they were contracted to put
 an end to a job left unfinished
 years ago.

TRENTON
 You assume? So these are just
 speculations?...

ADA
 The only ones matching the downing
 of a plane, the hit-men, Keagan...
 (angrily)
 For God's sake, Trenton, don't tell
 me it's above your pay grade!

Trenton ponders: the documents, the radio, William, the gun.

TROY'S VOICE ON THE RADIO
 Yellow One. Please respond!

Trenton grabs the radio.

TRENTON/RADIO
 Come in.

TROY'S VOICE ON THE RADIO
 Everything's all clear.

Trenton ponders - Should he call them over?

WILLIAM
(convincingly)
I will not stop! I will keep running
as long as I have to and taking down
as many as I need to. You try
catching me, you are fighting the
wrong war, so what is it, Jack?
Friend or foe?

Trenton is torn between his duty and the evidence in his hands.

TRENTON/RADIO
Stand down! Call it off!

CUT TO:

Troy, Duncan: what??? Anyway, orders are orders. They drive off-

BACK TO:

EXPLORER. William lowers the gun. Ada sighs. Relieved.

TRENTON
(weary)
So you have a plan...

ADA
I don't. These documents only
indicate a possible complicity but
they fail to connect the dots.

TRENTON
I'll call Washington to look into
these allegations.

ADA
No. We have to do this on our own. I
mean off the grid. Any inquiry
through your Department would
trigger an alarm that will sound in
Rapóza's office. Stopping him from
making his next move.

TRENTON
Next move?

WILLIAM
The job's not done. I'm still here.

Silence. Trenton looks out the window. Pensive.

TRENTON
Keagan knew about this.

ADA
Keagan was their asset. He had it
all set up to serve William on a
plate. He fooled us all.

TRENTON
What if we give him a chance to
redeem himself?

CUT TO:

A CLERK in a white gown leading us through a set of double doors into a large chamber. Tiled wall. Somber. Neon lights.

WE'RE AT:

PARIS CENTRAL MORGUE

The clerk unlocks a refrigerating unit. Slides it open: it's Keagan "on ice." Gun wounds visible on his chest.

CLERK
(heavy French accent)
Male. White. Mid 30's. Cause of
death: Multiple gunshot wounds.

REVERSE TO FIND: Ada and Trenton staring at the body.

TRENTON
(resolute)
It's him...

Ada nods. The clerk registers.

CLERK
Name?

TRENTON
(deep breath)
WILLIAM HUGHES. H-U-G-H-E-S.

The clerk writes on his clipboard. Hands it for signatures.

CLERK
Please sign here for the party
authorized to ID the body.

Trenton and Ada sign as the clerk keeps droning on.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Copies will be sent to your embassy
along with a release form for the
shipping of the remains. That's all.

INT/EXT. PARIS CENTRAL MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Ada, Trenton rush out the building.

ADA
I'm impressed.

TRENTON
For falsifying official documents?
Just saw my pension flying out the
window in there.

ADA
(sarcastic)
You can always blame it on the
French.

Getting inside the SUV.

WILLIAM
How did it go?

TRENTON
 Congratulations. You're officially
 dead.

WILLIAM
 Now what?

ADA
 We wait for Rapoza's next move. Any
 indication he's closing the deal.

DUNN
 Can we do that without leaving a
 trail behind?

Ada glances at Trenton. No clues.

WILLIAM
 (off their silence)
 I know somebody...

Off Ada, Trenton: what is he talking about?

EXT. DINGY MOTEL - PARIS - LATER

MARCEL
 Something tells me you're not
 here for accommodation.

Reverse to find William, Ada and Trenton staring at Marcel.

Ada flashes the photo with Rapoza.

ADA
 We need to track down more
 information on this man.

MARCEL
 (greedy eyes)
 Sure, but that will cost you-

Trenton bursts inside his messy office. Opening cabinet doors.
 Stollen/pirated stuff spill onto the floor.

MARCEL (CONT'D)
 Hey! What are you doing???

Trenton grabs a DVD case off the shelf. Pulls the disc out.
 Inserts it in a DVD player. Plays it. Points at:

THE ANTI-PIRACY WARNING DISCLAIMER

TRENTON
 5 years. Quarter million in
 fines. Have you ever taken the
 time to read this?

MARCEL
 Sorry, that's not gonna do it.

TRENTON
 How about we call my old friend
 Dupont. See what he says about
 your part time job.

Off Marcel - Chief Police Dupont? Fuck me!

INT. SEMION RESIDENCE - DAY

The phone rings. Semion answers.

SEMION/PHONE
Hello.

RAPOZA/PHONE (O.S.)
Handled and delivered as promised.

SEMION/PHONE
We take pride in customer satisfaction, hoping our clients enjoy the same level of commitment.

RAPOZA/PHONE (O.S.)
That goes without saying.

INT. RAPOZA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rapoza is at his desk. Puts the phone down. Glances with relief at a facsimile of William's DEATH CERTIFICATE.

RAPOZA
It's done.

Reveal Orth sitting across from him. Stern look as always.

ORTH
We need to make sure the rest is handled without raising any eyebrows. Here and abroad.

RAPOZA
We're playing by the International Rules of non proliferation. A formality and we'll go through Mulunda. He is a slam dunk.

INT. SMALL CAFE - PARIS - DAY

Ada and William sit at a table in a tranquil Parisian setting.

ADA
I never thanked you for pulling me out of the plane. Why did you do it?

William shrugs. Looks out the window.

ADA (CONT'D)
I noticed how much you resemble your mom. What do you remember of her?

WILLIAM
(gathering his thoughts)
I remember she was smart. Beautiful. Always caring for others, even...

ADA
...even to the point of self-sacrifice? It sounds like you.

WILLIAM
She was a good woman but then tough. She could look at you with her blue eyes and see right through to your
(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
soul. Like when she was in the boat.
Dying. Telling me to be strong.

ADA
You sure did listen to her.

WILLIAM
That day - Yes, I did.
(smiling reminiscently)
But otherwise it would be me giving
her a hard time. I remember seeing
her with that man in the picture...

ADA
... Rapoza?

WILLIAM
"We are monsters"- she was saying.
And she was angry. Crying. I'd never
seen her cry before.
(smiling)
I guess it's what made me burst in,
yelling and she screamed at me to
leave. Dode came in and took me out.

ADA
Dode?

WILLIAM
Our "nounou." She took care of us.
Helped my mom. Taught us the
language. Her village got burned,
her children killed by the same
people my father helped come to
power. Dode was a part of us.

ADA
Have you missed them? Your parents?

WILLIAM
The jungle didn't give me much time
to think about it. I lost my family -
I had to find another one.

ADA
... in Morris Sekono? The man who
killed your family?

WILLIAM
He was just a gun for hire. One that
didn't kill me.

ADA
But he traded your soul for a weapon
and then fatherly trained you how to
use it.

WILLIAM
He also taught me how to stay alive.
Sekono was a soldier. It is what he
made me, too.

ADA
(sipping coffee pensively)
A trophy soldier... His white lion.

WILLIAM
You have a mother? Father?

ADA
Yeah... two of each.

WILLIAM
You are lucky.

ADA
For the ones that are in jail or the others who made it possible for us to be here now?

WILLIAM seems confused yet invested.

ADA (CONT'D)
When I was twelve, my parents went to jail and I was left drifting from home to home, from trouble to trouble. I guess those were my "jungle years" until a nice couple took me into their home. Into their lives. They adopted me.

WILLIAM
Why did they do that?

ADA
They needed to see their lives fulfilled and found me to put their faith in.

WILLIAM
Faith... You gave them anything?

ADA
No, but they did.

WILLIAM
What?

ADA
The hope for a new beginning.

WILLIAM stares at her speechless. Processing.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

Trenton buys a crêpe from a street vendor when his phone rings. He answers.

INT. DINGY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Marcel at his computer. On the phone.

MARCEL/PHONE
An email just came in. A meeting about a "safe transfer cargo" at (struggling to spell) I-A-E...

TRENTON/PHONE
(completing)
IAEA. Send us a copy!

INT. SMALL CAFE - PARIS - DAY

ADA notices the Explorer slamming its brakes outside.

ADA
We gotta go!

INT. EXPLORER - SECONDS LATER

TRENTON
Rapoza's sending a delegation to
IAEA tomorrow. They're meeting a
person named Mulunda.

ADA
Where?

DISSOLVE TO:

AN AERIAL VIEW OF A EUROPEAN CITY

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: VIENNA, AUSTRIA

ADA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Joseph Mulunda. Former Atomic Energy
Commissioner of the Democratic
Republic of Congo.

INT. EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS

LAPTOP MONITOR: a photo of an AFRICAN MAN (60's).

ADA (CONT'D)
He's the one who opened the door for
LAMBDA. Now enjoying a quiet
position at the IAEA as his
country's envoy. Negotiating with
the West.

TRENTON
Question is: what's the cargo and
where is it going?

DUNN
We need eyes and ears in the room.

ADA
The meeting's in three hours.

DUNN
No time to waste, then.

All eyes on DUNN as he continues:

DUNN (CONT'D)
Mulunda doesn't speak any English.

A SERIES OF FAST MOVING CUTS:

-- STUDIO APARTMENT - An AFRICAN INTERPRETER at his computer -
a PASSPORT and CREDENTIALS next to him --

DUNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
To insure the accuracy of the
meetings, the Agency will provide an
interpreter, who's usually a foreign
individual, part of an accredited
pool of translators listed on the
IAEA's website.

-- CLINK - a pebble hits the window -- THE MAN gets up from his chair -- opens the window --

DUNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
In most cases, a graduate student or
an exchange visitor of the country
in question, willing to make some
extra money.

-- The INTERPRETER'S POV looks outside: Dunn waives at him from the square when --

PFFT! -- a familiar TRANQUILIZING DART hits him --

ZOOM IN on Troy at a window across the square - rifle on hand.

DUNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He is selected on an "on-call" basis
and he must confirm his presence
before he shows up for the job.

-- Dunn and Troy break inside the STUDIO APARTMENT -- lay the unconscious man in bed --

DUNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The interpreter will need the Agency
credentials and a passport with a
valid visa.

-- Troy grabs the passport and credentials off the desk --

DUNN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He needs to be professional, listen
carefully and translate accurately.

-- Troy and Dunn close the door behind them and we go BACK TO:

INT. EXPLORER - CONTINUOUS

DUNN (CONT'D)
(concluding)
Remember? Mulunda doesn't do
English. Only French and Lingala. I
can only think of one man who can
talk like this guy.

Silence. Trenton looks out the window. Ada rubs her temples.

WILLIAM
(breaking the silence)
"Nani ombo Kosala."

ADA
What does that mean?

WILLIAM
"It's hunting time."

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Ada walks to the cashier holding a selection of shirts in her hand. Dumps the merchandise on the counter.

ADA
Can you please put these on hold?
(cashier nods politely)

Ada exits the clothing store. Crosses the street. Entering:

A BARBER SHOP

She searches around - no William. She walks outside into:

THE HISTORICAL CITY CENTER

Tensely scans through crowds. William nowhere in sight. Worry washes over her as she sees a gathering of people.

Runs towards it - FALSE ALARM - it's just a guided tour gawking at a HISTORICAL MONUMENT, when-

WILLIAM (O.S.)
They built this after a disease
killed a lot of people.

Ada turns to William standing among the tour group. Relieved she found him, she glances at the monument: a 17th century celebration of the end of a dark era - aka PESTSAULE.

ADA
...the Great Plague...

William points at the creepy sculpture as the GUIDE drones on.

WILLIAM
That ugly witch is the disease.
Look at the kid with wings
pushing her down as the young
woman looks up to the sky.

ADA
Who is she?

WILLIAM
(re: TOUR GUIDE)
He said she is the faith of the
people. Their hope for-
(turning to ADA)
-a new beginning...

ADA
(pleasantly surprised)
One that is sure to come.

WILLIAM
As soon as that witch goes down.

She looks at him in admiration: Hair cut. Shaved. A far cry from before.

ADA
I need you to try something.

INT. FITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

William lingers at his reflection in the mirror: new pants, new shirt. New person?

A KNOCK on the door. William snaps out of it. Ada peeks in.

ADA (CONT'D)
Too tight. Try this one.

Ada picks another item. When she turns, William is already shirtless - the LION'S HEAD on his chest attracts her stare.

WILLIAM
Give me that.

She hands him the shirt. William tries it on - PERFECT FIT.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
This is good. I like it.

ADA
Here...

She does the upper buttons for him. Then the collar. Looking at him piercing her with his eyes. Still cold and feral. And yet - She leans in for a kiss. And he receives it.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL VIEW OF VIENNA/FINANCIAL DISTRICT - ZOOMING IN ON -

EXT. PARK - DAY

Kids playing in the distance. Unassuming parents. Other people.

Trenton, Dunn at a picnic table. William, Ada approach.

Trenton stares at the "new" William. Suit and tie. Groomed. Yes - Quite a change. At least on the outside.

Dunn hands CREDENTIALS and PASSPORT to William.

DUNN
You'll need these to get in. Walk into the lobby. Tell the person at the reception that you're here for the 2 o'clock delegation meeting.

William grabs the credentials. Looks at them.

ANGLE ON: credentials: William's photo. Name: JEAN-PIERRE TANSY

He opens up his passport - SAME PHOTO/SAME NAME.

DUNN (CONT'D)
Be calm. Polite. Don't ask any questions. Pay attention to what they say and translate accordingly.

Dunn pulls out a cellphone-size RECORDING DEVICE.

DUNN (CONT'D)
This will record and transmit what's being discussed.

Dunn powers on the device. A console pops up on his laptop. He then puts the device inside a briefcase.

DUNN (CONT'D)
This stays in the bag.

Dunn zips up the briefcase. Hands it to William.

ADA
You think you can do this?

WILLIAM
I've had worse.

EXT. A TALL, MODERN BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED TILE: INTERNATIONAL ATOMIC ENERGY AGENCY (IAEA)

The Explorer pulls by the entrance. William climbs out. Nervous but good at masking it. Walks inside the building.

EXT. PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DUNN
Rapoza's people are here.

ADA
(second thoughts)
Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

TRENTON
That's the voice of reason I had
hoped I wouldn't hear just now.

EXT. OUTSIDE IAEA - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN walk briskly towards the entrance. Briefcases in hands. We'll call them DELEGATE 1 and DELEGATE 2.

INT. IAEA - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

William is out of the security area. Heads to the reception. Shows credentials and the passport to the RECEPTIONIST.

WILLIAM
(nervously)
I'm here for the 2 o'clock
meeting...

REVERSE TO: Delegate One and Delegate Two entering the lobby.

The receptionist at the computer. William looks around nervously as the delegates are being escorted to wait in the lobby area.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Tansy, I see you signed in for
the job but did not confirm the
assignment.

William - BOMBSHELL - WHAT????

CUT TO:

Dunn hearing the bad news.

DUNN
Oh no!

QUICK FLASHBACK: Dunn and Troy lay the unconscious interpreter in bed -- Troy grabs the passport and credentials off the desk -

RACK FOCUS ON THE MONITOR: a highlighted CONFIRMATION BUTTON.

END FLASHBACK.

DUNN (CONT'D)
We did not confirm him!

Ada, Trenton: Shit!

INT. THE RECEPTION - DAY

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry but we went with the next
available interpreter. He's here.

She points at the other interpreter waiting in the lobby area.

WILLIAM
(boiling)
You don't understand. I have to be
in that meeting! I speak Congolese.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir...

VOICE (O.S.)
(French)
What is the problem?

REVEAL: Joseph Mulunda standing by the reception area.

MULUNDA
(French)
Is everything ok?

William fixes in on him: WAIT: He's seen this man before.

FLASHBACK: *Young William's POV: A party. His mom waves him over-*

SHARON HUGHES
Willy, I want you to meet someone.

Young William raises his eyes to a smiling, YOUNGER MULUNDA.

SHARON HUGHES (CONT'D)
(French)
This is my youngest son, William.

MULUNDA
(shaking WILLIAM'S hand)
What a pleasure, monsieur Willy. You
have great parents. It's an absolute
honor to work with them.

BACK TO PRESENT.

RECEPTIONIST
(to MULUNDA)
This interpreter did not confirm, so
they chose another one...

Mulunda eyes William intently, in an awkward silence as-

Suddenly, William steps up, stretching his hand to Mulunda.

WILLIAM
(Lingala)
Mister Mulunda, it would be an
absolute honor to work for you, sir.

MULUNDA
(surprised)
You speak Lingala...

Mulunda stares William down. Not sure what to make of him.

MULUNDA (CONT'D)
Let's go to work, then.

CUT TO:

Dunn, Trenton, Ada. Dunn looking through binoculars.

DUNN
They're going up.
They all sigh with relief.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR. Mulunda, William and the delegates. Going up.

MULUNDA
(Lingala)
How did you learn Lingala?

WILLIAM
(making up)
Working for... Hope in Congo.

MULUNDA
The humanitarian mission. Is that
right?

The elevator doors open. All getting out.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dunn, Trenton, Ada.

TRENTON
Signal coming in?

DUNN
Yes. And he's doing well so far.

Ada is a pack of nerves.

DUNN (CONT'D)
It'll be quick. The esteemed
emissaries have clubs to hit
afterwards.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM

Mulunda at the head of the table. The delegates on one side.
William on the other.

Mulunda finishes reading a document. Sets it slowly on the
table. Takes off his glasses with a pensive expression.

As Mulunda talks, William translates into English. When delegates talk, William mutters back to Mulunda in Lingala.

Notice the sheer anxiety on William, wrestling with words. Afraid of blowing his cover.

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
...How is... Mr. Rapoza doing?...

DELEGATE ONE
He's doing well. Sends his regards.

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
...It's been a long time since... I last saw him...

Mulunda reads William's discomfort. Looks at him strangely.

DELEGATE ONE
He's the same. Busy as ever.

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
(anxiety growing)
...So busy... that he forgot how... friendships work... He is asking for... something... of value...

MULUNDA
(to WILLIAM in LINGALA)
Are you ok?

A cold sweat washes over William. Mulunda noticing.

MULUNDA (CONT'D)
Maybe some water?..

William glances at the water. Doesn't need any. Just a deep breath. It is now or never. Continuing...

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
(pulling himself together)
... but in return he only sends his regards. I knew... the Senator as a... generous man and a smart politician. ...Is this the best he has to offer?...

DELEGATE ONE
Mr. Rapoza and the Department of State are acting under IAEA's policy to reduce the weapons-grade uranium from civilian commerce. What else are we talking about?

Mulunda listens to what William whispers to him. He then reads the papers in front of him-

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
... 4 Triga Mark fuel elements with... fissile content... enriched to 20%. I wonder... what do Congolese people get for... shipping out their national pride for... "management and disposal"?

DELEGATE TWO
Your national pride was built with American money by an American firm.
(MORE)

DELEGATE TWO (CONT'D)
Isn't it a national shame when
pieces of it vanish so we have to
retrieve them ourselves?

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
It... would not be the case if I...
we... had the resources to do it.

CUT TO:

DUNN, TRENTON, ADA

TRENTON
(realization)
It's the uranium.

ADA
What?

TRENTON
Rapoza is after the uranium rods.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM

Awkward silence as Mulunda takes a deep breath.

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
This is what we'll do...

Mulunda pauses. Ponders. William seizes the moment. Reaches
inside the briefcase.

ANGLE ON: Inside briefcase - William fumbles for the device.

DELEGATE ONE
(to WILLIAM)
Is there any problem?

WILLIAM
(sudden self-confidence)
No problem at all.

ANGLE ON: inside briefcase - William powers off the device.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

DUNN
We lost him!

ADA
How?

DUNN
The device went out.

TRENTON
Can you get it back?

DUNN
I'm trying.

BACK TO:

Mulunda handing the documents back to the delegates.

WILLIAM/INTERPRETING
 ... I will fly tomorrow to Kinshasa
 to discuss this directly with the
 president but I strongly suggest the
 Senator... join us. His presence
 would make... the argument more
 convincing. Besides, we have a lot
 of... catching-up to do. We've had
 too much of...

Mulunda gets up from the table. Extends his hand.

MULUNDA
 (heavy African accent)
 ..."out of sight, out of mind"...

Off the delegates' deflated expression.

CUT TO:

Dunn still trying to troubleshoot.

DUNN
 Nothing. It's dead.

Trenton bummed out; shaking his head in dismay.

ADA
 (on binoculars)
 They're walking out.

CUT TO:

BINOCULARS POV: The delegates get in their limo. William walks
 out the building.

TRENTON/RADIO
 He's out. Go get him.

EXT. EXPLORER - SECONDS LATER

Pulls by the curb. William gets in the passenger side.

DRIVER
 All good?

WILLIAM
 All good.

William looks relieved. A smirk comes on his face. Starts taking
 his tie off as the SUV speeds up on the ramp.

WINDSHIELD POV: Trenton and Ada walk towards the Explorer.

DRIVER
 Time to report.

WILLIAM
 Not me.

He suddenly reaches across the driver, opening his door.
 Shoving the driver out tumbling onto the pavement.

William jumps behind the wheel and swerves around Trenton and
 Ada - both in a complete state of shock.

For a second, Ada's and William's eyes meet and in that instant her universe implodes with disappointment.

Ada runs up to the driver laying on the pavement. Trenton, fuming, watches William driving off in the distance.

TRENTON
Son of a bitch!

INT. RAPOZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Rapoza paces back and forth. Unnerved. Orth sits right in front of him. Calm as usual.

RAPOZA
After all the aid to that shithole
of a country and he's still
nickeling and diming us.

ORTH
He is right. It's just business.

RAPOZA
And he's getting greedy.

ORTH
We taught him well.

RAPOZA
He forgot who put him in power.

ORTH
President Kambia is taking heat from
the rebels. They already carved out
a fiefdom in the East and threaten
to remove him from power. He's
crying for an arms deal and needs to
know if we're still behind him.

RAPOZA
And this is the best way to ask?

ORTH
Just playing important. Go see what
he wants. It's about time we review
our commitments to his country.

RAPOZA
Or put in another president.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - EVENING

Ada walks in. Approaches Trenton. They both look disillusioned.

ADA
(re: DRIVER)
How is he?

TRENTON
A couple of bumps; some bruises.
He'll be fine. I'm the one with a
lit fuze up my ass.
(beat)
Damn it! I should've arrested him
when I could!

Ada looks down. Disappointed. Trenton's cell rings. He answers.

INT. DINGY HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Marcel walks briskly out of his EMPTY hotel office. A moving box in one hand, cellphone in the other.

MARCEL/PHONE
Your man, the senator - he just
booked a trip on short notice so I
thought you'd want to know.

TRENTON/PHONE
Where?

MARCEL/PHONE
Kinshasa, Congo. Tomorrow morning.
He's seeing the president.

TRENTON/PHONE
(nervous)
Alright. Alright.

MARCEL/PHONE
Oh, another thing. This was your
last favor.

Marcel tosses the cellphone in a garbage bin - it's Ada's
cellphone. Shoves the box in a junky old car. Shuts the door.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

ADA
What is it?

TRENTON
Rapoza is leaving for Africa.

ADA
(realization)
That's where William is. He's
going after him.

AERIAL VIEW OF AN AIRPLANE LANDING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE: KINSHASA. CONGO

A PASSPORT GETTING STAMPED.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
(French)
Welcome home, Mr. Tansy.

ANGLE ON THE PASSPORT: the same one William had at the IAEA.

REVEAL: William standing at CUSTOMS. Motioning to a bunch of
GOVERNMENTAL TROOPS outside.

WILLIAM
You have visitors in town?

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
An American politician.

WILLIAM
Any roads to avoid?

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
The one going to the Presidential
Palace.

William walks out of the airport, mingling with the natives on hot, squalid, crowded streets of Kinshasa.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - KINSHASA - DAY

A DIPLOMATIC CONVOY flanked by MILITARY JEEPS. SECURITY DETAIL MEN step out of the cars.

A sullen, all-business Rapoza gets out of an SUV. The AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, Mulunda, TWO MILITARY FIGURES greet him.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
Mr. Senator...

RAPOZA
Ambassador...

MULUNDA
(big smile)
Bienvenue a Kinshasa, monsieur
sénateur.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
The president is waiting.

They walk inside the Palace. Rapoza's DETAIL waits outside.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF KINSHASA - DAY

Garbage, dirt, grime, neglect. Endemic poverty. People walk around aimlessly. Beat-up cars. Shops with junk for sale.

We find William - the only white man in a sea of African people, yet looking confident. He stops by the curb. Sandwich in hand. Contemplates the PRESIDENTIAL PALACE in the distance.

As he hands the rest of his sandwich to a BEGGAR, he eyes a LARGE TRUCK being loaded up with pallets. The wheels in his head start turning.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Rapoza, The US Ambassador sit in an antechamber. Waiting...

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR (CONT'D)
I've explained to him that this is
the most generous pledge he's ever
seen.

RAPOZA
Enough to convince him to let go of
what he can't hold on to?

The PRESIDENT (tall, muscular, 40's) enters the room. MULUNDA is with him. Rapoza and the US Ambassador get up to greet them.

PRESIDENT
(heavy African accent)
The progress Congo made so far is
the legacy of our unwavering
(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
 friendship. There is a lot more work
 ahead and I am happy you still stand
 with my people.

RAPOZA
 As long as your people agree there's
 a hazard in their backyard that must
 be dealt with.

PRESIDENT
 I am now aware of that. Monsieur
 Mulunda will be coordinating the
 dismantling at Cren-K and the
 shipping of the radio-active
 elements. Your visit, Monsieur
 Senator, was nothing short of a long
 term success.

A cordial shake of hands. Rapoza's face lights up: JOB DONE!

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Rapoza walks out, climbing inside his SUV as A DETAIL MAN hands
 him a CELLPHONE.

DETAIL MAN
 Washington. It's urgent.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rapoza's secretary by a refrigerating casket. Phone in hand.

RAPOZA'S SECRETARY/PHONE
 We were supposed to receive the body
 of William Hughes...

RAPOZA/PHONE
 Yes...

RAPOZA'S SECRETARY
 What has arrived doesn't match the
 documents. We've ID'ed the remains
 as STEVE KEAGAN, Relations Deputy
 with the Department of Defense. How
 is that possible?

Rapoza turns livid. Speechless. Suddenly alarmed.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF KINSHASA - DAY

POLICE directs the chaotic traffic, preparing the street for
 the diplomatic convoy to pass as-

William on the move towards the large truck with the pallets. A
 HUMANITARIAN WORKER stands by the truck, clipboard in hand.

William passes by the humanitarian worker. Jumps in the
 driver's seat. Shuts the door. Cranks up the engine.

HUMANITARIAN WORKER
 (alerted)
 You work for the mission?

WILLIAM
 Yes.

HUMANITARIAN WORKER
Doing what?

WILLIAM
(shifting into gear)
Distributing food to people.

William floors it. The truck takes off in a plume of smoke. Rolls out of the alley and-

Onto the MAIN STREET, weaving in with the heavy traffic but stops in the jam. Nowhere to go.

UP AHEAD: the CONVOY - oncoming from the opposite direction.

William analyzes then-

Buckles-up. Shifts into gear. Accelerates. Ramming vehicles, he plows his way out to the side as POLICE OFFICERS go berserk.

William's POV: The convoy approaches. TWO MILITARY JEEPS are in the lead. Rapoza's SUV follows. Another JEEP tails WHEN-

SUDDENLY - William banks hard to the left. Blows through the median at full speed, splitting the convoy. Tipping over, pallets come loose. Hundreds of FOOD CANS spill out.

A moment of silence; stillness. What did just happen? Then-

Scores of ever-hungry citizens storm into the street, claiming the FOOD CANS. Flooding the ACCIDENT SCENE like a human tsunami-

William climbs out. A SOLDIER from a JEEP runs up to him.

William slugs him in the face. Grabs his gun. Shoots at the JEEP, killing the other soldiers.

INT. RAPOZA'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Rapoza is in a state of shock. WHAT THE FUCK????

A closer look and yes - it's William now aiming at him.

RAPOZA
(to DRIVER)
Go to the airport! Now!

The driver stomps on the pedal. Swerves through people. Barrels down a narrow street, escaping William's bullets.

CUT TO:

People screaming, running, picking up FOOD CANS. The police try to intervene but only make things worse.

In a flash, William jumps behind the wheel of the JEEP when-

BRAM-BRAM-BRAM - he takes fire from the other JEEP. Returns fire. Misses. Finds an RPG inside the JEEP. Aims it. Fires it.

BOOOOOM! The other JEEP blows up in flames and-

Makes his way out of the mess. After Rapoza. Full speed ahead.

CUT TO:

Rapoza mortified. Looks behind him. Trembling with fear.

RAPOZA (CONT'D)
(to DETAIL MAN)
Call the Palace! Have them send
help!

William approaches fast. Speeds through an industrial part of town, avoiding cars, avoiding people.

Catches up with the SUV, sideswiping it to run it off the road. Detail man fires. William ducks. Windshield shatters.

Another sideswipe. The TWO vehicles look like they're magnetized, sticking one to another.

Detail man aims for the tire. William loses control of the car.

Rapoza sees William's Jeep crashing into a ditch. But WAIT:

William is not inside but hanging off the ROOF RAILS on Rapoza's SUV. Detail man fires through the roof.

The driver swerves sharply to lose William, whose hand-

SMASHES through the sunroof, pulling the driver by the hair. The car loses control. Runs off road and slams head-on into a:

DILAPIDATED BRICK BUILDING

Everything comes to a stand-still. Car smoldering.

The driver's body lies on the hood. The detail man bleeds profoundly, tangled into the seat belt.

Rapoza is shaken-up but alive and terrified. Hears the detail man's laboured breath. Shakes him to no avail. He's dying.

He fumbles for the dying man's gun. Crawls out of the car. Sees THE AIRPORT in the distance. Across from a SWAMPY FIELD.

INT. BRICK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

William stammers up from glass shards strewn all over as he came flying through the window.

Opens the door. Steps outside. The wreck. The bodies. No Rapoza

A FLUTTER in the distance - a flock of birds soar from the SWAMP, scared away by-

Rapoza, frantic, stumbling through mud and tall grass. Gun in hand. Looking up. Seeing the birds - DAMN IT! Continues but-

A noise startles him. He stops. Turns. Nobody. But he knows...

RAPOZA (CONT'D)
(wielding the GUN)
William?... William!

William comes out of nowhere, lands him a blow. Rapoza falls back, down in the mud. Dropping the gun.

RAPOZA (CONT'D)
It doesn't have to end this way. We
can talk.

William picks up the gun. Rapoza backs down.

WILLIAM
About what? How you had them killed?
How you almost killed me?

RAPOZA
Can we be rational for a moment?

WILLIAM
What did we ever do to you?

GOVERNMENTAL TROOPS in Jeeps approach from afar. The sight of
them gives Rapoza hope - he just needs to buy more time.

RAPOZA
Listen, it's not about me. It's
about something bigger. A program-

WILLIAM
-A plague she knew would only bring
about more pain!

RAPOZA
Your mother didn't understand the
scope of it, William. Your father
did but your mom...

WILLIAM
My mom watched people dying!

RAPOZA
These people have been dying for a
long time!

WILLIAM
They die because of your greed!

RAPOZA
They die because they have nothing
to live for, William! Nothing!

Rapoza gets up. Wobbly. Wipes his face. Glares at the
governmental troops spilling out from the Jeeps.

RAPOZA (CONT'D)
Africa has always been this big
fenceless death camp. A volcano of
horror and pain. A human catastrophe.
Lambda is what gave this miserable
place a new meaning. Offered people
another chance. It ended the war for
God's sake!

WILLIAM
And killed so many more...

RAPOZA
You must fight fire with fire, son.

WILLIAM
So all you'll have left is ash.
(raising the gun)
(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
My mother was right. You are a monster.

RAPOZA
Your mother was a good woman, but good is not a commodity in Africa. You know it, William. You know where you've been all this time - in Hell.

WILLIAM
Yes. It is where you sent me. But not where I belong.

William lowers the gun. Turns to leave when:

BRAM-BRAM-BRAM-BRAM - A BARRAGE OF GUN FIRE spews from the governmental troops lined up in the distance.

William falls face down in the mud. The gunfire stops.

The troops storm through the swamp, approaching William. They pick him up - he's not hit. Not even touched. Only shocked. They drag him out of the swamp. What happened?

William looks behind him. Sees Rapoza lying down. His body torn up by bullets. Eyes wide open. Dead.

The troops bring William onto dry land, right by-

A CAR

The back window descends revealing Mulunda as he stares at William with the same hyena-like grin on his face.

MULUNDA
(French)
Monsieur Willy, after all this time.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF SQUALID AFRICAN NEIGHBORHOODS - EVENING

INT. MULUNDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

William is in the back seat. Lost in thoughts. Looks outside the window as the car rolls into the night.

MULUNDA (CONT'D)
Corporations, foreign governments, armies... Looks like Evil has an agenda in these parts of the world and if you want to survive, you just have to be a bit like it. It is the reality of things around here. Something your parents wanted to change. Only the reality got them killed.

The car stops. The driver gets out. Opens the back for William.

WILLIAM
You knew it was me...

MULUNDA
When a child goes missing in Africa, you either find a body or you find a soldier. Yes. I knew.

William gets out, cringing in pain. And confusion.

MULUNDA (CONT'D)
 As I heard you say Hope in Congo.
 (William turns to him)
 You said you worked there. You
 couldn't have.
 (driving off)
 Hope In Congo died with your mom.

Off William standing on the side of the road watching MULUNDA's car depart, melting into the night.

INT. MULUNDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mulunda dials on his cell. Ringing is heard at the end of the line.

VOICE ON THE OTHER LINE
 Hello?

MULUNDA/PHONE
 C'est fini.

INT. ORTH'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Orth listens intently. He then puts the phone down slowly. Pensively. Relieved. Going back to his family. Like nothing has ever happened.

EXT. POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - KINSHASA - NIGHT.

William stands by the side of the road. Confused. Shaken, when:

A light turns on by the porch of a simple, adobe house. The door creaks open. The head of an AFRICAN WOMAN peeks out.

AFRICAN WOMAN
 (French)
 Who's there? Who are you?

William steps forward as if pulled by an unseen force.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
 What do you want?

AN AFRICAN MAN pops up behind the woman. Alarmed.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (to AFRICAN MAN)
 There is a white man outside...

WILLIAM
 Dode...

The African woman freezes. Eyes wide open.

AFRICAN WOMAN
 What? What did you say?
 (opening the door wide)
 That's not possible...

Something gives her courage to walk down from the porch.

We can now see her in the light - A gentle 50 year old woman. Overwhelmed with emotion, standing in front of William.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
Dear Lord. It's not possible...
(touching WILLIAM's face)
Little Willie... You came back...

WE CRANE UP - DISSOLVE INTO:

AERIAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON DC

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
The death of Senator Rapoza sends
shock waves abroad and especially at
home, where he enjoyed a long career
in foreign policy.

WE CRANE DOWN - amid a crowd of noisy reporters at a news
conference. The Secretary Of State is at the microphone.

REPORTER 1
Any information yet on who is
responsible for the Senator's death?

SECRETARY OF STATE
It's still too early to assess any
responsibility but the Congolese
government is giving us full support
in the investigation.

REPORTER 2
What was the reason his visit?

SECRETARY OF STATE
I will ask Mr. Orth, deputy of the
US Defense Intelligence for Africa
to answer that. Mr. Orth...

Orth steps to the podium. Somber. Mournful.

ORTH
The Department of Defense is deeply
saddened by the tragic loss of our
friend and partner, whose last
mission was to reinforce our
commitments to the Nation of Congo
as we stand firm with its long
suffering people in their pursuit
for a better future-

A SERIES OF CONSECUTIVE SHOTS as Orth's voice drones on:

- AIRPORT LOADING AREA - a container is loaded into a CARGO VAN

ORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Senator believed that the wealth
of resources of Africa should be a
reason for prosperity and not war-

- THE CARGO VAN gets off a freeway in an industrial area - two
cars are waiting - ONE CAR: Semion and Ludwig - THE OTHER CAR:
the Mossad agents.

ORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He helped us take serious steps in
stemming the illegal flow of nuclear
material out of Africa to ill-
intended buyers across the world-

- Mossad agents approach the cargo van.

ORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Also, Mr. Rapoza was instrumental in
 negotiating with the government in
 Kinshasa to dismantle their nuclear
 research reactor known as CREN-K.

- The cargo van door swings open - another Mossad man hops in -
 inspects the cargo - everything seems OK

- Agent Z opens a laptop - punches numbers - a bank account -
 Ludwig types a long number - transfer in progress -

ORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 In return, the African nation will
 receive assistance in medical
 training, infrastructure and
 agricultural engineering-

- Another Mossad man gets NO READING on his meter - opens the
 container - A LEAD BOX - still NO reading - opens the lead box -
 NOTHING INSIDE - They've been duped!

- Agent Z hits "CANCEL" - Ludwig tries to stop him - his men
 pull their weapons WHEN:

- PFT-PFT-PFT-PFT - Ludwig and his men hit the ground. DEAD.

- REVEAL: MORE Mossad operatives hidden - weapons trained.

ORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It is fair to say that the Senator
 left behind a better, safer world.

- Semion in his car - petrified - he knows what's next - Agent
 X raises the gun - PFT-PFT - Semion slumps dead.

INT. DODE'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Simple, poor beyond any western imagination but neat.

Dode opens a chest-like WOODEN BOX. William stands beside her.

He looks inside the wooden box: picture frames, an old-
 fashioned photo camera, a few books, other family items.

DODE
 I did not want them to get lost.

He pulls out A FAMILY PHOTO. Stares at it, then he reaches in
 again, pulling out a DOSSIER with UNITED NATIONS written on it.

WILLIAM
 I know this.

The dossier: classified documents, photos of burned-down
 villages, mutilated corpses, war-lords, foreign businessmen.

DODE
 She wanted your father to show this
 to the world. Your mother was a
 courageous woman. She understood
 Africa. Did much good for it.

WILLIAM
 And this is all there is left now...

DODE
There is something else.

EXT. SMALL DERELICT HARBOR - DAY

Dode's husband moves a couple of rusty metal panels serving as doors to a makeshift garage, revealing a SAILBOAT.

DODE (CONT'D)
It was burned down but my husband
fixed it. Used it for fishing but..

William stares at his father's sailboat in amazement. A patch work-type of restoration but nonetheless looking functional.

DODE (CONT'D)
... It is yours.

WILLIAM
I can't take it.

DODE
(putting keys in his hand)
You need to make peace with the
past.

William ponders for a second, then hops inside the boat.
Touches the mast, the helm. Becomes overwhelmed with memories-

FLASHBACK: *Young William steers the boat. Bright face. Happy.
Focused. His brother at the sails. Walter Hughes right beside.*

WALTER HUGHES
(proudly)
Good boy! Well done, William!

END FLASHBACK.

William jolts. Sticks the key into ignition. Engine starts. A smile blossoms on his face.

Dode's Husband releases the anchoring rope WHEN:

TWO MH-60R Seahawks come out of nowhere, descending onto the harbor, blowing treetops down.

William looks in awe at the special ops zipping down, flanking the sailboat. Weapons pointed at him - CHECK-MATE.

Trenton hops out of one helicopter. Approaches the sailboat.
Looks at William as he stares back at him: Fight or flight?

WILLIAM
What do you want?

TRENTON
I was curious what you'll do next.

WILLIAM
I have something to finish...

TRENTON
Why not something to start? You
think it'll be easy to be back? Your
skill sets are not exactly honorably
(MORE)

TRENTON (CONT'D)
 recognized, but I could certainly
 make good use of them.

WILLIAM
 You're offering me a job?

TRENTON
 Think of it as a rehabilitation
 program. What do you think?

William shifts the gear, sets the boat in motion.

WILLIAM
 I think you can't handle me.

As the boat begins to move, he throws the satchel at Trenton.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 Give this to her.

Trenton catches the satchel, throws a last glance at the
 departing boat and heads back to the helicopter. He opens the
 door - Ada is inside - heart pounding through her dress.

TRENTON
 (puts satchel in her lap)
 He sends his best.

Trenton hops in. The helicopter lifts off the ground as Ada,
 deflated, looks in the satchel: the DOSSIER and the RECORDING
 DEVICE from IAEA. She pulls out the device. Presses "play".

RAPOZA'S VOICE
 "William! It doesn't have to end
 this way. We can talk."

WILLIAM'S VOICE
 "Talk about what? How you had them
 killed? How you almost killed me?"

She looks out longingly at William leaving the harbour WHEN:

RAPOZA'S VOICE
 "You know where you've been all
 this time - in Hell."

WILLIAM'S VOICE
 "Yes - It is where you sent me.
 But not where I belong."

She jolts - EXACTLY what she's been dying to hear. Suddenly
 animated, she leans over to the pilot.

ADA
 (gesturing)
 Put it down!

The pilot looks at Trenton - not surprised anymore: whatever.
 As the helicopter touches down, Ada bursts out, sprinting.

ADA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 WAIT!!!!

William turns to see Ada running. Perplexed by surprise, he
 steers towards the shore. Close enough so Ada can jump inside-

ADA (CONT'D)
Thought you might use a first mate.

WILLIAM
(still not out of it)
What do you know about boats?

ADA
I've read about them.

WILLIAM
Good enough. Let's take her out.

ADA
Aye aye captain!

WILLIAM
Just call me William...

Off Trenton's bewildered expression we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESS CONFERENCE.

ORTH
I want to pay tribute to brave citizens
like Ambassador Hughes, his family and
Senator Rapoza who made our nation a
beacon of global security; an advocate
for human freedom and prosperity. God
rests their souls. God bless you all!

PHOTO CAMERAS' FLASHING as we DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAILBOAT

Floating smoothly off shore. William and Ada inside. The sun
reflects on their blissful faces.

William releases the sails. VROOOOMP - the sails blow open in
the wind, pushing the boat farther and farther away.

THE END