

# RED

screenplay by

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based on the graphic novel "RED" by Warren Ellis

**SUMMIT ENTERTAINMENT**  
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FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK MOSES lies awake in bed, waiting for the beginning of the day. 4:59 AM changes to 5:00 and he gets up.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Wearing a tattered bathrobe, Frank watches his coffee brew.

He's compact and in good shape with broad shoulders and close-cropped hair. He could be 50s, could be 60s - he has this grizzled quality that makes it tough to tell.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Like the rest of the house, the living room is only nominally furnished: a sofa, lamp, and a shelf of records.

Frank cranks out a set of pushups.

Frank cranks out jumping jacks.

Frank cranks out sit-ups. Not crunches... sit-ups.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank eats two eggs and dry toast at the small table.

One small frying pan, one plate, one knife, and one fork are set in the rack to dry.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a devastatingly uncool sun hat, Frank picks a lone weed from the dirt around his roses, then stands back to admire them: they're withered and sickly.

He looks over sourly at the roses next door: a dazzling array of color.

A young MOM comes out of the house with a baby in a stroller.

MOM

Hi, Mr. Moses.

Frank puts on a smile and gives her a wave.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Frank contemplates a shelf full of cans of BEANS.  
He starts loading up his cart - at least 50 cans.

ANOTHER AISLE

Frank loads up 50 cans of SPINACH.

CHECKOUT COUNTER

A teenage CASHIER eyes Frank as she rings him up.

CASHIER

Guess you like beans.

FRANK

They're all right.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank puts his groceries away, revealing that his cabinets are already filled with cans. He carefully places the new ones in back, rotating his stock.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank goes through his mail, tossing the junk, leaving only one letter: a green envelope. He tears it open: a check from the U.S. Government.

Pulling an LP from a shelf of vinyl records, Frank drops it onto the stereo and lowers the needle.

Picking up the phone, he takes a deep breath and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

May I have your social?

FRANK

Five four three, six six, two two  
nine one. Pension services please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Thank you Mr. Moses. Please hold  
for your representative.

There's a series of CLICKS as the call is transferred.

INTERCUT - INT. HUGE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rows of cubicles stretch out beneath the fluorescent lighting, filled with operators on headsets.

SARAH ROSS, older than 30, but we won't say more than that, sits in a cubicle spruced up with spider plants, postcards, and pictures.

She's pretty, conservative looking, and bored.

SARAH

Hi, this is Sarah.

FRANK

Hey. It's Frank Moses.

She immediately brightens.

SARAH

Hey Frank. What's going on?

FRANK

Nothing really. I was just calling because I didn't get my check again.

SARAH

Oh jeez. I can't believe they haven't worked this out. I'll make sure they get another one out today.

FRANK

It's no big deal. Whenever you get around to it.

SARAH

I'm just sorry this happened again.

Frank leans back, tearing up his check.

FRANK

What are you gonna do?

A pause draws out between them.

FRANK (cont'd)

Well, I guess...

SARAH

So how are your roses doing?

Frank hurriedly answers...

FRANK

It's a massacre. I've got rust *and* mold. Now I've sprayed them so much they have chemical burns.

SARAH

You try soapy water?

FRANK

That works?

SARAH

I swear. Hey what are you listening to?

He lights up.

FRANK

It's The Chirping Crickets; Buddy Holly's first album in '57.

SARAH

Never heard it.

FRANK

It's before your time. Hell, it's before my time, but it's an amazing record. It has the first released version of "That'll Be the Day."

She smiles.

SARAH

You have a lot of free time, don't you?

FRANK

Little bit. Yeah.

(beat)

I don't have the foggiest idea what to do with myself.

SARAH

What did you do before you retired?

FRANK

I was in the diplomatic corps.

This strikes a chord.

SARAH

Really? I'd give anything to travel more.

FRANK

Believe me, it's not so fun when it's business.

SARAH

I just want to quit my job and move to Spain for six months.

FRANK

You should. You'd have an amazing time.

SARAH

I can see why retirement would be hard. Maybe what you need is to fall in love with something new.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Yeah. I guess so.

An annoying looking woman with a pinched face appears at the edge of Sarah's cubicle.

SARAH

My supervisor. I gotta go.

Sarah hangs up and aggressively stares the woman down.

SARAH (cont'd)

What?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits on the floor of the darkened room, repeatedly bouncing a rubber ball against the wall and catching it.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sarah sits at the table in her kitchen eating dinner alone and reading a spy thriller.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Heading inside, Frank sorts through his mail. Two pieces of junk and another green envelope. He smiles.

INT. HUGE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sarah's on her headset.

SARAH

You need excitement. A passion.  
Something that makes you feel alive.

INTERCUT - INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Frank dumps a can of spinach into a pot.

FRANK

Excitement is overrated.

SARAH

How can you say that? Everyone needs excitement. The most I get is fighting with my mother.

FRANK

What about?

SARAH

She keeps trying to set me up on blind dates with her bridge partners' kids. She just told me she's worried I'm gay.

(suddenly concerned)

I'm not, by the way.

FRANK

Good to know.

SARAH

I think we need to talk about something else.

Frank can't help but grin.

FRANK

What are you reading this week?

SARAH

Just a romance.

FRANK

What?

SARAH

It doesn't matter.

FRANK

(teasing)

Come on.

There's a long guilty beat.

SARAH

It's called *Love's Savage Secret*.

Frank mulls this over.

FRANK

Is it good?

SARAH

It's terrible! I love it! The lead is a sort of a Britney/Lindsay character marooned on this island with her tennis pro and a prince.

FRANK  
Who's Britney Lindsay?

SARAH  
Very funny.

Frank was serious, but lets it go.

FRANK  
Hey, hold on a second, I want you  
to hear this.

He carefully puts on a record and drops the needle. Buddy  
Holly's THAT'LL BE THE DAY echoes out.

They both listen.

SARAH  
I like this.

FRANK  
It's cool, right?

SARAH  
Yeah.

They listen for another minute.

SARAH (cont'd)  
I better be getting back to work.

FRANK  
Yeah, course. I didn't mean to  
keep you.

SARAH  
I'm glad you did. I'll talk to  
you soon?

FRANK  
You bet.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits reading *Love's Savage Secret*, biting his lip  
as he turns the pages.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank climbs into bed and turns out the light.

The clock changes from 10:59 to 11:00. He lies in the  
darkness, staring up at the ceiling, waiting to get tired.

THAT'LL BE THE DAY, fades to a close.



BUDDY HOLLY (V.O.)  
*That'll be the day-ay-ay that I  
die.*

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The house is quiet and still against the suburban night.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank lies on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

It's 3:22.

He picks up the glass beside his bed, but it's empty.  
Getting up, he shrugs into his tattered bathrobe.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Frank shuffles out of his bedroom and down the hall to  
the bathroom.

But as he passes the stairs, the CAMERA HOLDS on the  
darkness of the stairwell...

*...and the darkness suddenly comes alive with motion: THREE  
COMMANDOS in hi-tech body armor, night-vision, and weaponry  
are right there.*

From a small case, the leader takes out a full syringe.

The second reaches past him with a snoop scope linked to  
his heads up display: the hall is clear, the door at the  
far end swinging closed.

They move silently into the hall, listening to the WATER  
RUN: the leader with the syringe, the second empty-handed,  
ready for the take down, the third with a machine pistol.

The bathroom door stands ajar, spilling out bright light.

The commandos lift their night-vision as they move down  
the hall, past the guest room, closing in.

WHAM! They kick in the door revealing...

*...the empty bathroom...*

*...as Frank steps out of the darkened guest room behind  
them in his robe and bare feet.*

The three men whip around, startled...

WHAP! The commando closest to Frank goes down.

The second swings, but his legs are swept from under him, Frank's heel crushing his throat as he hits the floor.

The leader lunges with the syringe, but it's twisted out of his hand and suddenly in his arm... plunger pressed.

Staring at Frank, the commando's eyes flutter and drop.

Frank is left standing alone amidst the bodies. He isn't even breathing hard.

He crouches down, looking them over without emotion.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Frank grabs a sledge hammer at the bottom of the stairs, steps to the middle of the room and swings.

CRACK! A thin layer of cement shatters.

Sweeping fragments away, he pulls out a buried locker.

Inside are bricks of cash and an array of passports.

Frank quickly stuffs a satchel. Then he unwraps an old 1911 model .45 semiautomatic and adds it as well.

Finally he grabs an old set of military dog tags and puts them in his pocket.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank finishes dressing, picks up the phone, and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
May I have your social?

FRANK  
Five four three, six six, two two  
nine one. Status RED.

He hangs up and heads out.

*But the phone RINGS.*

He stops, listening to it ECHOING EERILY through the house.

Finally he picks it up, holding it to his ear, waiting.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Frank Moses?

Without answering, Frank moves beside the window, up against the wall, slightly pulling back the drapes and glancing out.

A white van is parked at an odd angle across the street, the back door open.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POV from inside the van: WE SEE the bit of curtain move.

CLICK: Suddenly it's the same view IN INFRARED, Frank's heat signature clear as day.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frank catches a glint of light from the van.

Exploding into motion, he drops the phone and runs all out down the hall as...

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! Three 40mm grenades are launched into the house and...

BOOM! A fireball roars down the hall as...

Frank SMASHES through a second floor window...

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...hits the roof, and spills into the yard in a shower of glass.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stepping from the back of the van, a FOURTH COMMANDO slings his six-round grenade launcher and raises binoculars, surveying the destruction.

Catching a glimpse of motion he lowers the lenses...

*...Frank is twenty feet away, charging straight at him...*

The commando scrambles for his sidearm but... WHAM!  
...he's tackled straight back into the van.

The rear doors are pulled closed, the engine starts, and the van pulls out, disappearing in to the night.

EXT. BOSTON SUBURB - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

**SUPERED TITLE: SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS**

Boston rises in the distance behind this cute suburb by the Charles River.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah heads up the walk with a guy a full head shorter than she is.

SARAH  
I had a nice time tonight. Thank  
you.

FRED watches her unlock the door.

FRED  
Aren't you going to invite me in?

SARAH  
Sorry Fred. Say hi to your mom  
for me.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kicking off her shoes, Sarah slides out of her dress and pulls on an oversized shirt already laid out on a chair beside *Love's Savage Secret*.

Settling in, she cracks the book, but then thinks again and gets up.

Walking into the kitchen, she grabs a glass, ice, and a pour of bourbon. Then she shakes her head...

SARAH  
Fred.

...and pours a little more.

Heading back to her book, *she passes Frank*.

Shrieking, she jumps, the glass smashing on the floor.

Sarah grabs a vase to defend herself as Frank puts up his hands.

FRANK  
Hey! Hey! It's Frank Moses.

SARAH  
Stay back!

FRANK  
It's me.  
(beat)  
You eat Tasty Cakes for lunch and  
your mom thinks you're gay.

She stares, worlds colliding, her fear turning to anger.

SARAH

Jesus Christ!

She protectively pulls down her shirt to cover more of herself, backing away.

SARAH (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing here?

Frank steps forward, hands still up.

FRANK

You have to get out of the house.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

FRANK

It's not safe here. It's my fault and I'll explain, but right now, I need you to come with me.

She stares at him nervously.

SARAH

I think you'd better leave.

He picks up a small suitcase from the floor.

SARAH (cont'd)

That's my bag.

FRANK

I packed for you.

She looks around, reeling.

SARAH

Did you... do my dishes?

Frank's clearly guilty.

Pulling it together, she puts on an authoritative tone.

SARAH

Frank. I always liked you. But I'm not about to...

Sarah freezes in fear as he draws his .45.

But he's staring past her out the window, where a car pulls up across the street.

FRANK

Right now, out the back.

SARAH

I'm not going anywhere!

Frank's torn, feeling the seconds ticking by, not sure how to handle this.

FRANK

I was never a diplomat. I was in the CIA, and someone is trying to kill me. That means there's been surveillance. They've listened to our phone calls and they're going to come after you as leverage.

SARAH

I'm calling the police.

The car doors open and three men get out, crossing the street toward Sarah's.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Frank's behind the wheel with Sarah's purse on his lap, going through it as he smoothly drives, tossing a nail file and her can of pepper spray out the window.

FRANK

This couldn't be more different from how I hoped to meet you, you know, if we ever even did meet.

He comes up with her cell phone and tosses it out too.

FRANK (cont'd)

But things happen and I think it's important to be flexible.

He pauses, taking a breath, knowing it's not going well, but really trying.

FRANK (cont'd)

You know what I mean?

Frank glances back for reassurance.

REVEAL Sarah, tied and gagged in the back seat, staring daggers at him.

EXT. BEST BET ROADSIDE MOTEL - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

As dawn breaks, Frank pulls into this quiet, anonymous ranch-style motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Sarah sits on the bed watching Frank warily as he unties her wrists then reaches for the tape on her mouth.

FRANK

Sorry.

He RIPS it off.

SARAH

Ow!

FRANK

You want some water?

She looks at him, scared but in control.

SARAH

If you let me go right now, I won't press charges.

FRANK

I'm not kidnapping you.

SARAH

What do you think you just did!

FRANK

You were in danger.

SARAH

No I wasn't! Even if you aren't completely full of crap and people are after you, no one cares about me.

FRANK

They know I call you. They've listened.

SARAH

So what?

Frank can't quite look at her, embarrassed.

SARAH (cont'd)

What?

FRANK

(dying)  
They know... I like you.

She isn't sure how to respond.

SARAH

You hardly know me.

FRANK

I know you.

She looks away.

SARAH

If you're really CIA, why don't you just call them?

FRANK

I don't know how these guys found me.

(beat)

I have to see someone. I need you to stay here until I get back.

SARAH

You just want me to sit here?

FRANK

You'll be perfectly safe. No one knows where you are.

He picks up the tape and tears off a fresh piece. She looks at him in confusion and fear.

FRANK (cont'd)

I'll be back soon.

She realizes what's about to happen.

SARAH

No! You crazy kidnapping pervert sonofabitch. You can kiss my...

Frank tapes her mouth.

INT. EXPENSIVE HIGH RISE CONDO - HOME OFFICE - DAY

**SUPERED TITLE: PHILADELPHIA**

WILLIAM COOPER, 30s, sits at a desk, tearing open a manilla envelope with latex gloves.

He wears a conservative suit and tie, but his haircut and bearing are those of a soldier.

Pulling out several 8x10 black and white photos, he drops them on the desk: they're of a man and woman in a tryst.

BATHROOM

Cooper takes out a sheet of plastic with a dozen blonde hairs pressed onto it.



Lifting them one by one with tweezers, he places them on a brush, in the shower drain, in the dust on the floor.

As his phone VIBRATES, he checks the number and answers.

COOPER

Hey hon.

He takes out plastic sheets with individual fingerprints pressed into them.

Laying one on the corner of the mirror, he peels back the plastic, leaving the print.

COOPER (cont'd)

No I think I'll be on time tonight.

KITCHEN

*Cooper walks past someone struggling to maintain his precarious tip-toe balance on a chair, his hands secured behind his back and his neck in a noose.*

COOPER (cont'd)

Okay, well I'll talk to the boys about it when I get home.

BEDROOM

Cooper lays fingerprints on the left side of the bed and nightstand.

COOPER (cont'd)

I will. I promise.

KITCHEN

Cooper walks back in.

COOPER (cont'd)

Okay. Love you. Bye.

Desperate, the MAN from the tryst photos tries to look down at Cooper while keeping balanced. He's 50s, heavysset but well groomed, wearing a suit that cost thousands.

MAN

(Eastern European accent)

Listen. I can make you rich.

Cooper ignores him, making a note on his PDA.

MAN (cont'd)

YOU DON'T IGNORE ME! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

Cooper glances up with no reaction.

COOPER

Actually, I don't have the slightest idea.

He kicks the chair out from under him.

Legs dance wildly in the air behind Cooper as his phone buzzes again. He checks the text: "FRANKLIN SQ. 10 MIN."

The legs still. Cooper removes the padded restraints from the wrists of the dead man and heads out.

EXT. GREEN SPRINGS ASSISTED LIVING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

At least that's the sign. But there's no green. Just cracked pink stucco as far as the eye can see.

**SUPERED TITLE: WASHINGTON, D.C.**

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

JOE MATHESON sits in a wheelchair in his small one-room apartment, struggling to reach the rabbit ears of a tiny crap TV.

Joe's a man from another era - 90s and frail - but his white hair is neatly parted and slicked back, and he wears a three-piece suit with a gold chain and pocket-watch.

Smacking the side of the television, he shakes it, making a hell of a racket until...

NURSE

Is that thing acting up again?

Joe glances back and smiles at the cute NURSE in his doorway.

JOE

Yeah. Can you give it a shot Marna?

MARNA

Of course.

He rolls out of her way and settles in to watch as she's forced to lean way over to reach the antennas.

MARNA (cont'd)

I don't see why you don't move these lower.

He admires her ass.

JOE

Better picture. Try a little to the left.

(beat)

That's getting there.

REVEAL Frank stepping into the doorway, taking in the scene. He clears his throat.

Joe looks over as the nurse straightens up.

MARNA

Well, I think that does it Mr. Matheson.

She walks out, *placing a hand on Joe's arm as she passes.*

MARNA (cont'd)

See you later.

JOE

Thanks Marna.

Frank watches her go, marveling.

FRANK

You're unbelievable.

Joe grins devilishly, struggling to his feet and pulling Frank into a huge hug.

JOE

Your timing is terrible, Kid. I don't see you in forever and when you finally show, you're cutting into my action.

FRANK

Is that why you're always telling me not to come?

Frank helps him sit back down.

JOE

It's goddamned embarrassing you seeing me like this.

FRANK

Who do you think you're talking to, Joe?

JOE

I never thought it would happen to me. Getting old. The things we did, I never thought I'd still be alive. Hell, I can't believe you're alive.

FRANK

Yeah, well, I retired.

JOE

You? Ha! Can't be. I remember recruiting this wet-behind-the-ears army punk like it was yesterday.

Frank can't help but smile.

JOE (cont'd)

What'd you do? Marry the girl next door?

Frank hesitates.

INSERT - INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sarah lies on the bed, mouth taped, hands and feet tied to the bed frame, furiously struggling to get loose.

RETURN TO SCENE

FRANK

Not exactly.

(beat)

I got a visit from a wet team last night.

JOE

(stunned)

Jesus. How'd that go?

FRANK

You have someone you trust in the Company who can run some IDs?

JOE

Sure. Got the prints?

Frank tosses him a squishy plastic bag.

Joe peers inside, disgusted.

JOE (cont'd)

You know there was a time this was a gentleman's game.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Moms walk babies, a pack of kids kicks around a soccer ball, and parents casually watch the action.

Cooper walks along the edge of the game, stopping beside a heavy, balding MAN, 50s, in a conservative suit holding a newspaper.

They both watch the soccer game.

MAN

We had an action go south. I need you to clean it up.

He hands Cooper the newspaper.

MAN (cont'd)

This is from the top. It's off the books. Total blackout. No logs. No records. Are we clear?

COOPER

Yes sir.

Cooper opens the newspaper, revealing a file. The first page is a long-lensed photograph of Frank watering his roses.

MAN

That's your primary target. There was a previous team. They are dead.

Cooper flips through the file, reading.

COOPER

He was CIA.

MAN

Is that a problem?

Cooper closes the file and tucks the paper under his arm.

COOPER

No.

EXT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

Joe and Frank sit on a small patio in the shade. Joe's on a cell phone taking notes.

JOE

Okay. You too. Thanks.

He hangs up.

JOE (cont'd)

It was a South African team. Very elite. They only worked for major governments.

FRANK

Christ.

Joe gives him a hard look.

JOE

What the hell did you do?

FRANK

Nothing! I'm out! I've been sitting on my ass killing roses.

JOE

One of them is also a print match to an NYPD crime scene. A woman was killed a couple months back.

He passes his notes to Frank, but nothing clicks.

FRANK

I don't know her.

(angry)

This doesn't make any sense. Who would come after me now?

JOE

Give me a day. I'll make some calls. See what I can find out.

FRANK

Just be careful. These guys are motivated.

JOE

(laughing)

Hell, Kid. I'm ninety years old with stage IV liver cancer. What do I have to be afraid of?

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

This cramped high-tech nerve center is filled with computers, data and video feeds.

THOMAS and JACKSON, 30, cold and hard, stand with Cooper, sorting through the detritus of Frank's life spread out on tables: phone bills, mail, trash, receipts...

JACKSON

In six months this guy didn't make a single personal phone call. No credit cards, no voicemail, no computer, no TV.

COOPER

Run the ten pay phones closest to his house.

A phone RINGS and Thomas grabs it.

THOMAS

Yeah?

(to Cooper)

D.C. Metro's responding to a 911 call from one Sarah Ross.

EXT. BEST BET ROADSIDE MOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Three police cruisers and an ambulance are out front, lights flashing.

POLICE OFFICERS have cordoned off the area.

EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Sarah sits on the tailgate being checked out by a PARAMEDIC as a YOUNG COP stands protectively beside her. She's stressed out and shaken.

SARAH

I need to call my family.

PARAMEDIC

Just finishing up.

He strips the blood pressure cuff and the cop helps her up.

YOUNG COP

We'll get you a phone, but they want me to take you downtown for a statement. There's also a bunch of federal guys who want to talk to you.

SARAH

Is this going to take long?

He grins.

YOUNG COP

Definitely.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sarah follows the cop around the corner to his cruiser.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

An older, PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE, approaches.

PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE  
Where are you taking her?

YOUNG COP  
(confused)  
What do you mean?

INSERT - EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Cooper looks down from the rooftop, watching the two cops through binoculars.

COOPER  
(into headset)  
Take him out.

RETURN TO SCENE

The detective's startled as, PFFT! PFFT! he takes two in the chest from a SILENCED PISTOL in the young cop's hand.

Stunned, Sarah backs away, but he grabs her, jabbing a hypodermic into her arm.

SARAH  
No!

He pops the trunk of the cruiser, forcing her inside...

...but suddenly the cop's grabbed from behind.

CRUNCH! He falls...

...revealing Frank.

Sarah woozily stares at him and then the two dead bodies.

SARAH (cont'd)  
You just killed that man?

FRANK  
Yes.

He pulls open the syringe and tastes what's inside.

SARAH  
Am I going to die?

FRANK  
Just sleep. You probably need it.

He helps her into the passenger side of the cruiser.



SARAH

I am very tired.

Sliding behind the wheel he pulls out.

Sarah leans against him, watching the world slide by with heavy lids.

SARAH (cont'd)

Frank?

FRANK

Yes.

SARAH

This is just like in *Love's Savage Secret*, where the tennis pro saves her from the Jihadists.

...and she's out.

WHAM! A SEDAN SLAMS INTO THE SIDE OF FRANK'S CAR AT 40 MPH SENDING BOTH CARS SPINNING IN A SHOWER OF GLASS.

Opening his door for cover, Cooper's unloading rounds into Frank's police cruiser.

But as he whips out his magazine and reloads, Frank pops back up behind the wheel, peeling out in shriek of burning rubber and twisted metal.

Cooper tracks the cruiser, FIRING until it disappears around a corner.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Driving with one hand, Frank's on the radio.

FRANK

Shots fired! Officer down! 8th and Douglas! Suspect is a white male, 30's, dark suit, white shirt...

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Back in the car, Cooper punches it, peeling around the corner after Frank, accelerating fast, *but then abruptly SCREECHING to a stop.*

*Frank's cruiser is parked on the street.*

Jumping from his car, gun ready, Cooper approaches, angling around to see inside... it's empty.

Taking his time, Cooper surveys the scene: Frank's car hissing coolant; a dead-empty street of small businesses.

Whipping up his gun at motion, Cooper looks down his sights at a CLERK in the flower shop in front of him, staring at him in wide-eyed fear through the open door.

On both sides of Cooper, police cars turn onto the street, screeching to a halt 100 feet back and spilling out cops.

COP  
Drop your weapon!

Cooper weighs his options. Then he puts down the gun and raises his hands.

INT. FLORIST SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Stepping into sight with Sarah unconscious in one arm, Frank moves his .45 from the clerk to cover Cooper.

The two men stare each other down.

FRANK  
(to the clerk)  
Out the back. Car keys. Now.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - JOE'S ROOM - DAY

Joe Matheson's on the phone, worried, jotting something on a piece of paper.

JOE  
I appreciate it. Okay. Bye.

He folds the paper and scrawls Frank's name on it.

Rolling to his dressing table, Joe straightens his tie, combs his hair back, and picks up his wallet and keys.

*Behind him, the door to his room opens and two men in suits step inside, pulling the door shut.*

Joe coldly eyes them in the mirror, slipping the paper into the dresser. One SUIT takes out a gun. The other picks up a pillow.

JOE  
So it's like that then?

SUIT  
Yeah. It's like that.

Joe nods, resigned.

INT. CAR - BROOKLYN - DAY

**SUPERED TITLE: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK**

Frank sits in an SUV parked in front of an apartment building, sipping coffee. Across the river are the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

Sarah stirs, waking in the passenger seat beside him.

FRANK

Hey.

She looks around, disoriented and panicky.

FRANK (cont'd)

Take it easy. You're okay.

Off balance, she tries to calm down.

SARAH

How...

(beat)

How long was I asleep?

FRANK

About six hours. Coffee?

She nervously looks him over and takes it.

SARAH

Thanks.

(beat)

Thanks for saving me.

He nods. She takes a sip.

FRANK

How'd you get free?

SARAH

I worked the headboard loose and burned through the rope with the heater's pilot light.

Frank's impressed.

SARAH (cont'd)

I'm sorry I didn't believe you.

FRANK

I'm sorry I tied you up.

A beat.

SARAH

Who's doing this?

FRANK

I don't know.

She's having trouble grasping it all.

SARAH

I'm supposed to have dinner with my parents tonight.

FRANK

You're not going to make it. And if you call them, they're going to get hurt. Do you understand?

She nods, unnerved by his intensity.

SARAH

What happens now?

FRANK

The men who came after me killed the daughter of a woman who lives in that building. I'm hoping we can figure out the connection.

She considers this.

SARAH

I guess you're going to be stuck with me for a while.

Frank looks at her in surprise.

FRANK

Yeah.

Sarah absently picks a piece of car safety glass out of her hair and looks questioningly at Frank.

He shrugs.

INT. NICE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frank and Sarah stop at number 2D.

FRANK

One sec.

He opens his satchel and grabs the duct tape.

FRANK (cont'd)

Hold this.

Then he takes out a drug bottle and fills a syringe, tapping out the bubbles.

SARAH

What are you doing? I thought we were going to talk to her!

FRANK

We are. This'll just help.

SARAH

The woman lost her daughter!

She grabs the syringe.

SARAH (cont'd)

People are basically nice, Frank.

She knocks on the door. He looks at her sourly.

FRANK

That hasn't been my experience.

SARAH

I think maybe I should do the talking.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Sarah and Frank sit on the sofa opposite MRS. CHAN, 60, who hands Sarah a photo of her smiling 30ish daughter.

MRS. CHAN

She gave me this picture the week before she died. It was the last time I saw her... The police said it was just a burglary.

Sarah puts a sympathetic hand on her arm.

SARAH

We don't know it was anything other than that. You said Stephanie was a reporter?

Mrs. Chan nods, choked up.

SARAH (cont'd)

Do you know what she was working on?

MRS. CHAN

No.

Sarah notices writing on the back of the photo: a cross followed by 1980 1745 126.

SARAH

What's this number?

MRS. CHAN

I don't know. It's Stephanie's writing. I tried dialing it. The police had no idea.

Frank stares at the numbers.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank and Sarah walk through the foyer.

FRANK

It's a dead drop. That code is a call number for a book.

SARAH

Call numbers start with letters.

FRANK

Library of Congress does. Harvard-Yenching is a system for Asian language books. 1980 is the number for Christian literature: the cross.

SARAH

How could you possibly know that?

FRANK

*Wo zhu zai Zhongguo ji nian qian.*

SARAH

Christ. You speak Chinese?

FRANK

I was there for a few years.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS - DAY

Studying call numbers, Frank pulls a book from the shelf, and opens it. Inside is a single sheet of paper: a typed list of almost twenty names.

SARAH

Unbelievable.

One of them is "FRANK MOSES."

SARAH (cont'd)

What is this?

FRANK

I don't know.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - COMPUTERS - DAY

Sarah sits at a terminal with the list between them.

SARAH

Hank Maestriano... died two weeks ago in a car crash. Daniel McGinty, heart attack last week. Aaron Burke... suicide four days ago.

FRANK

Jesus. It's a hit list.

Pulling out a cell phone, he quickly dials.

SARAH

This one guy is still alive, I think. Gabriel Loeb. He flies cargo planes.

FRANK

(into phone)

Who is this?

(pause)

Marna? Where's Joe?

INTERCUT - INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Joe's nurse MARNA stands shaken and stammering. Behind her, Joe's apartment is swarming with cops.

MARNA

Mr. Moses?

FRANK

What happened?

MARNA

Mr. Matheson has disappeared. There's... there's blood everywhere.

She silently breaks down.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Looks like two shooters...

Frank's reeling.

FRANK

No...

MARNA

They found a note with your name on it. He talked about you all the time. He loved you like a son.

FRANK  
Marna. What did it say?

MARNA  
It was just two words.  
(beat)  
The Company.

Frank hangs up, stunned. He's beside himself.

FRANK  
Joe's dead.

She reaches out to him, but he gets up. He's cold with fury, stirred to the core of his being.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Those bastards are going to pay.

SARAH  
Who?

INT. CIA - LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY

**SUPERED TITLE: CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA**

Striding across the seal of the Central Intelligence Agency set into the polished marble floor...

*...is Cooper.*

INT. CIA - SECURE RECORDS DEPOSITORY - DAY

Cooper stands with Frank's file across from a RESEARCH CLERK at a computer.

COOPER  
This man is NOT a retired Asian block analyst who's been out of the field for thirty years.

RESEARCH CLERK  
That's what it says.

INT. CIA - VAULT - DAY

Two guards check Cooper's paperwork, then nod to an old RECORDS KEEPER.

The old man dials in a combination and the guards swing open a huge steel door, revealing a cavernous file room.



RECORDS KEEPER  
 These records have never been  
 computerized. They never will be.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

**SUPERED TITLE: DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

Frank moves through the throngs of people exiting the terminal, accidentally bumping into a woman in the crowd.

FRANK

Excuse me.

Pressing on, he flips through the pocketbook of the woman he just bumped.

Reaching Sarah in line at the ticket counter, he hands her a driver's license that looks remarkably like her.

FRANK (cont'd)

Cynthia Bolt. Memorize the date  
 of birth.

SARAH

Will you tell me where we're going  
 now?

FRANK

To see Marvin.

Confused, Sarah takes out the list, finding the name.

SARAH

Marvin Frye?

FRANK

He's the only name on that list I  
 know. We worked together before  
 he sectioned out. He knows things.

SARAH

Frank, he *died* two years ago in a  
 fire.

FRANK

He's died before.

SARAH

What does that mean?

FRANK

Marvin's... peculiar. Extremely  
 paranoid and dangerous. He's not  
 like other people.

SARAH

You're not like other people.

Frank considers. It's a fair point.

FRANK

Right. Well, Marvin's less like other people.

A TICKET AGENT waves them over.

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry things are so slow, our computers are down. Someone spilled coffee on the server.

Frank takes the last sip of a jumbo java.

FRANK

No kidding.

INT. CIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Cooper drops a six-inch-thick stack of paper stamped "TOP-SECRET" onto the table.

COOPER

Frank Moses's real file.

Thomas flips it open.

Page after page has been blacked out, line by line.

JACKSON

Is this a joke?

They finally get to bits of text here and there:

"VIETNAM... MOSCOW... BEIRUT... IRAN... NICARAGUA."

COOPER

This guy's got to be one of the best black ops agent we ever had. He's offed drug-lords, terrorists, heads of state. He's toppled governments.

"REGIME CHANGE... TERMINATED... ELIMINATED..."

JACKSON

Jesus.

An ALARM from one of the computers sends Thomas back to check his system.

THOMAS

I've got a ticket to Rio on Sarah Ross's credit card. They've been in the air three hours.

COOPER

*Three hours?*

THOMAS

It looks like someone um... destroyed the airline's airport server.

Cooper digests this, pissed.

JACKSON

He's running.

COOPER

He's not running.

THOMAS

He knows we're going to be hard pressed to have someone there before him.

COOPER

Does this look like the file of someone who's going to rabbit? It's a dodge.

(beat)

I get this guy. He's good. But he's old school. Cloak and dagger crap. He hardly knows how to use a computer.

THOMAS

He knows how to wreck one.

Cooper shoots him a hard look, thinking it over.

COOPER

If we hurt the woman's parents, do you think it will draw him out?

This catches Thomas off guard.

THOMAS

I... don't know.

COOPER

Put them under surveillance.

EXT. SAN DIEGO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

**SUPERED TITLE: SAN DIEGO**

Frank and Sarah exit a terminal.

SARAH  
Car rental?

FRANK  
Long term parking.

EXT. LONG TERM PARKING - DAY

Frank and Sarah step into the street in the "LONG TERM PARKING" lot.

A GUY in a JEEP screeches to a halt and HONKS.

GUY  
Move it!

SARAH  
We're in a crosswalk!

The guy leans on his HORN and REVS his engine.

Sarah jumps out of the way, but Frank just stands there, looking over the Jeep and its mullet-sporting driver.

GUY  
Chop chop, Grandpa!

Frank steps to the driver's side window.

GUY (cont'd)  
What? You wanna go?

FRANK  
Is this thing 4-wheel drive?

GUY  
Hell yeah.

INSERT

Frank slams the trunk of a parked car on the duct-taped guy, climbs into the JEEP, smiles at Sarah and pulls out.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - DRIVING - DAY

Heading south, Frank and Sarah are waved through to Mexico.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Bouncing along this dirt road with the sun setting behind them, it feels a million miles from anywhere.

Up ahead, a walled compound rises out of the desert mesa.

FRANK

When we get there, don't make any sudden movements. Don't ask to use a phone. In fact, don't even talk about phones. Or satellites.

Sarah stares at him.

SARAH

You're serious?

FRANK

Yeah, why?

Driving up to the front gate, they pull to a stop.

FRANK (cont'd)

(calling out)

Hello?

A little Mexican kid appears, pulling open the gate and excitedly waving them into the courtyard.

Frank pulls forward...

*...and suddenly the ground gives way and the entire Jeep collapses into a pit trap.*

Frank's instantly out the roof of the car, jumping clear...

...but as he hits the ground a FIGURE IN DESERT CAMO bursts from a spider hole, leveling an assault rifle at Frank's head, screaming...

MARVIN

WHO ARE YOU?

FRANK

Jesus, Marvin! It's Frank!

MARVIN

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

FRANK

I'm not!

MARVIN

You are!

As Marvin's finger tightens on the trigger Frank lashes out, pulling the barrel past him and the fight is on.

Marvin throws two quick punches, connecting hard, but Frank counters, sweeping a leg, and they land in a heap with Frank's .45 in Marvin's face.

FRANK  
WHY DO YOU THINK I AM TRYING TO  
KILL YOU?

MARVIN  
Because the last time we met, I  
tried to kill you.

Frank considers.

FRANK  
That was a long time ago.

MARVIN  
You sure? Some people hold onto a  
thing like that.

FRANK  
I am NOT trying to kill you!

Marvin thinks it over and smiles.

MARVIN  
Okay.

FRANK  
So get your knife out of my balls!

REVEAL Marvin has a blade pressed to Frank's crotch.

They slowly lower their weapons.

Marvin helps Frank up, dusting him off. He's older than Frank, weathered, with wild hair and bright eyes.

Reaching into the pit, Frank helps Sarah out of the car.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Sarah, this is Marvin Frye. Marvin,  
she's okay. I promise.

SARAH  
Hello.

Marvin eyes her with suspicion, then abruptly turns and starts out the front gate, walking into the desert.

MARVIN  
Come on. I'll show you the house.

Frank glances back at the beautiful hacienda behind them.

FRANK  
What's that?

Marvin doesn't even turn around.

MARVIN

The decoy.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

A door in the ceiling opens and harsh sunlight breaks the darkness, revealing stairs running down cast concrete walls.

Marvin, Sarah and Frank make their way into the utilitarian bunker, past barrels of water and fuel, MREs and dry goods.

SARAH

Why do you live in a bunker when you have that other place?

MARVIN

I moved out last year after that helicopter flew by.

(leaning close)

I could feel their eyes on me, wet, like peaches.

Sarah glances wide-eyed at Frank, but he waves her off with a "don't go there" gesture.

Marvin leads them into the "living room," smiling genially.

MARVIN (cont'd)

So let me see this list.

Frank hands it over as Sarah glances around uneasily at the ratty chairs and dozens of racks of firearms, crates of C-4, grenade launchers, and Stinger missiles.

FRANK

Everyone on it's dead except for us and one other guy. I can't figure out the connection.

Marvin paces as he studies the list, growing more and more agitated.

MARVIN

I always told you, Frank, you can't trust the system. You can't be a part of it, because then, the minute they flip the switch, you're done. The satellites, man, the cell phones, the chips, the net...

Marvin drifts off, staring at nothing.

Frank and Sarah exchange a look worried look.

FRANK

Marvin.

MARVIN

What?

FRANK

The list. I need your help.

Marvin looks at him, then back at the list, completely unaware of any break in continuity.

MARVIN

Let me check the files.

INT. BUNKER - FILE ROOM - DAY

A steel door CREAKS open revealing a room that looks like the physical embodiment of a madman's mind.

Towers of papers, clippings, scrawled notes, and typed summaries fill the room, floor to ceiling, flagged with color codes and numbers in some insane indexing system.

FRANK

It's gotten bigger.

MARVIN

This may take a minute.

INT. BUNKER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank walks back in. Sarah chases after him, eyeing the aluminum foil taped to the bunker's ceiling.

SARAH

(whisper)

Frank. This guy's insane!

FRANK

I told you: he sectioned out.

SARAH

*How am I supposed to know what that means?*

FRANK

Trust me, Marvin's the guy you want watching your back when everything goes to hell.

SARAH

He said he tried to kill you!

FRANK

I always felt bad about that.



SARAH

*What?*

FRANK

He thought he was the subject of a secret government mind control experiment. I told him he was nuts. He thought I was in on it and tried to kill me.

SARAH

Jesus.

FRANK

Yeah, but later I found out they were actually dosing him with LSD for a decade.

Marvin walks back in with a stack of papers, startling Sarah.

MARVIN

Afghanistan. Fall of '81 near Ghazni. At least four of these guys were there, not including us.

Frank thinks back, remembering. He looks at Marvin.

SARAH

What was it?

FRANK

(hesitates)

We were way out in the sticks and got called to meet this ISA Captain.

MARVIN

McGinty. He's on the list.

EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - OLD 16MM FOOTAGE - DAY

Two Mujahideen fighters walk along a rocky path into a narrow valley.

On closer view, we see it's Frank and Marvin. They stop and stare, sickened.

MARVIN

Holy Christ.

FRANK (V.O.)

It was a village.

Bloodied bodies lie everywhere. Men. Women. Children. Animals.

Flies BUZZ obscenely.

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 There were no military targets  
 there. It was a massacre.

Marvin examines a spent shell and tosses it to Frank.  
 They exchange a concerned look.

Stepping over bodies, they approach Special Forces CAPTAIN  
 McGINTY waiting for them beside a CIVILIAN, 30s, who  
 incongruously wears a short-sleeved button-down.

MARVIN  
 What the hell happened here?

But the civilian steps in front of him.

CIVILIAN  
 Your orders are to make this  
 disappear. Bury the bodies. Burn  
 everything else. Pick up every  
 piece of American brass. This  
 never happened.

Frank just stares at the carnage.

INT. BUNKER - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank stares at Marvin.

FRANK  
 You think everyone on this list  
 was involved?

Marvin shrugs, flipping through military records.

SARAH  
 Even if there was some massacre,  
 why do they want to kill you now?

MARVIN  
 You sure it's the CIA?

Frank nods.

Marvin paces, getting more and more worked up.

MARVIN (cont'd)  
 Dammit. DAMMIT!  
 (beat)  
 You know what's WRONG with this  
 government -- with these Patriot  
 Act wiretapping, preemptive war  
 (more)

MARVIN (cont'd)  
starting, extreme renditioning,  
fear-mongering War on Terror  
bastards?

FRANK  
They're trying to kill us?

MARVIN  
Exactly!

A beat as Frank waits for more.

FRANK  
It's why we're here, Marvin.

MARVIN  
Well we've got to do something.  
(beat)  
Who else on this list is still  
alive?

SARAH  
Gabriel Loeb.

MARVIN  
Lock and load, baby! It's on!

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Loud cars, thick pollution, and crowds of locals selling trinkets to crowds of American tourists fill the street.

**SUPERED TITLE: JUAREZ, MEXICO**

Frank and Marvin sit in the shade, eating popsicles and watching Sarah talk on a pay phone across the street.

MARVIN  
(agitated)  
What if they've tapped every data  
source that exists on this Loeb  
guy and are backtracing every  
connection that comes in on those  
sources and somehow filter those  
millions of calls and know it's us  
and then tag us with a chemical  
marker, or put a satellite on us,  
or fry us with Y-rays?

Frank thinks it over.

FRANK  
Even for you that's pretty paranoid.

MARVIN

I guess.

Marvin glances up at the sky, then pulls out a tattered napkin and makes some urgent notes.

FRANK

What are you doing?

MARVIN

(defensive)

Nothing.

Sarah hangs up and heads over.

MARVIN (cont'd)

What's with the girl, anyway?

FRANK

I like her.

MARVIN

No seriously. What's the angle?

Frank lets it go as Sarah walks up.

SARAH

Loeb is coming into San Antonio.  
We can meet him at the Air Freight  
terminal. It's his first return  
to the country in four weeks.

Marvin looks at Frank.

MARVIN

How do you want to cross the border?

FRANK

Discreetly.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN ANTONIO - BUS TERMINAL - DAY

**SUPERED TITLE: SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**

A group of noisy SENIOR TOURISTS carrying tons of cheap Juarez tourist crap disembark from a tour bus.

Among them are Frank, wearing a serape, Sarah with a pig piñata, and Marvin sporting a sombrero.

A drunk OLD LADY swigs from a beer, singing at Marvin...

OLD LADY

*La cucaracha, la cucaracha, ya no  
puede caminar...*

MARVIN

Next time lets just hijack someone  
or blow something up.

SARAH

Next time I get the serape.

FRANK

I always get the serape.

MARVIN

He does.

Walking away, Frank and Sarah head to a taxi stand and  
look around for a cab.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh no! Oh God! Please don't...

Frank and Sarah spin, stunned to see...

*Marvin, holding a gun to the head of a BUSINESSWOMAN,  
dragging her into an alley.*

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

MARVIN

WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?

BUSINESSWOMAN

(terrified)

Coldwell Banker! I'm a real estate  
agent! Just take the money. Please  
don't hurt me!

Furious at the lie, Marvin cocks the pistol, putting it  
to her eye, sending the woman erupting into tears as Frank  
and Sarah burst around the corner.

SARAH

Hey!

FRANK

Marvin! What are you...

MARVIN

SHE'S ONE OF THEM!

FRANK

One of who?

MARVIN

SHE WAS FOLLOWING US, MAN! She's  
got a camera hidden in her purse.

(matter of fact)

We have to kill her.

WOMAN

(sobbing)

No... please...

Marvin holds up his left hand to block the splatter...

SARAH

Frank!

FRANK

Just hold on!

He grabs the woman's purse and dumps the contents onto the ground: there's a wallet, cosmetics, a cell phone.

Frank rips the purse apart: there's nothing.

FRANK (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Where's the camera, Marvin?

Marvin hesitates, suddenly unsure.

MARVIN

She was... following us.

Frank pushes down the barrel of Marvin's gun and snaps the woman's cell phone in half.

FRANK

(to the woman)

Go.

She runs off. Frank gives Marvin a hard look.

FRANK (cont'd)

Go get us a car. And don't kill anyone.

EXT. AIR CARGO TERMINAL - DAY

Sarah and Frank watch a 747 cargo jet pull to a stop on the tarmac and power down.

Marvin's in the background with the piñata, absentmindedly scratching it behind the ears.

Sarah's quiet. Angry.

FRANK

Are you upset?

SARAH

"She's got a camera hidden in her purse. We have to kill her." Are you kidding me?

FRANK

Everyone makes mistakes.

He stands, cutting off Sarah's retort as three PILOTS enter the terminal.

FRANK (cont'd)

Gabriel Loeb?

The oldest pilot looks over. He's Frank's age with that classic ex-military look: tight haircut, thin, good shape.

The other two pilots pause as well, but Gabriel nods to them to go on ahead.

FRANK (cont'd)

You have a minute?

GABRIEL

(Texas twang)

What's this about?

FRANK

Afghanistan. 1981. Near Ghazni.

There's a tense beat.

GABRIEL

I can't talk to you.

He pushes past, but Marvin steps in front of him.

In a flash, Gabriel has a knife in his hand.

Marvin and Frank both draw guns.

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Pair beats ace.

INT. AIR CARGO OFFICE - DAY

They walk Gabriel into this second story windowed office looking out over the airfield. Marvin circles the room, looking out the windows.

GABRIEL

You fellas hear the one about what the West Texas Jew-boy twice-decorated Marine pilot said to the Chinese New York Times reporter?

FRANK

What?

GABRIEL

Nothing! I didn't tell her a damned thing!

Frank looks at him coldly.

FRANK

She's dead. And everyone on her list is dead except for you, me, and him. The CIA has targeted everyone who was there.

Gabriel's stunned.

GABRIEL

Oh Christ.

Frank stares at him realizing...

FRANK

You know why...

Gabriel sits down heavily, unable to look at him.

FRANK (cont'd)

Tell me.

He glances up with fear and resignation.

GABRIEL

They had me fly this guy out there from the gulf. Middle of the night. Hairy little airstrip in the middle of nowhere. He picked up a package and we flew back out.

FRANK

Who was the guy?

Over by the windows, Marvin starts MUTTERING as he fidgets with his tattered napkin. Sarah glances over nervously.

GABRIEL

CIA. Dorky little spook in short sleeves straight out of some office. The whole thing was super hush hush.

FRANK

What about the package?

MARVIN (O.S.)

Frank! Frank! Frank!

FRANK

(annoyed)

What?



Marvin runs over, pointing out the window.

MARVIN

A helicopter!

SARAH

We're at an airport for Christ's sake.

MARVIN

Two four seven seven one. It's following us. I write down all the numbers, see?

Frank stares at Marvin, then looks at the tattered napkin, filled with dozens of rows of tiny, smeared numbers.

He squints at the chopper then back at the napkin.

FRANK

That's a four.

MARVIN

It's a seven!

FRANK

Who makes a seven like that?

GABRIEL

Let me see it.

Suddenly the window SPIDERWEBS.

Sarah looks around, startled.

SARAH

Whoa! What was...?

She realizes Frank, Marvin and Gabriel are on the floor.

Frank pulls her down as...

WHUMP! A bullet hits the wall where she was standing.

Gabriel lies motionless, blood on his shirt.

SARAH (cont'd)

Oh my God!

Frank checks him. Dead.

MARVIN

I *knew* we shouldn't have used that phone!

FRANK

Shut up, Marvin!

INT. CIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cooper listens in on a comm set as he watches a LONG-LENS VIDEO FEED of the unfolding action with Thomas and Jackson.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
One target down. I have no visual.

COOPER  
Fire for effect.

INSERT VIDEO FEED

Gunfire FLASH-FRAMES the SILENT footage as the shooter unloads, bullets chewing up the windows of the building.

Frank runs low and fast through the air cargo office, dragging Sarah after him as she holds onto the piñata.

RETURN TO SCENE

THOMAS  
Targets exiting south side.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frank, Sarah and Marvin burst into this warehouse alley.

Suddenly someone steps around the corner up ahead with an assault rifle, firing.

*It's the "businesswoman" Marvin grabbed earlier.*

They dive behind a dumpster, bullets SLAMMING all around.

BUSINESSWOMAN (O.S.)  
I'm going to fuck you up, old man!

Marvin gives Frank a look.

MARVIN  
Can I kill her now?

Together as one, they swing around opposite sides of the dumpster to fire...

But she's gone.

FRANK  
Move!

Marvin covers the rear as Frank pushes Sarah up the alley.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly their flight is interrupted as BULLETS RAIN DOWN from a ROOFTOP SHOOTER, sending all three diving for cover behind a scissor lift.

FRANK  
(re: piñata)  
Give me the pig.

Sarah hands it over and... WHACK! Frank punches in the side, pulling out extra magazines.

Marvin reaches in, coming up with a machine pistol.

MARVIN  
Old man? I'm in my prime!

Frank scoffs.

Pissed, Marvin jacks a cartridge out of his gun, catches it in the air and holds it out.

MARVIN (cont'd)  
Bet you can't take this bullet out  
of my hand.

More bullets SLAM around them.

FRANK  
Not now, Marvin!

MARVIN  
Bet you can't.

Quick as a flash, Sarah grabs the bullet.

SARAH  
Can we go now!

Marvin is stunned.

MARVIN  
WAIT! I wasn't ready. Do it again.

Under a barrage of lead, Frank leans around the scissor lift, takes his time, and fires a single shot, ending the incoming fire.

Suddenly BLAM BLAM BLAM... bullets *fly out of the wall, beside them*, just missing.

Stunned, Frank and Marvin FIRE BACK THROUGH THE WALL.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Aaaagh!

FRANK

How the hell...?

MARVIN

Satellites.

He looks up at the sky and flips it off.

INT. CIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Cooper watches the big screen which has up a satellite picture of the area with red thermal signatures of the people on the ground, including Marvin and his finger.

THOMAS

Two men down.

Jackson sees something on screen.

JACKSON

Hold on, this is going to be good.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

At the far end of the alley, the "businesswoman" steps around the corner with a shoulder-mounted rocket.

SARAH

That's not good.

Frank grabs her, running all-out down the alley.

FFFSST! KABOOM! The scissor-lift explodes like a toy.

Frank and Sarah are thrown to the ground by the blast.

Reloading, the woman levels the launcher again at the prone figures.

But suddenly Marvin steps from the burning debris, standing his ground, facing her down like a gunfighter.

The woman's finger tightens on the trigger...

And in a single clean motion, Marvin raises his pistol and fires.

KA-BOOOM! A massive explosion rocks the alley as his bullet detonates the rocket.

As debris rains down on Frank and Sarah, a figure appears above them. It's Marvin, reaching down to help them up.

MARVIN

Old man, my ass.

INT. CIA - OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Everyone stares at the big screen, washed out by the thermals and smoke.

JACKSON  
I can't see anything.

COOPER  
Get someone in there. I want to see bodies.

EXT. AIRPORT SERVICE ROAD - DAY

A food service truck drives away from the airport as a string of emergency vehicles speeds the other direction.

EXT. FOOD SERVICE TRUCK - RURAL HIGHWAY - DUSK

Marvin sleeps in the cab as Frank stands with Sarah at the side of the road, holding back her hair as she throws up in the tall grass.

FRANK  
I told you excitement was overrated.  
(beat)  
You okay?

She nods, then hurls again.

FRANK (cont'd)  
It happens to everybody in the beginning.

Frank looks over at Marvin who cracks one eye and taps his watch impatiently.

Frank shrugs helplessly.

Finally Sarah straightens up.

SARAH  
You sure know how to show a girl a good time. Are all your first dates like this?

Frank's a deer in the headlights.

FRANK  
I uh... haven't dated much.

SARAH  
I don't believe it.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - NIGHT

Frank sits beside Marvin, who chuckles to himself as they roll through the night.

FRANK

What's that?

MARVIN

(mimicking Frank)

I uh... haven't dated much.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK

Don't make me shoot you.

Marvin is positively gleeful.

MARVIN

It's okay, man. She likes you.

FRANK

You think?

MARVIN

Notice how she's sticking around. Women don't do that if they don't like you.

FRANK

She doesn't have a lot of choice.

MARVIN

Sure she does.

Frank glances up at the far end of the car, watching Sarah enter and make her way towards them.

MARVIN (cont'd)

They know we know about the list now. They're going to keep coming.

Frank considers.

FRANK

There's only one way we're going to find out what this is really about.

Marvin weighs it.

MARVIN

It's impossible. We'll get killed for sure.

FRANK

So you're in?

MARVIN

Of course I'm in. I was just saying.

Arriving beside Frank and Marvin, Sarah hands out candy to the fellas. She looks between them.

SARAH

What?

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

**SUPERED TITLE: WASHINGTON, D.C.**

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Frank's behind the wheel, Sarah's in front, and Marvin's in back as they roll past the mall.

FRANK

If we're going to pull this off, we're going to need help.

SARAH

Pull what off?

Frank stops across from a large compound. Marvin freaks.

MARVIN

No way! Not them!

SARAH

Who?

Marvin jumps out of the car. Resigned, Frank gets out. Sarah follows and sees the sign: RUSSIAN FEDERATION EMBASSY.

MARVIN

Godless bastards!

He runs off down the street.

SARAH

What's happening?

FRANK

Marvin tends to be ruled by his emotions, but sometimes you need to think outside the box.

SARAH

You're not really going in there?

Frank takes out his .45 and the dog tags he retrieved from his basement.

FRANK

Hold these.

(beat)

In case I don't come back.

She stares at him stunned.

Frank presses them into her hands.

For a long moment neither of them moves. Then Frank turns away, starting up the street.

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey.

He turns back and she's right there.

Reaching up on tiptoes, she gives him a kiss on the cheek.

SARAH (cont'd)

Be careful.

He looks at her for a long beat, then turns, walking past the main gates, stopping at an unmarked steel door.

Pressing an intercom button, he looks up at the camera.

FRANK

Tell Ivan Siderov that Frank Moses  
is here to see him.

There's no response.

Up the street, Sarah stands in the shadows watching.

Suddenly the door bursts open and four soldiers are leveling AK-47s at Frank.

They expertly force him to kneel, pat him down, then roughly drag him inside.

The last soldier stands in the doorway, rifle aimed at Sarah. She stands frozen, unable to breathe...

...and then he's gone.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

IVAN SIDEROV, a ruffled old man, sits behind a large desk wearing a permanent expression of Russian pain and dissatisfaction, along with an expensively tailored suit that still manages to look like it doesn't fit.



Cleaning his nails, he doesn't even look up as Frank is dragged into the room and stuffed into a chair across from him.

IVAN

Leave us.

The soldiers look at him in surprise.

He doesn't repeat himself, but raises his eyes to them and they file out.

IVAN (cont'd)

(heavy Russian accent)

I have to say, this is not something  
I expected when I got up this morning.

Ivan pulls a vodka bottle from a drawer, pours two, and slides one across the desk. He raises his glass.

IVAN (cont'd)

It is good to meet you. In person.

They clink and drink.

FRANK

Do you kind of want to shoot me?

Ivan smiles.

IVAN

Little bit. I used to dream about  
it. Like I dream about good coffee  
or sunshine during winter. But  
now, what's the point? You are  
retired, yes?

FRANK

Yes.

Ivan looks off.

IVAN

Still, I feel I owe you for killing  
Semyon.

FRANK

The Butcher?

IVAN

A great asset. Did you know he  
was my cousin?

FRANK

(a beat)

No.

IVAN  
(raising his glass)  
To Semyon the Butcher.

Frank toasts and drinks. Then...

FRANK  
He's not *actually* dead.

Ivan stares at Frank.

FRANK (cont'd)  
I flipped him.

IVAN  
No...

FRANK  
Now he owns a bunch of 7-11s.

Ivan looks at him, stunned. Frank smiles.

IVAN  
Bastard.

FRANK  
Yeah, well, I'm sure you've heard worse.

Ivan fills Frank's glass.

IVAN  
I pour you double.

FRANK  
Why's that?

IVAN  
Veronique: that girl in Paris in '81. She was mine.

FRANK  
Impossible.

IVAN  
Da!

FRANK  
No.

IVAN  
Yes!

He thinks it over.

FRANK  
Whatever she got, it was worth it.

They raise glasses and drink again. Ivan sits back.

IVAN

I miss the old days. We could swing at each other like men. Now it's economic leverage and political posturing. I haven't had someone killed in years.

Frank nods in sympathy.

FRANK

What can you do?

IVAN

And don't get me started on the puppies they send me to train now: too smart for their own good without a gram of sense among them.

Ivan fills the glasses again.

IVAN (cont'd)

So.

(beat)

I think that you are not here for the hospitality.

There's a pregnant beat.

FRANK

I'm going to break into the CIA. I need your complete security package on Langley: plans, schedules, cracks, IDs, all of it.

Ivan stares at him.

IVAN

Why would you *possibly* think I have that sort of information?

There's a tense beat.

Then they both chuckle.

IVAN (cont'd)

Why do this?

FRANK

Personal project. Like a hobby.

A beat.

IVAN

Have you tried gardening?

FRANK

Didn't work out.

IVAN

I can't stand it either. If it's not bugs, it's the damned fungus.

FRANK

You try soapy water?

IVAN

Does that work?

FRANK

So I hear.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

Sarah paces back and forth in the shadows across the street from the main gate, alone, sick with worry.

She starts towards the Embassy, but then stops, changes her mind, and doubles back.

FRANK (O.S.)

I told you everything was going to be all right.

She whips around as he appears from the shadows.

SARAH

No you didn't! You said, "Hold these in case I don't come back."

FRANK

So you were worried about me?

Now she's embarrassed. She punches him in the arm.

SARAH

Jerk.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Let's go find Marvin.

EXT. LANGLEY VIRGINIA - CIA HQ - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Nestled on lush grounds, the old CIA headquarters building stands flanked by the two new massive six-story buildings where thousands of people come to work each day.

The sprawling compound looks more like a college campus than the epicenter of American foreign intelligence.

EXT. CIA - DAY

A towncar pulls up. Marvin gets out and opens the door for Frank and Sarah, who exit wearing suits and CIA badges.

As the two of them walk toward one of the towers, Sarah looks like she's going to be sick.

SARAH

I can't do this.

FRANK

Just relax and smile. I'll get us inside, you'll just pull their files.

SARAH

I'm not a hacker.

FRANK

It's a closed system. The trick is getting to the terminal.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Frank and Sarah enter and make their way through the huge four-story atrium, towards the high-security elevators.

An armed guard looks them over. Sarah forces a smile.

SARAH

What makes you think the Russians wouldn't sell you down the river?

FRANK

Ivan and I come from a world where enemies can still have ethics. I guess you could say, I have faith.

SARAH

Faith?

Frank hands Sarah a small case and punches the elevator button.

FRANK

Actually it's more like hope.

INT. HIGH-SECURITY ELEVATOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stepping inside, Frank punches in a security code and the button for the 5th floor.

The door slides closed and the wall-mounted retinal scanner lights up as Sarah opens the case, removing a single gold contact lens, laser-etched with an elaborate pattern.

Frank bends close and she puts the contact...

SARAH

*I dropped it.*

Frank looks at her stunned.

FRANK

What?

SARAH

I dropped it!

ELEVATOR (V.O.)

Scan incomplete.

They both drop to the floor, frantically searching.

FRANK

Gently.

SARAH

Dammit...

ELEVATOR (V.O.)

Scan incomplete.

FRANK

I don't know how long...

An ALARM suddenly sounds.

SARAH

Oh God, oh God...

The doors roll open and THREE SECURITY OFFICERS stand ready, hands on their weapons, looking down at Frank and Sarah on all fours.

There's a seriously awkward beat.

SARAH (cont'd)

The General dropped his contact.

Frank looks at her in disbelief.

SARAH (cont'd)

(annoyed)

Well? Aren't you going to give him a hand?

Frank watches stunned as the security officers quickly join them on all fours, searching the floor.

SECURITY OFFICER

Got it!

He holds up the contact to the light, looking closely...  
...but Sarah snatches it.

SARAH

Here, sir.

Quickly cleaning it, she gently lays it in Frank's eye.

The lead security officer turns a key in the elevator,  
and Frank leans forward to have his eye scanned.

ELEVATOR

Scan complete.

The lights go green.

LEAD SECURITY OFFICER

Have a good day, sir.

Frank nods and the doors roll closed.

FRANK

I don't begin to know what to say  
about that.

INT. 5TH FLOOR - HALL - DAY

Frank leads Sarah to a heavy steel door with an elaborate  
electronic number pad/scanner beside it.

SARAH

Is this it?

Frank nods.

FRANK

Did you know these locks cost eighty-  
five thousand dollars each?

SARAH

No.

He pulls out a matt knife and cuts a hole in the drywall  
beside the door, then reaches in and opens the handle.

FRANK

God love forced low-bid government  
contracts.

He tapes a single sheet of paper over the hole in the  
wall: "SECURITY IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS."

Pushing open the door reveals a small, high-tech room  
with a lone computer terminal.

INT. SECURE SERVER - DAY

Sarah sits at the computer with Frank behind her, watching her fly through files and directories.

SARAH

What do you think the punishment  
is for what we're doing?

FRANK

Depending on what they charge you  
with, either life in prison or death.

SARAH

Awesome.

She brings up the profile for the killer dressed as a young cop who tried to grab her at the motel.

SARAH (cont'd)

There.

FRANK

Work the assignment tree back and  
see if you can find the executive.

A few keystrokes later, she brings up Cooper's photograph and profile.

FRANK (cont'd)

I want everything on this guy.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stares at his computer, flipping out.

THOMAS

Someone's tripping flags in the  
system. They're all over our  
players!

Cooper's at his side in a second.

COOPER

Who is it?

Thomas looks from his screen in confusion...

THOMAS

It's internal. Directorate on five.

Cooper hustles across the room and grabs a phone.

COOPER

We have a breach on five.



INT. 5TH FLOOR - HALL - DAY

BOOM! SIX TACTICAL BADASSES in body armor burst into the secure server room leveling weapons. Sarah whips around...

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! Frank kicks open the door, bursting inside.

Thomas makes it to his feet before his face is bounced into the desk and he hits the floor unconscious.

Frank looks at Cooper across the room, still on the phone.

FRANK

You.

Cooper stares. He almost laughs.

COOPER

Unbelievable.

Frank closes in on him.

FRANK

What did they pull out of Afghanistan?

COOPER

(incredulous)

You think you can just walk in here and everyone'll just roll over?

FRANK

Actually, I figured I'd have to beat it out of some snot-nosed button-pusher.

Frank swings on him, but Cooper blocks and counters.

*In a flurry of fists, Frank is hit once and then again.*

Face bloodied, he stumbles back, stunned. Cooper smiles.

COOPER

Not quite as fast as you once were?

Frank spits blood.

FRANK

Kordesky trained you?

COOPER

Yeah.

Cooper closes again, attacks, blocks, and delivers two more brutal body-blows...

...but suddenly Frank spins around him, catching an arm and slamming Cooper onto a desk, pinned.

FRANK

I taught Kordesky.

Frank brutally twists his arm, tighter.

COOPER

AAAAGH!

FRANK

Who ordered these hits?

Cooper glares back at him.

COOPER

Orders come, you execute. You of all people should know how it works.

*CRACK! Frank breaks his arm.*

COOPER (cont'd)

AAAAAAAAAAGH!

FRANK

You come after one of your own and you don't even ask why?

COOPER

It doesn't come to me unless it's been vetted all the way up the line. There's not a doubt in my mind you've earned what you've got coming.

Frank grabs his chin, cranking his neck to the edge of breaking.

FRANK

The minute you learned who I was you should have walked away.

Gasping, Cooper wrenches out a reply.

COOPER

Would you?

Suddenly wrenching to his left, Cooper slides off the desk, hitting the floor, catching Frank by surprise with a kick, knocking him down.

Jumping up, Cooper grabs a phone with his good arm, clobbering Frank...

...but Frank kicks him, catching Cooper in the gut, sending him flying backwards through the glass wall of his office.

Frank's up in a second, but Cooper's in his desk, coming up with a gun.

Frank ducks, running for the door as Cooper UNLOADS.

Rounds chew up the wall behind him...

*... then slam into him, spilling Frank out the door.*

Cooper races after, bursting into the hall...

But it's empty except for a spatter of blood.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank's hit in the shoulder and the side, in pain, forcing himself down the stairs.

Stepping into the 4th floor hall, he pulls the first fire alarm he sees.

As ALARMS RING, he presses forward through the rapidly filling corridor and catches a woman by the arm:

FRANK

Where's the server room?

WOMAN

End of the hall.

(seeing the blood)

My God...

But he's already in motion.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

Rows of servers fill this clean room, but Frank ignores them, arriving at the "FIRE CONTROL ROOM" off to one side.

INT. FIRE CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Opening the door reveals a small room filled with gas cylinders marked "HALON" surrounded by warning signs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALL - DAY

As ALARMS CONTINUE TO RING, Sarah is frog-marched by two tactical badasses down this hall, hands zip-cuffed behind her back.

Rounding a corner, they are suddenly right in front of Frank standing beside a Halon canister with a fire axe.

Frank takes a deep breath and swings, snapping the valve.

PRESSURIZED GAS ERUPTS and *suddenly Sarah and her escorts are writhing on the ground gasping for air that doesn't seem to be there.*

Frank wades in, cuts Sarah's zip cuffs and picks her up.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Frank drags Sarah up the stairs.

FRANK

Breathe out then in. You're fine.  
Just breathe.

Gasping, she follows his directions, gaining control.

SARAH

You're bleeding!

FRANK

Do you have the download?

She pulls a memory stick from her bra.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They emerge into the open hall overlooking the four story atrium where ALARMS continue to RING.

Dozens of people fill the hall trying to figure out what's happening as emergency vehicles pull up out front.

Security is everywhere. They're screwed.

SARAH

What are we going to do?

Frank leads her forward to where he's stashed a second canister of Halon.

SARAH (cont'd)

What is that?

FRANK

It binds up oxygen in the air.

Kicking it over he gets it rolling and...

SMASH! The canister breaks through the glass panel under the railing, falls three stories and...

POOF!

Suddenly everyone is gasping and screaming, choking, flipping out.

She looks at him in horror.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Relax. It's just uncomfortable;  
feels like nerve gas.

EXT. CIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Cooper stands outside the HQ buildings, scanning faces as people stream out, desperately searching for Frank.

But PULLING BACK reveals there are THOUSANDS of workers flooding from the buildings. It's hopeless.

EXT. VISITOR PARKING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Sarah separate from the crowd, Frank leaning heavily on Sarah as they make their way towards the towncar at the back of the lot.

Marvin's behind the wheel, ramrod stiff, sunglasses on, staring straight ahead.

SARAH  
Marvin, help me.

But Marvin doesn't move.

Getting closer, *they see he's handcuffed to the steering wheel with a gun pressed to the back of his head.*

FRANK  
Hold up!

The back window rolls down revealing...

...*JOE MATHESON*. Frank can't believe it.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Joe!

JOE  
(nods at Marvin)  
There's something wrong with this  
guy, Frank, you know, in the head.

Frank grins.

FRANK

Yeah. I know.  
 (beat)  
 You okay, Marvin?

MARVIN

I don't want to talk about it.

JOE

Help him in here, honey.

Sarah pulls open the door and settles Frank into the car beside Joe.

FRANK

I thought you were dead.

INSERT FLASHBACK - INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

Joe kicks his wheelchair around to face the two killers.

They're astonished to see he's got a 9mm semiautomatic in each hand.

RETURN TO SCENE

JOE

Nah. Just retired.  
 (to Marvin)  
 Start the car, nutjob.

Sarah closes the door and rounds the car heading for the front seat.

JOE (cont'd)

She's with you?

Frank nods.

JOE (cont'd)

Nice work.

Sarah slides in and Marvin pulls out.

INT. CIA - HALLWAY - DAY

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS, GARY STEVENS, storms down the hall trailed by several AIDES and a SECURITY DETAIL.

*He's the man from the park who gave Cooper his assignment, but now he seems overwhelmed to the point of breaking.*

AIDE #1

They don't know how he did it yet.  
 We're in lockdown.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
Are we safe?

AIDE #1  
They don't believe he's still on  
site.

AIDE #2  
(to Aide #1)  
I have the Director of National  
Intelligence calling for the  
Director of Operations.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
I'll call back. Wait here.

Leaving the entourage, he pushes through a door into...

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Debris is strewn everywhere. Cooper, arm splinted, gets  
up to face Stevens.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
How the fuck did this happen? Do  
you understand the ramifications  
of this breach? How this makes us  
look? The attention this attracts?

COOPER  
Sir...

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
Shut up. You just got your high-  
tech ass handed to you by *your*  
*target*. A retiree with zero  
resources. A man deemed too old  
to work in the field.

Cooper's phone RINGS. He kills it.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS (cont'd)  
I am NOT about to get hung out to  
dry. Do I need to get involved?  
Get someone else?

COOPER  
No sir.

Cooper's phone RINGS again and is silenced.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
I want this guy dead. I don't  
care if it's messy. Take whatever  
assets you need and finish it.

He turns and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cooper stalks down the hall, furious. His phone RINGS again and he picks up.

COOPER

Cooper.

FRANK (V.O.)

You must be talking to someone important.

Cooper goes cold.

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was just calling to let you know there's a new list. And you're right at the top.

CLICK. The line goes dead.

INT. TOWN CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Frank closes the phone.

MARVIN

Psyops! Hell yeah.

JOE

Both hands on the wheel, Nutjob.

Sarah turns to Joe.

SARAH

The bleeding won't stop. We need to get help.

Joe looks at Frank.

FRANK

I know a place.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST INN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

They pull up outside this cute little B&B on the Maryland coast with gorgeous ocean views and a stunning garden.



INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

FRANK

I'll go in alone, see if we can stay.

SARAH

Don't be ridiculous. I'll go.

Joe puts a hand on her arm.

SARAH (cont'd)

(realizing)

Is this a thing? This is a thing isn't it? Everybody knows but me?

FRANK

It'll be fine.

Frank and Marvin exchange a look.

MARVIN

You want a vest?

FRANK

Wouldn't make any difference.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST INN - DAY

Frank enters, the bell on the door JINGLING brightly.

The place is adorable.

VICTORIA sits in the dining room folding napkins. A little older than Frank, she's prim, proper, and beautiful.

She looks up, surprised. Then smiles.

VICTORIA

(English accent)

Frank Moses.

FRANK

Victoria.

VICTORIA

It's been a long time.

FRANK

Yeah.

There's a beat between them.

VICTORIA

Are you here to kill me?

FRANK

No. I need your help.

He slowly opens his jacket, revealing no weapons, but a lot of blood.

She sighs, possibly disappointed...

VICTORIA

Oh.

...and sets aside the HIGH CAPACITY MACHINE PISTOL she was concealing behind the stack of napkins.

VICTORIA (cont'd)

Come on in, then. And tell Marvin to stand down before he gets hurt.

Frank glances out the window where Marvin sits in her rose bushes covering the action.

FRANK

By the way, your roses are fabulous.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

The others filter in and Joe and Victoria embrace.

VICTORIA

Joseph.

JOE

Victoria. You're lovely as ever.

VICTORIA

You old snake charmer.

Sarah looks between them all, a little lost.

SARAH

So. How do you all know each other?

JOE

Victoria was the best wet asset I ever worked with. A true artist with a PSG.

Sarah shoots Frank a questioning look.

FRANK

(aside)

Killer. Very dangerous.

Sarah smiles at Victoria, uneasy. She smiles back, warmly.

MARVIN

I'm gonna scout the perimeter.

VICTORIA

Just mind the daisies.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Frank and Victoria sit alone as she peers through reading glasses, expertly working on Frank's shoulder with forceps and a sponge.

VICTORIA

I'd better hurry this along or  
I'll be late with four o'clock  
tea.

Frank studies her, impressed.

FRANK

How did you do it?

VICTORIA

What?

FRANK

Make the transition? You have a  
beautiful place here. A nice quiet  
life. You seem so at ease.

He winces as Victoria extracts the bullet.

VICTORIA

I try. But it's not easy.  
Sometimes I get restless.

(confessing)

I still take the occasional contract  
on the side.

FRANK

You do?

VICTORIA

(hesitates, guilty)

I can't seem to stop. I miss the  
rush. They retire us, but you  
can't just flip a switch and become  
someone else, you know.

She starts stitching up Frank's shoulder.

FRANK

I didn't know what to do with  
myself. All I ever had was work.  
(more)

FRANK (cont'd)

And suddenly there was so much time.

(beat)

I've done so many terrible things.

VICTORIA

We did them for good reasons.

A beat.

FRANK

Maybe. I'm starting to wonder.

VICTORIA

Tell me about Sarah.

Frank looks uncomfortable: much more so then when she was pulling lead out of him.

FRANK

She makes me feel like maybe I could have a different life. Like normal people.

Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA

It's one of the reasons I've always been so fond of you, Francis: you're a romantic.

FRANK

*What?*

VICTORIA

Hard on the outside. Goopy on the inside.

FRANK

Get outta here.

VICTORIA

Goopy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin, Joe, Frank, Sarah and Victoria sit around the coffee table with papers and a laptop. Other guests chat quietly in the background.

SARAH

This is the reporter's list. *This* is the hit list we downloaded from the CIA.

(more)

SARAH (cont'd)

They're the same except *there's one name that's not on the hit list*: Andrew Dunning.

JOE

Christ. He's CEO of Browning-Orvis.

FRANK

Who?

JOE

The defense contractor. Very politically connected.

MARVIN

Let's pay him a visit.

Victoria pours more coffee.

VICTORIA

You know, business is a little slow right now...

Frank smiles wide.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cooper sits in his suburban living room, reading Frank's file as his wife, ELIZABETH, walks in, dressed for bed.

ELIZABETH

What are you working on?

COOPER

Just trying to figure someone out. My arm hurts too much to sleep anyway.

ELIZABETH

I hope you learned your lesson playing basketball with those marines.

Cooper gets up and gives her a kiss.

COOPER

Yes dear.

She swats him and he pushes her back towards their room.

COOPER (cont'd)

Come on, I'll tuck you in.

Halfway down the back hall, he pauses at a door, silently cracking it open.

INSERT - BOYS' ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He looks in on his two boys, asleep in a bunk bed, each wearing different superhero pajamas.

Cooper silently closes the door.

INT. EAGLE'S NEST INN - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah stands on the balcony, looking out at the water.

In the room behind her, Frank's cleaning his .45, but she can feel his eyes on her.

SARAH

Penny for your thoughts?

FRANK

I was just wondering how you're holding up. I know it's a lot.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

I've never been so scared in my life as today. But it was unbelievable. I'm okay.

He nods, then goes back to work reassembling the gun.

She watches him for a moment.

SARAH (cont'd)

Why don't you walk away? You could disappear, right?

Frank finishes what he's doing and puts the gun down.

FRANK

Hide and go set up somewhere else?

She nods.

FRANK (cont'd)

Dragging you along on this, I think about it. But letting this happen, then and now, I can't.

She comes inside, picking up the cot that has been wedged into the room and moving it along one wall.

SARAH

I think you should sleep in the bed tonight.

FRANK

Don't be silly.

SARAH

That's not what I meant.

FRANK

I don't understand.

SARAH

Come here and let me explain it to you.

Reaching out, she takes his shirt and pulls him into a kiss.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

**SUPERED TITLE: DUNNING ESTATE, MARYLAND**

This epic mansion sits behind gated walls, surrounded by tennis courts, a pool, a helicopter pad, guest houses, and rolling lawns from the woods down to the water.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frank sits with his back against a tree as Marvin checks it out with binoculars. They're both clad in black.

MARVIN

Rent-a-cops. Video. Infrared alarms. All the usual crap.

EXT. WOODS - SNIPER'S NEST - NIGHT

Sarah lies in the dirt beside Victoria who sets up a camo-draped rifle almost as tall as she is.

SARAH

Frank said you wanted me with you.

VICTORIA

He thought it would be safer and I thought it would be fun to have a little girl time; get to know each other, talk about the boys. Plus I wanted you to know that in all the years I've known Francis, I've never seen him like this, so if you break his heart, I'll kill you and bury your body in the woods.

Sarah looks at her, stunned. Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
 This *is* going to be fun.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - NIGHT

A security guard escorts Joe, in his wheelchair and three-piece suit, up to the main house.

INT. DUNNING'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

A butler leads the way into a sumptuous study: hardwood, heavy furniture, and leather.

JOE  
 Nice place. In fact, I'm not sure  
 I've ever been in a room this nice.

ANDREW DUNNING, portly and rich, sits behind his desk, looking Joe over skeptically.

JOE (cont'd)  
 How big is that TV?

DUNNING  
 What can I do for you, Mr. Matheson,  
 was it?

Joe grins.

JOE  
 We just have a few questions.

Suddenly Frank appears behind the startled butler, quickly zip-tying his hands.

Marvin appears in another doorway, hustling in three security guards, their hands zip-tied behind their backs.

FRANK  
 Put them with the others.

Dunning looks between them angrily as Frank cuffs him into his chair.

DUNNING  
 Who are you?

FRANK  
 You don't remember me?  
 (beat)  
 I remember you.



INSERT - EXT. AFGHAN VILLAGE - OLD 16MM FOOTAGE - DAY

The man wearing a short sleeved civilian button-down steps towards young Frank and Marvin.

*He's put on weight and lost hair, but the man is Dunning.*

RETURN TO SCENE

FRANK

Tell us what happened in  
Afghanistan.

A beat as this registers.

DUNNING

You can't touch me. You have no  
idea what you're dealing with.

Frank glances at Marvin walking back in.

FRANK

We have any idea what we're dealing  
with?

MARVIN

Not really. Maybe a little.

FRANK

Can we touch him?

MARVIN

Definitely.

Frank starts unpacking a bag: blowtorch, drain cleaner,  
Vice Grips...

JOE

(to Dunning)

Did you know that Frank here wrote  
the CIA field manual on torture?  
The old one.

DUNNING

Wait. Hold on a minute...

Frank fires up the blowtorch.

FRANK

I like this one. Where'd you get  
it?

Dunning stares in fear.

MARVIN

Home Depot. Twelve bucks.

FRANK

No kidding.

Frank holds out the torch and Marvin puts a pair of Vice Grips in the flame.

DUNNING

PLEASE!

They glance over as though seeing Dunning for the first time.

DUNNING (cont'd)

I ran the Afghan operation.

FRANK

What did you take out of there?

DUNNING

It wasn't a what. It was a who...

INSERT - INT. C-130 - OLD 16MM FOOTAGE - NIGHT

YOUNG GABRIEL LOEB glances back out the cockpit door as Dunning drags aboard a YOUNG SOLDIER with a thousand yard stare, covered in blood and dirt.

DUNNING (V.O.)

We extracted a young Second Lieutenant. He was the son of then Senator, Henry Stanton.

RETURN TO SCENE

This quietly sinks in.

JOE

Robert Stanton.

FRANK

The Vice President of the United States?

Dunning nods.

MARVIN

Holy crap.

FRANK

He was responsible for what happened there?

DUNNING

That's what the New York Times reporter wanted to know.

FRANK

What did you tell her?

DUNNING

I said I didn't know anything about it.

FRANK

Then you called the Vice President.

DUNNING

(defensive)

Of course. Our families have been friends for years.

MARVIN

WHAT DID YOU THINK WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?

FRANK

He ordered everyone killed. Except you.

DUNNING

I didn't know that!

Victoria's voice interrupts, crackling over the radio.

VICTORIA (V.O.)

We have major activity on the perimeter. Somebody serious is setting up shop.

Dunning smiles at Frank, cocky once again.

DUNNING

You're finished. The Company's had me under surveillance since your little stunt over there.

EXT. WOODS - SNIPER'S NEST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Victoria lies dead still, sighting through her scope as Sarah fidgets nervously.

SARAH

I don't see how you can be so calm.

Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA

So how did you two meet?

This isn't what she expected, but Sarah allows herself to be deflected.

SARAH

We just started talking. There was something about him...

(beat)

Of course, now I'm a fugitive, the CIA wants to kill me, and I'm hiding in a hole.

VICTORIA

I was in love once, with an agent.

SARAH

What happened?

VICTORIA

The relationship wasn't sanctioned. When it came to light, my loyalty was questioned. I was told to kill him. It was a test.

She says it all so matter of factly. Sarah looks at her stunned.

SARAH

What did you do?

VICTORIA

I put three rounds in his chest.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Heavily armed COMMANDOS in body armor and black continue to unload from FBI vans as the FBI COMMANDER wades through the deployment, finding Cooper and handing him a phone.

FBI COMMANDER

We're in position, sir. Perimeter's set. No one's getting out.

INT. DUNNING'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Marvin lies on the floor peering out a window.

JOE

How's it look?

MARVIN

Remember the Alamo?

VICTORIA (V.O.)

They have sniper positions on North, West, and East sides.

(more)

VICTORIA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Ground personnel in force out front  
 and backup in the rear. I'd  
 estimate sixty total.

The phone on the desk begins to RING.

Frank picks it up.

INTERCUT - EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

COOPER  
 I've been reading your file.

FRANK  
 Learn anything about how to be an  
 agent yet?

Cooper's calm and even, pacing as he talks.

COOPER  
 You've done a lot of service for  
 this country. And when I put that  
 together with your CIA visit where  
 the only person that got hurt was  
 me - I would say you value American  
 lives.

(beat)  
 But if we come through that door,  
 people are going to get hurt.

FRANK  
 I expect so.

COOPER  
 You don't want that.

FRANK  
 I didn't start this.

COOPER  
 I have orders.

FRANK  
 They're coming from the Vice  
 President. He ordered these hits  
 to cover up war crimes he committed  
 in Afghanistan in September 1981.

(beat)  
 I buried the bodies in '81. They  
 have you doing it now. You're  
 killing everyone who was there.

Cooper doesn't bat an eye.

COOPER  
I don't believe that.

FRANK  
If you did, would it matter?

Cooper thinks it over, weighing it out.

COOPER  
Yes.

FRANK  
So what do you propose to do about that?

COOPER  
You give yourself up. I'll take you into custody. You'll get to tell your side of the story.

Frank smiles grimly.

FRANK  
Sure I will. Even if you brought me in, someone would just put a bullet in my head.

COOPER  
That's not true.

FRANK  
If you actually believe that, you're even more naive than I thought.

COOPER  
You're surrounded. The FBI is going to take you apart. There is no exit here. But how it goes down is up to you.

Cooper hangs up.

INT. DUNNING'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Frank watches Marvin laying out his numerous weapons.

Joe puts a hand on Frank's shoulder.

JOE  
We don't have a lot of options, Kid.

FRANK  
Yeah.

JOE

Somebody's going to have to make  
the tough choice if any of us are  
going to make it out alive.

A long, quiet moment of understanding passes between them:  
love and sadness.

JOE (cont'd)

I think you're going to have to  
give yourself up.

Finally Frank nods.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Cooper's phone RINGS. He answers.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hold your fire, I'm coming out.

Frank hangs up.

COOPER

All units hold fire. Repeat hold  
all fire. He's coming out.

200 yards out, Cooper watches the front door of the house  
open and a lone, black-clad figure steps out, hands raised.

*CRACK!* A shot rings out.

Frank falls.

Stunned, Cooper looks around furious...

COOPER (cont'd)

*Who fired that shot?*

No one says anything.

COOPER (cont'd)

WHERE DID THAT SHOT COME FROM!

*He turns, reeling, realizing Frank was right: he's not in  
control of this situation.*

Cooper draws his weapon and charges towards the house.

Frank lies motionless on the walkway.

Cooper rolls the body over.

*It's Joe Matheson, dressed in Frank's clothes.* He's  
dead.

PUSH IN on Cooper.

Suddenly GUNFIRE erupts from the back of the house, and  
RADIO ARE SCREAMING.

FBI RADIO (V.O.)  
FBI sniper teams are taking fire!  
Two suspects have broken perimeter!

COOPER  
Hell...

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - BACK FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marvin race across an open field, making for  
the woods in the distance.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - FBI SNIPER NEST - NIGHT -  
CONTINUOUS

An FBI sniper and his spotter squirm down into their cover  
as rounds SLAP into the ground inches from them.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - SNIPER'S NEST - NIGHT

Victoria lies prone, coolly squeezing off round after  
round keeping the sniper teams scrambling for cover.

VICTORIA  
Now isn't this worth sitting in a  
hole for?

Sarah looks at her like she's insane.

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
Keep an eye on the boys. When  
they make cover, we move.

Suddenly they're taking SMALL ARMS FIRE.

Victoria whips around, firing back, pulling Sarah up and  
pushing her into a run.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marvin hit the cover of the woods and immediately  
change direction, scrambling uphill.

EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - BACK FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A dozen men charge towards the woods in pursuit.



EXT. MARYLAND ESTATE - WOODED HILL - CONTINUOUS

Sarah runs just ahead of Victoria, crashing through the forest...

*...straight into the arms of a black-clad COMMANDO.*

He pins her, covering her mouth as his three partners cover the woods behind her, scoping for Victoria.

...but there is nothing but SILENCE.

EXT. ESTATE WALL - NIGHT

Frank slips over the wall, Marvin just behind him.

Sneaking up the perimeter, they suddenly raise weapons...

...and Victoria slips from the shadows with her rifle.

VICTORIA

They have Sarah.

Frank turns back to the estate wall: he's going over.

VICTORIA (cont'd)

You can't.

(beat)

How many are you willing to kill?

SOUNDS RISE as people crash through the underbrush behind them.

Up the road, other forces are closing in.

VICTORIA (cont'd)

Live to fight another day, Francis.

Sickened, Frank knows she's right.

INT. DUNNING'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Two of the COMMANDOS move in, covering the room.

Dunning sits cuffed in his chair.

COMMANDO #1

Clear!

COMMANDO #2

Mr. Dunning?

DUNNING

Yes. Thank God.

FSST! FSST! The commando fires twice from a SILENCED pistol.

EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Leading the way out of the woods, Frank pauses at the edge of a creek and a small country road.

A helicopter flies overhead, searchlight cutting the darkness.

*And directly across from them a limo sits under the trees.*

The door opens and out steps Ivan Siderov.

IVAN

Come! Now is not time to waste.

FRANK

How...?

The Russian smiles wide.

IVAN

You are not the only country with satellites.

MARVIN

(aside to Frank)

Why would he be helping us..?

But Ivan is staring at Victoria.

IVAN

*Zaychick moy.*

She smiles back.

VICTORIA

Hello Ivan. It's good to see you.

Frank looks between them.

FRANK

Did he just call you... *bunny?*

VICTORIA

Life, sometimes, is complicated.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

I/E. BACK DECK - NIGHT

Victoria sits on the wide arm of Frank's chair, changing the dressings on his wounds. Through it all she somehow still manages to look stunning.

Marvin's off to one side, staring out into the night.

Ivan puts the finishing touches on a pitcher of martinis and pours a round.

FRANK

To Joe.

Everyone raises their glasses.

ALL

To Joe.

FRANK

A life of service and sacrifice.

They drink.

It's a long somber beat.

Finally Victoria breaks the silence.

VICTORIA

Does anyone want to discuss the fact that we're all dead?

MARVIN

It ain't over till it's over.

VICTORIA

The CIA's being used as the Vice President's personal hit squad.

It's a bit of a conversation crusher. Ivan holds up the pitcher.

IVAN

Anyone like another?

Victoria and Marvin raise their glasses.

FRANK

They say he's going to run for President.

VICTORIA

I don't think it's possible to outrun this. It's only a matter of time until they find us.

IVAN

You could come to Mother Russia.

MARVIN

When hell freezes over.

IVAN

St. Petersburg in the spring is very beautiful.

FRANK

Anyone else?

They think it over.

VICTORIA

*Veritas vos liberabit.* The truth will set you free.

MARVIN

Tell people?

VICTORIA

It's a thought.

MARVIN

What about Frank's girlfriend? What's her name? The cute one. They'd kill her so fast. Of course they might have already. But they'll interrogate her first. In fact, she's probably getting waterboarded right now...

VICTORIA

Marvin.

MARVIN

What?

He looks over at Frank who gets up, heading inside.

MARVIN (cont'd)

Oh.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank stands at the kitchen sink as Ivan walks in.

IVAN

You okay?

FRANK

No.

IVAN

I want to show you something.

He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

IVAN (cont'd)

Don't get too excited.

Pulling it open reveals old scars from three bullet wounds.

IVAN (cont'd)

This was done to me by the love of my life. It seemed that what we had was not meant to be. But now she is sitting in my house drinking vodka.

FRANK

Victoria?

IVAN

Three bullets in the chest. But when I woke up alive, I knew that she still loved me - or it would have been the head.

Frank can't help but smile. Ivan buttons his shirt.

IVAN (cont'd)

Was a big risk for her of course, but one does crazy things for love. Look at me. I guarantee, helping you today is not a good career move.

(shrugs)

But you only live once, right?

(beat)

Do not fear, my friend. With a small, dedicated group, there is little that can not be accomplished.

INT. CIA - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS - NIGHT

Cooper stands across the desk from Stevens.

COOPER

Someone took that shot. That's either another team in play or someone in our ranks. And the Dunning execution? That doesn't feel like Moses to me.

Stevens considers.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
I'll look into it.

COOPER  
That's it?

Stevens is calm and thoughtful.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
Do your job. I'll figure this  
out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits in an interrogation room with an observation mirror, a table and two chairs bolted to the floor.

The door opens and Cooper enters with Frank's file. He takes a seat across from her and sets it between them.

COOPER  
There will be no lawyer. No one  
is coming. There will be no record  
of what transpires here.

She stares at him.

COOPER (cont'd)  
You're going to tell me what other  
agents are involved with Frank  
Moses, who helped him escape, and  
what his relationship is to that  
government.

Cooper puts a satellite photograph on top of Frank's file that shows Frank, Marvin, Victoria, and Ivan by the limo, but if you didn't know, an ID would be impossible.

COOPER (cont'd)  
If you cooperate fully, there may  
be a light at the end of the tunnel.  
Until then, there is nothing I can  
not do to you. Nothing.

Sarah, shaking, slowly starts to cry.

COOPER (cont'd)  
Look at the picture.

She takes the file with trembling hands, and...

Swinging as hard as she can, she catches Cooper full in the face with the six-inch-thick file. WHAM!

He goes down and she's around the table and out the door...

...where two LARGE GUARDS jump up, ready to grab her.

Sarah stops, realizing it's futile.

Turning, she walks back into the interrogation room where Cooper's regaining his feet.

She looks at him, icy, all traces of false emotion gone.

SARAH

The reason other people are involved is because they have honor and integrity. Stuff you wouldn't know about.

(beat)

So do what you need to do. And they'll do what they need to do. And at the end of the day, we'll see who comes out in one piece.

Cooper smiles.

COOPER

You really do care for each other.

Sarah stares at him.

COOPER (cont'd)

That's how I'm going to get him. Thank you.

INT. VICE PRESIDENT STANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

VICE PRESIDENT ROBERT STANTON, sitting alone in his dark office, looks up from his desk as the Director of Operations is ushered in.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS

Mr. Vice President.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

Gary.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS

I just received a report that Andrew Dunning is dead.

The Vice President considers, looking at him evenly.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

I heard.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS

Is everything all right, sir?

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

He was a good friend. He would  
have been pleased I'm going to  
seek the nomination.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS

Yes sir.

(beat)

Is there anything I can do for you?

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

No.

Stevens walks out, troubled.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Cooper's at his desk. Jackson and Thomas sit waiting.

A phone RINGS. Thomas nods at Cooper.

THOMAS

Trace is running.

Cooper hits a button and picks up the phone.

COOPER

Operations.

FRANK (O.S.)

Here's the thing, Cooper. With  
age comes a certain perspective.  
I'm not sure you have what it takes  
to appreciate my position.

Cooper smiles.

COOPER

Try me.

THOMAS

(background)

It's a land line.

INTERCUT - INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank leans back in his chair, rubbing his temples.

FRANK

I keep going over in my head if I  
was ever like you: the blind  
ambition and misplaced trust. I  
don't know.



COOPER

Does it matter?

FRANK

It might help me decide what to do next.

COOPER

What are you thinking about?

FRANK

There's a lot of hard things about our business. But in all my years, it wasn't the killing, or the stress, or the pay that bothered me. I didn't even realize what it was until it was too late.

Cooper looks at Thomas who whispers...

THOMAS

Almost there...

COOPER

What was it?

FRANK

It's how anything you love can be used against you. It taught me never to invest. Never to care.

(beat)

Once I became Frank Moses I lived my entire life without attachments. It took discipline, but I was damn good at it.

(beat)

And then I met Sarah. And now you have her. It's the worst thing in the world to know that your enemies could hurt the ones you love. The feeling of powerlessness is almost indescribable.

Cooper sits back, smug.

THOMAS

Got him!

Thomas excitedly scribbles an address on a pad and holds it up to Cooper.

Cooper goes pale. He looks like he's going to be sick.

FRANK

You there, Cooper?

COOPER  
 (covering the phone)  
 My house! He's at my house!

Jackson and Thomas scramble for phones.

Frank sits back, putting his feet up on the home office desk with pictures of Cooper, his wife and kids.

FRANK  
 It's just like I said, isn't it:  
 almost indescribable.

Cooper looks like a shell of a man.

COOPER  
 Please...

Frank's tone shifts.

FRANK  
 Shut up! It's time to grow up and  
 look at what's going on.

COOPER  
 Don't hurt them...

FRANK  
 Listen carefully. This is the  
 part I was talking about where I'm  
 not sure you have what it takes to  
 understand.

As the others shout orders behind him, Cooper listens, riveted.

FRANK (cont'd)  
 I've spent my life doing *terrible things* for the CIA because I believed what I was doing was right. But when you find out that you've been a *tool* for corrupt political ends, like I was in Afghanistan, and like you're are now, you have to take a stand. This is a stain on our souls, Cooper.

There's a long beat.

COOPER  
 What are you going to do?

FRANK  
 The right thing. The moral thing.  
 The thing you'd do yourself if you  
 had any balls at all.  
 (more)

FRANK (cont'd)

(pause)

I'm going to kill the Vice President.

A reaction ripples through the room: oh shit.

FRANK (cont'd)

But my question, Cooper, is this.  
What are you going to do?

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Cooper sits shell-shocked.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - DAY

A SWAT van SCREECHES to a halt before the house, disgorging men who swarm the house...

...scaring the hell out of Cooper's wife and children in the middle of a backyard soccer game.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings and it's in Cooper's hand in an instant.

SWAT (V.O.)

They're fine, sir. They never  
even knew he was here.

Relief washes over him like a physical wave.

COOPER

Let me talk to my wife.

Jackson looks over at Cooper holding the line.

JACKSON

Why didn't he take them?

(beat)

We would have. You have his girl.

Cooper glances around the room. All eyes are on him.

COOPER

I don't know.

EXT. SELF-STORAGE UNIT - DAY

A rusty door rolls up revealing Frank and Marvin peering into this storage unit full of cheap dusty cabinets.

Pulling them open reveals a trove of rifles, machine guns, grenade launchers and mortars.

Marvin looks at Frank.

MARVIN

I want you to know I'm very excited.

FRANK

Back in '78 I thought I'd put a few things aside, you know, just in case.

Opening a locker, Frank pulls out a pair of vintage aviators and tries them on.

MARVIN

Explosives?

FRANK

Just past the ammo.

Marvin opens a locker: blocks of C-4, detonators, and primer-cord.

MARVIN

I love you, man!

EXT. CHICAGO - THE ALLERTON HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

**SUPERED TITLE: CHICAGO**

This swank Miracle Mile landmark rises into the night with a steady stream of limos arriving out front.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Crystal chandeliers hang above a red, white and blue decorated stage. Sumptuous tables surround a dance floor where a band plays as WEALTHY DONORS mingle.

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand discretely around the perimeter of the large room, watching guests schmooze.

ON STAGE

Cooper confers with a tall thin man, AGENT BURBACHER, the head of Vice President Stanton's security detail.

AGENT BURBACHER

My team is set. You have anything?

COOPER

No.

Burbacher keys an inconspicuous radio.

AGENT BURBACHER

This is Burbacher. He's clear for entry.

Cooper heads off stage as behind him VICE PRESIDENT STANTON strides in, smiling a wide politician's smile as he's immediately surrounded and shaking hands.

Cooper joins Jackson off to one side.

JACKSON

Everything all right?

COOPER

I just have a feeling.

Cooper moves on and Thomas steps up.

THOMAS

He has a feeling?

JACKSON

No wonder Secret Service is sick of us.

As they look out, studying the crowd, *Ivan Siderov passes behind them, wearing a tux, blending in perfectly.*

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cooper walks into the kitchen, instantly assaulted by bright lights, heat, and dozens of people yelling at each other in different languages.

Surveying the perimeter, Cooper notes the placement of three Secret Service agents, and then heads out.

But WE STAY, following a BUSBOY wheeling a trash can past Secret Service and outside.

EXT. HOTEL - DUMPSTERS/LOADING DOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The busboy heaves his can up, emptying it into a dumpster...

*...and is suddenly yanked up and over, disappearing inside.*

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rolling the can back inside past Secret Service...

*...is Marvin.*

Pushing the can into a dry storage closet, he reaches in, *pulling out two heavy garbage bags which he sets on the floor with a METALLIC THUD.*

EXT. THE ALLERTON HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A doorman opens a limo and out steps Victoria, looking absolutely stunning in a body-hugging, full-length gown.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Victoria enters, garnering appreciative looks as she makes her way to the ballroom.

SECURITY CHECK

Stepping through the metal detector she generates a BEEP.

VICTORIA

Oh, of course.

Removing her heavy multi-strand necklace, she places it in a velvet tray held by a deferential young woman, then steps through cleanly.

SECURITY WOMAN

Thank you, ma'am.

But putting the necklace back on, she drops her clutch.

*Someone is there instantly, picking it up and handing it back.*

VICTORIA

Thank you so much.

MARVIN

Of course.

He walks off. She closes her clutch over *whatever he slipped her* and presents her invitation to the table of GREETERS.

GREETER

Welcome Ms. Smith. It's a pleasure to have you at our 2012 victory fund gala.

Victoria smiles wide.

VICTORIA

The pleasure is all mine.

INT. BALLROOM FOYER - NIGHT

Cooper stands looking out the windows as introductory remarks drone on behind him.

Pedestrians pass back and forth outside, but something catches his attention in the distance.

A FIGURE stands across the street, watching the hotel.

His collar's up and he's wearing a hat, but in the headlights of a passing car...

*...it's Frank.*

Cooper's instantly running, yelling into his radio.

COOPER

I have visual contact. Front of  
the hotel, across the street....

EXT. THE ALLERTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Bursting from the hotel, Cooper races down the steps, gun out as he plows into traffic.

Jackson and Thomas run after their boss, closing the gap until they reach him at the corner where the figure was.

Cooper's looking around wildly, but there's no one there, no one retreating, nothing.

Except... on a window ledge where Frank was standing, there's a single .45 caliber cartridge. Cooper picks it up, staring at the bullet...

COOPER

Back inside! Now!

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Cooper and Agent Burbacher square off, quietly but intensely, as the event continues behind them.

COOPER

Moses is here. You have to pull  
the VP.

AGENT BURBACHER

Just like in Jacksonville? The  
moment there is confirmed threat,  
I will call it. Until then...

COOPER

I just saw him...

AGENT BURBACHER

This isn't me. This is him. He's had enough of you. If there is something actionable we will act. Until then, this conversation is finished.

He turns and leaves, Cooper staring after him, stunned.

INTRO SPEAKER

...And so it is with great pleasure, I introduce to you, Vice President Robert Stanton!

The crowd bursts into THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE as Stanton takes the stage, waving. Cooper keys his radio.

COOPER

Stand ready.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

Thank you. Thank you so much. I'll keep it short, so you'll actually write those checks you're promising.

As the audience laughs, WE CUT AROUND THE ROOM to all the Secret Service and CIA Agents in play.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)

It is this group here tonight that got us into the White House. And it is this group that will keep us there.

(beat)

My friends, I have not yet made the announcement publicly, but it's my intention to seek the nomination of our party for the presidency in 2012.

There's APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

Burbacher stands at the front of the stage staring out into the lights...

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)

We've come a long way together, but our best years are still ahead! So be generous. Get your friends to be generous, and I look forward to speaking with all of you across the course of the evening.

Jackson and Thomas flank Cooper, waiting...



VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)  
God bless you all. And God bless  
America.

The MUSIC KICKS IN and APPLAUSE EXPLODES.

We PRESS IN on Cooper and...

BANG!

A SINGLE SHOT RINGS OUT. Cooper draws, looking for the  
gun...

...but sees only Jackson and Thomas staring at him like  
he's crazy *as other champagne bottles POP.*

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)  
Please join Adyline and me on the  
dance floor for a spin before dinner.

Chagrined, Cooper holsters his weapon.

COOPER  
I'm stepping out.

Couples fill the floor as he walks out past...

VICTORIA

scanning the crowd, waiting...

...and suddenly there is an arm around her, sweeping her  
around and onto the dance floor.

IVAN  
Hello, bunny.

She glares at him.

VICTORIA  
Moves like that could get you  
killed.

IVAN  
Your radiance this evening renders  
me almost speechless.

VICTORIA  
Almost.

He leads a turn and spin which she executes perfectly.

Ivan smiles wide.

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
What are you grinning at?

IVAN

You know I have always dreamed of  
killing the American President.

VICTORIA

Vice President.

IVAN

Tsch. Whatever. Having you in my  
arms again... I get carried away.

VICTORIA

Really.

IVAN

Tell me you love me.

The song winds to a close, but he continues to dance.

VICTORIA

The song, Ivan. It's over.

IVAN

Is it?

(beat)

Ah. To work then.

Breaking their embrace, he heads off...

VICTORIA

*Ivan!*

He looks back and fumblingly she tries to hand him a small  
spray canister from her clutch.

IVAN

Oh. Yes. Of course.

He takes it, kisses her hand, and melts into the crowd.

Victoria sits, flushed, and for the first time we've seen  
her, not totally cool.

IVAN

moves through the crowded reception, canister held low at  
his side, covertly spraying a PUFF here and there.

People begins to SNIFF and a low murmur rises.

VICTORIA

makes her way to the main ballroom doors, pulling them  
closed. Stepping out, she calls back into the room.

VICTORIA

Gas! Oh my God! I smell GAS!

IVAN

on the opposite side of the room, pulls the fire alarm.

IVAN

FIRE!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cooper, splashing water on his face, looks up as ALARMS RING OUT.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As SCREAMS RISE inside, Victoria pulls her necklace apart into individual cable loops, wrapping them through the handles of all the ballroom doors and clipping them shut, locking everyone inside.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

PANIC RIPS THROUGH THE CROWD with Ivan doing his best to incite a riot, running with hands above his head, screaming like a little girl...

IVAN

It's going to blow!

AGENT BURBACHER

is in full control, his team immediately locking down the VP, pulling him to the back of the room.

AGENT BURBACHER

Stairwell two. Move! Move! Move!

COOPER

bursts into the ballroom, stunned at the chaos before him: people screaming and running, totally out of control.

COOPER

(into radio)

Shadow the VP.

INT. STAIRWELL 2 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

With two agents on point, four with the VP, and two in the rear, the Secret Service team hustles down the stairs.

INT. EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A LONE Secret Service AGENT stands before this elevator, trying to follow the action on his ear-piece.

Victoria appears at the far end of the hall.

LONE AGENT  
This is a restricted area.

She smiles, smoothly making her way up the hall.

VICTORIA  
I'm sure I'm allowed.

LONE AGENT  
Ma'am. Stop. This area is off limits!

She continues forward, completely unfazed as the agent draws his weapon.

VICTORIA  
(amused)  
Put that away. Do you know who I am?

LONE AGENT  
Stop or I will be forced to treat you as a threat.

She smiles even wider.

VICTORIA  
Look at this dress. Where, exactly, is the threat?

The agent looks her over as she puts up her hands and closes the rest of the distance and...

WHAM: the gun is twisted out of his hand as he takes a chop to the side of the neck and goes down.

Victoria takes a moment to fix her boobs as Marvin enters the hall with two duffel bags.

They step into the elevator, she inserts a fireman's key, and hits G.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Burbacher's point men burst out of the stairwell, covering the garage and pulling open the doors of the waiting car.

Burbacher and close security pile the VP into the car and it peels out, rounding a corner and...

*Is ripped apart by automatic fire, heavy rounds pulverizing the front of the car, sending it smashing into a wall.*

Screaming commands, Burbacher forces the VP out, using the car as a shield as rounds continue to pour in.

POINT MAN AGENT

What the hell are they using?

INSERT - VICTORIA

...blazing away with a belt-fed machine gun.

Behind her, Marvin fires bolts into the concrete, setting something up.

RETURN TO SCENE

Burbacher screams into his radio.

AGENT BURBACHER

We're taking heavy fire! Everyone  
move in! Get a car in here!

INT. GARAGE - ONE FLOOR UP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cooper and his team run down the garage ramp from one level up.

COOPER

Stay low, flank them.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The doors give way and as a mass of trapped, screaming people charge safely for the exit, Ivan saunters after them, lifting a glass of Champagne from a table.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sipping the drink, he calmly makes his way to the elevators, tapping twice on the second one from the left.

The doors roll open revealing *Frank dressed in a conservative suit and tie.*

IVAN

Good evening, Frank.

FRANK

Ivan.

He steps out as Ivan steps in, the doors rolling closed.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SOOTHING MUSIC plays in the background.

As Ivan descends, he begins to hum the RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM, quietly at first, then louder and more enthusiastically, conducting with his drink until...

DING: the doors roll open onto chaos:

INSERT - GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...where a huge fire-fight is unfolding: the Secret Service team pinned down as another ARMORED LIMO moves in to get them cover.

Culminating the anthem, Ivan pulls a remote from his jacket and presses the button: a huge explosion rips out the front end of the back-up limo.

RETURN TO SCENE

The elevator doors roll back closed on the DEAFENING ACTION, and Ivan leans back, sips his drink, and listens to the SOOTHING MUSIC once again.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As smoke from the limo explosion fills the air, Burbacher grabs his guys, and the VP.

AGENT BURBACHER

We're moving! South Exit! Go!

They break for the stairs as shots ring out behind them.

INT. GARAGE - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cooper's team angles in behind Victoria and Marvin's position, one row of cars back, listening to the FIRE.

COOPER

On my command. Two. One. Go!

They break, moving in, and...

The machine gun stands on a tripod, UNMANNED, firing bursts.

Cooper stares at it, furious, realizing...

COOPER (cont'd)

Outside! Outside!

EXT. THE ALLERTON HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING  
 SWAT, firemen, and EMTs pour into the building.

INT. SUB LEVEL ONE - ACCESS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gun in one hand, Vice President's arm in the other,  
 Burbacher leads the Secret Service team running through  
 the access corridors under the hotel into a...

INT. ROOM SERVICE PREP KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

AGENT BURBACHER  
 Secret Service! Everybody down.

Workers duck as the team crosses the room.

But Burbacher sees something, shoving the VP down...

...as AUTOMATIC FIRE rakes the counter.

ANGLE ON MARVIN AND VICTORIA

In a side corridor. She empties the magazine and he hands  
 her another as they watch kitchen workers scatter and the  
 Secret Service return fire.

MARVIN  
 I remember the Secret Service being  
 tougher.

VICTORIA  
 Me too.

*But suddenly they're taking fire from behind, bullets  
 SLAPPING in to the wall around them.*

Marvin ducks, drawing a machine pistol and spraying the  
 corridor.

MARVIN  
 I think it's SWAT.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
 We have a problem, Marvin.

He looks over.

*Victoria's on the floor, her dress awash in blood from a  
 gunshot wound in her side.*

Marvin's instantly in motion, delving into a duffel bag,  
 pulling cans of smoke, yanking pins, tossing them out.

With smoke adding a new layer of confusion to the SHOUTING and GUNFIRE, he picks up Victoria, heading up a different corridor.

He hustles forward as fast as he can, but the SOUNDS OF PURSUIT rise behind him.

Marvin fires back down the hall, then pulls open a door revealing a utility closet and leans her inside.

VICTORIA (cont'd)  
What the hell?

MARVIN  
No choice.

She look at him, realizing he's right.

Stripping off his jacket, he puts it around Victoria.

Stepping back REVEALS he's wearing a vest, *covered in plastic explosives.*

VICTORIA  
Good luck.

He gives her a wink.

MARVIN  
You only live once, right?

He shuts the door, and takes off up the hall.

A moment later, a SWAT assault unit sweeps up the hall after him.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Victoria takes off her shoes, pulls Marvin's jacket tight around her and tries to stand up.

INT. SUB LEVEL ONE - NIGHT

Stumbling out of the smoke, Burbacher checks the VP for wounds until Stanton pushes him off.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
I'm fine. Just get me the hell out of here.

AGENT BURBACHER  
Kelsey! James! Up front.



INT. SUB LEVEL ONE - HALL - NIGHT

Victoria makes her way forward, weak but deliberate, her breathing fast and shallow.

Rounding a corner she finds herself at a steel security gate pulled across the concrete corridor.

SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS rise behind her.

Defeated, she presses her face against the cold metal.

IVAN (O.S.)

Perhaps I can be of some assistance?

She looks up, finding him on the other side of the gate, already reaching through, picking the lock.

Smiling as the gate swings open, she takes his arm.

VICTORIA

I love you.

INT. WIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Secret Service team clears a stairwell emerging into a wide ground-floor corridor of the hotel.

The corridor is empty, but Burbacher halts his team, looking around.

From the darkness at one end of the hall, a lone figure emerges.

It's Marvin, covered in explosives, holding a dead-man trigger in one hand.

The VP looks up in horror.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

Oh God...

AGENT BURBACHER

Go!

The whole team takes off, pulling along the VP, running all-out towards the doors at the end of the hall.

Marvin starts after them, fingering the trigger, screaming like a madman.

MARVIN

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

EXT. THE ALLERTON HOTEL - NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

An explosion rips out of the hotel, a fireball billowing up into the night...

...as the Secret Service team spills out the door.

People outside run SCREAMING in all directions, but...

A SECRET SERVICE LIMO

...screeches to a halt beside the agents.

Burbacher and another agent pull the VP into the car and it peels out.

IVAN AND VICTORIA

stand among the refugee guests, onlookers, and emergency workers, watching from a distance as the car disappears into the night.

VICTORIA

He made it.

IVAN

That's it then.

CUT TO:

I/E. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - NIGHT

With the VP between them, Agent Burbacher shares a look of palpable relief with the other Agent as the car SQUEALS around a turn, putting the hotel behind them.

AGENT BURBACHER

(into radio)

We're clear. En route to airport now.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Copy that.

The limo pulls onto the highway, speeding into the night.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

(furious)

How the hell did that happen?

Burbacher forces himself to keep cool.

AGENT BURBACHER

I don't know yet, sir.

The other Agent checks behind them for a tail: nothing.

OTHER AGENT

Looks clear.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Copy that.

*THE CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES FORWARD to REVEAL that FRANK is the driver.*

He puts on his signal and pulls over beneath an overpass.

AGENT BURBACHER

Why are we stopping?

Frank turns and fires a tazer, sending him into convulsions.

The other Agent reaches for his gun, but ZAP, gets tazed as well.

Stanton stares at Frank in horror.

ZAP!

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DRIVING - NIGHT

Stanton slowly comes around in the back seat, groaning.

His Secret Service Agents are gone.

His hands are zip-tied behind his back.

Frank glances at him in the rear view mirror.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

Who are you?

FRANK

Frank Moses.

(beat)

One of the men you ordered killed.

The Vice President looks at him in fear.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON

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

Frank lets it go, just driving.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)

What do you want?

FRANK

From you? Nothing.

Stanton senses this is bad.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
I'm sure we can negotiate  
something...

FRANK  
So now it's coming back to you?

Stanton pipes down.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Or have there been so many that  
they all just blur together? Maybe  
you don't even think about it.  
(beat)  
I was prepared to live my life in  
peace. You couldn't even let me  
have that.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
I don't know....

FRANK  
Afghanistan. I was there.

Stanton suddenly looks like he's been gut-punched. Like  
he's about to be sick.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
Can we talk about this?

FRANK  
You can talk all you want.

Frank slowly pulls over into a deserted lot near an  
industrial waterfront area beneath the El tracks.

FRANK (cont'd)  
But I'm still going to kill you.

EXT. DESERTED LOT - NIGHT

He gets out of the car, opens the rear door, and pulls  
Stanton out, spilling him into the dirt.

FRANK  
On your knees.

The VP crawls up, coming apart, on the verge of tears.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
I didn't kill anyone.  
(sobbing)  
I tried to stop it.  
(more)

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON (cont'd)

They pulled me out because my dad  
knew it wouldn't matter. I was  
there.

Frank unholsters his old .45 and crouches down to look  
the VP in the eye.

FRANK

It's not that I want revenge. I  
don't care about you. But there  
are rules about how you treat your  
tools. The people who do things  
for you do it because they believe  
in the greater good.

Frank holds up his set of dog tags. *Now we see that the  
name and number have been filed out.*

FRANK (cont'd)

I joined up when I was seventeen  
and took an oath to defend this  
country. They stamped these tags  
with the name my mother gave me.  
Later the Company erased that name  
forever. These are a symbol of  
that sacrifice.

A train goes by overhead with a deafening ROAR.

Frank levels his gun at the Vice President.

FRANK (cont'd)

Today I am going to restore honor  
to your office.

Suddenly bright lights pin Frank.

COOPER

Freeze!

Cooper emerges from a car, weapon drawn.

COOPER (cont'd)

Do this, you're dead!

Frank glances at Cooper, then back at the VP, as the  
POUNDING of a helicopter draws close.

FRANK

I guess I'm okay with that.

He starts to move, but Cooper pulls Sarah from the car,  
covering her with his weapon.

She and Frank lock eyes. So close but so far.

He looks between her and the VP.

FRANK (cont'd)  
I love you.

SARAH  
I love you too.

Frank looks at Cooper.

FRANK  
She goes free.

Cooper nods.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Swear it on your family's life.

COOPER  
I do.

Sarah looks between them, horrified.

SARAH  
No...

Frank slowly lowers his .45.

It CLATTERS to the ground.

Jackson and Thomas move in on him, guns ready.

Frank puts his hands above his head, and as the chopper lands, kicking up dust over the scene, his eyes never leave Sarah's as he's cuffed.

Stevens gets out of the chopper.

Approaching Cooper, he eyes Frank and the VP.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
That's him?

COOPER  
That's him.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
Good work.

Cooper gives him a nod.

COOPER  
Yes sir.

The VP approaches Stevens, still shaking, furious...

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
 What the hell have you done? I  
 asked you to find out who knew  
 about Afghanistan to see if we  
 could control the story.

Frank watches this, trying to figure it out.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
 Which is exactly what I did. I  
 protected this administration and  
 made this campaign possible. With  
 the stroke of a pen, I gave you a  
 shot at the presidency.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
 You had people killed!

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
 No one who mattered.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
 Americans!

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
 Nobody cares!

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
 This isn't what I wanted!

Stevens smiles coldly.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS STEVENS  
 These aren't details you need to  
 be concerned about. All you need  
 to remember is that *you owe me*.

The VP starts towards him.

VICE PRESIDENT STANTON  
 Is that why you did this?

Cooper steps between them, stopping the VP.

He nods to Jackson and Thomas.

COOPER  
 Escort the Vice President to the  
 chopper.

They pull him away, leaving Cooper and Stevens alone with  
 Frank and Sarah.

Cooper takes out a syringe.

SARAH  
 No!

Cooper steps to Frank who stares him down, unflinching. Lashing out, Cooper jabs it into Stevens' neck. He gasps, eyes bugging.

COOPER

You disgust me.

Clutching his chest, Stevens collapses to the ground. Sarah looks away. But Frank's eyes never leave Cooper. Uncuffing Frank, Cooper holds out his .45.

FRANK

Maybe there's some hope for the Company after all.

COOPER

Maybe.

Frank takes the gun.

Sarah leaps into Frank's arms and they embrace.

COOPER (cont'd)

I want you to come back home.

FRANK

Home?

COOPER

A chance to work again. To train the next generation.

Frank considers, then tosses Cooper his tags and takes Sarah's hand.

FRANK

I'm retired.

Cooper watches them walk away.

COOPER

Where are you going to go, Frank?  
What else do you have?

But suddenly a figure steps out of the darkness to meet Frank: Marvin, carrying a RPG.

And then another figure emerges: Victoria, rifle slung.

A car starts in the darkness and pulls close: Ivan's behind the wheel, still dressed in his tux.

Frank and Sarah embrace their friends.



Frank looks back at Cooper, then slips into the car and is gone.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Frank and Sarah kiss...

*And Ivan leans back, totally interrupting.*

IVAN

So Frank. I was wondering if you would go on little errand with me.

Victoria turns from the front passenger side.

VICTORIA

His timing is terrible.

IVAN

Is just a tiny little nuclear problem in Moldova. A day or two, no big thing. Sarah, you will love the countryside.

Frank looks at him, stunned.

Marvin, squeezed in next to him, elbows him in the side.

MARVIN

Come on, man, it's just the safety of the world.

Frank's about to answer and we...

FADE OUT.