

# **SHADOW RUN**

an original screenplay  
by Joe Gazzam

Paradigm  
David Boxerbaum/Chris Smith  
310.288.8000

Industry Entertainment  
Ava Jamshidi  
323.964.9210

*"It takes a strong head to keep secrets for years and not go slightly mad."*

-- C.P. Snow

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DUSK

Roof. Fifteen stories of glass and steel. In the distance, the White House. But a thundering storm renders it a blur. Black and grey clouds bulge over each other like intestines. Rain whips *sideways*.

Leaning into it -- a MAN, late 20's, cadaverously lean.

The man struggles with two large duffle bags. Collapses in exhaustion. Glances over at the precipitous drop.

He opens a duffle to reveal an odd-looking welded metal tube. A homemade Livens Projector -- used to launch gaseous materials.

He unzips the second. Fingers pill-shaped metal CANISTERS. 8" in diameter with explosive bursters to disperse the chemicals inside. Yanks out a laptop...

On-screen app: *real time wind patterns and projections.*

Satisfied, he loads a canister into the Projector. Claws a detonator. With a push of a button -- THA-WHOOMP -- *the canister is launched.*

As it hits its 5,000 foot apex, the canister detonates and -- chemicals disaggregate in a light-green arc before getting sucked into the designated current of wind.

He fires another -- catching a different current. Another then another. In minutes, the sky above is awash in green mist. Adrift.

As he inserts the last canister, only -- the projector discharges prematurely -- causing the canister to puncture.

The man is covered. Contaminated. EXPOSED.

He stares at this hands. Dripping light green. He pauses at the sight. *Instantly resigned.*

No decision to be made as he walks to the roof's edge.

His lips part. Registering one last conspiratorial thought before...he leaps to his death.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

Floating... pitch black... into diffused light. We're walking down steps. Concrete 360. From somewhere else -- a phone RINGS, then is answered...

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
(thick accent)  
Conversation is secure. Proceed.

AMERICAN VOICE (V.O.)  
President is on-line and authorized me to speak on his behalf.

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
So speak.

Continue down a hallway. Doors every ten feet. Iron with thick rivets. Through slit openings, press captive faces. Leering like twisted jack-o'-lanterns.

AMERICAN VOICE (V.O.)  
Fredrickson. Is he still alive?

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
The American chemist? What makes you think we have him?

This is a BLACK SITE -- an unacknowledged, secret prison operated by the Central Intelligence Agency.

AMERICAN VOICE (V.O.)  
We're willing to offer an exchange. Prisoner for prisoner.

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
I see.

AMERICAN VOICE (V.O.)  
Completely dark. Minimal exposure. Deniability on both sides.

We turn the corner. Into *maximum security*. Guards doubled. Amount of cells, cut by a third. Stop at a specific door.

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
If we did have Fredrickson, we would demand something of equal value. Do you understand?

AMERICAN VOICE (V.O.)  
Yes.

A hand slides open the slit cover. As we press closer -- a man in silhouette comes into view...

RUSSIAN VOICE (V.O.)  
Then you know who we want.

...the prisoner has his back toward us. Statue still.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY - MORNING

Rain pummels the Memorial Garden honoring deceased officers.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - MORNING

A CIA counter-terrorism office. Nondescript, except for a breathtaking amount of papers, maps, and evidence grids. Behind a desk sits...

DANIEL FARRADAY. Only 43, but a lot of mileage on these tires. A CIA agent, in the field too long. A stabbed bull still chasing the matador.

On a computer video -- a rendition detainee hangs by his wrists. Daniel leans in. Eyes red-rimmed. Posture poor. Face in a rictus of concentration when, a KNOCK.

Door opens to reveal:

LEE JACOBS, 40, the youngest Associate Deputy Director in agency history. A "blue-flamer" consumed with career. His formal demeanor slackens as he shuts the door behind him.

He turns to his friend...

JACOBS  
Daniel.

Daniel sees urgency and concern in Jacobs' eyes.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
The threat you were tracking...just  
hit D.C.

DANIEL  
What?!  
(stunned)  
Bio? It was bio wasn't it?

JACOBS  
(empathetic nod)  
Storm was used to amp and direct  
the reach...

Jacobs moves to a mire of potential UNSUB pics. High value.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Won't make you feel better, but the  
"source" was one of your targets:  
the assistant in our Bethesda lab.  
That's where he got the chems.

He taps a specific pic... the man in the first scene.

Daniel shoves away from his desk. Anger welling.

*A man that takes every failure personally.*

1,000 man-hours up in smoke -- with an unthinkable outcome.

DANIEL

I was hours away from this guy,  
Lee. Hours.

He presses a fist to his head.

JACOBS

Grid of the infected areas so far.  
(hands Daniel a PAPER)  
Estimates have about five thousand  
infected, but the spread rate is  
what's concerning the CDC.

Daniel snaps back into work mode.

DANIEL

Confirmed viral?  
(off Jacobs' nod)  
Okay. Establish origin and you can  
develop a vaccine. If they move on  
this quick--

JACOBS

There's a problem. Virus is man-  
made. And the man who made it is  
in a Russian prison.  
(pause)  
Chemist named John Fredrickson.

DANIEL

Negotiate an exchange.

JACOBS

We have.

DANIEL

I'm on that escort.

Daniel's reading Jacobs' face. Something's off.

JACOBS

In exchange for Fredrickson...  
the Russians demanded Gamburg.

DANIEL

They always do.

JACOBS

This time we couldn't say no.

This rocks Daniel. But he covers quickly.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

They know about the incident. Know  
Fredrickson's significance.

DANIEL

When?

JACOBS

Finalizing details now.

DANIEL

(locks eyes)  
I'm still on that escort.

JACOBS

Director will never go for it.

DANIEL

Fuck that. I've been lead on this  
from day one.

JACOBS

Protocol dictates--

DANIEL

You know this is gonna be off-book.  
There's no formal protocol on an  
unsanctioned op.

JACOBS

It's complicated.

DANIEL

You mean it's political.

JACOBS

It's also logical. Think about  
what you're asking.

DANIEL

We've been friends a long time. In this business that's worth double. Let me see this through.

Long, uncomfortable beat.

JACOBS

I'll talk to the Director. You go home. Rest. Eat something.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

A tiny, colonial style house. Lived in, but sparsely decorated. No one's taken the time.

Daniel walks in to see TARA, tall, brunette, light blue eyes. Even in nursing scrubs, a looker. Glass of wine in her hand.

TARA

I was just about to shower and hit the sack. Wanna join?

She gives him a kiss. Squints. He's clearly upset. The virus disaster dominating every thought.

TARA (CONT'D)

You look wrecked. Sit down.

He does. She puts her wine in his hand and massages his shoulders...

TARA (CONT'D)

Anything you can talk about?

Daniel's silence gives her the answer. She stops massaging.

TARA (CONT'D)

You don't have to tell me what you're thinking...but at least tell me what you're feeling.

His head turns slightly. Tries to say something, but no words escape his lips. Tara heads away, frustrated.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - LATER

Daniel sleeps on the couch. Cell phone on his lap. Detritus of work scattered around him. Jerks awake. Slowly gets up.

He walks to his bedroom. Watches Tara sleep. The emotive look on his face, something he's never shown her awake.

His cell RINGS. He backs out, closes the door. Answers.

DANIEL

Yeah.

JACOBS (V.O.)

Get back here within the hour.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Daniel in go-mode. *Frantically* puts himself together. Grabs his wallet out of a drawer, but something gives him pause.

He reaches in, picks up a PICTURE. We don't see what it is.

Neither does Tara who looks up, tangled in Daniel's sheets.

TARA

Hey...you leaving?

DANIEL

Something came up.

Daniel turns only -- it's not Tara, but an attractive REDHEAD. She smiles, wearing love for Daniel on her face.

RED HEAD

Don't go...come to bed.

She motions. Beckoning him. Only... Daniel blinks and -- she's gone. *A memory he can't ever touch.*

In her place, Tara -- her bright blue eyes, questioning.

Daniel pinches the bridge of his nose. Snaps back out of it. Yanks a pre-knotted tie off a hanger. Nooses his neck.

DANIEL

Not sure when I'll be back.

He claws a Langley ID. Removes his gun from a small fingerprint coded safe.

TARA

I printed out listings. We could look at a few houses this weekend.  
(off his silence)  
Pull the trigger and you can have your sock drawer back.

DANIEL

Yeah, maybe.

TARA  
(exhales)  
It's not a marriage proposal, you know.

Daniel nods, keeps moving. Urgent motion.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Can you at least tell me what's going on?

DANIEL  
(rushed, dismissive)  
You'll find out.

TARA  
You're a jerk sometimes, you know that?

DANIEL  
That's what people tell me.

He rushes to the door, but -- stops. She's the only person whose feelings he cares about. To him, a weakness.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Sorry, it's just -- if you had any idea what I'm about to go do.

TARA  
I don't. I never do.

DANIEL  
I know. You deserve better.

TARA  
That's what people tell me.

A half smile bends her lips. He gives her a kiss.

DANIEL  
Expect to be called in early. By mid-day, you'll know more than me.

Tara is about to respond, when -- BEEP -- she receives a 911 text on her cell. Daniel nods to it. *Told you.*

TARA  
(staring at her phone)  
Call me later.

Daniel nods and rushes out the door.

INT. CIA HEADQUATERS - LANGLEY - DAWN

Langley already bustling at five am. Jacobs leads Daniel quickly down the hallway.

A group of agents nod their respects to Jacobs.

They turn to Daniel, who ignores them. Not here to make friends. A bull in this china shop.

JACOBS

We think the faulty canister was meant for the White House.

(pause)

Once he was exposed, he leapt to his death.

Jacobs hands him autopsy photos: *man we saw in first scene.*

JACOBS (CONT'D)

By all accounts, he acted alone. You were on him, any motive?

DANIEL

No extremist ties, born here. He was let go by the lab a month ago. Turned out to be depressive, self medicating. If I had to guess...

(looks up)

...he felt pain and was determined to share it with the world.

INT. ELEVATOR, CIA HEADQUATERS - CONTINUOUS

The ROOF elevator button glows.

JACOBS

Just a heads up, the Director's waiting to see you off.

This surprises Daniel. Beat.

DANIEL

How's it feel being one step away from the throne?

JACOBS

Hey, you had plenty of chances to come inside. Say no enough times, they stop asking.

DANIEL  
 Never my path.  
 (turns to him)  
 I'm happy for you, man. You  
 deserve it. You really do.

Jacobs smiles with sincere appreciation.

INT. ROOF, CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

They exit into an enclosed section of the roof. Lee's posture stiffens. Just outside, a helicopter waits.

A few feet ahead is a group of men. In the center is -- RICHARD HACKMAN, 60. Director of the CIA.

A weary bloodshot soul who masks a stern hand with a disarming, folksy demeanor. With his silver hair and mustache, he resembles a wise old cat. Which he is.

He waves off two surrounding intelligence officers. Then extends a hand, which Daniel takes.

HACKMAN  
 Agent Farraday. Been a while.

DANIEL  
 Good to see you, sir.

HACKMAN  
 To be honest, I didn't think you  
 going was a good idea. Still don't.

DANIEL  
 I understand. Thank you.

HACKMAN  
 Don't thank me...  
 (nods toward Jacobs)  
 He wouldn't let it go.

Hackman's eyes turn serious.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)  
 I hope you fully grasp the trust in  
 you he's demonstrating.

DANIEL  
 I do.

A silence ensues. Purposefully placed there by Hackman.

HACKMAN

Do you know what they call the prisoner? His nickname?

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

HACKMAN

Gamburg got that moniker spilling the blood of my four closest friends in the agency.

(pause)

I wanted you to know this is personal for me too. He's the last person I wanted to see daylight.

DANIEL

I appreciate that.

HACKMAN

I won't blame you if you use the opportunity to say your piece to this animal. But, a bit of advice: do it with the purpose of putting it all behind you. For good.

(sets his jaw)

Say what you've got to say and get back on the clock. Clear?

As Daniel nods, the Director heads away.

EXT. HELIPAD, ROOF - DAWN

Jacobs rushes Daniel to the helicopter. Pauses.

JACOBS

Need your firearm and don't give me shit. I had to make concessions.

Daniel doesn't protest. He clears the chamber bullet and hands over his firearm. Then follows Jacobs to the chopper.

Waiting inside is DOCTOR KAPULE, a man of Polynesian descent.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Dr. Kapule. Our top virologist. He'll be going with you.

(pause)

Once we make the exchange, he'll get Fredrickson up to speed, so he can hit the ground running.

Jacobs motions to Daniel.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
 Daniel Farraday, soon to be one of  
 our longest tenured counter  
 terrorism field officers.

Daniel smirks at the subtle jab.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
 (serious)  
 Also one of our best.

Jacobs turns to Daniel, extends his hand. Daniel shakes it,  
 but doesn't let go.

DANIEL  
 Hey, Lee, listen...

Daniel pauses, not good at being emotive.

Jacobs cups the back of Daniel's head. Nods.

JACOBS  
 You're welcome.

Jacobs turns and pounds on the side window.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
 (to pilot)  
 Let's go, get her in the air.

He starts to head away as the rotors spin. Catches eyes with  
 Daniel who gives him a reassuring nod of support.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - MORNING

The Kazak Mi-17 helicopter cuts through the sky. Ground  
 below blurs. Daniel and Dr. Kapule talk via headphones/mic.

DANIEL  
 What can you tell me?

DR. KAPULE  
 Code named SVN-V2. Best way I can  
 describe it - spreads with the ease  
 of H1N1 influenza, packs the punch  
 of hantavirus pulmonary syndrome.  
 (pause)  
 Progression has three stages.

Dr. Kapule pulls out a computer tablet.

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)  
 This is a nearly identical virus.

He *swipes* the tablet.

On screen is a woman in a hospital bed. Her hands curled unnaturally. Under the pic -- "Progression: Day THREE"

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)  
Onset of symptoms. Bulbar palsies  
and cramps are prominent early.

*Swipe.*

On screen: A man, mouth agape. Frozen in a rictus of pain.

"Progression: Day SEVEN"

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)  
Second stage, weakness spreads to  
the arms and legs. Then paralysis  
of the skeletal muscles.

*Swipe.*

On screen: Another man. Vegetative. Cocooned in a web of tubes - ventilator tube snaking down his throat.

"Progression: Day TEN"

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)  
At this stage, severe respiratory  
complications. A day or two before  
complete failure.

Daniel blinks hard, exhales.

An airfield and series of hangers loom in the distance.

DANIEL  
Once we have Fredrickson, do we  
have resources for enough vaccines?

DR. KAPULE  
Between BARDA and Bioshield, we've  
allocated 60 billion dollars for  
something exactly like this.  
(pause)  
Vaccines are like stew, you just  
need the right ingredients.  
(pause)  
Fredrickson is the key. Our cook.

DANIEL  
And without him, it turns epidemic?

DR. KAPULE

Genius of the virus is symptoms may not show for a couple days. People on planes, trains, subways could be carriers and not know it.

(pause)

You'll see it spread fast and exponentially. Unchallenged we could be talking millions of people in weeks. Sooner we get a vaccine, better our chances of containment.

An airfield and series of hangers loom in the distance.

INT. AIRFIELD HANGER - MORNING

Clandestine airstrip. Daniel leads Dr. Kapule past men guarding the plane, a Lockheed C-130, being refueled.

They head to the hanger and up to three large MARINES in tactical gear.

DANIEL

I'm Farraday, this is Dr. Kapule.  
You my escort team?

The tallest offers a nod that terminates casual conversation. Motions to a rubberized wrist band which is -- GREEN.

GREEN

Marine protocol is anonymous, sir.  
Call me Green. Use our bands...

The other two men are RED and BLUE.

GREEN (CONT'D)

They're fueling the plane, we should be wheels up in 15 minutes.

(pause)

We'll be heading to a rendition site on the border of Spain and make final preparations tonight.

(nods)

Swap at 18:00 hours tomorrow at Port-Cros island, just off the coast of France.

DANIEL

Where's the prisoner?

Green nods toward the door in the back of the hanger.

INT. HANGER - MORNING

As Daniel approaches the door, BLUE steps in front.

BLUE  
 Sorry sir. I'm going to need to  
 check for weapons.

Daniel holds out his arms.

Blue does a quick, but thorough check. Extends his hand to the door.

Daniel reaches for the door knob. Pauses. A million thoughts chasing themselves like birds trapped in an attic.

INT. CONCRETE ROOM - MORNING

Daniel walks into an 8 x 8 concrete room. Floor to ceiling wooden shelves with various airplane parts on either side.

In the back is -- a man. Wrists and feet chained to a metal ring in the floor. Dark brown cloth bag over his head.

This is GAMBURG.

The demon to be faced.

Daniel moves forward and lifts the cloth bag off.

Gamburg appears to be early 50's. Strong features. Skin, so long out of the sun, it almost seems leached. His eyes, dark and piercing, stare directly ahead.

DANIEL  
 Strange. Seeing you.

Gamburg finally looks up at Daniel. Measuring him.

GAMBURG  
 (very slight accent)  
 Do we know each other?

DANIEL  
 I know...everything...about you.  
 But a specific incident sticks out.  
 (pause)  
 December 3rd, 2008. In the hotel  
 room where you were to formally  
 defect...was a woman.

GAMBURG  
 Red hair.

Daniel pauses, somewhat surprised that he remembers.

DANIEL

Yes. Sent by the State Department  
to walk you through the process.

(pause)

One of five people you murdered  
when you detonated the explosives  
that took out that room and the  
three surrounding.

GAMBURG

Friend of yours?

Daniel's face flushes with anger. Gamburg reads him easily.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Your wife.

Daniel doesn't answer. Doesn't have to.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Are you here to kill me?

DANIEL

No.

GAMBURG

I see. A few minutes alone as some  
sort of catharsis.

Daniel inches closer.

DANIEL

All I want to know is why. Why  
blow up that hotel room?

(off his silence)

You've been interrogated, tortured  
and confined for seven years and  
never once offered an explanation.

Gamburg still remains without expression.

GAMBURG

But you believe since your wife was  
killed, I owe you an explanation.

DANIEL

Goddamn right.

Gamburg locks eyes with Daniel.

GAMBURG

What does it matter? Nothing I say  
will bring her back.

(pause)

Trust me -- any answers I provided,  
would make things worse for you,  
not better.

Daniel's anger surges -- he reaches for the picture in his pocket (the one he took from the shelf in his bedroom).

DANIEL

This is the life you took.

GAMBURG

I remember what she...

Daniel holds it in front of Gamburg's face. It's a sonogram  
photo of a 4 month old baby. In Utero.

For the first time, Gamburg registers a flick of emotion. He  
tries to look away, but --

DANIEL

Look at it you piece of shit.

-- Daniel GRABS him by the neck and JAMS his face closer.  
Wanting nothing more than to choke the life out of him.

Daniel finally takes a step back from the temptation.

GAMBURG

Tell me something. Your wife, your  
unborn child, both dead...and here  
we stand alone. You could snap my  
neck before the guards outside got  
to us.

(pause)

Why not kill me?

DANIEL

Because she wouldn't want me to.

Gamburg blinks hard. Nods his head just slightly.

GAMBURG

Then, as fate would have it, you're  
the only one I trust.

As Daniel frowns in confusion -- a loud THUMP on the door, a  
second before it opens. Green leans in.

GREEN

Time to go.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES - MORNING

A middle aged PILOT goes over his controls in the cockpit.

Daniel and Dr. Kapule sit in the back of the plane. Cargo bay lowered, forming a ramp.

Approaching are the military escorts and -- Gamburg who shuffles forward, straining against his chains.

DR. KAPULE

Who is he? A man so valuable the Russians would give up someone like Fredrickson?

Daniel doesn't respond. His eyes settle on Gamburg, along with his thoughts.

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)

I may be a doctor, but I have Level 12 Collateral Clearance.

DANIEL

He's a psychopath. KGB assassin.  
 (finally looks up)  
 After the Cold War probably the most wanted man in CIA history.  
 (pause)  
 At The Farm, they call him "spy killer."

The sun outside is blocked as Gamburg steps into the plane --  
 -- looming in silhouette.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - MORNING

Cockpit. Pilot takes the plane to 30,000 feet as Blue and Red regale each other with exaggerated war stories.

In the back, on one side - Daniel, Doctor Kapule and Green sit on flip-down seats.

Facing them is Gamburg on a mounted steel bench. Hands and feet chained. A foot of play allows minimal mobility, which he uses to lay down.

GREEN

Get cozy, why don't you.  
 (to Daniel)  
 Keep an eye on this shitbag for me.

Daniel nods as Green joins his brothers in arms. As Daniel turns back -- Gamburg is staring at him.

DANIEL

You wanna tell me what that little cryptic message was back there?

GAMBURG

(closes his eyes)

Wake me when we are an hour from our destination.

Daniel KICKS his bench. Rocks him. Gamburg opens his eyes.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

I suggest you get some sleep and rest up. You'll need it.

DR. KAPULE

How is it you have such little trace of an accent?

GAMBURG

I spent many years in the States--

DANIEL

He was trained to erase his accent. Makes him a more efficient killer. Helps him get close to you.  
(slowly turns to Kapule)  
Don't talk to the prisoner.

Gamburg stares at Daniel. Like some sort of human CAT scan.

GAMBURG

I thought you wanted to talk.

DANIEL

Decided you're not worth it.

GAMBURG

But I have been. The hate for me is the glue that's held you together these last seven years. Given you purpose.

(pause)

It's parasitic, isn't it? Feeds you, but also feeds off of you.

Daniel finally turns to him.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

There's an old gypsy saying, "You can't walk straight when the road is bent." Let go of hate and you'll be free from your wife's death--

Daniel grabs Gamburg's neck with a steel grip. Squeezes.

DANIEL

You don't bring her up, you don't even think about her.

Dr. Kapule grabs him. Daniel doesn't budge.

DR. KAPULE

Let him go. Please. Remember why we're here. What's at stake.

Daniel finally releases Gamburg. Glances at the military men. Holds up an apologetic hand, but they don't even react.

GAMBURG

Get some rest Daniel.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - MORNING

Secure space in the bowels of the building. Gear cabled. Integrated grids and comms. Screens of satellite vistas and streaming intel. *An electronic cerebral cortex.*

But it's all temporary. Designed to be removed instantly. At a long table are ONLY two high-clearance analysts:

>> CLARENCE, black with sleek semi-rimless glasses.

>> TIA, female, prim, professional, polished.

This is a minimal footprint, off-the-books operation. Prowling behind them is Jacobs, quarterbacking this thing...

JACOBS

Still silent?

TIA

38 aircrafts en route to France with similar routes. No suspicious chatter. Least of all ours. Just another random transpo plane.

JACOBS

No deviance out of Russia?

TIA

None.

JACOBS

We're not that good. The only reason they aren't trying to track us is they don't want to jeopardize this exchange.

(pause)

They want Gamburg as much as we want Fredrickson.

TIA

Yes, sir.

JACOBS

Give me real time on the virus.

Clarence throws up a graphic of the U.S. on a flat screen. Washington D.C. now littered with red. And the red dots are moving out --

-- spreading.

Graphic at the bottom reads: *TOTAL REPORTED CASES -- 8,354*

Jacobs suddenly turns -- jerks closer to Clarence -- jabs a finger at one of his three open laptops...

*ON SCREEN: Surveillance feed of a Washington D.C. hospital. One of their internal cameras feeds. At this angle you can see from the hallway -- inside a specific room.*

*A woman, early 20's stricken with the virus -- in bed. Coughing. Hacking up god-knows-what.*

*In obvious pain.*

JACOBS (CONT'D)

What is that?

CLARENCE

My cousin, she--

JACOBS

Do I need to re-focus you?

CLARENCE

No sir.

JACOBS

I see that again and you're out.

Clarence guillotines a key and the feed goes away. Unable to look Jacobs in the eye.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Gamburg slumbers. Daniel shows the Doctor a PIC of Fredrickson on his phone...

DANIEL

Pic's about 5 years old. That how you remember him?

DR. KAPULE

He wears a beard from time to time. But yes.

DANIEL

You two friends?

DR. KAPULE

Fredrickson has no friends. He's one of those people so smart, they have no social skills.

The Doctor's eyes light up, remembering.

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)

One night at the lab, he spilled hydrofluoric acid on his hands.

(pause)

By the time I found him, he'd lost feeling, couldn't even work our security system.

(pause)

I used calcium gluconate to stop the reaction. He lost most of his right pinky -- but if not for me, would have lost both hands.

Dr. Kapule smiles, shakes his head. Then...

DR. KAPULE (CONT'D)

I not only got him to the hospital, but waited all night and drove him home after.

(pause)

We pull up to his house, he goes right inside. No thank you, not even goodbye.

DANIEL

Real sweetheart.

DR. KAPULE

It wasn't malicious. Manners are simply a casualty of his genius.

EXT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

The cargo plane splits a large cloud. The sun reflecting off the clouds running parallel.

Iridescent reds and grays swim.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Daniel and the Doctor both sit, arms folded. Eyes barely open. Green suddenly passes by. Tattoo on his forearm...

*"The unwanted, doing the unforgivable, for the ungrateful."*

DANIEL

How far out?

GREEN

About 400 kilometers.

DANIEL

Time-wise?

GREEN

About 50 minutes.

The others meet Green outside the cock pit. Each glancing back. Daniel kicks Gamburg's bench -- waking him.

DANIEL

Say what you've got to say.

Gamburg pulls onto his elbows.

GAMBURG

This isn't an escort. It's a hit.

DANIEL

Bullshit.

GAMBURG

You've been doing this a long time.  
If you didn't feel something was  
off, you wouldn't have woken me.

DANIEL

You're gonna have to do better.

Gamburg turns. His eyes suddenly narrow. Half-lidded. Like an alligator. We switch to his P.O.V. to see...

...the Military men with the detachment of a predatory animal. Mind evaluating a thousand details a millisecond...

*His eyes tick to Red and Blue who are talking. Their posture. Their faces. Their mouths.*

GAMBURG

Escort's a permanent assignment.  
Why are they telling stories like  
they've just met?

*Gamburg's eyes move. Across each of military men's weapons -- tick, tick, tick. All different origins, stock and models.*

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Tight knit group would carry the  
same caliber arms in case they  
needed to share munition.

*His eyes tick one last time -- to GREEN. Down to his wrist. The tattoo across it.*

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

And if this is a team of Marines,  
why does one have Navy Seal ink?  
Would a special-op team mix  
branches?

The look on Daniel's face answers: No.

DR. KAPULE

What's he talking about?

Daniel waves the Doctor's question away.

DANIEL

Ordered by who?

GAMBURG

Doesn't matter. All that matters  
is that you believe me.

(pause)

Think motivation. Imagine the  
breadth of my actions and the  
probability of what I'm suggesting.

Daniel eyes the military men. Their posture. *Amped.*

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Whenever there's doubt, there is no  
doubt. Isn't that what they say?

The two men stare at each other. Locked in.

DANIEL

Why wait? Why not pop us the  
moment we took off?

GAMBURG

Pilots not in on it. Don't want to spook him till you have to.

DR. KAPULE

(to Daniel)

What's he talking about? I don't understand.

GAMBURG

(ignoring, to Daniel)

There are three of them and one of you. Take off these chains.

DANIEL

Will never happen.

INT. FORWARD SECTION, LOCKHEED C-130(MOVING) - AFTERNOON

The military men talk in whispered tones. Glancing at the pilot. Then back toward Daniel.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Daniel's eyes narrow. He turns to Dr. Kapule.

DANIEL

To handle the pilot and keep our guard down, they'll send one man back. First thing he'll do is control me. Put me face down.

(off Dr.'s shock)

Prisoner's chained and he won't see you as a threat.

DR. KAPULE

Wait. You believe him? You just said he manipulates people.

GAMBURG

The good Doctor's gonna have to pull his weight.

DANIEL

SHUT UP.

DR. KAPULE

What's he talking about?

Daniel turns to the Doctor. Takes a last remaining beat.

DANIEL

There's no other way to get the  
jump we need.

(locks eyes)

Soon as his gun is turned on me,  
you have to make a play for it.

DR. KAPULE

What?!

Daniel grips the Doctor's arm. Induces enough pain to get  
the doctor to focus.

DANIEL

Don't go for the gun itself. Go  
for the wrist of his shooting hand.

(pause)

I just need a second. That's it.

Dr. Kapule glances at the military men. He shakes slightly  
as Green breaks off from the pack, starts to head back.

DR. KAPULE

I'm a doctor. These men are  
trained killers, I don't know if I  
can do this.

GAMBURG

You don't, we all die.

Dr. Kapule looks at Gamburg, then back at Daniel. Desperate.

Daniel has no time to comfort Dr. Kapule as -- Green travels  
the length of the plane. A smile on his face.

GREEN

Fellas. Everything good?

DANIEL

Yeah, so far, so good.

Green doesn't waste time -- draws his gun, aims it at Daniel.

GREEN

Hands. Let me see them.

Daniel shows Green his hands.

GREEN (CONT'D)

On the floor. Hands in front.

Daniel starts to get on the ground.

DANIEL

You gonna shoot three unarmed men?

GREEN

Naw. Far as anyone's concerned...  
you shot the Doc and the prisoner.

(shrug)

So I had to put you down.

DANIEL

It's like that?

GREEN

Just like that.

Green gets close. Dr. Kapule's lip trembles. Now or never.

Daniel stays on his knees to keep the focus on him.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(to Daniel)

On the floor. All the way down!

The Doctor lunges. But stutters before finally committing. Green catches the movement out of his peripheral and...

*Everything that happens now -- happens fast:*

The Doctor desperately claws for Green's gun -- snags it. But Green is too well trained. In one swift move, he wrings his wrist free -- JAMS the gun to the Doctor's chin and --

-- blows the back of his head off.

The sacrifice is not wasted. Daniel is on Green -- inside the arc of the gun. Bringing his arm DOWN over his shoulder. Ligaments pop like champagne corks.

Daniel twists the gun from Green's useless arm -- FIRES -- and detonates the man's heart.

As Green drops -- Red and Blue immediately step forward -- their automatic rifles ablaze. Spraying bullets.

Daniel manages one shot -- striking Blue in the head -- before diving behind a container. Gamburg stays low -- presses against the metal armrest.

Red, the lone military man remaining -- sprays so much automatic fire, Daniel is unable to return.

Instead, he aims for a fire extinguisher -- hits it. The container explodes -- dousing Red -- potassium bicarbonate stinging his eyes --

-- forcing him to aim at random.

Daniel takes this window. His third bullet hits Red in the chest -- spins him. Finger still on the trigger as he corkscrews to the floor.

Red's bullets rake the control panel and -- the Pilot. His cerebellum on the windshield as he slumps onto the controls.

EXT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

The plane angles into a rapid decent.

Clouds swirling around the nose as it cuts through.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Daniel makes it down to the cockpit. Pulls the pilot sideways. Slides into the seat. Staring at the controls.

GAMBURG

(shouting)

Do you know what you're doing?

DANIEL

(shouting back)

Few hours in a single prop.

GAMBURG

I was trained on the Tupolev Tu-95  
and Antonov An-22, very similar.

Free me. I can land it.

Daniel pauses. That's the logical thing to do. It gives them the best chance to survive.

DANIEL

No.

Daniel would rather crash than free this animal.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Want to live? Talk me through it.

Gamburg's only play.

GAMBURG

Look for the altitude indicator. A miniature set of "wings" and a picture of the horizon. Use the wheel, level us out.

Daniel struggles with the control wheel. Barely manages to level the wings.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Now bring the nose up.

Daniel struggles with the wheel. Trying to bring it back.

DANIEL  
Control panel's fried and the  
wheel's fighting me.

*Gamburg slides off the bench -- lunging his legs out toward Red. He hooks the dead man's midsection with his feet.*

GAMBURG  
Any place you can put her down?

Daniel smears the windshield. A shoreline appears ahead. And a major city -- choked with buildings.

DANIEL  
Not on land.

GAMBURG  
We're coming down too fast anyway.

*Gamburg rolls Red over and sees two things of import:*

>> *A sheathed M9 Bayonet knife*

>> *A key chain with Gamburg's handcuff and chain keys.*

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
On the throttle, there's a  
secondary lever. Reverse thrust.

Gamburg only has 14" of play with his hands, so he pins the keys with his feet -- brings them up toward his hands.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Pull it toward you, aim for the  
water and manage the wheel.

DANIEL  
Then what?

GAMBURG  
Pray.

Ocean races toward them. Daniel reverse thrusts, yanks the wheel. Plane shaking like an 8.0 earthquake. He manages to level the plane, when suddenly -- nothing but blue.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The plane comes down HARD -- striking water with a horrific eruption of twisted metal and glass.

It goes under. Mass slowed by the water. Belly scraping the a coral reef before -- coming to rest on the ocean floor.

Plane completely vertical. Nose down.

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES - CONTINUOUS

Within seconds -- ocean pours inside with a striking force. Like a sonic boom. Blasting the length of the plane.

Daniel is dazed, staggered, but alive. Freezing water instantly revives him. As it fills -- he can see above.

The only exit is a portion of ripped hull, up by the tail.

Daniel moves for it, only -- he's stuck. The impact has jammed the seat belt harness. He pulls to no avail.

He glances up to see Gamburg now at the ripped opening. As they lock eyes -- Gamburg does something unexpected.

He drops the knife he took from Red -- as he exits the plane.

Daniel watches the knife float down, wondering if it's a hallucination from the on-set of asphyxia. He reaches out...

Catches the knife. *It's real.* He saws through the harness. Lungs on fire -- launches up. Out of the ripped hull.

He pulls himself up the tail and breaks the surface. Gasps. Spits. Coughs. New life sawing in and out of his lungs.

He slowly looks around. The shore is a mere 100 yards away.

He spots Gamburg -- almost on dry land.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - DAY

The crisis suite is cracking. Tia and Clarence's fingers are a blur on their respective key boards.

TIA

A quarter kilometer off the coast  
of Morocco.

JACOBS

Get me satellite. How long?

TIA  
Two minutes. I can get you pics,  
but no video.

JACOBS  
I want a live feed.

TIA  
Sir, it's Morocco.

JACOBS  
Somewhere, somehow there's a camera  
pointed in that direction. Find  
it. Hack a cell, tap the local  
news feed if you have to.  
(pause)  
I need to know if there are any  
survivors.

INT. SOUNDPROOF CONFERENCE ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Frosted, sound-proof glass envelopes a small room. At a long table, Director Hackman pours over satellite photos of the wreckage on a laptop.

Jacobs waits for a reaction. Finally...

JACOBS  
Radio was off, but we have about  
ten seconds of ambient audio from a  
rear headset left on...

Jacobs leans over, taps the keyboard.

VOICES are too faint to hear, but the gun rounds are clear:  
A SINGLE SHOT.

Then ANOTHER.

Then a cacophony of shots before the audio goes out.

HACKMAN  
We need to get a net over this.

JACOBS  
Two verified dead, no I.D. on  
either. Yet.  
(pause)  
We have to assume the other bodies  
are still in the fuselage.

Hackman puts a hand across his mouth and rubs upward, the flesh of his cheeks bunching around his eyes.

HACKMAN

How the hell am I gonna sell this to the Russian Directorate? That one of our men acted on his own.

JACOBS

You don't think Daniel was responsible.

HACKMAN

(exasperated)

Gamburg murdered his wife for Christ sake.

(faster, louder)

I relied on your judgement, Lee. "The wound was deep, not fresh." Those were your words to me.

(blurting)

You said we could trust him.

Jacobs has no response for this. Hackman is pacing.

JACOBS

If that turns out to be true, you know I'd get out in front before it ever got to you.

Hackman softens a bit.

HACKMAN

I know you would, son. But I made it into this chair by taking bullets, not dodging them.

(pause)

You've always been someone I can trust. That's how you made it into your chair.

(mind spinning)

We're in this together.

Jacobs nods to Hackman. This gesture means a lot to him.

JACOBS

I just can't get my head around it. If you knew Daniel's wife...she was practically a pacifist. He wouldn't sully her memory this way.

HACKMAN

We all have our missteps. You had an empathy and affection for this man and it clouded your judgement.

(pause)

My affection for you clouded mine.

Hackman dramatically waves all this away.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

We have to look forward. Top priority is stopping an epidemic.

JACOBS

We need Fredrickson. You have to renegotiate with the Russians.

HACKMAN

They were adamant about Gamburg. I can't make a move without a body. I need confirmation of his death before I can even pick up a phone.

Jacobs, for the first time, looks truly concerned.

JACOBS

We just had our first case jump state lines. This things is going wide. Confirmed case number is already over 10,000 and climbing.

HACKMAN

Then get me what I need. Fast.

EXT. BEACH, MORROCO - DAY

Sun heads for the horizon as Daniel barrels across the sand like a man possessed. Past shocked bystanders rubbernecking the wreckage.

*CHYRON: Habat, Morocco - 24 hours until exchange.*

EXT. STREET, MORROCO - DAY

Daniel makes the street. No sign of Gamburg. A thousand directions to go.

As Daniel moves, his wet clothes trail every movement with the wrong rhythm. He pulls at them and --

-- it hits him...

The open air market a block away.

He darts for it.

INT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Small, dirty buildings jammed together -- forming a giant rectangle. Inside: a block-long, block-wide open air MARKET.

Gamburg glides in and out of shoppers like another species.

A breathtaking catastrophe of colors, smells and sights.

Vendors everywhere. Selling clothing, spices, produce, etc. Teeming with people and adrenalized conversation.

Gamburg keeps his head down. His wet orange prisoner jump suit clings, makes it hard to move. He spots a clothing vendor in a heated argument with a customer.

INT. ENTRY, OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

Daniel enters the market and walks into culture shock. THWACK -- he jerks as a butcher hacks the head off a CHICKEN.

The headless chicken flops. Children laugh, chase it.

Daniel steps on a chair, looks for a pale face among the tan. Systematically scans the crowd and finds...

Gamburg NOW wearing a Muslim kufi hat and a gandora robe.

Daniel pulls out the gun jammed in his waistband. Takes the clip out -- ejects the round. Shakes water out. Blows into the barrel. Reinserts the clip and heads for...

GAMBURG

Who picks up someone moving a little too quickly through the crowd -- spots Daniel. Doesn't react. Doesn't run.

Instead, he turns to a middle aged SHORT WOMAN...

GAMBURG

As-salamu alaykum.

SHORT WOMAN

Wa alaykumu s-salam.

DANIEL

Approaches Gamburg at a booth lined with cone shaped piles of spices. Baharat, Paprika, Chilli Pepper -- each scooped into a pyramid nearly three feet tall.

Daniel jams a gun into his back.

DANIEL  
Hands in front.

Gamburg says nothing -- shows Daniel his hands.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Hands go where I can't see 'em and  
I put a bullet in your head.

Daniel roughly palms his shoulder and turns him to leave.  
Only...

...the woman Gamburg was talking to returns -- flanked by two members of the Moroccan police force. She's jabbing a finger at Daniel.

Whatever Gamburg told her -- has caused serious alarm. The fact that Daniel, a non-Muslim, has a gun pointed at Gamburg, looking indigenious in his gandora robe --

-- has only cemented the story.

The Policemen CHARGE.

Daniel realizes he's been played. Looks behind him. Two more police that way. There's only one option...

He swats a cone of red paprika which covers Gamburg's white gandora and -- BOLTS. Chest-plowing the packed crowd.

The police give chase.

He passes a vendor frying crumbed liver -- topples a container of oil -- causing a flash fire. The crowd reacts, bottleneaking the aisle.

Blocking the police.

Daniel disappears into a row of hanging rug vendors. Moves to the outer ring of buildings. Scales a 5-foot palate of boxes, then boosts himself the remaining distance to reach...

EXT. ROOFTOP, BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

...the roof. Eyes ticking -- stoned on adrenaline. Desperate to reacquire Gamburg and -- finds him! Standing out as among the mass as --

-- Daniel marked him with the red spice on the white robe.

Daniel stalks, wraith-like, across roof -- following Gamburg who heads the opposite way of the police.

But then suddenly -- Gamburg stops. Looks at his gandora. The red. And figures it out.

Smiles for a brief moment before -- ducking under a series of canopies and...

Out of sight.

DANIEL

Shit.

Daniel bolts to get a closer look. But Gamburg is gone. There are two exits on this side. Daniel scales to the ground and --

-- arrows for one.

No Gamburg. Streets in every direction. A tangle of alleyways. He runs to the other exit.

Still no Gamburg.

Only more police. Heading his way. He melts back into a moving crowd as the police pass, then spots a --

-- GERMAN COUPLE. The tourists agitatedly conversing in front of an empty parking space.

Daniel sprints to them...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Spreken ze English?

The husband looks up from his iPhone. Nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Your car was just stolen?

HUSBAND

Yes. Just now.

The Husband adjusts the Find-My-Phone feature on his iPhone.

WIFE

I left my phone in the car.

The Husband turns the tracking app so Daniel can see it...

HUSBAND

And I'm watching it go.

...Daniel SNATCHES the phone.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Hey--

Daniel holds a gun in his face. He backs down.

Daniel runs to a PORTLY MAN approaching an old Mercedes, keys jingling in his hand -- JAMS his gun in the man's face.

DANIEL

Keys.

INT. 1991 MERCEDES 190 (MOVING) - DAY

Daniel guns out of the parking lot -- cuts off a vehicle -- CLIPS another before taking a hard right. This old Mercedes is a tank.

Muslim beads sway from the rear view as Daniel holds the phone with the TRACKING APP. Zigging, zagging, desperately trying to catch up to Gamburg.

Suddenly --

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

-- a police car SLIDES behind him. It's brand new. Handles better. Quicker. Faster. It catches up easily.

INT. 1991 MERCEDES 190 (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Daniel floors it -- gaining speed before -- LOCKING up the brakes. The police car rear ends him -- hard -- its front end buckles like an accordion --

-- the newer car takes significantly more damage. Engine smoking as it stalls and veers off the side of the road.

Daniel leaves it behind.

EXT. MORROCO STREETS - DAY

Daniel catching up to the DOT representing Gamburg. Almost on him. Then on him and...nothing.

Daniel locks up his brakes. Leaps out of his car. Head on a swivel. Gamburg's nowhere to be found. Then he sees it --

-- the woman's Iphone. Against the curb. Cracked display.

Daniel falls to his haunches. Head in his hands.

EXT. TANGIER FERRY - DAY

Ferry service from Morocco to Spain. Gamburg leans against a building. Directly in front of him is a reflective glass.

Like a MIRROR.

His eyes tick from his reflection -- to a man walking. Does this over and over until he finds what he's looking for:  
*A passenger with the same complexion, hair, facial features.*

He watches him go into the bathroom. Follows him...

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

The man is against the urinal. Gamburg measures, then -- STRIKES him. Sweet spot between the ear and the temple. A simple knockout technique.

The man drops and Gamburg pulls him into a stall, takes what he needs: Passport, wallet, ferry ticket, protein bar.

Like a vulture, taking every thing of use.

EXT. MORROCO STREETS - DAY

Daniel unwraps a pay-as-you-go "burner" cell. DIALS.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - DAY

Jacobs prowls the room, paging through documents on a tablet. Tia and Clarence sort through petabytes of data. Then...  
...Tia spins in her chair.

TIA

Sir. I...

(blinks hard)

I've got Agent Farraday calling in.

Jacobs reins in shock. Jabs a finger at a hard-line.

JACOBS

Over there.

He moves to it, picks it up.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Daniel?

INTERCUT

DANIEL

It was a hit -- a set up -- the whole thing.

JACOBS

What happened?

DANIEL

The escort was a D-track team to take out Gamburg. They engaged. There were shots. I tried to control it, but it was chaos. The plane went down and the Doctor...

Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...they killed Kapule before I could even make a move.

JACOBS

Gamburg? Did he survive?

DANIEL

He and I were the only ones.

JACOBS

Do you have him?

DANIEL

I lost him. You gotta go to Hackman, get him to arrange a new exchange. Different prisoner.

JACOBS

Daniel...

DANIEL

They leave in the next few hours we can still make that exchange time--

JACOBS

Stop. Daniel, stop. Hackman is convinced you were the one that took down the plane.

DANIEL

What?!

JACOBS

I can handle that part, but let's face it, it's not exactly a leap in logic.

(pause)

(MORE)

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Bigger issue, I agree, is the virus and the exchange. But you have to understand -- Russia wants Gamburg. That was their guy. There was no best in show here.

DANIEL

What are you telling me?

JACOBS

I'm telling you this a corner you can't walk back around. You've got to find Gamburg.

DANIEL

He's in the wind. He could be anywhere.

JACOBS

And this is what you do. So do it.

DANIEL

What about support, how quickly can you patch a team?

JACOBS

It's going to take time.

DANIEL

How long?

JACOBS

This is an off-the-books "shadow-run," everything's back channel.

DANIEL

How long?

JACOBS

Vet a full tac team and get them to a roving location? 15, maybe 20 hours. It's time we don't have.

(long pause)

You're all we've got Daniel.

DANIEL

Christ...

JACOBS

You know Gamburg better than anyone. Walk it through. Work the problem.

Daniel re-focuses. This IS what he does. And does well.

DANIEL

Obvious motivation is family. He's got a wife and one son.

JACOBS

Where are they?

DANIEL

He put 'em into hiding when he was arranging his defection. No one knows where.

(thinking, thinking)

Met his wife in the States, but she's originally from Spain. Move would have been sudden -- he'd want to make her feel comfortable.

Daniel is moving, rushing for the car.

JACOBS

So he places her in Spain. That plays...

Jacobs eyes the map on one of the screens. Tip of Spain nearly touching Morocco.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Gibraltar is a ferry ride from where you are.

DANIEL

It's a start, but there's too much ground to cover.

Daniel hops in...

INT. 1991 MERCEDES 190 - DAY

...the car. Peels away.

JACOBS

I'll get you a contact list. All of Gamburg's known associates--

DANIEL

Don't bother. I know 'em by heart and he's too smart to make contact. He'll hit a stash or a go-bag, then head straight to his family.

JACOBS

Can you give me any parameters?

DANIEL  
Someplace off-grid and extremely  
insular. A tight knit community.

This triggers something.

FLASHBACK

*Gamburg leaning close to Daniel.*

GAMBURG  
*...there's an old gypsy saying,  
"You can't walk straight when the  
road is bent."*

END FLASHBACK

Daniel bolts up, ram-rod straight in the driver's seat.

DANIEL  
I need locations of Gypsy  
communities in Spain. Ones of  
influence.

JACOBS  
Hold up.  
(yells to Tia)  
Get me locations of gypsy  
communities in Spain.

Tia's fingers blur. She throws intel on the big screen.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
(to Daniel)  
We've got a pocket in Burgos, one  
in Tudela and one in Granada.

DANIEL  
Just the heavy hitters.

JACOBS  
(to Tia)  
Filter. Ones we have jackets on.

On big screen: two are eliminated, leaving -- Granada.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
(to Daniel)  
Granada.  
(MORE)

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
 Linked to some wet work in  
 Portugal, high level hacking,  
 pretty much everywhere.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL  
 Call you back.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL, SPAIN - DAY

Gamburg strolls through the halls of a cheap Spanish motel.  
 A strung-out couple hold each other up and giggle.

Loud music reverberates. He comes to a door. Knocks. No  
 Answer. Kicks it open.

A tattooed man sprawled across the bed. Whiskey bottle in  
 one hand. In the other, a cigarette with inches of ash. Lit  
 section almost to his fingers.

Gamburg gives him two exploratory smacks. The man doesn't  
 flinch. Out cold.

Gamburg kicks a leg off a chair. JAMS it into the wall five  
 times. Makes a circle. Strikes the center -- forms a hole.

Inside, nailed to the wooden support is his go-bag. He grabs  
 it. Dumps it on the bed.

Sorts it:

*SIG-Sauer P225 Handgun, several passports with matching  
 glycerin fingerprints, money, lighter, folded blade.*

He scoops the contents back in, is about to leave, but --  
 turns back and -- takes the cigarette out of the man's hand.  
 Puts it out in an ash tray.

A tiny, odd, kind gesture.

INT. DIRECTOR HACKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A well-appointed office. Hackman at his large Teak wood  
 desk. Jacobs over his shoulder.

HACKMAN  
 So Agent Farraday is alive. How do  
 you know he won't find Gamburg and  
 kill him? Finish the job.

JACOBS  
Daniel was a bystander.

HACKMAN  
You still have faith in this guy?

JACOBS  
I had faith...now I have proof.

Jacobs hands over a file.

Pics of the dead military men. Laid out on a boat.  
Retrieved from the wreckage.

HACKMAN  
These aren't our escorts.

JACOBS  
The team we authorized was sent a  
hacked crypt file that gave them a  
red light.  
(nods to pics)  
These guys took their place.

HACKMAN  
Who the hell are they?

JACOBS  
Professionals. Most of them off  
grid for the last ten years.

HACKMAN  
Then who sent 'em, goddamnit?

JACOBS  
Maybe a leak out of Fort Bragg?  
They were in charge of the escort.  
(pause)  
Gamburg did damage here, but the  
intel he procured over the years  
cost a hundred times the number in  
enlisted men.  
(pause)  
There's no shortage of people that  
want this guy dead.

Hackman leans back, rubs his face.

HACKMAN  
This whole op is fire-walled. From  
now on everything stays in-house.

JACOBS

Agreed. There's only one priority and that's the exchange.

(pause)

So, I need you on board with the idea that as of right now...Daniel is our only shot at Gamburg.

HACKMAN

The guy with the most motivation to put Gamburg in the ground.

Beat.

JACOBS

I trust him.

Hackman turns to the graphic of the U.S. -- more RED.

The scattering of dots has moved into Maryland, West Virginia and North Carolina. Sporadic dots in various other states.

Graphic at bottom: *TOTAL CONFIRMED CASES -- 15,004*

HACKMAN

I hope so. Hell of a lot of lives are counting on it.

INT. 1991 MERCEDES 190 (MOVING) - DUSK

Twilight. The cloudless sky now the color of an old bruise as Daniel dials his cell. Speeding down freeway.

INT. G.W. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tara, in nurse scrubs -- RUSHES into the break room -- an OLDER NURSE holding the door for her. The hospital is in pandemonium. New infected patients pouring in.

OLDER NURSE

I've got to get back out there.  
Just relax, get your head together.

Tara nods. The Older Nurse pauses, then heads out. Door slamming behind her.

Tara pulls off her gear: *Evolve safety glasses and a N95 Respirator mask. Leaves her latex gloves on.*

Sweat bubbles her forehead. Exhausted.

The break room TV plays the news...

ON SCREEN: A sick five year old girl. Parents weeping as the child shivers.

Tara turns away -- grabs an energy bar out of her locker, takes a rushed bite. Hand shaking. She makes a fist.

Her phone RINGS. Tara pulls herself together. Answers...

TARA

Hello?

INTERCUT

DANIEL

Hey, it's me. How are things at the hospital?

It's so LOUD outside, Tara has to cup her free ear.

TARA

It's...not good. It's sloppy and chaotic. We just don't have the resources or the capacity for this kind of surge.

DANIEL

What's the count?

TARA

"Reported" is going to push twenty thousand before the end of the day.

DANIEL

Jesus.

Long beat.

TARA

What is this, Daniel? Some sort of biological attack?

DANIEL

I can't say.

TARA

Just tell me this -- what are the short-term chances of a vaccine?

Beat.

DANIEL

Tara, I'm sorry.

TARA  
Can't you tell me...something?

Daniel, for a split second weighing his obligation as an agent vs. giving her hope. The former always wins...

DANIEL  
Just promise me you'll do whatever it takes not to expose yourself.

She starts to sob.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

She turns over her left hand. Beneath the latex glove..

A NexCare Antiseptic Adhesive Gauze pad on her palm.

*A tiny dot of blood visible.*

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
You haven't been exposed have you?

Her continued silence is all the confirmation he needs.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
How?

TARA  
Needle.

Daniel doesn't answer.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Daniel?

DANIEL  
I'm here, I'm just processing this.

Tara looks out at complete chaos outside the door.

TARA  
Me too.

She waits for Daniel to say something. Then...

TARA (CONT'D)  
I should go. I need to inform the rest of the staff and...  
(composing)  
It's insane here, I want to do what I can to help before the onset of any symptoms.

Daniel grips the steering wheel.

DANIEL  
 Just stay strong. I'm doing  
 everything I can.  
 (pause)  
 Trust me.

Tara wipes her eyes, gets to her feet.

TARA  
 The problem's never been me  
 trusting you, Daniel.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Daniel hangs up. Tosses the cell aside. The deja vu of ANOTHER woman he loves dying, threatens to overwhelm him.

He shakes it off. Does what he always does. Focuses on the job. Letting it over take all thought. Floors the car.

EXT. MERCEDES SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

The moon floats across the sky like a milky-white cataract.

Gamburg crests a hill and stares at the village below. This is Spain's "Gypsy Quarter."

*CHYRON: Granada, Spain -- 21 hours until exchange.*

Dwellings on the hillside are carved out of the hard-packed lime soil. Built into the rolling mountainside.

EXT. VILLAGE, GYPSY QUARTER - NIGHT

Night time, but the village is a hive of activity. Kids running around. Women, cooking, talking.

As Gamburg walks through, all heads turn. Everyone knows everyone. And Gamburg is an outsider.

Four giant, hulking gypsy MEN approach. Block Gamburg from going further.

*All dialogue in Spanish, subtitled.*

GAMBURG  
 I'm here to see Brishan.

The LARGEST MAN takes a step closer.

LARGE MAN

Why?

GAMBURG

Tell him Gamburg is here for my family.

The man motions and Gamburg puts his arms out to be searched.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

I'm unarmed.

The man checks his pockets and pulls out: passport, money clip, two rolls of quarters. Shows it to his cohort.

*Gamburg's clean.*

INT. GYPSY QUARTER, CAVE - NIGHT

Gamburg is led -- gypsy men in front and rear -- into a cave.

Through winding hallways and into...

INT. DINING AREA, CAVE, GYPSY QUARTER - NIGHT

...a dining area. The walls rise to a curved ceiling. On every inch of wall is a picture. Shrine to family and past.

On glass shelves sits an Ipod and speakers. Pumping a slow Vengo flamenco tune.

In the center is a handcrafted wood table with twenty chairs pushed under.

At the head is...

DRINA. Late 50's. Beautiful once, now regal. Long curly hair streaked grey. She wears a silk top and long, flowing skirt. Sipping rabbit stew.

The largest of the two giant men toss the contents of Gamburg's pockets on the table.

LARGE MAN

Clean. No weapons.

Gamburg squints at Drina, then to the man.

GAMBURG

I said I need to talk to Brishan.

DRINA

That's my husband. He's dead.  
 (sets her spoon down)  
 I am the matriarch. This is my  
 village.

GAMBURG

I'm looking for my wife and son.

DRINA

And I care why?

GAMBURG

Because a deal was struck with  
 Brishan. For protection.

DRINA

Any deal you had with Brishan, died  
 with Brishan.

Gamburg's eye twitches, just slightly.

DRINA (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter. They are not here.

GAMBURG

Where are they?

Drina offers a condescending shrug, starts to eat her soup.

Long, uncomfortable beat. Finally...

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

What exactly is the point of what  
 you're doing? This indifference.  
 (nods to men)  
 Is it for their benefit?

Drina shoves her soup away. Leans back. Anger sweeping  
 across her face.

But a look in Gamburg's gives her pause. Almost subsonic,  
 like a dog-whistle promising violence.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

I understand the need to convey  
 strength. But it's unnecessary.

Drina nods to the giant Gypsy men that tower over Gamburg.  
 They finger their guns. Wait for Drina's orders.

DRINA

You are unarmed and overwhelmed.  
 It is you who are unnecessary.

Gamburg shows no response. His mind going to another place.

We switch to his P.O.V. and see the room -- *as he sees it.*

Audio collapses. Parts of the room fade. Eyes measuring the distance between objects.

DRINA (CONT'D)

Now leave, my soup is getting cold.

Gamburg NODS to Drina. Grabs his passport, money clip, and -- two rolls of quarters.

*Everything that happens now, happens fast. It's not graceful or flashy. Just brutal and beautiful...*

Gamburg elbows the first man, uses the recoil to morph the roll of quarters into make shift brass knuckles as --

-- his now weighted fist DETONATES the second man's nose. Which caves in like wet clay.

Gamburg then kicks the man -- evicting him into the GLASS shelves which shatter. Then spins just as ---

-- the first man recovers. Gamburg's arm FLASHES, a HALF-FIST like the head of a viper -- striking the man's throat -- then dropping him with a weighted fist.

In seconds, the two huge men are face down. Immediately, more armed Gypsy men pour in, but --

-- Gamburg is already behind Drina. Glass shard to her neck.

DRINA (CONT'D)

Those were two of my best.

GAMBURG

I meant it when I said all of this is unnecessary. Tell me what I need to know and we can be...friends.

Drina smiles. She didn't get this far without being pragmatic. She motions for her men to leave. They do.

DRINA

I could use more friends like you.

Gamburg drops the glass shard.

DRINA (CONT'D)

Your family never arrived.

GAMBURG  
They never showed up?

DRINA  
No. Never.

Gamburg scans her face, her posture...everything.  
He believes what she's saying.

DRINA (CONT'D)  
I was aware of the agreement and we  
were prepared for their arrival,  
but then...nothing.  
(pause)  
That's the last I heard.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - NIGHT

Gamburg is floored. For the first time, he looks worried.  
His mind drifting.

*Which is the only way he'd have allowed what happens next:*

He leans against the car. Head to the roof. Contemplating  
his next move when -- a gun is JAMMED to his head.

DANIEL  
Keep your hands on the roof.

Daniel pats him down.

GAMBURG  
In the car. Glove box.

DANIEL  
Get in.

Gamburg slowly gets in. Daniel slide into the back seat.  
Gun trained forward the entire time.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Drive.

Gamburg keys the ignition. Starts to put on his seatbelt.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Leave it off.

Gamburg lets go of the seat belt.

GAMBURG  
Where to?

DANIEL  
Toulouse, France.

Gamburg cocks an eyebrow. Drives away.

INT. MERCEDES SUV (MOVING) - LATER

Daniel levels his gun at Gamburg drives down the lonely freeway. Road, field, and sky, all seems to blend here.

DANIEL  
Where's your wife and son?

GAMBURG  
They never made it.

They travel in silence for a few moments, then...

DANIEL  
Do they know what you do? Murder people for a living.

GAMBURG  
You say that as if you've never killed or had someone killed.

DANIEL  
When it comes to terrorists, I don't care if they're captured or loaded dead on a stretcher. Bad guy comes off the board, I feel good.

GAMBURG  
It's a matter of perspective. Americans were terrorists to the British.

DANIEL  
You kill innocent people.

GAMBURG  
Again. Your perspective. Which you might need to rethink.

Daniel doesn't respond.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
I take responsibility for my actions. I've done what guilty men do and prayed for forgiveness.

DANIEL

You think God gives a shit about guys like us? Maybe you need to rethink that.

Gamburg gives a slight shake of his head.

GAMBURG

I just spent seven years in a hole, how can I be more optimistic than you?

DANIEL

Maybe you've forgotten how bad it is out here. Or worse, forgotten the things you've done are beyond forgiveness.

Gamburg slowly presses the gas pedal down. *Speeding up.*

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Slow down.

GAMBURG

There was only one person in the entire Bible Jesus ever promised a place in Paradise. A convicted thief, about to be executed.

Gamburg continues to accelerate...

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

There's no erasing what I've done, but I can make penance. Be a father to my son, a husband to my wife--

DANIEL

Wrong.

Daniel's face flushes with anger. Triggered.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're going home a traitor, an embarrassment. They're going to bury you in a Siberian prison.

GAMBURG

You still don't get it. And I don't have time to explain it to you.

With this, he violently JERKS the wheel -- Daniel reflexively FIRES, but the palsied bullet goes off-target as --

-- the car slides sideways -- avoiding a head-on collision, but catching the curb and FLIPPING into the air --

-- landing with a detonation of steel and constellation of glass. The world twisting, blurring. Dust and smoke obscuring vision until the car SLAMS to a stop. Roof down.

Daniel slides forward. Bleeding from the head. Jerks his gun, but...

Gamburg is unconscious.

Daniel climbs out of the car. Sits next to the driver side. Gun still pointed at Gamburg.

He dials his cell with a throbbing, swelling hand.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

Everyone's exhausted. Jacobs sorts through intel as Tia and Clarence gather more.

Hackman looms. A specter in the background. Rocking on his heels in a thinking posture.

TIA

It's Agent Farraday.

Jacobs walks over, hits speaker.

JACOBS

Daniel?

INTERCUT

DANIEL

(strained)

I got him.

JACOBS

You got Gamburg?!

DANIEL

Yeah. I...got him.

Daniel looks around. He's in the middle of nowhere.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I don't have my coordinates. But I need transpo. Can you arrange?

JACOBS

Transpo I can do, finding you now.

Jacobs snaps his fingers at Clarence.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
You have his position?

CLARENCE  
Triangulating. 30 seconds.

Up on the screen -- a map. The space shown shrinks and shrinks as they triangulate Daniel's cell.

Finally arrive on the spot.

JACOBS  
I've got you.

Hackman presses beside Jacobs. Leans in.

HACKMAN  
Daniel, this is Director Hackman.  
(pause)  
Can you keep your thumb on the  
prisoner for the next hour?

DANIEL  
Absolutely.

HACKMAN  
The men we send aren't going to  
have a cleared flight plan. This  
is going to be in and out.  
(quickly)  
Find some place safe, secluded and  
contained. We'll send you the  
details.

DANIEL  
Yes sir.

HACKMAN  
And Agent Daniels...  
(pause)  
...Nice job.

DANIEL  
Thank you sir.

Hackman hangs up the phone. Watches Jacobs go to work...

JACOBS  
(to Tia)  
How long to get a helo on that  
mark?

TIA

We've got a pilot about an hour south. Civilian, though, if it gets hot--

JACOBS

Send him. I want a new shelter, someplace near the French border. I want an easy ride to the exchange tomorrow.

TIA

(nods)

We've got a flat in Pamplona. But there's no "housekeeper."

JACOBS

Good. Perfect. Get it going.

(to Clarence)

Get me a real time feed, I don't care what you have to do, I'll take the heat.

Jacobs turns to Hackman and exhales.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

(re: Daniel)

He's good.

HACKMAN

(shakes his head)

Lucky. But, I'll take it.

He winks at Jacobs and starts to head away...

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

I'll clear the rest of my day. I'm going to camp here till this thing is done.

Jacobs nods as Hackman exits, spins back to Tia and Clarence...

JACOBS

Clarence. Give me good news.

CLARENCE

Only thing with the right orbit position is a ARS satellite.

JACOBS

Which is what exactly?

CLARENCE  
 Agricultural Research Service.  
 There's a catch. It's a only  
 thermal image.

Beat.

JACOBS  
 Beggars and choosers. Just do it.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Daniel drags Gamburg by the wrists, next to a large sugar  
 cane field.

A hundred yards away are two large V-roof wooden barns.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A welt rises on the side of Gamburg's forehead. He slowly  
 comes to -- blinks hard. Realizes his feet and legs are  
 bound with rope. Daniel sits before him.

GAMBURG  
 If nothing else, you deserve a  
 medal for restraint.  
 (adjust himself)  
 Whoever you're swapping me for must  
 be important.

DANIEL  
 (ignoring)  
 You said before you didn't have  
 time to explain things. Now you  
 do. So explain.

GAMBURG  
 First tell me about the swap.  
 (off Daniel's silence)  
 At least tell me who he is. I'll  
 be walking past him anyway.

DANIEL  
 Damien Fredrickson.

GAMBURG  
 The chemist? Why?  
 (Daniel doesn't respond)  
 At this point, what's it hurt?

DANIEL  
A bioweapon he created was  
discharged.

GAMBURG  
Where?

DANIEL  
Washington D.C.

GAMBURG  
Viral?  
(off Daniel's nod)  
You need Fredrickson to create the  
vaccine.

DANIEL  
Yes.

GAMBURG  
Now I understand.

DANIEL  
Understand what?

GAMBURG  
Why you haven't put a bullet in my  
head yet.

Daniel turns away. There's nothing on earth he'd rather do.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Why are we here?

DANIEL  
Transpo's being arranged.

GAMBURG  
The last transpo is sitting at the  
bottom of the ocean.

DANIEL  
That was military sourced.  
(pause)  
Director Hackman's got his hands on  
this now. No more leaks.

Gamburg sits up right. Concern crossing his face.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

Hackman and Jacobs stare at the big screen. A real time  
satellite view -- thermal imaging. Warm bodies in red.

HACKMAN  
Real-time feed?

JACOBS  
Close. It's thermal and there's a  
30 second delay.

The image is grainy and blinks in and out.

A top view of the farm.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Gamburg leans forward. Eyes wide.

GAMBURG  
Hackman?

DANIEL  
Yeah.

GAMBURG  
When is the extraction?

DANIEL  
Within the hour.  
(checks watch)  
Few minutes.

GAMBURG  
How are they tracking your  
location?

Daniel holds up his burner cell.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Leave the phone. We need to go.

Gamburg tries to get up, but -- Daniel KICKS his legs out.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Listen to me very carefully. You  
can't trust Hackman.

DANIEL  
Right. But you, I should trust.

GAMBURG  
There's a more at play than you  
realize. He and I have history. A  
lot of it.

DANIEL  
Meaning what?

GAMBURG  
We don't have time for this. We  
need to move.

Daniel leans back. Gets comfortable. Gamburg frowns,  
anxious.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
(blurting)  
He was my source.  
(off Daniel's look)  
And I was his.

DANIEL  
You trying to tell me the director  
of the CIA is a double?

GAMBURG  
No, he never worked for our side,  
nor I for yours.  
(pause)  
We used each other. I was ruthless  
in my ambition. So was he. And we  
realized we could each benefit the  
other. It was quid pro quo.  
(pause)  
It started slow at first. Little  
bits of intel that helped us rise  
through the ranks, but--

DANIEL  
Bullshit.

Daniel gets up, agitated.

GAMBURG  
...the higher we climbed, the  
bigger the bits became. Partial  
NOC lists, timelines for strategic  
initiatives, just enough to  
continue our trajectory--

DANIEL  
You're being forced back to a  
country you tried to defect from.  
You'll say anything.

GAMBURG  
I did consider defecting. I even  
went to the hotel that night. And  
yes, I saw your wife.

Beat.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

But after she confirmed my arrival,  
I couldn't go through with it.

(looks at Daniel)

I was in the elevator when I heard  
the explosion.

DANIEL

You're saying it was Hackman?  
Trying to silence you?

GAMBURG

He had me picked up before I got  
out of the lobby. It was easy to  
shift blame for the explosion.

Daniel paces. Using his training to push away everything  
Gamburg's saying. No matter how enticing or compelling.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

I'm not running from you, Daniel.  
I'm running from all of it.

(pause)

Defection or not -- with what I  
have on Hackman...if I go back to  
Russia, I won't go home a traitor --  
I'll go home a hero.

Daniel leans against the wall. Could everything he's built  
his life on for the last seven years...be a lie?

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Maybe it's all misdirection and  
manipulation. Maybe the last seven  
years of your life weren't a lie.

(pause)

You've been doing this a long time.  
Isn't it a little too perfect?  
You...on that plane with me?

This last thought is one Daniel can't sweep away.

He tosses his cell phone on the ground. Swipes a utility  
knife -- cuts Gamburg's legs free and JERKS him to his feet.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Daniel roughly SHOVES Gamburg out of the barn. It's nearly  
pitch black. Gamburg stumbles over something, falls.

Daniel jerks him up. Pushes him forward.

They head toward the second barn, a hundred yards ahead, when...a BUZZING. Daniel turns, the only light is coming from the dotted stars and hazy moon.

Buzzing grows louder. LOUDER.

GAMBURG  
That's no helo.

Daniel is suddenly worried for the first time. He shoves Gamburg.

DANIEL  
MOVE.

They both start to jog, when...

...an MQ-9 Reaper Drone appears in silhouette -- a steel dragonfly juxtaposed in front of the moon. It's GORGON EYE (hi-tech surveillance camera) winking as...

Daniel and Gamburg break into a sprint, but -- THA-WHOOSH -- a low-grade hellfire missile strikes the barn they left and --

-- EXPLODES in a storm of swirling debris and wood -- launching Daniel into Gamburg and sending both to the ground.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

Jacobs and Hackman watch the screen as the thirty second delayed stream plays out...

Suddenly, the two red thermal figures of Daniel and Gamburg can be seen coming out of the barn. Running.

JACOBS  
What the...?

The giant flare of the missile screams in and then -- the entire screen flares white.

Jacobs stands there. Mouth agape.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Silence chokes the room.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck just happened?  
Somebody start talking.

CLARENCE  
Some sort of missile. Maybe  
shoulder launched.

TIA  
Not at that angle. Had to be a  
drone.

They look at the screen and as the thermal display slowly  
adjusts back to normal we see -- two thermal human images.

CLARENCE  
Sir. We've got two thermal images.  
Still alive.

Hackman jabs a finger at Tia and Clarence.

HACKMAN  
Support staff, clear the room.

They look at Jacobs, confused.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)  
What are you looking at him for --  
I said OUT! Come on, let's go.

Tia and Clarence quickly exit the room.

JACOBS  
We had a closed loop. Every line  
secure, there's no way this was a  
military...

Jacobs looks at Hackman. They are too close. Know each  
other too well. Like father and son.

HACKMAN  
Sit down.  
(Jacobs doesn't move)  
I said...sit.

Jacobs slowly sits down.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Gamburg struggles to his feet, looks at what's left of the  
barn as the ringing in his ears subsides. Beside him, a long  
piece of metal shrapnel from the barn.

Stuck in the earth like a jagged edged spear.

As he rakes the rope binding his hands against the serrated  
edge -- a hand grabs his ankle.

Daniel, still reeling, lies prostrate on the ground. Having taken the brunt of the explosion. A blade of pain cutting temple to temple, dividing his brain like an orange.

He hangs onto Gamburg with what little strength he has left.

Gamburg kicks out of Daniel's grip. Leans down and picks up his gun. He turns to Daniel. Could easily kill him.

GAMBURG

I've done a lot of terrible things  
and I may be beyond redemption...  
but I didn't kill your wife.

Daniel forces himself to his feet, tries to take a step, but collapses. Dazed. Possibly concussed.

Gamburg starts to leave...

DANIEL

Wait.

Gamburg pauses.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You don't make that exchange and a  
hundred thousand people die. Maybe  
more.

(Gamburg turns)

You said you wanted your life to  
have meaning. That you were  
willing to make penance.

(pause)

Come with me to the exchange. Save  
those people.

Beat.

GAMBURG

My family means more.  
(off Daniel's look)  
Tell me you wouldn't do that same.

Gamburg starts to walk away. Daniel blurts out, desperate...

DANIEL

What if I helped you secure your  
family. Would you come with me to  
the exchange?

Daniel looks up at Gamburg. Ashamed at having to ask. Confused by everything he thought he knew being torn apart.

Gamburg looks back, sees the desperation in Daniel's eyes.

Then considers this sliver of a chance to save his soul.

GAMBURG  
How much time do you have?

DANIEL  
(looks at watch)  
14 hours.

GAMBURG  
I can't promise that's enough.

DANIEL  
I'm out of options.

Gamburg turns and offers Daniel a hand up. A sight so incomprehensible just hours earlier.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Can I have my gun back?

Gamburg stares at him.

GAMBURG  
Still don't trust me?

DANIEL  
My dad had me stand on the mantel when I was five and said, "I'll catch you." I jumped, my dad moved his arms and I knocked out my two front teeth.  
(pause)  
As he walked off to get a beer, he said, "Don't trust anyone."

Gamburg shakes his head.

GAMBURG  
You were bred for tradecraft.

He points the gun at Daniel for a tense beat -- then flips it in his hand and extends it to him -- handle first.

INT. 2ND BARN - NIGHT

Gamburg throws back the doors to the remaining barn.

Farming gear and an old Ford Bronco -- modified with larger tires, tougher suspension. Built to pull weight and handle the rough local terrain.

Gamburg looks in -- no keys. He leans across the seat.

GAMBURG

Talk about trust, my first years in the KGB, I worked with a partner.

(thinking)

Strange guy. Doused his knives with rat poison -- keeps blood from coagulating. Anyway...

He yanks out the bottom of the dash. Pulls wires free.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

...we had a code word. If either of us said it, the other was to just start shooting. No matter how innocent the situation seemed.

(pause)

You had to be willing to kill someone on the other's hunch.

(pause)

Now that's trust.

Gamburg finds the wires he needs, strips them.

DANIEL

What was the word?

Gamburg sees Daniel slowly snapping out of his daze.

GAMBURG

Neesh-TOH. It means "nothing."

DANIEL

I'd never remember that.

GAMBURG

You have something better?

DANIEL

Baltimore.

GAMBURG

Why Baltimore?

DANIEL

(shrugs)

Where I was born.

GAMBURG

You're right. That is better.

Gamburg connects the wires and -- the engine starts.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

Jacobs is even more stunned after Hackman's explanation.

JACOBS

You wanted Daniel on that plane. I practically begged you for it.

(pause)

You were playing me all along.

HACKMAN

I was protecting you.

JACOBS

What I see is you protecting you.

HACKMAN

You're goddamn right!

(composes himself)

Like it or not, the two go hand in hand.

Jacobs stares straight ahead. He's built for this, but it's still a lot to take in.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

It's not like you haven't made any missteps over the years. Every time you came to me, blood on your hands, I washed it clean. I've been your Kevlar for the last 15 years.

JACOBS

I know.

(off Hackman's look)

I know.

HACKMAN

We -- BOTH of us -- live and make our meal in the ambiguity.

(pause)

So what I need from you right now is loyalty that's absolute.

He jabs his finger at the two thermal images on screen.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

Because there's a dangling thread threatening to unravel this whole agency.

(pacing)

Imagine a scandal that reaches to the top?

(MORE)

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

They'll turn this place into a fire sale.

(pause)

I've got 16 months till retirement. Is that the agency you want to take over?

JACOBS

No.

Hackman points to...

The red thermal images of Daniel and Gamburg.

HACKMAN

Then we need to erase these two red smudges.

Jacobs nods.... his morality swirling... searching for an internal rationale to stabilize it.

JACOBS

What about the virus?

HACKMAN

I will make that right.

(off his look)

We'll arrange another exchange. Gamburg isn't the only high value Russian target we've got tucked away.

(off Jacobs' look)

I will empty every blacksite we have until they say yes. You have my word.

(long pause)

I need to know that you're with me.

Hackman puts a hand on either of Jacob's shoulders. The way a father touches a son.

He looks him in the eyes...waiting for an answer.

JACOBS

I'm with you.

HACKMAN

Good. I want you on a plane in the next half hour.

(pause)

You're the only person in the world Daniel is going to trust right now. I need you to make contact... and do what's necessary.

Beat.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)  
Can you do that?

Beat.

JACOBS  
Yes.

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Daniel pilots the car down a the road. Eyes the speeding asphalt. Everything he knew -- a lie.

The mountain range rises in front of them. Terraced villages hug the hills.

GAMBURG  
Mountains remind me of Mount Elbrus back in Russia. Gorgeous, always snow capped.  
(pause)  
So much beauty in my country that never makes it on the news.

DANIEL  
You love it so much, what drove you to defect?

GAMBURG  
National Geographic.

DANIEL  
Say again?

GAMBURG  
An article. There's a parasitic wasp that will sting a spider into temporary paralysis then lay eggs in its abdomen. Spider goes back to work -- the larvae grow inside.  
(pause)  
But, on the night the larvae molt, they chemically induce the spider to change its behavior. Make it spin a cocoon for them.  
(nods)  
When spider's done, larvae consume it and slip inside. It was fascinating how easily the parasite manipulated its host.

Beat.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

But when I finished the article, I  
just sat there thinking, that's me.  
(looks at Daniel)  
I'm the spider.

DANIEL

(pause, pondering)  
Why even join the KGB in the first  
place?

GAMBURG

Circumstance. I grew up with no  
father and a mother forced into  
prostitution to pay his debts.  
(pause)  
If I'd worked in a bank, I would've  
robbed it. If I had access to  
dope, I'd have sold drugs. I joined  
the KGB because I needed money.

DANIEL

Not very patriotic.

GAMBURG

Patriotism is the last refuge of  
the scoundrel.

DANIEL

So that's it then. Gonna bury all  
your guns in the backyard?

Gamburg stares straight ahead again. Beat.

GAMBURG

I've no qualms about killing, but  
I'll only do it again for reasons I  
find just.

Daniel glances at Gamburg in a different light. No longer  
the devil himself. Or evil incarnate. *Just a man.*

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - NIGHT

Hackman prowls the crisis suite. Tia and Clarence are back,  
but he's taken over the operation personally.

HACKMAN

There is nothing, I repeat nothing  
other than securing Farraday and  
the prisoner.

(MORE)

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

We've got a lot of lives riding on it, so let's find another gear.

(pause)

These two are on the move, which means they can be found.

(snaps fingers)

Toll booths, service stations, I want every camera we can get our hands on.

(pause)

Any suggestions, spit 'em out.

Clarence spins in his chair...

CLARENCE

Spanish CNI is using a beta facial recognition program, it's really good.

HACKMAN

Can we get in on it?

Clarence thinks, then...

CLARENCE

Yes sir, but I can't promise I won't leave a footprint.

HACKMAN

Don't care. Do it.

(to Tia)

We'll need a new legend for both of them. Something big enough to trigger CNI, small enough not show up global.

(quickly adding)

If Russia gets wind, they'll send their own team after Gamburg.

CLARENCE

Bank robbery?

(Hackman's thinking)

I can create the incident on the French side, push word they've been spotted crossing the border. CNI should send it local.

HACKMAN

(nods)

Let's try it.

Clarence spins back.

Gets to work.

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Highway A41 to Madrid. They roll up to a toll both...

...toss money in and the arm raises. Daniel looks up to see a surveillance camera. He floors the car forward.

Mountains rising on either side of them.

DANIEL

Who's this guy we're going to see?

GAMBURG

Name is Felix. We did a lot of business together. Small time, but he's dependable and can handle himself.

(pause)

I paid him to take my wife and son to Granada and make sure they were safe while I sorted out the defection process.

DANIEL

But they never got there.

GAMBURG

My wife can be very strong willed.

(smiles fondly)

She must have insisted on going someplace else. She always thinks she knows best.

DANIEL

But, this Felix guy should know where they are?

GAMBURG

Yes.

INT. LEARJET MODEL 35 (AIRBORNE) - NIGHT

Jacobs sits alone in the CIA private jet. A section in the back with restraints -- haunted by hundreds of rendition victims.

Jacobs watching a wall of TV screens -- each displaying a different news channel.

He UN-mutes one of the channels.

ON SCREEN: *a female REPORTER in a hospital mask, making her way through -- Norton Hospital in Louisville Kentucky.*

*Every inch choked with people in various stages of illness from the virus. Packed waiting areas. Overwhelmed hospital rooms with eight beds apiece.*

They have their own graphic signifying the ill -- while the largest concentration is in Washington, the dots are now in every state on the eastern side of the country.

At the bottom, a graphic scroll shows...

TOTAL REPORTED CASES: 53,784

Jacobs stares at it. Unblinking.

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Daniel pilots the Bronco down the road. They pass a sign for Puerto de las Palomas, a mountain pass. One mile ahead.

GAMBURG

You never remarried.

This wasn't a question, but Daniel still shakes his head no.

DANIEL

There is someone, but...

Daniel trails off, not wanting to get into it.

GAMBURG

You keep screwing it up.

DANIEL

(changing subject)

How far back does this thing go, with you and Hackman?

The Puerto de las Palomas pass is just visible now.

The road serpentine -- like a ribbon draped back and forth -- slowly working its way down the high elevation.

GAMBURG

What's her name?

DANIEL

What?

(following)

Tara. Forget that. Tell me about Hackman. Was it just you? Was he into other KGB agents?

GAMBURG  
You care for this woman?

DANIEL  
(exhales, annoyed)  
Yes.

GAMBURG  
The first woman you've had real  
feelings for since your wife?  
(off Daniel's look)  
Have you told her?

DANIEL  
No.

GAMBURG  
Why?

DANIEL  
None of your fucking business is  
why. All of a sudden we're  
friends?

GAMBURG  
Friends, enemies. In this  
business, the difference is nearly  
imperceptible.

Daniel adjusts himself in the seat. This is a sore spot.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Why can't you tell her?

DANIEL  
Because I'm an asshole. I flinch.

GAMBURG  
Why do you flinch?

DANIEL  
Who cares? It doesn't matter--

GAMBURG  
Wrong.  
(shakes his head)  
It's the only thing that matters.

Beat.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
Why can't you tell her?

DANIEL

(bursting)

Because she loves me and I'm not strong enough to love her back.

(softer)

Most times I look at her and I hate myself--

Daniel bites off the rest of the sentence. Beat.

GAMBURG

I understand. Believe me I do.

(pause)

At some point on your road you have to turn around and face the past before it catches you from behind and leaves you bleeding in a ditch.

DANIEL

I don't know how.

GAMBURG

You can't be honest with her about your job so be honest about what's in your heart. That's more than enough.

Daniel looks up. There's a reluctant hint of vulnerability in his eyes.

DANIEL

She has the virus.

Before Gamburg can respond -- LIGHTS flash behind them -- police lights, two cruisers as they hit --

-- the Puerto de las Palomas mountain pass. The long winding road they will have to take to get down the mountain.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(checking rearview)

Was five under the speed limit.

GAMBURG

Multiple cruisers for a routine stop?

DANIEL

Not likely.

GAMBURG

You've got two options. Pull over, give me the gun and *let me do what I do*.

(MORE)

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

(pause)  
Or lose them.

Daniel GUNS the Bronco, the V8 engine lurches the four wheel drive SUV forward. The police hit their sirens. Pursue.

Daniel makes the first turn. Sharp. Hairpin. Designed to reduce speed. The Bronco is big, bulky and has a wide turning radius.

The trucks tires SCREAM -- reaching the limits of adhesion.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

You won't out run them.  
(pause)  
I'd get creative.

The police have Citroen Xsara Picassos - small, fast, agile. They take the turns easily -- eating giant chunks of road and catching up.

They flank the Bronco -- Daniel swerves to clip one, but it's too quick -- it pulls back.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Look...

Gamburg motions down the mountain. Serpentineing their way UP toward them -- are two more police cars.

DANIEL

Shit.

A police car behind them tries to pass, but Daniel cuts it off -- then takes another hairpin turn. Then another straight away.

The police below are only two turns away.

They've set up a road block.

Daniel takes the final curve and races toward the road block -  
- only just before he reaches it -- he JERKS the car right --  
-- careening over the side of the road and...

EXT. CITROEN XSARA PICASSO - CONTINUOUS

....down an insanely steep slope -- half driving, half sliding. Working the brake pedal the way an angler works a reel before --

-- SLAMMING onto the next road below -- just barely straightening out.

Nearly flipping.

The straight away's are so long that they are now a hundred yards ahead. The police cars don't dare try that maneuver, but are so fast, they quickly begin to catch up.

INT. FORD BRONCO (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Daniel goes *all in* this time -- jerking down another embankment. This time he doesn't turn onto the next road -- he goes over AGAIN --

-- down to the next road below -- then over the side again. Riding the brake -- the Bronco fishtailing down the 50 degree angle. Down two more --

-- gaining too much speed now. Can't take another road -- any turn now would flip them.

Another two slopes below is a four lane road with a guard rail. On the other side, a 500 foot drop.

EXT. CITROEN XSARA PICASSO - CONTINUOUS

Brake pad smoke billowing -- the Bronco gets airborne on the final slope.

As the tires catch the final road -- they careen for the guard rail, Daniel JERKS the wheel.

They slide sideways and just as they are about to flip over --

-- they SLAM sideways into the guardrail, which keeps them upright -- and finally brings them to a stop.

INT. FORD BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

Daniel reaches for his head. Bleeding where his crown slammed against the door frame.

He turns to see that Gamburg is okay, then looks past him...

The police are still half way up the mountain.

GAMBURG

We need to ditch this car.

DANIEL

(nods)

None a' the main highways are going to be viable.

GAMBURG

I know a way. Longer, but safe.

Daniel takes a beat to contemplate how in the world they aren't dead. Then accelerates away.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY

On the wall -- a giant screen cluster -- SURVEILLANCE FEEDS of thirty border crossings.

Tia yanks off her headset, turns to Hackman.

TIA

Spanish police had them and lost them.

HACKMAN

Where are they heading?

TIA

Given their route, educated guess: either Valladolid or Madrid.

HACKMAN

Feed the locals whatever you have to. Get 'em on high alert. We need as many eyes as possible.

Tia twists back in her chair.

EXT. 2010 RENAULT CLIO SEDAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Early morning. Rush hour traffic. A pale ring of sunlight burns into the clouds like the end of a lit cigarette.

*CHYRON: Madrid, Spain - 10 hours until exchange*

INT. 2010 RENAULT CLIO SEDAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Daniel weaves slowly in and out of rush hour traffic. Plaza de Espana passes on the right.

He checks the review and...

...there's a Spanish police cruiser behind him.

GAMBURG  
 (glance in his mirror)  
 We picked him up a few blocks ago.  
 Take your next left.

He grips the wheel, makes a controlled left turn and...the police cruiser keeps going straight.

Gamburg relaxes in his seat. After several more turns...

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
 There.

Gamburg points to Diurno Cafe, an upscale restaurant with a wide awning.

EXT. STREETS OF MADRID - MORNING

Daniel follows Gamburg toward the cafe. Around to a side alley. They head through the back entrance...

INT. DIURNO CAFE - CONTINUOUS

...pass through a storage area, into a prep kitchen area.

Dicing vegetables, preparing for the upcoming brunch is FELIX. A thin Spaniard with bad skin and a face that tapers into a thin dribble of a chin.

GAMBURG  
 Hello Felix.

Felix stops dicing.

Immediately recognizing the voice. It's clear he's weighing his options.

He finally turns around, smiles.

FELIX  
 My friend. Long time.

Felix scoops vegetables into a plastic container, heads toward a large refrigerator when --

-- Gamburg smacks the container out of his hands. SLAMS him up against the wall.

GAMBURG  
 Where is my family?

FELIX

In Granada, just like you asked--

Gamburg unloads three insanely fast, economical blows. The last, a bowel-shattering kidney PUNCH --

-- dropping him.

GAMBURG

They never arrived.

Felix gasps for breath. Unable to talk for a moment.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened.

(quickly)

You know that I'll know if you're lying, so let's skip that part.

FELIX

I hit a rough patch with the restaurant.

GAMBURG

You kept the money I gave you to pay the gypsies for protection.

FELIX

(nods)

I'm sorry--

GAMBURG

WHERE ARE THEY?

FELIX

Monreal de Ariza.

Gamburg looks at Daniel.

DANIEL

You know the place?

GAMBURG

About an hour from here. All farms and sheep. Old, remote, very spread out.

(quickly)

Half the houses aren't even marked.

DANIEL

We've got less than five hours to get to the exchange.

GAMBURG

No time to waste, which is why...  
 (turns to Felix)  
 You're gonna show me exactly where  
 they are at.

FELIX

It's been seven years, I don't  
 think I could find it again.

GAMBURG

You could with the right incentive.

Gamburg turns to Daniel.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Get him up.

As Daniel yanks Felix to his feet, Gamburg turns toward the  
 food line, comes back with a long thin cutlet knife.

Gamburg lifts up Felix's shirt and takes a beat to measure  
 something then --

-- STABS Felix in the gut.

Felix screams out in pain. Several employees rush into the  
 kitchen.

DANIEL

(jabbing his gun)  
 Get out!

Daniel then grabs Gamburg's shoulder.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The hell?

Gamburg shoves Daniel back. Pushes Felix toward the door.

INT. 2010 RENAULT CLIO SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Daniel floors the car down the road. Gamburg in the back  
 seat with Felix who holds a bloody hand to his gut.

GAMBURG

You have less than three hours to  
 live. If you don't bleed out,  
 peritonitis, where stomach acids  
 and bile poison the system -- will  
 do the job.

FELIX  
 (panicked)  
 Take me to the hospital! Please!

GAMBURG  
 After you show me where you took my  
 family.

Daniel looks into the rear view mirror.

He and Gamburg catch eyes.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

Jacobs steps down the ladder of the private jet talking on his cell.

JACOBS  
 I've landed. Any hits on Daniel or  
 Gamburg?

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY

Hackman is on the phone, watching various satellite feeds and intel as it streams across the big screens.

HACKMAN  
 They're still together. Popped up  
 in Madrid. Abducted an old asset  
 named Felix.

INTERCUT

Jacobs crosses to a man waiting next to a black Mercedes.

JACOBS  
 Any idea where they are headed?

HACKMAN  
 I'm sending you coordinates now.  
 Monreal de Ariza. To Gamburg's  
 family.

JACOBS  
 You know where they are?

HACKMAN  
 I should. I placed them there.

Beat. Jacobs soaks this in.

HACKMAN (CONT'D)

I never intended him to make it this far, but I've had eyes on the house since the plane went down...in case.

JACOBS

Then you must have a team scrambled. Why send me?

HACKMAN

Because I don't need a hammer, I need a scalpel.

JACOBS

Meaning what?

HACKMAN

We have to assume Gamburg's told Daniel everything. He's going to be confused and you're the only person he trusts.

(pause)

I need you to use his confidence and find out if he's done anything rash. If we've been compromised. Then silence them both.

(pause)

I'm sorry, son. I know what I'm asking. But it has to be you.

The man says nothing, simply hands Jacobs the keys and puts his luggage in the trunk.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs gets behind the wheel. Keys the ignition.

JACOBS

Send me the coordinates.

Beat.

HACKMAN

You know everything now, Lee. All the secrets. I've exposed my belly. Now, I'm counting on you to do what needs to be done.

JACOBS

I get confirmation of the kill and you arrange a new exchange immediately?

HACKMAN

I will move heaven and earth.

EXT. MONREAL DE ARIZA, SPAIN - DAY

Vast thick fields between small hills and mountains. A warren of red clay and tile homes -- separated by acres and acres of fields.

All sheep and farm land.

The Renault Clio Sedan turns down a red dirt road.

INT. 2010 RENAULT CLIO SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Daniel glances in the rear view at Felix writhing in the back seat. Gamburg has him by the back of the neck.

FELIX

(pointing)

Yes, this road.

Gamburg forces Felix's head toward the window.

GAMBURG

Are you sure?

Felix nods and Gamburg lets him fall back against the seat.

He then pulls Felix's shirt up revealing a distended stomach.

FELIX

Please...

GAMBURG

Your stomach's distended from the internal bleeding. You have another 90 minutes -- at best.

Nearest hospital is an hour away.

(pause)

I suggest you focus.

EXT. RED CLAY HOME - DAY

The Renault Clio Sedan pulls into the driveway of a large home. A brick wall circling it.

Daniel gets out. Gamburg next, pulling Felix with him.

INT. HOME - DAY

A pounding at the door. Then finally -- Gamburg kicks the locked door open. Drags Felix behind him. Daniel follows.

GAMBURG  
 (shouting)  
 Irina!  
 (louder)  
 Stephan!

No answer. Gamburg throws Felix to the floor.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)  
 (to Daniel)  
 Watch him.

Gamburg races up stairs.

GAMBURG (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Irina, Stephan!

He races back down -- from room to room, then finally disappears into the back yard.

Felix grabs Daniel's ankle.

FELIX  
 Please. I need to leave now.

Daniel pulls his ankle away.

DANIEL  
 Soon as he gets his wife and son,  
 I'll get you to a hospital. I  
 promise.

Felix shakes his head.

FELIX  
 No, no, no...

He rolls over. Moaning. And suddenly --

-- Gamburg appears in the door way.

His face ashen. Eye burning.

DANIEL  
 Did you find them?

Gamburg doesn't answer.

He lurches over to Felix and grabs him with almost preternatural strength --

-- almost carrying the man as he FORCES him out...

EXT. HOME - DAY

...into the expansive back yard. Gardens. Stone oven. A dried up fountain. A breathtaking view of the hills and villages beyond.

At this elevation, beyond a waist high stone fence -- the back yard drops off -- straight down -- a hundred feet.

Felix stumbles as they make it into the yard. Gamburg YANKS up him up, but Felix's legs barely work, he falls again.

Gamburg grabs a fistful of his shirt and DRAGS him the rest of the way -- across another twenty foot of yard and directly up to...

Two graves.

Felix sees the graves and starts shaking. Panicking.

FELIX

I didn't do it. I swear--

GAMBURG

Why here?

FELIX

Wha...what?

GAMBURG

Why did you bring them here? Why this place?

Felix pauses, his mind fumbling.

FELIX

She wanted it. Your wife. She asked to come here!

Gamburg stares at him. His dark eyes like chips of stone.

GAMBURG

I've spent a lifetime mastering kinesics, poxemics, haptics...

(grinding teeth)

I don't need any of them to know you're lying.

With this he YANKS Felix to his feet and drags him over to the wait high wall. Holds him next to the 100 foot drop.

FELIX

No, please--

GAMBURG

Someone else arranged this place.  
Who got to you?

Felix stammers...

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

WHO?!

FELIX

The Americans. They told me they  
just wanted to keep an eye on them.  
I swear to God!

Gamburg shakes Felix, jerking him further out.

GAMBURG

My wife thought this was where I  
sent her, didn't she?

(pause)

DIDN'T SHE?!

FELIX

(barely)

Yes...

Gamburg doesn't even respond. He LAUNCHES Felix out into the abyss and...

...turns away before Felix's body crashes against the rocky terrain below.

As he walks past Daniel, he pauses...

GAMBURG

I promised my wife and son I would  
protect them.

(pause)

The last thing they thought before  
they died is that I let them down.

Gamburg keeps walking. Daniel turns, but bites off any more words.

If there's anyone that knows the pain Gamburg's feeling right now, it's him.

INT. HALLWAY, HOUSE - DAY

Daniel walks slowly down the upstairs hallway. Finds Gamburg in a bedroom. His wife's clothing laid across the bed. A dress in his hand. Cheek against it.

*The last scent of her.*

In his other hand, a picture of his wife and son.

INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daniel steps into the room. Makes enough noise that Gamburg knows he's there.

Gamburg turns to him. Holds out the picture. Daniel takes it, sits down on the bed.

GAMBURG

Hackman, in his paranoia was worried I'd involve them. That they might trigger some grand plan to expose him.

(looks up)

If I was still in that hole, they'd still be alive.

Gamburg's eyes begin to fill.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

I'd have gladly stayed there forever.

Daniel looks at the pic. The wife is pretty, but understated with a warm face.

The boy, looks just like Gamburg.

DANIEL

Spitting image.

GAMBURG

That was recent, he would've been twelve here. Almost a man...

Gamburg weeps openly. Pride inconsequential. Gulping sobs as thoughts jab like needles.

GAMBURG (CONT'D)

Maybe this is my real penance. To have them taken from me.

DANIEL

I wish I could tell you it gets better. That each day you'll miss them a little less...but you won't.

(pause)

Only thing made me feel the slightest bit better is what the priest told me. From an old Irish tombstone...

(pause)

"Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, but love leaves a memory no one can steal."

Gamburg manages to cut off the flow of tears. He takes a deep breath. Nods.

Daniel gives a tiny glance at his watch. Then turns to Gamburg, not sure how to broach the subject.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Listen--

GAMBURG

I'll keep my end of the deal...go with you to the exchange.

DANIEL

Thank you.

GAMBURG

Just give me a few more minutes.

Daniel nods, he starts to leave then turns back.

DANIEL

Can I use your phone?

Gamburg understands. Nods. Hands him his cell.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Daniel stands in the backyard. Staring at the graves.

He suddenly, impulsively yanks out his cell phone. Dials. We hear it RING, then voice mail pick up...

TARA (V.O.)

This is Tara, leave me your name and number and I'll call you back.

BEEP.

DANIEL

It's me, I...I hate voice mail, but don't want you to wait any longer to hear this...

(pause)

I'm an asshole. When it comes to our relationship, I just...flinch.

(pause)

Maybe because I'm in a business where more often than not -- things end badly. Or maybe I didn't think I could live through another heartbreak.

(pause)

Either way, I don't wanna be that guy anymore. I need to be able to risk everything. To do that I have to trust. And I do...trust you.

(pause)

I'm en route to acquire a chemist capable of creating a vaccine. I'm breaking protocol, because I need you to have hope. And know that nothing is going to stop me.

(pause)

But most of all that...I love you.

CLICK. Daniel stares at the phone. Feels an odd sense of...relief. Almost cathartic.

GAMBURG (O.S.)

I'm ready.

Daniel turns to see Gamburg. He holds up the phone.

DANIEL

I...

Gamburg nods. He knows. He heard.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gamburg and Daniel walk into the living room, toward the front door, when...

Click-click. The sound of a bullet being chambered.

JACOBS (O.S.)

Hands where I can see them.

Both Gamburg and Daniel turn around to see Jacobs. Gun aimed. Daniel's face falls at the betrayal.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
Drop the gun and kick it over.

Daniel drops the gun, kicks it. It slides over to Jacobs.

DANIEL  
How long have you known about  
Hackman?

JACOBS  
Found out the same time you did.

DANIEL  
Not as dramatically.

Beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
The only three people that know the  
director of the CIA is a traitor  
are standing in this room...  
(pause)  
Assume he sent you here to kill two  
of them.

JACOBS  
Yes.

Jacobs grips the gun. Extends it further.

Daniel sets his jaw. Refusing to look away. Going to make  
Jacobs earn it.

Jacobs draws a perfect bead on Daniel's head. One shot.  
Execution style. Only...

He lowers the gun. Slips it back into the holster.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
Knowing that I could've killed you  
is the quickest way to earn back  
your trust.

Jacobs kicks Daniel's gun back over to him. Daniel exhales.  
Heart beating out of his chest.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
You've got two hours to get to the  
exchange.

Jacobs hands Daniel a small map with coordinates.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

There's a field ten minutes south.  
I have an old Army buddy. He'll be  
waiting for you with a helo, take  
you to the site.

GAMBURG

What if Hackman changes the  
details?

JACOBS

(shakes his head)  
Would have to be approved by the  
Secretary of Defense, he wouldn't  
risk it.

Daniel walks up to him.

DANIEL

Thank you.

JACOBS

Don't thank me yet.

Daniel pulls him into a hug. Jacobs is startled by the act  
of affection. Especially from Daniel.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Alright. Come on. Let's go.  
(starts walking)  
Hackman's got eyes on this  
location. When he realizes I  
haven't killed you, it'll be  
scorched earth.

They all head for the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Jacobs leads them out of the front door, turns to them.

JACOBS

I'll get you to the helo. Then  
you're on your own--

Jacobs' words stop suddenly. A bullet screams out of his  
chest in an eruption of blood.

As he falls, Gamburg and Daniel instinctively drop too.

Two more bullets -- with their names, just miss -- detonating  
the red brick behind them.

And suddenly, it's raining lead. Bullets raking the house, the sky, the ground.

DANIEL  
(reaches for him)  
Lee!

Gamburg gets to him first -- grabs Jacobs under the arms and drags him toward the door.

Daniel lays down as much cover fire as he can, and then follows them...

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...inside. Gamburg pulls Daniel into the kitchen. Lays him down. Grabs towels.

JACOBS  
I...didn't think he'd do it.  
(off Daniel's look)  
Hackman. Not to me...

Gamburg rips open Jacobs' shirt. The entry wound is just below -- and to the right -- of the sternum.

Gamburg gingerly presses the puckered wound. This is his arena. *He knows a kill shot.*

He looks up at Daniel and shakes his head.

GAMBURG  
Few minutes.

Gamburg grabs Jacobs' gun, but he doesn't let go.

DANIEL  
(to Jacobs)  
It's okay.

Jacobs lets go and Gamburg runs out of the room.

JACOBS  
(labored)  
I was going to be the youngest director in the history of the company...you know that?  
(pause)  
I would have made it 5 years before Hackman did.

Jacobs shivers. Winces.

JACOBS (CONT'D)  
I wanted to be...just like him.

DANIEL  
Turns out you're better.

Gun fire rains outside. They can hear Gamburg firing a few rounds back.

JACOBS  
You do things in life and before you know it, they make you do other things. Until finally...  
(coughs)  
...all those things come between you and the man you wanted to be.

DANIEL  
That's not true, not for you.

JACOBS  
Just do me a favor...

DANIEL  
Laurie and the kids?

JACOBS  
(nods)  
I know you'll look after them, but I need you to do something else...with Abby...I need her to know that her father's death...  
(labored)  
Was for something. Do you understand?

DANIEL  
(nods)  
I do.

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gamburg hazards a glance outside. A kill squad has taken position in a wide spread semi-circle.

Surrounding the house. Trapping them.

INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gamburg runs back into the kitchen. Kneels beside Daniel and Jacobs.

GAMBURG

There're five of them. Tactical.  
Automatic weapons, full gear.  
Moving into position.

(grim)

We've got no exit strategy and they  
aren't going to wait us out. They  
are going to take the house.

Jacobs grabs Daniel's shirt.

JACOBS

There's a wine cellar. Through the  
pantry. Steel door. Underground.

Whatever Jacobs' suggesting -- Gamburg gets it. He moves to  
the gas stove -- shoves it aside and STOMPS on the gas line --  
severing it.

Gas pouring out freely.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

(points)

Should be a heater.

Gamburg moves -- ducks under another wave of gun fire. The  
walls detonating around them. Entire chunks of wall  
evaporating. He makes it to...

INT. STORAGE ROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...a storage room. Up to a gas heater, repeats the action.  
Severs the gas line and forces it into the air vents.

Circulating it through the house.

INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs starts to slide sideways out of Daniel's arms. Daniel  
steadies him. More bullets chop the kitchen.

The kill team using tracer ammunition, every fifth round  
visible to the naked eye. Like tiny shooting stars.

DANIEL

Lee...there has to be another way.

JACOBS

Hand me that lighter.

Daniel frowns, but moves to a shelf. Hands him a lighter.  
Gamburg returns.

GAMBURG

The walls are thin. This whole place is going to be a shrapnel grenade.

JACOBS

(to Daniel)

Just...get to that chopper as fast as you can.

Jacobs coughs up a thin rope of blood. It dribbles down his chin. More gun fire, much closer now. Just outside.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Go.

Daniel puts a hand to Jacobs' face. Doesn't want to leave him. More gunfire.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Go. NOW.

Gamburg and Daniel stay low and head for the steel wine cellar door flush against the floor.

INT. WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Daniel slams the metal door behind them. Gamburg pulls the chain to a naked bulb. Lighting the room with a dim glow.

Daniel stares at the door, his friend dying, alone, on the other side.

More MUTED gunfire. Penetrating his skull like a nail bludgeoned into heavy oak. As he retreats down the plunge of stone steps --

-- Gamburg moves to a section of the wall -- to a wall wine rack. Pulls out a bottle with an ornate label.

Written at the bottom: *Christmas 2005*

GAMBURG

My wife would write down the occasion. So when we drank the bottle, we could reminisce.

He looks through the rack, finds a bottle of white.

Written at the bottom: *Stephan. 11/28/2001*

Gamburg turns the label toward Daniel...

## GAMBURG (CONT'D)

The birth of our boy. We were waiting till his 18th birthday to open, so we could all share.

Gamburg suddenly -- smashes the top of the bottle against the rack -- the neck snaps off fairly cleanly.

He takes a sip.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs is still conscious. Propped against the kitchen table. Bathed in his own blood.

His breathing shallow and raspy. He still holds the lighter, his thumb on top.

*Trembling.*

In his lap is his phone -- ON SCREEN: a pic of his wife and three kids. They smile up at him through the retina display. A tear trickles from his eye.

From the living room, the front door is kicked open, the kill squad bursting in. Spreading tactically, searching every room, until the lead squad member...

...makes it into the kitchen.

For a split second, he doesn't see Jacobs. By the time he does, it's too late. With a last, dying move -- Jacobs flicks the switch and --

-- THWA-BOOOM --

-- the air itself bursts -- a tsunami of fire filling every inch and...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house DETONATES -- mimicking a giant frag grenade -- EXPLODING in an corona of red brick shrapnel, razor sharp glass shards, and serrated metal.

Ripping apart everything in its wake.

Tendrils of fire roll out from its broken seams -- leaping into the sky.

INT. SIDE ROOM, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The aftermath. Inside the house, the roof has partially collapsed. The metal wine cellar door is covered in ash.

It moves slightly -- ash jumping. JERKS roughly. Then is finally thrown open.

Daniel steps out. Looking around in horror. A few moments later, Gamburg emerges. We follow him...

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...outside. Several of the mercs are clearly dead -- bulletproof vests mottled with blood and human tissue. Red clay dirt drinking their blood.

Two of the mercs are badly wounded, but alive. Etched in bone deep burgundy slashes, they moan and writhe on the ground. Both wear GoPro helmet cams.

Gamburg moves to the first -- aims his gun - BANG. Cold. Zero emotion. Moves to the second -- BANG.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

C/U on Director Hackman staring at a laptop screen. A FREEZE-FRAME of Gamburg...

Gun pointed down toward the GoPro cam.

Hackman's face seams into a net of wrinkles, as desperation washes over him. Fills his eyes.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A Blackwater-style teardrop Boeing helicopter waits on a dusty, clay field. Rotors strobing. Prop-wash rippling.

*CHYRON: Monreal de Ariza, Spain - 5 hours until exchange*

Daniel floors the car onto the field. Cutting for the helicopter. Roostertail of dirt shooting as it traverses the plot.

He slides to a stop. Gets out. Gun drawn. Scanning every angle. Gamburg sprints to the chopper -- hops in.

Gun drawn and pointed, he covers Daniel who finally turns and sprints to the chopper himself.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Piloting the helicopter is SHANE, a tanned, grizzled American ex-pat. He doesn't say a word, just lifts off.

Daniel and Gamburg dart nervous eyes. Waiting for the other shoe to drop. A sniper, maybe a shoulder launched missile, but...neither come. They make it into the air and...away.

Daniel turns to Gamburg who has a distant look in his eyes.

DANIEL

You regret killing those men?

GAMBURG

No. I regret they made it necessary.

INT. CIA CRISIS SUITE, LANGLEY - AFTERNOON

The crisis suite is empty. Most of the equipment has been removed. Tia and Clarence are gone.

Only one left is Director Hackman. Head in hands. Anxiety spiking. He stares at the graphic on screen of the virus...

While the largest concentration of red dots are on the eastern side of the country.

The virus has now touched EVERY state.

At the bottom, a graphic scroll shows...

TOTAL REPORTED CASES: 113,784

He stands. Suddenly. Then moves to a secure laptop. Sits down in front of it and -- pulls up a encrypted communication program.

EXT. PORT-CROS ISLAND - AFTERNOON

A long thin island off the coast of France.

CHYRON: Port-Cros, France - 1 hour until exchange

The majority is covered by the thick forest belonging to the Port-Cros National Park.

Near the southern tip of the island is a cleared portion -- in it, a small military training camp, left over from WW2.

Now, rarely used and currently abandoned.

INT. HELICOPTER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Gamburg stare at the scene outside. Shane motions toward their landing spot.

SHANE

My instructions were to put her  
down on one side.

(pause)

They'll land theirs on the other,  
put a little distance between us  
for the exchange.

As the chopper drops in elevation, it affords a better look.

There are two long, thin, one-story BARRACKS on one end. And  
in the clearing....

...a graveyard of military equipment. Charred, rusty  
carcasses of planes, tanks, helicopters and the like.  
Decommissioned. Rotting.

Now used for training exercises.

EXT. BASE - AFTERNOON

Shane waits next to his helicopter, between the two  
buildings. Next to the shore.

In front of the buildings, Daniel and Gamburg lean against an  
old Char B1 WW2 tank -- its back end missing.

DANIEL

What happens when you get back?

GAMBURG

I trade some dusty old intel for my  
retirement. Then keep moving.

(pause)

And you? Once I give them what  
they want, things won't be the same  
in Langley.

DANIEL

No... that's the rub. It'll be  
exactly the same. Your government  
will strike a deal and there's not  
an organization on earth better at  
rewriting the past than ours.

(pause)

Doubt Hackman even loses his 401k.

GAMBURG

Maybe.

(pause)

Doesn't answer my question. What about you?

Long beat.

DANIEL

I'm going to be house hunting.

(nods)

Something with room for two.

GAMBURG

Or maybe three.

Before Daniel can respond, Gamburg points over his shoulder. A black helicopter materializes over the trees.

Daniel checks his watch.

DANIEL

10 minutes early. Thought Russians were always late.

Gamburg offers a patronizing smile, then extends his hand.

GAMBURG

Go save your people.

Daniel shakes his hand. Nods.

As the helicopter lands, three Russian military men, armed with tactical gear -- hop out. A moment later -- FREDRICKSON slowly steps out. Tall, thin, bearded.

The lives of so many people resting in his frail hands.

One of the men grabs him. Undoes his handcuffs.

The MAN motions to Daniel. Then to an old rusted Jeep. To be the designated midpoint where the prisoners will cross.

Daniel motions back -- *agreed*.

The Russian Military Man drops his hand and the prisoners -- move at the same time.

EXT. PORT-CROS ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Overhead view of the prisoner exchange. The two men approaching the old rusted Jeep.

EXT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

Gamburg eyes Fredrickson coming toward him. They get within fifty feet, forty, thirty...

As they get within twenty yards of each other, Gamburg pauses and turns back to Daniel...

GAMBURG

See you in Baltimore.

He then keeps walking. As the two prisoners get within ten feet of each other, Fredrickson offers a small smile, when--

-- a GUNSHOT astounds the silence and crimson hole appears in Fredrickson's forehead -- his mouth a surprised ring as he -- drops forward.

Dead.

As Fredrickson hits the ground -- the pistol grip of a compact Glock 30 juts from his waistband.

*The gun meant for Gamburg.*

We also see up close what Gamburg noticed moments before -- this man has all ten fingers intact.

SMASH CUT to a...

FLASHBACK

INT. LOCKHEED C-130 HERCULES (MOVING) - FLASHBACK

Dr. Kapule in mid-anecdote about Fredrickson...

DR. KAPULE

He lost most of his right pinky --  
but if not for me, could have lost  
most of both hands.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

Gamburg CLAWS the Glock off fake-Fredrickson and twists behind the rusted Jeep just milliseconds before --

-- the Mercenaries posing as Russian Military -- OPEN FIRE.

(NOTE: Henceforth to be referred to as MERC #1, 2, and 3)

DANIEL

Smoke still curling around the barrel of his gun. He ducks behind the old tank as bullets rake the side. He turns to...

GAMBURG

The Jeep is rusted -- bullets puncture the steel -- he needs to move. Looks for the helicopter -- in time to see Shane disappear into the woods -- seeking cover.

*There's no running. They have to fight.*

He motions to Daniel who UNLOADS cover fire -- allowing Gamburg to -- duck into the entry way of the East Barrack.

DANIEL

Can't match their munitions out here.

Gamburg makes a "split up" motion -- points to the West Barrack. Then puts down enough cover for Daniel to BOLT.

Bullets chase Daniel -- one striking him in the hip -- before he can make it inside.

Merc #1 motions for -- #2 and #3 to go after Gamburg.

He's going after Daniel.

INT. WEST BARRACK - AFTERNOON

DANIEL

Daniel stumbles down the lone hallway, sleeping quarters on both sides. Spots an infirmary. Bursts in.

Finds a first aid kit. Tapes a thick pad of GAUZE to his side. Slows the bleeding so the doesn't leave a trail.

INT. EAST BARRACK - AFTERNOON

GAMBURG

Merc #2 slips inside the east barracks. He wields an AN-94 assault rifle -- its LASER SIGHT dances across every surface as he searches for Gamburg.

No sign of him. The Merc suddenly stops at the sight of -- a *small pile of plaster dust at his feet.*

As he peers up at a SMALL HOLE in the ceiling -- a FLASH OF LIGHT -- BANG -- a bullet takes the back of his head off.

In the next room Gamburg drops down. Ejects his clip: empty.

He checks the Merc's HK 416, but -- it has a Smart Gun fingerprint safety. Can only be fired by its owner.

*Gamburg grabs it anyway.*

INT. HALLWAY, WEST BARRACKS - AFTERNOON

DANIEL

As Daniel looks out into the hall -- cement detonates next to his head from Merc #1's fire.

He returns fire -- shoots three times before CLICK-CLICK -- he's out of bullets too. He jerks into...

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, WEST BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

...sleeping quarters. Old steel cots. He KICKS a metal leg off. As he grabs his make-shift weapon -- bullets spray. He dives into the adjacent room -- slams the door.

Instead of heading to the next room, he goes counter intuitive -- heads into...

INT. HALLWAY, WEST BARRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

...the hallway, circles around and back into...

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, WEST BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

...the room he just left. Merc #1 spins, but Daniel SLAMS the metal leg across the automatic pistol --

-- sends it skittering under a bed.

INT. HALLWAY, EAST BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

GAMBURG

Merc #3 enters the barracks from the other end. *No Gamburg*. Checking each room. Nothing. He finally slides into...

INT. OFFICE, EAST BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

...an office. Out of his peripheral -- the FAINT GLOW of RED from the far corner and then --

-- a RED DOT on his chest! He spins and UNLOADS, only his bullets spray --

-- the AN-94 Gamburg took which is now -- propped up on a shelf all by itself -- laser sight still on!

By the time the Merc realizes -- Gamburg is on him. Traps the Merc's rifle -- they slam together -- close quarter grapple. *Shot. Block. Counter.*

Merc takes a shot to the jaw. Loses focus. Lunges.

Gamburg spins out -- SWINGS the rifle strap around the Merc's neck. Pulls the man -- back first, onto the desk. Merc's head now over the edge -- strap under his chin.

Gamburg exerts his full weight and -- SNAPS the man's neck.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, WEST BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Daniel is SLAMMED against the wall. Merc #1 pulls a Ka-Bar knife with a blade so sharp, the edge could be measured in molecules.

He takes a big swipe. Daniel lunges inside the arc, but the Merc counters and FLIPS Daniel onto the ground.

The Merc straddles him -- drives the knife down. Daniel catch his wrists -- knife aimed at his heart. His entire world narrows to that thin metal point --

-- as the tip slices through his shirt.

The Merc lunges -- the knife pierces skin. Down another quarter inch -- splitting cartilage between Daniel's ribs.

The Merc rears up for the death kill, but -- BAM -- his head JERKS sideways. As does the rest of him to reveal...

...Gamburg in the doorway.

He rushes to Daniel. Knife still protruding from his chest. Gamburg gently pulls it out. He then fingers the wound to test the severity.

GAMBURG

You're going to be fine. Just need to keep pressure on it.

DANIEL  
 (catching his breath)  
 Thanks.

Gamburg takes Daniel's hand and presses it against the wound. They catch eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 Hey. How'd you know? That they were fakes.

GAMBURG  
 Prisoner had all his fingers. You didn't see it?

DANIEL  
 No. You said Baltimore.

Gamburg barely nods. Neither men acknowledging, but -- both equally appreciating the shear amount of trust this entailed.

EXT. WEST BARRACK - AFTERNOON

As Daniel and Gamburg exit the barracks, another helicopter approaches in the distance. Men riding EXTRACTION STYLE on the outside. Guns at the ready.

Daniel checks his watch. On time. The helicopter lands. A similar scene with Russian military men on the ground, then:

FREDRICKSON...tall, lank, and surprisingly clean shaven.

Gamburg turns to Daniel, is about to say something, but... *there's nothing more to say*. He offers Daniel a last nod of acknowledgement and heads away.

The Russians send Fredrickson. As Gamburg approaches, he notices that Fredrickson is --

-- missing the appropriate pinky.

As they pass...

GAMBURG  
 Good luck.

Fredrickson squints in confusion, not yet knowing what he'll need this blessing of good luck for, but...he keeps moving.

Daniel ushers him to the helicopter. Rotors already strobing.

EXT. BASE - AFTERNOON

Overhead view as the day trembles on the edge of extinction.

The two helicopters rise in unison. Elevate. Daniel and Gamburg catch eyes one last time as they...rotate and head away in opposite directions as we...

...FADE OUT...and then...FADE BACK INTO...

INT. SMALL HOUSE - MORNING

A tiny, colonial style house. Close on...

A television set. News of the virus. The spread rate now at less than 10% and dropping.

The channel changes to another news network -- talk of the vaccine. Channel changes -- more news -- video of young children getting the shot. Parents hugging them after.

And we pull back to see...

Daniel as he grabs a cardboard moving box. Another fifty boxes surrounding him.

Outside, a U-haul truck. Tara drops a box into the truck bed. She walks back in, puts hands on her hips as Daniel just stands there.

TARA

You're not going to make me do *this* by myself are you.

Daniel smiles. The "*this*" in that sentence could mean so many things. But he has the same answer for all of them.

DANIEL

Nope. Team effort.

He grabs a box and gives her a kiss as he blows by. As he heads to the truck, we PUSH IN to the TV set -- see a ticker scroll across...

***BREAKING NEWS: CIA Director Richard Hackman to resign. Citing only personal reasons for leaving.***

As the scroll slowly disappears, we...

FADE TO BLACK

-- THE END --