

EXIT STRATEGY

Pilot

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FIRST STUDIO DRAFT
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Over black: *TICK TICK TICK TICK* -- as we SLAM IN ON:

FULL FRAME: a SECONDS HAND ticking urgently -- POP WIDER: it's a WATCH -- POP WIDER: on a MAN'S WRIST -- POP WIDER: he's sitting in a plush chair, newspaper in hand, checking the time. Outside the window behind him, the futuristic backdrop of SHANGHAI'S SKYSCRAPERS. We are:

LEGEND: *SHANGHAI, CHINA*

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

\$2000 a night. The man is **CIA AGENT TOM HARBOUR**, 43 and wise. In his ear, a WOMAN'S VOICE over a radio-mic:

WOMAN'S VOICE

He's late. It's been two hours.

Harbour finishes the paper, grabs another off a stack: every headline in CHINESE TEXT. Flips it open casually:

HARBOUR

This is the job Uncle Sam pays us for, Clayton. 90% boredom, 10% excitement...

INT. EMPTY LOFT SPACE - ACROSS THE STREET - INTERCUTTING:

CLOSE, INFRARED VIDEO ARRAY: we see the BODY HEAT SIGNATURE of Tom in the chair. TILT UP to reveal a YOUNG WOMAN at the array, in an EMPTY LOFT. **NATALIE CLAYTON, 24, JUNIOR OFFICER**. Very capable, but very unseasoned. Nervous. Her first field op.

She pops a Chinese energy drink, WINCES at the bad taste:

NATALIE

... so I'm learning...

NEW ANGLE -- out the window, we see the St. Regis across the street. Natalie's running SURVEILLANCE:

HARBOUR

Think of it as more time to prep. Let's run it again...

NATALIE

(by-rote)

Once Yuri shows, if you can confirm his identity, I walk across the street, take the elevator to the fourth floor, and drop off the satchel in front of room 447. Then key my mic twice when I'm clear.

-- our ANGLE PIVOTS to reveal a SATCHEL on a chair beside her.

HARBOUR

Good. So breathe. You're gonna do fine. Just a hotel guest looking for your room --

-- RING! The hotel phone INTERRUPTS SHARPLY, startling us. Harbour gets "game," picks it up -- a MAN'S CHINESE VOICE:

CHINESE VOICE

(subtitled)

This is Di Shui Dong confirming your reservation for six at 9:15.

On Harbor: instantly alert.

HARBOUR

I look forward to it.

-- SLAMS the phone down -- NOT GOOD.

HARBOUR (CONT'D)

Shut it down, get to the rally point.

ON NATALIE, watching him move on the monitor -- anxiety spiking:

NATALIE

-- what's going on--?!

HARBOUR

Our location's been compromised.

NATALIE

What?

HARBOUR

We're blown. Get to the rally point, now -- MOVE.

-- and she DOES -- heart pounding -- shutting down the video feed -- the monitor pops OFF --

While Harbour shoves his hand under a pillow, grabs his SIG 9mm, PRESS CHECKS the chamber -- SUDDENLY: THE LIGHTS IN THE ROOM GO OUT, PLUNGING HIM INTO DARKNESS.

INT. EMPTY LOFT SPACE - SAME

Natalie's head SHOOTS UP -- SHE SEES THE ENTIRE FLOOR OF THE ST. REGIS GO BLACK --

NATALIE

Tom? Tom, come back, what's happening?!

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

The SWIPE of a KEY CARD in the door -- Harbour TURNS, too late -- A SERBIAN HIT SQUAD bursts in, wearing GT-14 NIGHT VISION MONOCULARS, carrying silenced Zastava M21A assault rifles.

Before he can react they pin him to the floor -- gag him -- clear the room -- close the door -- expert efficiency --

INT. EMPTY LOFT SPACE - SAME

Natalie hurries to reboot her INFRARED camera feed -- the heat signature of Harbor's body REAPPEARS, surrounded by assassins --

NATALIE

-- OhmyGod --

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

WITH HARBOUR -- in the dark -- on his back -- a RED FLASHLIGHT switches on, illuminating the LEAD HITMAN'S FACE. Octagonal glasses. Slicked-back hair. Call him **NIKOLA**. He lowers Harbour's gag, for one question:

NIKOLA

Where's the satchel?

ON HARBOUR -- knowing if he speaks, he's dead. And if he doesn't, he's dead:

HARBOUR

Hotel rooftop... northwest corner...

Nikola draws a silenced Czech CZ-TT, covers Harbour's mouth with a gloved hand and SHOOTS HIM in the right kneecap, muffling his screams. Harbour WRITHES, tears leaking from his eyes --

NIKOLA

You lie. Where is satchel?

Harbour -- fighting the pain -- looks up at Nikola. Nods his head, as if he'll talk. Nikola removes his hand.

HARBOUR

Maybe you should try the ice machine...

Nikola smirks slightly -- then aims his gun down at Harbour's head and --

INT. EMPTY LOFT SPACE - SAME

-- **BAM!** ON THE INFRARED, THE HEAT SIGNATURE OF HARBOUR'S BRAINS SPLATTER OUT AS NIKOLA KILLS HIM -- AN EXPLOSION OF HOT WHITE THERMAL IMAGERY.

ON NATALIE -- GASPING -- MUTE, HORRIFIED --

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HOTEL SUITE - SECONDS LATER

Nikola's men start TEARING the room apart -- THROWING out drawers -- TOSSING the bed -- on the hunt, but coming up empty --

Until Nikola NOTICES something -- on the floor -- in Harbour's right ear -- small but it's there: A LISTENING PIECE. With this, he KNOWS someone's close by and --

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

WHAM: a BACK ALLEY DOOR BURSTS OPEN -- Natalie RUNS, carrying the SATCHEL Nikola's after -- into the STREET -- *HOOOOOONK!!!* A car SWERVES to avoid her as she pounds through TRAFFIC --

EXT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - SECONDS LATER

The assassins EXIT the hotel -- INTO a van -- it *SCREECHES* off --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

Natalie SPRINTS up a sidewalk -- a **BUSINESSMAN** up ahead, talking in Chinese on his cell phone -- as she runs past, she GRABS THE PHONE OUT OF HIS HAND -- he calls out "HEY!" but she's already around a CORNER, ducking into:

AN ALCOVE -- shadowed, hidden -- hangs up his call, HANDS TREMBLING -- tries to punch in a NEW NUMBER -- it RINGS:

NATALIE
-- comeoncomeon --

Then *CLICK*, and a WOMAN'S VOICE -- cold, detached.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Reservations.

NATALIE
This is Forager. I need help --
brush pass was blown.

INT. CIA PANIC ROOM - INTERCUTTING:

WALL SCREENS display global satellite images. We're looking at the back of a WOMAN'S HEAD -- this is a **CIA PANIC OFFICER**.

NOTE: WE NEVER SEE HER FACE.

PANIC OFFICER

Are you on a clean line?

NATALIE

No, I didn't have a choice -- I lost my Operations Officer, he's -- (trying not to lose it) -- Tom's dead.

PANIC OFFICER

Do you still have the satchel?

NATALIE

-- yeah, but now they're after me --

PANIC OFFICER

Can you get to Raven's Nest?

NATALIE (V.O.)

I dunno -- I don't even know where I am --

PANIC OFFICER (V.O.)

Orient yourself. Follow your Emergency Action Plan. Don't panic. I'm sending in a clean-up crew.

CLICK. She hangs up. ON NATALIE -- trembling -- TEARS welling -- as the sound of SQUEALING TIRES turns her head -- it's the VAN, barrelling around the corner -- coming her way -- she turns -- AND RUNS FOR HER FUCKING LIFE, STRAIGHT INTO LENS, HER TERRIFIED FACE FILLING FRAME AS WE SLAM TO:

INT. NON-DESCRIPT APARTMENT - ASTORIA, QUEENS - DAY

A MAN'S FACE WHIPS UP INTO FRAME, strong and stunning, then just as quickly WHIPS DOWN again, gone --

ANGLES: the man's body, shirtless, in CLOSE-UPS. His back and chest are covered with SCARS. Blade marks? Burns? We'll find out soon enough. For now, all we need to know is he's a physical specimen, an Olympian body, as we begin to PULL BACK AND ROTATE... to reveal the man is HANGING UPSIDE DOWN from a GRAVITY INVERSION BAR, doing sit-ups while clutching a PHONE BOOK to his chest, 5 reps of 20. This is how we meet our hero:

ERIC SHAW. 35. Handsome, kind face, but we see it in the eyes -- something BROKEN. His moves are effortless. Pure instinct, but precise like an engineer's. In a sense, that's what he is.

POP WIDE: Shaw's working out in a small studio apartment. Completely EMPTY. Nothing except a mattress on the wood floor and a folding chair by the window.

A place to put a bag down, but far from a home. Because Shaw doesn't count on ever really being here --

KNOCK, KNOCK. Shaw stops mid-sit-up. His head turns to the door -- surprised. Not expecting someone. Never does.

JUMP CUT -- MOMENTS LATER

Shaw walks over to the door, T-shirt on now, while racking the slide of a GLOCK .9mm. He peers through the peep-hole. A beat and he tucks the gun behind his back and opens the door to reveal **MRS. DOMINIK**, his elderly landlord. She's holding his mail, mostly coupons, flyers and take out menus.

SHAW

Morning, Mrs. Dominik --

MRS. DOMINIK

(thick accent)

I knew I hear you come in this morning. I have your mail.

SHAW

Thanks very much, Mrs. Dominik.

MRS. DOMINIK

I say to Augustyn, 'He is home!' But he say, 'Eric Shaw is never home...'

SHAW

Texas. Had to sell their school board on the new editions.

MRS. DOMINIK

History books. This is good job.

SHAW

Well, text books, really. For students. Grades three through twelve.

MRS. DOMINIK

What such a young man know about history?

SHAW
 (a grin)
 Only what I read in the history
 books.

-- RING! His phone, clipped to his band waist interrupts the conversation -- Shaw flips it open, looks at his caller ID --

SHAW (CONT'D)
 (lying)
 It's my mother. Thanks for checking
 up on me.

With a wink and a wave, he's closes the door --

SHAW (CONT'D)
 This is Shaw.

PANIC OFFICER(V.O.)
 Go secure.

Shaw turns over the phone. Pops open the back. Slides open a drawer. Grabs an ENCRYPTION CHIP. Puts it into the phone. Returns the cover -- and the phone to his ear.

SHAW
 Secure.

THE SAME VOICE THAT ANSWERED THE PHONE WHEN NATALIE CALLED,
 THE PANIC OFFICER:

PANIC OFFICER (V.O.)
 We have a situation in Shanghai.
 Transmitting now. You can brief
 your team en route.

DATA starts scrolling on the laptop --

SHAW
 What's the principal's name?

PANIC OFFICER
 Natalie Clayton.

And hearing the name, SHAW STOPS. Face tight. Like somehow seeing a ghost. In the SILENCE --

PANIC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Problem? I thought you'd want this
 one.

SHAW
 You thought wrong. Give it to
 somebody else.

PANIC OFFICER
 Sorry, Eric. It's yours.

CLICK. Off Shaw, struck. Staring at Natalie's face. Whatever this connection is, it runs DEEP. Off which we SLAM TO:

INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

A staging area for Shaw's team to meet, gear up, and go. Moving around the team as they pack gear and change into their mission clothes.

Meet **TARIK FAYAD**. Handles transport, flash-dresser, blue eyes -- rare for someone born in Tehran. And **MIA HENDRICKS**: 24, the team's youngest, CIA by way of MIT and a hard South Boston childhood:

TARIK
 What kinda wheels you want on the ground, Boss?

SHAW
 Sedan for personnel, van for logistics, nothing flashy.

TARIK
 Why do you always feel the need to clarify that? It, like, wounds me.

MIA
 (as she stows her gear)
 One word: "Macau."

TARIK
 I got us out, didn't I?

SHAW
 A BMW 650 convertible was not what I'd call "low key."

TARIK
 Anything less would've stuck out.

MIA
 (to Shaw)
 Where to this time around?

TARIK
 Hope it's someplace with a beach.

SHAW
 (turning toward them)
 No such luck.

(MORE)

SHAW (CONT'D)

Think you two can pretend to like each other for a few minutes?

And with that, we begin an INTERCUT with:

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - NIGHT

A sea of TRAVELERS move past CUSTOMS OFFICERS; one monitors an infrared FEVER CAMERA to detect ill passengers. Among them, OUR TEAM begins to coalesce:

AT CUSTOMS:

An attractive "couple" faces a **CHINESE CUSTOMS AGENT** -- Tarik and Mia.

CHINESE CUSTOMS AGENT

Welcome to Shanghai. Purpose of your visit?

TARIK

Honeymoon. Trip around the world.

MIA

("giddy")

China's our first stop!

CLOSE - PASSPORTS, as they're STAMPED:

INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

Our team members continue to survey their gear. Among them now, **JONATHAN MARKS** -- 55 -- veteran CIA spymaster and the team's LOGPAC (support officer). The guy who can get you anything, anywhere, anytime.

SHAW

(to Marks)

How much does Chinese Intelligence know? Our footprint needs to be negligible --

SHAW (CONT'D)

The Goanubu's in the dark for now. I reached out to my contact in the Central Committee, he'll keep us a step ahead of them --

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Marks calmly faces the customs agent.

CHINESE CUSTOMS AGENT #2

Purpose of your visit?

MARKS

Business. I'm a financial Advisor.
Acquisitions and mergers, Chase
Bank.

His passport -- STAMPED.

INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

Finally, entering late, **DR. HANNAH BURKE**, 34, the medic; prodigy-level IQ, trusts no one. Soon we'll know why. Like Shaw, she puts up walls; therefore, they often see each other as upsetting extensions of themselves. Meaning, sparks will fly, in every sense.

Hannah's in a stunning GALLIANO GOWN. Make-up, diamond earrings.

SHAW

I'll go out on a limb and say you didn't come from the gym.

HANNAH

The Met. Entr'acte to Act III of Carmen.

SHAW

What'd you tell him? The guy you wore the dress for.

HANNAH

That I hate unhappy endings.

Their look holds a millisecond too long for us not to notice the possibility of something more between them in the future.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I need the girl's up-to-date records, fitness reports, any medical conditions.

SHAW

In your packet.

HANNAH

I'll change on the flight.

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Hannah's transformed now, smartly dressed in a professional POWER SUIT:

CHINESE CUSTOMS AGENT #3

Purpose of your visit?

HANNAH
 Medical Conference. Bird flu.

The customs agent perceptibly leans back in his chair before stamping her passport --

Hannah nods and moves out, passing a NERDY MAN with glasses; lifts his head to reveal SHAW, hands another agent his PASSPORT:

CHINESE CUSTOMS AGENT #4
 And what business are you here to
 conduct... Mr. Angsly?

SHAW
 ... Visiting a friend.

Big, nerdy grin. The customs agent has NO idea what that means. *WHAM*: Shaw's passport is stamped. The Agent waves him through and we TRAVEL with Shaw toward the exit --

INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

Shaw, done with his gear, turns toward the whole team:

SHAW
 Okay. We've got a 24-year-old
 specialized skills officer with a
 vital piece of intel. She's alone,
 scared and she's being hunted. We
are not gonna let her die tonight.
 Let's get to work.

MUSIC UP:

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - NIGHT

As Shaw clears customs, THE REST OF THE TEAM FALLS IN-STEP
BEHIND HIM ONE-BY-ONE, A GLORIOUS CONTINUOUS SHOT -- to
 anyone at the airport they look like perfectly ordinary
 passengers, but we know better...

As they near the EXIT DOOR and step OUT into the bright neon
 city we --

BLACKOUT.

And a cursor sweeps the screen:

E X I T S T R A T E G Y

END TEASER

ACT ONE

SNAP TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The magnificent city exploding in color. A blaze of culture clash -- neon madness, where East meets West:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREETS - NIGHT

A grungy, nondescript VAN moves through traffic --

SHAW (V.O.)

Harbour was supposed to meet a contact in the Russian Security Service -- a courier code-named: "Yuri" -- for an intelligence exchange.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Tarik at the wheel, while the rest of our team changes into their mission gear --

SHAW

The satchel contains a laptop embedded with a master list of combatants we have in custody. If it gets out in the open, we'd blow hundreds of informants; every one of their lives will be at risk.

HANNAH

Who hit the hotel?

SHAW

Professionals -- in and out in under ten minutes. The room's gonna need a full scrub.

HANNAH

We have someone sitting on it now?

MARKS

Harbour's wheelman's had it locked-down since last night.

MIA

He's been sitting in there alone for 14 hours?

(Marks' look is a 'yes')

Wow.

MARKS

If China finds out we're trading secrets with Russians on their soil, any support for the six party talks goes bye-bye --

SHAW

-- which is why we've been flagged: the head of the NSA's watching this one, and he's talking straight to the White House.

TARIK

(rolls eyes)
Greeeeat.

SHAW

I'll extract Clayton from Raven's Nest; rest of you get to the hotel and sanitize the room, like we were never here. Primary flight out on United from Pudong at 1:45 pm tomorrow.

As Tarik pulls to the side of the road, throws the gear into park and turns to Shaw, cocky grin:

Tarik

Sweet, the Knicks are in town tomorrow.

Shaw looks at Tarik: not-to-be-fucked-with. It gets very quiet.

SHAW

Tarik, I'm not kidding here, man. Get your head straight.

Chastened, Tarik knows he crossed the line. ON HANNAH. Reading Shaw. Concerned by his reaction. Is this personal for him?

TARIK

Sorry, boss.
(gestures out the window)
Audi A8.

Shaw opens the door, a "goodbye" look to his team and he heads OUT into:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREETS - NIGHT

As the van pulls away, Shaw's on the MOVE -- over to a parked AUDI -- opens the door, UNLOCKED, gets in and we GO TO:

SOMEONE'S POV, from behind a FENCE -- Meet **DAVOR**, a Serbian assassin. Watching as Shaw slips behind the wheel of the Audi, finds a KEY in the glove compartment, revs the engine and peels away. Davor kick starts his motorcycle and ROARS after him --

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

A dark space, not sure where we are... until we find Natalie, huddled in a corner, terrified. This must be Raven's Nest.

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - LOBBY - NIGHT

START ON: an ELEGANT CRYSTAL CHANDELIER -- from which we BOOM DOWN to find Hannah, Mia, and Marks crossing the St. Regis lobby, wheeling TWO LARGE BLACK LUGGAGE PIECES into the ELEVATOR:

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HALLWAY OUTSIDE HARBOUR'S SUITE - NIGHT

DING: elevator arrives, they step out -- heading toward Harbour's suite -- a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the knob. Marks gives a quiet KNOCK, then "bonafides" in SUBTITLED CHINESE (catch phrase used to identify himself):

MARKS (SUBTITLED CHINESE)
*Housekeeping. You asked for four
 extra towels.*

Beat, then an UNLOCK -- they slip in to meet:

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HARBOUR'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

HARBOUR'S WHEELMAN, Chinese, and fucking freaked out. It's COMPLETELY DARK in here, shades drawn. This first part plays in SILHOUETTES, subtitled -- right to business:

WHEELMAN (SUBTITLED CHINESE)
*Room's been quiet, housekeeper been
 by once, expect another visit
 within the hour.*
 (beat, sickened)
Can I go now?

MARKS (SUBTITLED CHINESE)
*You've done well here. The higher
 ups will be informed.*

With that, the Wheelman quickly leaves. Marks closes the door, turns the lock.

We still can't see the room, but we HEAR: *CLICK/CLICK/CLICK* -- sound of the CASES opening -- Marks removes a K2 Forensic lighting system, pulls from his coat pocket a Cliplight Blue lamp -- starts turning on LIGHTS -- *POP POP POP* -- and now we SEE THE GRUESOME SIGHT...

HARBOUR'S DEAD BODY, blood on the floor, having pooled. The beams criss-cross eerily, illuminating the scene. ON MIA. Reacting. Gutstruck. HANNAH, the more seasoned pro, instantly dives into her gear, removes specialized CLEANING EQUIPMENT in QUICK CUTS: liquids, metal canisters, brushes, DNA detectors.

MUSIC DRIVES US as Marks scours the room with his blue lamp, searching for HAIRS AND FIBERS, as well as hard to find blood traces. Hannah, snapping on Latex gloves, notices Mia --

HANNAH

You alright?

MIA

(swallows it)

Yeah, sorry. Six months in... I thought it'd get easier.

HANNAH

Six years in, it doesn't.

(SNAPS her second glove;
an encouraging grin)

But you learn to live with it. See the truth in that.

Nice moment. Mia steels her spine, knows she must, as Hannah kneels over Harbour's body -- dropping down beside the corpse while Mia clears a space on the desk for her LAPTOP, flipping it open and getting to work, doctoring a DEATH CERTIFICATE:

MIA

Cause of death?

HANNAH

GSW to the head.

MIA

New cause of death?

HANNAH

Brain herniation.

MARKS

For the photo, make sure you get the good side. No angles showing the entry wound -- least we can do for his official file.

HANNAH
You knew him, didn't you?

MARKS
I know everybody.

Mark says this in a tone that indicates he's not going to say too much more about it, and we go BACK TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

An ancient neighborhood, the new city towering behind it. Shaw's Audi ROARS UP to an ABANDONED FACTORY, parks in the back alley, kills the engine. Steps out of his car, opens the TRUNK. Reaches inside and pulls something out (some kind of bags?) -- before making his way through a back door INTO the building. As he LEAVES FRAME, we find --

DAVOR, half a block behind, on his MOTORCYCLE. Having watched Shaw enter. He reaches behind his back and draws a CZ-TT. Attaches a SILENCER. Heads toward the building... and ENTERS, hunting Shaw, as we keep INTERCUTTING WITH:

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HARBOUR'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON HANNAH'S STEEL TWEEZERS, digging into HARBOUR'S KNEECAP, removing a BULLET. Then she grabs a metal canister. Twists the top: SSSSS. It's filled with SULFURIC ACID. Hannah drops the bullet in the acid -- TINK! -- HISS as it dissolves. She turns to Marks, using his blue light to scan the DOORKNOB:

HANNAH
Any shell casings on the floor?

MARKS
Nothing. They used a key card on the door too -- no damage there.

CLOSE -- Hannah digging another bullet out of Harbour's HEAD CAVITY. Mia glances over, REGRETS that she did, tries to stay focused on her work but the BONE CRUNCHING SOUND is enough to make her want to lose it.

Hannah DROPS the next bullet in acid, pulls out a can of ORGANIC COLLAGEN ADHESIVE SPACKLE... and starts RECONSTRUCTING HARBOUR'S FACE -- again, in QUICK CUTS:

She pulls out a small automatic sander/buffer and smooths out the surface of his face where she added the spackle/ wipes off the surface and starts applying FACIAL COLORING. Same thing morticians do in funeral homes for the viewing. Mia admires Hannah's work:

MIA

Not bad. He almost looks asleep.

HANNAH

Good enough to get him where we need to go.

MARKS

(checking his watch)

Five minutes 'til checkout. Lets pick up the pace.

As they do -- CUT TO --

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

TRACK WITH DAVOR, the assassin, as he moves stealthily through the abandoned building, gun out, on the hunt for Shaw. It's dark. The room he enters is PITCH BLACK...

ANGLE -- HIS BOOTS

Stepping on something, a CRINKLE sound. What the hell? Looks down. And sees he's standing on...

INDUSTRIAL SIZED GARBAGE BAGS. That's what Shaw took out of his trunk. ON DAVOR -- oh fuck -- realizes what's about to happen -- PHFT! A bullet rips through his head. He DROPS as:

SHAW

emerges from shadow, smoking Glock in hand. Is there anybody on earth cooler than this guy?

OFF DAVOR'S COLD, DEAD EYES -- WE CUT TO:

INT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - HARBOUR'S SUITE - SAME

THE WORDS "**DEATH CERTIFICATE**" on Mia's laptop screen -- it prints out -- she adds an AUTHENTICATION STAMP -- looks up at Marks and Hannah:

MIA

I'm good --

MARKS

Let's get ready to move.

He starts SANITIZING the hotel room carpet with a SPECIALIZED CLEANING SOLUTION, instantly removing traces of blood and grey matter, as MUSIC BUILDS over final JUMP CUTS:

1) Marks wraps Harbour's body in spare linens and Hannah helps him load the corpse into a laundry cart.

2) Mia throws up the bedsheets. Lets them drop down. Tucks them under the mattress. Perfect hospital corners. You could bounce a quarter off them.

3) As the three of them exit, Hannah gives one last look. Door CLOSES as we go BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - SAME

SHAW'S HANDS, patting down Davor's corpse -- looking for identifiable indicators. Hears a BUZZING. Finds a CELL PHONE. Flips it open. Davor's got a TEXT, in SERBIAN, so we SUBTITLE the message:

"ABORT MISSION. WE HAVE GIRL'S LOCATION."

Off Shaw, already in motion, SLAM TO:

SAME BUILDING, BASEMENT:

MOVING -- fast -- with Shaw -- past cinderblock walls laced with graffiti -- comes to a row of STEEL DOORS -- pulls a BLACKLIGHT flashlight, the PURPLE GLOW lights up one door -- nothing. Next door -- nothing. The third -- yes -- is marked with a "X" -- visible only with the blacklight --

This is RAVEN'S NEST, the safehouse. ON SHAW, gun at the ready, as he enters.

EXT. ST. REGIS SHANGHAI - BACK ALLEY/VAN - NIGHT

The team's black VAN is parked behind the hotel. As we TRACK along its side, we see it's now adorned with the LOGO of a FUNERAL HOME -- and we stop on the DRIVER waiting behind the wheel, TARIK, eyes peeled for potential threats -- SOUND of the van door SLIDING open behind him -- he whips around pulling his Sig 9mm to find...

MARKS and HANNAH, loading Harbour's body into the back:

MARKS

Easy, kid.

Tarik holsters his weapon as Marks hands him Mia's doctored death certificate --

MARKS (CONT'D)

My contact at the airport is Yao Kwan. He'll meet you at the gate on the north side of the runway. How long you figure door to door?

TARIK

(doing the math)
Ruijin Yi Road to Huaihai; Huaihai
to Jiyang Road; across the Lupu
Bridge to Outer Ring Road. 20 miles
to Pudong -- Jiyang's a parking lot
around 11.

(a beat then)
Sixty-three minutes.

MARKS

Sixty-three?

TARIK

Would be forty-five if you turn me
loose.

MARKS

See you in an hour.

Marks CLOSES the door in his face -- Tarik puts the car in
gear:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME

The van roars away, Marks watching it go -- his cell RINGS,
"SHAW" -- he answers, speaks first:

MARKS

Room's ready for check-out and the
luggage is on its way to the
airport. We're good to go --

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - "RAVEN'S NEST" - SAME

SHAW (V.O.)

No we're not. The asset is missing.
She's gone.

Off Shaw, mind tumbling, standing in the EMPTY SAFEHOUSE --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SNAP TO:

INT. RAVEN'S NEST - VIDEO SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

BOOM: a door flies open as SHAW enters -- removes a FALSE FRONT on the wall to reveal a VIDEO SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM: four separate feeds of Raven's Nest, split-screen-style. He takes control:

VIDEO PLAYBACK -- FULL FRAME -- BLUR OF IMAGES: Shaw REWINDS the feed -- sees himself killing Davor -- rewind: Davor follows him into the safe house -- rewind, rewind, until finally he sees:

NATALIE CLAYTON. Shaw exhales. He knows she was here. He hits PLAY. Watches as Natalie REACTS to something O.S. -- ANOTHER ANGLE OUTSIDE THE BUILDING shows us:

THE HIT SQUAD'S VAN PULLING UP. As they make their way inside --

NATALIE ON THE MONITOR -- rushes to a window, struggles to open it -- climbs through -- DISAPPEARS mere seconds before the SERBS enter the room where she was just standing. Shaw registers this, knowing she's safe... for now.

CLOSE ANGLE -- NIKOLA ON THE MONITOR. Shaw studies that wicked face. Every twitch. Now he knows his adversary. Pulls out the video system's LACIE HARD DRIVE -- EXITS:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The trunk to the Audi SWINGS OPEN revealing DAVOR'S BODY inside, wrapped in GARBAGE BAGS. Shaw digs his hand through the bag -- fishes around until he finds what he's searching for:

DAVOR'S CELL PHONE. Shaw finds the LAST NUMBER DIALED on the call list. Pulls out his OWN SECURE PHONE, hits a SPEED-DIAL NUMBER --

SHAW

It's Shaw --
 (reading the # off Davor's
 phone)
 I need a location trace on a
 number: 1306506228

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - NIGHT

A NIGHTCLUB. Deep bass THUMP-THUMP from inside. As across the street... NATALIE appears.

Satchel in hand, scared -- is she being followed? -- sees the NIGHTCLUB. CROWDED. Perfect place to disappear. As locals pour in, she ENTERS with them:

MUSIC BLASTS!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

We're BOMBARDED by sound and light -- LOUD. Shanghai's youth GYRATE and PARTY to house music and strobe lights. Natalie makes her way through, protecting the satchel -- up to the BAR, sees her SCARED REFLECTION in the MIRRORED WALL. And then:

IN THE REFLECTION, NIKOLA AND ANOTHER ASSASSIN ENTER THE CLUB -- fuck! -- she turns to bolt, BUMPS a club-goer -- KNOCKS his drink to the ground -- he YELLS at her, drawing attention -- shit! -- she spins, looking for escape, but --

MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH NIKOLA, who's now just ten feet from her. SHE'S MADE. Nikola and his partner move -- she starts BOOKING through the club -- SLAMMING into people -- Nikola's men THROW dancers aside as they give chase -- Natalie races to the back of the club -- finds a DOOR -- throws it open, DISAPPEARS --

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TRACK FAST with Natalie -- RACING down a brick-lined hallway -- NIKOLA'S MEN round a corner behind her -- FIRING -- bullets WHIZ -- Natalie manages to reach the next corner but SUDDENLY SHE'S GRABBED -- no! -- except it isn't one of Nikola's men, it's:

ERIC SHAW.

He pulls her into a protected alcove and EMERGES IN HER PLACE -- gunmen RUSHING up -- Shaw there to greet them with a series of LIGHTNING FAST MOVES -- less flashy than they are efficient and DEADLY -- DUCKING DOWN and SWEEPING the leg out from under one -- while SHOOTING BACK UP and THRUSTING his hand into the other Serbian's throat -- crushing his wind pipe -- then turning back to the first gunman struggling to get back to his feet, and BREAKING HIS NECK. All this cold and silent, happening in SECONDS, away from view --

-- of Natalie. She's SHAKING -- he extends a hand, her lifeline:

SHAW

I'm your cleaner -- I'm here to take you home.

CLOSE -- HIS HAND. As her hand GRABS IT. Connection. And --

INT. SAME BUILDING - ANOTHER HALLWAY - SAME

WE'RE MOVING -- full-tilt -- Shaw guiding Natalie down the hallway as Nikola and **ANOTHER ASSASSIN** appear behind them, FIRING -- un-phased, Shaw HURLS Natalie through an EXIT DOOR -- ALARMS RING -- in one fluid move, Shaw's hand is on a CS CANNISTER -- flicks the spoon off -- TOSSES IT down the hallway:

POOF! A cloud of NOXIOUS SMOKE covers their escape. Nikola and his man STUMBLE -- coughing -- up to the door -- BURST THROUGH:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Guns ready, eyes burning, they find the alley EMPTY. Shaw and Natalie are GONE. Off Nikola, fuming -- SMASH TO --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET/INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Shaw's Audi SCREAMS around a corner, fishtails into TRAFFIC -- Shaw glances over at Natalie in the passenger's seat, still clutching the SACHEL, a shock victim:

SHAW

Are you hit?

(she just stares forward)

Natalie, are you hit?

He checks her for signs of a wound, doesn't find any. Finally:

NATALIE

.. n-- no... I-- I... I'm okay...

She's near tears. Shaw -- whips out his phone -- dials -- then:

MARKS (V.O.)

Marks --

SHAW

I have the principal, we need new real estate to get her ready for travel. Text me details.

Hangs up. She looks at him, not understanding...

NATALIE

What do you mean: "get ready?" Aren't we going to the airport right now?

SHAW

Too risky, your cover's blown.
First we get you secure, regroup,
and plot our next move.
(then, heartfelt)
You did well.

NATALIE

I didn't do anything.

SHAW

(the satchel:)
You got that out. And you
survived. That's what Harbour
would've wanted.

And that helps. He gives her a little smile...

SHAW (CONT'D)

I'm Eric Shaw.

NATALIE

Natalie.

SHAW

Glad to meet you, Natalie.

Real feeling in that. And not just because of their current
circumstance. She almost manages to smile... beyond grateful.

EXT. ARMORY - NIGHT

A decommissioned Chinese military warehouse somewhere outside
the city. Large. Isolated.

INT. ARMORY - NIGHT

The team sets up shop -- QUICK CUTS: Marks and Tarik set up
their COMMS LINKS via satellite/ Hannah preps medical
supplies/ Mia sets up her laptop and printer to forge new
documents. The door OPENS and Shaw ENTERS with Natalie:

SHAW

-- we up and running --?

MARKS

-- online and connected --

Shaw hands Marks the LACIE HARD DRIVE he took from the safe
house surveillance system. Marks slips it in his laptop and
BOOTS UP video, while Hannah immediately tends to Natalie --
kind, a pro with great bedside manner:

HANNAH

Hannah Burke -- your in-country medical specialist and voice of reason.

(grabs an apple box)

Sit. Let me get your vitals. Are you hurt anywhere? Cuts? Ingest anything?

(Natalie shakes her head, no)

Gonna check your blood pressure, ok?

Natalie nods. As Hannah puts a pressure cuff around her arm, SURVEILLANCE VIDEO pops up on Marks' monitor -- he SCROLLS through the images from Raven's Nest:

SHAW

Freeze that -- zoom in.

Marks ZOOMS IN on NIKOLA'S FACE as he entered Raven's Nest --

SHAW (CONT'D)

That's him.

Marks runs facial recognition, calling up a secure CIA DATABASE -- the image of Nikola is INSTANTLY cross-reffed against a fast-scrolling image bank -- facial hit-points are compared -- an IMAGE MATCH IS FOUND and a DOSSIER on Nikola appears:

MARKS

Nikola Radenkovich, one of the Hague's most wanted in connection with the Serbian Freedom Brigade. Responsible for the chemical attacks on the Berlin Underground.

SHAW

The hell are Serbians doing in Shanghai?

MARKS

Making a living.

SHAW

They're obviously well financed and connected -- they knew to hit the hotel, knew where Raven's Nest was -

-

MARKS

(beat, the implication:)
Like they're being fed our
locations. You think someone sold
us out --?

SHAW

-- too early to tell, but it's safe
to assume they're working off real-
time intel --

MARKS

Real-time intel could only come
from the top ten: Mossad, NDS --

SHAW

-- MI-6, AISI -- I wanna know
everything about this sonofabitch;
his operation, resources, scope,
everything.

Marks is already DIALING his phone --

MARKS

I'll make some calls.
(to TARIK across the room)
Get a pot of coffee going.

Tarik opens his mouth to protest, but Marks' LOOK tells him
he's gonna lose. With a GRUMPH, Tarik goes off to make the
coffee, passing Hannah and Natalie, as Hannah reads the
pressure cuff:

HANNAH

160 over 90. We need to do
something about that --
(takes out a SYRINGE and
VIAL)
This'll help calm you down.

Natalie nods, still reeling, as Hannah preps the needle with
5 cc's of Valium:

NATALIE

Were you the one who cleaned up
Tom?

Hannah looks up at Natalie as she works, a look that says
'yes.'

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Hannah nods, small smile: you're welcome. Sticks her with the syringe, pushes the plunger:

HANNAH

Should relax you a little. You must be hungry. Water?

NATALIE

(swallows, realizing)
... it's been over 24 hours...

From her kit bag, Hannah produces a protein bar and container of water. Natalie eats and drinks VORACIOUSLY as Mia plops down beside her with her laptop --

MIA

What're you, 5'2? About 110 pounds?

NATALIE

5'3, 105.

Mia types some information into her computer:

MIA

For your new travel docs, your name's now Lisa Barra, 25 years old. Born 2/22/85. You live at 18 Marlin Lane in Plano, Texas. Say it back.

NATALIE

Lisa Barra, 25, born 2/22/85, 18 Marlin Lane.

MIA

Good retention. You're a sales rep for a tech company, AirStar; you were in China meeting with perspective buyers. You need glasses to drive at night and you're an organ donor.

(hands Natalie an AIR
CHINA plane ticks)

Booked you on the red eye out of Shanghai Pudong Airport, direct to DC. Seat 14-F. Figured you'd want a window.

NATALIE

(a grin)
... you're pretty good at this...

MIA
Used to have to hack in, now they
just give me all the passwords.

NATALIE
"Hack"?

MIA
(beat, sly)
Let's just say I wasn't always
working for the Company.

Oh. Whatever that means, we wanna know more. For now,
Natalie's eyes go to Marks in the corner of the room, talking
on the phone in CHINESE --

NATALIE
He looks serious.

MIA
Almost always.

HANNAH
Jonathan Marks. Support officer.
Gets us what we need before we need
it.

NATALIE
Like the keys to a decommissioned
Chinese armory in less than hour?

HANNAH
You should see what he can do in
two.

Natalie smiles. Wow, this team's tight. INTO FRAME comes
Tarik, with coffee -- hands it to her, a grin:

TARIK
Tarik Fayad. Your humble driver.

QUICK CUTS: Tarik PEELS off the funeral home logo from the
side of the van. A DECAL. From the back of the van, he pulls
several large aerosol cans -- walks and SPRAYS. It FOAMS UP,
then disappears... taking the black paint RIGHT OFF and
REVEALING a coat of WHITE PAINT underneath it. Now he
REPLACES the license plates -- PRESSES a new STICKER along
the side of the body: the logo of a local Chinese AIRPORT
TRANSPORTATION SERVICE. Turns to Natalie, who IS impressed --
he WINKS.

Shaw's phone RINGS -- he answers:

SHAW

Shaw.

A MAN'S VOICE. This is the:

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Go secure.

Shaw heads off AROUND A CORNER. ON HANNAH, watching him go --

INT. ARMORY - HALLWAY - SAME

In a private hallway off the main armory floor, Shaw punches a six-digit CODE into his phone. We HEAR a series of strange tones, then:

SHAW

Secure.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Hold for P.O. --

INTERCUT: INT. CIA PANIC ROOM - SAME

Once again, we see the PANIC OFFICER only in ABSTRACT PIECES: her MOUTH as it speaks into a headset; hands on a keyboard; her SILHOUETTE against satellite screens -- but NEVER her face:

PANIC OFFICER

Do you have Clayton?

SHAW

She's safe. Wheels up in three hours.

PANIC OFFICER

There's been a change: Clayton will make the brush pass. After the St. Regis, Yuri won't trust anyone else.

SHAW

(beat: fuck)
Says who?

PANIC OFFICER

My Russian counterpart.

SHAW

Negative. I picked her up ten minutes ago, she's nowhere near ready for this.

PANIC OFFICER

You have two hours to get her ready, get her on site, and make the exchange. If she's one minute late, Yuri walks.

SHAW

You're not hearing me: this girl's a surveillance tech, she's spooked - - she's likely to blow the handoff. We have to assume the location's compromised by now -- and I'm just here to get her out.

PANIC OFFICER

We've made allowances for that.

SHAW

Allowances?

PANIC OFFICER

Natalie Clayton's extraction is now a secondary objective.

ON SHAW. The FUCK?

SHAW

Meaning what, "if she dies, she dies?"

PANIC OFFICER

We all have our orders.

Shaw, furious, knows he has no choice -- finally, hating this:

PANIC OFFICER (CONT'D)

Authenticate you understand the change you've been given.

SHAW

I authenticate Echo Sierra zero one.

CLICK. The P.O.'s GONE.

ON SHAW -- tight. Angry. He turns, to find... HANNAH. At the other end of the hall, having overheard the whole conversation. She approaches:

HANNAH

What's going on?

SHAW
Clayton's making the handoff.

HANNAH
Not that -- I've never heard you
question The Company before. And in
the van, when Tarik made that
crack, you took it personally.
(beat)
Who is she?

SHAW
Just another asset.

HANNAH
That's not a good enough answer.

SHAW
I'll think of a better one and get
back to you.

As he moves PAST her -- she FOLLOWS --

HANNAH
I know when I'm being lied to --

SHAW
Yeah, you have a lot of experience
with that --

HANNAH	SHAW
If you're emotionally	-- do <u>not</u> question my resolve
compromised here --	--

HANNAH
I'm questioning your judgment.
Sending her back out there isn't
ideal, far from it, but if for some
reason you're taking this
personally? It raises the threat
level -- not just for her, for all
of us. And you know it.

He TURNS on her -- CONTROLLED, but deadly fucking serious:

SHAW
I assumed someone who turned in her
own father to the FBI for treason
would know it's always personal.

Hannah's eyes go COLD. Whatever it is, it's her deepest scar:

HANNAH
Easy shots now, huh?

SHAW

I wasn't assigned this mission cause I was next on a list, I was assigned it cause I'm the one to finish it. If that's a problem for you, call the P.O. If not, then get her ready -- that's an order.

And he GOES. Off Hannah, troubled, unsure --

INT. ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

ON NATALIE, drinking Tarik's coffee. She looks up to see Shaw standing in front of her. The look on his face. He doesn't even have to say it...

NATALIE

I'm not going home yet, am I?

SHAW

Yuri will only do the brush pass with someone from Harbour's team.

(beat)

That's you.

Whatever strength Natalie had begins to warble...

NATALIE

... I can't go back out there...

Shaw gets down to eye-level. And this is where we see his true gift; among an impressive skill set, his most unique tools are empathy, calm, and reassurance in the face of someone's terror:

SHAW

Listen to me very carefully, Natalie: you are gonna get through this. You know you're capable: your scores during "Secondary" were off the chart, you breezed through your border crossing exercise like a pro. You were made for this. If that's not enough: you have me, my team, and a combined 50 years of clandestine expertise without loss of a single asset. Not... one. And I promise, you will not be our first.

(hands her an EARPIECE)

I'm gonna be in your head the whole time. Making sure you're not alone. All I need you to do... is trust me.

A beat. Natalie looks at the earpiece. And finally, with TREMBLING HANDS, takes the earpiece. SLIPS it in her ear.

Shaw nods, kind smile:

SHAW (CONT'D)

Let's go.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SNAP TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - NIGHT

MUSIC PULSING: vibrant stands and vending booths aglow with multi-colored rice paper lanterns. INTO FRAME comes the team's VAN. It STOPS --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The door slides open and HANNAH slips on her TACTICAL BACKPACK -- Tarik turns to her from the wheel:

TARIK
(all irony gone)
Be careful.

Hannah jumps out. SLAMS the door. As the van ROARS away --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hannah -- MOVING -- searches buildings for the best vantage point on the square. Sees it: an old FACTORY.

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

We SEE HANNAH receding through the back window. Shaw leans forward to fix Natalie's COLLAR. Pinches a small strip of TAPE on the underside. What's he doing?

SHAW
Just like we rehearsed: go to the fountain near the northwest corner. Take a seat on the side facing away from the parade.

She nods. The van SLOWS again, half a block from the last stop. Shaw reaches for the door -- and as he does, NATALIE SEES:

ANGLE -- HIS HAND: on his finger is a small "V" tattoo. She's suddenly STRUCK:

NATALIE
Where did you... get that?

SHAW
(quickly, lying)
Virginia Beach. Stay focused.
(points to her ear)
I'll be right in there.

-- he OPENS the door and hops out. GONE, blending in with the environment. Door CLOSES and the van drives on. OFF NATALIE, SHAKEN, and not just because of what she's about to do --

INT. BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Deserted, filled with naked mannequins. A low-rent clothing manufacturing space.

QUICK CUTS: as Hannah UNZIPS her backpack, pulls out WEAPON PIECES and assembles them with expert efficiency: barrel, receiver, butt stock, and a Leupold Mark 4 scope. Creates a NEMESIS ARMS VANQUISH SNIPER RIFLE. Sets up on the windowsill, overlooking Old Town. Perfect sniping spot.

HANNAH

In position --

ANGLE THROUGH HANNAH'S SNIPER SCOPE: she sees NATALIE in her cross-hairs, moving to a fountain. MATCH TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

Natalie reaches the fountain and sits nervously, clutching the satchel. In her ear, Shaw's calm VOICE:

SHAW (V.O.)

Good. I see you.

Natalie scans the crowd, but there's NO SIGN of Shaw --

NATALIE

I can't see you --

SHAW (V.O.)

I'm here. Yuri'll be wearing a silver angel pin on his lapel. Once he shows, Marks will take his picture and Mia will confirm his identity --

ANOTHER ANGLE -- MARKS -- near the fountain, dressed like a tourist. "Taking pictures" of the square --

SHAW (V.O.)

Do not make the pass til we confirm Yuri's Russian intelligence. We're gonna check his face against the FSB database, we'll know who he is when the facial recognition comes back; Mia's standing by, so it should only be seconds. On my command, you make the pass. Then we exfil.

Up the road, CROWD SOUNDS: A CHINESE DRAGON PARADE is heading toward the square --

INT. VAN - SAME

CLOSE, MIA'S LAPTOP -- the screen flashes the FSB SHIELD (Russian Secret Service), and in Russian text: "Access Denied."

MIA
Damn, my Nightstalker hack worked last time. Russian Security Service is playing cutesy with me --

She starts disengaging the fire wall, fingers working the keyboard like a master pianist:

MIA (CONT'D)
-- gonna re-route through Cairo, then Latvia, bounce it off the Russian embassy in London... but it's gonna waste an extra thirty seconds of my life --

Tarik watches: God, does he WANT her right now. Slips closer, "casually" resting his arm on her chair --

TARIK
Lemme ask you, Mia...

MIA
(leans away from him,
still typing)
Arm off --

TARIK
(he doesn't)
If the CIA hadn't recruited you -- an attractive, nubile computer whiz -- what alternate path would your life be taking at this very moment?

MIA
You mean, if the FBI didn't bust me for counterfeiting cash to pay my way through MIT? And the CIA didn't force me to choose between sitting in this van with you or ten to fifteen in Danbury Federal?

She reaches another firewall, easily BYPASSES IT, as he ups the charm:

TARIK

Well, that's one way to look at it...

MIA

What else would you call it?

TARIK

"The Hand Of Fate." "The universe opening you up to new experiences." For example, I know a beach in Tehran where the sands are white and dolphins frolic in the Caspian Sea --

MIA

Are you seriously making a pass at me?

TARIK

Obviously. Not.

MIA

-- and dolphins "frolic"? Is that the technical term for it?

And now the FSB Secure Server is ACCESSED --

MIA (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)

I'm in. Standing by for digital upload --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

ON NATALIE, still waiting. All she sees is danger lurking, her POV SNAPS AROUND -- a **LOCAL** reaching into his pocket -- for a GUN? -- no, just a PHONE -- there, a **VENDOR** locking eyes with her -- then turning away as he SMILES at a customer. As on the SOUNDTRACK, we begin to hear the *THUMP-THUMP* of Natalie's slowly INCREASING heart rate --

INT. BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - SAME

CLOSE, HANNAH'S CELL PHONE, perched beside her -- it's acting as a HEART RATE MONITOR:

HANNAH (INTO MIC)

Shaw, her heart rate's rising. She needs to calm down now or she'll choke --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - BACK TO NATALIE

In the distance, that Dragon Parade gets CLOSER...

NATALIE

(murmurs)

... I don't see him...

Over her earpiece, Shaw's VOICE returns -- calm, easy:

SHAW (O.S.)

My uncle had this saying: "The cows are slow, but the earth is patient." He raised me on his ranch in Hunt. That's Texas.

As slowly, during what follows, we ANGLE AROUND to reveal... SHAW, sitting on the other side of the fountain RIGHT BEHIND HER. Back-to-back:

SHAW (CONT'D)

I used to have this bug collection. By the time I was 9, I must've caught 500 hundred different bugs... kept 'em in these glass mason jars... one Thanksgiving, I let 'em all loose at the table, just to freak everyone out. My uncle locked me in the attic for three days. 'Course he didn't know it only took me an hour to escape, I just snuck back in on day three.

(beat)

Did that a lot: got into trouble so I could figure out how to get out of it.

A beat. And then --

NATALIE

My brother was like that. He ended up in The Company too.

ON SHAW. Quiet now. Grateful he isn't facing her.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You remind me of him. And not just cause he had the same tattoo on his finger.

(beat)

He told me he got it when he was on leave somewhere.

(pointedly)

Maybe it was Virginia Beach?

... Shaw stays quiet, as our MOVING ANGLE has come back around to NATALIE, face growing full of EMOTION... this moment has become strangely TENSE...

NATALIE (CONT'D)

He disappeared. My family wasn't told anything. We don't even know if he's still alive. Normal people never get answers. Civilians. So after a couple years, my parents decided to have a funeral. They just... had to move on.

(beat)

But I couldn't. That's why I joined. To find out what happened to Adam. Except even on the inside, I couldn't get the truth. At every Directorate, no one would talk about him... what he did... his assignments.

(beat)

By the way, he was class of '96 at The Farm. What year were you?

INT. VAN/ EXT. STREET/ INT. BUILDING - SAME

ANGLES -- our team: Hannah, Marks, Mia, Tarik, all listening to this play out -- waiting for Shaw to answer:

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

ON SHAW. Face tight. He has to tell her. But he can't tell her, not now --

SHAW

There were 250 people in that class

--

NATALIE

SHAW

-- did you know my brother -- -- Natalie --
?

NATALIE

(her eyes filling with
tears)

Do you know what happened to him?

INT. BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - SAME

CLOSE, HANNAH'S CELL PHONE: *THUMPTHUMPTHUMP* --

HANNAH

Her BP's spiking --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

And the Dragon Parade is nearly ON THEM now --

SHAW

Natalie, you need to calm down --

MARKS (V.O.)

Shaw. Five o'clock.

Shaw turns, sees MARKS across the square --

ANGLE - THROUGH MARKS' MACRO CAMERA LENS: A SILVER ANGEL PIN on the lapel of a MAN -- TILT UP to his face: 40's, unkempt beard, looks Russian. This, we presume, is **YURI**, walking toward the fountain. Marks SNAPS his PHOTO -- lightning fast he pulls the SD CARD from the camera, slips it into his smart phone, pulls up the shot of Yuri, SENDS IT to Mia:

MARKS

(murmurs, into mic)

Image on the way to you, Mia --

INT. VAN - SAME

The IMAGE OF YURI APPEARS on Mia's computer -- she runs the face against the Russian intel database --

MIA

Searching, ten seconds --

INT. BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - SAME

ANGLE THROUGH HANNAH'S CROSSHAIR SCOPE -- YURI, heading toward the fountain -- as the Dragon Parade PASSES -- harder to follow him in the crowd --

SHAW (V.O.)

Hannah?

HANNAH

Got him --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Knowing Hannah has them covered, Shaw instructs via mic:

SHAW

Alright, Natalie, walk toward him slowly. Don't close the distance too quickly, we need to be sure --

ON NATALIE -- scared -- stands -- holding that satchel with both hands, out in front of her in plain view.

ON SHAW -- paralleling her. Watches her move into the crowd -- as Yuri gets CLOSER and --

INT. VAN - SAME

CLOSE, MIA'S COMPUTER -- as the PHOTOGRAPH Marks uploaded gets a HIT on the photo database -- and OH SHIT! A SERBIAN MOST WANTED JAIL PHOTO APPEARS ("JOVAN ADZOVIC"):

TARIK
 -- nonono --

MIA (INTO MIC)
Shaw, the mark is not Yuri,
ABORT, ABORT --

But their earpieces suddenly SCREEEEECH WITH FEEDBACK:

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

ANGLES: HANNAH, MARKS, SHAW -- their comms channel fills with that horrible SCREECH:

SHAW
Mia? Mia, come back. Marks, Burke,
someone get back to me --

INT. VAN - SAME

Mia RIPS out her earpiece, wincing --

MIA
Someone's jamming us!

Tarik instantly THROWS open the van door and TEARS out into the street as --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

Shaw ACTIVATES TOO, hurries after Natalie -- the PARADE all around him -- OBSCURING HER --

NEW ANGLE: SNIPER POV

This time showing SHAW in the cross-hairs. REVEAL A **SERBIAN SNIPER** perched on a rooftop, about to take out Shaw when -- PHFT! -- a BULLET punctures his temple!

INT. BUILDING - EMPTY FLOOR - SAME

HANNAH just took him out from her open window and --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

HANDHELD MAYHEM: Shaw beelines to Natalie -- pulls her away from "Yuri"/Serbian terrorist, who's about to intercept --

NATALIE
 What're are you doing -- ?

SHAW
That's not Yuri --

Shaw escorts Natalie THROUGH the festival -- sees another **HITMAN** incoming -- just as he passes MARKS:

SHAW
-- on my left --

Marks VEERS Left, draws a STILETTO and intercepts the HITMAN, JAMMING IT into his lower back, severing the sciatic nerve -- TWISTS the blade, the pain SILENCING the hitman before death -- as Marks effortlessly takes him by the shoulders and sits him down on a BENCH -- people everywhere completely UNAWARE that just happened because, yes, it happened that fast --

RESUME SHAW, moving on with Natalie:

SHAW (CONT'D)
We're compromised. We need to get you out of here --

But before he can get her back to the van, he spots **TWO FROM NIKOLA'S TEAM** closing in -- Shaw SPINS Natalie around, they move back into the crowd -- Nikola's men PURSUING --

And suddenly *PFFT!* The first terrorist DROPS -- the second STOPS and tries to find the shooter -- too late -- *PFFT!* -- he goes down too as we WHIP AROUND to reveal:

TARIK, concealed behind a clothing vendor, using the clothes to cover his silenced GLOCK --

INT. VAN - SAME

Mia tries madly to clear the communications jam, switches the team's comm frequencies on a TRANSMITTER/RECEIVER mounted in the van, desperate to get a clear frequency -- finally, STATIC gives way to CRYSTAL CLEAR RADIO WAVES:

MIA
We're back up!

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

MOVING WITH SHAW AND NATALIE, still heading to the van:

SHAW
Everybody fall back to the van, now
--

INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - SAME

Hannah CHARGES down the stairs -- two at a time --

EXT. SHANGHAI OLD TOWN - SAME

As we pick up **SOMEONE ELSE** cutting through the crowd: NIKOLA.
The wicked sonofabitch who killed Harbour!

He reaches into his pocket and draws a CONCUSSION HAND
GRENADE -- pulls the pin and drops in a garbage can:

BOOOOOOOM! -- it BLOWS UP behind him -- the EXPLOSION causes
everyone in the area to freak, run and SCATTER:

Natalie and Shaw get SEPARATED by the rush of people -- lose
their grip on each other --

NATALIE

Shaw!

But he can't get to her -- he's OVERRUN -- loses sight of her
--

STAY ON NATALIE

Frantic, searching -- and suddenly gets GRABBED from behind
by Nikola who stabs a SYRINGE into her neck!

Her eyes ROLL UP and she drops into his arms as a dark sedan
ROARS UP --

ON SHAW

Seeing that! Starts to RUN -- full tilt -- as Nikola's men
THROW the unconscious Natalie into the trunk while Nikola
hops in with her satchel, the sedan ROARS away --

INT. SEDAN - RACING AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nikola pulls the EARPIECE from unconscious Natalie's ear,
then RIPS her shirt open, exposing her BRA -- an upsetting
violation -- until we realize he's searching for the HEART
MONITOR -- pulls it off her chest -- TOSSES both out the
window as --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shaw arrives to see the sedan SCREECHING around a corner.
GONE.

Off Shaw, GUTSTRUCK:

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SNAP TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - NIGHT

And immediately we're with the van -- Tarik FLOORS IT down the street -- stops for nothing and no one --

INT. VAN - SAME

Everyone works fast and talks faster: MARKS, on his cell, negotiates a "cover story" for the local media:

MARKS

-- Chinese police are already on alert, we have very little time before this entire city's locked down; I need breaking news to cover our asses and I need it now --

-- WHIP TO SHAW -- assembling an HK-UMP 45 with foldable stock as Hannah checks her PHONE for Natalie's heart rate: nothing.

HANNAH

Dammit, I lost her signal, they must've disabled her heart rate transmitter --

SHAW

I tagged her collar with a beacon --

Hannah looks up: you did? Shaw grabs a P226 Sig for backup, PRESS CHECKS and slips it in his holster, a machine revving up; to Mia:

SHAW (CONT'D)

She's on frequency Tango Alpha zero one two five, find her --

Mia instantly calls up a grid array on her laptop, searching for the transponder signal. Hannah's eyes say to Shaw: "well done."

MARKS (INTO PHONE)

"Chinese police trade gunfire with terrorists tied to the Xinjiang Separatists tonight in Shanghai Old Town." One explosion, zero civilian casualties, how soon can you get it up and on the air?

MIA
 (a BLIP on her screen)
Got her --

ON MIA'S SCREEN: the blinking dot over a multi-dimensional map of Shanghai -- SNAP IN -- STREETS are identified:

MIA (CONT'D)
 Port of Shanghai --

SHAW
 (barking to Tarik)
Port of Shanghai.

Tarik CRANKS the wheel: SCREEEECH, a hair-pin turn --

INT. N.D. SPACE - NIGHT

CLOSE, NATALIE'S EYES, fluttering open. Her mouth is GAGGED with duct tape. We're not sure where we are, but our POV IS BLURRY, in and out of FOCUS... we hear SERBIANS talking, like an echo chamber... shadows cross frame... someone seems to be sitting in a CHAIR in front of us... he comes into FOCUS:

THE REAL YURI. Whom we realize is naked and also duct-taped to the chair, THROAT SLIT (recognize him from the file photo on Mia's laptop).

If Natalie could scream, she would, but her eyes go glassy and her head slumps again -- out of it.

EXT. PORT OF SHANGHAI - NIGHT

City lights shimmer off the harbor. In shadow, the VAN rolls to a stop near a CARGO SHIP. Tarik kills the lights:

INT. VAN - SAME

QUICK CUTS: the team gears up: weapons prep/rounds are seated: KA-CLICK / Kevlar vests strapped on.

Shaw looks to his team, eyes ablaze:

SHAW
 Weapons free. Nobody in there lives
 to see the sunrise...

EXT. PORT OF SHANGHAI - MOMENTS LATER

An armed **SENTRY** guards a RAMP up to the ship. Suddenly: a HAND slaps over his mouth -- STABS HIM IN THE SIDE OF THE NECK WITH A 3" BLADE -- the guards' eyes roll up as he goes limp. It's:

SHAW, who lowers the corpse to the ground. Looks to the shadows and makes HAND SIGNALS: Marks, Tarik, and Hannah emerge to cover Shaw's advance as he continues UP THE SHIP RAMP.

On the deck, he finds a watertight door. Checks it -- it unlocks but DOESN'T OPEN. Moves to a second door. Same. Notices SCORCH MARKS along the door edges. Welded shut.

SHAW (INTO MIC)
Tarik, get your port-a-torch up here. I need a breach --

-- Tarik pulls a WELDING TORCH from his tactical backpack --

TARIK (INTO MIC)
-- moving --

SHAW (INTO MIC)
Mia, scan the ship. They've sealed off all of the entry points except one --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mia listens via headset:

SHAW (V.O.)
-- get me the closest breach point to Natalie's signal --

MIA (INTO MIC)
(starts typing)
-- on it --

EXT. CARGO SHIP - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Shaw creeps toward the ship's stern to find an open door guarded by **SEVERAL SERBS**. Recedes into shadow, murmuring:

SHAW (INTO MIC)
Marks, I got eyes on the stern. Close in and lemme know what they're up to --

MARKS (INTO MIC)
Roger, moving --

INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - NIGHT

CLANG: a heavy steel door SWINGS OPEN as NIKOLA enters, flanked by **TWO GUNMEN**. Crosses to Natalie. Sees the state she's in. SLAPS her across the face -- and that starts to sober her up.

NIKOLA
Wake up, Little Girl.

Nikola draws a SIX INCH SPETSNAZ KNIFE. LIGHT glints off the blade, right in front of Natalie. TEARS leak from her eyes:

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mia pulls up the SHIP SCHEMATICS. Overlays Natalie's transponder signal, reads the grid --

MIA

Shaw, she's 4 levels down, stern of the ship. Best possible breech point is Port side, mid-ship, last door before the cargo hold --

EXT. CARGO SHIP - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Shaw, Tarik, and Hannah copy that message and move to the BREECH POINT. As they converge, Shaw pulls security as Hannah grabs a TARP off a generator, uses it to cover the BRIGHT LIGHT as Tarik IGNITES the torch -- *FWOOM!*

INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - NIGHT

Nikola GRABS Natalie by the hair, SNAPS her head back -- eyes WIDE and TERRIFIED, she lets out a small, muffled SOUND:

NIKOLA

I ask questions, you answer, yes?
Upstairs we have CIA satchel.
Inside satchel is computer, inside computer is information. You know passcode, yes?

Natalie's eyes go DOWN in defiance. Nikola YANKS her hair even harder, putting the KNIFE at her ear:

NIKOLA (CONT'D)

I start at right ear...
(moves it to --)
... then left ear. Then left eye...
then right eye. Then we see how pretty you are.

But God bless her, still she says nothing. So Nikola takes the blade to her right ear, starts DIGGING into her flesh -- blood trickles.

She SHIVERS in pain, trying to SHAKE FREE -- as she does, the SMALL TRANSPONDER TAPE falls off her inside collar. Oh, shit. Nikola notices. Picks it up. Knows what it is and --

-- RIPS the tape in half, breaks the wire, killing the signal.

INT. THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The SIGNAL on Mia's laptop DISAPPEARS. She SNAPS forward:

MIA
-- nonono --

EXT. CARGO SHIP - STERN - ENTRYWAY - SAME

MARKS, in shadow, watches as the SERB GUNMEN guarding the door ACTIVATE -- set up a perimeter to cover the entrance:

MARKS (INTO MIC)
Alarm's been activated, they know
we're coming. Watch your six --

INT. CARGO SHIP - PORT SIDE - WATERTIGHT DOOR - SAME

A **SENTRY** makes a sweep. Rounds a corner, almost on top of Tarik and Hannah under the Tarp -- but *PHFT!* -- Shaw kills him with a single, silenced SHOT --

SHAW (INTO MIC)
Mia: status?

MIA (V.O.)
Lost the signal. "Last known" still
4 levels down --

KA-CHING: Tarik finishes the weld and the door OPENS --

SHAW (INTO MIC)
Roger. We're in --

Shaw, Hannah, and Tarik stack against the door. Marks arrives as Shaw swings it OPEN. Silently, they flow in --

INT. CARGO SHIP - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Shaw takes his team down a clear hallway. At an intersection, he splits them up with hand signals: Tarik and Hannah break right, Shaw and Marks go left --

INT. CARGO SHIP - SECURITY ROOM - SAME

As a **SERBIAN** looks over surveillance screens. He sees Hannah on one of them. Reaches for his walkie to call it in when suddenly a RAZOR WIRE coils around his neck, SLICING HIS WINDPIPE. He DROPS, revealing MARKS behind him.

INT. CARGO SHIP - CORRIDOR - SAME

ON SHAW, moving down a corridor past the number "4" painted on the wall. Right outside where Natalie's being held.

He positions himself at the door -- one, two -- SWINGS IN with gun raised to find:

INT. CARGO SHIP - HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Natalie's gone. The gruesome sight of DEAD YURI is all Shaw sees. Where the hell is she?!

As he quickly heads out, Shaw pulls his SMARTPHONE, takes a SNAPSHOT of Yuri's face -- why? We'll know later as --

INT. CARGO SHIP - READY ROOM - SAME

A door OPENS and NATALIE is practically DRAGGED into the room and thrown toward a TABLE, where the LAPTOP rests, having been removed from the satchel. A **TECH** awaits:

NIKOLA
(to Natalie)
Give them password.

And finally, she NODS. Nikola RIPS the duct tape off her mouth -- OUCH. Swallowing, clearing her throat...

NIKOLA (CONT'D)
Password. Now.

She looks at him. And SPITS in his face.

With fury, he GRABS her -- PRESSES her head down on the table -- puts the BLADE to her ear, about to cut if off -- as she SCREAMS --

BOOM: the door SWINGS OPEN and in comes SHAW, announcing himself with CONTROLLED BURSTS of his UMP -- perfect close quarters battle.

The TECH and GUARDS go down -- Nikola drops the knife and TAKES COVER, draws his pistol and RETURNS FIRE -- Shaw DUCKS behind a steel pillar as bullets PING inches from his head. Nikola BOOKS through an access door, escaping. Shaw, in motion, crosses up to Natalie:

SHAW
You alright?
(she nods weakly; into his mic)
I've acquired the asset, fall back to the van --

MARKS/ HANNAH (V.O.)
Copy that/ Moving now --

As Shaw slices Natalie's hands free, she HUGS HIM FIERCELY. Desperately grateful. ON SHAW, a little taken aback as Natalie CRIES, beyond spent.

A moment, then Shaw breaks the hug -- right into her eyes, WARMLY:

SHAW
Let's go home.

NATALIE
... you came back for me...

SHAW
(a grin, he pulls his SIG,
still urgent)
We got a lot of Hostiles between us
and our ride, so I'm gonna need you
to cover my six, okay?
(she takes the gun)
Two man stack just like in the
shoot house. Ready?
(she nods, renewed
confidence)
Good. Let's mo--

BANG! From out of nowhere, SHAW'S SHOT -- a **SERBIAN GUARD** has appeared in the doorway -- Shaw COLLAPSES --

NATALIE
Shaw!

The Serb FIRES at her -- Natalie FIRES BACK, instincts kicking in, killing the guard. She stalks forward, gun ready, clears his dead body --

The sound of GURGLING BLOOD turns her focus back to Shaw. On the ground, BLOOD seeping out from under his Kevlar vest.

She starts FRANTICALLY applying pressure to the wound, her heart in her throat -- Shaw fading fast --

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Hold on -- oh God, hold on --

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

SNAP TO:

EXT. PORT OF SHANGHAI - NIGHT

Outside the ship, the van waits at the extraction point:

INT. VAN - SAME

Hannah checks her watch, a bad feeling. To Mia:

HANNAH

He should be out by now. Try him again.

MIA (INTO MIC)

Shaw, what's your location? Over.

(nothing)

Shaw, repeat, what's your stat--

-- SLAM! SHAW'S BLOODY HAND braces against the back window, STARTLING THE SHIT OUT OF EVERYONE -- Marks swings the door open to reveal Shaw, still on his feet with an arm over Natalie's shoulder:

NATALIE

-- help him, please!!!

Shaw COLLAPSES to the floor as Marks HAULS Natalie inside and -- BAMBAMBAM: bullets POCKMARK the still-open door -- it's NIKOLA, firing from the ship deck -- Tarik SLAMS the gas, the van ROARS off, back door SLAMMING CLOSED:

And now we're IN MOTION as RIIIIIIIP! Hannah tears off Shaw's Kevlar, exposes the BULLET WOUND beneath. Rips open his shirt to reveal TORTURE SCARS. Natalie and Hannah REACT; Shaw, gasping, GRABS HANNAH'S HAND, shoves the SMART PHONE into it:

SHAW

The last picture I took, send it to Langley --

HANNAH

-- stop talking, I don't want you bleeding out on me --

MARKS

Give it to me --

(Hannah hands him the phone; Marks starts the UPLOAD)

SHAW

-- get confirmation of identity, we
need to know who Yuri was
communicating with --

MARKS

-- I'll track the thread --

HANNAH

Eric, you need to hold still or
you're gonna die --

(checking:)

I don't see an exit wound, bullet's
still in there --

Hannah ZIPS open her med kit, removes a SCALPEL and FORCEPS.
Tarik THROWS the car into another gear as Marks uploads the
PICTURE OF YURI -- glances out the windshield to see all the
red lights ahead:

MARKS

Break right then take the second
left on Laoshan road --

(to Mia)

Get our location off the NRO's
satellite --

(she does; ZOOMS IN on
their location)

This is the route to the plane:
knock out the traffic cams and
lights here, here and here --

Mia speed types into her computer, accesses the CHINESE
TRAFFIC SYSTEM -- drops in a command and we instantly see:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

ALL THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS SHUT DOWN ONE BY ONE AS THE VAN SPEEDS
UNDER THEM --

INT. VAN - SAME

As Hannah gets ready to operate on Shaw, the car TURNS, ROCKS
-- Shaw WINCES in pain. Hannah locks eyes with Natalie:

HANNAH

Grab his shoulders, I need you to
hold him down while I make my
incision --

Natalie does; really leans on Shaw. Eye-to-eye with him.
He's weak, fading... and in this strangely intimate moment,
knows he may not get another chance to tell her the truth:

SHAW

I knew him... I knew Adam...

Off Natalie, heart pounding, eyes wide, we QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

As the van cuts around a car in front of them --

INT. VAN - SAME

CLOSE ON FORCEPS, fishing the bullet out of Shaw's flesh. He SQUEEZES Natalie's arms, trying not to pass out as she holds him down -- battling pain: emotional and physical.

SHAW

Five years ago in Venezuela, we were building a false flag operation... he was a great operator... and my best friend. Our contact sold us out... we were captured and held for months... tortured...

And now we understand how he got the scars. Natalie listens intently for the answer to the question that's haunted her:

NATALIE

Venezuela...?

SHAW

He was so strong, Natalie... he kept me going, told me stories... about his family... about you.

Natalie's eyes WELL. The car hits a POTHOLE -- Shaw WINCES, bearing the pain. Hannah hesitates, but Shaw grabs her shirt, demanding:

SHAW (CONT'D)

Finish it --

HANNAH

I can get it out and stitch you up, but I gotta get you on an IV --

SHAW

No way. Put the quick-clot on it --

HANNAH

You've lost too much blood, the pain might put you in shock --

SHAW

Then I go into shock. But we don't
stop until she's in the air.

ON NATALIE, beyond moved by his courage and resolve to keep her safe. ON HANNAH, trying to focus. Readies the forceps again...

HANNAH

Keep talking, it'll distract you.
On three...
(he nods)
One... two... three:

And she DIGS IN AGAIN, Shaw TENSES, pure focus... almost
CHUCKLES:

SHAW

It was... a lot like this,
actually... I learned to go out of
my head, detach from my body...
only way to get through it... they
worked us over everyday... strong
as he was, I knew Adam wasn't gonna
last much longer... so when they
took us underground for more
"therapy" -- we made our move.

NATALIE

(there's hope!!)
... he got out?

SHAW

(swallows)
The tunnels they were holding us in
were miles long... some were just
beginnings with no end... a maze...
they caught up to us... we got...
separated in the dark...

... now the tears are welling in his eyes too... and not
because of the pain... this is a tortured man... and it isn't
just Natalie we see taking this story in, we go CLOSE ON
HANNAH as she works, emotionally affected by it...

SHAW (CONT'D)

I heard him screaming my name... it
was so dark... I couldn't-- I
couldn't find him... I tried...
then I heard dogs coming...
running... so I did the only thing
I could...
(beat)
I ran.

(MORE)

SHAW (CONT'D)
 (his deepest scar)
 I left him behind...

Natalie's eyes CLOSE, overcome. A tear runs down her cheek:

SHAW (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... I'm so... sorry...

And SUDDENLY -- WHAM! The van JOLTS forward as it's RAMMED FROM BEHIND, causing Hannah to JAM the forceps roughly. Shaw HOWLS --

TARIK
 SONOFABITCH!!

In the rearview, Tarik SEES:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

Another car ROARING up -- Nikola behind the wheel:

INT. VAN - SAME

Tarik WHIPS the van around the block as Hannah resumes surgery on Shaw, finally EXTRACTING the bullet -- DROPS it on the floor -- pulls the quick clot out of her bag -- shoves it in the wound.

Shaw's eyes go WILD, but Jesus Christ is he tough. Hannah rips open a Chitosan bandage, places it over the wound as Marks's phone BUZZES -- he answers, quickly starts YELLING IN CHINESE, SUBTITLED:

MARKS (INTO PHONE)
You call this early warning? Fix it now or we stop sending checks to your family!
 (hangs up)
 Serbs released a photo of Natalie to the Guoanbu. Labelled her a CIA operative. They've closed the airports and they have our vehicle description --

NATALIE
 We can't get to the plane?!

Marks pulls out a literal BLACK BOOK, starts thumbing through -- we notice thousands of CONTACTS in different LANGUAGES --

EXT. ANOTHER SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

As three CHINESE POLICE CRUISERS roar past, bubble lights SPINNING, sirens WAILING --

INT. VAN - SAME

Marks finds a CHINESE NAME in the book. His mind calculates a desperate, last minute Hail Mary. Looks up at the intersection, slaps the book closed:

MARKS

Make a left on Taolin Road, a left on Yushan, left again on Minsheng -- drop me off at the south east corner, Minsheng and Lingshen.

TARIK

(at a loss)
-- what the hell are you doing--?

Hundreds of rounds suddenly RIP through the van -- our team DUCKING as bullets RICOCHET everywhere -- sending up SPARKS:

MARKS

Turn now!

Tarik SPINS the wheel again --

INT. NIKOLA'S CAR - SAME

As the **SERB** riding shotgun aims his AK-47 COMPACT out the window at the van ahead, which SKIDS around a corner, disappearing --

INT. VAN - SAME

Shaw, bandaged but still weak, ACTIVATES -- pure adrenaline dynamo:

SHAW

Hannah -- the Sage!

Hannah sees a SAGE CONTROL SL-6 ROTARY LAUNCHER attached to the wall of the van.

Pries it down as --

SHAW (CONT'D)

Mia, get ready with the door --

MARKS

(to Tarik)
Slow down here --

Mia SLIDES the side-door open, the van SLOWS and Marks LEAPS OUT, tumbles into some GARBAGE as the van SPEEDS ON, sliding door CLOSING as it goes --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marks stands up in the garbage as Nikola's car SPEEDS BY in pursuit. Marks quickly heads across the street -- to a CHINESE HERBAL SHOP. Presses an intercom button on the outside of the store. A GRUFF CHINESE VOICE crackles over the speaker --

CHINESE VOICE (SUBTITLED CHINESE)
What do you want?

MARKS (SUBTITLED CHINESE)
I need to purchase a white suit for the Peking Opera.

A beat and he's BUZZED inside this mysterious door as --

INT. VAN - MOVING - SAME

The CHASE continues: Natalie supports Shaw as he loads a munition into the rocket launcher, SNAPS it shut --

SHAW
GOING HOT --
(to Tarik)
When I give you the word, hit the brakes. I want him close.

Through the back window, he sees Nikola's car ROAR IN behind the van. The Serb riding shotgun aims his machine gun again:

SHAW (CONT'D)
Now!

Tarik SLAMS on the brakes -- the van SCREECHES to a stop:

INT. NIKOLA'S CAR - SAME

Forcing Nikola to SLAM his own brakes as his gunman gets WHIPPED around and DROPS his weapon as --

INT. VAN/ INT. NIKOLA'S CAR - SAME

Hannah KICKS open the back doors, Shaw pops up and aims the Sage at Nikola's car --

ON NIKOLA'S SHOCKED FACE -- just enough time to register what's about to happen to him before:

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME

Shaw fires: **BOOOOM!** Nikola's car EXPLODES, FLIPS into the air -- comes CRASHING back down. Hannah PULLS the van doors closed, Tarik hits the gas again and drives away --

SHAW

We're not in the clear yet. Tarik--

TARIK

(knows what Shaw's about
to say; scans the streets
for the perfect car)

-- I'm looking, Boss, I'm looking -

INT. CHINESE HERBAL SHOP - NIGHT

Underground CASINO. Mahjong tables and shady **PLAYERS**, smoking and drinking. A beefy **BOUNCER** -- logs for arms -- escorts Marks through a door:

INT. BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where Marks stares down **LO CHEN**, a black market arms dealer, sitting behind a desk. These two go way back -- in ENGLISH:

MARKS

Lo Chen. This place hasn't changed much...

LO CHEN

But you have. You look older.

MARKS

Well, I kept my hair. Some things work out.

LO CHEN

Still an optimist.

MARKS

Actually, I'm a pessimist who likes to be proven wrong.

LO CHEN

(a grin)

Same sense of humor. I always admired that about you.

CLICK! The bouncer digs a Chinese State Arms NP42 into the back of Marks's head:

LO CHEN (CONT'D)

Yet, right now... I would rather be me.

(Marks doesn't move)

I warned you. If I ever saw you again, I would kill you.

MARKS

I have something you want.

LO CHEN

What could you possibly have that I want?

MARKS

(a beat)

Your brother.

Lo Chen's face instantly goes cold...

INT. VAN - SHANGHAI BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The van pulls into a back alley. Tarik shuts off the engines, reaches under his seat for a small RED BAG. Exits the van with Mia while Hannah and Shaw swing open overhead bins.

Shaw pulls out a jug of CLEAR LIQUID, Hannah a small EXPLOSIVE CHARGE --

SHAW

Set it for thirty.

Hannah sets the DETONATOR TIMER as --

INT. BACK OFFICE - RESUME

Lo Chen and Marks, with the gun to his head:

MARKS

He was arrested last July for smuggling weapons out of North Korea, now he's made residence at one of our black sites. I know because... I brought him there. Trouble is, he's not doing well, Lo. Poor fella needs blood thinners to keep his heart pumping. I'd hate to have him miss a dose. Or two. As I understand it, for a guy with a heart problem, that could be very... problematic. And I know how close you two are.

LO CHEN

What is it you want?

MARKS

Your G4. The one parked at Ming Pao Airfield. I leave under the radar, 30 minutes, something off the logs.

Lo Chen measures Marks, eyes narrow... maybe even a grin...

LO CHEN
You will get him out?

MARKS
One phone call. Once I'm in the
air.

Off Marks -- we fucking LOVE this guy as --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - SAME - INTERCUTTING

On a street corner, Tarik and Mia approach a MERCEDES G550 SUV. Glance around, safe -- she nods "go." His lookout. He pulls a 23pc Goso Lock Pick from his pocket, slips it into the driver's door, UNLOCKS it -- gets in -- quick as shit.

INT. VAN - SAME

Hannah pops open the jug, starts DOUSING the inside of the van with ACCELERANT, then she attaches the charge to the floor as --

INT. SUV - SAME

Tarik opens the red bag, filled with various LOCK-PICKING TOOLS. An electric screwdriver. Removes screws under the dash, exposing the ignition module, pulls out the entire thing. Reaches back into his bag for a handful of IGNITIONS. Finds the right one. Replaces the original. Done. Leaves the module hanging -- grabs a set of ONE HUNDRED KEYS. Flips for the right one. Inserts it -- turns the key: VROOM. The SUV comes to life.

Mia climbs in, having witnessed this:

MIA
Okay... that was... a nice display
of skill.

TARIK
Hate to admit it, don't you.

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET/ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

In the distance, APPROACHING SIRENS. Natalie and Hannah help Shaw out of the van as Tarik and Mia pull up in the SUV. Everyone gets in --

EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - CONTINUOUS

The three cop cruisers come driving up... AS THE SUV DRIVES RIGHT PAST THEM!

The cruisers SCREECH to a stop when they see the VAN in the alley. But as the officers hop out -- **BOOOOOOOOOOM!** The van EXPLODES -- shockwave causing the cops to FLY BACK -- as FLAMES erupt inside the van -- erasing all the evidence that the CIA was ever there.

INT. MERCEDES SUV - SAME

As the team speeds away, Shaw's phone rings. He answers:

MARKS (V.O.)
Ming Pao Airfield, executive
terminal, G4 with a red tail. 20
minutes.

Shaw hangs up, to Tarik --

SHAW
Ming Pao Airfield.

EXT. MING PAO AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Secluded airstrip. We see a G4 parked, MARKS waiting. The SUV roars up, back doors swing open. Natalie steps out. Followed by Shaw -- wincing, but he needs to get her on that plane.

The rest of the team remain at a respectful distance as he hands her the SACHEL:

SHAW
Here. Get this back to Langley.

NATALIE
You're not coming with me?

SHAW
We still have to make sure the
cover story holds. Our ride's at
Pudong International -- be a couple
hours behind you.

She takes the satchel. Both of them, full of emotion. Neither knows what to say... until, finally:

SHAW (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I couldn't save him.

And all the feeling rises to her throat...

NATALIE
When I saw Harbour die...I made the
best decision I could in the
moment.

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I ran. And if I hadn't, I'd be dead too.

He looks down. Knows what she's trying to do. She steps forward... and HUGS him. Whispers:

NATALIE (CONT'D)

It's not your fault.

His eyes close. Some comfort.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Thank you for saving my life.

They take one final look at each other -- before she turns and heads into the plane. Last look at the team, a little WAVE... and she disappears. The doors shut behind her. The plane starts to taxi... away...

ON SHAW. Watching it go. As someone appears beside him -- HANNAH.

HANNAH

We gotta get you on an IV or you're gonna drop...

He nods, okay. She looks at him knowingly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You were right.

(beat)

It's always personal.

His small smile...

SHAW

Looks like you got your happy ending.

She looks at him. Honest concern...

HANNAH

Did you?

He's quiet. The wound's deep, maybe a little less painful, but it'll always be there. SOFT MUSIC. Warm and winning.

ANGLE -- Shaw's joined by the rest of the team, a quiet moment as they all watch the plane disappear into the clouds. A feeling of unity after what they just accomplished. Together.

And just when we think this is where our show will end...
Shaw's cell RINGS. He looks down at it. Answers:

SHAW

Shaw --

INT. CIA PANIC ROOM - INTERCUTTING:

PANIC OFFICER

Is the package in the air?

SHAW

Leaving now.

PANIC OFFICER

Exposure?

SHAW

Minimal.

PANIC OFFICER

Good. Gather your team. We're prepping for something big in Lisbon, we need you standing by. I'll brief you en route.

Shaw takes a breath. No rest for the weary. Everyone sees his face and knows what it means...

SHAW

Someone sold out Harbour and kept the Serbs a step ahead of us. I sent you a picture of Yuri, I need you to track the thread, see who he was talking to --

PANIC OFFICER

That thread is classified. Your new mission is Lisbon.

Beat. Shaw double-takes --

SHAW

-- the hell're you talking about? My mission's to keep my team alive so I can keep cleaning up your problems. I can't do that if I can't trust the intel --

PANIC OFFICER

We already have a team on it.

SHAW
(the fuck?!)
... what team?

PANIC OFFICER
You have your orders. Get to
Lisbon.

SHAW
We're gonna have a long
conversation when I get home...

PANIC OFFICER
Looking forward to it.

CLICK. The Panic Officer hangs up.

ON SHAW: whatever the hell they're in the middle of, it's
fucking UNSETTLING.

In time, answers will come... but for now, he looks to his
team and says:

SHAW
Back to work.

BLACKOUT.

END OF PILOT