

THE HITMAN'S BODYGUARD

by

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INT. BRYCE'S JAGUAR (MOVING) - DAY

TITLE:

Geneva, Switzerland

Bryce is behind the wheel of his Jaguar XFR, gliding through the business district. Fast but controlled.

He's downloaded a set of architectural BUILDING PLANS to his phone. He scans through them as he drives, while also doing a call through his Bluetooth:

BRYCE

Tell him I'll be there shortly. And that he should relax. There's nothing to worry about.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Um...?

BRYCE

I know. Tell him anyway.

Bryce hangs up. Turns on the stereo. Classical MUSIC plays.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Recessed lighting. A long, polished table. Frosted windows of bulletproof glass.

TITLE:

INTERPOL Global Headquarters -- Lyon, France

Kiernan, still shackled, sits at the table with his lawyer, HARR. They're facing a line of three ATTORNEYS. Several other PEOPLE sit in shadow against the wall.

Everyone tries not to stare at Kiernan, but they can't help it -- they're fascinated by his presence. The lead attorney on the other side, MORENO, begins.

MORENO

Mr. Kiernan. Following negotiations between the International Criminal Court and all of the relevant nation-states, we now have a formal and binding offer.

Paperwork is slid across the table.

MORENO

If you testify against President Demidov -- and if your testimony results in a conviction -- your wife will receive a full pardon from all jurisdictions.

KIERNAN

Ex.

MORENO

Pardon?

KIERNAN

Janet's my ex-wife.

MORENO

Of course. Apologies.

KIERNAN

Also, she's completely innocent and you people have no business charging her with anything. You want to apologize for that?

Harr motions Kiernan to settle down. He skims the document.

HARR

That will suffice for Janet, very good. And now -- what will my client receive?

Another document is slid across the table. A single sheet.

MORENO

This letter, signed by myself and the leadership of the ICC, praising Mr. Kiernan's cooperation and strongly recommending leniency.

Harr is appalled. This one, he doesn't even bother reading.

HARR

My client is about to give you the most reviled war criminal on the planet. And in return, you want to give him a thank-you note?

MORENO

It will be a mitigating factor--

HARR

There is no mitigating. My client is a contract killer, facing two dozen counts of murder in ten countries. Absent a deal, he will never breathe free air again. We all know that. Now--

A SOUND stops them. Pen scratching paper. Kiernan is signing the document.

Harr starts to protest -- but a look from Kiernan tells him it's pointless. Kiernan slides the papers back.

One of the people along the wall stands. He's INTERPOL DEPUTY DIRECTOR RAFAEL CASORIA. Fifties, with an old-world elegance.

CASORIA

Let's get this man to the Hague.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Kiernan, now in a protective vest along with his restraints, is brought in by the Guards.

CASORIA

This is Agent Ryder.

INTERPOL AGENT AMELIA RYDER, thirty, attractive, falls into step with them. This is a big assignment for her.

AMELIA

Sean, I'll be accompanying you,
along with your security detail --

-- a dozen OFFICERS, clad in all black, wearing full body armor and carrying ASSAULT RIFLES. They're standing in front of three ARMORED SUVS.

To us, it's an imposing sight, but Kiernan stops. Skeptical.

KIERNAN

Hang on now. Demidov has taken out every single witness against him, and this is my detail?

CASORIA

These men are GIPN. That's France's most elite police--

KIERNAN

--police, exactly. You need military boys on this.

Casoria's second-in-command is ASSISTANT DIRECTOR GERARD FOWLER. Forties, British.

FOWLER

No one knows you're testifying. Or that you're even here.

Kiernan just laughs at that. The GIPN COMMANDER approaches --

GIPN COMMANDER

(French accent)

Monsieur Kiernan, I must insist on your cooperation. And I assure you, we are fully prepared--

KIERNAN

Oh are you, now?

(French, subtitled)

(Do you have air support? Advance teams sweeping primary and secondary routes? Spotters placed at elevation points?)

The Commander is thrown. No.

KIERNAN

No offense to you fine people. But I'm the expert at this sort of business. Interpol, you're a bunch of bureaucrats, and you --

(to the GIPN Commander)

-- you're just a cop. Also, let's face it: you're French.

FOWLER

The court's deadline is three days away. There is no time to arrange a multinational military escort.

KIERNAN

Even better, then: uncuff me, give me the car keys and a gun, and send these French lads home. I can handle myself.

GIPN COMMANDER

We can handle him. It is a short ride through town to the airfield. I have the utmost confidence.

AMELIA

(to Casoria)

But sir, maybe we should consider--

Casoria silences her with a look. This is his call.

CASORIA

Take him.

The GIPN team starts to lead Kiernan towards the center SUV. Fowler catches up to Amelia.

FOWLER

If you feel unsafe, we won't force you to go.

AMELIA

Thank you, sir. I'm going.

KIERNAN

Suit yourself. But if I was being hired to kill me, against this... I wouldn't even charge full price.

Amelia hesitates -- but she gets in the SUV with Kiernan.

INT. BRYCE'S JAGUAR (MOVING) - DAY

Bryce pulls into a garage beneath a towering office building.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Bryce cruises down the rows of spaces. He passes two MAINTENANCE GUYS at work. Finds a spot near the elevators.

Bryce walks to the elevators, looking straight ahead -- but using reflective surfaces of other cars to scan the garage. Casually watching his back without turning around.

He waits patiently at the bank of elevators. Gets on.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Once the doors close, Bryce opens the elevator's control panel. He takes a thick ring of keys from his briefcase. Finds one that fits.

He places a small ELECTRONIC DEVICE inside the control panel, clipping it to the wires. He hits the button for fourteen.

INT. FOURTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

An opulent reception area. A RECEPTIONIST at a massive desk.

BRYCE

Terrence Donner. Mr. Seifert is expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, welcome. I'll buzz him.

BRYCE

No need. Down the hall, fifth office on the right, yes?

Bryce never stops moving. A busy executive. He reaches

SEIFERT'S OFFICE

where SEIFERT, forties, sits on the edge of his desk. His coat already on. A man on the verge of panic.

Bryce, on the other hand, looks perfectly relaxed.

BRYCE

Hi, how are you? Love this office. Lighting is everything, isn't it?

SEIFERT

(low)

My wife's not answering her phone.

BRYCE

Your wife is safe. My associates brought her to a hotel.

Bryce checks the windows, continuing his recon under the pretense of admiring the space.

BRYCE

Mr. Seifert, I'm very pleased that I can be of assistance. As with all new clients, I'd like to briefly explain our working relationship: if you want to live, you will do exactly what I tell you to do.

(beat)

I hope that's acceptable.

Seifert quickly nods. It's acceptable.

BRYCE

Excellent. Let's be on our way.

Bryce leads Seifert back into the

HALLWAY

BRYCE

I'll walk just behind you, but I go through doors first. Relax. Smile.

They move at a brisk pace. Brisk, not rushed. Bryce keeps a pleasant smile on his face as he tells Seifert:

BRYCE

It's important that this not look like an extraction. Whoever's been sent is likely already here. If they think you're running, they'll move on you immediately.

As in the garage, Bryce stays aware of his surroundings without seeming to. As they approach the elevators --

-- Bryce draws a key fob from his pocket. A REMOTE. He hits the button --

-- the ELEVATOR he came up in opens. They get on.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Bryce presses buttons for the lobby and the garage. As soon as the doors close, Seifert goes into full panic --

SEIFERT

Oh my God... I never should have gotten into business with those people. I didn't know--!

BRYCE

Mr. Seifert. You're frightened and I sympathize. But my job becomes infinitely more difficult if I have to sedate you.

Seifert settles down.

As the elevator descends, Bryce takes a small black CYLINDER out of his briefcase and affixes it to the ceiling.

BRYCE

Move away from the doors, please.

Seifert does. They wait. The doors open at the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Bryce gets off first. All clear. He motions Seifert to follow. The doors close behind them. Bryce takes out his cell phone. It's receiving a CAMERA FEED. A view of --

THE ELEVATOR

The cylinder Bryce placed on the ceiling is a CAMERA. The elevator doors open --

-- and now the camera has a view of the garage. Rows of cars, nothing unusual. The Maintenance Guys are gone.

Bryce studies the feed, then leads Seifert towards the stairs. Bryce knows right where they are -- he's got the building layout memorized.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Bryce and Seifert exit the stairwell.

BRYCE

Where are you parked?

Seifert points out his car. Bryce aims his phone at it -- camera mode, then he switches to an INFRARED VIEW.

There's a HEAT SIGNATURE on the underside of Seifert's car.

BRYCE

Let's take my car.

SEIFERT

Why?

BRYCE

Because they put a bomb on yours.
Keep walking. Everything's fine.

They go to the Jaguar. Bryce puts Seifert in the backseat. As he's about to start the engine --

BRYCE

Put your head down.

SEIFERT

Why?

BRYCE

They put a bomb on my car, too.

Before Seifert can protest, Bryce calmly turns the ignition --

-- PHWOOOOM -- the CAR BOMB detonates --
-- the Jag is hurled straight into the air --
-- then slams back down to the ground.

The Jag is scratched up, smoking, but otherwise -- intact.

Seifert, who didn't put his head down like he was told, is dazed from bumping against the roof. And shocked to be alive.

BRYCE
Custom vehicle.

Bryce throws the Jag into gear, guns it towards the exit --

EXT. SEIFERT'S BUILDING - DAY

The two "Maintenance Guys" appear on either side of the ramp, both with SUBMACHINE GUNS -- FIRING at the Jag.

This time, Bryce doesn't have to tell Seifert to get down.

The fusillade of BULLETS chips away at the Jag's armored paneling and ballistic glass. Bryce tears past the attackers, they're almost to the street --

-- a GARBAGE TRUCK slams to a stop, cutting off their escape. Bryce brakes, cuts the wheel hard, comes to a stop broadside of the truck.

Terrified PEDESTRIANS up and down the sidewalk. No clear escape path. The attackers are still FIRING, the ballistic glass is starting to give...

There's just enough space between the Jag and the truck for Bryce to open his door, drawing one of his MACHINEPISTOLS --

-- a half-second faster than the truck's PASSENGER, leaning out the window with a SUBMACHINE GUN. Bryce FIRES -- the Passenger ducks back in.

Bryce pulls a small BLACK OBJECT from his coat, throws it in the truck's cab --

-- it's a STUN GRENADE. It explodes with a burst of blinding LIGHT and a concussive BOOM.

Bryce draws his other MACHINEPISTOL -- turns and FIRES over the hood of the Jag at the Maintenance Guys. He has excellent cover, they're on exposed ground -- he kills them both.

Back to the truck. The Passenger and DRIVER are still disoriented, trying to recover --

-- too late. Bryce SHOTS them, too. Silence. Bryce scans the environment. No further threats.

He gets back in the Jag. GUNS it. Checks the mirrors. No pursuit, no second wave. Bryce whips --

AROUND THE CORNER

then pulls over. Seifert is huddled low in his seat. Bryce runs his hands over Seifert's body, checking for injuries. None.

BRYCE

Congratulations, Mr. Seifert. You have been a model client. And you're alive and unhurt.

Bryce gets back on the road. Seifert slowly emerges from his crouch. He starts breathing again. Suddenly, Seifert starts to LAUGH. A crazed, weepy joy.

SEIFERT

Oh... oh my God...

Bryce grins. He's seen this before. He pops the glovebox. Bottles of water, a container of pills.

BRYCE

Take one pill, please. One.

As Seifert swallows, Bryce places a call.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

Polizei.

BRYCE

My name is Michael Bryce. I am an executive protection agent, licensed within the EU. I have just engaged assailants on the Route de Mayrin and am now extracting my client from the scene. When I am able, I will gladly return and make myself available for questioning. Thank you.

Bryce hangs up. Glances at Seifert. He's starting to come down from the adrenaline rush. Bryce pulls out a cell phone.

BRYCE
Your wife will want to hear your
voice. Hit send.

The call connects --

SEIFERT
(into phone)
Honey? I'm okay. Yes. Yes. I love
you, darling. I love you so much...

As Seifert gushes into the phone, Bryce listens with a smile.
But it's a sad smile. Must be nice, what Seifert has.

EXT. LYON - HIGHWAY - DAY

Kiernan's convoy races along the gleaming banks of the Rhone.
Three armored SUVs, lights and sirens. Kiernan is in the
center vehicle.

INT. KIERNAN'S SUV (MOVING) - DAY

The GIPN Commander and THREE OFFICERS. Kiernan rides in back
with Amelia, the Interpol agent.

Amelia watches Kiernan. His eyes are closed. His head leaning
forward. He's... dozing.

AMELIA
Thought you were so concerned.

Kiernan doesn't even open his eyes.

KIERNAN
We're on a highway.

Back to his nap.

EXT. LYON - PRESQU'ILE - DAY

The convoy pulls off the highway and into the heart of Lyon,
moving across the Place Bellecour. Ancient buildings and
grand fountains line their route.

INT. KIERNAN'S SUV (MOVING) - DAY

As the vehicle slows... Kiernan comes awake. He leans
forward, surveying the road. His focus is absolute.

He calls out to the GIPN Commander, riding shotgun:

KIERNAN

Know where I would do it? On this stretch of road coming right up. The curves will cut our speed, and those buildings are close in -- great firing positions.

The GIPN team is uneasy. Kiernan's the expert.

KIERNAN

If I could sit closer to the front, I could help.

But the Commander ignores him. The convoy continues on.

The Fourviere hill looms ahead -- below it, Lyon's medieval quarter. Pitched, narrow streets. Picturesque... but deadly.

KIERNAN

Oh yeah. Perfect. Choke points all along our route and we have zero visibility.

Still nothing from the Commander. Kiernan turns to Amelia.

KIERNAN

Almost there...

Amelia nods to the Commander: let him up.

The Commander, quietly furious, mutters in French to one of his Officers, who unbuckles Kiernan's seat belt.

Kiernan gets on the floor. He slides forward as best as he can in his restraints. To the DRIVER:

KIERNAN

(French, subtitled)
(You won't have time to decide if you believe me. So decide now.)

INT./EXT. KIERNAN'S SUV/LYON - DAY

The vehicles wind through the quiet streets. PEDESTRIANS stop to watch. The old buildings are two and three stories, clustered on either side. Kiernan is on the lookout.

Then, movement outside -- PROJECTILES flying at the SUV --

-- the GIPN Officers turn, rifles up --

-- ROCKS bounce harmlessly off the car. Outside, a group of KIDS ducks back into an alley, laughing.

Both men go down -- but the Officer stays down. Kiernan recovers. He calmly finishes unlocking his cuffs. Amelia watches, stunned.

EXT. LYON STREET - DAY

Bodies everywhere. Heavy casualties on both sides.

The surviving GIPN men have formed a cordon around Kiernan's SUV. The RPG bombardment has given way to a ground assault -- ATTACKERS advancing from all directions. A tightening noose.

INT. KIERNAN'S SUV - DAY

BULLETS pound against the frame of the SUV.

Amelia digs out the damaged radio as two GIPN men go out the top of the vehicle. The Commander stands FIRING in the open doorway -- then falls back into the SUV. BLOOD pours. Dead.

Kiernan takes the RIFLE and SIDEARM off the Commander's body. He moves to the rear door --

AMELIA

Don't!

Too late -- Kiernan throws the rear door open -- using it as a shield as he emerges into the open air --

EXT. LYON STREET - DAY

Kiernan takes in the scene. The ATTACKERS all around the SUV. Drawing in.

Using the heavy SMOKE as cover, Kiernan runs directly away from the SUV -- holding his fire, staying low, concealed --

-- he runs right through the circle of Attackers -- now he's behind them, he turns --

-- he's not escaping. He's making a counter-strike.

Kiernan circles around the Attackers, FIRING at a dead run, with incredible accuracy. He's mowing them down.

Kiernan stops to reload --

-- the Attackers have taken out the last of the GIPN cordon. They're advancing on the SUV.

INT. KIERNAN'S SUV - DAY

Just Amelia and the final Officer in here. She's trying the radio --

AMELIA

We're under attack--!

No reply, no static, nothing. Radio's dead. The Officer draws his weapon and races into the

STREET

and right into a barrage of GUNFIRE. He doesn't have Kiernan's speed -- he's immediately cut down.

The final two Attackers move in on the SUV --

-- Kiernan emerges from the smoke, SHOOTS them both --

-- just as a THIRD ATTACKER rises from behind a car --

-- Kiernan spots him -- almost in time. They both FIRE -- Kiernan makes a perfect killshot, but also gets HIT.

The shooting stops. Silence. Charming, historic Lyon is now a graveyard.

Kiernan checks his body. Grazed in a few places -- and a direct hit, just below his knee. BLOOD flows from it. Kiernan stands -- he can put weight on the leg, at least.

Amelia calls from inside the wrecked SUV:

AMELIA

Sean?

KIERNAN

I'm fine. Check the others.

Kiernan's not fine. His leg is bleeding heavily. But he's got work to do:

He rifles through the corpses of the Attackers. He digs through pockets, rips off masks, checks tattoos. He does this roughly, quickly. No respect for the dead.

Amelia finds the SUV's med kit and starts checking the GIPN team for survivors. None to be found. She's shaken -- this kind of carnage is beyond her experience.

Kiernan rips the sleeve of one of the Attackers -- there's an intricate TATTOO of a CHURCH on his forearm.

Kiernan pulls a CELL PHONE from the Attacker's pocket. He hits SEND. The call connects. Kiernan acts scared, desperate:

KIERNAN

(Russian, subtitled)
(We took fire. I've been hit... I can't find anyone. I need the key.)

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

(Russian, subtitled)
(Did you kill Kiernan?)

KIERNAN

(I'm... not sure. I've been shot. I need the key. Please.)

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

(beat)
(Eight seven two. Good luck.)

The call disconnects. Kiernan uses the phone's camera to take a few pictures of the church tattoo, then --

AMELIA

Drop the weapon.

He turns. Amelia's holding the med kit -- and her SIDEARM, aimed right at him. He shrugs, kicks his gun to her.

The blood from Kiernan's leg is pooling on the ground around him. She tosses him a set of handcuffs.

AMELIA

Put these on. I'll dress your leg.

Kiernan hurls the cuffs away. Forget it. A brief stare-down. He wins.

KIERNAN

We're exposed out here.

Kiernan limps away. Amelia follows him into an

ALLEY

He digs through the med kit. He pockets a needle and surgical thread, then starts field work on his leg. Alcohol, pressure bandage, the basics.

Keeping her gun on Kiernan, Amelia takes out her phone --

KIERNAN

No calls.

AMELIA

I have to tell Interpol--

KIERNAN

You can't trust Interpol. After this?

AMELIA

I'll take precautions. But we're the only agency with transnational jurisdiction. It's still my only way of getting you to the Hague.

KIERNAN

I can get there on my own.

Amelia ignores that, dials --

INT. INTERPOL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Casoria, Fowler, and other AGENTS are gathered. Casoria lunges for the phone. Puts her on speaker.

CASORIA

We lost radio contact. What's happening--?

INTERCUT

AMELIA

We got hit. Everyone's down.

CASORIA

Dear God. And Kiernan?

KIERNAN

Don't tell them--

AMELIA

Kiernan's alive.

CASORIA

Where is he now?

She's got the gun -- Kiernan will have to convince her.

KIERNAN

I'm not going to run, alright? Testifying is how I get Janet free. You and I want the same thing.

FOWLER

Agent Ryder. Where is Kiernan?

Chain of command. It's decision time for Amelia. And --

AMELIA

I don't know where he is. He
escaped.

Stunned silence in the conference room. Amelia hangs up.

END INTERCUT

KIERNAN

Nicely done. You're a smooth one,
you are. Now close your eyes and
count to twenty.

Distant SIRENS. Kiernan starts limping away --

AMELIA

You really think you'll make it? On
that leg? As a fugitive?

KIERNAN

I'll see you at the Hague.

She watches Kiernan go. Thinking it over. Calls after him:

AMELIA

My apartment's not far. No one will
look for you there. You need to
rest. Clean up. And you need blood.
I can get you blood.

She writes down the address for him. Kiernan checks his
bandage -- already soaked through. He's considering it.

KIERNAN

How do I know you won't change your
mind and send Interpol to fetch me?

As a sign of good faith, she gives Kiernan something else:
the gun she took from him.

Okay. He disappears down the alley.

EXT. OUTSIDE GENEVA - AIRFIELD - DAY

Bryce escorts Seifert to a waiting single-engine CESSNA.

The ENGINE is roaring -- too loud to talk. Seifert hugs Bryce
tightly. Bryce takes the hug good-naturedly; he's used to
that reaction. Seifert disappears into the Cessna.

Bryce goes to his Jag, parked by a hangar. He throws a cover over it, concealing its bullet-riddled frame. Parked right next to it --

-- a second, identical Jaguar. Clean and ready to go.

As the Cessna climbs into the air, Bryce's cell RINGS. He checks the Caller ID -- this is important.

Bryce quickly ducks into the Jag for a quiet place to talk. His voice drops a register:

BRYCE
You couldn't stay away.

EXT. LYON STREET - DAY

Amelia stands among the wreckage of the attack. The SIRENS are getting closer. She's on her cell.

INTERCUT

AMELIA
Hmm. Am I the one who's been staying away?

BRYCE
Fair point. I'm glad you called.

AMELIA
Can you be in Lyon tonight?

BRYCE
I absolutely can and I will.

AMELIA
Bring a few units of O-negative.

BRYCE
(beat)
Personally, I'm more fond of champagne, but now I sense this is not a social visit.

AMELIA
I can't say more on the phone. This has to stay under the radar. Thank you, Michael.

Amelia hangs up -- just as the POLICE CARS surround her. She steps into the open, hands raised, badge showing.

Bryce stares at his phone for a moment. Starts the engine.

EXT. LYON BACKSTREETS - DAY

Kiernan slips through the streets, making his getaway, talking on the cell he took off the Attacker.

 KIERNAN
 (heavy Irish accent)
 Aye, it's urgent. Did you not hear
 me say I'm her lawyer?

A few moments later --

INT. DOCHAS CENTRE PRISON - PHONE ROOM - DAY

Nothing but a table, chair, and phone. A Guard leads JANET KIERNAN inside. She's thirty, a soft beauty. Doesn't belong in this place. The Guard leaves. Janet picks up.

 JANET
 (Irish accent)
 This is Janet.

INTERCUT

 KIERNAN
 It's Sean.

Her breath catches. Conflicting emotions.

 KIERNAN
 They're treating you well enough?
 You're getting by, are you?

 JANET
 Aye. Well enough.

 KIERNAN
 I am going to get you out. I
 promise you that. I know I'm not
 someone you ought to believe, but I
 will fix this. I ruined your life
 once, Janet. But just the once.

 JANET
 Sean... how are you calling me?
 What's happened?

 KIERNAN
 Don't ask. I don't want to lie to
 you again. Be well.

 JANET
 Sean--?

TITLE:

ICC Detention Centre -- The Hague

Demidov has lost none of the imperiousness of power. He wears a suit and tie, and looks ready to retake command at any moment. The news plays on a small TV:

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

The trial of Alexander Demidov continues. Demidov, the former president of Kajekistan, is accused of selling black-market arms on a massive scale to terrorist groups and fellow dictators across the globe. Fueling genocides in Africa and Asia, as well as terror attacks against western democracies...

Demidov is unfazed by the accusations. A KNOCK on the door. He mutes the news.

Two GUARDS bring in LIVITIN, forties, Demidov's attorney. He looks embarrassed to be here. Russian accent:

LIVITIN

Interpol wishes to have a word--

Fowler shoves his way in. Furious. He gets right to it.

FOWLER

There was quite the dust-up in Lyon this morning. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

LIVITIN

Agent Fowler, you have made a long and pointless journey. My client has nothing to say. Goodbye.

DEMIDOV

(Russian accent)

I have no secrets. A diversion would be welcome. You are my guest.

Livitin sighs. Motions the Guards to leave. As soon as the three of them are alone --

FOWLER

I gave you exactly what you needed. How can Kiernan still be alive?

LIVITIN

You have come all this way to lodge
a complaint?

FOWLER

I have come for my money. I
delivered as promised.

Fowler hands Livitin a pen and an official document.

FOWLER

The code for the wire transfer to
my Cayman account, if you please.

LIVITIN

The job is not yet done. We need
you back at Interpol, monitoring
for any sign of Kiernan.

FOWLER

No. They already suspect a leak.
Casoria is no idiot. If I tip you
off again, I risk exposure.

DEMIDOV

You are already at risk. As am I.
(beat)
It is crucial that evidence of my
misdeeds not become public.

Suddenly -- Demidov lunges forward -- you wouldn't expect him
to be so fast --

-- he grabs Fowler's hand -- and stabs him through the palm
with his own pen. Demidov claps a hand over Fowler's mouth to
muffle the SCREAM.

DEMIDOV

So be sure to hide your wound from
the guards.

Demidov pulls the pen back out, slowly, letting it get soaked
in Fowler's blood.

He releases Fowler, who stumbles back against the wall.
Livitin tosses him a towel.

DEMIDOV

When Kiernan is dead, you will be
paid in full.

Using the pen, Demidov scrawls on the transfer document. The
letters "IOU" -- written in Fowler's blood.

Fowler is shaking, terrified. He's never seen this side of Demidov up close. Now he just wants to help.

FOWLER

Kiernan... it looks like he might have been injured in the attack. You should send another team to Lyon in case he's gone to ground.

Demidov nods: thank you. Livitin knocks on the door for the Guards to open it. Fowler leaves, wobbly, the towel wrapped around his hand to cover the wound.

Livitin unmutes the news, catching the end of the story:

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...despite the long catalog of Demidov's alleged atrocities, the prosecution has been hard-pressed to make a solid case. The judges have set a deadline for the end of this week for prosecutors to present compelling evidence or allow Demidov to go free.

Livitin turns it off. They switch to Russian, subtitled:

LIVITIN

(Nothing about Kiernan, of course. They don't want to give us clues. But we will find him.)

DEMIDOV

(I find this process unsavory. Silencing witnesses, hiding my work? I am the rightful president. I should hide from no one.)

LIVITIN

(As soon as you are back in power.)

DEMIDOV

(You are a good lawyer. But you do not understand power. A true leader does not slither.)

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Bryce parks on the street. Pops the trunk. Neatly arranged inside: a variety of WEAPONS and MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

Bryce takes out a small COOLER. Heads for the entrance.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amelia lets Bryce in. She has a few bruises and scratches from the day's attack. He pulls her close, concerned.

BRYCE
What happened?

AMELIA
Work. Just banged up. I'm fine.

BRYCE
Are you sure? You need to put ointment on this.

AMELIA
Michael, I've had full medical attention. I promise you, I am in perfect health.

BRYCE
Not for long.

Satisfied that she's alright, Bryce sweeps her up and puts her on the table. She laughs, playfully fighting him off. As they make out --

AMELIA
No, Michael, focus. I brought you here for work.

BRYCE
You're going to start paying me?
That's really not necessary.

She's trying to break it off before they're too far gone --

AMELIA
Seriously, we can't. This is important. Get up. Up.

One last deep kiss before they break.

AMELIA
You brought the blood, good --

She opens the cooler. Inside: a half-dozen RED ROSES.

AMELIA
I told you this was business.

BRYCE
They're short-stem. They're business roses.

AMELIA
And they're lovely.

She digs deeper in the cooler -- several packets of BLOOD.

AMELIA
O-neg, even more lovely. Come on. I
want you to meet someone.

Amelia leads Bryce down the hall to the guest bedroom. She
knocks lightly on the door, opens it --

-- but the bed is empty. Kiernan's gone. Amelia turns --

-- Bryce is gone, too.

From the kitchen: CLICK. CLICK. Two GUNS being cocked almost
simultaneously.

Amelia runs into the

KITCHEN

Bryce and Kiernan have their guns leveled at each other.

AMELIA
Guys. Easy.

BRYCE
What is he doing here?

KIERNAN
I've got the same question.

AMELIA
You two know each other?

BRYCE
We've never been formally
introduced.

KIERNAN
But I've shot him a few times.

BRYCE
Shot at, I think you mean.

KIERNAN
I winged you in Tangiers. I know I
did.

BRYCE
Mmm, sorry. But at this range, you
might have a chance.

AMELIA

Guys. I'm sorry for the surprise. I will explain. Guns down.

Neither man complies. No one wants to back down first.

Amelia steps right between them. She stares hard at Bryce. He lowers his gun. Kiernan follows.

AMELIA

Now you're being formally introduced. Michael Bryce, meet Sean Kiernan. Your new client.

They stare at each other. What the hell...?

AMELIA

We are going to go in the other room and speak politely. Make yourselves comfortable.

Bryce and Kiernan are not at all comfortable.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The roses have been put into a vase.

Bryce comes out of the kitchen with a cappuccino. Kiernan is propped up on the couch, getting a transfusion of the blood from Bryce's cooler.

Amelia adjusts the pillows for Kiernan. Bryce's eyes narrow.

BRYCE

Amelia, I can't say I approve of your new friends.

KIERNAN

Not that I care about your approval, but I've never killed anyone who didn't have blood all over their own hands. If a job's not right, I turn it down. You should try that sometime.

BRYCE

Forgive me. Did I just receive moral guidance from Sean Kiernan?

Amelia shoots Bryce a look: quiet. She's ready to explain.

AMELIA

We apprehended him three weeks ago,
wrapping up a decade-long manhunt.

BRYCE

How did you finally catch him?

Amelia looks to Kiernan: alright to say? He shrugs.

AMELIA

He surfaced to visit his ex-wife.
We took her in as well.

KIERNAN

On completely made-up charges--

AMELIA

That wasn't my call. But it did get
Kiernan to give up the only person
bigger than himself: an old
employer, Alexander Demidov.
(she lets that land)
Kiernan's not my friend. But I do
take an interest in his well-being.

Bryce understands the gravity now. He's thinking it over.

KIERNAN

Hang on. It's a sweet gesture and
all, but I do not need a bodyguard.

BRYCE

That's fine, because I'm not a
"bodyguard." I'm not a fat man in a
cheap suit who keeps you from
touching the dancers. I am an
executive protection specialist.

KIERNAN

You are an utter gobshite. If I did
need protection -- which I don't --
I could do a lot better than him.

BRYCE

Is that right? You've tried to take
out several of my clients over the
years. I don't think you've fared
all that well.

KIERNAN

I killed Jeremy Gibson.

BRYCE

Gibson didn't follow protocol. You didn't get Quattrano, you didn't get Roth, you didn't get Atienza...

KIERNAN

I got Atienza.

BRYCE

You thought you got him. I switched vehicles on you. Tony Atienza is alive and well.

KIERNAN

On a yacht in Monte Carlo?

Bryce's face falls.

KIERNAN

Not anymore.

AMELIA

I have to get back or it'll look suspicious. You boys are welcome to keep one-upping each other on your way to the Hague.

BRYCE

I don't believe I've said yes.

AMELIA

If Demidov is acquitted, he'll be back in power inside a year. With a massive, newfound grudge against the global community.

BRYCE

So you want me to guard a man who's nearly killed me numerous times?

AMELIA

I want the western hemisphere to not be on fire.

(beat)

You are the last person I want to involve in this. But you're the only one who can get it done.

KIERNAN

Thank you for the blood and the hospitality. I can take care of myself.

Bryce hates this. But it's got to be done. He faces Kiernan.

BRYCE

Demidov is pursuing you. The authorities are as well. Any safe houses you had are blown. You're alone. And you're injured.

(beat)

Don't try to be a hero. You have no experience of it.

Kiernan glares. Amelia holds up her cell. A threat.

AMELIA

You let Michael protect you, or you take your chances with Interpol. And if you die, Janet gets life. Are we good?

Pause. Kiernan nods. Fine. Whatever.

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Two POLICEMEN are talking with an elderly NEIGHBOR. No subtitles necessary. The Neighbor is describing someone -- demonstrating Kiernan's limp.

One of the Cops pulls up a PHOTO of Kiernan on his phone. The Neighbor nods. That's him.

INT. INTERPOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

AGENTS grabbing their coats and tearing outside. Casoria is on his cell. An ASSISTANT runs up to him.

ASSISTANT

Sir? We ran the occupants of that building.

The Assistant shows Casoria a sheet of paper. He grimaces.

CASORIA

(into cell)

I have to go.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fowler is on his cell.

CASORIA (ON PHONE)

I'll keep you updated.

FOWLER

Good luck.

Fowler hangs up. Rubs his injured hand. He's struggling with this. Then -- he pulls out another phone and sends a text.

INT. A VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Six Kajeki MERCENARIES, heavily armed. Driving quickly through the Lyon streets. Demidov's second team.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kiernan is taking in the last unit of blood. His color is back now. Bryce and Amelia say goodbyes at the door.

AMELIA

Hate to have you working for free.

She pulls out a single bill -- a five-euro note. Bryce grins, pockets it.

BRYCE

Once we're on the road, I'll have to change out my phone. Can't call to check in.

AMELIA

I've learned not to worry about you. Sort of.

BRYCE

This is nothing. One night of driving. When it's done, let's go away. A long weekend in Amalfi. Villa on the water.

AMELIA

Sounds wonderful. But after the long weekend, after the good wine and great sex, what then?

Bryce doesn't have the answer she wants.

AMELIA

Not sure I can keep doing this.

He moves in to kiss her -- she wants to make it a kiss on the cheek, but gives in at the last second.

AMELIA

Be careful.

And then she's out the door. Kiernan observed all that, but he's not going to comment.

Each of these guys has always been the alpha male in every room they've walked into. And now, they're in the same room.

Bryce sits across from Kiernan. He switches into client mode, polite and professional:

BRYCE

Mr. Kiernan. The past is past. You are now my client, and I am very pleased to be of assistance. The working relationship is simple: if you want to live, you will do exactly what I tell you to do.

(beat)

I hope that's acceptable.

Kiernan gives Bryce a look of pure fuck-you. They hold each other's gaze. A measuring of wills.

The moment is broken when Bryce's cell RINGS. He answers.

BRYCE

It's going great so far. I've explained the working relationship, and he fully understands.

Kiernan rolls his eyes.

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Amelia on her cell, walking to her car. Down the street, POLICE CARS are setting up roadblocks.

AMELIA

Police. Setting a perimeter.

INT. AMELIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BRYCE

We're moving.

Bryce hangs up. Kiernan has already read his body language -- he tears the IV from his arm. Slaps a bandage on it.

BRYCE

Police. If they're here, so is --

KIERNAN

-- Demidov.

In just a few seconds, they're ready to go. Both always prepared. As they move to the door --

BRYCE
This building has two--

KIERNAN
--two stairwells, no fire escapes,
no adjoining roofs. Yeah.

Kiernan draws his gun, he's about to open the door -- then Bryce yanks him back. Hard.

Kiernan's fist comes up -- he so wants to hit Bryce.

BRYCE
Mr. Kiernan. I go through doors
first. You don't follow until I
give the all clear.

KIERNAN
You are a mental case. I've opened
doors before.

BRYCE
Let me explain: my job is to keep
you out of harm's way.

KIERNAN
I am harm's way.

Bryce points to where he wants Kiernan to stand. Seething, Kiernan goes to his spot.

Bryce draws a machinepistol, opens the door, staying low --

INT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bryce quickly crosses to the doorway opposite. The hallway is clear. He motions Kiernan to come out. Kiernan moves into the hall, with an expression of mock-terror.

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Amelia drives up to a roadblock. Shows her ID to a POLICEMAN. He reads it. Double-checks. Then --

OFFICER
(French, subtitled)
(Turn off the engine. Step out.)

As Amelia complies, the Officer waves someone over: Casoria. He's not happy with her.

INT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan move towards the near stairwell. Kiernan with just a slight limp now.

As they reach the stairwell door, Bryce draws a COMPACT MIRROR from his coat. Uses it to look through the narrow window --

-- one of Demidov's MERCS is on the landing, one floor down. Signaling to a SECOND MERC below him.

Bryce pulls back from the door. Whispers:

BRYCE

Two hostiles, possibly more. We'll take the other stairwell.

Bryce starts that way, but Kiernan doesn't follow.

KIERNAN

Let's go through these guys.

BRYCE

We engage only as a last resort.

KIERNAN

What kind of gun are you carrying?

Bryce holds it up so he can see --

BRYCE

Glock 18 --

-- Kiernan snatches the machinepistol out of Bryce's hand, throws open the stairwell door --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

-- Kiernan comes in low, a gun in each hand -- FIRING, instantly killing both Mercs --

-- still in motion, no hesitation -- Kiernan leaps off the stairs, goes airborne over the railing --

-- FIRING again in midair -- killing TWO MORE MERCS on the landing below --

-- Kiernan's vision and reflexes are unreal --

-- he lands on the flight of stairs below. Slams into the wall, spreading the impact across his body and good leg.

Kiernan immediately rises back up in a perfect firing stance. Flawless.

Bryce rushes into the stairwell, his other gun drawn --

-- but Kiernan's already killed everyone.

KIERNAN

Thank God you're here.

BRYCE

Bravo. But guess what happens now?

With a look of disgust, Bryce points outside --

BRYCE

(French, subtitled)
(Shots fired.)

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER near the building gets on his radio, and exactly as Bryce predicted:

OFFICER

(Shots fired.)

The police aren't creeping in anymore -- now they're charging in. The SQUAD CARS fire up their lights, the perimeter is pulled in tighter, and...

...HELICOPTERS appear on the horizon. Their SEARCHLIGHTS bathing the ground.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kiernan and Bryce race down the stairs. They can already hear the HELICOPTERS.

BRYCE

See, now we have a new problem.

KIERNAN

Nothing I can't handle.

BRYCE

What I like to do is think ahead.
Plan. Account for contingencies.

KIERNAN

Brilliant. What I like to do is
have talent.

As they reach the second-floor landing --

-- the stairwell door on the first floor opens -- the last
TWO MERCS -- Bryce, watchful, spots them an instant before
Kiernan does --

-- Bryce shoves Kiernan aside to shield him -- and SHREDS
both Mercs with his machinepistols.

BRYCE

I would be a lot more impressed by
you if I wasn't me.

Kiernan's ear is ringing -- Bryce fired right by his head.

KIERNAN

Right in my ear, thanks.

BRYCE

(into his other ear)
Apologies. But it's not like you're
listening to me anyway.

Kiernan brushes him off, starts down the stairwell -- Bryce
pulls him back. Points through the window --

-- the helicopters' SEARCHLIGHTS are now covering the ground
outside the exit door.

BRYCE

This way.

He motions Kiernan towards the hall. Kiernan wants to ignore
Bryce, but knows he's right. As they head down the

SECOND-FLOOR HALLWAY

Bryce keeps an eye on Kiernan's limp.

KIERNAN

The leg's fine.

BRYCE

I'll determine that, Mr. Kiernan.

KIERNAN

Stop calling me that.

Bryce watches Kiernan walk -- then nods, satisfied. He picks an apartment halfway down the hall -- KICKS the door open -- they run inside.

INT. SECOND-FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan run straight through the apartment -- a young COUPLE cowers behind the couch, terrified -- Bryce CRASHES through a window, Kiernan follows him --

EXT. AMELIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

-- no lights or police here; they didn't expect Bryce and Kiernan to come out this way.

Both men hit the ground, landing and rolling. Kiernan protects his injured leg. They're back on their feet --

-- and running through the dark, reaching a covering of trees just before the SEARCHLIGHTS sweep over them.

Safe -- at least for the moment.

Just as he did with Seifert, Bryce starts to run his hands over Kiernan's torso, checking for injuries. But Kiernan freaks when Bryce touches him.

KIERNAN

Hey! Hands off, you feck.

BRYCE

I'm checking if you're hurt.

KIERNAN

If I was hurt, don't you think I could tell?

Bryce shrugs, relents.

KIERNAN

You got a car?

BRYCE

Yes, but we can't get to it now, thanks to you.

KIERNAN

You know what? I didn't ask you to be here. You are more than welcome to walk away.

Bryce surveys the scene. All the roads are blocked. POLICE are closing in from everywhere. It looks bad.

BRYCE

Alright. Yes. I think I will.

Bryce holsters his machinepistols. Straightens his clothes, fixes his tie. He hands Kiernan the five-euro note that Amelia gave him. A refund.

BRYCE

I wish you the best in all your future endeavors.

And with that, Bryce simply walks out from under the trees. Hands in the air, heading right for the nearest roadblock.

Kiernan watches him go. Good riddance. He starts moving in the other direction, staying low --

-- one of the SEARCHLIGHTS picks up Bryce. A police car and TWO OFFICERS wait at the roadblock. They yell commands in French. Bryce obeys, dropping to his knees.

BRYCE

(I'm not a part of this.)

Now the Officers can see Bryce's face under the searchlights. One gets on the radio:

OFFICER

(It's not him.)

The helicopter flies away, the SEARCHLIGHT moves off Bryce --

-- as soon as he's in darkness, Bryce MOVES -- a couple of quick strikes -- in an instant, he takes down both Officers.

Bryce sees Kiernan heading the other way --

BRYCE

Excuse me, Mr. Kiernan?

Kiernan turns back. Sees that Bryce has given them a clear path through the perimeter.

BRYCE

I was thinking -- if you're interested -- you could come over here and, you know, get away.

Kiernan swallows his pride. Runs back to Bryce.

Bryce hurls a STUN GRENADE away from their position -- the BLAST and LIGHT draw the helicopters, giving them a few more seconds of darkness.

They drag the two unconscious Officers out of sight, then get into the police car. Bryce at the wheel.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Bryce doesn't start the engine right away. He holds out a hand. Kiernan knows what he wants. He grudgingly gives the five-euro note back to Bryce. Hired.

Bryce kills the siren lights and headlights. They drive away, a shadow in the dark, unseen by the helicopters.

The POLICE swarm Amelia's building, not realizing they've already lost their quarry.

INT. INTERPOL - DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A room meant to be claustrophobic. Amelia sits at the table across from Casoria. Fowler is here, too. Standing against the wall. Baleful.

Casoria pages slowly through a folder. Letting Amelia sweat -- but she's not sweating.

CASORIA

I always expected that you would climb the ladder. But it seems you have taken command a bit earlier than I would have liked.

AMELIA

Official channels were clearly compromised. I had to use unofficial channels. Sir, if I can continue to overstep my bounds -- you need to take Kiernan's face off the wire. Call off the manhunt. If we find him, so will Demidov.

Casoria mulls that over. He flips to a page on Janet.

CASORIA

You're certain Kiernan will go to the Hague and testify? Given his skillset, won't he simply try to break his ex-wife out of prison?

AMELIA

And turn her into a fugitive? Janet is innocent. She married Kiernan not knowing what he really was. He wants her pardoned.

CASORIA

Tell me more about these unofficial channels.

AMELIA

He's an ex-CIA field operative who now provides personal security to high-value targets.

CASORIA

(beat)

Do he and Kiernan know each other?

AMELIA

They've interacted professionally.

Casoria digests that. Closes his folder.

CASORIA

You're on indefinite leave pending a full investigation. You'll surrender your credentials outside.

AMELIA

Sir.

CASORIA

(to Fowler)

You too. It's simply procedure.

Fowler is visibly stricken. But he's not about to argue. Casoria motions for Fowler to leave. He does.

Casoria leans back in his chair. A little more casual now.

CASORIA

Very well. I have decided to do things your way. Since you've given me no other option.

AMELIA

With your permission, I'd still like to attend the trial. As a civilian, of course.

Casoria smiles: she's got moxie. He nods.

CASORIA

Amelia, you realize you are going to be telling this story for years. From inside a very large office or a very small cell.

AMELIA

Sir, not to make light, but I believe the only way Kiernan and Bryce don't make it to the Hague is if they kill each other.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dark, set back from the road. Bryce stands watch while Kiernan hotwires a nondescript car.

BRYCE

I would have preferred to transport you in my custom-modified Jaguar XFR, complete with all my weapons and gear. But I'm sure we'll do fine in this 2002 Shitheap.

KIERNAN

This car's in good working order, and it blends in. Deal.

BRYCE

Back roads for a few hours, then the expressway... we'll make the Hague by dawn. For one night, yes, I can deal.

KIERNAN

Ah, about that. We can't go to the Hague just yet. First we have to make a quick stop in Amsterdam.

BRYCE

(beat)
I'm sorry?

Kiernan tosses Bryce the cell phone he took off the Attacker. Talks casually as he continues hotwiring the car.

KIERNAN

Check out the pictures.

Bryce scrolls through the photos of the church tattoo; the embedded numbers are visible.

KIERNAN

I know how Demidov's teams operate. Those numbers are part of a double-blind encryption system, coded with a substitution cipher. You know what all those words mean?

BRYCE

Funny. The encryption is for...?

KIERNAN

It lets them change locations of their safehouses without being tracked. The numbers are longitude and latitude down to the tenth. I got the key, broke the cipher -- it's an address in Amsterdam.

BRYCE

Your sleuthing is delightful. But why would we go there?

KIERNAN

Amsterdam's a port city, a hub for Demidov's arms sales. We go to this address, get some evidence against Demidov, and bring it to the Hague.

BRYCE

Evidence? We don't need evidence. We have your testimony.

(silence from Kiernan)

Your testimony. Against Demidov.

KIERNAN

See, okay. I did jobs for Demidov, but there were always layers between me and him. I don't know enough to put him away. But it was my only shot at getting Janet out, so I had to at least try. But with actual evidence, I won't need to fake it.

(beat)

Amsterdam. Good town. It'll be fun.

The ENGINE catches. Kiernan's hotwired it.

It takes a lot to make Bryce lose his temper. But this is a lot. He's now on a slow burn.

BRYCE

Ah. Well. This is a fascinating development.

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Let me be sure I understand. In addition to the festivities we've already experienced, now you want me to come help you infiltrate the global arms-trafficking operations of Alexander Demidov and the Kajokistani Ministry of War. Yes?

KIERNAN

I'm not asking you to come. Sure as hell, I don't want you to come. But if I ditched you, you'd hop on the phone to your girlfriend --

BRYCE

-- she's not my girlfriend --

KIERNAN

-- and she'd set Interpol right back on my trail. So I'm stuck with you. Now get in the car.

Bryce stands there. Thinking it over.

BRYCE

Mr. Kiernan, I am at your service. But let's you and I get very, very clear about one thing: you are not stuck with me. You need me. And you know you need me.

Now Kiernan's pissed. He gets out of the car.

KIERNAN

Oh? Oh, really? Do you not know who I am? Hi. Sean Kiernan.

BRYCE

Who cares? I'm Michael Bryce.

They're right in each other's face now --

KIERNAN

I've evaded the authorities for years. All of the authorities. There is not a security force on the planet I haven't beaten. I've killed from miles away, from inches away. Anyone and anywhere.

BRYCE

I have protected monarchs. I have protected presidents. The U.S. Secret Service has hired me to teach them to be like me. You could populate a small town with the people whose lives I've saved.

BRYCE

I'll tell you why you need me --

KIERNAN

Yeah, please enlighten me --

-- Bryce punches Kiernan right in the face.

BRYCE

That's why.

Kiernan is laid out on the ground, stunned. He truly did not see that coming.

BRYCE

Hey, are you hurt? Can you tell?

As Kiernan recovers, so does Bryce -- he realizes that he completely lost it for a moment.

BRYCE

I was making a point. Granted, that might have been inappropriate.

KIERNAN

Oh? Might it have been?

BRYCE

I sincerely apologize.

Kiernan gets to his feet. Bryce takes up a defensive stance, expecting an attack.

KIERNAN

No no. I'm not going to retaliate.
I'm going to be the bigger man.
We've got work to do.

BRYCE

You're right. Yes. Let's just get on the road.

As they start for the car -- Kiernan throws a sudden flurry of punches at Bryce. And somehow, Bryce blocks them all. Kiernan is shocked -- his punches don't get blocked often.

BRYCE

I have this job for a reason.

Kiernan grins. For the first time, Bryce has impressed him.

They head for the car -- both going for the driver's side.

BRYCE

Sorry. The client never drives.

Kiernan's annoyed. But he goes to the passenger side.

BRYCE
Sit in back, please. It's the
safest place in the vehicle.

Kiernan reluctantly opens the back door. Gets in.

INT. STOLEN CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Bryce pulls out. Kiernan sits silently in back, feeling weird. After a moment:

KIERNAN
Now this is just stupid.

BRYCE
This is standard protocol.

KIERNAN
Do I at least get a coloring book?

BRYCE
In the event of an attack, you'll
get down low between the front and
rear seats.

KIERNAN
In the event of an attack, I'll
counter-attack and kill everyone.

BRYCE
No, that's not--

Tired of the argument, Kiernan settles it by climbing into the front seat.

There's an icy silence. Bryce turns on the RADIO. Static.

BRYCE
Can you find a classical station?

KIERNAN
And why would I do that?

BRYCE
Will you please just look for a
classical station? Can you do even
one thing that I ask you to do?

Fine. Kiernan turns the dial. Flips through a few stations.

Then he grabs ahold of the radio and RIPS the entire unit out of the dashboard.

Kiernan starts tearing the radio apart with his bare hands. Methodically, piece by piece. Bryce just watches him do it. Finally, Kiernan tosses the demolished radio out the window.

KIERNAN

I looked. Didn't find one.

They drive on in silence.

BRYCE

My telling you what to do... it's not meant as an insult. I'm simply trying to keep you alive.

KIERNAN

(beat)

I know. And this isn't what you signed up for. But you need to get that I'm not your usual client.

BRYCE

Fair point. We both need to adapt to the situation.

KIERNAN

For starters, stop with the "Mr. Kiernan" shite. Call me Sean, I'll call you Mike.

BRYCE

Sean it is. Actually, I prefer Michael. It sounds better.

KIERNAN

Does it?

BRYCE

I'm not religious, but Michael is the archangel of protection. I like the sound of that. It's cool.

KIERNAN

Is it?

(Bryce looks wounded)

You're right. Michael the archangel. It's very cool.

They drive on in silence.

INT. FOWLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fowler is on his cell. He's coming unglued.

FOWLER

I have gone beyond the limit for you. It's over.

INT. DEMIDOV'S CELL - NIGHT

Livitin is on his cell. Demidov sits in a chair, reading a newspaper, as though this whole matter is beneath him.

INTERCUT

LIVITIN

I will double your fee. But nothing gets paid until we have results.

FOWLER

I've been frozen out. They're about to investigate. I need to run. So I need money. Now.

Livitin throws Demidov a look. Demidov takes the phone.

DEMIDOV

(into cell)

Agent Fowler. If you are no longer an asset, you are a liability.

Fowler freezes. Hangs up. Starts throwing clothes in a bag. Grabs his passport.

Demidov coolly regards the dead phone. Sets it down.

Done packing, Fowler goes to the door --

-- then gets thrown to the ground. TWO MEN. They pin Fowler, one puts a plastic bag over his head --

-- no wasted motion, these guys are pros --

-- a third man, IVANOV, carefully steps over them. He stays out of the way. Letting his men do their job.

Ivanov goes through Fowler's things, finds his cell. Fowler stops struggling. Dead.

Ivanov dials. Livitin answers.

IVANOV

(Russian)

(It's been resolved.)

They hang up. Ivanov's men -- OLEG and PETR -- put Fowler's corpse in a bag. They leave with the body and the suitcase -- making it look like Fowler ran.

END INTERCUT

Demidov has returned to his newspaper.

DEMIDOV

(Look what I have been reduced to.
Executing functionaries.)

Livitin sits. He's not eager to say this to Demidov:

LIVITIN

(We need to seriously discuss our
contingency plans.)

DEMIDOV

(Part of me wants to simply tell
the truth. To say yes, I did it.
Then I could leave that court with
my dignity intact.)

Livitin smiles. Shakes his head.

LIVITIN

(As your lawyer, I would prefer you
didn't.)

INT. BRYCE & KIERNAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Road trip. This is when most people would make small talk. But the car is silent. The French countryside rolls away in the darkness.

Kiernan is antsy. He wants something to do.

KIERNAN

Do you need to talk? To stay awake,
I mean.

BRYCE

I'm fine, thank you. I can stay
awake under my own power.

KIERNAN

Alright. But it's a long drive. And
this car's got no radio.

BRYCE

How did you get into this work? I mean, how does someone decide, I'm going to kill people for a living?

KIERNAN

That is an excellent question. As a wee lad, many's the hour I wiled away ripping the wings off butterflies and drowning kittens. Then one day it hit me: "By Jaysus, I could make money at this."

BRYCE

I didn't mean to imply that you're a psychopath. Necessarily. But it is an unusual career choice.

KIERNAN

(beat)

I fell into it. My father was an arms dealer. I grew up at his side, traveling around the world, hanging out with warlords and guerrilla fighters. Being around all that so young, I picked up things. I started training, got good, got very good. Dad began hiring me out to his clients. It went from there.

BRYCE

Your own father got you into being a hitman? My God, what kind of--?

A dark look from Kiernan: drop it. Bryce does.

BRYCE

How I got into protection work is--

KIERNAN

--oh, I'm bored already. Because the CIA pays for shit and it's a shit life and you don't know if you're on the right side or not. I've got a better question: how come Amelia's not your girlfriend?

BRYCE

I'd rather not discuss my personal life.

KIERNAN

What? I told you about my father, and that was all sad and weepy.

BRYCE
There's nothing weepy about me and
Amelia.

Bryce is done talking. Kiernan leans his seat back.

KIERNAN
Wake me when you want to switch.

BRYCE
We're not switching.

KIERNAN
Don't be daft. You can't drive the
whole night through.

Kiernan closes his eyes. Silence. Then:

BRYCE
What I have with Amelia is great.
We have fun when we're together,
but there are no strings and we can
see other people. Simple as that.

KIERNAN
Ah. Ah. But she doesn't see other
people, now does she?

BRYCE
I have no idea.
(beat)
She should. I do.

KIERNAN
No you don't.

Bryce is surprised. And busted.

KIERNAN
I can read people. Helps with the
job. So what's your problem?

BRYCE
(beat)
I work in an extremely high-risk
profession. Any day, I might not
come home. How can I ask someone to
make a lifelong commitment to me
when I don't know how much longer
my life will last?

KIERNAN
What does she say about that?

BRYCE

That she knows I will come home.
That soldiers get married. Firemen
get married. She doesn't say
"married," but you know.

KIERNAN

She's not wrong.

BRYCE

This job is the thing I'm good at.
The one thing. I'm not sure I could
keep doing it if I had someone
waiting at home for me.

KIERNAN

If it makes you feel better... I
think you're just okay at your job.

Bryce laughs. Kiernan closes his eyes. Drifts off.

LATER

Kiernan's driving now; they've switched. Bryce is in the
passenger seat, asleep -- with a machinepistol in each hand.

INT. ICC - TRIAL CHAMBER 1 - MORNING

Demidov's trial is coming back into session.

Three JUDGES in a row on a high bench. Moreno and the other
PROSECUTORS settling in. Demidov and Livitin at their own
table. SPECTATORS filing into the small public gallery.
Headphones for translation placed all around.

Amelia takes her seat in the gallery. She watches as Moreno
confers with Casoria. Tension is high. No sign of Kiernan.

Casoria looks over at Amelia. A dark expression on his face.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - SPUISTRAAT - MORNING

The city's up and awake. Pedestrians, bicycles, even the
occasional car.

TITLE:

Amsterdam, Netherlands

Bryce and Kiernan sit at an outdoor cafe at the edge of Dam
Square. Bryce with a cappuccino, Kiernan with a black coffee.

Bryce has shaved, and he's still immaculate in his overcoat and suit. Kiernan has not shaved. He's changed into new clothes to blend in with the locals, but still looks scruffy.

Bryce has PAPERS laid out in front of him -- architectural blueprints, real estate records, government documents, etc. He's doing advance work on --

SPUISTRAAT 294

A two-story home down the block. Unremarkable in this or any other neighborhood. Kiernan keeps an eye on the front door.

KIERNAN

How's that cappuccino?

BRYCE

Mediocre. Outside of northern Italy, no one gets the foam right.

KIERNAN

I hate that.

BRYCE

That's just coffee in there, right?

KIERNAN

What's that supposed to mean? Because I'm Irish, you think I'm a boozer?

BRYCE

I think you're a "boozer" because I've heard from many sources that you are. Which I'm sure has no connection to your being Irish.

KIERNAN

I never get pissed on a job. Okay?

BRYCE

(re: paperwork)
Nothing out of the ordinary. No modifications on record.

KIERNAN

Still no movement out front.

BRYCE

Stay here while I do a pass.

Bryce gets up -- so does Kiernan. He's coming with.

EXT. BEHIND SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

Bryce and Kiernan stand in the alleyway, with a view of the back door. Bryce points his phone at the house.

BRYCE

No heat signatures. I'll go in first and clear the structure. Once I know it's safe, you can come in.

As Bryce starts for the back door --

KIERNAN

You have a lot of experience breaking into places, do you?

Bryce considers that. He stands to the side, keeping watch. Kiernan examines the back door.

KIERNAN

No cameras, no tripwires, no pressure plates. These boys really want this place to blend in.

Kiernan balls up his coat and smashes the back windowpane. Reaches in and unlocks the door. Easy enough.

Bryce steps forward -- I go in first. Kiernan relents.

INT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

The house is sparsely furnished. Everything is orderly and untouched. This looks more like a model home than a place where someone actually lives.

Bryce does a sweep through the rooms. Kiernan tries to hang back, but it's not in his nature -- he keeps moving ahead, getting in Bryce's way. They're still working out the kinks.

Fortunately, there's no threat in the house. The only remarkable thing is a heavy deadbolt on the basement door.

As a loud BUS rolls past outside, Kiernan FIRES a single shot, blowing out the deadbolt.

They descend the stairwell into --

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Virtually the entire basement is glistening WHITE. All the surfaces are surgically clean.

The main area is dominated by a full OPERATING ROOM -- surgical table, biomonitor, implements -- they're equipped to perform major surgery down here.

A row of empty beds, a generator, stores of food and water. This is a miniature hospital, entirely self-contained.

KIERNAN

If I'd left any survivors in Lyon,
they'd be here getting patched up.

Kiernan starts combing through the basement. Bryce joins him. The men quickly tear the place apart. And...

...they find nothing. There's nothing here that isn't for medical or survival purposes.

Kiernan is getting more and more frustrated.

KIERNAN

Dammit, dammit...

Kiernan keeps searching -- going back over places he's already checked. Bryce knows it's hopeless.

BRYCE

This place has been scrubbed. We
should go.

Bryce moves for the stairs. Kiernan is fuming.

KIERNAN

And do what, then? This is our only
lead.

BRYCE

I guarantee you we activated some
sort of alarm when we came in.
Think we'll be alone much longer?

KIERNAN

You're right. Good. Good thinking.

BRYCE

What?

Kiernan checks his gun.

KIERNAN

Whoever comes, we kill all but one.
We get what we need out of him.

BRYCE
My job is to keep you alive, I'm
not going to let you--

KIERNAN
--let me? Alive's not good enough.
Without evidence, I can do nothing
for her.

BRYCE
We have no idea what's coming. This
position is impossible to defend.

Bryce starts up the stairs, like he's leaving --

BRYCE
Let's hide upstairs.

On Kiernan. Good.

INT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Kiernan and Bryce leave the back and basement doors ajar,
then scatter SYRINGES on the ground. Now it looks like
junkies broke in and left in a hurry.

They take up hiding places, Bryce with a view of the street.
They settle in to wait.

Nothing yet. Calm before the storm.

BRYCE
Understatement, but you've gone
above and beyond. For the court,
for your ex. Maybe they'll cut your
sentence after all.

KIERNAN
Wouldn't count on that. Got a bit
of a record, you know.

BRYCE
If I can ask... what did you tell
your wife you did for a living?

KIERNAN
Said I was an intelligence
operative. Top-secret and all. She
believed me until the day Interpol
knocked on our door.

BRYCE
Do you regret it?

KIERNAN

Lying to her? Worst thing I've ever done. Really. Being married to her? Don't regret a moment of that.

(beat)

Same as you -- in my line of work, I knew I could die any day. So I thought, I'll grab hold of this beautiful thing while I can. Life is short, isn't it? You and I know that better than most.

Bryce stays with that a moment. Then something out the window catches his eye --

EXT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

A beat-up van has pulled up out front. Four KAJEKI MEN get out. They're dressed casually, but SUBMACHINE GUNS are visible under their coats.

BRYCE

Four. Coming in.

Kiernan takes up a firing position. Bryce considers.

BRYCE

We're in a neighborhood. Gunshots will bring the police.

KIERNAN

What? Now you want to run?

BRYCE

No. I want to take them without firing shots.

Kiernan nods. Nice. Let's do it.

As the Kajekis come around to the back door, Bryce and Kiernan move into separate rooms.

The Kajekis come in through the back, GUNS out. They spot the scattered syringes.

Two of the Kajekis start clearing the rooms, like Bryce and Kiernan did. The other two head down to the basement.

The first Kajeki checks one room --

KAJEKI

(Russian, subtitled)
(Clear.)

The second Kajeki goes through another --

KAJEKI 2

(Clear.)

It's routine, smooth. Bryce and Kiernan signal each other, they'll each take one Kajeki --

-- now --

-- Kiernan claps a hand over the first Kajeki's mouth, stabs him with a SCALPEL, heart and throat -- precision strikes -- he's done for --

-- while Bryce presses the muzzle of his Glock against the second Kajeki's head. Whispers:

BRYCE

(Clear.)

Kajeki 2 can tell Bryce is a pro. He calls out:

KAJEKI 2

(Clear. All clear.)

Kiernan gently lowers the corpse to the ground. Takes the second Kajeki's gun. Bryce keeps his Glock on him.

BRYCE

(You're lucky you got me.)

Bryce and Kiernan consider taking their captive and running for it. But they can hear FOOTSTEPS -- the other Kajekis are already on their way back up.

KAJEKI 3 (O.S.)

(Nothing down here.)

Bryce and Kiernan take positions near the stairwell...

KAJEKI 3 (O.S.)

(Taras? Yuri? Are you there?)

Bryce nudges the second Kajeki -- TARAS.

TARAS

(Yeah. They must have left.)

Kajekis 3 and 4 are almost to the first floor, Kiernan and Bryce move to get clear angles...

TARAS

(Both of them.)

Good signal. So much for surprise. Bryce pistol-whips Taras, dropping him --

-- as 3 and 4 emerge from the basement, SUBMACHINE GUNS coming up --

-- Kiernan and Bryce are on them, slashing, punching -- wrestling for the guns --

-- both Kajekis are good fighters, they don't go down fast -- but they do go down. 3 is dead, and as Kiernan slashes 4's throat --

BRYCE

Get down!

-- Kiernan dives --

-- Taras has gotten to a loose submachine gun -- FIRING --

-- WHAMWHAMWHAMWHAM -- Bryce and Kiernan take cover --

EXT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

The front windows of the house SHATTER, blown out by Taras's shots -- PEDESTRIANS duck, bewildered --

INT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

Bryce dives out from cover and SHOOTs Taras -- once in each shoulder, wounding him.

He kicks Taras's gun away, checks him -- he's bleeding heavily. Starting to fade.

BRYCE

I need to stop this bleeding. Help me get him downstairs.

But there's already commotion on the street outside --

KIERNAN

No time. Got to do it on the move.

Kiernan hauls Taras to the door as Bryce races down to the

BASEMENT

and grabs medical supplies, raking bandages and vials into his pockets.

INT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Kiernan struggles to keep Taras on his feet. Bryce joins them at the door. SIRENS already closing in. Bryce runs out to --

EXT. SPUISTRAAT 294 - DAY

CARS waiting at a light. Most of the vehicles are small and underpowered, but there's a BMW M3 --

-- Bryce aims his machinepistol at the M3's DRIVER.

BRYCE

Out.

The Driver bails. Bryce takes the wheel.

INT/EXT. BMW M3 (MOVING) / AMSTERDAM STREETS - DAY

Bryce pulls the car around. Kiernan gets in the back, pulling Taras in with him.

As Bryce drives away, Kiernan digs into the medical supplies. Rips Taras's shirt open to treat him.

Taras tries to push Kiernan away -- Kiernan calmly holds up his gun in one hand, the bandages in the other.

KIERNAN

(Pick one.)

Taras relents. Kiernan starts dressing his wounds.

They didn't get out of there fast enough -- the POLICE have already locked onto them. TWO CARS in pursuit and closing.

Bryce tears through the cobbled streets and over the bridges of the Canal Loop -- fast, but not flooring it. Staying in control, trying not to kill any PEDESTRIANS and CYCLISTS.

In the backseat, Kiernan tries to dress Taras's wounds -- but he's having a hard time with it. Blood everywhere. Bryce sneaks a look in the rearview.

BRYCE

I realize this goes against your nature, but the idea is to keep the blood inside the body.

KIERNAN

I'm working on it --

Kiernan glances up -- sees the POLICE CARS closing in --

KIERNAN

Oh Jaysus, maybe try the gas pedal,
why don't you?

BRYCE

It's not a getaway if we crash.

Kiernan rips open a packet of CELOX (clotting powder) and
dumps it over one of Taras's wounds -- Bryce watches --

BRYCE

Don't just sprinkle it, you've got
to pack it in --

KIERNAN

Will you shut up! And stop driving
in circles. You stay in one area,
the cops will converge --

BRYCE

I know what I'm doing --

Bryce rounds a corner, a POLICE CAR has pulled into the
middle of the street ahead of them, blocking the way --

-- Bryce brakes hard.

KIERNAN

No, ram him!

Bryce ignores Kiernan. Stays on the brake. Once he's almost
to a full stop -- he hits the gas again --

-- and drives right into the cop car. At this low speed, it's
not a crash; he's just pushing the other car out of the way.

BRYCE

Why ram when you can nudge?

Bryce pushes through -- they're in the clear again, racing
down

KERKSTRAAT

It's a long straightaway, coming up the Magere Brug bridge.
But there are more POLICE CARS bearing down on them.

BRYCE

Think you can drive better? Because
I know I can do what you're doing
better.

-- he's racing to get past the train -- the gap is narrowing, there's just a sliver of daylight --

-- Kiernan torques the wheel, cuts right across the front of the train -- to the other side, clear --

-- leaving the police cars behind. Cut off by the train.

Kiernan watches the rearview. No pursuit. Bryce checks Taras. Wounds dressed, pulse steady. They did it.

Kiernan reaches back his hand. Bryce resists for a moment, then slaps it. High five.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Busted windows. Dust on the floor. Taras tied to a chair.

Kiernan's handling the interrogation. Bryce sits by the wall, trying his best to get Taras's blood out of his clothes. He wants no part of this.

Kiernan paces in front of Taras. Just warming up.

KIERNAN

(How's your English? I have a lot of bad memories in Russian.)

TARAS

English fine.

KIERNAN

Nothing to this. I want to know where Demidov's operating from, and what I'll find when I get inside. That's it.

He gestures to the table. The rest of the medical supplies that Bryce gathered are laid out.

KIERNAN

Tell me what I want, and my friend here will shoot you up with a very nice psychotropic cocktail. You'll see pretty pictures for a few days, then wake up in a hospital bed, good as ever.

Kiernan pulls out a pen and paper. Ready to take it all down.

KIERNAN

But if anything you tell me is
wrong, I'll know where to find you.
English fine. Let's have it.

Taras is silent. Not going to be that easy. Kiernan stands.
Starts to unbutton his shirt.

KIERNAN

I travel a lot for work. Been all
over the world. I've got souvenirs.

Kiernan pulls off his shirt.

As we already know, Kiernan is in phenomenal physical shape.
But now we're seeing something else -- the gallery of SCARS
that blanket his torso.

These are not battlefield scars.

Burns, electrical scars, gashes, gouges... every single one
looks like it was slow and excruciatingly painful.

KIERNAN

(points to a scar)

This one I got from the FARC rebels
in Colombia. I was their guest for
a couple very long weeks.

(another scar)

This one is from some Congolese
gentlemen.

(another scar)

North Korean special intelligence.
A lot of pent-up anger in that
country.

(another scar)

Irish Republican Army, if you can
believe it. Total misunderstanding.
They took me out for pints after.
Good lads.

Kiernan's not explaining what exactly was done to him -- he
doesn't need to.

KIERNAN

(another scar)

This one... I don't even remember.
How about that?

Kiernan moves close to Taras. Stare-down.

KIERNAN

You want some souvenirs, too? You can take a world tour, right here in this chair. Or talk to me.

Bryce goes to the door. He cannot watch this.

But Taras decided to cooperate a few scars ago.

TARAS

Demidov still controls the Ministry of War. He is making a big weapons sale. Soon. I don't know who the buyer is. They keep it very quiet. There is a warehouse in Houthaven port. I tell you exactly the place.

Bryce eases back into the room. Kiernan takes a seat, pencil and paper at the ready.

INT. ICC - HALLWAY - DAY

The trial is in recess. Demidov waits on a bench. Livitin comes up to him, holding a PHOTO.

It's a still from a security camera. A shot of Kiernan and Bryce tearing apart the basement on Spuistraat -- Kiernan's face is clearly visible.

LIVITIN

(I think he wants payback before he testifies. Your men went after him, now he's coming after your men.)

Demidov studies the photo.

DEMIDOV

(Fortunately, I have many men.)

EXT. HOUTHAVEN PORT - DAY

Kiernan observes a warehouse through binoculars.

THE WAREHOUSE

is eight stories tall. One side opens directly onto the expanse of the North Channel, with a wet dock.

Kiernan can see numerous GUARDS carrying assault weapons. They're all wary, on alert. Kiernan lowers the binoculars. He's seen all he needs to.

KIERNAN

Our boy steered us right. Give him his reward.

They've switched cars again -- something nondescript. Bryce pops the trunk. Taras is inside, bound and gagged. Bryce preps an injection for him.

BRYCE

We just hit their safehouse. They'll have their guard up.

KIERNAN

Know who else had their guard up? Everyone I've ever killed.

Kiernan gets in the car. As Bryce slides the needle into Taras's arm --

BRYCE

My friend, you are going to enjoy the next few days considerably more than I will.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Bryce and Kiernan lay Taras on the ground. He's unconscious, twitching like he's dreaming. They get back in the car.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Kiernan's driving. Bryce is still unsettled. Kiernan sees it.

KIERNAN

I wasn't going to do anything to that guy. Wasn't necessary.

BRYCE

(beat)

During my CIA training, they put us through simulated interrogations. It wasn't my favorite.

KIERNAN

What happened? Did you break?

BRYCE

(yes)

I've endured plenty of pain in combat. Being tortured is... different.

KIERNAN

(changing the subject)

To get into that warehouse, we'll need to gear up in a serious way. My Amsterdam storehouse is blown.

BRYCE

Mine's not.

On Kiernan, surprised.

INT. BRYCE'S STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Bryce unlocks the unit, codes-out the alarm. Kiernan follows him in. Bryce hits the lights, revealing --

-- his own personal armory. An array of GUNS, WEAPONS, and other EQUIPMENT, all carefully laid out.

Kiernan walks through. Impressed -- and annoyed.

KIERNAN

You didn't think to mention this earlier? Say, before we walked into that safehouse?

BRYCE

If we had needed to retreat and resupply, I would have said so.

(beat)

I felt strange about letting a hitman browse through all my gear. But go on, have a look.

Bryce hits a button -- classical MUSIC fills the storehouse. Kiernan throws him a look, annoyed.

Kiernan goes through the inventory. Weapons, medical equipment, surveillance gear, GPS tracking systems... Kiernan evaluates it all with an expert's eye.

Bryce unlocks a case holding a SECURE PHONE. He dials.

INT. ICC - HALLWAY - DAY

Amelia, despondent, walks into the courtroom with the other SPECTATORS. Her phone BUZZES -- unknown number.

AMELIA

Ryder.

BRYCE (ON PHONE)
Hey, Ryder. Get to a hardline.
Leave the number on my voicemail.

Bryce's voice -- thank God. But Amelia forces herself to look casual. She hangs up and starts down the hall.

INT. BRYCE'S STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Bryce hangs up, then opens a cabinet -- several SUITS and OVERCOATS hang there, all cleaned and pressed.

KIERNAN
Seriously?

BRYCE
I'm in an image business.

As Bryce starts changing into fresh clothes, he eyes Kiernan, who looks as scruffy as ever.

BRYCE
If you want to spruce up for court,
I might have something in your
size. Could help make a good
impression on the judges.

KIERNAN
Ah, not much for the fancy stuff.

Bryce pulls off his shirt -- Kiernan spots a small SCAR on his torso.

KIERNAN
Tangiers! I did hit you. I knew it.

BRYCE
(busted)
You grazed me. Very slightly.

KIERNAN
Didn't want to admit it in front of
Amelia, did you?

Bryce shrugs. Kiernan goes back to browsing. He picks up a HANDGUN with an oversized barrel. Next to it are magazines loaded with RUBBER BULLETS.

KIERNAN
Rubber bullets? Are you also
running a day care?

BRYCE
 Nonlethal rounds. For situations
 where there's a risk of killing
 civilians.

KIERNAN
 You are an archangel.

Kiernan flips open a RIFLE CASE... and stops cold. He stares
 into the open case with genuine awe. Inside is a gleaming
 black SNIPER RIFLE.

BRYCE
 Yeah.

KIERNAN
 This is a...

BRYCE
 Yeah.

KIERNAN
 ...a McMillan L15X Super Magnum.

BRYCE
 Chambered with three thirty eight
 Lapua Magnum. Go ahead.

Kiernan carefully takes the rifle from its case. Fits the
 scope to the stock. Feels its weight in his hands.

KIERNAN
 They only made...

BRYCE
 ...ten of them, before the patent
 suit from H&K. Tragedy. Finest
 rifle anyone ever shot.

The MESSAGE LIGHT on Bryce's secure phone is blinking. He
 checks his voicemail.

KIERNAN
 You take care of this, right? You
 break it down and re-oil it--?

BRYCE
 --every two months.

KIERNAN
 Do it every month.

Kiernan drops a .338 round into the chamber. While he geeks
 out with the rifle, Bryce dials a number.

INT. ICC - SIDE OFFICE - DAY

Amelia's alone. Door closed. She picks up in half a ring.

INTERCUT AMELIA & BRYCE

AMELIA

Are you alright and where the hell are you?

BRYCE

We're both fine. Slight change of plans, but all is well.

AMELIA

Thank God. You're not talking to Amelia now. This is Agent Ryder. Where are you?

BRYCE

(beat)
Amsterdam.

AMELIA

Really? That is so wonderful. And how are the hookers, Michael?

BRYCE

Long story. We'll be there soon.

Kiernan grins -- it's fun watching Bryce take a scolding.

AMELIA

There is too much riding on this. I need to know what is going on and I need to be there with you.

BRYCE

Absolutely not. It's too dangerous.

AMELIA

The other option is, I tell Casoria to put a red notice out on both of you. That's you on every wire all over Europe. What's it going to be?

BRYCE

Can you put Amelia back on?

AMELIA

Michael.

Bryce gives Kiernan a sour look. He's stuck.

AMELIA (ON PHONE)
I see it. I'm going there now...

Oleg follows after her.

INT. AT THE TICKET KIOSK - DAY

Ticket in hand, Amelia rushes towards the network of tunnels leading to the Metro trains.

Oleg trails her, farther back in the crowd of TRAVELERS.

KIERNAN (ON PHONE)
Take a seat in the center car.
You'll lose service. But keep this
phone on you.

As Amelia goes

AROUND A CORNER

someone falls in next to her -- BRYCE. He puts a finger to his lips. Squeezes her hand, a silent hello.

As he leads her towards the wall, he plucks the phone from her hand. Kiernan is still giving instructions:

KIERNAN (ON PHONE)
Redial this number at every stop
and every time the train goes above
ground...

Bryce drops the phone into a PASSERBY's shoulder bag -- then guides Amelia through a SIDE DOOR --

-- just before Oleg comes around the corner. Oleg scans the crowd -- he's lost sight of Amelia for the moment, but Kiernan's VOICE is still in his ear --

-- Oleg continues walking calmly along.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Bryce shuts the door. Kiernan is here, on a cell. He continues giving decoy instructions into the phone:

KIERNAN
...if we haven't made contact
again, get off at Gaasperplas. Wait
at the south end of the terminal.

Bryce wands Amelia with an electronic SENSOR -- sweeping for tracking beacons. She's clean.

Kiernan dumps the cell. The three of them run down the corridor, vanishing into the bowels of the station.

INT. AMSTERDAM STATION CENTRAAL - DAY

Oleg and Petr are standing outside the 53 train. Frantically scanning the PASSENGERS -- no Amelia.

As the train doors close, Ivanov comes down the escalator. Sees the look of defeat on Oleg and Petr. His eyes narrow.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

The Amsterdam outskirts. Skyscrapers going up everywhere. We're in the shell of a new building -- high up, with a stunning view of the old city.

The floor is covered with Bryce's usual exhaustive advance work -- architectural blueprints, recon photos, maps, etc.

Amelia is more than a little unnerved.

AMELIA

Guys... isn't this something you can hand off to the police?

BRYCE

The prosecution has to rest in two days. To get a warrant, based solely on the word of a runaway hitman, would take months.

KIERNAN

And if Demidov has eyes inside Interpol, you know he's tight with the local cops.

AMELIA

Then your plan is to go in, commandeer a couple tanks, and drive them to the Hague?

KIERNAN

We don't need the weapons. The weapons do nothing for us. We need the paperwork.

(off her look, confused)

How much do you know about selling arms on the black market?

AMELIA

It's not a hobby.

Kiernan hands her a printout. It's of an official-looking DOCUMENT, adorned with seals and stamps.

KIERNAN

This is an "end-user certificate." These are how weapons move about the world. If Kajeistan wants to sell fifty Stinger missiles to, say, China, that's legal. China just supplies a document certifying they're the end user of the missiles, and the shipment sails right through. But if you want to sell those same fifty Stingers to a bunch of terrorists, that's a bit tougher. You can't hide large-scale arms inside a banana crate, you have to ship them in the open. So you get an end-user certificate from a legit customer -- either forge it or bribe somebody -- and then divert the shipment.

AMELIA

So whatever weapons are in that warehouse --

KIERNAN

-- arrived here with fake end-user certificates. That evidence puts Demidov away.

BRYCE

It's not glamorous, but it works. Like getting Capone on tax evasion.

AMELIA

But they know you're coming.

KIERNAN

They think I'm coming to kill them. They don't know I need evidence.

BRYCE

They're preparing for a full-on assault. We're just going to slip in and take a few papers.

Amelia is thinking it over. She pulls Bryce aside.

AMELIA

I asked you to help. But now this has gone way beyond. If you're doing it for me... don't.

BRYCE

I'm doing this because it has to get done.

KIERNAN

I won't let him get hurt.

That gets a little smile from Amelia. She nods. Okay.

INT. BRYCE'S STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Kiernan and Bryce preparing for the assault. GUNS and GEAR are spread out everywhere.

KIERNAN

When we get in there, don't expect me to play the client. This is too heavy for me to take a backseat.

BRYCE

Agreed. You and I work pretty well together. That means together. Don't try to do it all yourself.

They keep working. Checking and rechecking.

INT. AMELIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nothing fancy. Low-end corporate. A KNOCK on the door. Staccato, like a code. Amelia answers. It's Bryce.

AMELIA

I thought you didn't believe in pregame activity.

BRYCE

I'm just here to talk.

She lets him in. He's carrying two cans of soda.

BRYCE

I know this place isn't up to our usual travel standards. But I got you a gift: a blackcurrant soda. A local delicacy, available only in the vending machine down the hall.

AMELIA

Ooh.

They drink. It's awful. They set the cans down.

BRYCE

And that is why.

AMELIA

I shouldn't have forced you to bring me up here. I didn't need to come. But... I did need to.

BRYCE

I'm glad you're here. I told you I wasn't doing this for you...

(beat)

I'm very good at certain things. And very bad at everything else.

(beat)

I've never told you how much--

Amelia senses an "I love you" coming. She stops him.

AMELIA

You're going off to war. You may not know what you're feeling. When this is all over with, if there's something you want to say to me...

Bryce hauls her in for a kiss. With a sudden, fierce intensity. She responds. They need each other now. He moves her to the bed.

She holds him tightly. She doesn't want to say it, but she's afraid for him.

EXT. HOUTHAVEN PORT - NIGHT

Dead of night. Everything is still.

The only activity in the port is at the warehouse -- it's being heavily patrolled by Kajekistani COMMANDOS.

Several man the roof, some stand guard outside, we see others in the windows. A formidable defense force.

ON THE WATER

Several small BOATS are scattered throughout the inlet. Watchposts on the dark water.

One boat floats close to the warehouse. Two Kajeki COMMANDOS onboard. One checks the time, gets on the radio:

COMMANDO
(Russian, subtitled)
(Position one. All clear.)

As soon as he clicks off -- THWIP -- THWIP -- two silenced BULLETS, both Commandos fall --

-- Kiernan's head sinks back beneath the surface.

THE WAREHOUSE

Kiernan and Bryce swim to it, cutting silently through the water. The outer stone of the building is worn and gouged by erosion -- plenty of handholds.

Kiernan and Bryce free-climb the structure. Two shadows in black wetsuits. Bryce has a large DUFFEL on his back.

They reach a lower window. Kiernan peers in. Dark. He pops the hinge with a small pry bar. Lets the glass panel slide into the water.

They're in.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

They're in a small storage space. Empty.

Bryce unzips the waterproof duffel -- it's full of WEAPONS and GEAR. They change into dry clothes and start arming themselves. Heavily.

Bryce pulls out a small laptop. He types a few commands -- his screen fills with images from numerous SECURITY CAMERAS. He's hacked into the warehouse's security system.

Kajeki COMMANDOS are patrolling everywhere. Looks like there are SEVERAL DOZEN spread throughout the building.

BRYCE
Did they bring the whole country?

KIERNAN
I'd be insulted if they didn't.

Kiernan opens the hallway door, just a crack. Bryce checks the camera feed, making sure the doorway is in a blind spot. It is.

Bryce and Kiernan watch the movement of the patrols, the patterns. Then they see what they're looking for -- TWO COMMANDOS heading down the hallway towards them.

Kiernan moves to the door -- waits --

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A Kajeki OPERATOR sits at a huge bank of MONITORS. He's watching the same footage as Bryce and Kiernan. We see the two Commandos walk out of frame --

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- Kiernan steps into the doorway -- THWIP -- THWIP -- he SHOOTS both Commandos -- they drag the bodies into the

SIDE ROOM

Bryce and Kiernan put on the Commandos' coats and hats, and take their radios.

A few more clicks on the laptop -- now the SECURITY FEED is transferred to Bryce's PHONE. They'll have eyes on the whole building as they move. They head into the empty hallway.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

To the Operator, it all appears normal. Bryce and Kiernan, now wearing the Commandos' clothes, look like just another patrol team moving down the hall.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Bryce has memorized the building's layout, and he can watch the other patrols on his phone. He and Kiernan slip through the warehouse, changing directions and ducking into side rooms to avoid running into anyone.

It's not easy -- the warehouse is crawling with COMMANDOS -- but so far, so good.

Bryce opens an old FUSE BOX and clips a small ELECTRONIC DEVICE to the switches. Then they head into --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Cameras on every landing. Fewer outs now.

They quickly climb a few floors. Bryce keeps an eye on the security feed -- problem --

-- two COMMANDOS are about to enter the stairwell a few floors above them --

-- Bryce yanks Kiernan through a doorway --

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

An exposed walkway; they stand back out of sight. They can see more patrolling COMMANDOS, mostly on the lower floors.

Now they also have a view of the cavernous interior of the warehouse --

-- and the huge cache of WEAPONS arrayed on the bottom level.

Mostly large sealed CRATES, but we can see a few surface-to-air MISSILE LAUNCHERS and several FAST-ATTACK VEHICLES -- open jeeps with machine guns mounted on them. There are also rows of EXPLOSIVE ORDNANCE, heavy SHOULDER-MOUNTED WEAPONS...

...Bryce keeps watching his phone -- bigger problem --

-- more COMMANDOS are about to come around the corner -- the two Commandos on the stairs are heading down to their floor -- they're going to be boxed in.

They slip back into the stairwell, the least bad option --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The two Commandos come down the stairs. Bryce and Kiernan lower their heads and walk by, mumbling a greeting --

-- the Commandos nod hello and walk past, it worked --

-- no, it didn't. The second Commando turns back, wanting a better look, going for his radio --

-- a KNIFE appears in Kiernan's hand, Bryce hits a button on his phone --

INT. FIRST-FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The fuse box that Bryce rigged -- a tiny POP from within -- the LIGHTBULBS along the hall flash and EXPLODE --

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The FLASH of the exploding bulbs draws the Operator's eye to that screen, so he's not watching --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

-- Kiernan quickly kills both Commandos. Bryce and Kiernan each grab a corpse and haul them up a few more steps to --

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

They dump the Commandos' bodies in a blind spot.

Glassed-in offices ring the perimeter of the warehouse, connected by walkways. Bryce and Kiernan head for a small office. They're almost running now.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The Operator scans the hall where the light bulbs popped. He completely missed Bryce and Kiernan killing the Commandos.

INT. FIFTH-FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan slip inside. A couple of desks and a heavy SAFE in one corner. Jackpot. Kiernan quickly examines it. Bryce stands guard, checking his phone --

-- two more COMMANDOS have entered the stairwell where they just killed the other two. Bryce can only watch as they take a look around --

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan cleared the bodies, so the Commandos don't see anything unusual. But as they start down the stairs --

-- one notices a dark stain on the floor. He touches it --

-- fresh blood. He fumbles for his radio.

INT. FIFTH-FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

The radios Bryce and Kiernan took off the Commandos start CRACKLING. Yelling in RUSSIAN, overlapping voices.

They just got made. Bryce hits a button on his phone --

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

On the MONITORS, we see COMMANDOS racing around -- the whole warehouse is going into battle mode. Then -- all the screens go BLACK. Bryce just killed their feed.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ivanov is here among the crates, flanked by Oleg and Petr. As the ALARM sounds, he gets very still. Thinking, calculating.

INT. FIFTH-FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Kiernan has checked out the safe --

KIERNAN

This would take hours to crack.
Going to have to blow it.

Bryce doesn't like that, but there's no choice. Kiernan packs C-4 EXPLOSIVE around the safe's hinges -- they stand back --

-- BOOM.

ON THE LOWER FLOORS

There was no missing the EXPLOSION. The Commandos zero in on Kiernan and Bryce.

INT. FIFTH-FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Bryce extinguishes the last of the FLAMES -- Kiernan kicks away the charred, mangled door -- digs through the safe --

KIERNAN

Got em. Got em.

Kiernan pulls out a sheaf of documents -- END-USER CERTIFICATES, like what he showed Amelia. He flips through --

BRYCE

We're good?

KIERNAN

We're perfect.

Kiernan opens a thin METAL CASE -- slips the certificates inside, then straps it to his chest.

They move back into the

HALLWAY

and dump their silenced weapons. Bryce draws his machinepistols, and Kiernan hoists a SUBMACHINE GUN.

The stealth portion of the evening is now over.

They encounter resistance right away. Several COMMANDOS pour out of the stairwell --

-- but Bryce is still wired into the security cameras through his phone, he can see the attacks coming --

-- he and Kiernan tear the Commandos apart. Once everyone is dead, they step over the bodies and run into the

STAIRWELL

both FIRING, dropping more Commandos.

Then it gets quiet for a moment. The rest of the Commandos haven't gotten to them yet. And Bryce and Kiernan --

-- do nothing.

They're on the fifth floor of an eight-story building, with several dozen armed men racing up towards them, and --

-- they just wait.

They calmly reload, listening to the FOOTSTEPS pounding up towards them, getting closer... and... now.

Bryce and Kiernan run up the stairs --

INT. EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

They're one flight below the roof.

Kiernan lays more C-4 EXPLOSIVE at the base of the final staircase. He and Bryce run up to the

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

and get the drop on the two COMMANDOS still at their posts, killing them both.

They're alone on the roof. But not for long, because the Commandos are almost to the final stairwell --

-- Kiernan pulls out a DETONATOR, punches the button --

-- BLOWING THE STAIRCASE beneath them. There's no way to get onto the roof now. Or to get off it.

The BOATS have drawn in closer -- their SEARCHLIGHTS illuminate the inlet. A water escape's no good.

But Bryce and Kiernan are already running to the other side of the building -- solid ground below. They put on CLIMBING HARNESES, uncoil ROPES, and fix an ANCHOR into the roof.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ivanov was in the crowd of Commandos going for the roof -- as the SMOKE clears from the explosion, his Commandos are confused, YELLING --

IVANOV
(Quiet! Everyone quiet.)

He listens. Nothing.

IVANOV
(No helicopter... everyone get to the windows.)

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan RAPPEL down the face of the building.

Bryce is harnessed with his back to the ground, Kiernan is facing the ground -- between them, they have a 360-degree range of fire.

COMMANDOS begin appearing at the windows, trying to get a lock on their position -- Bryce and Kiernan open FIRE at every face that emerges -- it's vertical Wack-A-Mole.

They've dropped their ropes directly between windows, so the Commandos can't reach them.

Then the recoil from a burst pushes Kiernan too close to a window -- just as a COMMANDO leans out -- Kiernan knocks the Commando's gun aside --

-- but the Commando grabs onto Kiernan -- he's trying to tear Kiernan's hands off the rope, sending him into free-fall --

-- Bryce laying down COVER FIRE --

-- Kiernan has to let go of his GUN -- it clatters all the way to the ground as he wrestles with the Commando -- he's barely hanging on --

-- Kiernan clamps down on his descender, locking himself in place on the rope -- has both hands free now --

-- he grabs the slack rope beneath him, wraps it around the Commando's neck -- hauls him out of the window --

-- Kiernan THROTTLES the Commando with his climbing rope. The Commando goes limp, his neck broken --

-- Kiernan lets the body fall to the ground.

BRYCE

Coming to you!

Bryce throws Kiernan a fresh SUBMACHINE GUN. Kiernan plucks the weapon out of the air, is FIRING a quarter-second later.

As Bryce continues his descent -- a sudden JERK on his rope. He looks up --

AT A WINDOW

high above him, another COMMANDO has climbed out on the ledge, he's cutting through Bryce's rope --

-- Bryce FIRES -- killing the Commando -- the body falls straight towards him, Bryce swings to dodge -- his rope is now FRAYING where the Commando cut it. Almost gone --

-- Bryce swings to a ledge, scrambling for a firm grip -- just as his rope BREAKS --

-- Bryce FALLS -- catches himself on the ledge -- slowly pulling himself up --

-- another COMMANDO bursts into the room Bryce is hanging outside of -- Bryce drops back down, dangling from the window, making himself a small target --

-- the Commando runs to the window and leans down, FIRING -- but Bryce isn't there.

Bryce is now standing on the ledge, off to the side -- he SHOOTS the Commando point-blank. Bryce climbs back

INSIDE

He uncoils a fresh rope, secures it to a pipe, hooks in -- ready. He swings back

OUTSIDE

He and Kiernan continue their descent, side-by-side -- then a sudden TUG on Kiernan's rope -- they look up --

-- now Kiernan's rope is being cut, by another COMMANDO.

BRYCE

To me!

Bryce swings towards Kiernan, Kiernan towards him --

-- as Kiernan's rope is sliced clean through -- Kiernan is free in space, he jumps for it, pushing off the building --

-- and catches ahold of Bryce's rope.

Kiernan's hanging just above Bryce, but he's not hooked in. It's only a few more stories to the ground --

BRYCE

Go?

KIERNAN

Go!

-- Bryce unhooks himself, too --

-- they FAST-ROPE straight down -- a pure free-fall, with just the friction of their bodies on the rope to slow them.

Bryce lands first, clears the ground for Kiernan. He hurls a STUN GRENADE into the air -- it detonates, blinding the Commandos at the windows --

-- as Kiernan lands, a little too hard, on his bad leg --

-- Kiernan gets up limping, but he can still move. They run along the side of the warehouse, into the darkness --

INT. FIFTH-FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Far from the combat, Ivanov runs into the office. He sees the exploded safe, the scattered papers -- realization hits.

He knows what they came here for.

EXT. HOUTHAVEN PORT - NIGHT

Bryce and Kiernan run away from the warehouse, towards a high fence. Beyond it, the outer ring of the AMSTERDAM CANALS --

-- and Amelia, waiting in a SPEEDBOAT.

Bryce has a few steps on Kiernan -- he scales the fence, perches on top, turns around --

-- and FIRES on the Commandos pouring out of the warehouse.

Kiernan gets to the fence. Tries to climb -- can't. His leg won't take the weight.

Bryce reaches his hand down -- Kiernan's about to grab it, but then he sees --

ON THE WATER

The Kajekis' SPEEDBOATS are roaring out of the inlet, heading for the canals.

The speedboat escape won't be a clean getaway.

AT THE FENCE

Kiernan watches the boats close in. He pulls his hand back. He's not going over the fence.

BRYCE

What are you doing--?

KIERNAN

Draw them away from me. I'll meet you at the rendezvous.

Kiernan's serious, he's going to run for it on his own --

BRYCE

Sean, no--!

The Commandos running out of the warehouse are closing in, FIRING -- Bryce is an easy target up on the fence. He jumps down, landing on the canal side.

Bryce and Kiernan face each other across the fence. A final moment before they split up.

BRYCE

We have a speedboat. You're on foot. At least give me the case.

Kiernan unstraps the case, almost throws it over -- doesn't.

KIERNAN

I'll make it.

Kiernan tucks the case under his arm. Runs. Bryce doesn't waste time on anger. He runs to the

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

and leaps into the speedboat. Amelia guns the ENGINE --

BRYCE
He's got the certificates.

AMELIA
Where the hell is he going?

BRYCE
I'll tell you in a second.

Bryce opens a compartment, pulls out a GPS TRACKER -- we saw it in his storage unit. He powers it up.

BRYCE
I put a beacon on him in case he did something incredibly stupid. Like exactly this.

Bryce takes the helm. Turns them to follow Kiernan.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT

Kiernan knifes through the narrow streets, trying to disappear into the city. If he was healthy, he could do it -- but now he's down a step.

FOOTSTEPS and car ENGINES are all around him. The Commandos closing in.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bryce tries to stay close to Kiernan, following the BEACON display on his tracker.

But the two KAJEKI SPEEDBOATS are coming up from behind --

BRYCE
Get down!

Amelia hits the deck as GUNFIRE from the pursuing boats caroms off the canal walls.

Bryce evades, whipping under a bridge. He rips something from his belt -- chunks of C-4 and DETONATORS.

BRYCE
Rig these.

As Amelia jams a detonator into each chunk of C-4 --

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT

Kiernan runs up a staircase, starts racing across the
ROOFTOPS

The Commandos are everywhere, swarming, trying to get a bead on him from the street.

Kiernan ignores the pain -- through sheer force of will -- somehow, he's almost at a full sprint.

EXT. CANALS - NIGHT

Bryce is still cat-and-mouse with the Kajeki speedboats. Amelia's wired each chunk of C-4 with a detonator.

They're coming up on a tight turn -- a line of ROWBOATS is tied up by the wall.

BRYCE

Throw them in.

As Bryce whips through the turn, Amelia hurls chunks of C-4 into the empty boats.

Bryce grabs the REMOTE DETONATOR -- as the pursuing boats come around the turn, he hits the button --

-- all the C-4 charges go off at once.

The BLAST engulfs the pursuing speedboats --

-- both Kajeki boats are now dead FIREBALLS on the water.

Bryce checks the tracking beacon. He guns the engine -- back in pursuit of Kiernan.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Kiernan comes to a gap in the roofs, he'll have to jump it -- he forces himself to sprint even faster, ignoring the pain --

-- Kiernan reaches the edge of the roof, springs off, JUMPS --

-- and makes it. Just barely. He almost cries out from the pain in his leg -- but he's still going.

EXT. CANALS - NIGHT

Bryce checks the beacon -- Kiernan's close. He brings the boat to a stop by the wall.

BRYCE

Get clear of here. We'll meet you
at the rendezvous.

Bryce climbs onto solid ground. Amelia takes the helm and speeds off into the darkness.

Bryce runs down the street, GPS tracker in hand. Hunting.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Kiernan, still going. He comes to another gap in the roofs, makes another jump --

-- but as he's in midair --

ON THE STREET BELOW

-- Petr is there, waiting, he has a clear shot, FIRES --

-- the BULLET tears into Kiernan's arm, the one holding the metal case --

-- Kiernan lands on the far roof, he made it -- but the impact JARS THE CASE LOOSE --

-- Kiernan is still rolling forward, the case is sliding away from him, he tries to turn, counter his momentum --

-- the case now skittering towards the edge of the roof --

-- Kiernan diving for it -- almost to it --

-- no --

-- THE CASE GOES OFF THE ROOF.

Kiernan runs forward, peers over the edge -- and almost gets torn apart by a fusillade of BULLETS from below.

The case has fallen into a group of COMMANDOS. They unload on Kiernan -- it's a wall of lead. Nothing he can do.

More Commandos are racing across the rooftops, closing. Kiernan runs to another edge of the roof, leaps onto a

BALCONY

with a view of where the case fell. Petr has already scooped it up -- throws it into a waiting SUV -- the ENGINE guns --
-- gone. The case is gone.

Kiernan just stands there. Shattered. Oblivious to the danger around him. For the moment, he just does not care.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ivanov is in the back seat. He opens the case. Flips through the end-user certificates. On his cell:

IVANOV
(I've recovered the items.)

INT. LIVITIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Livitin, on his cell.

LIVITIN
(Now clear the warehouse. And get both men. I want this done with.)

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

KAJEKIS are securing the weapons for transport. Loading them onto trucks. Frantic, working double-time.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The Commandos race to the edge of the roof, reaching the
BALCONY

where we last saw Kiernan. But now he's gone.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT

Kiernan hobbles down the street, making his escape. Numb.

He stops. Leans against a building. Even with his phenomenal conditioning and pain tolerance... he's spent.

SIRENS, but far away. And no sign of the Commandos.

There's a church across the street. Kiernan tries the door. It's open. He goes in.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Kiernan's not a religious man. Just needs a quiet place. He sits in a back pew. Stares at nothing. Closes his eyes.

When he hears a GUN being cocked, he doesn't even react. Maybe he's hoping it's over.

Bryce has come in. Kiernan is mildly surprised to see him.

Bryce is about to ask -- but he can see Kiernan's empty hands. The expression on his face. The question isn't even necessary.

Bryce sits. Both men are on empty.

BRYCE

By now, they've rolled up the whole operation. Cleared the warehouse.

KIERNAN

Yeah.

BRYCE

That was our shot.

KIERNAN

Yeah. How did you find me?

Bryce touches the back of his neck. Kiernan reaches -- finds the tiny TRACKING BEACON hooked into the back of his shirt.

A tired smile from Kiernan. It's almost funny to him.

BRYCE

What now? Do you testify?

KIERNAN

Might as well. I'll be at the hotel for awhile, working on my leg.

BRYCE

I'm going to the rendezvous. I need to tell Amelia what's happened.

KIERNAN

I can get to the Hague by myself.

BRYCE

(beat)

Is that how you want it?

KIERNAN

Put you through enough, haven't I?

Bryce goes to Kiernan. Hands him something: the five-euro note. That's their goodbye. As Bryce heads for the door --

KIERNAN

Michael.

(Bryce stops)

My life got set on a path early. By the time I was old enough to know what I wanted for myself, I was already a fugitive on three continents. Janet and I never had a chance. My life was always going to catch up to me someday.

(beat)

You found a good girl. Don't screw it up. That's the last of the moral guidance from Sean Kiernan.

Bryce leaves.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT

Bryce walks through the empty streets. No need to hurry now. On the horizon -- FIRST LIGHT.

The city is just starting to glow under the sun.

As Bryce takes in the beauty of it all... there's almost no change in his stride or expression -- he's careful not to betray a reaction, but -- he knows he's not alone.

The threat is close. Bryce scans the streets and alleys, mapping escape routes. And now --

-- he breaks into a sprint, MACHINEPISTOLS out -- he SHOOTS the two KAJEKIS lying in wait ahead of him --

-- but MORE KAJEKIS pour out of the alleys, he's surrounded --

-- a soft POP, a BUZZ -- Bryce is struck by two TASER DARTS -- he goes down. His guns go flying.

SIX KAJEKIS descend on him. Bryce recovers, draws a KNIFE, kills one but then loses his blade, now it's hand-to-hand, Bryce is a blur, a machine --

-- it takes all five Kajekis to finally bring him down.

Zipcuffs. Duct tape. Captured. An SUV tears out of the alley, they bundle Bryce inside, flooring it --

INT. SUV (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Ivanov sits across from Bryce. Holding the metal case.

Bryce only has a moment to appreciate the irony -- the certificates are right in front of him -- before the hood is pulled down over his head.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - MORNING

The rendezvous point. Kiernan limps up the stairs. He's carrying a nearly-empty bottle of whiskey. He's hammered.

KIERNAN

Hey. Guys? Hello?

But he's the only one here. To the empty space:

KIERNAN

I'm sorry. I am really sorry.
There, I said it. Can I go now?

He wanders over to the edge to catch the view. Spots a large PACKAGE tucked behind a pillar, wrapped in plain brown paper. A note on top: "Sean." He opens it, reads:

"I doubt they'll let you keep this in your cell. But I want you to have it. Michael."

Kiernan unwraps the paper -- it's Bryce's SNIPER RIFLE.

Footsteps on the stairs. Amelia.

KIERNAN

Ah, Amelia. It's a long story. With an unhappy ending.

That hits her hard. But even worse --

AMELIA

Michael's not with you--?

KIERNAN

I'm sure he'll be along soon.

AMELIA

He's never late. For anything.

Fear in her eyes.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The hood is pulled off Bryce's head. A bright LIGHT shines down on him. He's tied to a table, spread-eagle.

Ivanov, Oleg, Petr, and a few other KAJEKIS all around him. Ivanov pulls up a chair so they can chat.

IVANOV

You know what these are, yes?

Of course -- Ivanov is holding up the stack of end-user certificates, tucked in the metal case.

IVANOV

I believe we have all of them back.

Am I correct?

(Bryce nods)

Good. Then we have only one more small piece of business. Where is Sean Kiernan?

BRYCE

I have no idea.

Bryce is a good liar. But not good enough to beat Ivanov.

IVANOV

You are Michael Bryce, formerly of the Central Intelligence Agency. I showed your picture to some associates. You are well-known in certain circles.

Ivanov gestures for Oleg to come over. He's carrying something. Bryce strains, trying to see...

IVANOV

I heard a story about you being interrogated.

Oleg is carrying a CAR BATTERY.

Bryce goes white. He's been through this before. He tries to put on a brave face, but finds himself pulling desperately at his bonds.

IVANOV

Memories, yes? A bit old-fashioned, but so effective.

(Russian, to the others)

(This won't take long.)

The others LAUGH. Bryce's breathing is fast, jagged. He's almost hyperventilating. He knows exactly what's coming.

Oleg wraps a leather strap around Bryce's head. Connects the wires at his temples. Two more wires go around his feet. Ready to go.

IVANOV

Where is Sean Kiernan?

Bryce doesn't answer. Trying to prepare himself. Ivanov signals. As Oleg brings the wires to the battery --

BRYCE

Wait. Wait wait wait.

Oleg stops. A faint smile from Ivanov.

BRYCE

Kiernan needed the certificates because he has no testimony. Do you understand? He's not dangerous to you now. He doesn't matter.

IVANOV

I see. This is good. If Kiernan does not matter, then you can tell me where he is. It's of no concern. So. Where is he?

BRYCE

(beat)
Don't.

Ivanov signals -- Oleg touches the wires to the battery, COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT --

-- Bryce HOWLS. He shakes and thrashes against his bonds. His body convulses as the CURRENT surges through him.

This goes on for some time.

At last, Oleg turns off the power.

Bryce pulls in huge, teary panic breaths.

This isn't a hardened operative absorbing punishment. The agony is instant and overwhelming.

Bryce just wants it to stop.

IVANOV

Where is Sean Kiernan?

Bryce almost gives him the answer. He almost does. But he holds back. Ivanov signals -- the CURRENT is turned back on.

Bryce SCREAMS. Ivanov watches, impassive. Oleg starts to turn the power off -- Ivanov signals him to keep going.

Thin tendrils of SMOKE begin to rise from Bryce's temples.

The other Kajekis turn away. Even for them, this is hard to watch. Finally, the power is turned off.

IVANOV

Where is Sean Kiernan?

BRYCE

He's... somewhere safe.

(beat)

He's very, very safe.

Ivanov is surprised. They all are. It looked like this was over. But Bryce just went deeper inside himself. And found something more.

Ivanov motions Petr to come over. He's wearing heavy rubber gloves. Carrying something.

It's nothing out of the ordinary -- just a plastic bucket, full of WATER. Petr pours out a little so Bryce can see.

BRYCE

Go ahead, asshole.

Petr DOUSES Bryce with the water --

-- the POWER is turned back on, the CURRENT flows again -- the water conducts it throughout Bryce's body --

-- it's an entirely new level of pain -- SPARKS pop and fly --

-- but Bryce doesn't talk. He doesn't even scream.

He simply endures.

Lost in the agony, Bryce's vision BLURS. Everything goes fuzzy. He's only dimly aware as a few BURSTS of LIGHT begin to appear at the edges of his vision.

They're MUZZLE FLASHES.

One, then another, then another... then many more.

Bryce doesn't even realize what's happening:

KIERNAN IS KILLING EVERYONE IN THE ROOM.

Even drunk -- and he most certainly is drunk -- Kiernan's utterly lethal. It doesn't take him long.

Kiernan stops firing. He knows he's killed everybody, but for a moment, he's not sure where he is.

Bryce is slowly coming back to the world. Now Kiernan is standing over him, undoing his bonds.

KIERNAN

I didn't trust you, either.

Kiernan pulls something off Bryce's pant leg -- a tiny TRACKING BEACON.

KIERNAN

But damn, I should have.

Kiernan clasps Bryce's hand. He's holding something -- the five-euro note. He's giving it back to Bryce.

BRYCE

Are you drunk?

KIERNAN

Aye.

Bryce smiles. He looks off to the side. Kiernan follows his gaze... to the metal case, holding the end-user certificates.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Amelia waiting anxiously. Hand on her gun.

Bryce and Kiernan stumble out of the building. Not a pretty sight. Kiernan is limping and drunk, Bryce is still weak from the torture. But they're triumphant -- they've got the case.

Amelia runs to them. She can see that Bryce has been through something horrible. She looks in his eyes: what happened?

BRYCE

They... uh...

(beat)

They tore my shirt. I really liked this shirt.

She embraces him. Gently.

INT. A VAN (MOVING) - DAY

They're on their way to the Hague. Amelia's driving. Kiernan is riding shotgun and pounding coffee. Bryce is laid out in back, still recovering.

Kiernan flips on the RADIO and finds a classical station. A gesture for Bryce.

BRYCE

Oh, this is a great piece. It's Beethoven's third symphony, the maturation of his middle period. It's also known as the "Eroica"--

Kiernan turns around and stares hard at Bryce: don't push it. Bryce stops talking.

To Kiernan, quietly, so Bryce doesn't hear:

AMELIA

Thank you.

INT. ICC - SIDE ROOM - DAY

Livitin and Demidov. Livitin closes his cell phone. Furious. Wants to punch the wall.

LIVITIN

(He hasn't gotten here yet. We still have a chance to stop him.)

Demidov is calm. And still. A coiled serpent.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Bryce and Amelia standing outside the van. They're on a hill overlooking a broad plain.

TITLE:

The Hague, Netherlands

The coastline is visible in the distance. The Hague is dominated by a huge building, angular and gleaming white:

The HAAGSE ARC.

This is the seat of the International Criminal Court.

Blue-helmeted UNITED NATIONS TROOPS have established a security perimeter all around the Arc. Most of the surrounding roads have been closed down.

Everything looks quiet. Under control.

Bryce has cleaned up and changed into a fresh suit. He's got a FOLDER full of blueprints and building diagrams -- advance work on the Arc. He watches the plain below with binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Bryce observes several VEHICLES doing patrols just outside the security perimeter. They're definitely not UN personnel -- KAJEKI COMMANDOS. Demidov's final line of defense.

Bryce observes the pattern of the patrols -- in particular, a BLACK VAN with tinted windows.

Kiernan climbs out of the van. He's sobered up. Surprisingly, he's now wearing a sportcoat. It looks good -- but he hates it. He rips the coat off. Sticking with his usual look.

BRYCE

Let's go to court.

Amelia dials a cell phone.

INT. HAAGSE ARC - HALLWAY - DAY

Casoria steps out of the trial chamber to answer his cell.

CASORIA

Casoria.

INTERCUT CASORIA & AMELIA

AMELIA

It's Ryder. Call me back from a landline. We need to discuss the plans for my very large office.

Casoria breaks into a huge grin.

INT./EXT. KAJEKI VEHICLE/HAAGSE ARC - DAY

Two Kajeki COMMANDOS drive slowly down the street in front of the Arc's main entrance.

On the adjoining streets, other Kajeki VEHICLES also circle the building. Including the BLACK VAN.

They're just waiting. Nothing yet.

INT. BACK OF A VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Amelia is on her cell.

AMELIA
We're ready. Go.

INT./EXT. KAJEKI VEHICLE/HAAGSE ARC - DAY

Motion -- suddenly, UN TROOPS start massing in front of the main entrance. The Kajekis go on alert. The PASSENGER gets on the radio:

PASSENGER
(Watch the front.)

The other Kajeki vehicles begin moving to cut off access to the front. Including the BLACK VAN -- it starts coming around from the side --

-- but then a UN SUV pulls out in front of it, cutting it off. The black van has been made.

PASSENGER
(into radio)
(Careful. Not too close.)

POLICE CARS are converging on the black van now -- the other Kajekis have to back off.

INT./EXT. - BLACK VAN/HAAGSE ARC - DAY

The side door of the black van slides open -- Kiernan and Amelia are in back, along with two bound KAJEKI COMMANDOS. Bryce is behind the wheel. They pulled a switch.

AMELIA
(into cell)
Perfect. Thank you, sir.

The back door of the UN SUV opens -- Casoria is waiting inside.

Concealed by the stopped vehicles, Bryce, Kiernan, and Amelia slip out of the black van and climb into the SUV.

As the SUV pulls away, POLICE CARS surround the black van, now empty except for the bound Kajekis.

The UN Troops -- decoys -- are still massed at the Arc's front entrance.

INT. UN SUV (MOVING) - DAY

No one talks yet. The SUV pulls right up to the Arc's side entrance, they all get out and rush inside --

INT. HAAGSE ARC - CORRIDOR - DAY

-- where four armed ICC GUARDS are waiting.

CASORIA

Sean Kiernan, welcome to the Hague.

BRYCE

Let's keep moving.

GUARD

(to Kiernan)

We won't cuff you just yet, but I have to ask you to disarm.

BRYCE

Absolutely not. Not until we're in the courtroom.

GUARD

We can't let him roam the halls--

KIERNAN

It's fine. I'll disarm.

(re: Bryce)

If he can keep his weapons.

Casoria nods. Kiernan gives the Guards his guns and a large DUFFEL BAG holding more weapons -- keeping only the metal case with the certificates.

Bryce calls up a BUILDING MAP of the Arc on his phone. He scrolls to show the Guards a route through the building.

BRYCE

Gentlemen, this is the path we'll take to the courtroom. Two front, two back. I'll stay with the principal.

(to Casoria and Amelia)

Meet you there.

The ICC Guards fall in under Bryce's command. They move down the hall in formation -- Bryce is at maximum readiness.

Bryce is taking them through the Arc's

SERVICE CORRIDORS

They barrel down the halls, surprising the CUSTODIANS and MAINTENANCE STAFF as they pass. Kiernan lets Bryce go through doors first, stands where Bryce tells him -- Kiernan has become a model client. The trust is there now.

So far, no resistance. Now they move into --

INT. HAAGSE ARC - STAIRWELL - DAY

The Guards open the door. Bryce walks in, motions for everyone to hold. He scans the stairwell. Clear.

They escort Kiernan up one flight, then into another

CORRIDOR

The Guard indicates a door down the hall. Two more GUARDS standing outside it.

GUARD

Almost there.

Bryce stays on alert, expecting... something. Now they're a hundred feet away.

Eighty.

Sixty.

Forty.

The door Guards start to move --

-- Bryce's hands go to his machinepistols --

-- twenty feet -- the Guards swing the door open --

-- Bryce motions everyone to hold. He walks into --

INT. TRIAL CHAMBER 1 - DAY

The courtroom is packed. The GALLERY, the JUDGES, both sets of ATTORNEYS... everyone's here. So is DEMIDOV, calmly studying his notes.

They're all settling in, just back from a break. Bryce came in through a side door -- no one's even noticed him yet.

Bryce carefully surveys the scene. Everything is exactly as it should be.

They made it.

Bryce surrenders his own weapons to the Guards, who put them in a storage locker. They cuff Kiernan, then bring him in.

The courtroom goes still. Everyone turns. Demidov looks up. He shows no reaction. Just stares.

Kiernan gives the metal case to Moreno at the prosecution table. Moreno opens it, flips through...

...and leaps to his feet. He wants a sidebar. Now.

As the lawyers and judges confer, Kiernan is escorted to a chair behind the prosecution table.

Casoria and Amelia have come in as well. Casoria shakes Bryce's hand.

CASORIA

Many thanks. Perhaps we will be able to work with you again in the future. We should discuss.

Bryce nods. Sure. Then he takes a seat next to Kiernan.

Neither man speaks for a moment. They can't quite believe they're really here. The effort of the last few days is suddenly catching up to them.

KIERNAN

Been meaning to tell you something.

BRYCE

What's that?

KIERNAN

I'm sorry that I killed so many of your clients over the years.

BRYCE

Oh. Thank you.

(beat)

"So many"? You mean, a few.

KIERNAN

Mmm... more than a few.

BRYCE

Well, that's very kind. I've been meaning to tell you something, too.

KIERNAN
What's that?

BRYCE
You remember Atienza? The guy, I
switched vehicles on you...

KIERNAN
...then I killed him on his yacht.

BRYCE
I also switched yachts.

KIERNAN
Really?

BRYCE
Yep. You blew up an empty boat.

KIERNAN
(beat)
You fucker.

Bryce starts to LAUGH. Kiernan does, too. It's a combination of giddiness and deep exhaustion. They keep laughing --

-- people are starting to turn and look. They're like two kids cracking up in class. They can't help it.

Amelia turns and stares: what is wrong with you two? Finally, they settle down. Mostly.

The sidebar is over. Didn't go well for Livitin. Back at the defense table, he makes a last-ditch effort:

LIVITIN
The defense objects to the
introduction of this--

Out of nowhere, Demidov slams the table, yells --

DEMIDOV
No! Enough.

Livitin knew this was coming. He's done all he can do.

LIVITIN
My client wishes to briefly address
the court.

Curious, the lead Judge nods. Demidov rises, satisfied to finally be taking center stage.

DEMIDOV

I have spent months sitting in that chair, nodding along with this ludicrous charade. It is a waste of your time, and far more importantly, of mine. With apologies to my excellent attorney, the charges against me are entirely correct.

A BUZZ in the gallery -- what? He plows ahead:

DEMIDOV

I am the ruler of Kajekistan, a sovereign nation of this earth. As the ruler of my nation, I will do as I wish -- without exception, without apology. I recognize no authority that limits my power.

Bryce and Kiernan are as shocked as everyone else. Bryce is more than shocked -- he's worried.

BRYCE

Did we get in here too easily?

Kiernan turns to him, confused, as Demidov continues:

DEMIDOV

In this trial, the world community is attempting to make a statement.

BRYCE

Demidov has massive resources. We just walked in. Where were the rest of his men?

DEMIDOV

But now I would like to make a statement of my own.

KIERNAN

(gets it)

The UN team was focused on me. They're out of position --

Bryce and Kiernan get up, rushing towards Casoria --

DEMIDOV

I do not recognize the jurisdiction of this court...

Livitin has been quietly packing up his briefcase. He nods to a KAJEKI in the gallery, who whispers into his cell --

DEMIDOV

...so I will now take my leave.
With my dignity intact.

Demidov and Livitin brace themselves as --

-- we hear a MASSIVE EXPLOSION --

-- the BUILDING SHAKES -- everyone is thrown to the ground --

-- more EXPLOSIONS offscreen -- now SHOUTING, GUNFIRE --

-- total chaos --

-- Bryce and Kiernan trying to regain their feet --

-- the ICC Guards moving to secure Demidov -- but then --

-- a wave of KAJEKI COMMANDOS bursts into the courtroom --
wearing full tactical gear -- gasmasks --

-- FIRING on the Guards, throwing TEAR GAS GRENADES --

-- the Guards make the mistake of trying to fight through the
gas -- they collapse, CHOKING --

-- Bryce and Kiernan know better, they run to the door they
came in through, pulling Amelia with them --

-- the Commandos give masks to Demidov and Livitin, rushing
them outside -- Kiernan and Bryce can only watch --

-- Alexander Demidov is busting out of the Hague.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bryce, Kiernan, and Amelia make it out of the courtroom --
fresh air --

AMELIA

How did they--?

BRYCE

The weapons at the warehouse.

KIERNAN

Demidov was never selling them.
This was his backup plan.

Kiernan has KEYS he pulled off a fallen Guard -- he unlocks
his cuffs, then the door to the --

STORAGE LOCKER

where all their WEAPONS are being kept.

As Kiernan and Bryce dig through their duffel bag, re-arming themselves, they can hear more GUNSHOTS and EXPLOSIONS. They're both utterly spent. But it's time for one last push.

Casoria staggers out of the courtroom. Bryce pulls two RADIOS off the door Guards. Gives one to Amelia.

BRYCE

Help him. He's got to direct the UN force. We're going after Demidov.

Kiernan and Bryce race down the corridor, around the corner to the

COURTROOM ENTRANCE

At the end of the hall --

-- a huge HOLE has been blown into the side of the building. SMOKE and DAYLIGHT. Demidov's escape route.

There are KAJEKI COMMANDOS and UN TROOPS down the hallway, locked in combat. There's no clear path for Bryce and Kiernan to follow Demidov --

Kiernan starts down another hall -- but Bryce pulls two GUNS, runs straight ahead -- FIRING right into the crowd --

-- BODIES start falling -- is Bryce killing the UN troops? --

-- no -- he has a MACHINEPISTOL in one hand, and his gun that fires RUBBER BULLETS in the other -- left hand lethal, right hand nonlethal --

-- killing the Commandos, knocking out the UN troops --

-- clearing the path. He and Kiernan tear down the hall, through the rubble, towards the gash of smoldering daylight --

EXT. HAAGSE ARC - DAY

The UN security perimeter has been utterly obliterated.

PATROL VEHICLES, smoking and charred, litter the road. The only troops in sight are corpses.

A MISSILE LAUNCHER, set up in the back of a truck, is still aimed at the building. SHOULDER-MOUNTED ASSAULT WEAPONS are scattered on the ground. The weapons we saw in the warehouse, now abandoned --

-- as the Kajekis make their getaway.

They're speeding away in two FAST-ATTACK VEHICLES. Bryce and Kiernan are on foot. No way to catch up.

Kiernan limping behind him, Bryce races up a low hill to an OVERPASS

Now he can see the final piece of Demidov's escape plan:

A small PLANE waiting in the distance. The fast-attack vehicles are closing on it. Bryce gets on the radio:

BRYCE
(into radio)
Tell Casoria they're flying out
from the west. And I need you to
get back in that storage locker.

EXT. AT THE PLANE - DAY

The fast-attack vehicles screech to a stop. Demidov, Livitin, and the Commandos hustle to get onboard. The PILOT waits in the hatchway -- he greets Demidov with a formal salute.

Demidov returns the salute. He's back in command.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

Kiernan and Bryce watch the plane begin a slow taxi down a blocked-off road. It's heading towards the coastline and --

-- the endless expanse of the NORTH SEA.

Bryce scans the horizon -- more UN and POLICE VEHICLES are coming from the east, but they're still far away. Demidov will be in the air before they can get to him.

The plane is still taxiing -- it has to make a few turns before it can reach the final straightaway.

BRYCE
Can you make a shot from here?

KIERNAN
With what?

Amelia is running up the hill towards them -- carrying Bryce's SNIPER RIFLE.

KIERNAN

Absolutely.

Bryce FIRES into the guardrail, shredding the metal to create a gap -- a perfect sniper position for Kiernan.

Amelia gets to them. She also brought a MED KIT. Kiernan takes the rifle, starts assembling it.

This is the only elevated spot around -- and they've been spotted. Surviving Kajeki COMMANDOS are racing towards them. Coming in from all sides.

KIERNAN

As soon as they turn onto the straightaway, I'll have a shot at the pilot.

As Kiernan sets up his position, Bryce turns to Amelia.

BRYCE

Get out of here.

She looks around at the incoming Commandos. Doesn't want to leave Bryce alone.

BRYCE

I need to protect him. I can't do that unless I know you're safe. Go.

No time to argue. No goodbye kiss. She turns and runs back down the hill. Gets on the radio --

INT. UN VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY

Casoria is riding with the UN TROOPS, racing towards Demidov's plane.

AMELIA (ON RADIO)

Kiernan's in position.

Casoria can see Bryce and Kiernan on the overpass. The plane taxiing in the distance. The bullet will have to travel more than a mile. A hell of a shot.

Casoria starts to respond to Amelia -- but there's nothing to say. Nothing to do but watch and hope.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

Kiernan and Bryce are alone. But not for much longer. The Commandos are closing in from all sides.

Bryce pulls ammo clips from his pockets. Hooks them on his belt. Kiernan sets the rifle in place. Chambers a round. He lies on the ground -- sniper's crouch. Bryce stands over him.

BRYCE

I have you covered. Don't think about anything except the shot.

Kiernan sights the plane. Zeroes out the scope. He picks a spot farther down the plane's path -- at the last turn, where he'll have a clear shot at the pilot.

THE COMMANDOS

are closing in.

AMELIA

is at the bottom of the hill. Watching. Trying not to watch.

ON THE OVERPASS

Bryce draws his machinepistols. Shakes his hands out. Getting loose.

Kiernan lying on the ground. Bryce standing over him. The hitman and his bodyguard.

The Commandos --

-- are now in range --

-- Bryce opens FIRE.

He STRAFES the Commandos. His SHELL CASINGS clatter on the pavement. They return FIRE, but he's too fast -- won't give them an opening.

Kiernan glances up, checking to be sure he's safe -- Bryce screams down at him:

BRYCE

I've got you. Make the shot.

Bryce continues laying down 360-degree cover fire --

We're with Kiernan. He puts his eye to the rifle scope. He breathes.

And... EVERYTHING GETS SLOW.

Kiernan's tuned out the rest of the world.

There's nothing but the plane. The rifle scope. The trigger.

Bryce's shell casings falling like leaves all around him.

The plane is turning. Almost in the kill zone.

Kiernan takes a deep breath. Holds it.

He listens to his heartbeat. Waiting for a moment between beats, to achieve perfect stillness.

The plane comes out of the turn --

-- the PILOT is in his cross hairs.

Kiernan squeezes the trigger.

A soft POP -- a gentle nudge of recoil --

-- and --

-- the cockpit window SHATTERS --

-- a fine RED SPRAY blooms from the head of the Pilot --

-- Kiernan lifts his head -- triumphant --

-- as a shadow passes over him --

-- Bryce, falling to the ground.

His shirt is red with BLOOD.

The world rushes back in on Kiernan -- FAST again --

Bryce's body hits the ground -- Kiernan rolls -- two more Commandos coming, the last two, Bryce took out the rest --

-- as Kiernan scrambles to grab a machinepistol --

-- both Commandos fall -- Amelia is running up the hill, emptying her SIDEARM -- she's killed the Commandos --

-- it's just Kiernan and Bryce. SIRENS fill the air.

Kiernan tears away Bryce's shirt. A round went through the gap in his bulletproof vest.

Bryce is distant, glassy. Fading.

Focused on Bryce, Kiernan doesn't even notice, off in the distance --

THE PLANE

now without a pilot, drifting off to the side, slowing... the wave of UN VEHICLES is closing in on it...

ON THE OVERPASS

Kiernan dives for the med kit Amelia brought. Finds packets of CELOX blood clotter -- what they used to patch up Taras.

Kiernan dumps the Celox powder into Bryce's wound, packing it in, just the way Bryce showed him --

-- SIRENS all around now --

-- Kiernan balls up Bryce's shirt, a pressure bandage --

-- Kiernan isn't aware of the AMBULANCE or the TWO MEDICS until they're trying to pull him away from Bryce --

-- Kiernan shakes them off. He's not leaving Bryce. He holds the pressure bandage in place as the Medics start CPR.

Amelia is trying to get to them -- the POLICE won't let her through --

Kiernan and the Medics work in silence.

Bryce COUGHS. He takes a breath. Another. And another.

One of the Medics gently pulls Kiernan's hands away. He applies a clean bandage to the wound. Puts an oxygen mask over Bryce's mouth.

MEDIC

He's stable.

The Medics wheel out a stretcher to load Bryce into the ambulance.

Bryce's eyes are refocusing. He looks at Kiernan. A question. Kiernan looks up at --

THE PLANE

Demidov's Commandos are getting down on the ground, complying with the UN TROOPS surrounding them.

Demidov is also on the ground, hands cuffed behind his back. Casoria stands over him.

ON THE OVERPASS

Kiernan nods.

KIERNAN

They got him. We did it.

(beat)

Technically, I did it.

Bryce grins under the mask. Gives Kiernan the finger as he's loaded onto the stretcher.

Kiernan watches him get put into the

AMBULANCE

Amelia has gotten past the police. She runs to Bryce.

Bryce pulls off his oxygen mask. The Medic is about to hook him up to an IV, but Bryce waves him away.

BRYCE

Not yet. I need a clear head.

Amelia takes Bryce's hand. He's weak, but he needs to say this now:

BRYCE

You asked me to wait until this was over. It's over. And I know exactly what I'm feeling.

(beat)

Amelia... I love you.

(beat)

That was really average. I'm sorry. Can I try again later, when I haven't just been shot?

AMELIA

That was perfect. I love you, too, Michael.

BRYCE

Okay. Good. That's good.

(to the Medic)

And now I would like you to inject me with every painkiller you have.

The Medic puts the oxygen mask back over Bryce's face. Starts up the IV.

Amelia lays a kiss on Bryce's mask. She holds his hand as he drifts away.

KIERNAN

kept his distance, but he watched all of that. Now there's a VOICE from behind him:

GUARD
Get down on the ground.

It's two of the ICC GUARDS who escorted him to the courtroom earlier. Kiernan complies. They cuff him.

From the ground, Kiernan watches the ambulance take Bryce and Amelia away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HAAGSE ARC - TRIAL CHAMBER 1 - DAY

Demidov's sentencing. Security is beyond airtight.

The CLERK reads out the sentence:

CLERK
...Alexander Ilyich Demidov, for
your crimes, you are hereby
sentenced to serve the remainder of
your natural life as a prisoner
under the jurisdiction of the
Criminal Court...

Bryce stands in the back of the gallery. He doesn't look fully recovered yet, but he's getting there.

As the sentence is read out, Bryce slips into the

HALLWAY

The damage from the attack has been mostly patched up. Bryce walks down the hall and into --

INT. TRIAL CHAMBER 2 - DAY

A much smaller courtroom. A single JUDGE presiding. Two defendants stand before him: Janet and Sean Kiernan. Kiernan is in leg irons, and his hands are cuffed at his waist.

Bryce takes a seat in the empty gallery.

JUDGE

Janet Kiernan, under the plea bargain as so described, you are free to go.

(beat)

Sean Kiernan. This court has received several pleas for leniency on your behalf -- from the ICC prosecutors, the leadership of Interpol, as well as your ex-wife.

Kiernan steals a look at Janet. He wasn't expecting that. The Judge continues:

JUDGE

However, the court finds that your recent actions cannot outweigh your past crimes. You are hereby sentenced to serve the remainder of your natural life as a prisoner under the jurisdiction of the Criminal Court. We are adjourned.

Kiernan and Bryce knew this was coming. Neither man shows any reaction. As the GUARDS start to escort Kiernan away -- Janet goes to him.

KIERNAN

You see? I only ruined your life the one time.

She hugs him. A kiss on the cheek.

JANET

Ah, Sean. You never did.

As the Guards lead Kiernan away, his eyes meet Bryce's. A moment between them. A look, a nod, and goodbye.

Bryce walks back into the

HALLWAY

Casoria sits on a bench, waiting for Bryce. He motions him to sit. Hands him some papers.

CASORIA

We have met your terms.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT (MOVING) - DAY

Kiernan rides alone in back. Expressionless.

The transport rumbles to a stop. The back doors are thrown open. The GUARDS motion Kiernan to get out --

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The middle of nowhere. The deserted parking lot of a small DIVE BAR. Kiernan has no idea what's going on.

As the Guards lead Kiernan to the door, we might notice Bryce's Jag parked off to the side.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

The place is empty except for a few INTERPOL GUARDS -- and Bryce and Casoria. They sit at a table with a bottle of whiskey and three glasses.

The Guards lead Kiernan to a chair. Bryce has a poker face. Casoria gets right to it:

CASORIA

Interpol was first chartered to coordinate between law-enforcement arms of various nations. But we've found that by the time we get the FBI, SIS, FSB, so on to even sit at the same table, the criminals are already enjoying their retirement.

(beat)

Interpol needs to do more than coordinate. We need to be able to act. I have been authorized to create Interpol's first ever clandestine division. I have asked Mr. Bryce to consider joining.

(beat)

He agreed, on one condition: he would join if and only if you were brought on as his partner.

Bryce nods. Kiernan can't believe it. Casoria continues:

CASORIA

My initial reaction was extremely negative. But Mr. Bryce and Agent Ryder finally brought me around. I am now inviting the two of you to be the founding and sole members of Interpol's clandestine division.

Kiernan, still stunned, doesn't say anything just yet. Casoria is happy to continue:

CASORIA

Mr. Kiernan, you will need to keep a low profile, to maintain the illusion that you are in prison. Shouldn't be difficult for you. But we will insist that you not return to your prior line of work.

(turning to Bryce)

You are free to continue in your executive-protection business, with the understanding that from time to time, we will call on you.

(beat)

It being a clandestine division, that's all I can tell you unless you agree to join.

Bryce and Kiernan exchange a look. No discussion required. They're in.

A Guard unlocks Kiernan's cuffs while Casoria pours drinks. They make a silent toast.

CASORIA

We'll be in touch soon. For now, you have both earned a vacation. Gentlemen.

They rise to shake hands, then Casoria and the Guards disappear out the door. Now it's just Bryce and Kiernan in the empty bar.

KIERNAN

I don't know what to say.

BRYCE

I couldn't let you do that time. And strange as it is -- we make a pretty good team.

KIERNAN

We do, don't we?

And with that --

-- Kiernan punches Bryce in the face.

Bryce goes down. He truly did not see that coming.

KIERNAN

Even! Now we can move on.

Bryce lies there, dazed. Then he starts laughing. Kiernan helps him back up.

KIERNAN
Right, let's have another.

Back to the table. Kiernan pours a fresh round of shots.

BRYCE
To a long life.

KIERNAN
To a long life.

They drink -- Bryce slams his empty glass down on the table before Kiernan does. A challenge.

KIERNAN
Sure you want to drink against me,
Michael? That's a dangerous road.

BRYCE
Pour.

Kiernan pours. They drink and slam their glasses down -- at the exact same moment. It's on.

As Kiernan pours another round --

KIERNAN
Hang on. Who's driving?

BRYCE
Screw it. We'll call a cab.

They drink, slam their glasses down --

THE END