

KILL SWITCH

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH RISE - DUSK

In the heart of the city. A limo glides to a stop in the 'red' zone in front of the building's steps.

INT. LIMO (MOVING) - DUSK

Inside are ANTON KOZLOV (20s), handsome, Slavic features, BORIS KOZLOV (60s), brutish, bald, and two stone-faced SECURITY GOONS in dark suits.

BORIS  
(in Russian, to the Goons)  
<Do a sweep before we go in.>

Anton rolls his eyes.

ANTON  
<Papa, why so serious? This is a  
business meeting, not K-G-B.>

BORIS  
<I know shady business when I see  
it. You don't.>

They exit the limo, goons first. Boris pauses to give the surroundings a once-over while Anton bounds up the steps.

EXT. HIGH RISE - DUSK

Boris inspects the lobby, eyes the elevators and exits. Most people have left for the day, a few stragglers hustle out the lobby doors.

BORIS  
<Ensure the exits are clear as  
well.>

The Goons go to work.

INT. HIGH RISE

Anton and Boris move to the bank of elevators. There are several SECURITY GUARDS in green jackets working, on alert.

## INT. ELEVATOR

Anton checks his reflection in the metallic elevator doors. Boris unsheathes a holstered Makarov. Checks the clip; it's loaded.

ANTON

<There's no need to be nervous.>

BORIS

<Old habits.>

The goons step off the elevator in unison, check the halls and doors before nodding for Boris and Anton to exit.

## INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE

The marble-clad wall opposite the elevators is engraved with "Fischer Financial". Anton and Boris push through the neighboring double doors, Security Goons close behind.

They're greeted by a slick businessman, KARL FISCHER (30s).

A small UPS Box sits on the unmanned reception desk in the otherwise-empty foyer.

The Security Goons and several green-jacketed SECURITY GUARDS eye each other up.

KARL

Here he is! The Russian Wunderkind!  
Come on in, guys. We're eager to  
talk.

Karl escorts them down the hallway.

## INT. PENTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM

Anton and Boris sit across from Karl and three stoic lawyer-types. Tucked below the room's panoramic windows are several more small UPS Boxes.

KARL

I know it was a long flight, but  
the way I see it, if I'm going to  
get in bed with someone, I'd rather  
do it face to face, know what I  
mean?

Boris smirks.

ANTON

Absolutely. There is only so much you can do through Skype and email.

KARL

Exactly, but your little company has managed to do a hell of a lot that way. Online, I mean. That's why we're thinking..

Karl pushes a check in front of Anton and Boris. Anton's eyes light up.

KARL

Yeah, that's right. Twenty million U.S. Think about that. That's a hell of a lot of vodka or whatever it is you Russians love.

Karl offers an "I'm so witty" grin. Boris squints his eyes with incredulity.

BORIS

The company is worth twice that.

ANTON

Papa, come on.

The lights suddenly blink out. No Power. Boris shoves back from the table.

BORIS

What are you pulling here?

KARL

Relax, man. It's just a glitch or something.

BORIS

Does it happen a lot?

KARL

No, actually.

Boris is up. He draws his gun. Anton grows nervous. Karl and associates cower.

KARL

What are you doing with a gun, man?

ANTON

Papa, come on.

(sotto)

Don't ruin this for me.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE

The UPS Box on the main desk EXPLODES. Guards and Goons scatter as the place fills with heavy smoke.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM

Boris yanks Anton to his feet. He starts for the door when the UPS Boxes below the windows explode, filling the room with heavy smoke.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE

A SHROUDED FIGURE moves through the smoke, wielding a Taser. The figure zaps the Guards and the Goons. They all go down.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM

Boris leads Anton out the door through the smoke, hacking. It's chaos inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE

Through the smoke, a shrouded Security Guard runs into Boris.

SHROUDED SECURITY GUARD  
This way! The exit is right here!

Anton and Boris follow the shrouded Security Guard through a door. The door slams.

INT. SEALED OFFICE

Boris sees no doors; it's a windowless office, a dead end. He spins, but ZAP. Boris goes down. ZAP. So does Anton.

INT. SEALED OFFICE - LATER

Boris opens his eyes, but the world is blurry. He is on the floor. Before him stands the Security Guard. Anton is tied prone to a desk.

SECURITY GUARD  
<You were right to be afraid. You  
should have never come to the U.S.>

Realization rips Boris.

Before him stands GRAHAM DANIELS (60s), worn, world weary, holding a Taser. Boris registers the ultimate surprise; horror.

BORIS

You. I watched your funeral. My men verified your death.

GRAHAM

I could never get you in Russia, and I knew you'd never step foot in America again. Unless you thought I was dead.

ANTON

<Papa? What's going on?>

GRAHAM

Tell him to be quiet.

BORIS

<Don't talk right now, son.>

GRAHAM

Your clothes.

Surprisingly stoic, Boris undresses.

Graham forces him into a chair and duct-tapes him to it.

BORIS

I thought you'd give up on all this. After all these years.

GRAHAM

Never been a quitter.

Boris sweats nervously.

BORIS

Men our age, we're too old for this business now.

GRAHAM

Men our age, we can't change what we've been our entire lives.

ANTON

My father was K-G-B!

BORIS

<Shut up, Anton.>

ANTON

If you don't let us go, he'll kill you. And not only that, he'll kill your family as well!

Graham looks at Boris.

Boris lowers his head with resignation. Shame?

BORIS

I said shut up, please. For the love of God.

Graham approaches Anton.

GRAHAM

Good joke. You see, your father already killed my family.

Anton's head snaps to his father. Graham rubs his pained back.

BORIS

I suppose it wouldn't help if I pleaded with you? I've nothing left to bargain with.

GRAHAM

They're still dead, aren't they? So no, you don't.

Graham points the Taser at Anton.

BORIS

It's been over a dozen years. My son had nothing to do with this.

GRAHAM

Neither did mine.

Anton squirms.

BORIS

Don't...

Anton whimpers and cries, shaking.

Graham pulls the trigger. LIGHTS OUT.

GRAHAM

(re: Anton)  
Doesn't have the mettle for this.

BORIS  
He grew up in a different world.  
Thanks to men like us and all we've  
done.

Boris regards the Taser.

BORIS  
You won't kill me with that thing.

GRAHAM  
Don't worry. I brought something  
else for you.

Graham draws a REAL GUN.

He levels it at Boris. He looks hard, ready to kill, but his  
hand shakes.

Boris hardens. He's desperate now.

BORIS  
I hardly recognize you with a gun.

Graham burns. He tightens his finger on the trigger...

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

FADE IN:

INT. GRAHAM DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Graham, comfortably dressed, hunches over a table as he works  
on a balsa wood plane model. A B-52.

Nearby the TV flickers with a news report about "Fischer  
Financial". Graham glances over his spectacles from time to  
time with genuine interest.

He winces, straightens his back. He hobbles to a table and  
works out the kinks.

Set neatly about the table are surveillance photos of Anton,  
Boris, Karl Fischer. Also, brochures for "Fischer Financial"  
as well as stacks of printed emails between Anton and Karl  
Fischer. One email shows a flight number.

Graham picks up a frayed manila folder labeled "Kill Switch,"  
sifts through it.



OLD BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS. Some people are X'd out. He removes two photos, holds them to the light.

They depict the same man through a telephoto lens at different angles.

Graham sets them down, scrutinizes them through a magnifying glass, focuses on a mole. Compares. The mole has slightly shifted. Graham considers this with concern.

Also in the folder - many photos of BORIS in Russia.

A watch ALARM beeps. He snatches up a bottle of pills. FLOMAX. He pops a couple, sighs.

Another ALARM beeps. Graham's face grows dire now. Beside him, on a chair, sits a Green Security Jacket.

INT. GRAHAM DANIEL'S HOME OFFICE

A small steel box.

Graham spins a combination, opens it. Inside are frayed photos of Graham with a WOMAN and a TEENAGE BOY. An old wedding ring. Melancholy.

Graham pulls a handgun from the box and points it at a mirror. He tries to look "hard."

His hand shakes.

He rests the gun on a shelf and grabs his wrist. Arthritis.

Graham goes to his desk. He sorts through mail. Mostly junk. Notably - an insurance letter with a RED FALCON logo.

Graham leaves.

EXT. ESTATE HOME - DAY

Graham looks at a stunning Victorian.

He approaches the back porch.

INT. ESTATE HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Graham, alone, picks up a framed picture on the credenza. He gazes at it with melancholy.

INSERT: A beautiful family.

DIRECTOR KEENE (O.S.)  
Who's down there?

GRAHAM  
It's me.

DIRECTOR PAUL KEENE (60s), a director at the CIA, handsome, no-nonsense, enters.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
I guess it's pointless to ask an old C-I-A dog to use a doorbell.

GRAHAM  
Got anything to drink?

Director Keene raises an eyebrow. Interesting.

He pours whiskies.

They sit in lush leather-backed chairs.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
How's retirement treating you?

GRAHAM  
I'm not retired.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
No such thing in our world.

He slugs back his drink. Graham does the same.

Director Keene's eyes narrow.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
Last time I saw you drink was after...

GRAHAM  
I need a favor.

Director Keene raises an eyebrow.

GRAHAM  
I need to be dead.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
Hell, is that all?

Director Keene pours more drinks.

DIRECTOR KEENE

If you fuck this up, it's your ass,  
not mine.

Cheers... to old times.

EXT. FEDERAL CEMETERY - DAY

A crowded funeral with a 21-gun salute. Director Keene stands by as a casket is lowered into the ground.

In the outskirts, SHADY MEN observe.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Graham, wearing a trench coat, sunglasses and shaggy wig, watches from the parking lot as a small jet lands.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Graham observes as ANTON and the Security Goons enter the limousine. Boris eyes the world warily before entering.

INT. PENTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Graham, dressed in UPS uniform and facial disguise, sets UPS Boxes onto the windowsill. He casually walks out.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Graham approaches the front desk. The GIRL there is confused about why he was in the conference room. Graham sets a UPS Box on the desk before her and laughs nervously.

GRAHAM

Well that wasn't the restroom! Sign  
here please.

He shoves his digital pad at her. She shrugs and signs it. Graham leaves.

INT. HIGH RISE - DAY

Graham dressed in a green security jacket marches in. He wears a fake goatee, looks completely different. The other Security Guards recognize him and wave.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Graham waits in his security disguise. Fischer greets Anton, Boris and the Security Goons. They disappear into the conference room. Graham watches with burning eyes.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - LATER

Graham produces a remote device. He slips into a corner and dons a tiny gas mask. He presses his device.

BOOM! The UPS Box explodes on the desk. Smoke Bombs. Chaos ensues as Graham zaps guards with his Taser.

INT. SEALED OFFICE (NOW)

Anton is unconscious on the table.

Graham raises his gun at Boris. He mimics the same "hard" look he practiced in the mirror.

His hand shakes violently.

Graham straightens his gun.

Yet... he hesitates...

BORIS

You won't pull the trigger. I don't know how you lasted so long in the C-I-A. Coward. Never had the guts to do anything yourself.

Graham lowers the gun.

Boris LAUGHS.

BORIS

You don't have what it takes to do what I do. Pathetic.

Yet Graham comes up with renewed resolve. He aims, pulls back on the trigger...

Graham catches Boris' eye, looking up at something behind him. Graham spins with the gun...

He's CLUBBED with something --

The world spins, blurs, darkens... only a few moments...

## GRAHAM'S POV

He struggles to open his eyes. He's on the floor.

Boris is dead, a bullet hole in his head.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Graham rises, shakes it off. He stands over Boris, scowling, still holding his gun.

He notices some ceiling tiles are now missing. Point of entry.

He notices something on Boris' body --

An ENVELOPE with his name, "Graham Daniels," on it.

Graham rips it open to find a CARD. It sports a LOGO with a RED FALCON.

Anton comes to -- he's no longer gagged.

He SCREAMS.

Shit.

## INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Security Guards barrel in with guns drawn.

## INT. SEALED OFFICE - DAY

Graham hurries to exit, runs into the guards.

## GRAHAM

They're headed for the Northeast quadrant of the building.

They rush past him. Graham about-faces, slips out.

## EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A nondescript sedan moves through traffic.

## I/E. GRAHAM'S CAR (MOVING)

Graham, wearing a cap and glasses, keeps checking his rearview mirror.

He's sweating it.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOME OFFICE

Graham stuffs items into bags; his steel box, the gun, mail, his computer. He's moving fast.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOME - DAY

Graham closes his trunk and hops into his vehicle...

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Graham checks his rearview, paranoid. Beside him, on the passenger's seat, sits the card with the Red Falcon logo.

EXT. TINY SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham hurries up the path to the door, bathed in moonlight. He waits a bit, paranoid, before entering.

INT. TINY SAFE HOUSE

Graham waits in the darkness, listening.

Only silence.

INT. TINY SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Graham opens the freezer and removes one of several turkey pot pies. He throws it in the microwave.

LIVING ROOM

Graham sits in a recliner with a cup of tea and his pot pie. He watches the news coverage of the "Murder at Fischer Financial."

He dons his glasses and examines the card. It reads: "You have been recruited by the Red Falcon Army. To authenticate: Follow the I's."

Graham takes out a magnifying glass and looks over the card. He scratches his chin and ponders it.

He gathers his duffle bag, sorts through the junk mail he snatched from home. He finds the letter with the Red Falcon logo - "Red Falcon Insurance."

He compares the logo with the card.

They're the same.

LATER

Graham sits at a folding table, circling each letter following the letter "I."

He writes the circled letters on a separate pad of paper.

He sits back.

It spells: "Will kill Boris. OHC#345-8743."

LATER

Graham scrawls a note and shoves it inside a Fed Ex envelope.

INT. PRISON CELL

SANTIAGO, (late 50s), a thick Italian with slicked back hair, sits on his bunk.

He opens the Fed Ex package, prominently stamped by the prison search team, pulls out Graham's note.

Cleverly scattered throughout the note are numbers.

Santiago's brow furls.

INT. PRISON PAY PHONES

INMATES on a row of phones. Santiago makes a call...

SANTIAGO

(on phone)

Hello, Graham. Heard you were dead.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

(over phone)

Word travels. Even in prison.

INT. TINY SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham paces, phone in hand.

SANTIAGO (V.O.)  
I never thought I'd hear from you  
again.

GRAHAM  
No? Someone treated the substitute  
yesterday.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

SANTIAGO  
I figured you'd pay his bill.

GRAHAM  
It wasn't me. I didn't have enough  
cash.

SANTIAGO  
But you're a rich man.

GRAHAM  
It was someone else at the  
restaurant. Followed me to the  
cashier and paid.

Santiago lights a cigarette.

SANTIAGO  
You? Piggy-backed? Impossible. Did  
you get to thank him?

GRAHAM  
Never saw him.

SANTIAGO  
Ah. A secret philanthropist. A lot  
of rich men love the substitute.

GRAHAM  
Do you know any who could follow me  
to the cashier?

Santiago considers it.

SANTIAGO  
No.

Graham flips the card between his fingers.



GRAHAM

I'm thinking of getting some Red Falcon insurance. Ever heard of them?

SANTIAGO

Why do you need insurance?

GRAHAM

I'm getting old.

EXT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

A balding, overweight man with a Hitler moustache and gloves exits a sedan and walks inconspicuously toward the terminal.

Upon closer review, the overweight man is Graham in disguise.

INT. AIRPORT LOCKERS

Graham stands watching the lockers and everyone milling around.

A clock on the wall MORPHS from 1:15 PM to 5:45 PM.

Graham is still waiting.

He finally makes his move toward the lockers. He locates locker number 345 and enters the code.

The locker opens.

Inside is a manila envelope. Graham grabs it and quickly walks away.

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM

An elderly man shaves at the sink while the balding, overweight Graham enters a stall behind him.

The elderly man washes up. Graham, as a thin blonde with John Lennon glasses, exits the stall.

The old man looks confused and checks his eyes in the mirror.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Graham's sedan sits curbside.

INT. SEDAN

Blonde-haired Graham opens the manila envelope.

INSERT: Inside is a smart phone and photos of NINA BECK, a middle-aged intellectual type, giving a lecture. One of the photos has Nina framed in crosshairs.

Graham struggles to turn on the damned phone. Gets frustrated and sets it down.

There is a ticket to a "climate change" event and a note which reads: "Join the RFA. Meet us at 2 p. Clarence Buckingham. If you don't show, Nina dies."

Graham puts the photos down and leans back...

INT. HOTEL DINING HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A younger Graham sits alone at a white-clothed table for ten. A younger PAUL KEENE walks up with a younger Nina.

DIRECTOR KEENE

Graham, I'd like to introduce Nina Beck. She works out of our Middle East office.

Graham stands to shake her hand.

GRAHAM

Very nice to meet you.

NINA

Likewise.

DIRECTOR KEENE

(sitting down)

Dance with Nina, Graham. My legs are tired.

GRAHAM

I don't dance.

DIRECTOR KEENE

Nina will teach you. She's an instructor.

DANCE FLOOR

Graham dances out of step with Nina. It's awkward.

GRAHAM

Sorry.

NINA  
It's okay. Relax.

Graham falls more in step.

GRAHAM  
Are you really a dance instructor?

NINA  
Geophysicist at the National  
University of Iran.

Graham is surprised.

GRAHAM  
You're a double agent.

NINA  
Winds of change, yes. I'm not  
interested in your feet. Paul says  
you're a tactical genius. He's very  
fond of you. Says you have a  
wonderful future ahead of you.

Graham looks over at the table where Director Keene is  
sitting. Director Keene holds up a wine glass in their  
direction.

EXT. GRANT PARK - CLARENCE BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN - DAY (NOW)

Graham, dressed as a bifocal wearing OLD MAN, eats his lunch  
and reads a Bible on a bench.

He spies a large man, wearing a suit and bright red tie,  
talking into his cell. Other suspicious characters lurk  
about. It's not safe.

Graham closes his Bible and massages his lower back.

He leaves.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

STUDENTS move to and fro. A banner above a building door  
reads: "Climate Change: Pitfalls of Academic Silence."

Graham checks his watch -- 10:45 AM.

ATTENDEES head into the building. The man with the red tie  
enters. As do the other suspicious people.

Graham ducks inside.

EXT. AUDITORIUM

Decorated with "climate change" banners. A large video screen at the front cycles through photos of extreme weather.

Graham lingers in the back as attendees fill up the seats. He notes the exits. SHADY PEOPLE seem to mill in every quadrant.

Graham spots Nina near the podium speaking with a group. The man with the red tie stands near an aisle, does not take a seat. Graham grows nervous.

ON NINA

-- as she chats with colleagues.

NINA

Of course if we could get past all this climate-gate nonsense, we'd make headway, but now it feels like trying to discuss evolution with a bunch of creationists.

The colleagues nod in agreement. Graham appears from behind them all. He hands Nina his Bible.

GRAHAM

The Bible says many important things, doctor. Especially on page forty-nine. Winds of change, yes?

Graham leaves through a back door.

The colleagues all bemoan Graham as a crazy old man. But Nina grows wary.

She opens the Bible to page 49. A note there reads: "Compromised. Life in danger. Car in back."

Nina snaps the Bible closed.

INT. AUDITORIUM - BACK AREA

Behind the stage, various props, half walls, extra bleachers. Nina nervously navigates the obstacles through the darkness.

A CLUNK freezes her.

She grips the Bible to her chest, forces herself to move forward...

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Nina exits into an alley. Graham is there, standing beside a nondescript sedan.

GRAHAM  
Get in.

NINA  
Who are you?

GRAHAM  
Graham Daniels.

Nina registers shock, disbelief.

NINA  
Graham? How did you...?

GRAHAM  
You need to get in. Hurry.

They hurry into the car.

INT. SEDAN

Graham starts the motor, checks his perimeters.

NINA  
How did this happen? I haven't made  
contact in ten years.

Graham pulls out...

GRAHAM  
Have you ever heard of the Red  
Falcon Army?

Nina looks at him, about to answer when --

-- a bullet PLINKS through the windshield and enters her temple. Blood sprays the window and Graham's face.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - ALLEY

Graham bolts from the car, searches for the shooter. Nothing. His neck muscles strain.

From within the car, the smart phone from the manila envelope RINGS. Graham goes to it.

I/E. SEDAN

Graham snatches up the phone, struggles to answer it.

GRAHAM  
(into cell phone)  
You son of a bitch.

DIGITIZED MALE (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Next time, you'll do what is  
required.

CLICK. The line is dead.

Graham burns.

EXT. RUSSIAN CEMETERY - DAY

Gray, overcast. ANTON and PALLBEARERS carry a casket to a grave and set it down.

A PRIEST reads to a huge crowd of MOURNERS.

A limo approaches, crunching over gravel. It stops and a powerful, bullish man exits wearing a dark coat.

This is GENERAL BUCHNEV (60s).

He locks eyes with Anton.

INT. CLAUSTROPHIC ROOM

Anton sits across from the general. The general strikes a match in his massive hands, lights a cigar. Other DEADLY MEN mill about.

In the corner sits a hawk-nosed, sharp dressed man. This is YEGOR POPOV (30s). His beady eyes observe all.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
(in Russian)  
<I was saddened to hear about your  
father.>

ANTON  
<Thank you, General. I know you  
knew him a long time.>

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
<We rose through the ranks  
together, tipped back drinks long  
before you were born.>

ANTON  
<I came to you for that reason. I  
didn't tell the police anything  
because I want this settled your  
way... my father's way. I have a  
name.>

General Buchnev side glances to Popov, who leans forward with interest.

ANTON  
<The man who struck me unconscious,  
murdered my father. My father knew  
him, called him by name. Graham.>

General Buchnev is surprised and concerned. He exchanges a look with Popov.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
<I see.>

ANTON  
<I want to find him. I want to kill  
him.>

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
<This is old blood, Anton. I know  
you are grieving, but you must not  
allow yourself to be trapped in a  
circle of revenge.>

Anton starts to speak but the general halts him with a single raised finger.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
<It's a circle that never ends. It  
is best for all to consider this  
matter closed.>

Anton SIGHS. Popov stares with hungry eyes. The general makes note of this with a grimace.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
<Let your father rest in peace.>

Anton nods with resignation. He leaves.

A moment later, Popov follows him out. The general's eyes thin with concern.

EXT. RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Anton strides out. Popov is there like a wraith, from the shadows. Anton pauses.

POPOV

<The F-S-B is interested in continuing your father's work. Perhaps we have a mutual interest.>

ANTON

<What about the general?>

POPOV

<I believe I can convince him. Now, Anton. Let me tell you about your father...>

Anton listens.

INT. TINY SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham at the folding table, cell at his ear. Before him sits the model B-52.

GRAHAM

(into phone)

I met the philanthropists. They're very good.

INT. PRISON PAY PHONES

Santiago grips the phone.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

(over phone)

They moved me out of position, exactly like I used to do.

SANTIAGO

(into phone)

You've been out of the field too long. These kids today got tricks we've never heard of.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

GRAHAM

I still have plenty of tricks.



SANTIAGO  
Old man tricks. They've probably  
studied you for years, figured  
everything about you.

GRAHAM  
Nina Beck is dead.

A pregnant pause.

SANTIAGO  
What do they want?

GRAHAM  
They want me to join.

SANTIAGO  
Don't do it. You can't pay this  
bill.

Santiago HANGS UP.

Graham is left to ponder.

EXT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

Graham's sedan sits in the crowded parking lot.

I/E. GRAHAM'S SEDAN

Graham stares toward the terminal, deep in concentration.  
After a long pause, he SIGHS with resignation.

He dons a hat and fake mustache, then exits his vehicle.

INT. AIRPORT LOCKERS

Graham opens locker 345 and finds another envelope. He  
snatches it up and hurries out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Graham taps his fingers on the table with the manila envelope  
unopened before him. Deciding.

His watch ALARM goes off. He checks it, rolls his eyes.

He pops some pills.

Screw it.

He rips into the envelope. Inside are several photos of Graham at the "Fischer Financial" and at the University, with Nina, specifically a CLOSE UP of Nina dead in Graham's front seat.

He pulls out more photos, these of a WOMAN with ONYX BLACK HAIR. Someone has circled the woman in each photo and written the note: "CIA BITCH."

Inside is also a note. Graham reads: "Join the RFA. Saturday. Midnight. Roswell. Paradise Point Discotheque. Do we need more loss of life?"

Graham crumples up the note.

EXT. ROSWELL CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

Graham cruises past a sign: "Welcome to Roswell - Dairy Capital of the Southwest." He squints at it, adjusts his glasses to read.

I/E. GRAHAM'S SEDAN (MOVING)

Graham refers to a paper map but appears lost, grumbles.

EXT. ROSWELL GAS STATION - NIGHT

Graham climbs from his car, stretches his back.

He moves inside, to the...

INT. MINI-MART

A bored ATTENDANT flips through a car magazine.

GRAHAM  
I'm looking for Paradise Point  
discotheque.

ATTENDANT  
Past the U-F-O museum, left on 3rd.

He spots Graham's smart phone.

ATTENDANT  
Why don't you just look it up on  
your G-P-S.

GRAHAM  
What the hell's wrong with a map?

Grouch. Graham cruises.

EXT. PARADISE POINT DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

A crowd of YOUNG FOLK at the entrance. Graham wears a trendy fedora, silk shirt, disguise. He hands a CASHIER twenty bucks. She chomps gum at him.

INT. PARADISE POINT DISCOTHEQUE

A heavy DISCO BEAT thumps.

Graham wades through the crowd to numerous looks. He checks his watch. 11:45 PM.

He spots the girl - SASHA, writhing on the dance floor. She's amazingly HOT in a skimpy dress.

Graham raises an eyebrow and approaches...

DANCE FLOOR

Sasha looks Graham up and down warily as he approaches.

GRAHAM  
You're being watched.

SASHA  
Aren't you a little old for a line  
like that?

Graham suddenly hugs her tight.

She objects --

SASHA  
Get the hell off of me, pervert.

Graham whispers in her ear.

GRAHAM  
You're compromised. Who's your  
target?

SASHA  
What?

GRAHAM  
There are at least three men here  
to kill you. Balcony one o'clock,  
three o'clock, eight o'clock.

Sasha tracks the three FEARSOME MEN watching her.

SASHA

Shit.

GRAHAM

Shrink in front of me. They won't hit if I'm covering you. They want me alive.

Sasha shields herself behind Graham. They dance close.

SASHA

Who are you?

GRAHAM

Forget "who are you?" Turnball. Do you understand? Turnball.

SASHA

Yes.

GRAHAM

Who's your target?

SASHA

That grease pit in the corner. Meth dealer.

GRAHAM

Does he know you?

SASHA

Thinks he's getting laid tonight.

Graham holds her tight.

GRAHAM

Is this pissing him off?

Sasha peeks over Graham's shoulder.

Grease Pit looks concerned.

SASHA

Probably.

GRAHAM

Do you have backup?

SASHA

Not close.

GRAHAM  
Okay. Does Grease Pit have guns?

SASHA  
The two chubs in sunglasses on  
either side.

Graham sees the TWO SAMOANS. Grease Pit talks frantically to them. They stand and approach the dance floor.

GRAHAM  
They're coming.

SASHA  
What do we do?

Graham thinks, surveys the floor. He rotates Sasha.

GRAHAM  
Do you know where the girls'  
bathroom is?

SASHA  
Yes.

GRAHAM  
I left instructions there under the  
waste bin. Can you find it with  
your eyes closed?

SASHA  
I think so. Why?

The power (music and lights) suddenly GOES OUT.

All that is visible are the weird glow lights and fading LED  
Laser Finger Lights.

Chaos erupts.

Sasha hurries off.

A gun FIRES --

A TASER arcs in the darkness.

The crowd panics.

Graham drops the Samoans with a couple blows.

EXT. LONELY ROAD - NIGHT

A shadowy figure in a hat walks the vacant road.

It's Graham. He checks his watch. 3 AM.

He approaches a sedan parked alongside the road and enters it. A lump is in the back seat under the blanket.

INT. SEDAN

Graham removes his hat.

GRAHAM

It's safe.

He looks at the back seat.

There's no movement.

He reaches over and grabs the blanket. Sasha is in underneath. She rises.

SASHA

How the hell am I supposed to put this in a report?

GRAHAM

Hell if I know. Just leave my name out of it.

He puts the car into gear and drives into the night.

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha is asleep on the bed.

Graham carries in a plate of bacon and eggs. He sets it on the nightstand and sits in a chair.

He watches Sasha and rubs his chin.

Sasha stirs, regards the food. Delight!

As she munches...

SASHA

I'm starving. That disco scene just wipes me out.

GRAHAM

What do you know about Red Falcon?

She shrugs.

SASHA

Last year. I was part of an op investigating an inter-org called the Bilderberg Group.

(big bite)

Powerful people. Rich, ruthless, all that jazz.

She pushes her blanket aside, subtly exposing her figure. Graham can't help but notice.

SASHA

The Red Falcon Army is their military branch.

GRAHAM

Hired thugs, you mean.

She finishes off the breakfast. Exposes more leg.

SASHA

Sure. Thugs for hire? Is that what you old timers call it? It's a bit more sophisticated than that nowadays. You got any more bacon?

Graham sighs, rises.

SASHA

God, I'm such a carnivore.

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Graham fries some bacon. Sasha sidles up to him.

SASHA

Hey, sorry about the "old timer" comment. No foul, right?

GRAHAM

You're not exactly a lady in distress.

Her hand brushes against his thigh. He's flustered.

GRAHAM

I'm old enough to be your father.

SASHA

At least. What, you don't like me?

She gets closer. Graham is weakening.

SASHA  
You saved my life.

A long moment.

Graham gives in and takes her while the bacon burns...

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha and Graham in the afterglow of sex.

Sasha, too cuddly, runs her fingers along Graham's frame. She notes a long SCAR on his back.

SASHA  
Got a hell of a lot of life left in  
you.

His watch alarm BEEPS. He rolls his eyes.

SASHA  
What's that?

GRAHAM  
Nothing.

Graham rolls from the bed. He slips his Taser from a drawer and pulls it on Sasha.

SASHA  
What's your deal?

GRAHAM  
The men at the club converged on  
you. Exposed themselves by leaving  
their positions. They were never  
going to kill you. Spill it.

SASHA  
Maybe they were amateurs?

GRAHAM  
They were professional, and so am  
I.

Graham tightens his grip on the Taser and draws it close.

SASHA  
You nailed me, now you're going to  
shoot me? Or whatever the hell it  
is you do with that thing?



GRAHAM  
I compromised you.

Sasha seethes.

SASHA  
Fine. I'm R-F-A.

GRAHAM  
No kidding. How many sides are you playing?

She beams proudly, regards their naked selves.

SASHA  
I never choose sides, and you took advantage of me.

GRAHAM  
By "letting" you seduce me? You tried to do the same. If I didn't screw you, you'd have been suspicious.

She considers it.

SASHA  
You're cynical, did you know that?

GRAHAM  
You either start talking or get the fuck out.

He throws her dress at her.

SASHA  
OK, hold on. I'm your handler.

His turn to seethe.

GRAHAM  
I am not joining the R-F-A.

SASHA  
Sorry, poochy on this one.

GRAHAM  
Is that English?

SASHA  
Poochy? Screwed the pooch? God, you're old. You're screwed? Let me show you.

With an exaggerated sigh, she hops out of bed...

LIVING ROOM

Sasha produces his smart phone, holds it up for inspection.

SASHA

May I?

She taps a few keys, pulls up a Web site with links to several files. She hands it to Graham.

He waves his Taser.

GRAHAM

Just tell me.

She clicks through, showing him information on screen.

SASHA

It's your dossier. Doesn't look good. Let's see -- oh, the C-I-A has named their number one suspect in the murder of one Boris Kozlov. Yep, Graham Daniels. I guess your faked death didn't work. What else?

(clicks, scrolls)

Ah, looks like the Russian government has made an official demand to the U-S that you be handed over... or, ouch, "repercussions."

She clicks.

Graham shrinks and lowers his Taser.

SASHA

But wait. There's more. Seems the R-F-A has intercepted a number of phone calls originating from a Russian mafia source. What's this word here? I believe that means "death squad." Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

Graham falls into a chair.

GRAHAM

Are you always this cocky? Or are you just dense.

SASHA  
Is that any way to speak to the  
girl you just gave the bump and  
tickle? Twice?

Graham puts his Taser away. He rubs his temples. He produces  
a bottle of pills from his pocket and chews some.

GRAHAM  
What do they want from me?

SASHA  
A meeting. And you can relax. If  
they wanted you dead, you'd be  
dead. I'm gonna shower.

She slinks off toward the bathroom.

SASHA  
You can join me if you want.

A beat.

GRAHAM  
The hell I can.

He sighs heavily and regards his B-52 model.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Graham drives. Sasha follows her smart phone GPS and kicks  
her feet up on the dashboard. Graham grumbles.

GRAHAM  
You know, you're not as good as you  
think you are.

SASHA  
Excuse me?

GRAHAM  
Last night, at the club. It's an  
old trick, using dogs to drive the  
fox to the hunter.

SASHA  
We got your attention, didn't we?

GRAHAM  
You didn't have to kill Nina.

SASHA  
Who's Nina?

Graham searches her face. Is she sincere?

SASHA

Turn right.

Graham turns. He casually checks his pocket for his Taser.

SASHA

I'll never understand the Taser thing.

GRAHAM

You wouldn't. Best thing ever invented. Most situations, it's key to move your opponent out of position. You don't have to kill someone to get them out of position.

(produces the Taser)

This can stop your foe cold and no one has to die.

SASHA

Someone always has to die.

Graham scowls.

EXT. TALL BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

Sasha escorts Graham to a canopy. DENGUE, a too-young, (20ish) kid, unshaven, wearing jeans and a ball cap, sits grinning at the fold-up table.

He sips a beer as Graham sits across from him.

GRAHAM

You old enough to drink that?

DENGUE

A joke. Your file didn't say anything about a sense of humor. I'm Dengue.

Dengue reaches across to shake.

Graham doesn't accept.

GRAHAM

I'm not for hire.

DENGUE

Of course you are.

A HENCHMAN drops two Burger King bags in front of Dengue. Dengue tears into one.

DENGUE  
You hungry? Want something to drink? Martini, shaken, not stirred.

He snickers.

GRAHAM  
No, thank you.

Dengue nods and Sasha grabs the second Burger King bag before the other henchmen can get it.

GRAHAM  
I will take a water. Bottled.

Dengue nods to a henchman.

DENGUE  
Surely, you'd be interested in some contract work. Supplement that measly government pay check.

GRAHAM  
You should pick up a newspaper. Government employees are doing just fine these days.

A henchman places a bottled water in front of Graham.

DENGUE  
You still read newspapers? Damn.

Graham sighs and folds his hands together.

GRAHAM  
Why am I here?

DENGUE  
We want Santiago Giavanni.

GRAHAM  
My old partner? He's locked up.

DENGUE  
We want you to break him out. Santiago has valuable information in his head, and we need to get it out... now.

GRAHAM  
Impossible.

DENGUE  
Nothing's impossible.

GRAHAM  
Why me?

DENGUE  
Because you're the only one who can  
do this and because you've done  
this before.

GRAHAM  
That was Europe and Central  
America. And Arkansas. Not with a  
high profile inmate and not from a  
federal prison.

DENGUE  
We think you can and it needs to be  
done in five weeks.

Graham shakes his head.

GRAHAM  
Santiago and I have a history.

DENGUE  
So what? It's a job. Don't tell me  
you're sentimental, too.

GRAHAM  
No. I'm... out of the game.

DENGUE  
No such thing in our world.

Graham is struck by the phrase.

Then,

DENGUE  
If you take care of this little  
favor for us, I can guarantee all  
of your other problems will go  
away. The feds, the Russians. All  
of it. Poochy.

Graham considers.

GRAHAM  
And if I don't? You throw me off  
the building.

Dengue gestures nonchalantly.

DENGUE  
No. We leave you alone... to face  
your challenges by yourself.

Graham looks at Sasha.

GRAHAM  
So you'll just let me go. No one  
following me. No more envelopes. No  
more assassinations.

DENGUE  
I won't move a finger.

Graham drinks the rest of his water and stands.

DENGUE  
If you survive the week, the offer  
stands.

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham works intently on his model B-52.

INT. CADILLAC (MOVING)

Anton rides with Popov, two Russian goons and a MAN whose  
face is wrapped entirely in bandages.

Guns are strewn across their laps, and Anton looks nervous.  
This is not his world.... yet.

Anton gestures to the BANDAGED MAN in the front seat.

ANTON  
(in Russian)  
<What happened to you?>

BANDAGED MAN  
<Cut myself shaving.>

Popov fixes a suppressor on a handgun and hands it to Anton.

Anton takes it with caution.

BANDAGED MAN  
<You follow us. Understand? You don't shit unless we say so. This man's extremely dangerous. I know that more than anyone.>

ANTON  
<He's my kill. That was the deal.>

Bandaged Man flashes Popov a knowing look.

BANDAGED MAN  
<Fine. Your kill.>

EXT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Anton and the three Russians creep up to the house.

Bandaged Man gestures for the LARGE GOON to take the rear.

Bandaged Man picks the lock and quietly enters the front, Anton following...

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE

The TV is on in the front room. Smoke rises from the hot glue gun near Graham's model.

He was just here.

Bandaged Man, Anton and the SMALL GOON quickly but quietly search the house, guns drawn.

Bandaged Man silently opens the bedroom door and FIRES two shots into the sleeping mass in bed.

Anton grabs his arm angrily.

ANTON  
<You said I could kill-->

Bandaged Man turns the gun on Anton, shoving the barrel into one nostril. He "shhs" him.

Anton nods in agreement.

Bandaged Man rips the covers from the bed.

He's killed two pillows.

Bandaged Man scans the room.



BANDAGED MAN  
<He's still in here. He has to be.  
Look everywhere.>

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

Graham hides behind a false backing. He peers through slits in the wood.

Anton shuffles through clothes, less than two feet away.

CRACK!

Glass shatters in the other room, followed by a man SCREAMING in Russian. Anton turns away.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Anton rushes in to see Small Goon on the floor, gripping his bleeding ear.

BANDAGED MAN  
<Where?>

Small Goon points to a shattered window with the curtain slightly open.

Bandaged Man moves there. Cautiously glances out.

BANDAGED MAN'S POV

The street is quiet. He searches the shadows.

Then,

BANDAGED MAN  
(reluctantly)  
<Let's go.>

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET

Car tires screech away.

Graham sighs relief, breathing hard.

Suddenly, the false door opens. Graham fumbles for his Taser. SASHA is there with a shit-eating grin.

Graham clutches his chest, glares at her with contempt.

GRAHAM  
I'm in. Make this go away.

INT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER, NIGHT

Graham frantically packs items into a duffel.

Sasha lounges on the bed, gun in hand.

SASHA  
So what's the plan, Stan?

GRAHAM  
I need a new place.

SASHA  
I can help you.

GRAHAM  
No, thanks.

EXT. RUN-DOWN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham shoves his duffel and other items into his trunk.  
Sasha taps her heels.

SASHA  
You can't do this alone. You're  
planning to break a traitor out of  
federal prison.

GRAHAM  
All it takes is the perfect plan.

SASHA  
The perfect plan doesn't exist.

Graham chuckles, gives her a wink.

GRAHAM  
I'll find you when I need you.

He slams the trunk, hops into the car, starts off. Sasha  
hurries to her own vehicle.

SASHA  
I don't think so.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sasha follows Graham, block after block.

Then,

I/E. SASHA'S CAR (MOVING)

Graham's brake lights suddenly blink out.

What the...?

Sasha guns it.

EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT

Sasha's car skids to a stop.

She hops out, scans in all directions. He's gone.

SASHA  
Son of a bitch.

INT. GRAHAM'S UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sparse, the bare necessities.

Graham sets a large wooden box on a table. He opens the box and removes an item: A ROLLED DOCUMENT.

He unrolls it.

It's a PRISON SCHEMATIC with hand drawn notes.

EXT. HILL - ROADSIDE - DAY

Graham, wearing his shaggy disguise, stands next to his car. He looks through binoculars at the federal prison below.

GRAHAM'S POV

CORRECTION OFFICERS enter and exit the facility at shift change.

GRAHAM looks at his watch. Makes a note of it.

INT. BUSY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sasha on her cell. The seat across her is empty.

SASHA  
(into phone)  
I don't know. No one can find him.  
He said he was in.  
(beat)  
Understood.

She disconnects, looks up --

-- Graham is there.

She startles.

GRAHAM  
I need you.

SASHA  
Told you you couldn't do this  
alone.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Graham works a sewing machine with some strange looking fabric.

LATER

Graham waits in a disguise - hat, dark suit, bright orange tie and goatee.

SASHA (O.S.)  
Are you serious?

Sasha comes through a door in an ugly lumpy dress and frightening wig. She looks completely different.

She's not happy.

GRAHAM  
Hello, Ms. Folsom.

INT. PRISON ENTRANCE

Graham and Sasha, in disguise, sign in. They flash IDs to a CUTE FEMALE ADMIN OFFICER.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
Mr. Brown and Ms. Folsom. I'm not  
showing Ms. Folsom.

GRAHAM  
She's my assistant.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
I'm sorry, but you have to be on  
the list. If you'd like, I can make  
sure she's on it for next time.

Graham nods. He makes a point to look up into the SECURITY  
CAMERA.

GRAHAM  
Ms. Folsom, would you mind waiting  
outside?

Sasha, bewildered, saunters out.

Graham is led through a door.

Cute Admin Officer watches after Sasha.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
Lord, that is one ugly dress.

INT. PRISON VISITATION

Graham (in disguise) waits at a table. Santiago is led in. He  
sits across from Graham.

SANTIAGO  
Long time, Joe. Not sure why you  
wanted to see me.

GRAHAM  
I figured maybe we could talk about  
Dengue.

Santiago's eyes pop with realization.

SANTIAGO  
Graham? Is that really you? Christ,  
you still got the touch.

GRAHAM  
Tell me what he wants.

Santiago sighs. Graham waits.

SANTIAGO  
Dengue. He wants his father.

GRAHAM  
Where is he?

SANTIAGO

Dead. It was sixteen years ago,  
Romania.

GRAHAM

Weapon smugglers. I helped plan  
that mission.

SANTIAGO

Dengue's father ran the intake. You  
didn't know, but he was the brains  
behind the whole thing. We had to  
take him out.

GRAHAM

We?

SANTIAGO

I did. Me. The kid wants me to  
personally show him where I buried  
the body.

Graham considers.

SANTIAGO

You bust me out and hand me over,  
you know it's my death sentence.  
Can you handle that?

Graham darkens.

GRAHAM

Can you?

Santiago thinks about it, then --

SANTIAGO

Yes.

GRAHAM

My wife and my son didn't have a  
choice.

Santiago bows his head, conflicted; emotional.

SANTIAGO

I'm sorry for your family, but you  
already know. If I had to do it  
again... I would.

Graham seethes. He backs away, prepares to leave.

SANTIAGO

Why didn't you just kill me?

GRAHAM  
Because I'm told... I don't have  
the kill switch.

SANTIAGO  
Kill switch? Interesting turn of  
phrase.

GRAHAM  
Killing was your job, not mine. I  
planned the missions.

SANTIAGO  
What's the difference?

GRAHAM  
Why don't you just tell me where  
the body is, and I'll relay the  
message. Then you can rot in here  
safe and sound.

Santiago shakes his head.

Graham rises.

SANTIAGO  
I'd rather take my chances on the  
outside. Beats dying a slow death  
in here. If you can get me out,  
that is. You gonna do it?

GRAHAM  
I haven't decided.

Graham leaves.

SANTIAGO  
(calling after)  
I'm ready when you are.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

Graham strides; pent up.

INT. GIANNI'S CAFE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Graham's WIFE and SON eat their final supper.

EXT. GIANNI'S CAFE (FLASHBACK)

A car screeches to a halt.

YOUNG GRAHAM bolts out, rushes toward the restaurant, screams to his wife and son inside.

INT. GIANNI'S CAFE

His wife and son have only a moment to see Graham for one last time --

-- BOOM!

INT. PRISON ENTRANCE (NOW)

Breathing heavy, Graham moves toward the door, slows, grimaces, grips his chest.

Cute Admin Officer hurries to him.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
Sir? Are you all right?

GRAHAM  
My chest.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

A DOCTOR listens to Graham's heart.

DOCTOR  
Everything checks out. You might see your regular doctor.

Graham puts his shirt back on.

DOCTOR  
It sounds like stress, or perhaps some sort of panic attack.

Graham considers with concern.

GRAHAM  
Thank you, doctor.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Graham drives while Sasha rips off her disguise.

SASHA  
What was the point of all this if I couldn't even get in?



GRAHAM  
It's part of the plan.

Sasha thrusts the ugly wig at him.

SASHA  
I think you're just making this up  
as you go along.

GRAHAM  
Could be.

I/E. GRAHAM'S CAR - LATER, DAY

Graham drives in silence. Sasha notices the more rural surroundings.

SASHA  
Where are we going?

GRAHAM  
I'm going to meet someone.

SASHA  
Who?

GRAHAM  
It's a surprise.  
(then)  
Do you know what makes a good plan?

She rolls her eyes.

SASHA  
I'm sure you're going to tell me,  
Obi-Wan.

GRAHAM  
Deception. Surprise. Timing. The  
trick is to establish a pattern so  
your enemy thinks they can predict  
your actions. Then using aberrant  
behavior, you catch them off guard.

He screeches the car to a stop, pulls onto the shoulder.

GRAHAM  
Take the advantage.

SASHA  
How?

GRAHAM  
By never revealing your true  
objective.

He exits the car.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - HAYSTACKS - DAY

Sasha exits the vehicle after Graham. He stares out toward a particular haystack.

SASHA  
What is your objective?

GRAHAM  
To keep you from following me.

SASHA  
That's not gonna happen again.

GRAHAM  
Really?

He throws the car keys deep into the haystack.

GRAHAM  
Go get the keys.

Sasha stares at the haystack, and then pulls her gun on him.

SASHA  
No. So the minute I turn my back on  
you, you pull a second set of keys  
from your pocket and drive away.  
You get them.

GRAHAM  
You wouldn't shoot--

BANG.

A bullet whizzes by his ear.

He sighs, walks toward the haystack.

SASHA  
See. There's no such thing as a  
perfect plan.

Graham feels around the haystack, but can't find the keys. He works his way around the stack and out of sight.

Sasha examines her nails. She suddenly HEARS a motorcycle engine start.

What the...?

She runs toward the stack.

Graham shoots out from behind the haystack on a motorcycle, nearly knocking her over.

SASHA

Damn it!

He waves "good-bye" as he motors away.

She points her gun, but she's not going to shoot him.

SASHA

(shouting after)

I'm supposed to help you! Asshole!

She jumps back in the car, looking for a spare set of keys. She flips down the visor and a note falls onto her lap.

It's addressed to her.

The note reads: "The keys are still in the haystack."

Sasha beats the steering wheel in frustration.

EXT. ESTATE HOME - DAY

Graham approaches the back porch.

INT. ESTATE HOME - PARLOR

Graham and Director Keene again sit in leather-backed chairs.

GRAHAM

I need your help one more time.

Director Keene looks dire.

DIRECTOR KEENE

Everyone's looking for you. When you were in the field I could cover some things, but now...

He pours himself a whiskey and offers some to Graham. Graham declines. He shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
What's wrong with your back?

GRAHAM  
I rode a motorcycle all the way  
over here.

Director Keene raises his whiskey.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
I haven't ridden a bike in years.  
To getting older. So what's this  
about again?

GRAHAM  
Santiago.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
Right. He's still locked up.

GRAHAM  
I'm going to help him escape.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
To hell you are. Why the cock-juice  
would you do that?

Graham is tight-lipped.

DIRECTOR KEENE  
I won't let you do it.

GRAHAM  
I was hoping you'd say that. You  
hear about Nina Beck?

DIRECTOR KEENE  
Yeah. It's a damn shame when you  
start having more friends  
underground than above it.

GRAHAM  
Can I count on you?

Director Keene slugs back his whiskey; eyeballs Graham.

The old men sit in uncertain silence.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Graham inspects documents with a jeweler's loupe. Sasha  
enters, slams the door.

GRAHAM

Oh, hey, honey, you're home.

SASHA

You're a real asshole, you know that?

She sits across from Graham, gun on him.

Graham doesn't react. He reaches across, plucks a piece of HAY from her hair.

Sasha rolls her eyes, puts the gun away, regards his papers.

SASHA

What's all this?

He hands her several documents. She looks them over.

SASHA

Cabbie license? You're a forger now?

GRAHAM

You'll need those. And this.

He slides over a manila envelope.

Sasha opens it, pulls out several handwritten coded notes. She tries to read them.

SASHA

Written instructions? Why do you make everything so damn hard? What's with the code? You're going to have to show me how to read it.

Graham raises an eyebrow, shakes his head.

SASHA

All this paper. Why don't you just put it in a database and then you can categorize it anyway you want, or e-mail me. Then you can encrypt it digitally. You don't need all this old school cloak and dagger crap. Annoys the shit out of me.

Graham says nothing.

Sasha sighs, whips out her smart phone. She photographs the documents and throws the paper copies away.

GRAHAM

Those gadgets are nothing but distractions, and this "old school cloak and dagger crap" has saved my life many times.

SASHA

Like when I rescued your ass while you were hiding in the closet.

Graham shoulders hunch forward.

GRAHAM

The Russians caught me off guard. It won't happen again. It won't be long before they're back.

Sasha blows on her nails, skeptical.

SASHA

Not if you finish the job. We don't have much time.

GRAHAM

Follow me.

Graham leads her into the next room.

KITCHEN

Graham opens the oven door and removes a false bottom. He crawls inside...

SASHA

You're kidding.

And he disappears into the oven...

INT. UNDERGROUND

Only a tiny overhead light illuminates part of the ladder.

GRAHAM

If someone does follow you, don't slide down the ladder all the way. Go to the edge of the light and jump to your left.

SASHA

It's pitch black down here.

GRAHAM  
Exactly. Razor wire is wrapped  
around the bottom rungs.

INT. TUNNEL

Graham lights a glow stick.

GRAHAM  
Once in the tunnels you'll see  
various forks. Always choose the  
smallest opening. It's cramped in  
here. If someone is following you  
they will gravitate toward the  
bigger passageways.

SASHA  
What's at the end of those tunnels?

GRAHAM  
Unpleasantness.

He stops and waits for Sasha to catch up.

GRAHAM  
You'll eventually come to another  
ladder leading up to the house  
across the street.

SASHA  
What?

GRAHAM  
I own that house, too. There are  
weapons hidden in every TV and  
radio. Knives and pistols behind  
false backs. The motorcycle is  
always gassed up and ready to go in  
the garage. The side door has been  
widened for quick escape and  
there's a backpack by the helmet  
with three days supply food and  
water.

SASHA  
Why are you telling me all this?

GRAHAM  
So you can be prepared when Anton  
comes back for us.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Graham helps Sasha out of the oven door.

SASHA

You're paranoid. You know that?

GRAHAM

It only takes a moment for you to lose everything, and I only trust what's real, what I can touch.

Sasha looks at her phone and sets it down.

Something passes between them. She touches his hand.

SASHA

Real enough for you?

Graham accepts her hand.

GRAHAM

People believe what they see. Control that, you control them. Haven't you ever watched the news?

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha sleeps.

Graham rises, dresses.

Sasha stirs. She touches the scar on Graham's back.

SASHA

Bacon and eggs?

GRAHAM

Sure. I have to run to the market. I need you to do one thing for me.

SASHA

Didn't I do that already?

Graham grows serious.

GRAHAM

Don't get attached to me.

SASHA

Excuse me? I'm the one usually giving this speech.



GRAHAM

You might need to kill me. Can you do that?

SASHA

Graham...

GRAHAM

Your gut will tell you. Say it.

He puts on a gray oversized overcoat.

Sasha rolls her eyes.

SASHA

Fine. If I need to kill you I'll blow a hole in your ass. It all depends on whether or not you serve me breakfast. I can be a real bitch when I'm not fed.

Graham smiles, slips out.

EXT. CORNER MARKET - DAY

Graham is about to head into the store when several unmarked VEHICLES screech to a halt in the street.

AGENTS rush out, guns drawn.

Graham freezes. From one of the vehicles steps Director Keene. Graham burns.

DIRECTOR KEENE

Take him.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT BUS (MOVING) - DAY

Graham, shackled, peers out the window as the bus approaches the prison.

INT. PRISON INTAKE

An INTAKE GUARD inspects Graham's mouth for contraband, pads him down.

INTAKE GUARD

Drop the drawers.

Graham drops his pants and walks through an X-ray scanner.

## X-RAY MONITORING STATION

TWO GUARDS watch Graham's translucent form pass through.

GUARD 1

You've got to watch this one. They say he's the smartest man in the C-I-A.

GUARD 2

Don't look like shit to me. Where's his belongings?

GUARD 1

Right here.

Guard 1 empties a plastic bag with a cell phone, car keys and Graham's oversized overcoat onto a conveyor belt. The items pass through a scanner and register nothing.

Guard 2 collects the items on the other end and places them in a cardboard storage box with Graham Daniel's name written on it. He shuts the lid.

GRAHAM glances at the monitoring station from line.

The Intake Guard butts his club into Graham's stomach.

INTAKE GUARD

Eye's forward.

## INT. INNER PRISON

Guards march Graham between the cell rows to HOOTS and CALLS from various INMATES. Other INMATES observe in silence, stalking with their eyes.

## INT. GRAHAM'S PRISON CELL

Guards shove Graham inside.

GUARD

Back away from the door.

Graham backs in.

The cell door closes.

Graham sits on the cot and rubs his back.

He hears odd CHUCKLING.

CRAZY INMATE (O.S.)  
Get ready, fresh meat. Freight  
train's coming for that old ass of  
yours. Yeah, baby.

Graham closes his eyes to the darkness.

INT. PRISON - STORAGE KEEP

A guard wheels a dolly truck full of inmate personal item  
boxes into the cramped space.

He unlocks the closet and unloads Graham's box. He stacks it  
next to the others - one for each inmate.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Graham stands alone. Several dangerous looking INMATES eye  
him up.

Santiago approaches.

A GUARD notices, calls out...

GUARD  
We're not going to have any trouble  
between you two, are we?

SANTIAGO  
No, sir.

The guard continues to watch from the distance. Other INMATES  
observe, waiting for a confrontation.

SANTIAGO  
You're supposed to get me out, not  
get yourself locked up.

GRAHAM  
Just my luck, eh?

SANTIAGO  
Guess Dengue is S-O-L.

Graham passes Santiago a note.

GRAHAM  
You've got two weeks to get ready.  
Good news is you'll be out of  
prison. You know the bad news.

SANTIAGO

You should know. I'll do whatever it takes to get out of here. But I won't let you take me to Dengue.

GRAHAM

I know.

Graham walks away.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Graham eats with INMATES, observing. He notes an INMATE NURSE, dressed in a white uniform.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Graham surreptitiously follows Inmate Nurse, listening to his conversations.

INMATE NURSE

...missed another of Shaun's birthdays... bitch mother never brings the boy around...

Graham continues on. He passes Santiago in the yard, whispers something. Santiago regards Inmate Nurse.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - COUNTER - NIGHT

Sasha throws down a stack of porn magazines and two bottles of Vaseline on the counter.

The CLERK regards the items; then glances at Sasha, who is looking incredibly hot. He clears his throat.

CLERK

Is that all?

SASHA

And a pack of gum.

He grabs a pack and places it with the other items.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Sasha mails two parcels to the federal penitentiary.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY

Santiago works dishes. An INMATE saunters by, covertly hands Santiago a cell phone.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

Santiago approaches Inmate Nurse, towering over him.

SANTIAGO

You're going to do something for me  
or Shaun is going to get a visit  
from one my good friends on the  
outs.

Inmate Nurse shrinks back in fear.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Graham in a corner, working a sewing machine on orange prison uniforms. He makes sure no one is watching.

He fashions an ugly orange tie.

INT. GRAHAM'S PRISON CELL

A guard with a CROOKED NOSE unlocks Graham's cell.

CROOKED NOSE

Daniels. You're wanted.

The guard pushes Graham forward.

INT. PRISON - VISITING ROOM

Graham and Crooked Nose enter.

Santiago is there, too.

He stands, handcuffed, next to an OVERWEIGHT GUARD.

A SUPERVISOR is seated at a table with Graham's parcel open. Its contents rifled through and stamped "Inspected."

SUPERVISOR

Care to explain this...?

He drops a stack of porn magazines and bottle of Vaseline on the table. Graham shrugs.

GRAHAM

My girlfriend doesn't want me to get lonely.

SUPERVISOR

Bullshit. Santiago over there got almost the exact same package.

Graham turns his head toward Santiago.

SUPERVISOR

Don't fuckin' look at him! A lot of lowlife gangsters and stupid family pimps try to smuggle in secret messages or codes in packages like this.

GRAHAM

I don't have any secret codes.

SUPERVISOR

You worked for the C-I-A! You can't keep any of this.

The supervisor throws the stuff back in the parcel.

SUPERVISOR

We'll put it in your personals and you'll get it back when you're released. Next time you talk to your girlfriend tell her not to send this shit. We'll throw it out.

GRAHAM

Yes, sir.  
(then)  
Can I keep the gum?

The supervisor pauses, nods and motions for them to leave.

INT. PRISON - STORAGE KEEP

Graham, carrying his parcel, follows Crooked Nose inside. Santiago, still in handcuffs and carrying his parcel, is not far behind.

Santiago and Overweight Guard remain by the entrance, while Crooked Nose opens the storage keep.

He retrieves Graham's box and opens it for him.

CROOKED NOSE

Put it in.

Graham COUGHS, signaling Santiago. Santiago suddenly SHOVES Overweight Guard.

SANTIAGO  
Don't bump me!

OVERWEIGHT GUARD  
What are you doing? Get down!

SANTIAGO  
I said don't shove me!

Crooked Nose leaves Graham and helps Overweight Guard tackle Santiago.

Graham quickly bends down to his personal items box and pulls off the false lining from his oversized overcoat.

He pulls out some strange clothing hidden in the lining and stuffs it into his pants. Was that a floral print?

The two guards regain control.

CROOKED NOSE  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Crooked Nose quickly checks Graham's personal box to see if anything is missing. It's all there.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Graham hides a stash in a locker and slips out.

INT. GRAHAM'S PRISON CELL

The Crazy Inmate slides out of bed and approaches Graham. Lust in his eyes.

CRAZY INMATE  
The freight train is here tonight.  
Choo-choo-mongus...

He backs away in horror. Graham pants frantically. His face is blue with foam on his lips.

The packet of gum falls from his hand and under the cot.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

PRISON DOCTOR 2 looks over Graham.

PRISON DOCTOR 2  
Looks like a severe allergic  
reaction to something. Keep him  
quarantined back here just in case.

Inmate Nurse nods his compliance.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Santiago slides through. He pulls a stash from a locker and slips out.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

Graham pulls back a drawn curtain, perfectly healthy.

Santiago is already in the room, holding a makeshift prison shank out for Inmate Nurse to see.

Inmate Nurse looks deathly afraid.

SANTIAGO  
Better not fuck this up, or you're  
dead and buried, baby.

Graham moves to Inmate Nurse.

GRAHAM  
Listen. Just do what we need and  
everything will be OK.

Inmate Nurse relaxes some. Graham hands him 4 packs of smokes. Inmate Nurse skitters out.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Sasha approaches the prison, driving a cab.

She's bites her nails.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

Santiago hands Graham the stash. He rips it open, pulls out clothing and hands a floral print to Santiago.

Santiago grimaces.

Graham hands Santiago a razor.

Graham dons a collared shirt, the bright orange tie.



EXT. PRISON

Sasha slows the cab, still nervous. She checks her watch.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

The door opens. Inmate Nurse enters. Upon seeing Graham and Santiago, his jaw drops.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN

Crooked Nose struts through while several INMATES busily work the kitchen. The guard notices something, pauses.

CROOKED NOSE  
Where's Santiago?

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

Graham is now dressed like Santiago's lawyer, and Santiago like Ms. Folsom. Santiago paces slowly while Graham sits on a bench with his shirt open.

Inmate Nurse shifts nervously.

GRAHAM  
Relax. Like this.

Graham breathes in through his nose, out through his mouth. Inmate Nurse takes a deep breath.

The doctor enters.

DOCTOR  
(recognizes Graham as the  
lawyer)  
You again?

INMATE NURSE  
Said he was having chest pains.

The doctor produces his stethoscope.

DOCTOR  
(re: Ms. Folsom)  
Who is this?

GRAHAM  
My assistant. She's on the list.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN

Crooked Nose hurries through, searching for Santiago.

CROOKED NOSE  
(into radio)  
Dispatch, I'd like a 20...

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY

The doctor ushers Graham and Santiago out the door. Inmate Nurse expresses relief.

DOCTOR  
You really should see your family  
doctor, sir. Really.

GRAHAM  
I'm making the appointment today.

INT. LOCKED PRISON SECURITY DOORWAY

Graham and Santiago approach a secure door where two DUTY GUARDS await, in conversation.

Graham and Santiago both flash VISITOR BADGES. The guards let them through.

Graham checks his watch. He suddenly ties his shoe. Santiago doesn't know what to do.

The guards grow suspicious.

INT. PRISON ENTRANCE - DAY

Cute Admin Officer switches positions with a BURLY ADMIN OFFICER. They exchange pleasantries.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
Tell Brenda I owe her dessert. That  
Bundt cake turned out fabulous.

BURLEY ADMIN OFFICER  
Will do.

INT. LOCKED PRISON SECURITY DOORWAY

Graham re-ties his other shoe. His watch ticks to the hour. He rises. Santiago holds his breath.

GRAHAM  
Sorry. These old shoes.

The guards wave them through. Santiago breathes.

INT. PRISON ENTRANCE

As the Burly Admin Officer leaves, Cute Admin Officer notices Graham and Santiago heading toward the door.

She squints at them with... uncertainty.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN

Crooked Nose looks panicky now.

CROOKED NOSE  
(into radio)  
I'm telling you, he's not here.

INT. PRISON ENTRANCE

Cute Admin Officer holds a solid stare on Graham and Santiago as they head to the door.

CUTE ADMIN OFFICER  
(sotto)  
Lord, that is one ugly dress.

Graham and Santiago exit.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Graham and Santiago slip into the waiting cab.

They're off.

SOMEWHERE FROM THE PRISON

An ALARM WAILS.

I/E. CAB (MOVING)

Sasha drives with Santiago in the front seat, Graham in back. Tension fills the cab.

Graham checks beneath the seat. He produces a Taser.

SASHA  
I can't believe it worked.

SANTIAGO  
What's not to believe? I've seen  
Graham pull off the impossible  
before. Many times.

SASHA  
Seriously? A dress? A fucking  
dress!

She breaks into maniacal laughter.

SANTIAGO  
France, twenty-three years ago.  
Graham orchestrated a temporary  
"borrowing" of the Three Graces  
from the Louvre to catch a  
billionaire trader. The snatch was  
easy, but you should have seen what  
we had to do to put it back.

Graham waves his Taser at Santiago.

GRAHAM  
Shut up.  
(to Sasha)  
Make the call.

Santiago tenses, as if ready to act on something.

SANTIAGO  
You really going to do this?

GRAHAM  
Yes, and before you get any ideas.

Santiago moves quickly, but Graham tases him.

Santiago's out cold.

Sasha grows serious. She produces her phone, dials.

SASHA  
(into phone)  
We have the package.

She hands the phone to Graham.

GRAHAM  
(into phone)  
Dengue. This is what we do next. I  
want a formal handoff. In public.  
(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Main Street Station. You have  
twenty minutes or he's gone. After  
the switch, you keep your end of  
the deal.

Graham HANGS UP. He tosses a bag into Santiago's lap.

GRAHAM  
New clothes. We'll have to dress  
him.

EXT. MAIN STREET STATION - DAY

Busy. The cab pulls onto a side street.

INT. MAIN STREET STATION

Graham and Sasha lead a groggy Santiago inside with Santiago  
in the front. Graham grips his Taser in his pocket.

SANTIAGO  
Why are we doing this here? The  
police will be swarming the  
stations anytime soon.

GRAHAM  
I like to live dangerously.

SANTIAGO  
Bull shit. You like to make  
everything complicated.

GRAHAM  
You know what they say about old  
dogs and new tricks?

FAR ENTRANCE

Dengue and THREE HENCHMEN enter, get the lay of the place.  
They spot Graham and head slowly toward him.

INT. MAIN STREET STATION

Graham prods Santiago forward. Sasha drops back a bit.

SANTIAGO  
They're going to kill me.

GRAHAM  
Good.

SANTIAGO

Too bad you couldn't pull the trigger yourself, eh?

GRAHAM

You deserve whatever you get.

Dengue and his men approach. Dengue grins dramatically.

DENGUE

Mr. Daniels! I am absolutely amazed. I didn't think it could be done, but here we are. You truly are the best at what you do.

GRAHAM

We're done then. Fair is fair.

DENGUE

Old school values, right? Eye for an eye and all that? Honor among thieves?

Graham shoves Santiago forward. Dengue's henchmen grip his arms.

DENGUE

Well done.

Santiago rubs his chest where Graham tased him.

SANTIAGO

Poochy.

THAT WORD. Graham blinks, regroup. He tightens his hand on his Taser, but the CROWD swells.

Dengue turns to Santiago.

DENGUE

Good to see you again, dad.

A train arrives. Doors open, PASSENGERS stream out.

Graham inches toward the open door, horror etched into his face. The others don't move to stop him.

SANTIAGO

Come on back, Graham. We have a few things we need to discuss.

Graham readies to dash into the train, but Sasha is suddenly behind him, in his ear. She holds a gun to his side.

SASHA  
Don't run. Please.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Santiago shoves Graham inside. The henchmen grow twitchy.

SANTIAGO  
I need a drink.

Dengue hands him a drink already prepared.

DENGUE  
Scotch. Your favorite.

Santiago gulps it down.

DENGUE  
First drink in twenty years. How's  
it taste?

Santiago whirls, SLAMS Graham in the jaw, gets his whole body into it. Graham goes down. Hard.

SANTIAGO  
Tastes fucking great.

Sasha shifts, uncomfortable.

Santiago and Dengue embrace.

DENGUE  
Good to see you, pops. I never  
thought--

SANTIAGO  
Did you sweep this place?

DENGUE  
Of course.

SANTIAGO  
Sweep it again.

A moment of tension.

Dengue motions to his henchmen, who scurry to work searching the safe house nooks and crannies.

SANTIAGO  
This is Graham Daniels we're  
dealing with.  
(MORE)

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Guy's probably got triple level  
booby traps ready to slice your  
fingers off.

The henchmen give pause.

Sasha side glances the stove.

DENGUE  
Everything will be taken care of as  
we discussed.

Santiago's expression darkens. He eyes Graham.

SANTIAGO  
Yes. It will.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Graham is tied to a chair, his face bloodied. Santiago is  
dressed in street clothes.

GRAHAM  
You have a son?

SANTIAGO  
We all have our secrets, don't we?

Santiago dons a set of brass knuckles.

SANTIAGO  
You never got to see this side of  
the job. Now you get to up close.

He POUNDS Graham in the jaw. Something CRACKS.

SANTIAGO  
All that planning only gets you so  
far. Every plan needs a good...  
executioner.

Another SLAM. Graham spits blood.

GRAHAM  
You out planned me.

SANTIAGO  
It was easy. You and your fucking  
morals. Instead of taking revenge  
like a man, you let it eat away at  
you for twenty years.  
(MORE)



SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

When I heard you died, only weeks before Boris' son Anton was to visit the states, well, it didn't take a genius to put it together.

Another PUNCH.

SANTIAGO

Graham Daniels finally grew some balls!

GRAHAM

You took it away from me, so I'd get you out of prison.

SANTIAGO

That's right. And this time next month I'll be back in Brazil. This shit hole U.S. can't touch me there.

GRAHAM

You got what you wanted then. Why all this?

Another SLAM.

SANTIAGO

You should have killed me instead of locking me up in that fucking prison. Do you know what they do to men like us in there?

Another WALLOP.

SANTIAGO

You should have died in that restaurant twenty years ago. That was the original plan, but better late than never. I'm gonna send you out so you can be with your bitch wife and no good kid. But not fast. I want you to enjoy this. Like I had to.

SLAM!

HALLWAY

Sasha nears the door, listening to the DULL THUDS of metal on bone. Her jaw tenses.

Dengue approaches.

DENGUE

Guess they have a bit of catching up to do.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER, NIGHT

Santiago towels off his bloody hands.

SASHA

You don't have to do it this way, make him suffer.

SANTIAGO

I've suffered plenty. Don't go getting all weak kneed on me. I bought and earned this.

He notices something on the wall. He approaches with caution, rips the THERMOSTAT from the wall, searches it frantically. Finally, he smashes it to the floor.

DENGUE

Relax. I said the place is clean.

Santiago stalks off.

HALLWAY

Sasha approaches the bedroom door. A henchman is there, guarding.

HENCHMAN

He said no one.

SASHA

If by "no one," he meant I need to put a bullet in your brain, I have no problem with that.

The henchman scowls, but slides over so Sasha can enter.

INT. BEDROOM

Graham is horribly beaten with facial gashes and soaked with blood. Three fingers on his left hand have been severed. Sasha tends to him with a wet towel.

SASHA

Jesus.

GRAHAM

You knew he was going to kill me.

Sasha can only nod.

GRAHAM  
You're good. I'll give you that. I  
could never do that.

SASHA  
What?

GRAHAM  
The lies. I could plan anything,  
but I have the worst poker face.

Sasha strokes Graham's hair with genuine pity.

GRAHAM  
You could kill me. Get it over  
with.

SASHA  
I can't.

GRAHAM  
He'll keep this going for days.  
Weeks, if he can.

SASHA  
He never said anything about this.

GRAHAM  
There's a reason I put him away.  
He's the one that got my family  
killed.

FLASH TO:

-- A YOUNG SANTIAGO accepts a bag of cash - from YOUNG BORIS.

-- Young Santiago hands Young Boris a slip of paper that  
reads "Gianni's Café."

-- Young Boris plants a bomb in the restaurant.

-- Graham's wife and son enter the restaurant.

-- Young Graham runs to the restaurant window. The bomb  
EXPLODES!

-- Graham on the ground, clutching his back in the horror of  
the aftermath.

BACK TO SCENE

GRAHAM

He did it for money, sold me out to Boris, only Boris made a mistake. They got my wife and son instead of me.

Sasha betrays herself with a twitch of shock.

GRAHAM

I don't expect you to help me now, after everything. You know the kind of man he is. But if you change your mind...

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Santiago smokes a cigarette. He savors a drink, a deep breath as a free man. Dengue approaches.

SANTIAGO

Where is she?

DENGUE

With him.

Santiago takes a long hard drag.

SANTIAGO

I don't trust her.

DENGUE

She got us this far.

SANTIAGO

She's a C-I-A sell-out. No loyalty. You need to watch her.

DENGUE

You want to accelerate that part of the timetable?

Santiago crushes out his smoke. He nods.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sasha, Dengue and henchmen around the table with Burger King. Sasha doesn't eat. The muffled sounds of Graham's torture fill the air.

Sasha rises in a huff.

DENGUE  
Where you going?

SASHA  
I don't have to listen to this.

DENGUE  
Why don't we get out of here, grab  
a drink? Just me and you.

The henchmen seem concerned. Dengue waves them off. Sasha's eyes narrow with knowing.

DENGUE  
I'm buying.

SASHA  
You drive.

INT. DENGUE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dengue and Sasha.

SASHA  
Maybe instead of a stiff drink I  
can get some of that stiff cock of  
yours.

Dengue grins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Overlooks a steep hillside.

Dengue's car pulls in and parks.

INT. DENGUE'S CAR

Sasha and Dengue going at it, getting heavy...

Then,

CLICKS.

Each has a gun to the other's head. Standoff.

DENGUE  
What the fuck?

SASHA  
You brought me out to kill me.

DENGUE  
Look who's talking.

SASHA  
After all I've done.

DENGUE  
It isn't personal. There just isn't  
room for three.

Epic fight!

Sasha and Dengue tear each other apart in the car.

Dengue grips Sasha's wrist, controls her gun. She retaliates by digging her teeth into his neck.

Dengue SCREAMS!

He slams Sasha into the steering wheel, several times. She's almost unconscious.

Dengue angles his gun to her temple. She comes back with a massive head butt.

Dengue fires randomly, relentlessly.

Dengue's bullets smash through the windshield, riddle the dashboard, the driver's side window.

Sasha kicks at the door handle...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sasha spills out the door, tumbles along the ground, comes up in a cat stance. Dengue is there, kicking, punching.

It is tooth and nail here.

Dengue lands a blow, but a spinning back kick from Sasha connects with Dengue's neck. They each tumble away from one another, enough distance to regain control of their guns.

DOUBLE FIRE!

Sasha is on her knees. A bullet rips past her ear. She finds an "in." She takes aim, FIRES!

The bullet rips through Dengue's arm. He drops his gun and... leaps back over the hillside.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Dengue zips down and away. Sasha FIRES after, but Dengue disappears into darkness.

SASHA

Shit!

She leaps into the car, no keys. She pops out, runs toward the town's lights.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Graham and Sasha.

GRAHAM

They're going to kill you.

Sasha begins to protest, but Graham hushes her.

GRAHAM

Just listen. It's obvious you don't like what they're doing to me. They'll use that to get you out. They won't want to do it here. If they ask you to leave, you need to be ready.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (NOW)

Sasha sprints with everything she has.

SASHA (V.O.)

Hypothetically, if that were to happen, what would you want me to do?

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Graham spits blood.

GRAHAM

I'd want you to survive. Go to the laundromat on 8th and make a call. I'll give you the number. Let it ring twice. Hang up. Call back. Let it ring twice again.

SASHA

I don't know.

GRAHAM  
I know. It's hard, isn't it?

SASHA  
What is?

GRAHAM  
Finally choosing a side.

Sasha kisses Graham. Deeply.

GRAHAM  
If I make it, meet me at the  
fountain. If not, somewhere a bit  
warmer than.

With remorse, she leaves.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT (NOW)

Sasha spots a sign, 8th Street, sprints!

EXT. 8TH STREET - NIGHT

A glowing laundromat sign BLARES. Sasha hurries toward it.  
The street is deathly silent.

SLAM!

Dengue tackles Sasha from an alleyway.

Sasha goes down hard. She fights to regain control as Dengue  
pummels her, blood dripping from his shoulder.

She pulls her gun but Dengue smashes her arm, knocks it away.  
They face off, hand to hand, one on one.

SASHA  
Get the hell out of my way. I have  
to make a phone call.

DENGUE  
So do I. Letting them know you're  
dead.

Sasha and Dengue charge one another...

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The henchmen play cards at the table. Santiago soaks his  
bloody hands in ice.



From somewhere in the house, a muffled phone RINGS TWICE.

SANTIAGO

What the fuck?

INSIDE WALL

Taped to a stud, behind drywall, is an old rotary phone with its own power source. It is also connected to a large metallic canister.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Realization dawns on Santiago's face. Shit.

SANTIAGO

Get the fuck out of here!

The phone RINGS again.

Santiago runs toward the front door when... BOOOOM!

DOUBLE-UGHT BUCKSHOT punches through the walls --

One HENCHMAN goes down.

SMOKE pours out next.

The safe house filled with it.

EXT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Santiago and several henchmen gather out front, watching the house ooze smoke.

Santiago picks out a buckshot and searches about desperately.

SANTIAGO

I'll kill that bastard.

He rushes back in...

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE

Santiago races through the house, trying to cover his mouth and nose. The smoke is thick. His gun drawn.

He busts into the bedroom. Graham is gone.

SANTIAGO

Fuck!

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

A nondescript sedan weaves, slows... pulls to the shoulder.

I/E. SEDAN

Graham is behind the wheel.

He looks half dead.

He closes his eyes to rest, if only for a moment.

Then,

Headlights splash from behind.

Graham opens his eyes, glances into the rearview...

EXT. RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

Sasha sits on a bed with a half-eaten pizza. She is seriously bruised and bloodied.

She unwraps a pre-paid cell phone, dials into a voice mail system.

VOICE MAIL (V.O.)

You have one new message. First message:

SANTIAGO (V.O.)

You're dead.

CLICK. Sasha shuts it off and pulls the covers up to her chin.

EXT. CITY FOUNTAIN - DAY

Sasha waits, checks her watch. She's bandaged up.

A THICK MAN with red hair and mirrored glasses approaches from behind. He sticks a GUN in her back.

It's Graham.

GRAHAM

Looks like you're training for a fight.

Sasha quickly spins around.

SASHA

Graham?

He nods. She leans forward as if to give him a kiss.

Graham shows her the gun as if to remind her.

GRAHAM

Let's go.

INT. SASHA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sasha drives. Graham keeps the gun in his lap. He removes his red-haired wig. She notes the bandage on his left hand where the fingers have been removed.

SASHA

I didn't know if you were dead or alive.

GRAHAM

Me neither.

SASHA

Where are we going?

GRAHAM

I've got a new place.

INT. EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha watches as Graham gingerly removes the extra padding of his disguise. He has bruises all over his front and side. He sits on the bed.

GRAHAM

Do you mind making us some dinner?

SASHA

I thought you always cooked.

Graham eases onto the bed, raises his destroyed hand.

GRAHAM

I don't really feel up to it.

INT. EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Sasha and Graham eat quietly.

GRAHAM

I don't want to run the rest of my life. Santiago. He's a dead man.

Sasha looks at him with pity. A broken man.

GRAHAM

It's not the same as it was before. The beatings... I'm having a hard time remembering things. Some memories are fuzzy.

She reaches across the table and grabs his hand. He's vulnerable, and they both know it.

SASHA

It's okay.

GRAHAM

I need your help.

LIVING AREA

Sasha and Graham sit on the couch. Graham fumbles to open a paper map. Sasha rolls her eyes.

SASHA

Here.

Sasha pulls out her smart phone.

GRAHAM

Thanks.

(then)

What happened to Dengue?

EXT. 8TH STREET LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sasha is on the ground with her arms and legs tangled tightly around Dengue's neck, crushing him in a jujitsu hold.

His face turns purple.

INT. LAUNDROMAT (FLASHBACK)

Dengue's flaccid purple face peers lifelessly out a dryer's circular window as it spins round and round.

INT. EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY (NOW)

GRAHAM  
Where is Santiago?

SASHA  
Between safe houses.

GRAHAM  
Can you locate him?

She nods.

Then,

GRAHAM  
Why not leave the country?

SASHA  
He will, when the heat is off.

Graham rubs his chin.

GRAHAM  
We have to move fast.

SASHA  
You don't want to just rush in,  
stun guns blazing...

GRAHAM  
No! No Tasers this time.

He stands and paces like a caged animal.

SASHA  
Maybe we need one of your old-  
school plans, trick him up, get him  
looking east, hit him from the  
west...?

GRAHAM  
I am done with subtlety. They will  
expect that from me. I need new  
tactics. New standards.

Sasha is intrigued.

SASHA  
What do you have in mind?

GRAHAM  
An old-fashioned hit.

INT. SASHA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sasha and Graham cruise a barren highway.

Graham is sullen, deep in thought. Sasha reaches to him, caresses his bruised cheek.

SASHA  
I'm sorry I let them do this to  
you.

Graham looks at her, practically studies her.

GRAHAM  
They will pay.

He looks away, out the window. Guilt blooms in Sasha.

She starts an app on her smart phone.

EXT. WINDING STREET

Sasha's car turns a corner.

INT. SASHA'S CAR (MOVING)

Graham drives. Sasha sits looking at her smart phone.

SASHA  
Santiago is moving.

GRAHAM  
Where?

SASHA  
Looks like toward Langley.

GRAHAM  
That's smart. He's probably still  
got contacts there. We don't have  
much time.

Sasha pulls out a compact and looks through the back window.

SASHA  
That car's been following us.

GRAHAM  
I know. It doesn't matter.

SASHA  
It doesn't matter? It could be the  
Russians.

GRAHAM  
Yeah.

Sasha rubs her forehead.

SASHA  
Are you gonna lose them?

GRAHAM  
Right now!

Graham guns the engine and pulls off the highway. He makes a couple of hard rights and ducks behind a building.

EXT. BEHIND BUILDING

Graham and Sasha jump out of the car. Graham pulls off a sheet of fake silver paint from the sedan, turning it blue.

He pops the trunk and pulls out a sledge hammer. Bam! Bam!  
Creates a couple of dents.

Graham quickly replaces the license plate held on by Velcro.

GRAHAM  
You drive.

She runs around to the driver's side.

EXT. STREETS

The blue and dented sedan drives.

I/E. SEDAN (MOVING)

Graham peeks up from the back seat.

GRAHAM  
We're in the clear?

SASHA  
We're good.

INT. RATTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Graham sits on the bed looking through surveillance pictures of Santiago and his men.

He blindly breaks down a semi-automatic handgun and re-assembles it. Racks a bullet into the chamber.

Sasha eats a pot pie and watches him, curiously.

EXT. OLD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The tired street is deserted except for a few street kids.

EXT. BACK YARD

Graham strolls through, wearing a tiny earpiece and carrying a duffle. He DIALS a cell phone.

INT. MODEST HOUSE - KITCHEN

Santiago yanks out a drawer, opens a false bottom. Within are several documents and passports.

A .38 rests at arm's reach. Nearby is a suitcase.

His cell RINGS. He looks at the number.

SANTIAGO  
(into phone)  
Who the hell is this?

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
You're dead. I'm gonna have fun  
with this.

SANTIAGO  
Graham. You're going to wish you  
killed me back then.

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
I'm gonna put a bullet in your  
skull. Split it open like a  
cantaloupe.

INT. SEDAN

Sasha sits with a laptop, headset on.



COMPUTER SCREEN: Triangulating cell phone signal against an outline of the house.

INT. MODEST HOUSE - KITCHEN

Santiago paces.

SANTIAGO  
(into phone)  
Bullshit. Both of us know that  
isn't you.

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
New me.

Click. Graham disconnects.

Santiago stares at the phone. He suddenly ducks away from the window, gun in hand.

EXT. BACK YARD

Graham pulls an assault rifle from his duffle.

SASHA (V.O.)  
(over earpiece)  
Got him. He's in the kitchen.

Graham nods, moves...

INT. MODEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Santiago checks out a side window...

Then,

DING DONG. What the hell? Who's ringing the doorbell?

Santiago motions HENCHMAN 1 to the door.

HENCHMAN 2 appears, and the two make ready to open the front door. Santiago moves toward the back of the house.

FRONT DOOR

Henchman 1 looks through the peek hole. He's puzzled.

The two henchmen simultaneously throw open the front door and point guns at a PIZZA DELIVERY BOY.

The delivery boy freezes, terrified.

DELIVERY BOY  
Quickie-D Pizza?

Henchman 1 motions for the boy to put down the pizza. The kid complies and takes off running.

DELIVERY BOY  
No charge!

Henchman 1 watches the kid go and closes the door.

Henchman 2 stops him.

HENCHMAN 2  
What the hell you doing? Get the  
pizza.

Henchman 1 opens the door and grabs the pizza. He peeks inside and --

BOOM! The bomb in the pizza box destroys the two henchmen and the front of the house.

REAR DOOR

Graham storms through, rifle aimed. His "hard" look looks convincing now. No more hand shaking.

He quickly but methodically moves through each room.

He spots the Henchman 3 hiding behind a dresser with gun drawn. They both FIRE.

Graham is better and takes him out.

INT. MODEST HOUSE

Graham searches every room and closet.

No Santiago.

Graham doubles back. Still nothing.

Sasha steps through the destroyed house front, gun poised. Graham moves through the hallway toward her.

Suddenly, Santiago appears from behind a false wall in the hallway. He FIRES at both Graham and Sasha.

Graham goes down.

Sasha dives out of the way.

Santiago darts for the back door, firing wildly behind him.

He escapes.

Sasha rushes to Graham on the floor. There's blood.

SASHA

Shit.

GRAHAM

I'm okay. It scraped me. Help me  
up.

CRACK! There's a GUNSHOT outside.

Sasha helps Graham to his feet.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Graham and Sasha emerge outside to see Santiago lying on the ground. A gunshot wound to the chest.

Sasha puts her hands on her head in bewilderment.

Santiago's breathing is labored.

Graham ambles over and puts his boot on Santiago's hand, pulling his gun free.

GRAHAM

You're stupid. Always were.

Graham points the gun at Santiago's face.

Santiago looks from Graham to Sasha.

He tries to communicate with her with his eyes.

Something registers between them.

Graham PULLS THE TRIGGER, smiling.

Santiago is gone.

And TWO GIANT RUSSIANS emerge from the bushes, weapons pointed down.

Sasha raises her gun.

GRAHAM

Don't worry. They're not going to hurt us.

A SIREN sounds in the distance...

INT. RATTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Graham sits at the table eating a burger. Sasha won't touch her food. She's scared of Graham.

The two Russians play cards in the other room.

SASHA

Why are they here? It's over.

GRAHAM

There's still one more job to do.

SASHA

Dengue and Santiago are dead.

GRAHAM

Director Keene. He put me in jail.

SASHA

I thought that was part of your plan.

Graham stands agitated. He paces.

GRAHAM

It's over when Keene is dead. We have to find him next.

Sasha studies Graham.

SASHA

You won't need to find him. After all this bloodshed, he'll find us.

Graham regards Sasha with suspicion. Sasha folds her arms uncomfortably.

GRAHAM

He needs to die.

SASHA

Is that what your gut says? We should always follow the gut, right?

GRAHAM

Yes. Always.

The Russians tense, on edge for something.

Graham's hand slips toward his gun, ever so subtle. Sasha notes it but does not react.

SASHA

Fine. We should go back to your safe house. Let's do this right. Everything we need should be there, in the tunnel.

Graham's hand stops. He cocks his eyebrow with interest. He trades a look with the Russians.

GRAHAM

Tunnel? Oh yes, the tunnel.

INT. UPSCALE SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sasha, Graham and the two Russians enter. Sasha caresses Graham's face, peers into his eyes.

SASHA

How's your head? Still fuzzy?

GRAHAM

Just a bit.

Sasha opens the oven, pops up the false bottom. Graham and the Russians stand behind her.

SASHA

I'm surprised you even let me down here, all those years of secrets, the documents. You could screw the C-I-A royally with all that intel you have on them. You must have really trusted me.

The Russians buzz with excitement.

Graham cracks a hopeful grin, like a kid staring through a candy store window.

GRAHAM

I no longer need secrets.

SASHA

Or maybe you knew all along this would happen.

The Russians scowl. Graham tenses, draws his gun.

GRAHAM  
Give me your gun, Sasha.

Sasha hands it over.

SASHA  
You know, your back hasn't once  
bothered you since you came back.

GRAHAM  
Maybe torture agrees with me.

SASHA  
Maybe I can help you with that a  
bit later.

She SLAMS Graham. He falls back into one of the Russians. She  
thwacks the gun from the other, then dives through the oven  
and down!

GRAHAM  
(in Russian)  
<Shit. Kill her.>

The Russians barrel into the stove.

INT. UNDERGROUND - LADDER

Sasha stops before the end of the ladder, leaps to her left  
and runs.

GUNSHOTS ring out.

The first Russian barrels down... to the bottom. His SCREAM  
erupts from the darkness.

TUNNEL

Sasha rushes in. Tiny dim bulbs light the rows of corridors  
in a very faint glow.

Sasha scuttles through a small opening.

The Russians tumble in. The first Russian's hands and face  
are mangled from razor wire. He wipes blood from his eyes.

Graham follows.

GRAHAM  
(in Russian)  
<She knows. She can't get away.>

They hurry after her, taking separate tunnels.

INT. WIDE TUNNEL

A Russian pounds his way through, feet slapping along the damp ground. Something SNAPS and he goes down SCREAMING. His foot is caught in a bear trap.

He struggles, slumps, dies. Poison.

INT. NARROW TUNNEL

Sasha crouches to make her way through carefully.

INT. TUNNEL PATH CONNECTION

Graham exits one tunnel to find another group of tunnels. He starts for one, but leaps back as a guillotine-like blade slices down. It cuts his arm.

He nearly enters another tunnel, but pauses, thinks. He eyes the narrow one...

INT. SLOPING TUNNEL

The second Russian hurries forward, slips, slows. The tunnel tilts, and he slides forward, downward, fighting to go back.

He gains speed, shouting.

SMACK! He's impaled onto a spiked wall, dead on impact.

SECOND LADDER

Sasha feels her way through darkness. She comes upon the other ladder, works her way up.

INT. RED SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oppressive with walls painted red and drab furniture. CLANKING dings from the fireplace.

The back of the fireplace falls away from a secret entrance.

Sasha stumbles through. She rips at furniture, tears the back from a radio, comes up with a knife. She kicks the ancient TV over. It topples, busts open.

A GUN spills along the floor.

Before she can dive for it, Graham is there at the fireplace. Gun in hand.

GRAHAM

Tsk tsk, little girl. Tricky maze, isn't it? You've been very useful until now.

Sasha palms the knife.

SASHA

You're not Graham.

Graham grins with pride, even LAUGHS.

GRAHAM

Of course I am. For the rest of my days, I will be Graham Daniels.

SASHA

Tell me why.

GRAHAM

Revenge. Pure and simple. Boris was a father to many of us. Santiago set this plan in motion to trap Graham, get himself out of prison, and Dengue pulled the trigger. We took advantage of the timing.

(then)

Time to die.

He raises his gun.

Sasha THROWS the dagger --

Graham jerks to the side, deflects it. Sasha moves in, grabs at his gun. They struggle for it.

They drop. Graham goes for his gun, Sasha for the knife.

She snatches it, STABS!

The knife digs into his shoulder, and he curses in Russian.

Graham wrenches the knife from his shoulder and swings it, but Sasha dives into him.



Sasha scratches at Graham's eyes and bites his wrist.

He drops the knife, but elbows her off of him.

GRAHAM

Bitch!

He contorts his body angrily and throws a punch.

He clocks Sasha in the chest, and she falls back.

Graham rolls over and tries to stand, but Sasha is on him again, knocking him to the floor. She PLUNGES the knife three times into Graham's belly.

He slumps, but still wrestles for control of the blade.

Sasha flings the knife far into the other room.

She wrestles her way behind Graham and holds him immobile on the floor, as the blood gurgles out of him.

Legs entangled, she has him in a Jujitsu submission hold.

GRAHAM

What are you doing?

SASHA

I'm holding you here until you bleed out, mother-fucker!

Graham winces in pain.

GRAHAM

That'll take hours.

SASHA

You'll pass out in twenty minutes.

GRAHAM

Fuck you.

He struggles, breathes hard.

She tightens her grip on him.

SASHA

I have something to tell you.

INT. SEALED OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dengue and Sasha slip through the ceiling tiles while Graham is concentrating on Boris. Dengue CLUBS Graham, drops him.

SASHA (V.O.)  
You should know. Dengue didn't pull  
the trigger...

It's Sasha who has her gun on Boris. Dengue nods to her, and she kills Boris.

INT. RED SAFE HOUSE (NOW)

SASHA  
I killed Boris Koslov.

Graham struggles violently and is able to turn his body slightly. Sasha retightens her grabbling hold on him.

Graham is spitting blood now.

SASHA  
Where is the real Graham?

GRAHAM  
Dead.

SASHA  
Screw twenty minutes.

She slips a power cord around Graham's neck.

Tightens it against his windpipe.

She squeezes the life out of him.

EXT. REMOTE FIELD - DAY

Sasha and Director Keene stand next to an excavation team as it unearths a shallow grave. Wrapped in a blanket is the real Graham Daniels, dead several days.

DIRECTOR KEENE (V.O.)  
The General gave us his whereabouts  
if we looked the other way in  
regards to Russian involvement in  
all this.

EXT. FEDERAL CEMETERY - DAY

Sasha and Director Keene step to a trio of tombstones.

DIRECTOR KEENE (V.O.)  
 Boris Kozlov ran a program called  
 Project Kill Switch, where he would  
 kill U.S. targets and switch them  
 with duplicates, Russian spies.  
 Very old school.

One tombstone reads: "Graham John Daniels, Devoted husband  
 and father."

The next tombstone reads: "Suzanne Grace Daniels, Loving wife  
 and mother; and finally Jeremy Daniels: Son"

DIRECTOR KEENE (V.O.)  
 They must have caught up with  
 Graham after the prison break and  
 replaced him with a duplicate.  
 Graham knew it might happen.

I/E. SEDAN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Headlights splash from behind.

Graham opens his eyes, glances into the rearview...

Two FIGURES emerge, approach.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD (FLASHBACK)

Graham gets out to meet ANTON and the BANDAGED MAN.

Anton strikes Graham across the temple. Lights out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Anton shoves a gun to Graham's head. Yegor Popov is there,  
 with Bandaged Man.

ANTON  
 For my father.

GRAHAM  
 I'm not the one who killed him.

Anton pauses. Popov perks.

GRAHAM  
 It was Santiago... his plan, him  
 and his son.

POPOV

The R-F-A.

GRAHAM

Find Sasha. She knows where they are.

Popov nods.

Anton FIRES into Graham's temple.

Bandaged Man lifts Graham's head, verifying the kill. He removes his bandages. He's a duplicate of Graham.

BANDAGED MAN/GRAHAM

It is done.

POPOV

No. We have an opportunity here. The R-F-A are slippery, gaining hold in Russia. With Santiago out of prison, it will only get worse.

ANTON

The general wouldn't want this.

POPOV

I don't care what the general wants. This is my show, not his.

ANTON

This ends here. My father wouldn't have wanted this. I need to call the general.

Anton turns, whips out his phone, dials...

A shot RINGS OUT.

Anton falls. Popov is holding a gun.

POPOV

We've come too far. I want you to take them down. All of them. Find this Sasha. I want Santiago and Keene as well. Understood?

Bandaged Man/Graham grins cruelly.

POPOV

One more thing. There is the matter of the fingers.

Bandaged Man frowns.

LATER

Bandaged Man CRIES OUT as Popov slices off three fingers.

EXT. FEDERAL CEMETERY - DAY (NOW)

Sasha places Graham's model B-52 on the grave.

SASHA

He told me about the tunnel because  
he knew they'd come for me.

Director Keene puts a comforting arm around Sasha.

DIRECTOR KEENE

In the end, Graham got everything  
he ever wanted. Peace and justice.  
I'm glad it's finally over.

SASHA

Over. Yes. Maybe.

Director Keene leaves.

Sasha kneels to the grave.

SASHA

Did you know all this was going to  
happen?

She notices something inside the B-52. She plucks it out.

It's a note: "Here's to the perfect plan."

Sasha searches the sky.

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

The wondrous city at night.

INT. MOSCOW STRIP CLUB

Heavy music beats.

Popov hands a large bill to a hot STRIPPER. She leads him  
into a private room.

PRIVATE ROOM

Popov fondles the stripper. She climbs onto his lap, takes his head in her hands, peers into his eyes.

Popov grins, but slowly realizes who she is --

-- it's Sasha.

Before he can react... CRACK! Sasha snaps his neck.

EXT. MOSCOW STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Sasha exits the club. A gray vehicle pulls up. A window lowers. It is General Buchnev.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
Was my information good?

SASHA  
It was... perfect.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
It's different than it used to be.  
The young ones, like Yegor, Dengue,  
they only want power, glory at all  
cost. Where is the honor in that?

SASHA  
Graham would have said there is  
none. I understand him now.

The general considers that a while.

GENERAL BUCHNEV  
Are we finished then?

SASHA  
We're finished.

He sighs wearily. Nods.

The window rolls up. The general drives off. Sasha continues her way through the city.

FADE OUT.

THE END