

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM

screenplay by

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two
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EXT. MOSCOW STREET -- NIGHT

A tough commercial strip. Stores. Shops. All shuttered for the night. It's early March. It's Russia. Cold and damp. Empty. Raw. And then...

BLUE LIGHTS -- from the distance -- strobing through the fog -- rushing toward us -- POLICE CARS -- ~~three~~ of them -- SIRENS HOWLING as they bear down -- closer -- faster -- louder -- until suddenly there's nothing but BLINDING BLUE and THE DEAFENING THROB OF THE SIRENS and --

INT. MOP CLOSET -- NIGHT

BOURNE'S EYES flying open! Slapped awake by THE SIRENS. Panicked. Lost. Listening as the sound fades into the distance. Then the pain hits. So hard and fast, he can barely catch himself from crying out. He's laying on the wet tile floor of a filthy, dank little room; balled-up beneath the raw light of a single bare bulb. He is in terrible shape. His face is fevered and swollen. His breathing rushed and wrong. His coat is caked and damp with blood. He's been hiding here. Like a wounded animal that's gone to ground. Like he's dying.

And why? Because it's only six hours after he left Elena Neski's apartment.

He checks his watch. Whatever it is he's been waiting for, the time has come. He has to get on his feet. Stand or die. Forcing himself up. Listening at the door. Pulling A PISTOL from his coat pocket...

INT. MOSCOW PHARMACY -- NIGHT

After hours. Dark and odd. THE CLOSET DOOR KICKS OPEN. BOURNE standing there with a gun. Braced against the jamb. Eyes struggling to focus and --

TIME CUTS

BOURNE STUMBLING BEHIND THE COUNTER -- SEARCHING FOR PILLS -- BANDAGES -- SURGICAL SUPPLIES -- THREAD -- SCISSORS -- SCALPEL -- FORCEPS -- MORE PILLS -- ANTISEPTIC -- THINGS FALLING -- GLASS BREAKING -- BOURNE WITH A BAG, sweeping it all in -- teetering at the edge of consciousness -- trying to stay with it -- looking and scrounging and grabbing, when suddenly, THERE'S A SOUND and --

Fuck.

A DOG. A guard dog right behind him. A SNARLING SHEPARD, teeth-bared, stiffening into attack stance.

BOURNE

Nyet.

Just that. But so final, so raw, that THE DOG hesitates. And then, aware instinctively that it's in the presence of something dominant and desperate...THE DOG just sits.

BOURNE zipping up his bag, as --

INT. LONDON PUB -- DAY

Pre-lunch quiet. BARMAN and SOME HARDCORES in the front room. Cricket on the telly. Rain outside.

SIMON ROSS hustling in from the wet. He's a journalist. Mid-forties. Hyper and furtive. He clutches A LEATHER SATCHEL as world-weary and distressed as he is. Head down as he scampers past the bar --

INTO

THE BACK ROOM. Dark and quiet. KEN CASTLE all alone here. He's an American book editor. He's been waiting. Looking up from his newspaper, as --

SIMON

...sorry, Ken, seriously sorry...
(sitting quickly, never comfortable--)
I wanted to call, I just couldn't risk it. Last thing you need right now's my number on your phone record.
(checking the room)
You came alone, right?

KEN

Of course.

SIMON

No one knows you're here.

KEN

I did what you told me.

SIMON

You don't sound sure.

KEN

I'm not even sure I'm here, how's that?

SIMON hesitates. Pretends to relax.

SIMON

You still have time, right?

KEN

For you, Simon? If you've got a story?

SIMON

Oh, I've got a story.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRAIN -- DAWN

Speeding West through Russian wilderness --

INT. MOVING RUSSIAN BOXCAR -- DAWN

BOURNE huddled in the corner against the cold. It's only 48 hours after the pharmacy -- two days since he patched himself together -- the last thing he should be doing is travelling, but here he is. A new coat hides most of the splints and bandages. Glazed, post-op eyes watching it all go by, as we return to --

INT. LONDON PUB/BACK ROOM -- DAY

Two pints going. KEN listening to --

SIMON

...three years ago I'm in Paris, I'm doing a magazine piece on French Homicide detectives. Money piece, right? Just a simple, fly-on-the-wall type story. So I'm hanging with these Gendarmes, doing a ride-around one morning when this All-Points-Bulletin comes flying over the radio. *Stop Everything*. They want everybody up. Interpol, Surete, CRS -- all of it, everyone's gotta quit what they're doing and get with the program...

(he's been digging through his satchel and--)

Somebody's gotta find these kids.

(there it is...)

A "WANTED" POSTER. A Paris police flyer protected in a plastic sleeve. Bourne and Marie. The first time around.

INT. POLISH HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Shabby and anonymous. A crappy TV playing POLISH CARTOONS. Takeout. Garbage. Evidence of a long, lonely hang and...

PILLS -- the whole bottle -- spilling out across a formica nightstand.

BOURNE staring at the pills. Stripped down now, we see a body coursed with bruises and bandages. The extent of his self-surgery is terrifying: half-a-dozen sets of stitches, a shoulder gunshot wound, ribs taped. It's unbelievable, how could he stand it? But he did. He is.

Or maybe he can't...

All those pills. There's a way out. Fuck it. End it. Why keep going? Almost there, when, he looks up --

A MIRROR. His face.

Who are you?

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

As they were --

SIMON

...so the whole city, the whole Paris police force, there's this massive, shambolic dragnet. There's been a chase...they've found a car...they've got a lead. So we go that night, they've basically shut down Belleville and surrounded this pathetic little hotel. They've pulled in all the swatties and snipers they can muster. They get it all tuned up, only to find out that Bonnie and Clyde here...

(the "Wanted" flyer)

..they've done their evac already. So I get up the next morning, I'm thinking, "Okay, what're we into here?" Well, what we're into is nothing. What we're into is the whole thing's been called off. "Sorry, mistake. Meant nothing. Go about your business." And my homicide cops, they're seriously French, they're like, "Hey, it's weird, but merde happens, right? Probably something

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)
 better not to know about." Well, I don't like that. All that does is get me going. So I start digging, but it's like hunting bloody smoke, everything I touch just disappears. Nobody knows. Nobody's talking. Was it a game? Was it real? Plus I've got an editor screaming at me from London about the cop story he's paid me for. One thing after another and before long it's on my desk under The Pile Of Shit That Time Forgot...

INT. NAPOLI CENTRALE STAZIONE -- DAY

Morning rush in Naples. Trains letting out. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE flooding the terminal and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE in the thick of the crowd. Long coat. Backpack. Just another everyman moving through the station. It's been more than a month since he left Poland; he's done a lot of healing, but there's still a hitch in his stride.

Slowing as he passes A COLUMN. Stopping to fix his shoe.

No he's not. He's got A TOOL...

A METAL PLATE at the base of this column. BOURNE'S HANDS -- he's wearing latex gloves -- popping it open. WIRES inside. Searching for something specific, as we cut to --

INT. STAZIONE SECURITY CENTER -- DAY

FIVE GUARDS manning a CONSOLE. A BANK OF MONITORS -- thirty of them -- mounted above. Suddenly, three of them go dead. It takes a moment, before...

ITALIAN GUARD

(What the fuck is that?)

INT. STAZIONE CONCOURSE -- DAY

A STORAGE LOCKER. BOURNE pulling out A FADED BAG (stashed three months earlier when he came in from India) Checking it fast. No time to linger. Bailing now, as --

WE PULL ABOVE TO FIND

A DEAD SECURITY CAMERA covering this area.

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

SIMON

...four months ago, I get a call from one of my old French cop friends. He says "Remember the bloke we chased in Paris? Turn on your fax machine. They're looking for the same guy in Berlin."
(something else from the satchel--)

ANOTHER "WANTED" POSTER. This time it's Berlin.

KEN

No shit...

SIMON

This time no girl. And this time it's Germany, so there's a real absence of fucking-about. By the time I got there, they'd already turned Berlin upside down. Hotels. Railyards. Airports. And guess what? It's deja vu all over again. He's gone. Or hiding. Or at least they think so until two days later when there's this insane shootout in the streets of Moscow.

KEN

Wait a minute. Moscow? The same guy?

SIMON pulls another plastic sheet. BOURNE'S MUGSHOT ON A RUSSIAN POLICE FAX. "WANTED." Plus there's more, he's got NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS and PHOTOS...

SIMON

(laying it out)
Huge chase. Twenty-five car pile-up. Automatic weapons. This is like ten blocks from Red Square.

KEN

(interest piqued)
So who was he?

SIMON

Was? No. They didn't get him.

EXT. NAPLES ALLEY -- DAY

Empty spot near the terminal. BOURNE beside a dumpster. He's got two bags -- pulling stuff out of the one from the station and either moving it to his new bag, or throwing it into the trash. Clothes -- shirts and socks and hat -- all that stuff's going into the dumpster.

The stuff he's keeping? THREE PASSPORTS inside a zip-loc bag. A STACK OF EUROS. A PAIR OF BINOCULARS. And then...

One last thing. This one stops him.

HIS MEMORY BOOK. The mad collection of scraps and memories we saw him struggling with back in Goa. A crazed jumble of journal entries, notes, diagrams and newspaper clippings held together with a rubber band. Is he actually thinking of throwing it away?

Too late.

A gust of wind -- the rubber band breaks -- suddenly stuff's spilling out onto the ground -- SCRAPS OF PAPER -- sketches, reminders -- blowing through the alley.

He hesitates. Then suddenly he's kneeling. Then rushing. Now scrambling to find every piece before it flies away, as we cut to --

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

KEN all ears now...

SIMON

...so I figure for crissake here's a pretty big blot on the radar, right? Somebody out there's got a story to tell. And I've got sources, Kenny, you know that, twenty years worth, so I get out the A-list and start calling the States. And man, have I stumbled into to something nobody wants to talk about. It's like I'm covered with the bloody Ebola Virus. "Sorry, wrong number." "Piss-off." "New rules." "Anti-terrorism." "Homeland security."

(beat)

A wall. A big, nasty wall. The kind of wall you only put up when there's something very nasty behind it.

EXT. AN ALPINE ROAD -- NIGHT

BOURNE running. But on purpose. He's training. Healed up enough now to be pushing himself. Covered in sweat. Shielding his eyes from the headlights of a passing car --

AS THE CAMERA HOLDS ON

A ROAD SIGN. We're in Switzerland. Alps in the distance. BOURNE disappearing into the dark, as we cut to --

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

SIMON pulling stuff from THE SATCHEL as he goes...

SIMON

...the Germans were well pissed-off. They had a huge police bill and nothing to show for it. They didn't know much, but they were willing to talk. There were two dead American spooks in Berlin, one of them a big time cold-warrior who supposedly committed suicide...

(he's got an archive photo of Abbott--)

There'd also been a very dodgy fellow murdered the day before in Munich, and his house had been firebombed...

(snapshots of the Jarda house in Munich--)

So I started digging in.

KEN

Is that where you've been? Germany?

SIMON hesitates. A flash of paranoia.

SIMON

I found a bug in my house two months ago. Since then I've been moving around a lot. I'm as good as they are when I need to be.

KEN

Which *they* are we talking about?

SIMON

Look, mate, I'm *living* underground at this point. I haven't been home in weeks. I'm running safehouses, phony

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)

ID's -- take my word for it, it's not much fun. You don't want to join me.

KEN

You're asking me to write a check.

SIMON

I'm broke, Ken. I'm broke and I'm into the biggest story I've ever had my hands on. I'm telling you there's a book here. The big one. Just get me an advance, I swear I'll deliver.

KEN

You've gotta give me something...

EXT. BOMBED-OUT HOUSE -- DAY

The charred shell of Jarda's Munich row house. Like a missing tooth -- a fenced-off husk in the middle of this otherwise perfect block. As we hear:

BOURNE/PHONE (V.O.)

(German)

(...One Forty-Seven Guttman Strasse. The house, there was a fire, some sort of explosion...)

(continuing, as we find--)

INT. BOURNE IN A PARKED CAR -- DAY

Across the street. On the phone --

BOURNE/PHONE

(...I'm trying to find out who holds the title, who owns the property.)

CLERK/PHONE (V.O.)

(Yes. Yes, I know. We faxed you all the information we had two days ago.)

BOURNE/PHONE

(Excuse me?)

CLERK/PHONE (V.O.)

(Are you with the fellow from London?)

BOURNE caught off guard, but rallying fast --

BOURNE/PHONE

(Yes. Yes, I'm working with him.)

CLERK/PHONE (V.O.)

(Did you not receive it?)

BOURNE/PHONE

(No. We never got it. Can I confirm the fax number and contact information you've got?)

CLERK/PHONE (V.O.)

(Hang on. Let me find it.)

BOURNE on hold. Scribbling the word LONDON in his notepad. Checking the perimeter, as he waits for the clerk, and --

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

SIMON measuring his words. Careful here.

SIMON

There was a C.I.A. program called Treadstone. Very basement. Very wet. Very damp and ugly. This gentleman? Mr. Abbott?

(pointing to Abbott's picture--)

He went in front of Congress and told them Treadstone was a training exercise. He testified that it was just a game and that it had been closed down.

(Bourne's picture)

This guy apparently didn't get the memo and decided to keep "training" all the way to Moscow.

INT. LONDON TUBE -- DAY

BOURNE in a crowded subway car. Buried under beard and hoodie. Just riding along, as --

THE CAMERA FINDS

SIMON down the car. SIMON with the stuffed leather satchel. SIMON in the same clothes we've seen him wearing in the pub. SIMON on his way to the meeting with KEN. And he's late, rushing to be the first one off the train as it pulls into the station and --

BOURNE getting off behind him, as we cut to --

INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

KEN

What kind of program?

SIMON

Ever hear the term, "Political
Technology?"

KEN

You mean, what? Assassination?

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE tucked under a plastic poncho. It's raining. He's wearing headphones, fiddling with a small receiver, working to keep a signal flowing as he listens to:

SIMON/RADIO

"That's exactly what I mean."

KEN/RADIO

*"And this guy, the guy in Moscow, this
is one of theirs?"*

SIMON/RADIO

*"I think he was. I think he split and
they went after him."**(continuing, as--)*INT. LONDON PUB/BACKROOM -- DAY

KEN

You can prove this?

SIMON

I'm going for more than that.

Beat. As that sinks in.

KEN

Lemme see what I can pull together
for you.

SIMON

You can't call me. I'll have to get
in touch with you.

KEN

I'm here till Friday.

SIMON

I'll find you.
 (gathering his stuff)
 Look, I'm heading out the front.
 I know it's a bit dramatic, but you
 want to be taking the back door.
 It's just past the pisser. Gimme a
 sixty-second head start.
 (he's leaving)
 Be careful, Ken. I'm serious.

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE scrambling his BINOCULARS. Glancing at his watch,
 as he shifts to the edge of the roof and --

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

SIMON coming out the front door. It's just pouring now.
 He's got no umbrella. And zero patience. Hesitating to
 ponder the options and --

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE with THE BINOCULARS watching SIMON. Turning now --
 BINOCULAR POV

THE REAR OF THE PUB. There's KEN slipping out the back.
 Visible for a moment, before his umbrella comes up and he
 disappears down the side street.

BINOCULAR POV

SIMON ON THE CORNER. Still tucked under the Pub awning.
 Trapped there, scanning through the downpour for a cab.

BINOCULAR POV

FAR UP THE STREET. There's A TAXI just now pulling out of a
 parking space. Lights coming on as it starts toward the pub
 on the corner and --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

SIMON frantic for a cab, spotting the one Bourne just saw
 pulling out -- waving like mad to hail it and -- miracle --
 THE TAXI is going to stop across the street and wait as --

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE suddenly in motion -- something's on down there he doesn't like -- quitting the poncho -- out into the wet -- splashing across the roof, rushing to find a better angle on the street below and --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

SIMON stuck for the moment, his taxi's across the street, but the light's changed so he's waiting for traffic to pass before he leaves the shelter of the awning and --

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE getting soaked -- shielding his eyes from the rain -- something's wrong down there --

BOURNE

No...

(turning back, just as--)

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

SIMON makes his move -- jogging out into the rain to cross the street -- jumping the puddles when --

WEAM!

A PANEL TRUCK -- out of nowhere -- coming the wrong way -- nailing him! -- no brakes -- no warning -- SIMON'S BODY SENT FLYING -- landing hard on the hood of a parked car and --

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE staring down. Just rocked. But there's no time to think, he's got to scramble the binoculars, because --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

THE TAXI already pulling away and --

INT. MOVING LONDON TAXI - DAY/RAIN

PAUL HENWAY at the wheel. SAS to DELTA to God knows what. Pretending to be a cabdriver. Pretending he's got no idea what just happened. Pretending the earpiece is just a

cellphone. Pretending he's got a fare waiting for him up the road. All of this, as --

RADIO CHATTER (V.O.)

(rising in the background)

"-- Eastbound clear -- you're green --"

"-- let's go -- let's clear --"

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE running across the roof, he's missed the taxi, but he still might get a look at the panel truck before it gets away, except, *shit* --

DOWN BELOW

THE PANEL TRUCK just disappearing around the corner and --

INT. MOVING PANEL TRUCK -- DAY/RAIN

PAZ at the wheel. Alone. Serene. He wears a delivery jumpsuit. Effortlessly removing his cap and glasses as he drives. PAZ is mid-twenties. Unassuming. Almost sweet. Dark eyes and hair. He could be Spanish, Greek, Persian, Kurdish, or Palestinian. He too, wears an earpiece --

RADIO CHATTER (V.O.)

"-- looking good, Westbound One --"

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

SIMON'S LIFELESS BODY splayed across the shattered, rain-soaked windshield of a parked car. PASSERSBY just starting to take notice; the few people that might've seen anything so buried under rain and umbrellas that they're only realizing now what's happened.

THE CAMERA FINDS

SIMON'S LEATHER SATCHEL laying in the street. For a moment anyway, because here comes A WOMAN to retrieve it --

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE looking down -- trying to -- everything's so wet -- fumbling with the binoculars and --

BINOCULAR POV

THE WOMAN, shielded by an umbrella, kneeling by THE SATCHEL.

Picking it up, except she's not, she's doing something else -- SHE'S GOT ANOTHER SATCHEL -- she's just swapped bags! She's taking Simon's satchel and leaving the replica behind. Standing now, and as she does, we see her face --

IT'S NICKY!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE PUB -- DAY/RAIN

NICKY walking away with Simon's satchel in her shopping bag. Heading off into the rain as the crowd of rubberneckers and Samaritans begins to grow behind her and --

RADIO CHATTER (V.O.)

" -- *Eastbound clear, next right* -- "
 " -- *he'll be on the corner* -- "
 " -- *hold to evac one* -- "

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE dropping down out of sight. Sitting there in the drenching rain, completely stunned. *They killed this guy.*

And Nicky?

Here? Now?

Did that just happen?

The SOUND OF A SIREN rising in the distance snaps him out of it. He's got to get out of here. Checking his watch. Already moving, as we HARD CUT TO --

INT. LONDON CLEAN ROOM -- DAY

SIMON'S LEATHER POUCH DUMPED OUT ACROSS A METAL LAB TABLE. Just this huge pile of papers and notebooks and coins and stale candies and receipts and headphones and cigarettes and crumpled wrappers with shit written on them and just the whole chaotic mess spread out before us. GLOVED HANDS -- two pair -- working fast to separate the stuff -- group it -- organize it. THE "WANTED" FLYERS -- Bourne and Marie's faces -- staring up at us through the debris --

WIDER TO FIND

The hands belong to HENWAY and a guy we've not met: GAULT. ANDRE GAULT is forty. Black. Deeply ingrained military bearing. He's in charge. These two guys working as fast and efficiently as they can, and that's saying something --

GAULT

-- spread -- spread that out --

HENWAY

-- Christ, look at this --

GAULT

-- where's his wallet? -- tell me
 there's a wallet in here --
 (over his shoulder)
 -- you got the uplink yet? --

WE'RE IN

SOME LONDON OFFICE. Sterile. Locked down. Lean and mean.
 NICKY with a very handy collection of MOBILE TECH GEAR --
 LAPTOPS -- SCANNERS -- COMM STATION -- DIGI-CAM --

NICKY

-- they're cleaning the line --

GAULT

-- can we start scanning? --

HENWAY

-- hang on -- wallet -- got it --

THE SOUND OF SCRAMBLERS CHIRPING and RADIO TECH CHATTER just
 getting louder, as we cut to --

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

Office towers gleaming and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

No windows. Lots of gear. Lots of screens. Half-a-dozen
 consoles, but right now there's only THREE TECHNICIANS in
 the room. DATA STREAMING and FINGERS FLYING OVER KEYBOARDS
 as the RADIO CHATTER and SIGNAL NOISE coalesce into something
 vaguely comprehensible --

TECH #1

-- how many phones? --

TECH #2

-- receipts with a date,
 let's do those first --

NICKY/RADIO

-- we've got two --

GAULT/RADIO

-- movie stubs -- cabs --

TECH #1

-- you have two cradles? --

HENWAY/RADIO

-- here's a take-out menu --

WIDER TO FIND

NOAH VOSEN pacing at the back. Annapolis ring, Class of '69. Navy to NRO to Rand to DARPA. Taut and driven, but far more imaginative than he looks. Good leader. Dangerous enemy.

VOSEN

Where's my map, Ron?

RON MURRA already on it. Thirty. Vosen's eager #2.

MURRA

Coming up...

(tapping a console and--)

A PANEL SCREEN at the front of the room suddenly lights up with A LARGE, HIGHLY-DETAILED MAP OF LONDON and --

INT. LONDON TUBE STATION -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE, soaking wet, rushing down the escalator and --

INT. LONDON CLEAN ROOM -- DAY

HENWAY and GAULT quickly sorting Simon's crap. NICKY with A HARD-WIRED DIGITAL CAMERA/SCANNER. The boys are finding the stuff and she's transmitting images back to New York. And why? *They don't know where Simon's been hiding out. They're using the contents of his satchel to try and reverse engineer the location of his safehouse.*

HENWAY

-- got another laundry ticket --

MURRA'S VOICE

(speakerphone)

-- keys -- what about keys? --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN watching THAT MAP OF LONDON. LED LIGHTS coming on every few seconds. The contents of Simon's bag quickly revealing a geographic pattern as --

NICKY'S VOICE

-- yeah, we've got a lot of keys --

MURRA

-- anything with a label? --

GAULT'S VOICE

-- heads up -- I've got a laundry
ticket from yesterday --

INT. LONDON TUBE -- DAY

BOURNE dripping wet on a crowded train and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

More lights on the map. Still at it --

NICKY'S VOICE

-- 85 Pendry Street -- P as in Papa --

MURRA

(to Vosen)

-- that's four hits in a five block
radius --

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE on foot, turning a corner into a narrow MEWS LANE.
Cars parked tight against the carriage houses. The rain
has slowed, but the streets are still quiet.

INT. LONDON CLEAN ROOM -- DAY

GAULT rifling one of Simon's notebooks. HENWAY holding
something so that NICKY can take a picture --

NICKY

-- is closer better? --

TECH #2

-- no -- that's good -- got it --

Something just fell out of Simon's notebook --

GAULT

(excited suddenly)

-- hey -- hey, hang on -- I've got a
gas bill here --

EXT. LONDON MEWS/ALLEY -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE hopping a fence. Into the alley. Quick and careful
as he passes a row of old garages --

HEADING TOWARD

AN OLD CARRIAGE HOUSE. BOURNE with tools ready before he gets to the door. Nine seconds to pick open the lock. But he's not going in...he's pulling a knife and --

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

THE DOOR OPENS. BOURNE already inside before THE ALARM STARTS BLARING -- five...four...three...two...silence. He's cut the system wire. Waiting. Listening...

NARROW STAIRS to darkness above. Nowhere to go but up. So he's climbing. Careful and quiet --

UP TO

ANOTHER DOOR. This one padlocked. BOURNE checking it out. Pulling his tool, as we cut to --

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

THE DOOR OPENS. BOURNE steps in, closing it quick behind him. He finds A TABLE LAMP and...

WE'RE IN

AN ATTIC STUDIO. One large room. Old and funky. Cot in the corner. Tub beside the stove. Two closets. A plywood trestle table. An old desk and --

CLUTTER

Welcome to the environmental equivalent of Simon's satchel. Papers and stacks of papers and takeout boxes and newspapers and magazines and stacks of books amidst dirty laundry and --

BOURNE not seeing any of it yet, because --

HIS POV

THE WALL ABOVE THE DESK. A hundred things pinned up here. But there at the center of it all, in Simon's manic scrawl:

WHO IS JASON BOURNE?

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON -- DAY/RAIN

A BLACK CAR moving briskly through traffic and --

INT. THE MOVING BLACK CAR -- DAY/RAIN

HENWAY at the wheel. GAULT with the map.

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE transfixed, staring at that wall of stuff over Simon's desk. All his crazy research...

BOURNE'S POV

QUICK CUTS. Fragments. Pictures. Clippings. Too much to process all at once. WORDS -- IMAGES -- NAMES jumping out: PARIS. LANDY. ABBOTT. BERLIN. NESKI. MOSCOW. DARPA. CONKLIN. TREADSTONE. C.I.A. Holy shit, there's A PICTURE OF NICKY. Her Sorbonne ID photo, blown up in Xerox black and white...

BOURNE standing there. Clothes dripping. Head swimming.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY/RAIN

THE BLACK CAR turning down THE MEWS LANE and --

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

BOURNE looking around. He needs a bag. Something dry. Something he can put this stuff in. Digging around under the desk, when some PAPERS FALL and --

BOURNE freezes.

MARIE'S FACE staring up from the floor. Some school photo. Big smile. So young.

BOURNE kneeling down. But then stopping. Almost afraid to touch it. Overwhelmed. Just swamped with emotions...

And then, A SOUND...

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE -- DAY

HENWAY AND GAULT are downstairs. Already through the front door, starting up the steps and --

HENWAY

(as they climb)

Simon? Hello? Anybody home?

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

THE DOOR pops open and --

HENWAY

...hello?...Simon?...

(stepping in and--)

We're good.

GAULT right behind him with A CELLPHONE/RADIO to his ear as HENWAY finds the lights and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN and the rest of them waiting as --

GAULT/RADIO

We're in.

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

GAULT AND HENWAY taking it all in. Trying to.

GAULT

(all the stuff)

Sweet Jesus...

HENWAY

Told you he'd been a busy boy.

INT. SAFEHOUSE CLOSET -- DAY

BOURNE in the dark, listening at the door...

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN pacing impatiently around the speakerphone --

VOSEN

What's the damage?

GAULT'S VOICE

There's a lot of material here...

(beat)

Damn.

VOSEN

What?

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

GAULT looking at the wall above Simon's desk --

GAULT

He's got a picture of Nicky up here.
(turning now, because--)

HENWAY just tapped him on the shoulder -- signalling for silence -- pointing down at something on the floor...

A PUDDLE. Bourne's wet footprints. They're fresh and there's a trail as --

VOSEN'S VOICE

Are you kidding? Tell me you're kidding...

GAULT

(like nothing's wrong)
I wish I was.

INT. SAFEHOUSE CLOSET -- DAY

BOURNE straining to hear through the door and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN

(stressing now)
Well, what do you think? How long to get everything out of there?

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

HENWAY pulling A SILENCED PISTOL as he follows the footprint trail --

GAULT

Everything? I don't know, that could take a while...

(directing Henway toward the closet--)

We're gonna need boxes and a van...

(backing up for Henway to take a good firing position--)

Might want to just lock it down and come back later with a team...

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN can't believe what he's hearing --

VOSEN

Come back later? There is no later!
We've gotta get that place sterilized
in the next half hour, or there's--
(stopping because--)

ALL AROUND THE ROOM

SCREENS JUST CAME ALIVE -- all with the same stark image --
it's a bit dark and grainy, but it's clearly a picture of
HENWAY POINTING A GUN TOWARD THAT CLOSET, as we cut to --

INT. SIMON'S SAFEHOUSE -- DAY/RAIN

GAULT pointing HIS PHONE -- THE CAMERA END -- at HENWAY who's
standing there ready for anything --

GAULT

(just decoy bullshit now)
I'm just saying, if we go get the van
right now, we could be back here in
like fifteen, twenty minutes.

HENWAY glances back for confirmation. GAULT nods, and...

PHEET! PHEET! PHEET! PHEET! PHEET! PHEET!

Six shots through the closet door.

And something inside drops.

And then nothing.

GAULT

(pulling his pistol)
Do it...

HENWAY crouching...leaning in...hand on the knob, and --

THE CLOSET DOOR FLYING OPEN!

Nothing.

An old vacuum cleaner. Some coats. And...

BOURNE'S WET BOOTS.

Which is the last thing they'll remember, because...

THE OTHER CLOSET DOOR -- the one across the room -- it's already in motion -- catching GAULT hard in the back and --

BOURNE -- coming out fast -- full stop and --

HENWAY -- turning -- too late because --

BOURNE -- his bare foot -- kick-launching THAT PLYWOOD TABLETOP -- sending it slicing through the room and --

HENWAY -- nailed! -- crushed -- rib high and --

GAULT -- rolling away -- trying to, but --

BOURNE -- flooding in -- too fast -- all over him -- kick! -- kick! -- roundhouse! -- wanting to follow-up, but --

HENWAY -- behind him -- bent -- hurt -- but still armed -- searching for a clear target and --

BOURNE -- turning away -- not to hide -- there's A CHAIR -- one fluid move and it's flying! --

HENWAY -- too slow -- SCREAMING AS HIS GUN HAND IS SHATTERED BY THE CHAIR and --

GAULT -- dizzy -- one-eye blind -- two hands on HIS GUN -- stumbling to his feet and --

BOURNE -- a machine -- charging -- going low -- up into HENWAY'S BODY -- lifting him -- driving him -- off his feet -- sending him sprawling back toward THE BATHTUB and --

HENWAY -- HIS GUN -- as he hits the wall -- PHEET! -- PHEET! -- PHEET! -- PHEET! -- spraying bullets around the room and --

Then it stops.

BOURNE standing there. Ready for anything.

But it's over.

HENWAY motionless in the tub. Neck at an angle that's not meant to be.

GAULT on the floor by Simon's desk. Killed by Henway's friendly fire. Blood pooling beneath him.

BOURNE looking down. GAULT'S CELLPHONE at his feet; the one with the camera. Picking it up. Switching it off.

Checking his watch, as we cut to --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE'S FACE on those screens around the room. That final image driving the silence that's overtaken this room.

VOSEN

It's him, isn't it? It's Bourne.

INT. LONDON HOTEL SUITE/SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

PHONE RINGING as the door opens and KEN comes rushing in -- switching on the light -- tossing a Harrod's shopping bag on a chair as he scrambles for THE PHONE and --

KEN

Hello?

(just as we cut to--)

THE HOTEL SUITE BATHROOM

PAZ in the dark with a cell phone --

PAZ

(perfect English)

Mr. Castle?

KEN/PHONE

Yes. Who's this? Hello?

PAZ hanging up. Pocketing his phone. As we return to --

THE SITTING ROOM

KEN where we left him. But sort of frozen. Like in a bad way. Like something's wrong and getting worse. Dropping the phone. Looking up and --

KEN

...what are you...can't...my...
 (clutching his chest,
 as he falls and--)

There's PAZ across the room. Just waiting. Just pulling
 A PAIR OF GLOVES and BIO-HAZARD BAG from his pocket as --

KEN rolls on the floor -- gasping -- swamped --

PAZ pulling on the gloves. Carefully retrieving the fallen
 phone. Unplugging THE POISON HANDSET and placing it into the
 bio-hazard bag as --

KEN'S BODY spasms -- veins bulging -- eyes swimming --

PAZ calmly stepping by him. Pulling A REPLACEMENT HANDSET
 from his coat. Plugging it in. Setting the phone back to
 it's original position on the table as --

KEN stops moving.

PAZ checking his watch, as we cut to --

EXT. THE PENTAGON -- DAY

Establishing shot, as --

VOSEN (V.O.)

We've been watching you. People in
 this building that really matter have
 been paying attention and they like
 what they see...

(continuing, as--)

INT. PENTAGON EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM -- DAY

Full for lunch. Big brass and white linen. A busy sea of
 uniforms-and suits. PAM LANDY and VOSEN alone at a corner
 table. He's pitching. She's not sure why.

VOSEN

...drive, patriotism, intelligence,
 discretion -- there's a lot of people
 out there with one or two of those
 qualities, but very few who put it all
 together. We look at you that's what
 we see. Total package. Then we look
 at The Agency -- their plans for you --
 it just doesn't scan.

(then, out of nowhere--)

(MORE)

VOSEN (cont'd)

You think if you'd brought in Jason Bourne it might've been different?

LANDY

Excuse me?

VOSEN

Taking him down. If you'd been able to close the case. You think that's the problem?

She's quit her chicken salad. Fork down. Tight now.

LANDY

I don't know what you're talking about.

VOSEN

We took great interest in Treadstone.

LANDY

I can't talk about Treadstone.

VOSEN

We thought you handled yourself brilliantly under very difficult circumstances. We thought you'd come home and be rewarded. We thought they'd have a parade for you. Not exactly what's happening, is it?

LANDY

What is this, Noah?

VOSEN

Let's say, hypothetically, I wanted to discuss a project with you. Let's say this project offered a tremendous variety of resources and opportunity. The potential complication being that the project sits at, let's say, *the frontier of operational deniability.*
(pressing but smooth)

Is that something we might talk about?

LANDY

(incredulous)

Is this a job interview?

VOSEN

Look, I know your story, Pam. I know you've worked wet. I know you've played the fringes. I know you're a warrior. What I don't know is how much more the country can ask from you.

LANDY

You're speaking for the country now?

VOSEN

I'm telling you this would be a deeper shade of black than you might've seen before.

LANDY

(almost mocking)

Yes, Noah, I'm a very big girl with a very strong stomach. I've also got nineteen years at C.I.A. and if you think I'm tossing that away to come party at the Pentagon, you're crazy.

(flat out)

I have a job.

VOSEN

Right now a job is all you have. You've been passed over for promotion twice in three months. I know you've put in for the OPSEC Director's desk.

(gently)

You're not getting it.

LANDY

You don't know that. You can't.

VOSEN

And yet I do.

(he's hit a nerve)

You're stalled, Pam. You're maxed out and you know it. You're working in a nervous shop and you've got Treadstone on your resume. It doesn't matter that you only came in to put out the fire; you touched the flame and now you're radioactive. Is it fair? No, but then what is?

(as warm as he gets)

We'd like to take you in a different direction. There's not a whole lot we're afraid of over here.

LANDY

Which explains why you're doing more sweating than eating.

(that shut him up)

I'm not the only one with a problem here, Noah. Why don't you take a deep breath and tell me what we're really talking about?

INT./EXT. FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

MOTION -- like that -- flat-out -- it's us -- we're running -- we are Jason Bourne and we're running through A HALLWAY -- but where? -- when? -- it's dark -- too fast -- doors -- doors to either side -- but closed -- locked! -- no good -- keep going -- there, there's one that's open --

INTO

AN EMPTY ROOM -- weird -- sterile -- like a classroom -- like a clinic -- where now? -- there, A WINDOW -- shit, it's locked! -- no, it's just stuck -- it opens! -- to STEAM! -- steam like a wall -- steam so thick there's no way to see what's out there -- but we're not waiting -- no hesitation -- scrambling blind, out --

ONTO

A WINDOW LEDGE -- but we're not outside -- the rising steam -- the sound of a motor below -- we're in some sort of AIRSHAFT -- where now? -- up? -- down? -- we can't see! -- we're holding on -- but, shit, THE WINDOW FRAME, it's rusted out -- it's failing! -- can't hold us -- we're scrambling -- off-balance -- find something else! -- can't! -- we're falling! -- down into the steam, as we CUT SUDDENLY TO --

INT. EUROSTAR/CHUNNEL TRAIN CAR -- NIGHT

BOURNE'S EYES FLYING OPEN! -- panicked -- spiked! -- under siege -- ready to strike -- catching himself -- grabbing instinctively for HIS DUFFEL BAG -- it's there beside him. Out the window, WATERLOO STATION just starting to drift as the train lurches into motion and --

CONDUCTOR (OS)

You all right then?

BOURNE -- still amped -- turns quickly. A CONDUCTOR in the aisle. Sweet guy. Patient smile. Punching his ticket.

CONDUCTOR

Paris one-way?

BOURNE

(still not quite there)
Yes, sir. Yes. Yeah.

THE CONDUCTOR heads down the car. The rest of the cabin practically empty. BOURNE pulling pills from his pocket. Rushing them down, as the train picks up speed and --

INT. PENTAGON DINING ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN and LANDY as they were --

VOSEN

You had a pretty good look at Jason Bourne. Quite a remarkable collection of skills, wouldn't you say?

(no shit)

If you could create a weapon like Jason Bourne would you stop at one? Would you stop at Treadstone?

(moment)

Has anyone in history ever made an effective weapon that they didn't try to improve on?

LANDY

What's so *effective* about Jason Bourne?

VOSEN

He survived.

LANDY

We don't even know that.

VOSEN

Unfortunately we do.

(jumping off the cliff)

We heard about a reporter in London who'd been sniffing around Treadstone. We were literally *just* about to put him under surveillance, we got word this morning he'd been killed in a hit and run accident. We had two D.I.A. Officers in place, we rushed them over to this guy's flat to make sure there wasn't anything damaging laying around. Bourne was waiting for them. Killed them both.

LANDY

You're sure it's him?

(Vosen nods)

You're thinking Bourne killed the reporter?

VOSEN

I'm leaning that way.

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE with a quadrant of seats and a table to himself.
 He's got A DUFFEL BAG FULL OF STUFF FROM SIMON'S HIDEAWAY.
 Just starting to pull things out, as we return to --

INT. PENTAGON EXECUTIVE DINING ROOM -- DAY

As they were --

VOSEN

I have a Cabinet level authorization
 on my desk permitting you to start
 work immediately as a full DOD OPSEC
 Program Coordinator.

LANDY

Immediately meaning what?

VOSEN

Meaning like how fast can you finish
 your coffee?

(all in now)

I have a very high-value program that
 was never designed to play defense.
 We just got tipped on our ass. I've
 got no time and no margin of error.
 I need help now. I need a cop.
 I need someone who can blaze a trail.
 You've got the clearance. You know
 the players. You know what you're up
 against. I take your brain and plug
 it into my resources and I think we've
 got a very good shot at closing this
 thing once and for all.

(pause)

Bringing this to a close would be
 good for all of us.

Silence. He's waiting.

LANDY

I don't come over for less than a
 Director's desk. I want a guarantee,
in writing, that win, lose, or draw,
 my Pension kicks out at a full GS-15
 twenty-year rate.

VOSEN

Is that it?

LANDY

I was gonna ask you to promise that this time we wouldn't quit until it's over, but I don't have to do that, do I?

VOSEN

No. We stop when he's dead.

EXT. LONDON/TRAIN LINES -- NIGHT

THE EUROSTAR picking up speed as it leaves the city.

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE spreading out SIMON STUFF. QUICK LOOKS -- photos -- notes -- transcripts. Words jumping out: "TREADSTONE" -- "DARPA?" -- "MIND CONTROL" -- "CIA?" As we hear:

VOSEN (V.O.)

Human behavior has always been the limiting factor in intelligence operations. Not morality. Not will. Certainly not imagination. It's the chaos of human behavior that'll screw you every time. How do you steer a strong mind toward an irrational objective? How do you make someone immune to torture? How do you get them to talk. Or kill? Or worse...

EXT. PENTAGON HELIPAD -- DAY

A NAVY JET HELICOPTER prepped for take off. LANDY following VOSEN toward the cabin door as --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...So you work with what you've got. For a couple dozen centuries that meant hashish, hypnosis, some quasi-religious, group mind architecture. Most of it bullshit. All of it more legendary than useful...

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE'S HANDS flipping through papers. OLD FILES with the headings: "ARTICHOKE" -- "MKULTRA" -- "BLUEBIRD" -- "HILLTOP" -- "CHICKWIT" -- "MKSEARCH" -- "MKOFTEN" --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...Then the Cold War started and everything went underground. All new rules. No rules. And suddenly the science started looking like it might be worth something. Before anybody knew what the hell they were doing, the medicine cabinets were flying open and any asshole with a diploma and access to warm bodies was getting funded to play with people's heads....

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE -- MAGIC HOUR

VOSEN'S NAVY CHOPPER angling in over the city --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...by 1955, C.I.A. had ten different independent LSD programs running. Everything was on the table; drugs, electro-shock, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, surgical implants...

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE flipping through paper-clipped files: "LANGELY" -- "TREADSTONE" -- "PARIS" -- "BERLIN," as --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...twenty years later, the tide was out. Ninety percent of what had gone on was useless and embarrassing. What was left were a few serious patriots who knew the more they succeeded, the less anybody would know about what they'd done...

EXT. MANHATTAN MIDTOWN STREETS -- SUNSET

A LIMOUSINE heading crosstown --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...so the work went on. But smaller. It was focussed and disciplined and it started paying off. In the mid-80's there was a major breakthrough in the science...

INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE -- SUNSET (CONT)

LANDY and VOSEN alone in back. Security window up tight.

VOSEN

...until then, it had always been assumed that if you needed killers, the optimal candidates for behavior modification were sociopaths. It just made sense. If you could start with a guilt-free, aggressive, anti-social subject, you were halfway there...

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE with a "MOSCOW" file. Clippings from Russian papers -- articles about the shootout -- the car chase --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...trouble was, the very things that made them so attractive up front were time-bombs when you put them in the field. They were reckless. Impulsive. Selfish. They couldn't mix -- you couldn't hide them...

BOURNE digging deeper -- startled, as A PICTURE OF MARIE falls out before him --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...It turned out that the key was go in the opposite direction. Forget the loner. Forget the sadist. What you wanted were empaths...

BOURNE stalled out. Staring down at her face.

VOSEN (V.O.)

...what you needed were compassionate subjects who were desperate for connection. What you wanted to do was take that depth of feeling and shape it into something functional. Bond them to the work. Mission Empathy, if you will. What you needed were subjects that had that capacity, but had yet to find a voice to fill their lives...

INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE -- SUNSET

LANDY just listening. VOSEN almost wistful now --

VOSEN

...Treadstone platformed in 1989.
We ran it Beta for a year or two.
1996 we put Conklin on as a front man
and set it up at the C.I.A.. It was
basically a turn-key operation...

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS -- CONKLIN IN UNIFORM GETTING A MEDAL -- YOUNG
ABBOTT IN SAIGON -- CONKLIN AT A PODIUM --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...Ward Abbott was happy to pay the
bills and not ask questions. We kept
to the background. Conklin kept us
up-to-date on the data and we started
working on an upgrade...

And then BOURNE stops. NICKY'S PICTURE -- that Sorbonne
student ID card, blown-up in photocopy black-and-white.
Simon's fresh handwriting below that. One word:

TANGIER?EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE TOWER -- SUNSET

THE LIMOUSINE disappearing into the underground garage --

VOSEN (V.O.)

...Treadstone ran six years without a
hitch. Until the day Bourne walked off
the table, it was the perfect unit...

INT. THE MOVING LIMOUSINE -- SUNSET (CONT)

VOSEN just finishing as the limo eases down the ramp --

VOSEN

...once it started coming apart, there -
was nothing we could do but stand on
the sidelines and watch. Stepping in
meant risking all the work we'd done
to that point.

LANDY

You thought Conklin would get him.

VOSEN

And then we were counting on you.
(as the limo stops--)

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- SUNSET (CONT)

MURRA at attention, as the car door opens.

VOSEN

Pam Landy, Ron Murra...

MURRA

Welcome aboard.
(a firm handshake, as--)

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE checking his watch. It's later than he thought. He glances out the window, the train still speeding through the Chunnel, but not for long. There's something yet to do. Digging deep into THE DUFFEL BAG now. Coming out with...

A ZIPLOC BAG. Nothing musty in here; this is the stuff he pulled off Henway and Gault. TWO WALLETS...TWO PASSPORTS... SOME KEYS...AND TWO MOBILE PHONES WRAPPED IN ALUMINUM FOIL.

BOURNE'S HANDS working fast -- he wants to do this while the train is still in the tunnel -- PEELING THE FOIL FROM THE FIRST PHONE -- popping open the case -- REMOVING THE MEMORY CARD and then rushing to re-wrap the foil shield. Reaching for THE SECOND PHONE, when he hesitates, because...

It's slick with blood. Still wet. Fuck.

INT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

As the doors close. LANDY, VOSEN and --

MURRA

(briefing on the fly)
-- we've got a full, A-TOP Grid Team upstairs. We've got a REK-line that's ghosting Scotland Yard and Interpol, and we're prepped to go wider if the need arises.

LANDY
Why are we ghosting?

VOSEN
We can't call for help. Not this time. We can't risk it. Everything's got to be under the radar.

LANDY
And when we find him?

MURRA
You mean tactically? On the ground? That's where we're strong.

LANDY
I need a profile. Everything I know about Bourne starts with Treadstone. Where the hell did he come from?

MURRA
He was a volunteer.

LANDY
Special Forces? Delta? What?

MURRA
Yes. All of that.

LANDY
How about family? Background?

MURRA
We don't have that.

LANDY
If you don't, who does?

MURRA hesitates.

VOSEN
Let's do this. Let's say if that information becomes crucial, we'll make a best effort to find it.
(before she can object)
For everyone's benefit.

As the DOORS OPEN and WE HARD CUT TO --

EXT. CHUNNEL/TRAIN TRACKS -- NIGHT

THE EUROSTAR rocketing out into the French night air and --

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

BOURNE looking amped about something he's just found in GAULT'S WALLET -- A BUSINESS CARD:

CANADA/MAROC ARTS COUNCIL
117 RUE TANDOUF
TANGIER, MOROCCO

BOURNE digging back in the papers. Where's the Nicky stuff? There it is, and yes, there's the word "TANGIER?" written in Simon's scrawl below her Sorbonne photo.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE SUITE -- NIGHT

Ordinary to the extreme. A sign on the door:

ULTI-GRAPH
data recovery systems

TWO D.I.A. SECURITY GUARDS rushing to their feet as MURRA leads LANDY and VOSEN through THE RECEPTION AREA and --

INTO

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC GRID ROOM -- NIGHT

TWO NEW TECHS plus the three we met before. All watching MURRA lead VOSEN and LANDY into the room.

MURRA

This is Pamela Landy. She's gonna be quarterbacking our search effort. I think what we oughta do, just to get started, let's go around the room, say who you are and what your spec is.

LANDY stepping in before this gets going --

LANDY

Let's do names later.
(she's got the floor)
What's Bourne's last fixed position?
(impatient)
Anybody.

TECH #3

London. Twelve hundred Zulu.

LANDY

Status? Wounded? Armed?

TECH #2

Alive. Mobile. Unknown.

LANDY

(checking equipment)

Where are your grids coming from?

TECH #1

NSA Tactical.

LANDY

You have an Echelon package?

TECH #1

Yes.

LANDY

Why isn't it on?

TECH #1

We were waiting.

LANDY

For what?

(no takers)

You're thirteen hours behind the toughest target you've ever tracked. I want everyone to sit down, strap in, and turn on all the assets at their console.

(beat)

That would mean now.

That lights it. They're moving. LANDY turning back to --

VOSEN

Thank you.

She nods. Putting down her bag. Just starting to figure out where she's gonna nest, when behind her --

MURRA

Dave? Let's go, man...

TECH #3 (DAVE)

Hang on.

(but he's not moving--)

MURRA

What're you doing?

TECH #3

I'm trying to figure out why this GPS
locator just went green.

(to the room)

TK9-117. What is it?

TECH #5 scrambling his screen. LANDY coming closer.

TECH #5

TK9 is Gault. It's his passport.

LANDY

His passport was wired?

TECH #2

If it's a new one.

TECH #1

(over his shoulder)

It is. All our Coverts have GPS now.

TECH #5

(keyboarding like mad)

Wherever it is, it's moving really
fast...

LANDY watching the map start to focus.

LANDY

He doesn't know.

VOSEN

What?

LANDY

Bourne doesn't know.

(a hunter's smile)

He doesn't know the passport's tagged.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

THE EUROSTAR blurring past and --

INT. EUROSTAR CABIN -- NIGHT

GAULT'S PASSPORT -- BOURNE flipping pages -- lots of travel --
lots of stamps -- but wait, here's the page he's looking for:

tangier... tangier... tangier...

Three, four...six trips in the last two months. Bingo.

MUSIC AND GRAPHICS UP, as we cut to...

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

A small, cold room. A MOBILE PHONE PULSING AWAY on the nightstand.

LONDON

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL BATHROOM -- NIGHT

PAZ just taking the last of his pills. Half-a-dozen blank prescription bottles lined up over the sink. Turning off the water. Hearing the phone. Already into EVAC procedure, as we cut to --

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET -- NIGHT

One cafe still open. ARAB MEN lingering over tea and smoke. A MUEZZIN calling midnight prayer from a storefront Mosque down the block. And no, we're not in Damascus --

AMSTERDAM

THE CAMERA FINDS

DESH at a table by himself. He's 25. He's wearing biker boots, old jeans, and a Reggae t-shirt. But he's reading an Arabic magazine. At least he was until his MOBILE PHONE STARTED PULSING, and we cut to --

EXT. PERIPHERIQUE -- NIGHT

A PERFORMANCE MERCEDES screaming past slower cars --

PARIS

INT. SPEEDING MERCEDES -- NIGHT

ARNAUD at the wheel. Late-twenties. He fits the car. Clean. Tan. Slick. Arms like ropes. Downshifting hard, angling to make the next exit, as we cut to --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

THE EUROSTAR pulling into the station and --

EXT. STREET NEAR GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

THE MERCEDES SKIDDING TO A STOP in an empty loading zone.
 ARNAUD already out -- jogging for the station -- adjusting
 his WIRELESS EARPIECE/HEADSET as he goes and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

They're on it -- they've got a map of the terminal and a
 moving signal -- guiding ARNAUD toward the target --

MURRA
 (at the dispatch console)
 -- 800 meters East, Northeast --

LANDY cornering VOSEN for a moment --

LANDY
 One guy?

VOSEN
 We'll be fine.

LANDY
 Against Bourne?

VOSEN
 He's one of ours. Like Bourne.
 But new.

LANDY
 The upgrade.

VOSEN
 One of three.

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

BOURNE stepping off the Eurostar. Sticking with the crowd.
 Staying small as he heads toward the terminal and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

MURRA
 (tracking that signal)
 -- platform twenty? -- twenty-two? --
 he's gotta be on foot -- four hundred
 meters --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

Quiet this late. BOURNE head down. Trying to avoid the cameras and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD inside the station -- moving briskly, as --

MURRA/RADIO

(in his ear)

-- target shift -- West, Southwest --
two-hundred meters --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

A GROUP OF FRENCH HIGH-SCHOOL KIDS -- fifty of them, plus CHAPERONES and luggage -- a loud, chaotic herd of adolescent energy moving through the terminal. No one noticing that...

BOURNE just slipped into their pack.

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

Dots on the map getting closer, as --

MURRA

-- hundred meters -- due West --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD coming fast through a corridor of shops closed for the night and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

BOURNE SURROUNDED BY FRENCH STUDENTS -- wishing they were moving faster and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD turning a corner now as --

MURRA'S VOICE

-- sixty, sixty-five meters --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

BOURNE stalled -- THE HIGH SCHOOL GROUP is stopping --
confusion about which way to go -- CHAPERONES -- KIDS --
everyone talking at once and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD coming fast toward the platform area -- hand in his
coat, checking his weapon and --

MURRA'S VOICE

-- target is stationary -- East, due
East -- forty meters --

But he can't -- there's a wall! -- he's got to go around --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

BOURNE -- THE FRENCH KIDS -- they're moving! -- they know
where they're going now and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD jogging up a stairway -- A CROWDED PLATFORM ABOVE --

MURRA'S VOICE

-- fifty meters -- straight ahead --

PASSENGERS -- a couple hundred people -- waiting for doors
to open on A DELAYED TRAIN -- ARNAUD working his way through
the scrum and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

It's almost over --

MURRA

-- hold -- he's coming toward you --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

ARNAUD in mission mode -- calm -- switched-on -- perimeters
-- evac route -- weapon check -- so ready and --

ARNAUD'S POV

PEOPLE IN MOTION -- some coming toward him -- some going away -- but no Jason Bourne -- no target and --

MURRA'S VOICE

-- he's there -- he's behind you! --

ARNAUD turning, as we cut to --

EXT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE. THE FRENCH STUDENTS all piling onto A TOUR BUS and --

INT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

A JANITOR watching ARNAUD pull A SOGGY BALL OF NEWSPAPER AND PLASTIC from the bottom of his mobile trash bin and --

CLOSE-UP

ARNAUD unwrapping this onion of crap, to find at its center: A ZIPLOC BAG. TWO PASSPORTS. TWO EMPTY WALLETS. TWO FOIL-WRAPPED CELLPHONES.

EXT. GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

BOURNE on the street. Walking away from the station --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

Stunned silence. To be that close. Everybody on their ass for a moment. Everybody, except --

LANDY .

Okay, new clock. We're five minutes behind.

(in no mood)

We need the name of every passenger on that train. We need video from Waterloo Station. We need to start tuning up every data-base we can access in Paris.

(to Murra)

Split it up. Let's go.

EXT. PONT NEUF -- NIGHT

BOURNE crossing the bridge on foot. Pausing midway for a moment. Thinking back.

Thinking ahead...

INT. LONDON CLEAN ROOM -- DAY

NICKY sitting in the dark. Suitcase packed beside her. Just sitting in this empty, stripped-out room by herself. A glimpse of her we hadn't considered. The lonely tableau interrupted, as her PHONE STARTS RINGING and --

NICKY
(seeing the ID, picking up)
It's clean. We'll be totally out
by morning.

INTERCUTTING WITH

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/VOSEN'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- NIGHT

VOSEN at his desk phone. Door closed.

VOSEN
You okay?

NICKY
I really thought he was gone.

VOSEN
So this time we'll make sure.

NICKY
Do you know what he's got? I don't.
(she's not okay)
We don't know what was in that place.
You heard Gault, my picture was on
the wall. It's not there now.

VOSEN
You better muscle up here, Nick.

She hesitates. Sucks it up a notch.

NICKY
Does Landy know about me?

VOSEN
I'm trying to stay compartmentalized.

NICKY

She's a total bitch.

VOSEN

Good for us.

(now to the point)

She says if Bourne thought we were on his trail he wouldn't have left anything behind in Paris.

NICKY

She's right.

VOSEN

Look on the bright side; if he's in Paris, he's not hiding in your closet.

NICKY

I'll keep that in mind.

INT. PASSENGER PLANE/IN FLIGHT -- DAY

BOURNE making his way down the aisle toward the back --

INT. PASSENGER PLANE BATHROOM -- DAY

BOURNE crowds in. Closes the door. Not here to wash up, there's work to do. A POUCH from inside his shirt --

FROM THE POUCH -- TWO VIRGIN PASSPORTS wrapped in plastic. One FRENCH. One AMERICAN. His last two passports.

And...

A STACK OF CASH. A small stack. Maybe two, three thousand Euros. Some Pounds. A few hundred dollar bills. Not much.

Finding himself in the mirror.

Holding up THE FRENCH PASSPORT PICTURE. Become that face.

BOURNE

Je m'apelle, Antoine Dupont.

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC KITCHEN AREA -- NIGHT

They've been at it all night. But suddenly there's fresh coffee and new energy. VOSEN was sitting down. LANDY and MURRA just came in --

LANDY

-- there were three hundred and six passengers on the train. We profiled them all. Twelve names kicked back. Of those twelve, six were for prior criminal markers. Four of the six were women. That gave us two men. One was Korean. That left...
(turning it over to--)

MURRA

Andrew Rupp.
(a fresh fax page)
Flew from Munich to London ten days ago. Prior to that he doesn't seem to exist.

VOSEN

Where is he now?

LANDY

We're running every grid we can get.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Hot sun. Planes on the tarmac. We've landed in --

MADRID

INT. MADRID AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

BOURNE coming through. It's crowded. Like crazy crowded. He's got HIS BAG. Sunglasses. And a headache. Weaving through the scrum, heading toward the street, when he stops --

HIS POV

THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE. It's a mess. A huge line waiting for taxis. And COPS -- LOTS OF COPS -- COPS checking bags -- checking tickets -- it could be nothing, but --

BACK TO

BOURNE holding up. Weighing his options, when --

A VOICE (O.S.)

Crowley?

(from behind him)

Hey, Crowley, is that you?

A GUY coming quickly. This is GLENN. He's late-thirties. Clean-cut. Well-travelled. Big American energy.

GLENN

Ted?
 (getting sure now)
 Holy, shit, man...
 (as he arrives)
 It's me. It's Glen, asshole...

BOURNE

Hey...

GLENN

(off Bourne's look)
 It is you, right?

BOURNE

It's me.
 (playing along)
 Definitely me.
 (but utterly lost)
 Glen. Wow. Holy shit...

GLENN

I'm standing over there, I'm like.
 "Holy shit, that's Ted Crowley."
 (blown away)
 It's like what? It's like five,
 six years.

BOURNE

It's gotta be, right? At least.

GLENN

What's the howl, Dude? Where have
 you been? Forget that -- reset --
Where did you go?

BOURNE

I know.
 (so lost)
 Wow. Glen. Amazing...

GLENN

Cause I looked for you. Andre too,
 you remember Andre? Seriously, man,
 we were like ready to start dragging
 the lake.
 (thinking back)
 You just so friggin bailed...

BOURNE

Yeah, I know. I just...
 (flying blind)
 I had a lot going on....

GLENN

Not to sound like a chick, but you
 could've dropped me a note.

BOURNE

I should've. You're right.
 (stuck here)
 I meant to and then I didn't, then
 you let too much time goes by, it's...
 (saved by--)

BRENDA (OS)

Glen...

A WOMAN coming toward them. BRENDA. Glen's wife. Cute.
 Pampered. And at the moment, she's pissed off --

BRENDA

You're not watching the bags?

GLENN

Pablo's got em.

BRENDA

My red bag?

GLENN

(irritated)
 He's got em.

BRENDA just now realizing that BOURNE is standing there.

GLENN

Honey, this is Ted. Ted Crowley.
 This is my wife Brenda.

BOURNE

How you doing?

GLENN

(you believe it?)
 I got married.

BOURNE

Good for you.
 (clinging to this)
 That's great. Congratulations.
 You guys look good together.

BRENDA smiling now. BOURNE trying not to get amped about THE SPANISH COPS that are flooding the terminal.

GLENN

(to Brenda)

Ted and I spent three weeks in a hotel bar in Geneva waiting to get meetings with this completely mobbed up, Turkish Air Force General.

(to Bourne)

What the hell were you pitching? Guidance systems?

BOURNE

(not a clue)

You got a great memory.

GLENN

So what happened? You just got fed up waiting?

BOURNE

Yeah. It was a bunch of stuff.

GLENN

Well, you sure made the right play. You know what happened, right?

(obviously not)

The guy drove into a wall.

BOURNE

Who?

GLENN

General Shitface. Like a week after you split. Dude got drunk and drove into a wall at like two hundred miles an hour.

(ever the jokester)

Talk about "No Sale," right?

BOURNE blinks. That cuts through the headache.

BRENDA

Pablo's waving...

GLENN

(to Bourne)

You heading into town?

BOURNE

(still thrown)

Kind of. Yeah.

GLENN

It's a zoo here, they got the King
or somebody coming through. You want
a ride?

Bourne hesitates. All those cops. The cameras...

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

They are grinding. LANDY pacing. Keyboards clattering.
Dead-end data streaming. And then--

TECH #3

Madrid.

(on her screen)

A. Rupp. Air France. Paris Orly to
Madrid. Landed at 11:48 a.m.

MURRA

(his watch)

Madrid is what?

LANDY

Six hours ahead. He's been on the
ground for twenty-three minutes.

(on it)

How many people in here speak Spanish?

(she's impressed, five
hands just went up--)

Okay, new town, same drill. Police
-- phone -- transport -- hotel --
let's grab everything we can get.

And they're off. VOSEN at the back, watching her come toward
him now. Thinking she'll be pleased, she's not --

LANDY

Where's he going, Noah?

VOSEN -

If I knew that, I wouldn't need you.

LANDY

Chasing someone who's running away is
simple. You track mistakes, that's it.
That's all you can do. I don't think
Bourne's running away, I think he's
heading toward something. You want
me to do my job, you're gonna have to
open the books.

MURRA has joined them during this --

MURRA

But we're close...

LANDY

The minute he dumps that passport we're back in the dark.

(back to Vosen)

Guys, look, I'd love to be a hero, but you're tying my hands. Bourne flipped out? Why? Went to Moscow? Why? Came back to kill a reporter in London? Why? Bottomline? You don't tell me where he comes from, I can't begin to look ahead.

Silence, until...

VOSEN

(to Murra)

Get the Treadstone Bible. We'll be in the back office.

(when he hesitates)

Get it.

(back to her now)

This puts you in up to your neck.

LANDY

I thought that's where I was.

EXT. MADRID AIRPORT HIGHWAY -- DAY

Brutal midday sun. A BLUE SUV stuck in traffic and --

INT. BLUE SUV -- DAY

GLENN AND BRENDA in the backseat. TWO MOBILE PHONES going side-by-side --

BRENDA

...no, Glenn slept...I don't know, we're stuck in some insane traffic jam here...

GLENN

...better get their heads together before they're both wondering why they can't get me on the phone...

UP FRONT

BOURNE riding shotgun. His airport headache has taken root. Neck tight. Jaw set. The windows are up and the AC is blasting, but there's a rash of sweat that keeps forming on his brow no matter how many times he wipes it off. Sitting there, listening to THE TWO OF THEM GABBING AWAY behind him. Glancing over at...

PABLO behind the wheel. Rugged. Heavy-set. Dark suit. He's focused on the traffic. Not happy to be inching along like this.

ANGLE ON

BOURNE'S RIGHT HAND -- down beside his leg -- down where only we can see it -- FINGERS BUSY -- what's he got? -- looks like a passport. It is -- IT'S GLENN'S PASSPORT! There's his face and his name and...

BACK TO

BOURNE making like there's something wrong with his boot, scanning the pages of this very marked up passport, as --

BRENDA (O.S.)

...all he's supposed to do is sign off on the plumbing, it shouldn't take more than twenty minutes.....

GLEN (O.S.)

...they can run all the numbers they want, he doesn't close by Friday, they're gonna wander away...

BOURNE still at it, when --

GLENN

(just off the call)

Sorry. You know how it is...

BOURNE

No problem.

GLENN

So what's up with you? Fill the gap. Where you been?

BOURNE

Paris. I was in Paris.

GLENN

That works. Still doing aerospace?

BOURNE

No. Shipping. I got in the shipping business.

GLENN

Where in Paris? I'm there all the time?

BOURNE

I'm not there now. I left. I'm just sort of travelling around now.

GLENN

Pre-life crisis? Good for you, man.
Not everybody has the balls.

(stoked for him)

Cash out. Hit the road. Suck life
dry...

(their little secret)

You're doing God's work, bro.

GLENN distracted now -- BRENDA still on the phone, fishing
shit out of her bag, passing him A PLASTIC BAG and --

BRENDA

(never stops talking)

...if you can look at the samples
that would be...no, no they're all
supposed to match, it's the kitchen
tile, not the glass ones...

GLENN

(proffering something--)

You want a boost?

BOURNE

What?

GLENN

Vitamins...

(pulling pills out)

We got Folic. B-12. Probiotics.
Great stuff, you want some?

BOURNE off-balance, but before he can say no --

PABLO

(quick Spanish to Glen)

(We gotta take the long way.)

GLENN

(Go for it.)

(back to Bourne and the
pills--)

Go on, man, load up. You look a
little tired...

BOURNE suddenly with a handful of stuff and PABLO jerking
the car into gear and pulling into the emergency lane and
HORNS HONKING behind them and BRENDA still chattering away
on her phone and --

GLENN

(a water bottle)

Here you go...

BOURNE

No, I'm okay....
(watching now as--)

PABLO cuts down AN EXIT RAMP -- now they're moving -- driving fast through barrio surface streets --

GLENN

You can't take those things dry...
(pushing the water--)

BOURNE

(paranoia rising)
I said, I'm okay.

No chance for that to land, because --

BRENDA

(just off her call)
You hear that? That was Wendy.
(incredulous)
Now they're delivering the tiles tomorrow.
(to Bourne)
Don't ever build a house.

GLENN

What's he need a house for? He's a free man, right Ted?
(needling her)
"No woman, no cry."

BRENDA

(to Glenn)
You're calling the tile guy when we get to the hotel.

BOURNE

I had a woman.

That came out of nowhere.

GLENN

(trying to keep it light)
We didn't leave her at the airport, did we?

BOURNE

She died.

GLENN

Whoa. Sorry. When was this?

BOURNE
Couple months ago.

BRENDA
What happened?

BOURNE
She was killed. She was shot.

BRENDA
Omigod...

BOURNE too busy watching what PABLO's doing to catch the depth of BRENDA's sympathy.

GLENN
Where did this happen?

BOURNE
India.

GLENN
They know who did it?

BOURNE
They found him.
(turning back now,
but different--)
My turn to ask a question, Glenn.
What's in Tangier?

GLENN
What?

Tone shift. Everything just went weird. Fast.

BOURNE
(turning to Pablo)
Where the hell are we going?

PABLO
(What're you talking about?)

BOURNE
(perfect Spanish)
(You're taking us East, the Centro
is South.)

PABLO
(can't believe it)
(You're telling me how to drive in
Madrid?)

GLENN leaning forward, seeing something --

GLENN
Is that my passport?

BOURNE
(not hiding it now)
You've got two trips to Morocco in here.

GLENN
Where the hell did you get that?

BOURNE
What's in Tangier?

BRENDA
What's going on? --

GLENN
-- hang on --

BRENDA
-- he's got your passport? --

GLENN
-- Brenda, please --

PABLO
(to Glenn)
(-- what's with this guy?--)

GLENN
(hot now)
What the hell're you doing, man?

BOURNE
(the pills)
These are vitamins?
(he's losing it)
You take them.
(better idea)
No, she takes them --

GLENN
-- you are way out of line --

BOURNE
-- what's in Tangier? --

PABLO
(hard to Bourne)
(-- you better cool the fuck out --)

GLENN

-- we're giving you a ride here! --

BOURNE

-- to where? --

BRENDA

(about to freak)

-- Glenn --

BOURNE

-- to who? -- who you working for,
dude? --

GLENN

-- are you outta your mind? --

BOURNE

-- you'll do anything, won't you? --

PABLO

(-- I told you to cool out --)

BOURNE

(snapping at Pablo)

(-- you're gonna want to shut up and
pull the car over --)

GLENN

-- he's crazy -- you're nuts! --

BOURNE

-- it's not over, is it, Glenn? --

GLENN

-- gimme the passport --

BOURNE

-- it was never over, was it? --

GLENN grabbing for the passport and --

Mistake.

BOURNE -- one move -- GLENN'S ARM -- pulling him forward --
SLAMMING HIS FACE into the seatback -- BRENDA SCREAMING --
PABLO SWINGING -- trying to -- BOURNE already there -- too
fast -- elbow backhand down into the big man's shoulder --
THE CAR SWERVING! -- BOURNE -- one hand to the wheel -- the
other -- up now -- into the suit, coming out with --

PABLO'S GUN!

BOURNE
 (waving the gun at Glenn)
 -- so what's this? -- huh? -- what's
 he doing with this? --

PABLO sucking wind -- BRENDA cowering and --

GLENN
 (nose bleeding)
 -- don't -- please! -- whatever you
 want -- please, don't --

BOURNE
 (to Pablo)
 (Pull the car over!)

EXT. SLUMMY MADRID STREET -- DAY

THE BLUE SUV jerking to a stop. GLENN, BRENDA, and PABLO
 piling out as fast as they can and --

INT. BLUE SUV -- DAY

BOURNE driving away -- amped -- wild -- ready for anything
 -- eyes scanning -- head pounding -- ears ringing -- looking
 down at PABLO'S GUN on the seat beside him and --

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- a moment -- a shard -- A DIFFERENT GUN -- on a
 the floor of AN EMPTY ROOM -- we look away -- we see STEAM
 pushing through a broken window -- we hear VOICES ECHOING
 down an airshaft --

AND THEN BACK

BOURNE out of it -- jolted! -- almost losing the car --
 jerking back into his lane and...

What the hell just happened?

What has he done?

Rationality flooding back.

Fuck, he's got to get out of here...

Dropping the accelerator -- peeling off, as we cut to --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC BACK OFFICE -- DAY

THE FLOOR -- SEVERAL LARGE ALUMINUM CASES -- serious gear -- bar-coded -- multiple locks -- casters because they're so heavy -- open and empty and --

THE DESK -- THE CAMERA TOURING -- TREADSTONE FILES spread across the surface -- the real files -- thick, unsanitized dossiers -- medical histories -- pharmacology profiles -- performance assessments -- PICTURES -- faces we've seen before -- CASTEL -- THE PROFESSOR -- MANHEIM -- JARDA and...

BOURNE and NICKY -- their files -- front and center.

LANDY, wearing headphones, watching something on A LAPTOP. We can't see the screen, but whatever it is, it's got her full attention --

FINALLY TO

VOSEN catnapping on the office couch. Waking quickly as HIS PHONE STARTS RINGING and --

VOSEN

Vosen.

(impatient pause)

Bring it up.

(turning to find Landy,
headphones off, waiting
for him--)

Madrid. Something kicked out.
He's bringing it up

She nods. But subdued. All that Treadstone stuff piled between them.

VOSEN

It's a lot to grasp.

LANDY

You warned me.

VOSEN

Even still.

(how to say it?)

Thing is, what do you do when don't have this? When you don't have a Treadstone and you need one? Then it's too late.

(tough love)

We can't afford to be too late anymore.

LANDY
It's a different world.

VOSEN
Amen.

Sharing that. But she's been waiting on something...

LANDY
This was a surprise...
(Nicky's picture)
I don't get fooled very often.
(almost amused)
I used her as bait in Berlin.

VOSEN
It almost worked.

LANDY
So where is she now?

VOSEN
She runs our field office. She's on
her way there now.
(Landy waiting)
We're based in Tangier.

A COURTESY KNOCK -- MURRA entering -- flushed with news --

MURRA
Couple things in Madrid flagged up.
This one sounded weird. It's police
dispatch for a carjacking...
(handing them each a
piece of paper--)
The name the guy gives? Ted Crowley?
That was a cover Bourne used six
years ago on assignment.

It's like half-a-page and sketchy, but still...

LANDY
(all over it)
Someone has to talk to these people.

VOSEN
(to Murra)
Nicky's plane take off yet?

MURRA
I don't know.

VOSEN

Let's find out...

MURRA hustling to keep up as VOSEN rushes out and --

LANDY is alone. Treadstone archives spread around her. Pulling THE LAPTOP close. Typing something. Finding the headphones. Picking up where she left off, as we cut to --

EXT. MADRID STREETS -- SUNSET

HALF-A-DOZEN MADRID COPS circling the abandoned BLUE SUV. Pulling their radios, as we cut to --

INT. MADRID HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

NICKY just finishing an interview with GLEN and BRENDA. They're shaking hands and she's thanking them and saying goodbye.

Now she's walking toward us. Smile fading fast. Pulling her phone as she hits the door and we cut to --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

VOSEN, LANDY, and MURRA listening to --

NICKY/PHONE

(on the speaker)

-- *Tangier* -- "What's in Tangier?"
That's a quote, okay? That's a
direct quote --

VOSEN

-- just off this guy's passport? --

NICKY

-- they said he saw Morocco and
started flipping out --
(continuing as--)

INT. MOVING CAR/MADRID -- NIGHT

DESH driving. NICKY beside him, on the call --

NICKY

-- how does he have Tangier? -- from
what? -- where is he getting this?

VOSEN/PHONE

We don't know.

NICKY

He's heading South, Noah.

LANDY/PHONE

*(piping in)
What about the gun?*

NICKY

Who's that?

LANDY/PHONE

It's Pam Landy, Nicky.

NICKY

*(more good news)
Okay...*

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

LANDY holding new paperwork, leaning to the speaker --

LANDY

Did Bourne have the gun with him?

NICKY/PHONE

No, it was the driver's.

LANDY

*Because they found the car and the
gun was there. He didn't take it.*

NICKY/PHONE

You can't take a gun through security.

LANDY

*Yeah, that's what I'm thinking.
(to Vosen)
He's not sticking around Madrid.*

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

*FLASHBACK -- we're in darkness -- VOICES -- urgent voices --
coming closer -- we're edging forward -- A SHAFT OF LIGHT --
then SHADOWS -- we're looking down -- hiding -- crawling --
peeking down through a hole in some panelled ceiling -- THE
VOICES -- THE SHADOWS -- coalescing for a moment -- TWO...
THREE... FIVE PEOPLE rushing past -- just a glimpse as they
pass below -- a search party -- people we're hiding from --
FOOTSTEPS and VOICES fading as we cut suddenly to --*

EXT. TRUCK FERRY -- NIGHT

BOURNE -- jarred awake! -- VOICES NEARBY -- behind him -- turning fast -- ready for anything but --

IT'S JUST

THREE SPANISH TRUCKER DRIVERS sharing a bottle of wine in the dark. Talking loud. Laughing. Smoking.

WE'RE ON

THE FERRY FORE DECK. A grungy working ship. The all-night truck ferry from Gibraltar to Tangier. Spanish coastline on the starboard side, North Africa to the port. BOURNE huddled on a bench. Bag beside him. A cool night wind breezing as the boat chugs along.

BOURNE settling now. Catching his breath. Checking the truckers. Checking his watch.

Pulling up his coat against the salt air, as we cut to --

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

A cozy international operation. Palm trees. Desert in the distance.

TANGIER, MOROCCO

THE CAMERA FINDS

NICKY and DESH just off their flight. Pretending to be complete strangers as they march toward the terminal with their fellow passengers and --

INT. TANGIER AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

NICKY passing immigration. Heading for the exit, as --

THE CAMERA FINDS

DESH a few steps behind her. Except he's not leaving the building. Heading for the cafe. The perfect place to wait and watch, as we cut to --

EXT. LARGE COMMERCIAL PIER -- DAY

A PASSENGER FERRY just pulled in. A big, clean vessel. PASSENGERS streaming off. A wild mix of EUROPEAN TOURISTS and HOMECOMING NORTH AFRICAN WORKERS.

CEUTA, COAST OF MOROCCO

ANGLE ON

A PROMENADE CAFE. ARNAUD taking coffee. Reading the paper. Watching everything. Scanning for Bourne in the faces that pass, as --

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE COAST OF SPAIN just nine miles across the water and --

EXT. THE DOCKS OF A BUSY HARBOR --- DAY

A different look. A more European marina. Yachts, fishing boats, ferries, all side-by-side. Steep mountains of stone rising above. We've crossed the Mediterranean to...

GIBRALTAR

THE CAMERA FINDS

PAZ on the pier. Sweet kid with a backpack. And a picture in his hand. Stopping at A TICKET KIOSK.

PAZ
(perfect Spanish)
(Excuse me?)

CASHIER
(What's going on?)

PAZ
(My cousin, I was supposed to meet him yesterday to catch a boat to Tangier...)
(he's got a picture of Bourne)
(Any chance you saw him passing through?)

THE CASHIER shakes her head. Sorry. PAZ smiles, moving on, as we cut to --

EXT. TANGIER -- DAY

A dizzy collage of whitewash, minarets, and television antennas rising from the old port. Six centuries at once.

EXT. RUE DE LA CASBAH -- DAY

A boulevard above the old town. A TAXI pulling to a stop. NICKY rushing out, heading quickly down --

INTO

THE CASBAH. The ancient fortress atop of the city. Once the palace garrison of the Sultan, it's now a maze of plaster and stone. A sunbaked hive of narrow lanes and stairwells. Tenements and mansions hidden behind thick stucco walls.

To the left, past crumbling ramparts and promenades, is the Atlantic. Down the hill, beyond the old city and the harbor, are the Strait and the Mediterranean.

Below us, the Casbah morphs seamlessly into THE MEDINA, an even more incomprehensible labyrinth of streets and alleys. Ancient houses, three, four, five stories high, clustered so tight that the pinball passageways below are in constant shadow. A chaos of doors and gates and improbable stairways. Tenements and pensiones. Souks and shops. Curbside bakers and tailors. Wires and laundry everywhere. Satellite dishes like fungus across the rooftops.

Utter visual madness.

NICKY hustling across a cobblestone plaza. Pulling keys as she heads for a wooden door at the base of an unassuming, pitted stucco house. A plaque to one side:

CANADA/MAROC ARTS COUNCIL

INT. RIAD -- DAY

THE SOUND OF SERIOUS LOCKS being undone. NICKY enters. Closing the door behind her. Moving quickly through the dark to a small coat closet and --

A SECURITY PANEL. She's coding in. Waiting. And then coding again. The light goes green and --

WE'RE IN

THE RIAD. A typical Tangier surprise. Scale and luxury hidden behind ordinary walls. A central courtyard rises four stories to a gated rooftop skylight. A landing on each floor around the atrium. Rooms at the perimeter. Old tile. Stone. Stucco. Quality local furnishings. Enough paintings and rugs to justify the arts council cover story.

NICKY hustling up the stairs to --

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- DAY

A small, dark room off the kitchen. But it's not really a pantry. NICKY pulling aside cupboards and cabinets to reveal A VERY HIGH-TECH COMMUNICATIONS CENTER hidden inside.

ANGLE ON

A LARGE FLAT-PANEL SCREEN. Coming alive. The monitor divided into TWENTY-FIVE INDIVIDUAL BOXES, each one linked to a different camera. These are very clear images; still shots that refresh once every second. A kaleidoscopic, real-time montage of the entire environment: *The street out front from three angles... the roof from four angles... the neighboring roofs... the windows... bathrooms...*

BACK TO

NICKY flipping switches. Hard drives and laptops coming alive. Pulling on a wireless earpiece, as we cut to --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN alone with THE TECHS as --

NICKY/PHONE

(over the speakers)

I'm up.

VOSEN

Everything tight?

NICKY/PHONE

I'm good.

EXT. AN UNMARKED PRIVATE JET -- DAY

Screaming over the Atlantic and --

INT. PRIVATE JET -- DAY

MURRA sleeping. THREE RUGGED DELTA DUDES playing poker.
LANDY staring out the window. Lost in thought, as --

EXT. GIBRALTAR MARINA -- DAY

PAZ walking fast with a phone to his ear --

PAZ

-- I got a hit -- he bought a one-way
ticket on the truck ferry last night...
(continuing, as--)

INT. RIAD STAIRWAY -- DAY

NICKY at the other end of the line --

PAZ/PHONE

*...if he used it, he got into Tangier
this morning.*

NICKY

Get here.
(speed dialing the moment
she's hung up and--)

EXT. TANGIER AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

DESH hustling for the parking lot and --

EXT. CEUTA CAFE -- DAY

ARNAUD kickstarting his motorcycle and --

INT. RIAD/VARIOUS -- DAY

TIME CUTS. QUICK SHOTS. NICKY rushing to close the place
down for good. A HANDFUL OF KEYS...LOCKS TURNING...EMPTYING
FILES...PULLING PAPERWORK...PULLING HARD DRIVES...FILLING A
BIG BLUE BURN BAG...

FINALLY TO

A BEDROOM CLOSET. NICKY stuffing the burn bag into A SMALL
SECURITY INCINERATOR. Closing the door and --

EXT. THE COAST ROAD -- DAY

ARNAUD winding out that bike and --

EXT. AIRPORT HIGHWAY -- DAY

DESE weaving through traffic and --

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- DAY

NICKY hustling past -- nerves on edge -- stopping for a moment --

HER POV

THE SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. *People passing in the street -- a peddler pushing a cart on the promenade -- kids playing in the alley -- sun beating down on the roof -- nothing amiss.*

BACK TO

NICKY satisfied -- she has to be -- there's a lot to do and no time to do it -- moving now --

INTO

THE KITCHEN. There's A BULLETIN BOARD beside the fridge. She's lifting it away to reveal --

A LARGE WALL SAFE.

Except there's something wrong.

Like really wrong.

The door swinging open when she touches it...

It's empty.

She's just standing there. Staring.

And then -- *and we see this* -- we watch her steel over -- we see all that fear and tension transform suddenly into something else.

Fury.

And she's moving...

NICKY

You asshole!
 (where is he?)
 YOU STUPID FUCKING ASSHOLE!
 (screaming for him)
 YOU HEAR ME, JASON? I KNOW YOU DO!
 I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, ASSHOLE!
 (calling through the
 house--)
 SO IT'S MONEY NOW? THAT'S YOUR NEW
 THING? IS THAT IT, JASON? ALL THIS
 FOR A BAG OF EUROS?
 (stopping at the second
 floor landing--)
 Can't face me, can you? You know why?
 Because you know what you're doing is
 wrong! Inside, you know you're weak
 and wrong! You'd rather tear it all
 down than admit how sick and weak you
 are!
 (past fury)
 Your weakness disgusts me!

Because she just turned. There he is across the courtyard.
 Staring over at her.

BOURNE

So in Berlin, when you were begging
 for your life? Who was that?

NICKY

I was wired. People were listening.

BOURNE

And you wanted them to kill me.

NICKY

(so cold)
 I'm surprised you remember.

He steps forward. A gun hanging at his side. A LARGE GREEN
 DUFFEL BAG slung over his shoulder.

BOURNE

What did they do to me?

NICKY

(utter disdain)
 Please...

BOURNE

What did they do?

NICKY

They found you! They pulled you out of a dumpster and took you in! They decided you were worthy! But you're not are you?

BOURNE

Who? Who does this?

NICKY

Why are you here? Why come back? Why come back and ruin everything?

BOURNE

You're gonna answer me, Nicky.

NICKY

What? You're so transformed?
(defiant, fearless)
You're so *humane*? You're so pure and independent? Then own it! Then leave! Just run away!

BOURNE

There's nowhere to go.

NICKY

You have the whole world!

BOURNE

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I GO!

(silence)

Everywhere I go, I'm lost. I wake up and the first thing I know is that something's wrong.

NICKY

What's wrong is that you're weak.

BOURNE

You couldn't live like this.

(locked on her)

Be like a guest in your own life? That's what it's like. I'm like a visitor in my own life. I do things -- say things -- and I'm inside listening to myself going, "Who is that? Who's doing that?"

(wide open)

That's not right. That's not life. And I know that now. Because I had a look at it, okay? I saw how it's supposed to be. I had Marie, and it

(MORE)

BOURNE (cont'd)

was quiet, and for like five minutes
I had a glimpse of what might be like
to have all this noise behind me.

(raw now)

Who was I, Nicky?

NICKY

You were trash. Your mother was a
degenerate junkie that died when you
were three. You were thrown away so
many times people lost count.

BOURNE

Where?

(choking it out)

What's my name?

NICKY

I don't have that.

BOURNE

YOU'RE LYING!

NICKY

I don't have to lie!

BOURNE

So who? Who knows that. Who has
that, Nicky? Who's the boss at the
killer factory?

NICKY

That's all you think this is?

(incredulous)

You think that's all you were?

(how sad)

Standing there, in Paris, listening
to Conklin call you a broken piece of
equipment, I wanted to kill him myself.

(meaning it)

You were a very special person.

BOURNE

How do they do this?

NICKY

Do you even know what you know?

BOURNE

What do they do?

NICKY

All the things they taught you.

BOURNE
They wipe your brain.

NICKY
They teach you!

BOURNE
Until what? Until there isn't room
for anything else, right?

NICKY
WE HAD NOTHING!
(real passion)
The time they put into us? The lives
they gave us? They made us special.
They made us unique and powerful.
(beat)
That you would want to betray all that
is something I just can't believe.

BOURNE
I just want to know who I am.
He looks so small all of a sudden.

NICKY
I think you want to come back.
(pause)
That's why you're here. You were
happy before. You had a life that
worked. I think you want that back.

BOURNE
That's crazy.

NICKY
Crazier than this?
(clear now)
Think about it. Crazier than what
you feel now?
(no way)
You came back because this works.
This is centered. This is clarity,
Jason. This is strength.

BOURNE
I came to find out.

NICKY
What're you doing for medication?

BOURNE
Don't...

NICKY

The meds now? You can't believe how much better they are...

A moment. Is he wavering? We'll never know, because --

NICKY

-- SECOND FLOOR! -- HE'S ARMED! --
(already diving for cover
because--)

RIGHT BELOW THEM

DESH JUST CAME THROUGH THE DOOR! -- reacting instantly --
rolling -- firing blind -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! and --

BOURNE -- in motion -- scrambling for THE STAIRCASE -- BLAM!
-- BLAM! -- TILES SHATTERING OVERHEAD and --

NICKY -- shit, he's coming toward her! -- JUMPING OFF THE
LANDING! -- it's gotta be twelve feet down to the courtyard
and she's hitting hard but --

DESH can't help -- pinned down -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- Bourne
spraying covering fire as he runs and --

BOURNE ON THE STAIRS -- climbing fast -- firing -- but this
time straight up -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- two shots and --

THE SKYLIGHT SHATTERS!

DESH is stalled -- but NICKY'S caught in the open -- trying
to cover up as THE GLASS STARTS COMING DOWN and --

EXT. TANGIER STREETS -- DAY

ARNAUD'S MOTORCYCLE squirting through traffic -- skidding
around DONKEY CARTS and DELIVERY VANS -- turning sharply --
up onto A CLIFFSIDE PROMENADE and --

EXT. RIAD ROOF -- DAY

BOURNE bursting out the door -- into the sun -- a sea of
rooftops stretching all the way down to the harbor and --

INT. RIAD -- DAY

NICKY covered in glass -- digging out -- DESH helping her
up -- she's hurt -- arm -- shoulder -- seriously cut up --

NICKY
(waving him off)
-- GO! -- JUST GO! --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PROMENADE -- DAY

ARNAUD'S MOTORCYCLE screaming up the hill and --

EXT. RIAD ROOF -- DAY

THE DOOR -- kicked open! -- DESH coming out full tilt --
reckless -- ready for anything but... No Bourne.

EXT. ANOTHER RIAD -- DAY

Two houses away. BOURNE climbing down a stone wall to the
promenade below -- almost there --

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- DAY

NICKY clutching a blood-soaked towel to her shoulder as she
scans THE SURVEILLANCE MONITORS and... Bingo.

NICKY
(screaming up to Desh)
-- THE BACKSTREET! -- HE'S ON THE
CLIFFSIDE! -- CLIFFSIDE!!! --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PROMENADE -- DAY

BOURNE walking quickly. He'd like to run, but there's too
many people around -- GUYS pouring concrete -- KIDS throwing
rocks off the seawall -- PEDDLERS pushing carts --

CUT TO

ARNAUD'S MOTORCYCLE rocketing past the ramparts and --

CUT TO

BOURNE hearing it coming and --

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- THE MOTORCYCLE -- blasting around THE CORNER --
passing BOURNE and --

CUT TO

BOURNE watching it speed up the hill when --

SUDDENLY

ARNAUD -- forty yards up -- he's locking up the brakes --
SKIDDING INTO A HARD ONE-EIGHTY and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- shooting stance! -- he knew it and --

BLAM!

THE MOTORCYCLE -- front tire -- gone! -- the bike is down!
-- ARNAUD scrambling -- crab-crawling -- rolling away as he
digs for a gun and --

CUT TO

DESH ON THE ROOFTOP -- he heard it -- focused now and --

CUT TO

BOURNE RUNNING -- flat out -- OFF THE PROMENADE -- UP SOME
STONE STEPS -- he's got a headstart, but he's got to get
off the street and --

THERE!

A TENEMENT DOOR -- BOURNE like ghost -- diving in and --

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- gun out -- in pursuit and --

CUT TO

TENEMENT STAIRS -- steep and weird -- BOURNE climbing fast,
but already it's madness -- there must be FORTY PEOPLE in
this little walk-up and most of them are in the hall and
freaking out -- SCREAMING -- YELLING -- BOURNE knocking down
-- pushing past -- waving that gun at anything in his way --

BOURNE

(just bulling it out)

-- ALLEZ! -- SORTEZ D'ICI! --

CUT TO

DESH -- RUNNING THE ROOFTOPS -- just flat out -- dodging
LAUNDRY -- ANTENNAS -- TOOLS -- FURNITURE -- he's amazing
-- leaping from building to building -- closing ground
fast and --

CUT TO

THE TENEMENT DOORWAY -- total logjam -- PANICKED TENANTS flooding out into the street -- ARNAUD can't get in and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- THE TENEMENT STAIRS -- racing for the roof and --

CUT TO

DESH -- RUNNING THE ROOFTOPS -- here he comes -- one more building to go, when suddenly -- WHOAA! -- he pulled up! It's too far to jump! Fuck!

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- he's climbing! -- can't use the door? -- he's going wall! -- SCRAMBLING UP THE FRONT OF THE TENEMENT BUILDING LIKE IT'S NOTHING and --

CUT TO

THE TENEMENT ATTIC -- a little room -- A DOOR TO THE ROOF. BOURNE has stopped. Should he go? Is it safe? *What's he doing?* He's pulling something -- AN IRONING BOARD -- off the wall, prepping a move and --

CUT TO

DESH ON A ROOF ACROSS THE STREET -- something moving! -- target -- there! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- and --

CUT TO

THE IRONING BOARD -- a decoy -- just shredded! -- blasted back off the roof and --

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- mid-climb -- hearing the shots and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- bailing fast -- fuck the roof -- backtracking down into A TENEMENT BEDROOM and --

CUT TO

DESH -- pissed -- he got burned -- reset -- new game -- where's Bourne going now? --

CUT TO

AIRSHAFT -- BOURNE OUT THE TENEMENT WINDOW -- jumping to the building next door and --

INTO

SOMEBODY'S KITCHEN! -- squalid and cluttered -- POTS AND PANS AND SHIT FALLING -- A STARTLED OLD MAN in the doorway -- HIS SON pushing past him, screaming at BOURNE --

THE SON

(-- WHAT? -- WHAT IS THIS? -- OUT!
GET OUT! -- GO BACK THE WAY Y--)
(never finishing because--)

BOURNE -- one punch -- the guy is down and --

CUT TO

DESH -- hearing it -- VOICES RISING -- PEOPLE YELLING -- then suddenly, something behind him -- he's wheeling and --

ACROSS THE STREET

IT'S ARNAUD -- don't shoot! -- HE'S ON THE TENEMENT ROOF --

BACK TO

DESH -- pointing down -- hand signals -- "TARGET -- THAT HOUSE -- YOU PUSH -- I'LL COVER" --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- ANOTHER WINDOW -- ANOTHER BUILDING! -- he can't stop -- if he pauses now he dies and --

CUT TO

ARNAUD in pursuit on the roofs above and --

CUT TO

SOME AWFUL HALLWAY -- BOURNE running blind -- daylight up ahead -- he's gotta get out of here and --

CUT TO

DESH in pursuit on the roofs across the street and --

CUT TO

A TERRACE -- BOURNE suddenly in the open -- jumping the railing -- down to A ROOF BELOW and --

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- two buildings back -- firing -- BLAM! -- BLAM!
-- too late and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- they're behind him -- and he's hauling -- it's insane! -- ONTO THE NEXT BUILDING! -- TWO WOMEN HANGING LAUNDRY -- right past them -- turning -- where? -- there -- another railing -- jumping down and --

CUT TO

THE STREETS BELOW -- TWO BEAT COPS jogging up the hill -- PEOPLE yelling -- KIDS pointing to the roofs, when --

HOLY SHIT!

DESH above them -- in mid-air! -- forty feet high -- a fifteen-foot jump across the street! -- just missing -- HANDS CATCHING A DRAINPIPE -- already clawing for a better grab and --

CUT TO

THAT ROOF -- BOURNE saw him -- saw Desh in the air -- can't see him now -- but still he's turning -- FIRING -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM!

BLOWING THE SHIT OUT OF

A CORNICE VENT! -- BULLETS CHEWING UP THE METAL BAR THAT'S BRACING THE DRAINPIPE and --

CUT TO

DESH STILL HANGING THERE -- no he's not -- THE PIPE -- it's failing! -- he's falling! -- falling back! --

CUT TO

ARNAUD -- a moment -- seeing this -- distracted and --

BLAM!

One shot. Heart-lung. He's dead.

CUT TO

BOURNE with the gun in his shaking hand. Frozen like that. Until POLICE WHISTLES start rising from the street and --

CUT TO

DESH -- on the ground -- THE MANGLED PIPE bent around him
 -- PEOPLE GATHERING FAST -- THE COPS WHISTLING LIKE MAD to
 clear the space and --

DESH is up.

Like look-the-fuck-out up.

Staggered. Ear bleeding. Searching for the target.

CUT TO

THE GRAND SOCCO -- main square -- POLICE VANS -- SIRENS
 BLARING -- peeling to a stop. TANGIER COPS -- serious cops
 -- flooding through the OLD CITY GATES -- disappearing into
 THE MEDINA and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- OUT A DOOR -- INTO THE ALLEY -- into the maze,
 and that's no exaggeration, this place is incomprehensible.
 He is wired and sweating and way too mentally unstable for
 the volume of adrenaline pumping his veins. He's got little
 hope of being incognito now --

The whole neighborhood coming alive. Mass confusion.

BOURNE trying to blend and walk. Quietly slamming a fresh
 clip into his gun when --

A WHISTLE!!!

Behind him. And VOICES --

BEAT COP

(-- HEY! -- STOP WHERE YOU ARE! --)

BOURNE will not stop. Takes the gun. Points to the sky.

BLAM!

EVERYONE dropping -- COPS ducking -- KIDS grabbed back --
 instant ghost town and --

CUT TO

DESH -- A BLOCK AWAY -- he heard it -- on it -- gun under
 his shirt -- jogging -- looking local -- knows the streets --
 cutting down an alley and --

CUT TO

COPS -- TEN OF THEM -- the serious cops -- sprinting into
THE MEDINA -- spreading out and --

CUT TO

DESH -- running now -- he's got a bead and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- A PASSAGEWAY -- little shops -- twisting -- faces
-- colors -- it's like a nightmare and --

CUT TO

DESH still going and --

CUT TO

A MARKET STREET -- out of nowhere -- BOURNE suddenly in the
flow of SOME MAJOR SOUK -- so busy and crowded that the panic
just three blocks away hasn't yet penetrated. SHOPS packed
to either side. The place teeming with TOURISTS, MERCHANTS
and HAWKERS and --

BOURNE trying to push through the crowd when --

VOICES AND WHISTLES START RISING BEHIND HIM and --

BOURNE not breaking stride. Reaching into his shirt.
Pulling out A STACK OF CASH. (Note to the reader: this
may be the first time that we're actually aware he does
not have the green money bag we saw over his shoulder on
the roof of the Riad.)

But what's he doing?

IT'S A STACK OF EUROS -- he's got it open -- he's throwing
it into the air! -- TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH raining
down over a very aggressive, tightly-packed crowd --

INSTANT MADNESS!

And he's running, and --

THE COPS -- the ones behind him -- forget it, they can blow
all the whistles they want, it's gonna be a while before they
get through and --

CUT TO

DESH hearing THE WHISTLES and SIRENS -- picking up the scent and --

CUT TO

BOURNE INTO THE PETIT SOCCO -- actual streets -- four of them -- CAFES and LARGER SHOPS and --

COPS on the far side. And worse...

THERE'S DESH! Jogging down toward the square and --

BOURNE like a machine. There's a GUY ON A DIRT BIKE talking to his friend. BOURNE wants the bike.

Sorry.

A push. One punch. A stiff arm for the friend and --

CUT TO

DESH turning. THERE'S BOURNE REVVING AWAY ON THE HIJACKED DIRT BIKE. DESH needs wheels...

There.

A MOTORCYCLE COP standing beside his bike, on the radio. Wheeling around as he hears his ENGINE START and --

DESH -- his gun -- point blank -- "don't fuck with me" -- already pulling away and --

CUT TO

BOURNE ON THE DIRT BIKE -- winding it out -- away from the square -- UP A MARKET STREET that looked promising for a moment but up ahead it's crowded, so he's turning --

INTO

A COBBLESTONE ALLEY -- dark -- narrow -- but clear enough to pick up some speed -- PEOPLE IN THE DOORWAYS -- PEOPLE JUMPING BACK AS THEY HEAR HIM COMING and --

SUDDENLY

UP AHEAD -- THE ALLEY SPLITS -- THREE COPS -- seeing him coming -- pulling their weapons and --

SERIOUS COP

(to the bystanders)

(-- GET BACK! -- GET DOWN! --)

CUT TO

BOURNE -- no option -- he's gotta take door number two --
TURNING BLIND and --

CUT TO

THE THREE COPS -- starting to chase -- backing off suddenly
because THERE'S A SIREN COMING FAST -- now they're pointing
and YELLING, except it's not another cop --

IT'S DESH!

CUT TO

BOURNE JAMMING ON THAT DIRT BIKE -- he's lost -- he wants
streets -- big ones -- can't get there! -- moving fast --
way too fast through this cobblestone maze -- where? --
where? -- shit, no choice! -- he's got to go up -- climbing
for a moment -- take a right -- FUCK! -- it's A TUNNEL --
weaving past KIDS and WOMEN and PEOPLE SCREAMING AT HIM and --

CUT TO

DESH -- THE POLICE BIKE -- SIREN BLARING -- same drill --
bobbing -- weaving and --

CUT TO

AERIAL SHOT -- THE MEDINA -- looking down -- BOURNE -- DESH
-- high-speed rats in a maze -- same direction -- different
paths -- closer -- farther -- suddenly on parallel streets,
and then --

CUT TO

AN INTERSECTION -- a little plaza -- BOURNE here first --
there's a WIDER STREET! -- SKIDDING TURN! -- he's going for
it and --

NO!!!

DESH COMING RIGHT AT HIM! -- too fast -- even for them --
swerving! -- SPARKS OFF THE STONE WALL! -- they just passed
each other before they even knew what happened and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- THE WIDER STREET -- full throttle now and --

CUT TO

DESH pulling around -- pulling HIS GUN and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- BLAM! -- behind him -- BLAM! -- the shots are wide but they won't be for long -- bracing to turn and --

CUT TO

DESH -- fifty yards back -- GUN OUT -- desperate for a kill shot, but fuck! -- BOURNE is cutting left! -- DESH knows he needs both hands for what's coming up and --

CUT TO

STONE STEPS -- BOURNE -- HE'S AIRBORNE! -- fifteen foot vertical drop -- cobblestones to land on and...

HE STICKS IT!

Squirting around ANOTHER CORNER and --

RIGHT BEHIND HIM

DESH -- SAME JUMP! -- same landing! -- almost overshooting the turn, but right in the hunt and --

CUT TO

BOURNE'S POV -- yes! -- DAYLIGHT! -- AN ACTUAL AVENUE -- we're out of The Medina -- over the harbor -- but there's TRAFFIC HERE -- weaving past CARTS and TAXIS and VANS and --

CUT TO

DESH trying to close the gap and --

CUT TO

A GARBAGE-STREWN HILL. A vacant slope beside the Avenue. A FOOTPATH down to the railyards below. TWO LOCALS were just climbing up, now they're running for safety because --

BOURNE'S DIRT BIKE bearing down -- catching air -- landing! SQUIBBING DOWN THE HILL and --

HOLD THE SHOT

DESH ON THE POLICE CYCLE -- launched! -- losing a step as he struggles with the landing and --

CUT TO

Pulling THE GUN from his waistband. Pulling the clip.
Checking the chamber. Blowing it clear...

And then hesitating.

Seeing something. In the gun. There is, there's something
weird inside the magazine housing. Holding it to the light,
for a better look, as we cut to --

EXT. TANGIER -- NIGHT

City lights over the water. Quiet. Until...

VOSEN/PHONE (V.O.)

*When do we start worrying about the
Moroccans tracing this back to us?*
(continuing as--)

EXT. THE RIAD -- NIGHT

Dark. Shades drawn. The only sign of life A BLACK SUV
parked outside.

MURRA/PHONE (V.O.)

*The story that's out there, which we
should keep pushing, is that this was
a drug deal that went bad...*
(continuing as--)

INT. RIAD COURTYARD -- NIGHT

No more broken glass. No blood. The mood, however, is
seriously grim. DELTA DUDE #1 posted by the door, as --

MURRA

(pacing with a phone)
...it didn't go loud until they were
like a block or so away from here, so
there's really no point of origin.
(continuing as--)

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- NIGHT

LANDY on this call too. Listening as she tinkers with
THE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM. She's been poring over the video
footage recorded during the fight...

VOSEN/PHONE

What about our two boys?

MURRA/PHONE

*No. No, traceable ID. The weapons
might be a slight problem...*

(continuing as--)

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- NIGHT

A pall over the room. VOSEN at the back, hunched over a phone, listening to --

MURRA/PHONE

*...not that they're so unusual, but
they've got that little RFID unit
in there --*

LANDY/PHONE

*(breaking in)
What is that?*

VOSEN

It's a chip. Radio ID.

LANDY/PHONE

The guns were tagged?

MURRA/PHONE

*It's more like a sticker, very small.
If you don't know what it is, you don't
even really notice it.*

(continuing, as--)

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- NIGHT

LANDY suddenly digging into the surveillance stuff with renewed urgency, as --

VOSEN/PHONE

How much cash did he get?

MURRA/PHONE

Hundred-and-eighty-thousand Euros.

VOSEN/PHONE

Jesus...

INT. RIAD KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Transformed into a mobile hospital clinic. NICKY on the table. DELTA DUDE #2 with surgical glasses and gloves,

stitching up her shoulder. She's sedated. He's sweating, doing the best he can, looking up as --

LANDY
(in the doorway)
Did Bourne take a gun from your armory?

DELTA DUDE #2
She's pretty out of it.

LANDY
WHERE DID HE GET THE GUN?

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- NIGHT

Minutes later. What a difference a lead makes. CHATTER all over the room -- phones jamming -- screens popping and --

VOICES
-- it's a three-second pulse rate --
-- sixty-five megahertz read range --
(continuing over--)

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN -- NIGHT

A U.S. NAVAL CRUISER somewhere at sea. RADAR units spinning. AWACS bubbles. Lots of dishes and antennas.

VOICES (V.O.)
-- who's the Signal Officer on duty? --
-- we're uploading it now --

INT./EXT. THE RIAD -- NIGHT

Big move. TWO DELTA DUDES hauling gear out to the SUV -- DELTA #2 hauling NICKY -- MURRA pulling on a holster and --

LANDY
(on the phone)
-- yes, got it -- got it -- they'll be there -- I'm here --
(hanging up and --)

MURRA
Where?

LANDY
Four miles off-shore. He's heading toward Spain. There's a chopper touching down in twenty minutes.

MURRA

Incredible.

(and now he's rushing for
the door--)

LANDY

We stay in touch.

MURRA nods. Respecting her now. And nervous.

EXT. TANGIER HARBOR -- NIGHT

A FAST BOAT pulling away from the port. Running lights off. PAZ at the helm. Racing toward the Spanish coast, as --

INT. RIAD PANTRY -- NIGHT

LANDY rewinding those SURVEILLANCE TAPES again and --

EXT. CLIFFSIDE ROAD -- NIGHT

Calm now. Dark. A MUEZZIN calling prayers over an echoing, distant loudspeaker. TWO GUYS working on a car engine by flashlight. A LOCAL MAN in a full, hooded Jalaba climbing past them. A COUPLE strolling in the night air.

THE CAMERA CLOSES ON

THE HOODED MAN. Edging toward the Casbah. Toward the shadows. Rolling his sleeves and hem as he slips into the darkness and --

It's BOURNE.

Climbing now. Climbing the wall he descended earlier that afternoon. Quietly this time. Disappearing above, as --

EXT. ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

Two houses away from The Riad. THE MUEZZIN'S PRAYERS just finishing, echoing into silence. Nothing moving for a moment, and then --

There.

BOURNE staying to the shadows as he edges toward A CHIMNEY. Reaching down inside. Pulling out THE GREEN MONEY BAG he stole from The Riad, when suddenly --

He stops cold.

A RED DOT on his chest. A laser sight.

LANDY (OS)

You thought the cash was tagged,
didn't you?

She's across the roof. Gun pointed right at him.

BOURNE

I didn't have time to check.

LANDY

You did good. They're off chasing
the gun.

(squared up, focused)

Track somebody long enough, you get
to know how they think.

BOURNE

You ever kill anybody before?

LANDY

Yes.

And she meant it.

BOURNE

It's easier if you do it right away.

LANDY

You're just trying to figure out who
you are, aren't you?

BOURNE

Your best bet is to shoot right now.
My tactical position is zero. It can't
be reduced in value. The introduction
of any new element into the situation
is only gonna favor me.

LANDY

Since this started, that's all you've
been doing, isn't it?

BOURNE

You have two rounds to get a kill-stop
before I get across the roof.

She nods. And then -- he can't believe it -- but she just
tossed down the gun. Just like that. And then...

LANDY

Your name is David Webb. You were born on the 4th of July, 1972 in Nixa Missouri.

(silence)

I've been doing this twenty years. More than that. I've spent my entire adult life fighting for my country. I've done everything I've ever been asked. Ugly jobs. Stupid people. Stupid places. I don't have a family. I don't have a husband. There's no one I care about that really knows what I do for a living. I gave up everything. You give it up, but then at least you have that, you know? The honor of it. That secret. Some personal satisfaction that keeps you going.

(she hesitates)

But not this. Not Treadstone. This isn't what I fought for. What they did to you? What they're doing now? This isn't what I was fighting for. This isn't us. This isn't who we're supposed to be.

(he hasn't moved)

It has to be stopped.

BOURN

What happens now? I pick up the gun and six guys come through the door?

LANDY

I can bring you in. We can find a way to make them stop.

He steps forward. Close enough for her to really see how strung-out he looks.

BOURNE

You people don't quit, do you?
(eyes wild)
You think I'm afraid to die?

LANDY

If you die, they win.

He picks up the gun. Checks the clip. It's loaded.

LANDY

Do you remember being David Webb?

BOURNE

She told you what to say, didn't she?

LANDY

Who?

BOURNE

FUCK THAT!

GUN -- up! -- to her face -- hand shaking --

LANDY

(staring down the barrel)

I'll do this without you if I have to.

BOURNE

You'd say anything, wouldn't you?

It's crazy. He's the one holding the gun, She's the one who's calm.

LANDY

They won't stop looking for you now.
They can't.

BOURNE

What's that? A threat? You're gonna threaten me now?

(fuck you)

There's nothing else you can do to me.

He's got the money. He's backing away. He's bailing...

LANDY

David.

(that stops him)

If you change your mind? When you think about it? If that happens? Find me. I'm in New York. When this goes cold, that's where we'll be. Just do it soon, because I don't know how long I can wait...

(quick before he goes)

If I call you Jason Bourne it means we're not alone.

Forget it. He's tossing the gun. Running for the wall. Waiting for that bullet in the head that never comes as he disappears over the side and...

LANDY left there alone, as we cut to --

EXT. EAST BOAT -- NIGHT

Racing for Spain. Hull slapping dark water. PAZ at the helm -- A PHONE buzzing in his pocket -- pulling it as he steers. It's bad news. He's slowing the boat...

LOOKING UP

A U.S. MILITARY HELICOPTER flying toward him. Heading back toward Morocco. Abort. The mission's a bust.

INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

VOSEN just sitting there alone. Lights of Manhattan no consolation for the dark clouds gathering in his head.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

FLASHBACK! -- we're moving -- coming fast through a long, dark, empty corridor -- everything blue -- pale-blue tile -- deep-blue linoleum floor -- wavy-blue aquatic wallpaper -- A WINDOW ahead -- LIGHTS OUTSIDE -- A CITY visible through iron grating -- it's New York, isn't it? -- but we can't linger -- no time -- almost there -- keep going --

And then we stop...

A DOOR. A blue door. Unmarked. This is where we've been heading. We're hesitating. We're turning to see --

OUR REFLECTION in a glass-panelled door across the hall...

WE ARE

DAVID WEBB. We are fourteen-years-old. We're wearing torn pajamas. We are holding A GUN.

CUTTING SUDDENLY TO --

INT. PASSENGER PLANE -- NIGHT

BOURNE jolting awake! -- lost -- gasping -- realizing he's trapped in the window seat -- forcing himself quiet before he wakes THE TWO STRANGERS sleeping next to him. Trying to calm. Breathing it away. Everything he can do not to let the chaos take over, as we cut to --

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT IMMIGRATION CHECKPOINT -- DAY

BOURNE just off the flight. Handing his passport to the BORDER OFFICER. Watching it scanned and stamped and --

BORDER OFFICER
(handing it back)
Welcome home.

BOURNE nods. Walking through. Welcome fucking home.

EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK -- NIGHT

LANDY walking alone -- CROSSING SIXTH AVENUE -- just catching the light -- nobody behind her and --

UP AHEAD

THE HILTON. Big cab stand. Busy tonight. TAXIS loading and dropping off. People stacked up at the curb.

BACK TO

LANDY, except now we're close enough to see that she's got on A LATEX GLOVE -- pulling something from A PLASTIC SLEEVE INSIDE HER PURSE and --

ANGLE ON

THE CAB STAND. LANDY weaving through as if she were just taking a shortcut to the corner -- never breaking stride as SHE SLIPS AN ENVELOPE INTO THE OPEN TRUNK OF A TAXI -- blink and you missed it -- there she goes, walking off, as --

INT. FLORIDA GUN SHOW -- NIGHT

Strip-mall convention center. Three acres of firearms. Dealers, buyers, gawkers and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE walking the aisles. Damn. Welcome to America.

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

They're grinding. LANDY going over some security pattern program for the twentieth time. Looking up to see MURRA standing behind her --

LANDY

We're rerunning the whole European
grid pattern, so if you want to...

(off his look)

What?

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC CORRIDOR -- DAY

LANDY following MURRA toward the office area. Something's definitely wrong. Pockets of quiet, urgent activity all over the place. DELTA DUDES -- suddenly there's six of them -- going over plans and perimeters. Three people we've never seen before -- A PENTAGON CRIME SCENE CREW -- getting geared up in a vacant office and --

INT. VOSEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Shades drawn. VOSEN waiting. Closing the door as LANDY and MURRA enter. There's a TELEVISION MONITOR on his desk. He's got a remote. Hitting "PLAY" and --

ON THE SCREEN

A VIDEOTAPE. Twenty years old. Stark, scientific quality. DAVID WEBB in a chair facing the camera. He seems a normal, healthy teenager. And then the interview begins --

VOICE (O.S.)

(deep and calm)

Good morning, David.

DAVID

Good morning.

VOICE (O.S.)

How's the French coming?

DAVID

Pretty well.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's what I hear. They tell me your
German is flawless.

(the boy shrugs)

I have something here in German. I'd
like you translate it into Dutch for me
if you would.

DAVID reaching past the camera for a piece of paper.

DAVID

(reading in perfect Dutch)
(The muzzle velocity of the Ruger P89
is reduced by a third when a factory
suppression unit is installed.)

VOICE (O.S.)

And in English?

DAVID

The muzzle velocity of the Ruger P89
is reduced by a third when a factory
suppression unit is installed.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is that a true statement?

DAVID

No, sir.

VOICE (O.S.)

Explain.

DAVID

There is no factory silencer for the
Ruger-P series.

VOICE (O.S.)

What if you needed one?

DAVID

How much time do I have?

VOICE (O.S.)

One hour.

DAVID

I need a half-meter of quarter-inch
brake line tubing. I need some good
one-and-a-half-inch PVC. I need the
thickest roll of cloth tape available,
and depending on the type o--
(he would've kept going,
but--)

VOICE (O.S.)

Stop.

(like a switch)

Would the Ruger P-89 be your weapon
of choice?

DAVID

That would depend on the assignment.

VOICE (O.S.)
Single shot. Head. Close quarter.

DAVID
Glock 29. Ten mil. Hundred and eighty
grain hollowpoint load.
(freezing on that image as,
we hear click and--)

REVERSE TO

The three of them. Like death.

VOSEN
There was a message.
(he's written it down)
"Kill Treadstone. Leave me alone.
Or watch this tape on CNN."
(looking up)
This was found in the trunk of a cab
this morning in Queens.

LANDY
And gets here how?

VOSEN
It was addressed to us.

LANDY is prepped. Bold and convincing.

LANDY
Where does he get this?

VOSEN
We're gonna figure that out.

LANDY
(sounding freaked)
Well how many copies are floating
around out there?

VOSEN
Nobody has this.

LANDY
Somebody does.
(resigned)
Not that it really matters...

VOSEN
What do you mean?

LANDY

Bourne has it. We're frozen.
(doesn't he get it?)
He wins.

VOSEN

That is not an option.

LANDY

Two keystrokes and it's all over the
Net! How the hell do you stop that?

VOSEN

We're gonna track him down.

LANDY

To where? A garage in Queens?

VOSEN

(losing it)
That tape is a Red Flag, Top Secret
document! We are a country at war!
Anyone who knowingly cooperates in its
distribution is guilty of high treason.
(quiet hard)
Bourne cannot be alive. He cannot
walk the face of the earth.

Pressure drop. All her real anxiety camouflaged by anger.

LANDY

I'm out. I came here to help you,
not go down with the ship.

VOSEN

You came here because you didn't have
anyplace else to go.
(that shuts her up)
Well, now you're here. You're in it.
This went up the chain an hour ago.
We take this one all the way. Those
are our orders.
(beat)
Bourne does not win.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

PAZ sitting across the street from the Ulti-Graph building.
Today he's a bike messenger. Bag. Shades. Wheels. Eyes
scanning like a machine and --

INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY

LANDY behind her desk. MURRA and TECH #1 on their feet.
A somber, desultory vibe.

LANDY

If he's here, he landed in the last
seventy two hours. Let's start
running flights to domestic airports
from every place we know he's been.

TECH #1

How many airports?

LANDY

All of them.

TECH #1 leaves. MURRA flashing her an "I-know-this-sucks"
look as her HER MOBILE PHONE BEGINS TO RING...

LANDY

(grabbing it)

Pamela Landy

BOURNE/PHONE

I hear you're still looking for me.

She hesitates. Oh shit. Think quick.

LANDY

Bourne?

MURRA at the door, turning back, as we cut quickly to --

INT. EMPTY MIDTOWN OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

BOURNE on alert. She called him, "Bourne" --

BOURNE

What do you want?

LANDY/PHONE

I wanted to thank you. For the tape...
(continuing as--)

INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

MURRA stepping closer -- mouthing "Bourne?" --

LANDY

(nodding *yes*)

-- we got what we needed. It's all tied off. I guess I owe you an apology.

BOURNE/PHONE

Is that official?

LANDY

No. Off the record. You know how it is.

BOURNE/PHONE

Goodbye.

LANDY

No. Wait. Wait...

(grabbing his file--)

David Webb. That's your real name...

INT. EMPTY MIDTOWN OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

BOURNE hanging -- *waiting* --

LANDY/PHONE

...you were born 4.15.71 in Nixa, Missouri.

What's he doing? He's got a pen. SCRIBBLING SOMETHING ON HIS HAND -- those numbers -- 4 15 71, as we cut to --

INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

MURRA watching her -- *afraid to move* --

LANDY

Why don't you come in and we'll talk about it?

(*waiting*)

Bourne?

INT. EMPTY MIDTOWN OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

BOURNE looking out the window --

BOURNE

Get some rest, Pam. You look tired.

(*hanging up, as we cut to--*)

INT. LANDY'S OFFICE -- DAY (CONT)

LANDY wheeling around -- the windows -- the city just huge behind her --

MURRA

What?

LANDY

He's out there.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

BOURNE on the street. On the move. But where?

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

PAZ just got the call -- on his feet -- eyes scanning and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/KITCHEN AREA -- DAY

Interior space -- no windows -- commandeered for an emergency meeting -- VOSEN -- MURRA -- TECH #1 -- DELTA #1 and --

LANDY

-- the voice, we just saw the tape,
I knew it was him --

MURRA

-- you thanked him --

LANDY

-- for the tape, yes, that's right --
that we got what we needed --

MURRA

-- that it was all tied off --

VOSEN

-- meaning what? -- tied off how? --

LANDY

-- I don't know, I was just --

VOSEN

(impatient)

-- that we were agreeing? --

LANDY

-- I said we owed him an apology --

VOSEN

-- who? -- the government? --

MURRA

-- off the record -- she said it was
off the record --

LANDY

-- he said, "Is that official?" --
I told him no --

VOSEN

-- but David Webb? -- you gave him
David Webb? --

MURRA'S VOICE

-- she was trying to keep him on the
phone --

VOSEN

-- I'm asking her! --

LANDY

-- for crissake, Noah, I was making
it up as I went along! -- I don't know
what to say or who's listening in or
any of it! -- you take the call next
time!

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

BOURNE walking uptown, marching with the grim cadence of a
combat soldier who knows the only road home runs through the
battle ahead. Fighting off the blur of PEOPLE and FACES and
SOUNDS and TRAFFIC -- trying desperately to tune it all out
and just keep going, as we cut to --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC LADIES ROOM -- DAY

LANDY loading A GUN. Alone here, tucked in the last stall,
slapping home a clip like she knows what she's doing, as we
cut to --

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

PAZ -- WHIPPING PAST -- ON THE BIKE -- through traffic --
ducking -- weaving -- searching for Bourne and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- NIGHT

VOSEN just came in to see --

MURRA
(hustling over)
I can't find her...

VOSEN
She must be upstairs.

MURRA
Wait.
(no easy way to say it)
She told Bourne, *you're David Webb,*
you're from Nixa, Missouri, okay?
But his DOB? -- I just went and looked
it up, because I knew it sounded wrong
-- he was born on the fourth of July,
1972. She told him it was it was
4.15.71.

VOSEN
You're sure.
No need for to answer, because right behind them --

DELTA DUDE #2
Sir...
(leaning in the door)
She stepped out. My guys up front
saw her leave about ten minutes ago.

VOSEN blinks. Dagger in the back.

VOSEN
Everything stops.
(to the room now)
EVERYTHING STOPS! LISTEN UP!
(they're listening)
New assignment. Numbers.
(to Murra)
What are they?

MURRA
Four. Fifteen. Seventy-one.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DAY

LANDY waiting. Here comes a train. Doors opening and --

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

BOURNE soldiering up the crowded sidewalks -- faster than before -- tighter than before -- face front -- keep moving -- don't stop -- rushing to beat a crosswalk light as a CAR HORN BLARES BEHIND HIM and he turns and --

RIGHT THERE

FLASHBACK! -- coming at him -- A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAVID WEBB hustling to make the light -- it is, it's Bourne at fifteen, an intense, focused young man rushing by -- marching away up Lexington Avenue -- disappearing into the crowd and --

BACK TO

BOURNE stalled there. Staring. Wanting to not be sure of what he just saw. PASSERSBY flooding around him -- nobody stopping -- nobody noticing really -- he's just some guy having a moment on the streets of New York, as --

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN -- DAY

PAZ ON THE BIKE -- riding wild -- scanning like mad and --

INT. ABLE-GRAPHIC/GRID ROOM -- DAY

VOSEN at the center of a high-speed brain dump --

TECH #3

-- if you plug them in as variants of latitude and longitude you get Cameroon -- Peru -- Colombia --

TECH #2

-- San Francisco's got a four-one-five area code --

TECH #1

-- 41571 is the zip code for Varney, Kentucky --

TECH #4

-- there's no 415 West 71st Street, but there is a 415 East 71st --

TECH #1

-- if it's a substitution code, we're way short on variables, which i--
(no chance to finish as--)

VOSEN

-- hang on -- wait -- Seventy First Street? Like what? Like York and First?

TECH #4

That's correct.

VOSEN like he's been hit. Like hard. As we cut to --

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET -- DAY

LANDY passing beneath the street sign. Just about to turn the corner off First Avenue, when --

BOURNE

Walk.

(suddenly, he's beside her, taking her arm--)
Are we alone?

LANDY

Not for long.

BOURNE

How long?

LANDY

I don't know.

BOURNE

I sent you a tape in Berlin, but that's not the one you were talking about, is it?

LANDY

No.

BOURNE

(he smells trouble)-
What did you do?

LANDY

I didn't think you were coming back. I couldn't wait...

(no putting it off)

I burned a piece of video. I said it was from you. That if they didn't shut down, you were gonna send it to the press.

(it sounds crazy now)

I really thought you were gone.

BOURNE

Tape of what?

LANDY

You. As a boy.

EXT./INT. ULTI-GRAPH BUILDING -- DAY

MURRA and FIVE DELTA DUDES rushing out through the lobby.
TWO WHITE S.U.V.s waiting at the curb with --

VOSEN

(blistering a cell phone)

-- no, no I'm gonna hold, because
you're going to page him again and
tell him that Vosen says the house
is on fire and he better pick up the
goddam phone! --

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET -- DAY

#415 E. 71ST ST. Just a small, ordinary apartment building.

LANDY (O.S.)

Do you remember this?

BOURNE AND LANDY across the street, walking slowly --

LANDY

They kept such careful paperwork.
Very few names. Almost no addresses.
But this was in there.
(he's stopping)
I thought there'd be an office or
something but it's just apartments.

SUDDENLY

*FLASHBACK! -- fragment -- a snapshot of something that
happened twenty years ago across the street -- DAVID WEBB --
a strapping eighteen-year-old boy, getting out of a van --
home from some wilderness training exercise, dirty and
tanned, hoisting a dusty duffel bag, heading toward the
building, when suddenly --*

LANDY (O.S.)

You okay?

BOURNE snapping back. She's staring. Waiting...

BOURNE

I lived here.
 (piece by piece)
 Number 5-B. I was David Webb.
 (looking around)
 I used to walk here...

He's tuning in. It's so familiar. They shouldn't be lingering here, but --

LANDY

Do you remember a Doctor Devitt?
 Leonard Devitt? They had to have an
 attending physician, he was the
 sign-off.
 (hopeful)
 He's got an office three blocks
 from here.

BOURNE careful now. Taking more than he's giving.

BOURNE

I don't know.

LANDY

The more you actually remember the
 easier it'll be.

BOURNE

For what?

LANDY

For people to believe.

BOURNE

That what? I'm a killer?

LANDY

About Treadstone.

BOURNE

When did we become partners?
 (backing away)
 I never signed up for that.

And he's walking. And she's so stunned it takes a moment
 before she starts chasing after him and --

EXT. PARK AVENUE -- DAY

PAZ ON THE BIKE -- churning uptown -- crazy fast and --

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

A showplace. The private lair of a prominent physician. A modern space layered with the awards and detritus of a long and prosperous career. A PHONE PULSING INSISTENTLY on a huge mahogany desk as --

THE CAMERA FINDS

DR. DEVITT staring at the phone. He is eighty and showing every inch of it. A powerful man wasted by age and entropy. Sick and tired and dreading this conversation --

DR. DEVITT
(instead of hello)
There are rules about this, Noah.
No more calls. I can go over your
head if I have to.

INT. FAST MOVING WHITE SUV -- DAY (CONT)

VOSEN at the other end of the line --

VOSEN
We have a situation here.

DR. DEVITT/PHONE
I'm sure you'll do your best.
(rushing to get off, but--)

VOSEN
David Webb is in town. We think
he's heading your way.

Dead pause.

DR. DEVITT/PHONE
I don't know what you're talking about.
(click, and--)

Dial tone. VOSEN can't believe it.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

DR. DEVITT finding his coat and cane. Moving as quickly as his wasted body will allow --

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET -- DAY

BOURNE walking fast. LANDY trying to keep up. They're heading toward the river and A HUGE HOSPITAL COMPLEX --

LANDY

-- we go to The New York Times -- we walk in -- we go together --

BOURNE

-- they killed a reporter in broad daylight on the streets of London --

LANDY

-- because he was close! -- because they're desperate --

INT. DR. DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Sterile and new. And quiet. A sign on the wall:

THE INSTITUTE FOR NEUROCOGNITION

A RECEPTIONIST on the phone, looking up to see DR. DEVITT heading for the door --

RECEPTIONIST

(covering the receiver)
It's Mr. Vosen calling back...

DR. DEVITT

Tell him, I've gone for the day.
(one more thing)
Call the car, tell him to meet me by the old entrance.

EXT. EAST SEVENTY-FIRST STREET -- DAY

A MAJOR RECONSTRUCTION PROJECT. Sidewalks jammed with trucks and dumpsters. DOCTORS, NURSES, PATIENTS everyone navigating through the chaos. BOURNE walking fast and --

LANDY

- (right behind him)
-- you were kids! -- you're like thirteen years old on this tape! --

BOURNE

-- I'm not thirteen anymore --

LANDY

-- you were brainwashed! --

BOURNE

-- tell it to the people I killed --

LANDY

-- but you walked away! -- you'd be bringing it down!

He stops -- wheeling on her -- flushed -- roiling --

BOURNE

Tell me how I don't end up in a box,
or a cell! Tell me how anyone hears
my story and lets me go free!

He's right. She's fucked.

LANDY

I don't have a back-up plan.

BOURNE

Then go with what you've got...
(he's been looking
past her--)

You're just gonna have to do it
without me.

(and suddenly he's
grabbing her arm--)

YO!

(because--)

RIGHT BEHIND HER

A TAXI dropping off a fare -- BOURNE was ready -- turning her
toward the car before she even knows what's happening --

BOURNE

Go. Just go. Get out of here.

(holding the door,
practically pushing
her in--)

Save yourself.

LANDY

Come with me.

BOURNE

(to the driver)
Get her out of here.

And he slams the door and --

INT. TAXI -- DAY

THE DRIVER pulling away. Eyes to the mirror.

LANDY

(shaky)

Forty-Third and Eighth.

So they're driving away from the construction, up towards York Avenue. She's trying to make sense of what's just happened -- trying to settle enough to think it out, when --

OUT HER WINDOW

ACROSS THE STREET -- it's PAZ! -- locking up the bike --

LANDY

(to the Driver)

Sorry. Wait. I forgot something.
Let me off at the corner --

INT. HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Busy job site. At least here by the entrance. They're refurbishing some huge old piece of the hospital complex. BUNCH OF DEMO GUYS hauling shit out and --

BOURNE walking through, grabbing a hardhat as he goes and --

EXT. FIRST AVENUE TRAFFIC -- DAY

TWO WHITE SUVs pulling out in tandem -- running a light -- making their own rules -- room to move now and --

EXT. HOSPITAL NEW WING ENTRANCE -- DAY

PAZ hustling into the building and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

LANDY tailing him and --

INT. HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

BOURNE really in there now. Fewer workers the deeper you go. The place is being stripped. TWO GUYS pulling out radiators and BOURNE slowing for a moment because --

There.

A PILE OF BROKEN BLUE TILE and --

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- it's night -- we're moving -- coming fast through a long, dark, empty corridor -- everything blue -- pale-blue tile -- deep-blue linoleum floor -- wavy-blue aquatic wallpaper and --

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- DAY

LANDY looking for Paz -- she's lost him! -- fuck! -- it's busy here -- turning -- searching -- PATIENTS and NURSES and VISITORS and there --

ON THE WALL

A HOSPITAL DIRECTORY. Doctors names. Hundreds of them.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE CORRIDOR -- DAY

BOURNE coming through -- quickly now -- empty here -- debris -- walls stripped -- wires hanging and --

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- MOTION -- like that -- flat-out -- it's us -- we're running -- we are Jason Bourne and we're running through A HALLWAY -- it's dark -- night -- doors -- doors to either side -- but closed -- locked! -- no good -- keep going -- there, there's one that's open --

AND THEN BACK

BOURNE out of it -- jolted! -- it's this hallway -- THIS DOORWAY -- stepping in and --

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- AN EMPTY ROOM -- weird -- sterile -- like a classroom -- like a clinic --

AND THEN BACK

BOURNE standing in the middle of the room. Dazed. Rocked. Swamped with memories. Fighting it. Trying to, when --

Something behind him.

BOURNE turning -- pulling his gun and --

BOURNE
(target in sight)
Stop.

IN THE CORRIDOR

DR. DEVITT right there. Caught. Going nowhere now.

DR. DEVITT
Hello, David.
(instantly familiar)
I heard you've been having some
problems.
(the construction)
Must be unsettling, seeing it all
torn up like this. It is for me.
Places you've spent time...

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- night -- A YOUNGER DR. DEVITT -- he's behind a
desk -- calm -- confident -- almost bored --

DR. DEVITT
...I think you should kill me, David.
If you care more about yourself than
you do about this program, I think
that's really the only option left.
Kill me and be free...

AND BACK TO

BOURNE frozen there. Two hands to keep the gun steady.

DR. DEVITT
This wasn't what I wanted. I hope
you know that. Not for either of us.

BOURNE
Why? What did you want?

DR. DEVITT
I wanted the science. I wanted to
see it through. We started with such
amazing promise.
(wistfully)
It's a bit like inventing the wheel
and then having it used as a hula-hoop.

BOURNE
Is that what we were?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

THE RECEPTIONIST just locking up when --

LANDY

Is this Dr. Devitt's office?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm afraid he's gone for the day.

LANDY hesitates. A GROUP OF PEOPLE passing behind them.

LANDY

Are you on line? Your office?

RECEPTIONIST

Of course, but...

(confused)

Did you have an appointm--

(stopping suddenly,
because--)

LANDY has her gun out.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE CORRIDOR/ROOM -- DAY

As they were. BOURNE in the room, gun squared on --

DR. DEVITT

(in the corridor)

...I was no match for those people
at the Pentagon. Once you've taken
the funding it's like dealing with
the Mafia. You're trapped. I could
never reshape the program...

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- night -- YOUNG DR. DEVITT at his desk --

DR. DEVITT

*...this is it, David, either you're
going to pull that trigger, or you're
going to accept that we are bound
together -- that there's a great
responsibility that comes with the
gifts you've been given...*

AND BACK TO

BOURNE desperate to stay in the moment -- trying to blink this shit away -- he can't flake now --

BOURNE

We were kids.

DR. DEVITT

I warned them, David. I tried to. They brought me to Washington in '78 -- and I needed the money -- I said I'm sorry, but the pre-frontal, parietal brain areas I'm working in are closed by the time a person is twenty-one years old.

BOURNE

We had no one.

DR. DEVITT

They wouldn't let me walk away.

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- night -- 60-YEAR-OLD DR. DEVITT at his desk --

DR. DEVITT

...it's not the killing that's the problem, is it? You're not afraid to kill me, are you?

DAVID WEBB across the room. Fourteen-years-old. Torn pajamas. Tears welling. A gun in his shaking hand --

DR. DEVITT

It's the freedom, isn't it? Do you remember how that felt? To be free? Because I don't think you liked it very much. I think what you like is a plan. I think you like the respect of the people in this program. But maybe I'm wrong. If so then let's just finish it right now...

AND THEN BACK TO

BOURNE -- except different -- clearer now -- stronger --

BOURNE

That's why you took us, isn't it? Because we had no one.

DR. DEVITT

This wasn't what I wanted...

BOURNE

You knew nobody would come to save us.

DR. DEVITT

We all lost our way. All of us.

BOURNE

And here I am.

Is DEVITT confused? Or is it something else? Something down the hall?

DR. DEVITT

Boys, please, I'm ju--
(never finishing because
BLAM!!--)

A SINGLE BULLET THROUGH HIS SKULL!

BOURNE -- stunned -- but no time to think -- because --

BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- THE DOOR FRAME SPLINTERING and --

PAZ -- COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR -- laying down suppressing fire as he advances -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! --

BOURNE -- backing up -- firing! -- toward the door -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- just enough so that --

PAZ -- can't risk it -- ducking into the room right next door and suddenly... Silence. PAZ checking his watch. Checking the room --

IT'S A STORAGE SPACE. Stripped bare. Nothing left but empty shelves and fluorescent light fixtures. There's a center wall -- like a divider -- that runs floor-to-ceiling back to the outside wall and TWO WINDOWS -- one each side -- both so caked with dirt and crap that there's no way to see outside.

PAZ -- looking up -- DUST WISPING DOWN FROM THE OLD ACOUSTIC TILE CEILING -- GUN UP! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! --

Too late! -- near miss -- BOURNE dropping! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! -- shooting wildly as he falls -- BLAM! -- crashing down! -- BLAM! -- BLAM! and --

PAZ -- diving! -- BLAM! -- rolling away into the far side of the room and --

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

LANDY hijacking a computer. Gun sitting on the desk.
RECEPTIONIST watching her.

LANDY

(as she types)

I'm just sending something out and
then you're free to go.

(freezing as--)

THE DOOR -- it's locked but someone's trying it! --

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

It's MURRA at the door -- knocking now -- RAP-RAP!--RAP!
VOSEN and THREE DELTA DUDES trying to look casual --

INT. THE STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

Total standoff. BOURNE and PAZ on opposite sides of that
room divider. Not much but sheetrock and studs between them.
They've both got a sightline to the corridor -- there's a
wider, common area by the door -- but getting there would
mean putting yourself out in the open. Nothing but those
dark, filthy windows behind them.

BOURNE

Welcome home, huh?

(PAZ is silent)

This place freak you out as much as
it does me?

(PAZ trying to source his
voice through the wall--)

I'll take that as a yes.

(PAZ pulling another gun
from an ankle holster,
surprised to hear--)

How many weapons you got? I figure
you gotta have a least two. I've got
a whole bag of shit over here.

(PAZ hesitating now--)

Big question for me is whether you've
got anything that cuts this wall.

(PAZ raising his gun--)

But I guess you're wondering the same
thing, right?

BLAM! -- dust! -- hole -- inches from BOURNE'S HEAD!

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

LANDY -- THE COMPUTER -- she's rushing -- uploading -- one eye on THE RECEPTIONIST -- trying to be quiet -- knowing they're at the door and --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

VOSEN, MURRA and THE DELTA DUDES stalled here --

DELTA DUDE #1

Heads up. We got company...

They do -- SEVERAL DOCTORS and STAFFERS -- coming quickly up the hallway -- grabbing phones -- faces at doorways --

VOSEN

-- what's going on? --

YOUNG DOCTOR

(rushing past)

-- someone thinks they heard shots --
could just be the construction --

VOSEN turns back, ready to start barking orders, but --

MURRA

(listening at the door)

-- someone's in there --

INT. STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

As they were. Two scorpions on either side of the wall. Mirror images. Same tactics. Two guns each. Small piece trained on the open area. Big caliber pointed at the wall. Both of them glancing at their watches.

BOURNE

Local response still five minutes?

PAZ

Sounds like you're fishing.

BOURNE

Just trying to break the ice.

PAZ trying to edge forward for a better angle when -- BLAM!
-- HUGE HOLE -- right in front of him! -- shit!

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

THE DOOR -- kicked in! -- DELTA DUDE #2 -- weapon out --
swinging in -- VOSEN and MURRA right behind him and --

RECEPTIONIST

-- she has a gun! --
(diving for cover, but--)

No need. LANDY with her hands up. At the computer.

VOSEN

Get up! Get her away from there!

LANDY

You're too late, Noah,
(as she stands)
It went out.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- DAY

THREE NYPD CRUISERS screeching up to the building and --

INT. STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

Still stuck. But this is speed chess. The clock's winding
down and they know it.

BOURNE

Look, I don't want to kill you.

PAZ

That's a big disadvantage.

BOURNE -- don't blink -- *so fast* -- BIG GUN TO THE WINDOW --
BAM!-BAM!-BAM!-BAM! -- THE WHOLE THING JUST SHATTERING! --
some sort of courtyard/airshaft out there --

PAZ

Going out the window?

BOURNE

I like the option.

PAZ

I hear you.

BOURNE

Kind of wishing you thought of it
first, right?

PAZ

What do you mean?

BOURNE

You go for it now, I get a chance to source you through the wall.

PAZ

If you want to know if I have a window, why don't you just ask?

Look fast -- PAZ already moving -- diving to the floor -- covering the corridor, even as -- BLAM!--BLAM!--BLAM!--BLAM!--BLAM! -- HE'S BLOWING THE SHIT OUT HIS WINDOW and --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

A DOCTOR -- JANITOR -- SECURITY GUARD -- tucked in behind a SET OF METAL DOORS -- the new wing ends here, beyond the doors is the construction site --

SECURITY GUARD

(looking back)

-- are you guys cops? -- we been calling! --

DELTA DUDES #1 & #2 -- weapons drawn -- coming fast --

JANITOR

-- they're shooting like crazy down there! --

INT. STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

As they were. MORE SIRENS. Less time.

BOURNE

How many of us are left?

PAZ

I think it's just you and me.

BOURNE

I met another guy a while back. He was talking about it, he said, "Look what they make you give." He was right. They made us give everything, didn't they?

PAZ

It's a commitment.

BOURNE

Whatever it was, it's over now.

(waiting)

You really want to die for these scumbags?

PAZ

I wasn't planning on it.

BOURNE

I'm serious. I'd love to see you walk away from this.

PAZ

You know how it is...

BOURNE

That's my point, asshole. I'm the only one who knows.

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

LANDY the only one here not freaking out. DELTA DUDE #3 standing guard by the broken door. THE RECEPTIONIST looks catatonic. MURRA typing frantically at the computer trying to assess the damage and --

VOSEN

-- you will fry for this, Pam! --
you have no idea how far this goes --

MURRA

-- I need her password --

VOSEN

-- you've got now, Pam --
(in her face)
-- YOU'VE GOT RIGHT FUCKING NOW TO
SAVE YOUR ASS AND MAKE THIS OKAY! --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE CORRIDOR -- DAY

DELTA DUDES #1 & #2 coming fast -- weapons drawn -- tactical pas de dude around the corner, when --

DELTA DUDE #2

Hold up.
(because--)

DR. DEVITT'S BODY twenty yards ahead.

INT. STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

BOURNE and PAZ -- hearing the Dudes -- amping now --

PAZ

You making your move?

BOURNE

I guess so. I got what I came for.
(reaching into his open
backpack--)

I wish you luck, bro. However it
goes.

(pulling out TWO SMALL
CANNISTERS and--)

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE CORRIDOR -- DAY

DELTA DUDES #1 & #2 -- coming slowly now -- hugging the
wall -- guns out -- ready for anything --

EXCEPT THIS

THREE COPS -- thirty yards down -- NYPD TACTICAL POLICE --
kevlar -- automatics -- attitude --

COP #1

-- NYPD! -- DROP! -- DROP NOW! --
(guns drawn and--)

DELTA DUDES freezing -- fuck! -- but before they can even
start to explain --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- those cannisters? -- he's throwing them -- first
one into THE CORRIDOR and --

LIKE THAT!

WHOOOOOSSSSHHHHH! -- BOOOOOOOWWWW!!! -- A FLASH-BANG STUN
GRENADE! -- BLINDING LIGHT AND RINGING EARS AND SMOKE and --

CUT TO

PAZ -- caught -- no time to adjust because behind him --
WHOOOOOSSSSHHHHH! -- BOOOOOOOWWWW!!! -- A SECOND BLAST OF
SOUND AND LIGHT FLOODING UP THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- he's gone -- DIVING OUT THAT SHATTERED WINDOW
 FRAME -- CRASHING THROUGH -- blind -- INTO A COURTYARD
 AIRSHAFT JUST CHOKED WITH THICK WHITE SMOKE --

FALLING!

Ten, fifteen feet -- LANDING HARD! -- already moving --
 already lost in THE SMOKE and --

CUT TO

PAZ -- above -- on it -- reckless! -- OUT HIS WINDOW! --
 SPRAYING ROUNDS AS HE JUMPS! -- BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM! --
 glass falling and he's falling and --

THUD!! -- PAZ CRASHING DOWN ONTO AN OLD AC UNIT and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- heard it -- can't see -- TOO MUCH SMOKE -- on
 his back! -- crabbing for a corner -- where's the wall? --
 nothing but SHEETS OF PLASTIC where the structure's been
 ripped out and --

CUT TO

PAZ -- LOST IN THE SMOKE -- scrambling off THE AC UNIT --
 refusing pain -- no time -- find target -- get cover and --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE CORRIDOR -- DAY

Chaos -- COPS -- DELTA DUDES -- SMOKE CLEARING -- weapons --
 adrenaline -- panic -- everyone SCREAMING --

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| COPS | DELTAS |
| -- GET ON THE FLOOR! -- GET | -- HOLD FIRE! -- WE'RE |
| THE FUCK DOWN! -- DOWN! -- | FRIENDLY! -- WE'RE DOD! -- |
| NOW! -- DOWN!!! -- | WE'RE DOWN! -- |

INT. COURTYARD/AIRSHAFT -- DAY

BOURNE -- no time -- another ten seconds and the smoke will
 clear -- bail or kill? -- SHEET PLASTIC LOOSE BEHIND HIM --
 and then A SOUND --

BOURNE turning -- gun swinging and --

RIGHT THERE!

PAZ -- turned away -- caught dead and --

BOURNE -- BLAM! -- one shot -- so close and --

PAZ -- no kill! -- but hit -- HIS HAND! -- THE GUN! --
it's gone and --

BOURNE -- up -- falling back -- TEARING THROUGH THE PLASTIC
SHEETING -- shit crashing down as he escapes and --

FINALLY TO

PAZ -- stunned -- standing there clutching his hand -- he
should be dead -- he's not --

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Worse by the moment -- MURRA typing like mad to try and
call back the upload -- DELTA DUDE #3 and THE RECEPTIONIST
watching LANDY stare back stone-faced as --

VOSEN

-- we're at war, Pam! -- you have
betrayed your country during wartime
and the only chance you have right now
to make things right is to tell us how
to call off this e-mail!

(she won't talk, he can't
wait--)

GIVE ME YOUR WEAPON!

DELTA DUDE #3

(afraid what he's gonna do)
-- I can't do that, sir --

VOSEN

-- I'M ORDERING YOU! --

DELTA DUDE #3

-- there's people in the hall, sir --
they're right outside --

VOSEN

GODDAMIT!

(seeing an alternative--)

LANDY'S GUN on the desk where she left it and he's rushing
for it, when suddenly --

RECEPTIONIST

(the dam bursting)

HELP!!!! HELP!!!! HELP!!!!

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE STAIRWELL-- DAY

BOURNE -- rushing down - into the dark and --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE HALLWAY -- DAY

PAZ in pursuit -- juggling his gun as he wraps a rag-made tourniquet on his bleeding hand and --

INT. DOCTOR DEVITT'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Chaos! -- COPS SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE! -- TEN PEOPLE TALKING AT ONCE -- VOSEN -- MURRA -- DELTA DUDE #3 -- being thrown against the wall -- LANDY and THE RECEPTIONIST bundled to one side and...

EXT. DELIVERY DRIVEWAY -- DAY

A FIRE DOOR -- flying open! -- BOURNE emerging right beside the FDR DRIVE -- TRAFFIC whipping by -- A PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY ABOVE spans the highway to the river and --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE HALLWAY -- DAY

PAZ is lost -- no trail -- WINDOWS UP AHEAD and --

EXT. FDR DRIVE -- DAY

POLICE CRUISERS -- SIRENS SCREAMING! -- tearing up the drive toward the hospital -- speeding beneath the overpass and --

LOOK UP

THE WALKWAY UNDERCARRIAGE -- BOURNE hanging there! -- in motion! -- swinging from the girders -- monkey bars over THE FDR DRIVE -- CARS -- TRUCKS -- INSANE TRAFFIC WHIPPING RIGHT BELOW HIM -- HORNS HONKING as now he's spotted and --

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE HALLWAY -- DAY

PAZ AT A WINDOW -- hearing the CAR HORNS -- looking down -- there's THE OVERPASS right below him and --

EXT. WALKWAY UNDERCARRIAGE -- DAY

BOURNE still going -- hand-over-hand -- heading for the river -- TRAFFIC SCREAMING BENEATH HIM -- DOG WALKERS and JOGGERS on the bike paths seeing him now -- stopping and pointing and --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE WINDOW -- DAY

PAZ climbing out on the ledge and --

EXT. WALKWAY UNDERCARRIAGE -- DAY

BOURNE -- he made it! -- clambering up the outside of the safety railing -- huffing onto THE OVERPASS WALKWAY -- just about to head down the ramp to the esplanade when --

BEHIND HIM

PAZ -- he jumped -- just landed! -- fifty feet away on the walkway and --

CUT TO

BOURNE -- fuck the ramp -- there's THE EAST RIVER right behind him -- he's up! -- he's on THE RAIL and then --

Everything stops.

PAZ with the gun up. Locked in.

BOURNE teetering on the rail. River below him.

BOURNE
(arms wide, offering
himself--)
GO AHEAD, BROTHER...SET ME FREE!

PAZ hesitates. Smiles. BLAM!

BOURNE
(hand to his chest)
You got me.

But he didn't. He missed. On purpose.

One last look.

And then...

BOURNE is falling back and some passerby is screaming from below and cars on the highway are braking and more horns are honking, because if all you know is what you just saw, you'd be pretty damn sure he'd been shot and --

SPLASH!!!

BOURNE landing flat in the water -- drifting for a moment before he disappears under the current and --

FINALLY TO

PAZ lowering the gun. Checking his watch. Checking the perimeter. Turning calmly. Heading briskly down the ramp. Jumping the railing.

Disappearing into the city, as we cut to --

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Massive sort-out. COPS all over the place. POLICE RADIOS CHATTERING. DOCTORS, PATIENTS, STAFF being shuttled away. DELTA DUDES cuffed and spread-eagle against the wall and --

THE CAMERA FINDS

AN NYPD SERGEANT huddled with --

VOSEN

-- one call, right now, puts this
in context -- that's all I'm asking --

SERGEANT

-- you're gonna get a phone call --

VOSEN

-- we need to contain this now --

SERGEANT

-- Sir --

VOSEN

-- before it gets out of hand --

SERGEANT

-- Sir --

VOSEN

-- just to establish credentials if
nothing else, because--
(stopping suddenly as--)

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Why isn't he cuffed?

Here's the boss -- POLICE CAPTAIN wading in --

VOSEN

Are you the commanding officer?

SERGEANT

He says he's with the Pentagon.

VOSEN

(finally some attention)

This is a matter of urgent National Security.

SERGEANT handing something to THE CAPTAIN --

CAPTAIN

(glancing at it)

What's this?

SERGEANT

It's his Get Out Of Jail Free Card.

CAPTAIN

(seriously nonplussed)

Haven't seen one of these in a while.

VOSEN

There's a number -- on the back -- that's my Pentagon ID -- you need to call that number and get this cleared up before the situation gets any farther out of control.

CAPTAIN

Cuff him.

(moving on)

Let's get these people back to the house.

VOSEN

Are you hearing me?

CAPTAIN

We're the New York City police department, sir. We don't need permission to make arrests.

And he's walking. And the SERGEANT is pulling cuffs.

And VOSEN looks staggered.

And there's...

LANDY
(being led away)
See you in hell, Noah.

AS WE DISSOLVE TO

A TELEVISION SCREEN. Tilting back and forth across our frame. Shitty reception. The picture so ghostly and shot it's almost unwatchable. As we hear:

NEWS ANCHOR
...reporting tonight that the Senate Intelligence Committee was called into a special recess session this evening. Members flew back from their districts and we understand a Special Counsel from the White House has been sent up to The Hill for consultation. Details, at this point, are unavailable, but we're expecting a statement later this evening...

(continuing, as THE CAMERA
PULLS AWAY--)

TO REVEAL

A SAILBOAT GALLEY. Tight and tidy. That TELEVISION just a little ten-incher by the chart table. It's a gorgeous boat, moving sharply in strong wind. Still pulling back --

THROUGH THE REAR HATCH

THERE'S THE OCEAN. And the sun. And the sails. And nothing but water to every horizon.

And BOURNE at the helm.

Alone.

Which doesn't look so bad at the moment.

As THE MUSIC STARTS. And the CREDITS ROLL. And THE CAMERA STARTS PULLING AWAY...

THE END

