Traditional mission parameters for a covert operative involve fabricating a cover identity to infiltrate terrorist cells.

But, in the modern era of information transparency and pervasive technology, that methodology has proven antiquated, leading to the deaths of many agents.

In 2008, the U.S. government instituted a radical new infiltration technique employed by Department Thirty, a Top Secret division of the Pentagon.

With such extreme tactics came new risk. However, that risk no longer implicates the spy; the danger now falls upon...

THE CIVILIAN

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EXT. SAHARA DESERT - DAWN - TODAY

Biblical. Infinite horizon. Salmon-hued sand. Cerulean skies.

SUPERIMPOSE: WESTERN SAHARA

EXT. SEA OF SAND - SAHARA - DAY

CLOSE ON HANDGUN: Tied to a TRACKER'S WAIST.

A TRACKER, hidden under a turban and layers of blue billowing fabric, sits regally on his white camel. He follows multiple CAMEL TRACKS in the sand.

EXT. DUNE - SAHARA - DAY

The Tracker reaches the crest. Searches. Descends.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - SAHARA - DAY

Sweltering. The remains of a DRONE STRIKE litter the road.

ARMED ISLAMIC MILITANTS sift through charred cars, scorched earth and twisted metal. Several try to retrieve a torched SURFACE-TO-AIR LAUNCHER.

Armed Militants become aware of the Tracker. Stop. Aim.

The Tracker makes no attempt to flee. He raises his hand. *A gesture*. His HANDGUN stays hidden.

The MILITANT LEADER has fair eyes like the Tracker's. He returns the Tracker's gesture. Lowers his weapon and motions to a MOUND some 200 yards in the distance.

The Tracker moves on. *Unmolested*.

He passes a debris field. A scorched human hand protrudes from the sand, still holding part of a steering wheel.

EXT. MOUND - SAHARA - DAY - SOON AFTER

The "MOUND" is a male camel, bellowing painfully, back leg sheared off by a nearby blackened projectile.

The Tracker raises his HANDGUN and SHOOTS THE CAMEL.

Ends its misery. Disturbs a thousand flies. The Tracker then sees what he came for: a small boy slumped in the sand. This is NUSRAT, 8, near death, metal shard embedded in his foot.

The Tracker lifts the boy. Reclaims him from the desert.

EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - WESTERN SAHARA - NIGHT - LATER

The camp is vast. AMPUTEE CHILDREN play soccer with makeshift crutches. Women, shrouded and veiled, bake bread in the sand.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

A sign reads "No Guns Beyond Here" in several languages.

The Tracker, Nusrat in his arms, heads to the door. SAHARAWI NURSES, veiled, ferret Nusrat quickly inside.

EXT. OUTDOOR "SHOWER" - MEDICAL COMPOUND - NIGHT

The Tracker unwraps himself. Fabric drops.

Feet step into a bucket. The Tracker, nude, dumps a second bucket of water over him, catching the water in the bucket at his feet. *Water is more prized than gold in the Sahara.*

He repeats this process, washing with the same dismal water.

Slowly, we realize, the Tracker is tan, fit, and...

AMERICAN.

Meet DR. EVAN CRAVE, ageless. He fights the good fight saving his patients, but wishes he could do more.

CLOSE ON: SCALPEL

As it presses into the leg of Nusrat. His foot is swollen with gangrene. He WINCES when the scalpel prods his shin.

We are in...

INT. CLINIC - SAHARAWI REFUGE CAMP - NIGHT

CRAVE, now in scrubs, with his HANDGUN slung in a shoulder strap, bends so he is on Nusrat's level. Speaks Spanish, the Saharawi's second language.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
You can keep the leg, but the drone has claimed your foot.

Nusrat cries. Nusrat's MOTHER, shrouded, prays in Arabic. His younger siblings sit under Nusrat's hospital bed.

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
I know you're scared but a month from now, this will be a memory.

NUSRAT (SPANISH)
I don't want to die.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
I won't let you.

Crave reveals a car made out of a COCA-COLA CAN.

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
For tomorrow.

NUSRAT (SPANISH)
Tomorrow?

CRAVE (SPANISH)
We have races every day after lunch. Maybe you'll beat your brother.

Crave motions to nurses. They move Nusrat to a stretcher. Nusrat's Mother tugs on Crave.

NUSRAT'S MOTHER (SPANISH)
I warned him about the drones.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
It wasn't his fault. He was far from the road.

NUSRAT'S MOTHER (SPANISH)
Not far enough.

INT. CLINIC - NIGHT - LATER

Nusrat sleeps. His amputated stump, wrapped. Near him is HUSSEIN, 69, legless in an old wheelchair, who helps CRAVE make more Coca-Cola cars as they keep vigil.

A frustrated Crave pushes too hard, accidently crushing the can he's transforming into a toy car. THWACK! He throws it against the wall. It lands near other crushed cans.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
The drones. That pilot has no idea what he's done.

FADE OUT.

AERIAL VIEW - SAHARA DESERT - TWILIGHT

An MQ-9 REAPER soars five thousand feet above the sand. CLOSE ON GORGON EYE: It scans the endless desert below.

EXT. BIRD MARKET - YEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Shopkeepers close up under the shadow of a mosque. Doors are shut. Latched. Windows shuttered. Gates closed.

SUPERIMPOSE: SOMEWHERE IN YEMEN

INT. YEMEN CONTROL - BIRD MARKET - YEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Behind a closed shop door: TECHNO LAIR. Screens show DRONE VECTORS. JOYSTICK TERRORISTS in Adidas Ts toggle converted X-Box joysticks and operate a Radio Shack version of a hi-tech control tower.

JOYSTICK ONE has hacked into the Reaper's surveillance feed. Records it to a DVD. ON SCREEN: The Sahara.

AERIAL VIEW - THE SAHARA - TWILIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The REAPER continues to soar. But now, CLOSE ON GORGON EYE: Lights blink on and off. *On the fritz*.

KENO (V.O.)
Mission command. Somebody's hacking the feeds. Need a ground link to shake 'em loose, sir.

EXT. RUNWAYS - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

REAPERS taxi on shimmering runways. These steel dragonflies wield yellow-jacket HELLFIRE MISSILES. Airmen load ammo as majestic unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) exit hangars.

SUPERIMPOSE: CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - LAS VEGAS, NV

EST. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - SOON AFTER

Office warehouse ringed by banal barracks. Life and death decisions are made in this strikingly ordinary building.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

A dim hall with 1500 REAPER kills: Photos of KIA terrorists, names and kill dates circa 2002 to now. On opposing wall: The "*Most Wanted Terrorists.*"

At the top is someone labeled "NADR SHAH."

MISSION COMMAND (V.O.)
Got a field in Morocco. Typing coordinates now.

INT. CONTROL ROOM TEN - CREECH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

AN MQ-9 PILOT, "KENO," 28, mans a console below screens showing the Sahara. At his fingers: Keyboards, joystick. By his side sits his SENSOR OPERATOR, toggling controls to the drone's GORGON EYE (hi-tech surveillance cameras).

KENO (INTO HEADSET)
What field?

MISSION COMMAND (O.S.)
CIA Counter Terrorism. Unmanned.
But ground link is up.

Keno and Sensor Operator glance at screens showing the Sahara under darkening skies.

EXT. SAHARA - MOROCCAN SIDE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Vast seas of sand sleep under stars. A remote airstrip appears amid the dune fields.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE SAHARA, MOROCCO

EXT. SECRET AIRSTRIP - SAHARA - MOROCCO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Reaper lands. Wheels touch sand.

KENO (V.O.)
Rover me to ground link.

MISSION COMMAND (V.O.)
Ground link nonresponsive. Just
head in.

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Joystick One glances at the Reaper FEEDS of the airstrip.

JOYSTICK TWO (ARABIC)
Keep recording. See what's there.

EXT. SECRET AIRSTRIP - SAHARA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A gate opens to a small camouflaged airfield. The drone enters. A Caucasian FIGURE in a Baltimore Ravens cap (FIGURE/RAVENS CAP) emerges from a sand hide. He follows the drone through. *Stealth.*

KENO (V.O.)
Who the hell is that? Angle on him.

The drone passes other UAVs. Its Gorgon Eye searches for FIGURE/RAVENS CAP. Finds him at a DRONE. His face hidden.

AT FIGURE/RAVENS CAP

He opens the drone's nose. Reveals controls and a folded American flag. Affixes a DEVICE. Moves to the next one.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Keno angles the Gorgon Eye. He tries to ID Figure/Ravens Cap as he heads to another drone.

SENSOR OPERATOR
Knows he's being watched.

KENO (INTO HEADSET)
Mission command, you got an unidentified individual inside a clandestine airfield.

INT. SECRET AIRFIELD - SAHARA - CONTINUOUS

The sound of GUNFIRE. THREE CAMO NAVY SEALS enter and open fire from behind UAVs. BLAM! FIGURE/RAVENS CAP returns fire.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Keno's eyes snare his screen. The gunfight unfolds.

KENO (INTO HEADSET)
Situation hostile. Unknown ground forces taking direct fire.

One SEAL FALLS DEAD in clear view of Keno's Reaper.

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Joystick One watches FALLEN SOLDIER hit the sand.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Keno sees FALLEN SOLDIER on his screen: Eyes open. Dead.

KENO (INTO HEADSET)
Man down. Mission command, we need an eye in the sky.

But it's too late. The fire fight's already over. The other TWO SEALS have fallen in the background. Presumed dead.

EXT. SECRET AIRSTRIP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

FIGURE/RAVENS CAP cuts a hole in a fence. Escapes. GONE.

Moments later: The night ERUPTS as 20 DRONES EXPLODE. Giant flame plumes FLARE UP and burn the stars.

FADE OUT.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MCLEAN, VIRGINIA - PRE-DAWN

OGDEN TOLLIVER, 45, CIA, underpaid patriot, strides across the CIA seal embedded on the marble floor. His shoes echo.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CIA HQ - SOON AFTER

SUPERIMPOSE: CIA COUNTER TERRORISM CENTER - LANGLEY, VA

CLOSE ON: FIGURE/RAVENS CAP displayed on a screen.

CIA AGENTS exchange loud greetings, cluster in groups. But the room instantly STILLS when Tolliver enters. Agents grab seats as he strides to the front where he changes the image from FIGURE/RAVENS CAP to the FALLEN SOLDIER in the sand.

TOLLIVER
For this American serviceman, yesterday started out as any other. He got up. Ate his Raisin Bran. Went to work. Only for him, it was the last time. In the next 12 hours, days, weeks, as we work this case together, *don't forget that*.

Tolliver flips through the surveillance footage.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
This is what we know. At 2100 hours an MQ-9 Reaper was conducting a surveillance mission when they experienced a shadow. They landed at our Moroccan airfield. But our Reapers are not in Morocco. By our records, this field was unmanned and unoccupied.

Tolliver hands a file to an agent we will know as HASKINS, 28, smart and hungry.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Haskins, find out who was squatting on CTC real estate. Somebody was running a black op that lost three men and $300 million in toys, let's find out who.

Tolliver flips to an image of FIGURE/RAVENS CAP. Face unseen.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
As for our "Raven," *he'll look like a civilian*. Hiding in plain sight. Peace Corps, United Nations or some leftist NGO is what he'll be using for cover. That's the theory. So get me a list of names that fit the profile and get Cybercommand to run an algo on suspicious travel, cross check.
(beat)
He couldn't have done this alone. Let's find out who he's working with and what's coming next.

The room instantly bustles in a FLURRY OF ACTIVITY as agents get to work. Desk-bound heroes on the charge.

EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - AFTERNOON - LATER

The camp buzzes with activity. Veiled women, amputee young men and children put every bucket, pot, cup out in the sand.

AT MEDICAL CLINIC

Crave wheels Nusrat, recovering, into the courtyard where other patients wait. Each carries a pot or bucket. All their bandages are wrapped in repurposed plastic bags.

They all stare skyward. Sweat dripping down their faces. Waiting. *Hoping*.

And there it is: The first few RAIN DROPS of the season speckle the sand. Kids thrust out their tongues. Exuberant.

EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - DAY - LATER

A torrent of rain soaks the camp. The Saharawis stand in the rain and praise Allah, indigo dye leaking from their veils.

AT MEDICAL CLINIC

Nusrat and the other patients laugh in the rain as it fills buckets. Nurses look on, making sure bandages stay dry.

BEHIND MEDICAL COMPOUND

Crave, lies in the wet sand, *giving himself up to the rain*. He has freed his camel, which enjoys a puddle. Heaven.

INT. CLINIC - NIGHT - LATER

The rain stopped. Patients are now dry and sleeping in bed. Wet clothes hang on an indoor clothes line.

Crave mops up water when Hussein, in his old wheelchair, enters in a panic.

HUSSEIN (SPANISH)
There is a car with no headlights!

Crave exits. Unholsters his gun. *Chambers a round*.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

A Land Rover parks. A FIGURE exits the car and heads to the

FRONT ENTRANCE

THE FIGURE steps in and WHAM! finds himself on the ground in a CHOKE HOLD with a gun to his head and CRAVE on top of him.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Who are you?

FIGURE (SPANISH)
U.N.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Then you know not to approach camp after curfew.

FIGURE
I speak English. I have a message from your mother.

CRAVE
She's dead.

FIGURE
From someone named Anne. She said your father had a stroke. He's at Walter Reed ICU in D.C. Right brain. Left side.

Crave eases up. The figure is AHMED, 26, in hospital scrubs.

CRAVE
No headlights?

AHMED
I did not want to wake the camp.

Crave holsters his gun.

AHMED (CONT'D)
She is worried. Your father's heart condition. She said *if you have plans to bury the hatchet*, you might want to do so before she buries him.

Stroke. Crave buttons up his emotions. Enters the clinic. Ahmed follows.

CRAVE
Sorry for the greeting, but it's necessary. We've been raided twice.

AHMED
We emailed and called and...

CRAVE
No service out here.

AHMED
I am Ahmed. Your replacement. You have been given two weeks off.

Crave picks up his mop. Continues.

CRAVE
I'm not leaving. You missed the rain. But if you need a shower, don't worry, there's plenty of water.

CLOSE ON:

REAPER SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: FIGURE/RAVENS CAP at a drone. His face hidden...

INT. HIGH DESERT CAVE - SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

...As it's watched on a portable DVD player by IBRAHIM "NADR" SHAH, 50, a man who lives by the law of the desert. He clips the wings of a partridge as he watches the DVD. The room is full of birds in domed wicker cages.

ALI, 30, Islamic militant, stands nearby. They speak Arabic.

ALI (ARABIC)
He destroyed all 20.

Nadr stares at burnt skeletons of 20 DRONES on screen.

NADR (ARABIC)
How did we get this?

ALI (ARABIC)
We hacked surveillance feeds. He killed at least one. If you look here, maybe these two, as well.

NADR (ARABIC)
Which friend is this?

Ali returns to the footage of the FIGURE/RAVENS CAP.

ALI (ARABIC)
The American doctor.
(English)
<u>He goes by Scalpel</u>.

NADR (ARABIC)
I need his *name*.

ALI (ARABIC)
We are working to determine his identity and location. I do not have an account name, but I have wire instructions.

NADR (ARABIC)
Then send him our appreciation.

ALI (ARABIC)
It's not what we asked.

NADR (ARABIC)
I will ask him again. This time personally. *Bring him to me*.

ALI (ARABIC)
<u>Here</u>?

NADR (ARABIC)
It is the cost of doing business, but I will not pay as much as him.

ALI (ARABIC)
But uncle, you trust a man who betrays his country?

NADR (ARABIC)
Trust I do without and that does me well. <u>You have five days</u>. Find him and we have our *home run*.

<u>EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - EARLY MORNING</u>

Crave (<u>wearing a RAVENS CAP</u>) helps AMPUTEE BOYS milk a camel. It's athletic work. Legless Hussein, in wheelchair, watches.

Crave finally gets the camel to kneel. *Feels Hussein's stare.*

HUSSEIN (SPANISH SAYING)
A father is a father.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Not mine. He's hardcore Navy. Means he's not a modern man. Sees the world as us versus them. Sees me on the wrong side.

HUSSEIN (SPANISH)
He's not expecting you to save him.

Crave won't own up to the truth Hussein just exposed.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
It's simply a bad time to go. Anywhere.

HUSSEIN (SPANISH)
It is true, for us, *you are* the last Coca-Cola in the desert. But a man who dies without his son, dies miserably. *Go to your father.*

Crave sits on the ground. Exhausted. Considering.

INT. CRAVE'S SMALL QUARTERS - LATER

Spartan except for 100 crayon pictures that paper the wall, from his young patients. The beginnings of Coca-Cola cars.

Crave opens a drawer. Flips through photos. *Finds one of him and his FATHER.* Tucks it into his passport. Grabs his bag.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - LATER

Crave schleps a carry-on to the Land Rover. Finds Nusrat, Hussein and many children waiting to see him off.

Nusrat hands him a woven bracelet made of old plastic strips.

NUSRAT (SPANISH)
It is the colors of our flag.

Crave wears the bracelet. *Touched.* Messes Nusrat's hair.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Be good, if you listen to your nurses, then maybe I'll return with soccer balls and a new net.

The kids cheer as he enters the car. Some hold Coca-Cola can cars and wave. Crave realizes how much he loves this place.

EXT. SANDY ROAD - DESERT - AFTERNOON

The Land Rover drives as a small plane ALMOST LANDS ON TOP OF IT. Road, sand, sky, all seems to blend here.

EST. TINDOUF AIRPORT - ALGERIA - AFTERNOON

More an outpost than airport. Two sand strips stand in as tarmac. Small planes cluster by a building. Nomads sell water from brass cups.

INT. TINDOUF AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

A UNIFORMED OFFICER checks Crave's U.S. passport. Reads his name: EVAN CRAVE. He types the PASSPORT NUMBER in a terminal.

AN UNSEEN SURVEILLANCE CAMERA snaps a photo of Crave.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (SPANISH)
The plane is late.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
How late?

UNIFORMED OFFICER (SPANISH)
We will know when it arrives.

Crave takes a seat near locals. Tries his cell. *No service.*

INT. OFFICE - LANGLEY - DAY - SOON AFTER

CLOSE ON: FIGURE/RAVENS CAP displayed on a screen.

CIA work an elaborate EVIDENCE GRID. Tolliver studies FIGURE/RAVENS CAP when HASKINS approaches with folders.

HASKINS
You were right about suspicious travel. Did the algo. Got 1500 names. Facial Rec ID'd our "Raven,"
(beat)
his name is Evan Crave.

Haskins hands him surveillance photos of Crave at Tindouf airport and FIGURE/RAVENS CAP. Bold letters: "73% match."

HASKINS (CONT'D)
He's a doctor at the Saharawi Refugee Camp. He's done stints in Uganda, Somalia, Mozambique and Ethiopia. Worked for various NGOs. He's now contracting with the U.N. Fits the profile.

TOLLIVER
Crosscheck all activity in those areas.

HASKINS
We are.

TOLLIVER
We have a name and a 73 percent chance this is the guy, but DOJ needs more to pull the trigger.

Haskins hands him a folder like it’s the coup d'état.

HASKINS
Compliments of the encryption gang.

Tolliver flips through the papers. Reads. It’s in Arabic.

HASKINS (CONT’D)
Bank of Oman made a transfer through Lithuanian back channels to Crave’s personal account in London.

Haskins points to a number and date.

HASKINS (CONT’D)
This is equivalent of $2 million U.S., transfer date is twenty-four hours after the attack.

TOLLIVER
Who originated the transfer?

HASKINS
Cygnus Imports. Nadr Shah’s shell company.

Tolliver RUSHES toward the evidence grid. Haskins follows.

TOLLIVER
Where’s Crave now?

HASKINS
Lands in Madrid at 1700 local time.

TOLLIVER
Who do we have in Madrid?

HASKINS
Garcia.

TOLLIVER
Tell him a go-letter from the DOJ is on its way.

Haskins picks up to the nearest phone. Goes on speaker.

TOLLIVER (TO ANALYSTS) (CONT'D)
Listen up, *we found our Raven*. His name is Evan Crave and we just connected him to Nadr Shah.

Tolliver remotes a screen. Several photos of NADR SHAH appear. One of them reads: HIGH VALUE INDIVIDUAL (HVI). Tolliver motions to officers in the back.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
For those of you just pulled in to counter terrorism...

Tolliver flips through more photos: Car bombs at schools. Corpses. It's a *collage of carnage*.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Nadr Shah is hellbent on destroying our Reaper program. He retaliates with car bombs in London, Paris, Madrid. When not killing civilians, he's hacking feeds, trying to hijack our UAVs and selling crashed Reapers to Iran and China.

Tolliver returns to the photo of Nadr Shah.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Intel suggests he's been planning something big for months. Jihadi forums and online chatter keep repeating the phrase "home run." Evan Crave is the break we are looking for.

Tolliver looks at his men.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
He is to be made to cooperate.

CLOSE ON EVIDENCE GRID: FIGURE/RAVENS CAP.

EST. MADRID INTL. AIRPORT (MAD) - SAME DAY

Bustling civilization. Flights land. Taxi to terminals.

INT. CUSTOMS - MAD - DAY - SOON AFTER

Crave walks into culture shock: Lines. Luggage. He hands over his passport. The official SCANS it. Reads his screen. Hits a PANIC BUZZER under his desk. Casually.

Suddenly: SOLDIERS with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS ring Crave.

CRAVE
Is there a problem?

SOLDIER ONE *SLAMS* him to the ground. SOLDIER TWO restrains Crave and DRAGS him to a hallway at gunpoint.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
I'm not resisting!

INT. SECURITY CENTER - MAD - DAY

SECURITY ONE holds a dossier with Crave's pic and name. He matches it to Crave's passport. SECURITY TWO mans a phone and watches SURVEILLANCE SCREENS depicting airport HALLWAYS.

SECURITY TWO (INTO PHONE, SPANISH)
We're in possession of Evan Crave.

INT. HALLS/CELL - MAD - DAY

The soldiers drag Crave to a sterile, cramped cell. Soldier One shoves Crave in the cell and SLAMS him into a wall as Soldier Two confines him to a chair in TRANSPORT CONSTRAINTS (WRIST/ANKLE CUFFS joined by a chain).

CRAVE
I demand to speak with the U.S. embassy.

Soldiers One SUCKER PUNCHES Crave and they exit.

INT. CELL - MAD - LATER

Crave's foot taps. Enter JOSE GARCIA, 40s, accent, Euro suit. He carries Crave's flight carry-on and a folder.

GARCIA
This is the manifest from today's flight. Find your name.

Crave scans it. Sees "Evan Crave" and "*No show.*"

GARCIA (CONT'D)
You never arrived in Madrid.

CRAVE
I'd like to speak with a representative from my embassy.

GARCIA
But you're not here.

CRAVE
Wherever I am, I'm always a U.S. citizen. I request counsel from the U.S. embassy, which is my right per the treaty between our countries.

Garcia flips out his diplomatic passport.

GARCIA
I am Jose Garcia of the U.S. Embassy in Madrid. *I am your counsel.*

Garcia fans 8x10s. The remains of 20 DRONES litter the sand.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
MQ-9 Reapers. The reason the United States hasn't suffered a catastrophic terrorist attack in years. Yet you destroyed twenty of them, *killing at least three soldiers in the process*.

Garcia shows him the <u>surveillance image of FALLEN SOLDIER</u>.

CRAVE
<u>No</u>. Absolutely not. You've got the wrong man. I'm a doctor. I don't kill people. I try to save them.

GARCIA
But you carry a gun.

CRAVE
To protect my clinic. I work at the Saharawi Refugee Camp...

GARCIA
Morocco considers the Saharawi people terrorists.

CRAVE
They're refugees.

GARCIA
Who are often victims of drone attacks, no?

Crave's eyes flicker with anger. *That hit a nerve*. Garcia sits on the edge of the table. Tries a new approach.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
I've never seen the aftermath of a drone attack. I wouldn't care to. But you don't have that choice. You face the war against terror on the *civilian level*. The casualty level.
(MORE)

GARCIA (CONT'D)
I can't imagine the horror. I bet you'd do anything to make it stop.

Crave connects the dots. Sees where this is going.

CRAVE
It's true. I've been very vocal concerning my feelings about drones and the civilian casualties. But I wouldn't do something like *this*. And I can prove it. I've been at the camp for months. *I've never left*.

GARCIA
Except three days ago when you took a quick day-in-day-out trip to Tangiers.

Garcia shows him a flight manifest. Crave can't fathom how his name is staring back at him on the page.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
And last month, Tehran, Madrid, Uzbekistan and Beirut.

CRAVE
That's just *not true*. Check my passport.

GARCIA
American or *Moroccan*?

CRAVE
I don't have a Moroccan passport.

Garcia shows him a copy of his Moroccan passport. *With his photo.*

CRAVE (CONT'D)
That's not mine.

Garcia reveals surveillance pics of <u>FIGURE/RAVENS CAP</u>.

GARCIA
You hit every surveillance camera at the airfield *but this one*.

CRAVE
No. That's <u>not</u> me.

Garcia SLAMS CRAVE'S HEAD into the table!

He gives Crave a moment to recover and then opens Crave's carry-on. Pulls out a <u>Ravens baseball cap</u>. Similar to the one in the photo.

Crave, nose spotted in blood, eyes the ballcap. He's in trouble. Deep. Deep trouble.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Listen. I've been set up!

GARCIA
No, you've been paid for services rendered. Two million dollars sent to your HSBC account.

CRAVE
The one in London? I closed it.

Garcia pulls out a bank statement featuring Crave's name and a WHOPPING deposit.

GARCIA
We traced it to Cygnus Imports. A shell company linked to Nadr Shah. Tell me, why does a terrorist owe you money?

CRAVE
How many ways do I have to say this? There's been. A. *Mistake*. Someone is framing me!

GARCIA
Are you saying you're a victim?

CRAVE
Yes.

GARCIA
You don't sound like one.

Garcia takes out a digital pocket recorder. Presses play. Crave is arrested by SCREAMS OF HORROR. That's children.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
This was recorded by a police scanner at the Hertfordshire School in central London moments after a car bomb exploded during recess.

The sound of HYSTERICAL CRYING. Teachers in a panic.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
Many members of the UK Parliament send their children there. They were voting on the UK drone program the next day. *It was postponed*.

SIRENS now wail over the screams and crying.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
Six kids died. Thirty were injured. This is work of the man who just sent you a wire for $2 million. *This* is what victims sound like.

Garcia turns off the digital recorder. Crave scans the evidence before him. Reads it like a disease.

CRAVE
OK. I'll tell you what I know. But I need you to listen.

Garcia cues his digital recorder. Presses play.

GARCIA
What do you know?

CRAVE
I know I've been *set up*. Think about it. I oppose the drone program. I'm a physician off the grid in a region devastated by it. I must fit a unique profile. I don't know why I was set up. But I know who you can ask. That guy. That guy under the baseball cap.
(beat)
<u>He knows why</u>.

Garcia flips off his recorder. Exhales.

GARCIA
The next person you talk to doesn't speak. He uses his hands. Fists. Razors. It would have been better to work with me.

CRAVE
Liliana Medina. She's here, with the U.N., in Madrid. Ask her about me. And then ask yourself, do you really have the right man?

Garcia realizes he's at a dead end.

GARCIA
I don't have anybody. Because you're headed to Slovakia <u>and we never met</u>.

Garcia leaves. Crave sits back. Devastated.

His world upside down, the crushing unreality of the situation takes over. Panic grips Crave.

INT. CELL - MAD - LATER

Crave sits, chained, head hung low. The door opens abruptly. SOLDIER THREE enters. Crave's chin shoots up. Soldier carries two items feared by terror suspects: DUCT TAPE. BLACK HOOD.

CRAVE
Somebody set me up. My father is in the hospital. I need to call him. *Please help me.*

Soldier Three slips an *EAR PIECE in HIS EAR*.

SOLDIER THREE
For travel.

Soldier Three DUCT TAPES his mouth. Crave resists. But is overcome. Soldier Three HOODS HIM. Crave is thrust into darkness.

INT. IBERIA AIRLINES TERMINAL - MAD - LATER

SEXY LEGS of FLIGHT ATTENDANTS as they roll their carry-ons behind pilots. Soldiers pass in the opposite direction.

One of them is SOLDIER THREE. He palms an ACCESS CARD to the owner of the sexiest legs of the bunch. Both keep walking.

INT. CELL - MAD - LATER

Hooded Crave takes *panic breaths.*

He REACHES for the hood when SNAP! The CHAIN connecting the ankle and wrist cuffs stops him short.

He can't raise his hands above his chest.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - LATER

The screen is now FLECKED with BLOOD. Security Guards lie dead at the feet of the Iberia Flight Attendant, who SCANS A MATRIX OF SCREENS displaying the vast airport's innards.

Meet ELLE, 28, European stunner with an accent. Lethal. She speaks into a HEADSET to the figure on main screen:

HOODED CRAVE.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET)
Evan. What have you done?

Elle strips out of her Iberia Airlines uniform.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
I told you not to go back to the desert. Will you listen to me now?

IN CRAVE'S CELL

Hooded Crave reacts to the WILLOWY VOICE in his ear.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The soldier gave you an earpiece so you can hear me. He couldn't fix your constraints without compromising himself. I'll guide you out. *You need to trust me.*

He hears the SOUND of a door clicking open.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The door is now open. Go!

Crave doesn't move.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you don't, they will make you disappear. Go! *Let me save you.*

...Crave, in hooded darkness, shuffles out the door.

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE CELL

Crave stands in the hall. *Exposed*. Chained at wrists and ankles.

ELLE (O.S.)
Run.

He runs blind. Right into a WALL.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Too far. There's a door to the right. It's unlocked.

He scrapes right. Feels with cuffed hands. Opens the door.

INT. AIR CARGO AREA

Crave enters a poorly-lit concrete space, the airport warehouse few travelers ever see. A FAR DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

ELLE (O.S.)
Don't move!

Crave edges against a wall as TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter then exit down a far hall. They *just* miss seeing him.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
OK. Go straight. *Hurry.*

Crave rushes ahead when a SCREECH rips the silence.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
A door. I opened it. GO!

Crave runs TOWARD THE SOUND through the roll-up DOORS.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't run!

Too late! Crave hits a plastic wall and FALLS ONTO --

INT. BAGGAGE PROCESSING

Crave LANDS on a CONVEYER BELT. A MAZE of sorting ramps and belts stretches before him. *But he can't see a damn thing!*

ELLE (O.S.)
Hold tight.

An ALARM rings. The belt LURCHES like a roller-coaster. BAM! CRAVE HITS HIS HEAD on a low ramp. Falls into LUGGAGE. Crouches as he ZAGS through this chutes-and-ladders maze.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

Elle, eyes locked on screen displaying Crave, is almost out of her attendant uniform when --

THE DOOR OPENS!

SECURITY FOUR carries coffee. He sees his DEAD COLLEAGUES. Elle instantly SIDEKICKS him and chokes him out with a JUDO GRIP. He counters and FLIPS her into the SECURITY SCREENS.

INT. BAGGAGE PROCESSING

Crave hears the fight. He holds on *for dear life* but has no idea he's 20 feet above the concrete floor.

Then he hears the PZZZT of a GUNSHOT (silencer).

INT. SECURITY CENTER

Elle stands over SECURITY FOUR. Bullet in his brain.

Elle notices:

ALL SCREENS ARE NOW BLANK.

Elle briskly types into the security keyboard.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET)
Where *are* you?

EXT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - MAD - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY patrol. TRAVELERS watch luggage slide down ramps.

BACK ON CONVEYOR MAZE:

Crave heads for a RAMP. Hears TRAVELER'S VOICES up ahead.

ELLE (O.S.)
You were supposed to jump before baggage claim!

Crave TIPS to the baggage claim curtains. At the last second, before he slides into public detection, he JUMPS!

FREE-FALLS and SLAMS to the unseen floor 15 feet below. LANDS HARD.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Garcia enters with ARMED CONTRACTORS. *Crave is gone.*

GARCIA (SPANISH)
Fuck!

He stares up at a surveillance CAMERA. Runs out the door.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

The screens are still blank. Elle resets them. Hears an ALARM.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET)
If you're still with me, find the door. NOW!

AT CRAVE

He stands. Hurt. *Slower now.* He steps right, into a WALL. Adjusts. Finds a DOOR. Enters.

INT. MAD HALLS

Garcia and entourage DASH past an arrow symbol (-->) and sign that reads "MAD Security Center" (in Spanish).

INT. AIR CARGO AREA

Crave stands above grated stairs. The door SLAMS behind him. He tries to open it. *But there's no handle*. His only choice is to move forward. Below him: PARKED FIATS.

Crave inches down the stairs to the bottom. Bumps into a car.

AT ELLE

She finally boots the screens to life. *Sees Crave.*

ELLE (INTO HEADSET)
Pute! Not there. You're in the wrong place.

ALARM still blaring. *Game over*.

Then she notices the FIATS. Looks to a nearby screen displaying a cargo area with stacked crates and ULDs.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CRAVE AND ELLE

ELLE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Wait. Get in the car.

A car? Are you serious?

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now. We're running out of time!

Crave fumbles with the handle. Slides in the driver's seat.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Find the push button.

Crave gropes the dash. Finds the button. The Fiat STARTS.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
I need you to turn the car around.
But you must do exactly what I say.
Put it in drive.

Crave GRINDS the gears in his restraints. *Finds drive*.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Turn right.

Crave turns the wheel with cuffed hands and blind.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Give it gas. Slow.

The Fiat BUMPS but then pulls from the others.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Stop. Put it in reverse.

Crave stops. GRINDS GEARS again. *Finds reverse.*

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pull the parking brake.

Crave pulls it.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pour on the gas.

Crave gives it more gas. TIRES SMOKE.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Release the brake. NOW!

Crave breathes. *Then does it.*

The FIAT SHOOTS BACKWARD.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
TURN RIGHT. AND BRAKE!

Crave WHIPS it. YANKS the brake. The Fiat SLIDES into a SWEEPING REVERSE 180 in the tight space, barely missing the other cars. The Fiat now faces a WALL.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
DRIVE. GAS!

Crave SLAMS it into drive --

THE FIAT RAMS THROUGH THE WALL. Airbags deploy. The Fiat stops. Crave exhales like a man with a broken rib. He is in:

A CAVERNOUS AIR CARGO AREA

It's lined with Unit Load Devices (ULDs) on pallets.

ELLE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
You're there. Get out.

Dazed. Crave exits. Stumbles down aisles of ULDs.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Find the open container.

Crave shoulders against containers. *They all feel closed.* Then he hears the faint voices of SOLDIERS closing in.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Try the other side.

Crave walks across the aisle. Finds the OPEN ULD.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here's the trick. The lever is on the outside. Once you press it, you must get inside *before it shuts*.

Crave searches for the lever. Accidently triggers it but DIVES INSIDE BEFORE IT BITES HIM IN HALF.

The container shuts, door embossed with an EMBASSY SEAL. Large letters read "DIPLOMATIC BAG" in several languages.

ELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Not a sound. I'm coming for you.

Another alarm BLARES from a distant terminal.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - MAD - NIGHT

Garcia and company burst in. See security bodies, now broken and disabled screens. No Elle. Garcia KICKS a monitor at his feet.

It flickers. *Shows the Fiat in Air Cargo.*

EXT. CARGO EXIT - MAD - NIGHT

An EMBASSY AIDE drives a ULD on a minitruck to a guarded exit. He flashes embassy credentials at an ARMED GUARD when GARCIA and SECURITY cut it off.

GARCIA (SPANISH)
Open it up.

EMBASSY AIDE (SPANISH)
This is property of the French Embassy in Madrid and --

GARCIA (SPANISH)
Open it...or send it back!

Embassy Aide exits the truck. Flips the lever on the ULD.

REVEALS ONLY

A small designer DOG in a small designer case with his name, "HOMER," engraved on it. The dog barks like little dogs do.

ON GARCIA'S FACE: ANGER. HE'S BEEN HAD.

INT. TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - LANGLEY - HIS DAY

Tolliver SLAMS the phone down. Looks at Haskins.

TOLLIVER
Evan Crave is at large and a threat to National Security. I want him on the kill list. Who do we use in Madrid?

An AGENT walks to a white board full of Middle Eastern names. Writes “Evan Crave” near the top.

AGENT ONE
Recces. We used them last month.

TOLLIVER
Get ‘em on the line. And somebody get the security feeds from the airport. Find me every diplomatic bag that left MAD. He left a trail, let’s pick it up.

EXT. AUTOVIA 44 - LA MANCHA - SPAIN - NIGHT

A different embassy truck drives through the countryside. Elle is behind the wheel.

INSIDE ULD

Crave lies fetal. Bracing in darkness. *Hooded and ALONE*.

BLACK.

INT. LA MANCHA WINERY - NIGHT

The embassy truck hides in a warehouse. Wine barrels and casks fill this rustic space. Elle opens the “Diplomatic Bag”/ULD. Sees Hooded Crave.

ELLE
My love, your hands.

Elle uses bolt cutters to free him. First the wrist cuffs. Then the ankles. Crave rubs his wrists.

She lifts his hood. He’s bloody. Elle sees Crave for the first time. As he does with her. He’s grateful. When

BAM!

Like a covert operative, Elle takes Crave down in three moves. Crave is too slow to retaliate. Too disoriented.

Crave finds himself on the ground with Elle atop him. Her GUN in the back of his neck.

Elle RIPS OFF his mouth tape.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

CRAVE
Evan Crave.

ELLE
What is your *real* name?

CRAVE
That *is* my real name.

ELLE
Where's *Evan*?

Crave pushes himself up, flips and PINS Elle. He KNOCKS her gun out of reach. Elle counters with a vicious MMA chokehold. Crave grabs her hands to pry free.

CRAVE
I *am* Evan.

Crave breaks free. Dives for the gun. But Elle pulls him back and LOCKS HER LEGS around his KNEES. She bends him like a bow with a shoulder lock. *They're entwined like bitter lovers*.

CRAVE IS COMPLETELY CONTAINED. IN HER GRIP.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
I'm a doctor at the Saharawi Refugee Camp. I left because my father is in the hospital.

Crave STRAINS. Eyes on gun. *Turning red*.

ELLE
Evan doesn't speak with his father. Not since his mother died.

Crave HEADBUTTS her. Escapes. But she's instantly on him again with an EZEKIEL CHOKE. Forearm to neck. Eye to eye. They're *close enough to kiss*. Hair in her face.

CRAVE
I'm Evan Crave.

ELLE
What is April 10th?

CRAVE
The day I was supposed to get married.

Crave counters the choke. Opens her legs. Folds her over. ARMBARS the shit out of her.

ELLE
Liliana?

CRAVE
My ex-fiance.

ELLE
Dirty Harry.

CRAVE
My childhood dog.

Crave RELEASES to GRAB for the gun. *Fool.*

Elle buries her head into Crave. TAKEDOWN. Crave gasps. Elle begins “ground and pound” as Crave protects his head.

ELLE
You stole his identity.

Elle pauses, trying to control her anger. *Crave gets it.*

CRAVE
He stole mine. That’s it. That’s what happened!

Crave finally understands.

CRAVE (CONT’D)
He stole MY IDENTITY.

Elle DIVES for the GUN. Holds it on him. She stares down the sight, finger tense over the trigger. Crave, still wracked by the revelation, doesn't break her stare. Hands up, defensive.

CRAVE (CONT’D)
Whoever he is. He lied to you. But I'm telling you the truth. I. Am. Evan Crave. The man you know by that name. Stole. My. Identity. *I need to find out why.*

Elle studies him. Hair trigger under her index. When

SUDDENLY WINE BOTTLES ERUPT. GUNFIRE RAKES THE WINERY.

Elle dives UNDER THE TRUCK and emerges with a modified AR15. BLAM! Elle blows off the warehouse door with a BEOWULF round.

HEADLIGHTS

Stream in. A silhouette looms. REVEAL RECCE ONE (South African Recon, pron. WRECK-ee). He holds a FULL AUTO M16. *Lets it RIP.* More wine BOTTLES EXPLODE.

Crave ROLLS under the embassy truck.

INT. TRUCK CARRIAGE - UNDER TRUCK

Crave panics. Breathes. Sees plastic-wrapped guns taped to the axle. The undercarriage holds ELLE'S ARSENAL. He pulls a HUGE GUN down. He rips open the plastic. Aims.

RECCE TWO is in his zero.

Suave. In control. Crave FIRES.

Click. *Shit! Got to load it!*

Crave pulls down plastic-wrapped ammo. Different calibers. Confusing piles. Opens one. *It doesn't fit*. Crave fumbles.

MEANWHILE

RECCE TWO handles a machine gun. He's only a few feet away.

RECCE TWO (ACCENT)
Come out, Crave. We'll let her live.

Recce Two LIGHTS UP the truck with semiautomatic fire until BLAM! A BEOWULF BLAST BLOWS him back.

What happens next is a blur:

-- Elle rolls away as more BOTTLES EXPLODE.

-- Recce One runs out of ammo. Takes cover to reload.

-- Elle stands. FIRES. Hits a barrel stand above him.

RECCE ONE (ACCENT)
Would've expected a bullseye from you, Ellie-girl.

But it *was* a bullseye. The STAND COLLAPSES. Releases wine barrels. They TUMBLE on him like boulders.

MEANWHILE

Bullets ricochet off FERMENTATION TANKS. One whizzes by Crave! He finally loads the sub-auto but FIRES WILDLY. Elle watches. Crave *hits nothing*.

AT RECCE THREE AND FOUR

They OPEN FIRE. Elle runs. Slips on the WINE-SOAKED FLOOR. She fires as she lands. RECCE THREE falls DEAD. Elle reloads. Looks up as RECCE FOUR fires -- into her side.

SHE'S HIT.

Elle keeps firing. Point blank CHEST SHOTS. Recce Four HURTLES BACK. Elle limps to her feet when RECCE FIVE grabs her by the hair. Shoves a gun in her mouth. Burns her lip.

RECCE FIVE (ACCENT)
Like that?

CLICK! He's out of ammo. Elle heel-hooks him. He falls. Sees BLOOD at her hip and strikes her wound. She doubles over.

AT CRAVE

He sees Recce Five rain blows on Elle. Recce Five grabs her hair. He DRAGS her across GLASS. *But holds only a wig*.

Elle's natural hair flows as she unloads a SPRAWL-AND-BRAWL COMBO. Recce Five finds himself on his back staring up at the ceiling. Dazed. Then: BAM! She shoots him DEAD IN THE CHEST.

AT CRAVE

He sees ELLE as she is: <u>An elite killer</u>.

Elle, on empty, limps to a side exit.

Crave spots a BERETTA-STYLE HANDGUN under the truck. Loads it. Follows Elle. Passes dead Recces. Glass. Blood. Wine.

Gun out. Terrified. Head on a swivel. *Was all this over him?*

AT SIDE EXIT

Elle expects return fire. Finds only an idling EUROVAN.

<u>EXT. LA MANCHA WINERY - NIGHT</u>

Elle scans the perimeter. Then heads for the van when BLAM! SHE'S HIT. In the arm. The shot spins her. She falls.

RECCE SIX aims for her head.

RECCE SIX (ACCENT)
Lights out.

AT SIDE EXIT

Crave SHOOTS Recce Six in the knee before he can finish Elle off. The Recce screams. Holds his leg. Drops his weapon.

CRAVE
That's your patella.

Crave kicks Recce Six's gun away.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Reconstructive surgery takes two hours. Three day hospital stay. Recovery, four weeks.

Crave aims at Recce Six's ankle.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
If I nail your fibula, you're looking at multiple surgeries. Walk. Yes. Run. Never.
(beat)
Now, why are you trying to kill me?

RECCE SIX (ACCENT)
The price on your head is five hundred thousand.

CRAVE
From who?

Recce Six doesn't answer.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Give me something more than your ankle.

Recce Six LUNGES for Crave.

BLAM!

Recce Six takes one in the head. DEAD. Elle holds the gun.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
He was unarmed.

ELLE
He would have killed you with his bare hands. South African Recon. CIA's go-to private contractors.

She now aims at Crave. Crave aims at her. *Standoff*.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Where is Evan? I won't ask again.

CRAVE
I'm Evan Crave. I can prove it. I'm a doctor and you're bleeding.

Crave lowers his gun. But Elle ignores the blood.

ELLE
Anyone can play doctor. How do I know you didn't buy the identity on the black market?

Crave is lost. Hears SIRENS. *Thinks fast*.

CRAVE
Liliana. My ex-fiance. She could prove who I am. She's in Madrid. He told you about her?

Elle is unreadable. A total pro.

ELLE
Drive.

Crave rushes to the idling Eurovan. Elle enters the back.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SPAIN - NIGHT

The Eurovan speeds to the highway ahead.

INT. EUROVAN - AUTOVIA 44 - SPAIN - NIGHT

Crave drives, anxious as hell. Full of questions. Follows the white lines as SIRENS soon flash by toward the winery. Elle tends her side. It's a SERIOUS WOUND. Her arm, less so.

CRAVE
You CIA? Are you a spy?

ELLE
(ignoring him)
Do not go to her apartment. She will be watched. Her phone will be tapped. Go to her work. That's where we might find our window.

CRAVE
She won't be there.

ELLE
She will be in the morning.

CRAVE (WOUND)
You might not last that long.

Elle aims the gun.

ELLE
And you neither.

CRAVE
Who do you work for? What side are you on? *I need to know*.

ELLE
Your government has sixteen different intelligence divisions.
(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)
I'm an asset to some. An operative to others.

CRAVE
What does that mean?

ELLE
I have access. But I do not know what the CIA wanted. I only knew that Evan Crave was in custody. I was working under protocol to extract him if he were apprehended. Why were they holding you?

CRAVE
They said I killed three men and destroyed twenty drones in an airfield in Morocco. I didn't do it.
(beat)
Your Evan is a terrorist.

ELLE
No. He's a covert operative of your government. He catches terrorists. So do I.

CRAVE
He sets them up. Because I'm suddenly worth five hundred thousand dollars.

ELLE
But that would mean he set me up, too. And that, he would not do.

Crave notices she wears an ENGAGEMENT RING. Says nothing.

CRAVE
Can you call him?

ELLE
He calls me. And I have not heard from him in weeks.

CRAVE
What kind of relationship is that?

ELLE
One that works.

CRAVE
You understand that you're engaged to a man and *you don't know his real name*.

Elle studies Crave.

ELLE
I know *her*. Liliana. We never met. But I followed her once.

CRAVE
Why?

ELLE
I wanted to see the woman that broke his heart.

CRAVE
My heart. She broke *my* heart. *I'm Evan*.

ELLE
But I will call you Crave.

CRAVE
And what does he call you?

ELLE
Elle.

CRAVE
But that's not your real name?

Elle half-smiles. Crave eyes the speeding asphalt. *His world shattered.*

CLOSE ON SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: BORDER CROSSINGS

INT. CTC - SURVEILLANCE AUDITORIUM - LATER

Thirty screens show SURVEILLANCE FEEDS of border crossings in Turkey, Algeria, Morocco. Ports, land crossings. FACE REC SOFTWARE works overtime. Shuffles through thousands of faces.

A SCREEN CLUSTER displays MAD security: Various images of Hooded Crave on the luggage conveyor, in the Fiat, etc.

TOLLIVER and his agents eat Chinese takeout and search for Evan Crave's face in the feeds. *Talk about impossible.*

TOLLIVER
Europe's too hot for him and he can't fly. So he'll walk or drive. Keep looking.

Haskins enters. Nods to Tolliver.

HASKINS
The drones in Morocco were run by SOCOM. But nobody in the Pentagon is talking. Do you think Evan Crave is one of theirs? Gone rogue?

Tolliver views the MAD SCREENS. Hooded Crave in the Fiat.

TOLLIVER
All I know is he has help.

EXT. U.N. FIELD OFFICE - MADRID - MORNING

A RENAULT pulls into a personal parking spot. LILIANA steps out, 30, pretty tempest in an exec pantsuit.

INT. EUROVAN/EXT. PARKING LOT - U.N. FIELD OFFICE

Crave and Elle watch Liliana walk into the office. Crave is about to open his door when Elle stops him.

ELLE
The Mercedes. Do you see it?

Crave scans the parking lot. Spots the Mercedes. Tinted windows. Then sees GARCIA exit. He walks to Liliana. Flashes his credentials as he whisks her inside the building.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Go to sleep. I'll keep watch.

Crave gets comfortable. But there is no way he's sleeping.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MADRID - LATER - NIGHT

Liliana walks across the empty parking lot. On her cell.

EXT. MADRID - FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Renault drives. The Mercedes FOLLOWS a few cars back.

INT. RENAULT - NIGHT

Liliana hangs up her cell. Plays with the radio. SCREAMS when she sees CRAVE IN HER REARVIEW.

LILIANA
EVAN!

CRAVE
Keep driving.

Elle reveals herself in the backseat. Gun visible.

ELLE
You are being followed. Don't turn around. Keep talking on your cell.

CRAVE
Do what she says.

Elle and Crave slip down in the seat. Liliana drives. Sees the Mercedes in the mirror. Holds her cell to her ear.

LILIANA
Evan, you killed people. I can't help you. No, they'll arrest me. I can't be involved.

CRAVE
It wasn't me. I was set up.

LILIANA
Really. Because the way you talked sometimes. You hate the drones. *You always have*.

CRAVE
Did you tell them that?

Liliana's look: *Of course she did.*

CRAVE (CONT'D)
But you said I haven't left the camp in nine months. Right?

LILIANA
How would I know? You don't have service.

CRAVE
Look at me. I'm a surgeon in the field. I get angry when people die and no one cares. But the man you knew, *would he act on it*?

Liliana is tormented by the question, but not the answer.

LILIANA
No. No, he never would.

Crave looks at Elle. She puts her gun away. He is Evan Crave.

ELLE
I believe you.

LILIANA
Who is she?

CRAVE
She knows the man who stole my identity. We need to find him.

LILIANA
Who?

CRAVE
(remembering)
Dirty Harry. Liliana, did you ever talk about me with someone?

LILIANA
My family. My friends. My coworkers. You were a part of my life for a long time.

Elle gets where Crave is going with this.

ELLE
A stranger? American. Blond hair. Blue eyes. Charming. Something military about him, but you could never put your finger on it...

LILIANA
(thinks)
In Mali. There was a man like that.

CRAVE
Did you sleep with him?

ELLE
Yes. Did you?

Liliana won't even dignify that with a response.

LILIANA
He was my patient. Dengue fever. Mild, but he spent about two weeks under my care.

ELLE
How do you know he had Dengue?

LILIANA
It was in his chart.

ELLE
Did you test him?

LILIANA
You can not fake Dengue.

Lilian suddenly remembers.

LILIANA (CONT'D)
He did not have the rash. That was odd. Often it presents with a rash.

CRAVE
When was this?

LILIANA
September of last year.

CRAVE
Do you remember his name?

LILIANA
Scott. He said he was with the Peace Corps. Scott Whitman.

ELLE
Are you in contact with him?

LILIANA
No.

CRAVE
Do you have his number?

LILIANA
He was my patient. He got well. He left. We did not become pen pals.

CRAVE
Why did you talk about me?

LILIANA
You were my fiance. I was planning a wedding. We talked. All the time.

CRAVE
Where does he live? Where was he stationed? Where was he from?

Liliana doesn't know.

ELLE
Maybe you talked. *He listened*. Blow the next light so we can get out. We need to go.

Liliana checks her rearview. Sees the Mercedes.

When the next light flashes ORANGE, Liliana FLOORS IT. The RENAULT lunges through the RED light. The Mercedes revs to keep up but SQUEALS TO A STOP as CROSS TRAFFIC CUTS IT OFF.

AT RENAULT

Liliana speeds. Pulls over blocks away. Elle slips out. Liliana keeps her eyes on her rearview. Very nervous.

CRAVE
Why did you call off the wedding? You never told me.

LILIANA
Because I wanted to make a *difference*.

CRAVE
And I'm not?

LILIANA
I don't want to save a patient. I want to save an entire people. That can not be done from North Africa.

CRAVE
Yes. You need an office. And a personal parking spot.

Liliana finally looks at Crave. Her eyes betraying latent emotion.

LILIANA
For a moment today, I was happy for you. I thought, finally, you did something *real* about the bullshit.

CRAVE
My patients are bullshit?

LILIANA
What put them there *is*. But don't worry, Evan. You'll be back at the camp soon enough, where you can treat the symptoms while I fight to treat the disease.

CRAVE
Doesn't make you better than me. Just safer.

Crave exits. Liliana peels out. Pissed. Crave doesn't have time to react. He takes cover.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Elle and Crave crouch behind a parked car as the Renault merges with traffic. Liliana doesn't look back.

They watch the MERCEDES pass by. Tail shaken. Elle checks the street. Empty. Walks back the way they came.

That's when Crave notices Elle's blood on her shirt. It jars him. *She's in trouble.* Crave takes off his jacket. Offers it.

She puts it on. In pain but trying to hide it.

CRAVE
You need a hospital.

ELLE
That's where they will be looking.

CRAVE
But we have his name. Scott Whitman.

ELLE
No, no. That's not his name. *It's another cover.*

CRAVE
He stole multiple identities?

ELLE
He'll do whatever the mission demands.

CRAVE
So what's his mission?

Elle considers this.

ELLE
He's working on something big. If he stole your identity, then he needs a cover that couldn't be blown. And if he's risking a civilian identity, then the threat must be imminent.

CRAVE
I need it back. It's my life he's taken!

ELLE
I understand. I broke you out of CIA custody. I'm marked. He knows that. He has to clear both our names.

CRAVE
Or kill me?

ELLE
I will not let him kill you.

CRAVE
Really? Because that's a pretty big rock on your finger.

Elle seems to retreat inside for the first time.

ELLE
The night I fell for him, was the night he told me about Uganda.

CRAVE
I was in Uganda.

ELLE
Yes. You were kidnapped and tortured for three days. On the fourth, tribal leaders negotiated your release with cattle.

CRAVE
Cattle? Someone gave them AKs.

ELLE
Still, the U.N. had a flight ready to take you home but you went back to the hospital, the one that sold you out, and delivered the baby of a patient. *Both survived.*

CRAVE
I made her a promise.

Elle makes sure they are not being followed.

ELLE
I know everything about you, even though we have never met. Keep me alive. And I *promise* I will keep you alive.

CRAVE
Then I need a hospital. But only to pick up supplies. Or you're not going to make it.

Elle nods. Realizes she may already be on borrowed time.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - TIME UNKNOWN

Nadr is in the middle of prayers. He finishes. Rolls his carpet. Leans it near his machine gun. Exits into a hall.

Ali approaches and hands Nadr a folder. It contains the passport photo of Evan Crave. Our Crave.

ALI (ARABIC)
Scalpel is currently a doctor at the Saharawi Refugee Camp. *His name is Evan Crave.*

Nadr glances at the photo.

NADR (ARABIC)
And where did you get this?

ALI (ARABIC)
The CIA is after him. They sent our friends from South Africa. I told them I would pay double, but he is not in their custody.

NADR (ARABIC)
How do we know this isn't a trap?

ALI (ARABIC)
Hafid confirmed. This is Scalpel. They met years ago in Quarzazate.

NADR (ARABIC)
Why?

ALI (ARABIC)
Scalpel provided him information on the Reaper that crashed in the Western Sahara.

NADR (ARABIC)
The one we sold to Iran.
(beat)
Does Hafid have any reason to lie? Are you watching his accounts?

ALI (ARABIC)
He has received no payments. He has kept his routines. And he is loyal to our cause.

NADR (ARABIC)
If he is not, it is you who pays.

ALI (ARABIC)
Yes, uncle. *We will find him.*

NADR (ARABIC)
Find him soon. We are running out of time. Doctors don't like to be away from their patients.

Ali nods in understanding. Turns and exits, leaving Nadr.

INT. VAN - PARKING - HOSPITAL - MADRID - NIGHT

Crave and Elle sit in the van with a view of a hospital.

ELLE
Press may not be running our photos yet, but you can be sure all police and security have been briefed. *They will be looking for you.*

CRAVE
If there is anything I *can* do, it's sneak into a hospital.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - MADRID - NIGHT - LATER

ARMED GUARDS eye patients closely as they enter. Crave retreats inconspicuously.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - LATER

Deserted. Crave tries the entrance. But the door must be opened from the inside. He waits. In vain.

INT. VAN - PARKING - HOSPITAL - LATER

Crave taps the door. Elle, pale, roused from sleep, opens it.

ELLE
Change of heart?

CRAVE
I need your shirt.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - LATER

Ambulances soon arrive with sirens blaring. EMTs and aides rush to wheel CAR ACCIDENT VICTIMS into the guarded entrance.

Crave, with Elle's bloody shirt around his head so he looks like an accident victim, runs to a gurney that holds a VICTIM with long, beautiful hair.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
I'm here, baby. I'm right here.

Crave sees the victim has a BEARD. She is a he. *Great.*

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
You're gonna be OK now.

BEARD, dazed, tries to swat Crave away.

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
(to EMTs)
He hates hospitals.

EMT (SPANISH)
Follow us in. You need your head looked at, as well.

Crave helps roll the gurney past GUARDS and their BIG GUNS.

INT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL

EMTs, VICTIMS, DOCTORS swirl in a maelstrom of activity and sound. Crave slips away in the chaos.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - LATER

Crave passes patient rooms. Finds a supply closet. Enters.

INSIDE SUPPLY CLOSET

Crave sees nothing useful. Just cleaning supplies. Rummages. Passes a phone. Crave does the unthinkable. He dials.

INT. PCU - WALTER REED - WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME TIME

A nest of IVs connect to CRAVE'S FATHER, GORDON, 60s. He wears a USS COLE NAVY CAP. His cell rings. FBI hand it over.

FBI AGENT
Keep him on the phone.

FBI fill his room with trace equipment. They record the call.

BACK TO SUPPLY CLOSET

Crave listens. Ringing. And then he hears the weakest voice from the strongest man he knows.

GORDON (V.O.)
Hello.

Crave's face registers: Pain. Regret.

GORDON (V.O.)
Evan.

Crave sighs. Relieved that his father's still alive. He sees a bin of laundry containing soiled SCRUBS. He pulls himself together. Hangs up.

BACK TO PCU

FBI AGENTS RIP OFF their headphones. Shake heads. *No trace.*

INT. EUROVAN - SOON AFTER

Elle finds the courage to check her wound. It's looks bad. Infected. She glances at herself in the rearview. Concerned.

INT. ELEVATOR - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DOCTORS take an elevator. All wear scrubs and white lab coats. The doors open on floor two. No one exits.

Crave, in surgical mask and blood-stained scrubs, enters. A DOCTOR notices the blood.

DOCTOR (SPANISH)
Butcher's bill?

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Cholecystectomy.

DOCTOR (SPANISH)
They're making us do gallbladders on two? Since when?

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Next, we will be giving hysterectomies in the parking lot.

DOCTOR TWO (SPANISH)
I've already delivered a baby there.

Several doctors laugh. The elevator door opens. They exit. One flips a security card, letting everyone inside the ICU.

INSIDE ICU - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dim lights. Somber. Crave spots a free nurse's station. He grabs a SAMPLE BAG. Fills it with bandages and antiseptic. He's about to leave. But sees a COMPUTER TERMINAL.

He taps the keyboard. The screen wakes. His head swivels. *Clear*. Crave executes a records search for: "SCOTT WHITMAN."

A screen asks him for a birthday. *Dammit!* Then Crave hits a drop down menu. Finds a search option. Keys in: "DENGUE." Within moments, *reams of data fill the screen. Jackpot.*

Crave hits the print key. Grabs the PRINTOUTS. Looks up. Sees a CNI NOTICE with his photo on a bulletin board. Takes it.

INT. PATIENT CUBICLE - ICU - SOON AFTER

Crave opens a cabinet. Takes scalpels. Hypos. A vial. But now his bag is too full. Too obvious. *Sees the patient's duffel.*

INT. ELEVATOR - MAIN FLOOR - HOSPITAL - SOON AFTER

The elevator opens. Crave, in patient's clothes, hat and carrying the duffel, exits to a hall where POLICE inspect doctors and patients. *They're searching for Crave.*

A POLICE OFFICER looks toward Crave. But Crave turns to a bulletin board. PINS UP the CNI NOTICE up. From the back, he looks like a concerned citizen. The police pass on by.

AT PARKING LOT

Crave rushes to the van. *But it's gone.* ELLE LEFT HIM.

Crave searches. Alone. No one left to trust.

He suddenly feels overcome with uncertainty. WHEN

An AUDI pulls up. Elle's inside. She unlocks his door.

ELLE
Had to switch. This is more my style.

Crave breathes in relief. Gets in the car.

INT. BACK SEAT - AUDI - PARKED OFF HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Elle flips through the PRINTOUTS as Crave works on her side wound. Bloodied bandages are everywhere.

ELLE
(re: Whitman papers)
How did you know?

Crave pulls Elle's pants down over her hip. Sticks her in the ass with a hypo. Elle hides her embarrassment.

CRAVE
The European Center for Disease Prevention works with the U.N. Liliana was required to inform them about Dengue.

ELLE
No. He would have changed it. This is sloppy. *He is not sloppy.*

CRAVE
That's the beauty of socialist medicine. A master record is owned by the medical establishment. Not the patient. He wouldn't know that.

Elle examines papers. Notices something. Shows Crave.

ELLE
Look at this. He is O positive here and AB here.

CRAVE
We have proof he's two different people.

ELLE
We have proof we're on the right track. This is good work, for a civilian.

CRAVE
Can't this clear our names?

ELLE
You are a wanted terrorist on the run and I'm an accomplice. We can't call anyone until we have more than one name with two blood types.

Crave stops working on Elle. Looks grim.

CRAVE
I gave you a serious antibiotic. And I packed the wound. But you need surgery. No way around it.

ELLE
How long?

CRAVE
You've got a day. Maybe two. After that, *you won't have a choice.*

Crave wraps Elle tight. Elle flashes him papers.

ELLE
There are several addresses. One in Paris, one Florida, but the one in Ceuta. That's where we're headed.

CRAVE
Ceuta? Is that Spain?

ELLE
It's a Spanish colony in North Africa. Borders Morocco. Favorite spot of smugglers, criminals...

CRAVE
And spies.

ELLE
We can take the ferry. We do not need ID. Only disguises.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LOT - PORT - SPAIN - MORNING

The Audi has been abandoned in a parking lot slick with puddles. A FERRY HORN sounds.

EXT. FERRY - MEDITERRANEAN SEA - MORNING

A ferry speeds through chop on the Strait of Gibraltar.

INSIDE

The ferry is packed. Muslim men and women, a few Europeans. Rain splatters the windows. A TV SCREEN blares news. Shows floods in Morocco and Algeria.

BELOW TVs: Crave, wool HAT, looking like a Euro tourist. Elle, now dressed as a shrouded Muslim woman.

EXT. CEUTA - SPAIN/MOROCCO - NOON

It's RAINING. Water forms urban rivers in this postage stamp sized city owned by Spain but affixed to a corner of Morocco. Passengers disembark the ferry. Crave walks along with drunk Spaniards and blends in. Elle, shrouded, walks ahead.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CEUTA - LATER

Elle walks past an apartment complex. Studies a second floor apartment. They case the front and then back of the complex.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - SOON AFTER

Crave tries to BANG the door in. Elle stops him. Picks the lock. Slips open the door.

INT. CEUTA APARTMENT

Elle peers in. Steps on mail. The place is full of furniture, dust and boxes featuring Chinese writing. Otherwise, no signs of life. She opens the fridge. Rotten food.

Crave sees a large mirror. He lifts it off the wall. *Voila!* REVEALS A SAFE.

ELLE
Do. Not. Touch. It.

CRAVE
Why not?

ELLE
Too obvious. It's rigged. At least that is what I would do.

Elle opens the Chinese boxes. Reveals COUNTERFEIT EURORAIL PASSES. Considers this. Elle moves furniture, still looking.

CRAVE
What am I looking for?

ELLE
Sometimes we are sent information and then instructed to destroy it. Sometimes, we don't. Leverage. It always comes in handy.

CRAVE
Whose apartment is this?

ELLE
Depends. This is one of Whitman's registered addresses. But did Evan assume his name or *assume his life?*

Crave spies a tropical plant. Strange: It's the only life left in the place. Knocks it over. Nothing but a dirt mess. Then he notices the corner of an envelope. He pulls it out. Inside: A U.S. passport, cell phone and a stack of euros.

CRAVE (TO ELLE)
Leverage.

Crave opens the passport. Elle scans it.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Scott Whitman.

ELLE
No. That's my Evan.

Crave stares at Elle's *Evan*. He sees a better version of himself. The kind of man that could keep a woman like Elle.

Crave POWERS on the phone. It displays only four icons: EC. SW. MS. RI. Elle points to the EC icon. Crave opens it. It's an Evan Crave dossier: His photo. Facts. *His entire life.*

CRAVE
Oh, my God. Jesus.

He flips through the screens of his personal details.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
That's my account in London.

Crave enlarges a logo on the document. It reads "TOP SECRET." "SAP." And then: "Department Thirty."

CRAVE (CONT'D)
What's Department Thirty?

ELLE
I've never heard of it.

Crave clicks on the SW icon. It opens to a file and a photo of the *real* "Scott Whitman." Different from the passport.

CRAVE
And that's the real Scott Whitman.

Crave opens the other folders. Every dossier is stamped: "Department Thirty." "Top Secret." "SAP." Elle points to a very small logo. She enlarges it. It reads: "SOCOM."

CRAVE (CONT'D)
SOCOM?

ELLE
United States Special Operations Command.

CRAVE
What does it mean?

ELLE
Pentagon.

CRAVE
You ever work for them?

ELLE
I am not Special Forces.

CRAVE
Soldiers are spies now?

ELLE
Top secret spies.

CRAVE
Who steal civilian identities.

Suddenly, the PHONE CRASHES. The icons FREEZE.

ELLE
He knows we found his phone. It must have triggered an alert.

Then the phone RINGS. Elle looks at Crave. Another ring. She answers.

ELLE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE - SAHARA - SAME TIME

JOHN DORIAN, military. Sexy, suave, deadly. He's in a sandy military tent with gear: Rugged laptops, guns, sat phones. This is Elle's "EVAN CRAVE."

Dorian watches a screen depicting his cell phone. Icons are being DELETED in front of him.

ELLE (O.S.)
Is that you?

Dorian's face is wrought with emotion at hearing her voice.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DORIAN AND ELLE

ELLE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
It is not the lies, it is the silence that makes me angry.

DORIAN (HEADSET)
I love you.

ELLE (INTO PHONE)
Then tell me your *real name*.

DORIAN (HEADSET)
We know the attack will be on U.S. soil. We know it is three days from now. *But we don't know where or how.* I need you to bring Crave back to the Saharawi camp. I'll meet you there.

ELLE (INTO PHONE, AWAY FROM CRAVE)
Not if you'll hurt him.

DORIAN (HEADSET)
Get him to the camp, and you'll be part of the team that stops the attack and *captures Nadr Shah.*

Dorian hangs up.

BACK IN APARTMENT

Crave studies Elle. She tries the phone. It's been BRICKED.

CRAVE
Did he tell you his name?

Elle gathers herself.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Can we call the CIA now? I have the passport with his picture. I have the page with two blood types.

ELLE
But the phone has been erased.

CRAVE
I saw the program, Department Thirty.

ELLE
No. Department Thirty is top secret. SAP. Special Access Program. Whatever it is, few people know, and those who do *will protect it.*

CRAVE
So what did he suggest?

ELLE
He wants me to bring you back to the camp. Your camp.

CRAVE
It's a trap. I'm no spy, but he's dirty. You love him so you can't see it. But the thing is, you don't know a single thing about him. *He didn't even tell you his name*.

Elle is emotionally exhausted.

ELLE
He doesn't have to.

Heads to the boxes. Opens them.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Months ago, I was part of a team. We foiled a terrorist plot against L'Estadi Camp Nou, a stadium in Barcelona. You could say we saved 80,000 people, some from death, some from trauma, all from pain.

Elle opens more boxes. Looking for something.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Everyone I worked with told me a different story. None of us was who we said. Despite our covers, our deception, we trusted each other. In the end, we uncovered the mastermind. *It was Nadr Shah.* We think he's hiding in Yemen, but we nailed his triggermen, his bomb makers, his watchers. Twelve people, in custody. Still spilling their secrets to your government.

Elle finds what she's looking for: Sheaves of COUNTERFEIT TICKETS of some kind.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Identities are clothes we wear, not *who* we are. The stories we tell about ourselves? Fiction. But our actions, that's our truth. *We are what we do.*

CRAVE
And what has he done?

ELLE
He is the one who brought the team together.

Crave considers this revelation. *Can he trust this man?*

ELLE (CONT'D)
I don't need his name. If he didn't tell me, it was to protect us both. But I do know him. And you? I know everything about you except for this: *Which way will you run?*

Elle hands him Whitman's passport and the money.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Because I'm headed to the camp.

CRAVE
What do you think happened to Scott Whitman?

Elle shows Crave fake Camp Nou stadium tickets.

ELLE
Whitman was a counterfeiter. He had fake tickets to the stadium. He was compromised, so Evan used him.

CRAVE
Do you think he's dead?

ELLE
If he is, it is because he did not have me. Do you want your name back?

Crave collapses in a chair. Exhausted. Considers his lack of options. Finds himself looking into Elle's face. *There is something about her that he trusts.*

CRAVE
How do we get across the border?

ELLE
By doing exactly what I say. Starting with *keeping your hat on and head down.*

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BORDER - CEUTA - DAY - LATER

Elle, shrouded, waits in line with a SWARM of Muslim women. Several ducttape diapers/socks/underwear to themselves. Others load goods into sheets slung as backpacks.

EXT. CEUTA - MOROCCAN BORDER - LATER

Hundreds of Muslim women amass TO CROSS THE BORDER. Old. Hunched. They look like human mules, carrying contraband.

CRAVE STANDS IN LINE by a wall with Islamic graffiti. He wears the wool hat, head down, to avoid cameras. Further back is Elle, with her own pack. Crave waits to pass through a turnstile as police help overloaded women.

INT. METAL ALLEY - CEUTA - MOROCCAN BORDER

The women are forced to form a single line. They SURGE to the border as MOROCCAN POLICE yell at them to hurry through.

AT TURNSTILE

The gateway to Morocco. Moroccan flags flap all along the fence. Strangely, the police don't check any Muslim women for passports. But they do palm *dirham* (Moroccan currency).

MOROCCAN POLICE (FRENCH)
Keep it moving!

Crave passes the officer, who stops him with a billy club.

MOROCCAN POLICE (ENGLISH) (CONT'D)
Identification.

Crave digs for SCOTT WHITMAN'S PASSPORT. Sweats. Holds up the line of Muslim women. He hands over the passport. The officer opens it to a E500 banknote. Takes it. Stamps the passport.

MOROCCAN (FRENCH)
Go! Go! Hurry up.

Crave enters Morocco.

EXT. CEUTA - MOROCCO - DAY

The women fan out to wagons and wheelbarrows. It's a tsunami of people and cheap goods. A FENCED REFUGEE CAMP has been set up nearby. Refugees wave dirham to buy diapers, alcohol.

Crave sees a YOUNG MOTHER with a wailing and barely-dressed BABY. He takes off his hat and puts it on the baby's head.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Fever. He needs a doctor.

Crave LOOKS UP. Searches for help.

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
I need a translator. Can someone speak Arabic?

But no one answers. Just a sea of desolate souls.

ON SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE: CEUTA - BORDER CROSSING

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM AUDITORIUM - LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS

On a single screen: FACIAL REC HOLDS ON CRAVE.

TOLLIVER, pale from a caffeine all-nighter, slowly wakes. He scans screens. Then stops. One of the screens shows a FACIAL REC ALERT. Tolliver scoots up. Wide awake now. Hits keys until ALL SCREENS flip to Crave at CEUTA BORDER CROSSING.

TOLLIVER
Motherfucker. I got you.

Other agents take notice. Activity BUZZES BACK TO LIFE.

Tolliver watches ON SCREEN as ELLE leads Crave to a row of vehicles. Facial Rec can't ID her. *Her head is always down.*

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Get me the "Chair Force" at Creech.

EXT. CEUTA - MOROCCO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Elle tugs on Crave.

ELLE
Head down!

Elle gives him a discreet KISS so he has to tuck his chin. Surprised, he mistakes the advance. *Kisses her back*. Elle pulls back.

ELLE (CONT'D)
No. Keep your chin down. Where's your hat?

CRAVE
That baby is very sick.

ELLE
Forget it.

CRAVE
Were you born without a heart?

ELLE
Without a desire to die.

Elle scans a line of cars. GETAWAY DRIVERS in their turbos waiting for drugs. Old trucks being loaded with merchandise.

She sees a 1980 LAND ROVER ONE-TEN, rusty but reliable. A young driver, ABDULLA, 21, leans on it.

ELLE (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
How much for this rusty old thing? Euros, not dirham.

ABDULLA (FRENCH)
This was a sheik's personal car. He had her rebuilt. All after-market.

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Rain spackles drone cameras. Tolliver puts on a headset.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Ajax. *No civilians*. High value targets only.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

PILOT MQ-9 "AJAX," flight suit, watches his console: screens show the CEUTA/MOROCCO border crossing.

At his fingers: keyboards, joystick and a DARLING PHOTO of his kids. Next to him sits the SENSOR OPERATOR, "BIRDSEYE."

ON SCREEN: Abdulla points out the winch, snorkel, tires.

AJAX (HEADSET)
Sir, if they get into the car, we could lose them.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)
No civilian casualties. Morocco wants to keep its relationship with Uncle Sam in the closet.

Ajax EASES UP the joystick. Circles for another view.

TOLLIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Clean shot only.

ON SCREEN: ABDULLA TAPS THE HOOD.

BACK TO SCENE

ABDULLA (FRENCH)
She is ugly, but she will not die in the sirocco wind, or drown in the desert. 10,000 euros.

Elle hands him two stacks of COUNTERFEIT bills. Enters the driver's side. Abdulla counts the money. Hides it.

ABDULLA (FRENCH) (CONT'D)
Five thousand for the gas.

Elle points a gun at him. He steps away with a smile. Crave enters the passenger's side.

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

SURVEILLANCE SCREEN: Rain dots the camera showing the ONE-TEN driving in traffic. Signs stand guard at FLOODED ROADSIDES.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Ajax, follow.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOROCCO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rain coats the highway. The traffic eases, but Elle drives the One-Ten right up the ass of a PEUGEOT.

INT. ONE-TEN - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Elle holds her side. Doesn't let Crave see she's bleeding. Crave holds on to the passenger door. Bracing.

CRAVE
I don't know where you learned how to drive, but you could give him a little room.

ELLE
And give the CIA a clean target? We are blown.

CRAVE
How could they know *I* crossed the border?

ELLE
I told you to keep your head down You looked up. Your face. That's all they need. *Drones*.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Ajax maneuvers his drone.

AJAX (HEADSET)
I do not have a clean shot, over.

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver, headset, watches the ONE-TEN TAILGATE THE PEUGEOT.

INT. ONE-TEN - MOROCCO - CONTINUOUS

Crave does the math.

CRAVE
So what, they shoot us?

ELLE
Yes.

CRAVE
When do I get to prove my innocence?

ELLE
Suspected terrorists are never innocent.

The Peugeot takes an exit. The One-Ten continues. ALONE.

CRAVE
I'm an American citizen.

ELLE
On their kill list.

CRAVE
But the Pentagon...

ELLE
Is not the CIA. They're rivals. They use each other.

Elle is frantic, frustrated and scared.

ELLE (CONT'D)
They don't meet for coffee and talk about what they are up to. If the Pentagon needs to protect Department Thirty or whatever mission Evan is on
(beat)
we'll be dead the moment they get a clean shot.

Elle careens down the highway. WEAVES RIGHT. LEFT. But can't evade the laser dot that "sparkles" the roof of the One-Ten.

INT. COUNTER TERRORISM AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver watches screens with a LOCK ON THE ONE-TEN.

HASKINS
SIR! WAIT!

Tolliver steps to Haskins' laptop streaming drone footage. Haskins sticks a Post-It with an arrow pointing to the TOOLBAR. It occasionally flashes like it's possessed. The Post-It reads: *SOCOM*.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Ajax, hold.

Tolliver takes off his headset.

HASKINS (WHISPER)
Pentagon's watching, sir. Don't they have their own drones? Why piggyback? Is this above-board?

TOLLIVER (WHISPER)
Approved by Pennsylvania Avenue. Evan Crave is a terrorist.

HASKINS (WHISPER)
Then why are *we* under surveillance?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CREECH - CONTINUOUS

Ajax has a CLEAN SHOT.

AJAX (HEADSET)
The window is closing, sir.

INT. SURVEILLANCE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver watches the ONE-TEN DRIVE ERRATICALLY. Glances at Haskins' screen. Toolbar: *still possessed.*

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Do it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CREECH - CONTINUOUS

Ajax hits the “fire” button. Silence.

INT. ONE-TEN - MOROCCO - CONTINUOUS

Elle drives the wet road. TENSION MOUNTS. Nothing happens.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CREECH - CONTINUOUS

Ajax reads an ERROR ALERT on his screen. Then it LOCKS.

INT. SURVEILLANCE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver stares at the ONE-TEN: Still driving.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Why aren’t they twisted and burning?

AJAX (O.S.)
Error message. Drone’s disabled. You got any enemies at the Pentagon, sir? ‘Cause they just hijacked your op.

TOLLIVER
(to Haskins)
Why are they protecting a known terrorist?

Haskins can’t answer. Tolliver contains his rage. Stays tactical.

TOLLIVER (CONT’D)
We need an on-site ground team. Prepped and armed. Who do we use in Morocco?

HASKINS
Omar. But he’s messy. Expensive.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Ajax, keep visual. For now.

Tolliver grabs his jacket. Tosses his headset.

TOLLIVER (TO HASKINS) (CONT'D)
Let's go old school. Send Omar in. When he engages, take Creech offline. I don't want the Pentagon hijacking Omar.

HASKINS
Where are you going, sir?

TOLLIVER (WALKING AWAY)
To get our op back.

INT. ONE-TEN - MOROCCO - SOON AFTER

Crave spots a Mercedes ahead.

CRAVE
Right there! Hurry.

Elle revs it to the Mercedes. RIDES ITS ASS. Safe. Smiles. For the first time, *Crave notices her smile.*

ESTABLISHING - PENTAGON - DAY - LATER

The surreal 9/11 memorial is prominent. Awe inspiring. *Terrorism is personal here.*

INT. LOBBY - PENTAGON

AIRFORCE GEN. PATRICK KANTOR, 55, the Don Corleone of intelligence. He walks to an exit as Tolliver approaches.

SUPERIMPOSE: GENERAL KANTOR, COMMANDER, JOINT SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND (JSOC).

TOLLIVER
General Kantor. Ogden Tolliver. Counter Terrorism.

General Kantor smiles politely, but walks on past.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I doubt this is your wife.

Kantor stops. Tolliver holds up his smartphone that shows a photo of Kantor and a STYLISH ESCORT entering a hotel room.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
You spy on us. We spy on you. *Who is Evan Crave?*

KANTOR
Never heard of him.

Kantor sends a text to someone.

TOLLIVER
I had him dead to rights and you tied my hands.

KANTOR
Wasn't us. Try NSA. Cybercommand.

TOLLIVER
You're running an op. I'm running an op. Why not work in concert? We are on the same side.

KANTOR
If I need something from the CIA, I'll take it. And don't worry about that photo. It's being deleted.

Kantor exits. Tolliver simmers from the cold shoulder. Glances at his phone. The photo is GONE.

EXT. MUHAMMED AVE. - QUARZAZATE - RAINY DAY

The One-Ten and other cars pass through a domed gate into this ancient fortified city. FLOODED LANES are closed.

BEHIND THEM: A DARK SUV

OMAR, soldier of fortune with a 5 o'clock shadow, drives the SUV. PHOTOS OF CRAVE are taped to the SUV dashboard along with an aerial photo of the One-Ten. THUGS in the backseat.

The ONE-TEN heads to a crowded medina as GUTTERS SPOUT WATER. Elle navigates traffic and large puddles.

INT. ONE-TEN

Elle drives. No longer shrouded in her Muslim outfit.

ELLE
We need new a car.

INSIDE DARK SUV

Crosshairs on Elle. But traffic shifts. *And the shot's gone.*

INSIDE ONE-TEN

Crave glances at her. Holds her wrist. She thinks he's holding her hand. Then realizes he's just checking her pulse.

CRAVE
Pulse is low. Are you dizzy?

Elle's about to answer when she spots the SUV. It sprouts UZIS. Elle SWERVES UP a NARROW ALLEY gushing rainwater.

ELLE
Get down!

The SUV follows. BULLETS RIVET THE ONE-TEN. THE GUNMEN pull back into the SUV as it SCRAPES alley walls. A THUG climbs the sunroof like a surfer. SURFER THUG fires: *BLAM! BLAM!*

EXT. PEDESTRIAN SOUK - QUARZAZATE

The One-Ten BLASTS from the alley into a souk.

A crowd parts. MASON JARS and FRUIT PYRAMIDS EXPLODE AGAINST THE ONE-TEN as Elle punches it and EMERGES onto a main road.

CRACK! A MOTORCYCLIST upends over the windshield.

ELLE
Twenty seven.

Elle doesn't stop.

CRAVE
Twenty seven?

ELLE
Number of civilians.

CRAVE
That you've hurt?

ELLE (TROUBLED)
Killed. In the line of duty.

Crave turns. Sees the biker stand up and flip them off.

CRAVE
Twenty six.

BLAM! BLAM!

THEY TAKE FIRE as the SUV roars onto the road. In a flash:

-- Elle YANKS the PARKING BRAKE!

-- The SUV RAMS into the One-Ten.

-- The SUV FLIPS and SKIDS to a stop. The One-Ten gets away.

The gunmen exit the wreckage. They WAVE UZIS and commandeer the two best passing cars: A Range Rover (OMAR) and a POLO.

Elle BEELINES the One-Ten for the WALLS OF QUARZAZATE and an arched exit wide enough *only* for carts.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
We won't fit. ELLE!

Elle UPSHIFTS and *BLASTS* THROUGH.

The One-Ten loses paint but SPITS into the watery red earth around the city. Elle slowly merges on a FRONTAGE ROAD along a SWOLLEN RIVER. She drives toward the distant mountains.

EXT. FLOODED VALLEY - DAY - LATER

The scenery has shifted. Terraced villages hug the hills at the base of the Atlas Mountains. Water cascades in impromptu FLASH FLOODS.

Elle drives past until the road is cut off by THE RIVER. She TRIES TO REVERSE, but sees the Range Rover behind them.

CRAVE
I've done floods.

Crave exits. Unhooks the winch. Wades in. DISAPPEARS in the murky water.

Elle touches her side. Looks at her fingers: Blood. *She's bleeding through her bandages.* She scans the water. Worried. THEN CRAVE POPS UP on the far bank. He ties off the winch.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Hit it.

Elle hits the winch switch and the One-Ten LURCHES forward. It PLOWS UNDERWATER just as the Range Rover opens fire.

INSIDE ONE-TEN

GUNFIRE TRACERS zip past the ONE-TEN underwater. Elle swallows hard as water pours in from the BULLET HOLES.

But then the One-Ten EMERGES on the far bank. Crave hits the cable retract and jumps back in.

Omar EMPTIES HIS CLIP as the One-Ten drives off. He points his Uzi at the Polo. Gestures it across. The Polo edges into the river, SUBMERGES THEN SINKS. Gunmen crawl out.

WHEELS CRUSH the roof as the Range Rover uses the Polo as a BRIDGE. The Polo gunmen are DRAGGED downriver. Screaming.

EXT. MUD FLATS - LATER

Tires SPIN in a POTHOLE. Crave jumps out. Loops around the front. Hangs from driver's side door like a counterweight.

CRAVE
Go. GO!

The One-Ten LAUNCHES FREE. Crave rides on the side.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Stay left.

AT RANGE ROVER

It follows far behind. Inside: Omar talks on a sat phone.

OMAR (ARABIC)
Send me something that flies. NOW!

EXT. BRIDGE - FLOODED VILLAGE - LATER

Elle drives the One-Ten across a nearly FLOODED BRIDGE as Crave rides shotgun. The bridge is still makable. *Barely.* The Range Rover FOLLOWS. Powers forward. RAMS THE ONE-TEN!

The One-Ten slicks sideways, spins and then SLAMS INTO THE RAILINGS. The bridge BUCKLES. Shifts. Elle looks up. She sees they're NOW FACING THE RANGE ROVER.

Elle guns it. The Range Rover guns it. The two vehicles lock horns like mountain goats. Metal groans. Engines smoke WHEN

THE ENTIRE PLATFORM SLIPS OFF ITS PYLONS!

Both cars float downriver on the bridge as it slowly SINKS.

Elle reverses, pulls the parking brake and executes a 180, SLIDING THE ONE-TEN in the slurry until they *face forward*.

ELLE
Hold on.

CRAVE
No. Don't!

She REVS it and tries for shore.

The One-Ten launches. Crave holds his arm across her. Protective. They go AIRBORNE.

Too short! The One-Ten bellies into the RAPIDS. SPLASH!

SPUTTER! SPUTTER! The One-Ten SPINS in the CURRENT. Followed by the RANGE ROVER. Gunmen climb on the roof and AIM when

SLAM! THE RANGE ROVER hits a tree. SHOTS FIRE skyward.

The vehicles SPIN like Disney Teacups and SLAM into each other repeatedly: Tsunami bumper cars in a deadly shootout.

INSIDE ONE-TEN

Water is KNEE-DEEP and seeping in.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
We got to bail!

Elle and Crave crawl out and LEAP for a SUNKEN VAN. Crave lands hard. Elle nearly makes it. She's suddenly GRIPPED by the current when Crave PULLS HER ABOARD. They scan the flood debris for a way out. Nothing but dead cars. Dead trees and:

An abandoned pickup towing a PANGA BOAT.

-- They HOPSCOTCH over car roofs to the panga.

-- The gunmen follow. Shots ZIP past.

-- Crave and Elle jump into the PANGA.

Elle unties it. Crave yanks the 75HP outboard cord. Nothing. SHOTS ZING. Crave YANKS the cord again and it ROARS TO LIFE.

Meanwhile: OMAR, stands on his Range Rover, looking skwyard. A HELICOPTER comes into view and SWOOPS IN to pick him up.

EXT. FLOODED VILLAGE - LATER

Crave MOTORS the panga in flooded streets that look like canals when a PULSING SOUND BUILDS: WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP!

THE HELICOPTER

RISES above the arches like it's Hamburger Hill.

Omar aims a SIX-BARRELLED M-134 from the chopper.

A BUZZSAW ROAR drowns out the THUMPING ROTORS.

-- 7.62 mm bullets

-- RIP the water's surface and

-- SNAKE toward the panga!

Crave WHIRLS the panga and LAUNCHES it down a set of stairs in a life-or-death log ride over category 5 rapids. The prop CHEWS cobblestones as the panga CHUTES into an alley.

The chopper ROARS OVERHEAD when Elle sees:

ECU: AWNINGS hanging over balconies, above the water line.

The chopper CIRCLES IN for the kill shot WHEN ELLE JAMS the outboard mount so it LOCKS and *turns hard left for an AWNING.*

Elle PUSHES CRAVE out and leaps in after him.

THEY SINK LIKE STONES AS

The panga LAUNCHES OFF the AWNING. *Airborne.*

AT CHOPPER

The panga CLIPS its landing struts. Omar's face flashes shock. *He should have seen this coming.* The chopper SLAMS into the alley behind Crave and Elle, and EXPLODES! Its ROTOR SHEARS OFF and boomerangs *toward them.* The BLADES WHIRL. At the last second:

Crave YANKS Elle into a partially submerged doorway as

THE ROTOR WHIPS UPON THEM.

Elle and Crave hold each other AND their breath as the rotor tears past them into a submerged parked car and THUNKS to a dead stop.

That's when Crave notices CRIMSON in the water. ELLE'S BLOOD. He swims them to surface.

Crave helps her to a second floor balcony above the water line. He lifts her shirt and sees her wound. It gushes blood.

ELLE
I'm not going to make it.

CRAVE
You've got me. The camp isn't that far now.

ELLE
That's what scares me.

CRAVE
Do you trust him?

ELLE
Not since I met you.

Crave tries to stem the fountain of blood. *Holds her.*

INT. PCU - WALTER REED - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT - LATER

GORDON, still in his USS COLE NAVY CAP. Still hounded by FBI. Hears his cell ring.

FBI AGENT
Get him to talk. And keep him talking.

Gordon nods to the FBI, still crowding the trace equipment.

EXT. CAFE - ZAGORA - MOROCCO - NIGHT

Crave is on the last pay phone in the universe.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CRAVE AND HIS FATHER

CRAVE
Dad?

GORDON CRAVE
Navy saved me. Got me great doctors.

CRAVE
Thank God. I was always hoping we could reconnect.

GORDON CRAVE
I can't get you out of this.

CRAVE
It's not what it seems.

GORDON CRAVE
It's never been with you. But this time you dishonored the family name. *And that can't be undone.*

CRAVE
None of it is true. I've seen documents for a program called Department Thirty. It's run by Special Operations Command. I think they're stealing identities.

FBI nods to Gordon. They have the TRACE.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
They stole mine. I fit the profile they needed. The only proof I have is a passport for a Scott Whitman but with someone else's photo.

GORDON CRAVE
You're beyond my reach, Evan. I'm sorry. Turn yourself in. We can talk then. Surrender.

CRAVE
They set me up. If you don't hear from me again, I wanted you to know that was why.

Crave's father hangs up, broken but not showing it.

FBI
NO! No.

GORDON CRAVE (TO FBI)
You got what you need. Now get out.

His audible heartbeat lapses into extrasystoles, causing his EKG to ring. Hospital staff RUSH IN TO TEND HIM.

EXT. CAFE - ZAGORA - MOROCCO - NIGHT

Crave resets the receiver. Absorbs the possibility he may never see his father again. The emotions grip Crave. He gives himself to them. Tucks his head until the moment passes.

Then he pulls himself together. Looks to Elle. She's passed out. Crave gently wakes her. Elle, groggy, tries to stand.

Crave lifts her up and simply carries her.

INT. TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - LANGLEY - LATER

Tolliver sits in the dark. Haskins stands in the door.

HASKINS
FBI called. Traced a call to Zagora. A hundred miles from the Saharawi Refugee Camp.

TOLLIVER
I told you he'd call his dad.

HASKINS
Sounds desperate.

Tolliver prods Haskins with a look.

HASKINS (CONT'D)
He said Special Operations Command is stealing civilian identities for something called Department Thirty.

TOLLIVER
But he doesn't have proof.

HASKINS
Has a passport for someone named Scott Whitman.

TOLLIVER
One of ours?

HASKINS
No. Criminal turned confidential informant. Last year he was put into Witness Protection.

TOLLIVER
What agency was running him?

HASKINS
Don't know. File vanished. But did some more research on Evan Crave. Comes from a long line of military men. He's had an ancestor in almost every war going back to the first Battle of Bull Run. Many decorated.

TOLLIVER
Proves the point. There's a black sheep in every family.

Tolliver turns down his office.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Can you run a dummy loop on your laptop? Surveillance footage. Ceuta. Morocco. Sahara.

HASKINS
Why?

TOLLIVER
We're going to Vegas. Track Crave from the Creech Control, while the Pentagon piggybacks your laptop.

HASKINS
You think there's something to what Crave's saying?

TOLLIVER
You know why I do my job? I do it because I believe in it. Thing is, Crave believes in his job, too. So it's not that he killed three men or destroyed twenty drones. Or evaded Recces, or ditched Omar. No, it's never about what he's done. It's always about what he's going to do next. Doesn't matter what he says. Our job doesn't change. We stop him.

EXT. TIZI N'TICHKA PASS - MOROCCO - NIGHT - LATER

A Moroccan bus travels through the Atlas Mountains.

INT. BUS - MOVING - TIZI N'TICHKA PASS

Berbers and livestock squeeze inside. Elle and Crave are huddled in the back. She SHIVERS. Crave keeps her warm.

Elle stares at the diamond ring on her finger. She slips it off. Pockets it. Crave doesn't see.

ELLE
What do you tell your patients when they are frightened?

CRAVE
I lie. Tell them they're in good hands.

ELLE
And they're not?

CRAVE
It's not up to me. I wish it were. That's the hardest part. I can't save anyone. I can only influence the outcome.

Crave looks at Elle. She looks *fragile*.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
The worst cases, I make them these stupid little cars out of Coca-Cola cans. A new toy for tomorrow. But not everyone gets to play.

ELLE
Don't make one for me.

She puts her head on his shoulder. *He lets her.* Then he notices. She's taken off her engagement ring.

EXT. WESTERN SAHARA - DESERT - NEXT DAY

Stillness. The Sahara cooks in the afternoon sun. No habitation. No vegetation. A vast sea of loneliness.

EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - SOON AFTER - DAY

Shades of salmon-colored tents and dunes melt into the landscape. Camels hide under each other's shade as a MODIFIED DUMPTRUCK enters camp full of potatoes. Refugees gather.

INT. CAB - DUMP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crave helps Elle out and uses the GROWING CROWD as cover.

ALTERNATE POV: Someone watches through binocs as Crave carries Elle, but then VANISHES INTO THE CROWD.

INT. HUSSEIN'S TENT - DAY - LATER

Hussein watches grandsons play with Coca-Cola can cars. Crave carries Elle in. No time for greetings.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
I need the operating room prepped. Can you find Ahmed?

HUSSEIN (SPANISH)
He left. Frightened by an *American.*

CRAVE (SPANISH)
Where is this American now?

HUSSEIN (SPANISH)
I don't know. Can she wait until night? Then no one will know you are here.

Crave wets a towel and wipes Elle's FEVERISH face. Nods.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

TWENTY-ONE vehicles approach camp. Lights off. They don't want to wake anybody. Park at a distance.

NADR'S COMMANDOS exit. They look like hipster Arab Spring rebels: Skinny jeans, scarves, scruff, Kalashnikovs. A few smoke Marlboros. Their embers bob through the camp.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

The lights are dim. Elle is connected to IVs and is under anesthesia. A NURSE wears a headlamp (only light on Elle).

Crave cleans Elle's wound. Hussein preps at a sink.

A FIGURE steps in. Crave sees ONLY THE GUN.

Here stands JOHN DORIAN (from page 51). Crave sees him: Taller. Muscular. Larger in life than Whitman's passport photo could have suggested. Imposing in tactical gear.

Hussein nods. *This is the American of which he spoke.*

DORIAN
When did she get hit?

CRAVE
Three days go. Saving my life.
Because she thought I was you.

DORIAN
She was my contingency plan.

CRAVE
She thinks she's more than that.

Dorian takes her hand tenderly. Hurt to see her hurt. Notices she's not wearing her ring. Lets that in.

DORIAN
Will she live?

CRAVE
Depends. Are you going to kill me?

Dorian tucks his gun in his belt. Kisses Elle's forehead.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Then scrub up.

DORIAN
I'm not a doctor.

CRAVE
<u>And I'm not a spy</u>.
(beat)
I need another set of hands.

Crave motions to Hussein. He scrubs and gloves Dorian. The nurse shows Dorian how to hold a sponge as she clamps.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
I got the bullet out. We'll know in 24 hours if she's septic. Blood poisoning. Do you have a name, besides mine?

Dorian sizes him up. Knows he deserved that. He stiffens and *the soldier in him takes over.*

DORIAN
My name is John Dorian. My birthday is June 2, 1976. My mother's maiden name is White. My pin is 1824.

CRAVE
<u>Doesn't prove who you are</u>.

DORIAN
We don't carry ID. Our faces are off the grid. SOCOM. Special Operations Command.

CRAVE
Where's your uniform?

DORIAN
On the inside. *Keeps it clean.*

CRAVE
Who are we? Are we still a democracy? Am I still free enough to ask that question? Because if you can take my identity, I'm not a civilian, I'm a hostage.

DORIAN
For a couple more days.

CRAVE
Why? You need to destroy some more drones and kill more people?

DORIAN
We used one faulty MQ-9 Reaper and 19 made-for-Hollywood specials.

CLOSE ON: FALLEN SOLDIER'S EYES

BACK TO AIRFIELD (PAGE 6)

HIS POV: FIGURE/RAVENS CAP is JOHN DORIAN.

Dorian steps to the side, leading the Gorgon Eye of Keno's Reaper away. When the coast is clear, Fallen Soldier and two SPECIAL OPS rise from the dead. Wipe off fake blood/sand. Help finish the sabotage.

DORIAN (V.O.)
They were my guys.

BACK TO SCENE

DORIAN
They're fine. We used blanks. *The whole thing was staged for Nadr Shah,* a very high value individual.

CRAVE
We? You mean Department Thirty? Is that who set me up?

Dorian is impressed.

DORIAN
The art of war is deception and sometimes it's necessary to deceive both sides. A terrorist will only trust someone the CIA doesn't.

CRAVE
I almost died. *Does my life mean nothing to you?*

DORIAN
You owed me.

Crave looks at Dorian. Dubious.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Uganda. Who do you think delivered the AKs? And it was almost impossible to get a C130, but you had the balls to go back to the clinic. Where, somehow, for the next *six* months, you weren't killed or kidnapped. *Explain that to me?*

CRAVE
I was careful.

DORIAN
Come on, man.

Crave's ego suffers a blow.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
In Somalia, the rebels never breached the walls to your clinic. Who do you think held them back?
(beat)
You have been protected.

Crave absorbs the extent to which he's been used.

CRAVE
And Scott Whitman? What happened to him?

DORIAN
He got the American dream by preserving it for others.

CRAVE
The American dream, what is that, a euphemism for funeral?

DORIAN
Whitman's alive. Big house. Big pool. Sleeping soundly knowing he is a patriot of the highest order.

CRAVE
Not bad for a counterfeiter. What about a renowned field surgeon, or is Department Thirty taking credit for my reputation, too?

DORIAN
That's why you're so valuable. And now, both of our work is paying dividends. *Nadr Shah has invited Evan Crave for a sit-down.* An invitation over five years and nine deceased intelligence officers in the making.

Dorian watches as Crave comes to some kind of decision.

CRAVE
Go ahead. Use my name. But I want it back when you're done.
(to nurse, Spanish)
I'm going to close.

The nurse counts sponges and nods to Crave. He begins to close Elle up. Dorian half-smiles. The irony hurts --

DORIAN
When you left camp unexpectedly, you started a chain of events that landed your photo in Nadr Shah's hands.

CRAVE
How was it supposed to work?

Dorian sits, exhausted by the colossal fuck up to his gorgeous plan.

DORIAN
You would have been taken to safety. *My photo* would have then been leaked to the CIA, they would have put me, as Evan Crave, an American doctor fed up with the drone program, on the kill list, causing Nadr to rise to the bait.

CRAVE
So then it's all over?

Dorian takes a moment to focus himself.

DORIAN
I was known as Scalpel. But I impersonated your background.

Dorian shows him a photo on his smart phone of HAFID.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
This is Hafid.

EXT. QUARZAZATE - PAST - DAY

Dorian, longer hair, impersonates Crave as a doctor. He oversees the inoculation of children. Meets HAFID in line. Both walk for a moment to an olive grove.

DORIAN (V.O.)
You met in Quarzazate. He wanted a drone. You told him about one that crashed in the Sahara. He offered you money. You didn't accept.

BACK TO SCENE

DORIAN
Hafid is now our asset. He was shown your photo and vouched for you. It was all we could do to salvage the mission.

CRAVE
What do you mean he *vouched for me?*

DORIAN
And this is Jalil. Two weeks ago, you met in Chefchaoen.

EXT. CHEFCHAOEN - MOROCCO - PAST - TWILIGHT

Dorian walks through the blue casbah past a man wrangling goats down an ancient staircase. When the goats are gone, a centuries-old door opens to reveal JALIL.

DORIAN (V.O.)
He asked you to infiltrate a clandestine Moroccan airfield and infect the drones with a virus.

BACK TO SCENE

Crave massages Elle's legs (prevents blood clots). Tries to charm her out of her anesthesia. She slowly opens her eyes. Crave lifts her like a broken bird. The nurse helps.

DORIAN
He offered you $2 million. You refused, but a week later, you destroyed all the drones with C4. He was arrested with a load of heroin, and is now imprisoned in Turkey. He won't be there.

CRAVE
Won't be where? *What are you asking me to do?*

DORIAN
Just be yourself.

Crave is caught by a growing panic in his throat.

DORIAN (CONT'D)
<u>All we need is for you to lead us to Nadr Shah</u>.

Dorian pulls out a small medical pin. It's the <u>caduceus staff</u>: *Do no harm.*

DORIAN (CONT'D)
Tracking device. Walk in, duck when you hear automatic fire.

Crave doesn't take it. Dorian stuffs it in Crave's pocket. Elle watches, but can't speak. She shivers.

CRAVE
I can't do it.

DORIAN
Do what? I've done all the heavy lifting.

CRAVE
I'm just a doctor.

DORIAN
Who's been drafted in service to your country.

CRAVE
Drafted? I'm neutral.

Dorian looks around the primitive O.R. Picks up a bone saw. Looks at the blade.

DORIAN
I respect your work. But I'm offering you a better job. One where you can save one thousand. Two thousand. Ten thousand.

CRAVE
I won't make it out alive.

DORIAN
You'll survive because you're not one of us. *You're a trojan horse.*

CRAVE (SPANISH)
(to nurse)
Keep her warm.

Elle reaches for Crave. Grasps him. He squeezes her hand.

DORIAN
Nadr's men are in the camp. You want to fight a little. You're not quite on their side. At least, that's how I played it.

CRAVE
Fuck you.

DORIAN
Walter Reed. We flew in the head of neurosurgery at Beth Israel and the best cardiologist from Johns Hopkins. Your father's in good hands. *You don't want that to change.*

Crave releases Elle's hand. Goes to exit...

Only to WHIRL and <u>THROW A PUNCH</u>. But his FIST doesn't connect. Crave sees a BLUR and is SLAMMED against a wall. He recovers. Tries to connect. Kicks. Elbows. *All misses.*

DORIAN (CONT'D)
You are not gonna win a fight against me.

ELLE
Crave!

Dorian turns to Elle. *Bad move.* It's the break Crave needed. CRACK! He NAILS Dorian with a right to the JAW.

Dorian steps back. Jarred for a moment. He holds his face. Like a man who hasn't been punched in a long time.

Crave straightens his scrubs.

CRAVE
I didn't need to win. *I just needed that.*

Elle tries to speak as Crave exits, but she's still gripped by anesthesia.

<u>INT. CRAVE'S SMALL QUARTERS - DAWN - SOON AFTER</u>

Crave enters his room. Sits on his bed. Rolls the caduceus pin between fingers. <u>Deciding</u>. He hears the sound of a dog BARKING. Listens on alert. A YELP. Then no more barking.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - DAWN

The nurse covers Elle with blankets. Elle can barely talk.

DORIAN
Elle. You're safe. I'm here.

ELLE (WHISPER)
Don't send him.

DORIAN
The die has already been cast.

ELLE
But you'll have an extraction team, you'll save him, right?

Dorian's eyes say it all. *No.*

ELLE (CONT'D)
No. No. *You're sending a drone?*

DORIAN
If you knew what I knew, Elle... Nadr has another stadium in his sights. We don't know where. But we're running out of time.

Elle is too weak to yell out loud.

ELLE
CRAVE!

The nurse calms her. Dorian hears ARABIC WHISPERS in a hall. Pulls his gun. Elle tries to rise, but collapses.

Dorian peers down a dark hall leading to patient rooms. Nothing stirs. Dorian hits the lights. They've been cut!

INT. CRAVE'S SMALL QUARTERS - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Crave rolls the caduceus pin in his fingers. Hears Arabic voices outside. Opens a forgotten drawer. Finds a framed photo of his FATHER IN UNIFORM. He clears a space and then *displays it.*

CLOSE ON: HIS FATHER'S RIBBONS.

Crave decides this is his moment to make a difference. He pins on the caduceus. Stands. Swallows hard. Then he steps out. *A lamb to the slaughter.*

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

NADR'S COMMANDOS smoke hash. Check their guns. Crave enters.

CRAVE (SPANISH)
This is a United Nations facility

Nadr's Commandos turn. Crave smiles warmly. They smile back. Then check a photocopy of his picture. *Perfect match.*

CRAVE (SPANISH) (CONT'D)
No guns are allowed. I am Dr. Evan Crave. How can I help you?

SLAM! Crave is beaten, gagged and DRAGGED OFF.

INT. HALLWAY - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - DAWN

Dorian steps into a community patient room.

A COCA-COLA CAR rolls to him with a LIVE GRENADE riding shotgun. Dorian dives. It BLOWS. WINDOWS SHATTER. DEBRIS RAINS. Dorian ducks through flames. GUN in hand, he BLASTS three Nadr Commandos in as many shots as they burst in.

EXT. SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Nadr's Commandos DRAG Crave to the row of 21 waiting black pickups, Lincolns, SUVs. All with tinted windows.

INSIDE ANONYMOUS SUV

Nadr Commando smokes. He smiles at Crave and then SLAMS HIM WITH A RIFLE BUTT. Crave is instantly out cold. KO'd.

INT. SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - DAWN

Dorian runs back to Elle's room. The nurse and Hussein have been SHOT DEAD. *Elle is gone*. Dorian hears cars driving off.

DORIAN
ELLE!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CREECH - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

AJAX and BIRDSEYE search for Crave on their console screen depicting the Saharawi Refugee camp.

CLOSE ON: HASKINS' LAPTOP runs a surveillance footage dummy loop. Its toolbar blinks (piggybacked by the Pentagon).

Tolliver and Haskins look over Ajax's shoulder at the live console screen: A TWENTY-ONE VEHICLE CONVOY fans across the desert like cards on a dealer table.

Twenty-one different directions. Impossible to track.

TOLLIVER
Stay on Crave.

AJAX
I don't know which one he's in.

TOLLIVER
Those are Nadr's men. *We can't lose him!*

ALTERNATE POV: AIRBORNE FIVE THOUSAND FEET

The Reaper SEARCHES the convoy below. Zooms in. ON SCREEN: Nadr's Commandos. Tinted windows. But no Crave.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Who flies for Special Operations?

AJAX
Pilot by the call sign "Keno."

TOLLIVER
Where is he?

Ajax keys up an online schedule. Reads. Watches as the "KENO" entry BECOMES GREEN-LIT.

AJAX
Looks like he just got called up.

TOLLIVER
How do I find out Keno's fly zone?

AJAX
I'll ask him when he comes in.

TOLLIVER
He'll just tell you?

AJAX
We're on the same softball team.

INT. SAHARAWI MEDICAL COMPOUND - SAHARA - LATER

Dorian checks a BEACON on his laptop. Speaks on a phone.

DORIAN (INTO PHONE)
Beacon's up. They're headed to Tindouf. They've got Elle. *I'm going in.*

INT. DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON - SAME TIME

Welcome to DEPARTMENT THIRTY: A hidden hive. Deep under the Pentagon is a HONEYCOMB OF HIGH-TECH OFFICE PODS ringed with monitoring stations.

Uniformed Intelligence Soldiers scan screens in this FORTIFIED NERVE CENTER. Everyone is armed.

Kantor (from page 63) watches the beacon on a screen.

KANTOR (INTO PHONE)
Dorian. It's too dangerous.

Kantor is surrounded by his UNIFORMED STAFF.

INT. SAHARAWI MEDICAL COMPOUND - SAME TIME

Dorian begins to pack his supplies.

KANTOR (O.S.)
We agreed this would be clean.

DORIAN (INTO PHONE)
Send anything else but my team and you'll read about Department Thirty in the *Washington Post*.

Dorian hangs up. SMASHES his phone.

INT. A PRIVATE JET - SOME TIME LATER

Louis Vuitton travel cases. Shuttered jet windows.

Crave, under a blanket, strapped to a gurney, IV and heart monitor, wakes. He sees a MIDEAST ANESTHESIOLOGIST asleep.

Crave catches a glimpse of first class: SHEIKS enjoying girls in bikinis, music, drugs. *It's like Vegas on a plane.* Anesthesiologist wakes. Adjusts Crave's dose. Crave is out before he can get his bearings.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - LATER

Crave wakes SHIVERING. Confined to a chair. NAKED. *How long has he been out? Where are his clothes? His caduceus pin?*

The door opens. Two figures enter. Meet KHALID and YUSEF, 30s, beast and brawn. Khalid connects a hose to a faucet as Yusef stands behind Crave. Then Khalid:

SHOVES THE RUNNING HOSE in Crave's mouth.

Yusef holds the hose in. *Crave slowly drowns.*

LATER

Alone, Crave pukes water until he dry heaves. He SHIVERS like a hypothermia victim.

INT. HALL - CREECH CONTROL - LAS VEGAS - SOON AFTER

KENO and his SENSOR OPERATOR (from page 5) enter the hall with "Top Gun" swagger. Ajax eyes them as they stroll past.

AJAX
What's up with the strut?

KENO flips off the Nadr Shah wall photo.

KENO
Special Ops is nailing this fucker today. Huge op going down in Yemen. And we got a front row seat.

AJAX
Man, I'd love to see that.

KENO
Rover on over.

AJAX
Leave me a back door and I will.

EXT. RIVER - YEMEN - TWILIGHT - LATER

SIX APACHE CHOPPERS sweep over the water. The two-crew gunships flex rockets and carry NAVY SEALS RIDING EXTRACTION STYLE on the outside. Secured by straps. Guns at the ready.

DORIAN is on the lead gunship, also "ridin' dirty" with the operative known as FALLEN SOLDIER (page 6) on the other side. The Sarawat Mountains loom ahead.

ALTERNATE AERIAL POV

SUN GLINTS off a Reaper 5000 feet above the Apaches.

INT. CREECH CONTROL - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Ajax ACCESSES Keno's screen showing the Apaches. Behind him, Tolliver and Haskins watch brave Special Ops "ridin' dirty" and closing in on a distant Sarawat mountain village.

EXT. SARAWAT CAVE VILLAGE - YEMEN - NIGHT

BATTLE-SCARRED HOVELS are built into the mountain. A high cave overlooks a thatchwork of structures that look more like a military training set than a functioning village.

AT DOOR ONE

NAVY SEALS wearing GoPro helmet cams BURST into a dwelling: Empty. Neglected. They advance up steep alleys and stairways. KICK IN other doors. All the dwellings are ABANDONED.

DORIAN, dressed in high-tech assault gear, follows. His eye on the HIGH CAVE. In his hand: His smart phone screen shows a glowing beacon. *Crave and Elle are close. So is Nadr.*

WHEN CRACK!

AN INCOMING BULLET STRIKES near the SEALS. Seals DIVE INTO defensive positions. They do not return fire.

BACK - INT. TORTURE ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Khalid speaks Arabic like he's telling a story that Yusef enjoys. CRAVE STRUGGLES as they approach with the hose. Khalid listens. *Did he just hear something outside the room?*

INT. CREECH CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver and Haskins watch as the SEALS close in on Nadr's Commandos guarding a HIGH CAVE overlooking the village.

EXT. HIGH CAVE - SARAWAT CAVE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nadr's Commandos guard the cave. They don't see the NAVY SEALS stealth behind them. Their THROATS are CUT. *Silently.*

Dorian holds his bowie knife to the last living Commando's neck as he prays to Allah. *This gives Dorian pause.*

DORIAN (ARABIC)
Why are you reciting the Martyr's Prayer?

LAST COMMANDO keeps praying.

AT ANCIENT CAVE DOOR

NAVY SEALS FLANK IT. They attach a DEVICE. Take cover. The door blows back soundlessly.

INT. SARAWAT CAVE - CONTINUOUS

NAVY SEALS throw SMOKE GRENADES in. LASER SIGHTS crisscross in the mist as they rush in to find: It's empty. Nadr's Commandos were protecting...*nothing*.

BACK TO DORIAN OUTSIDE CAVE

Dorian SLITS the last Commando's throat. Sees a Koran lying at his feet. Realizes:

DORIAN
AMBUSH! TAKE COVER.

INSIDE CAVE

A NAVY SEAL sees CRAVE'S SCRUBS in a pile on a table. Then he sees the Caduceus pin. FEELS something trigger underfoot.

INT. CREECH CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver and Haskins watch on screen as a RED INFERNO explodes from the cave! Ajax slumps in his seat.

AJAX
It was a trap. *They're gone.*

TOLLIVER
WHERE'S EVAN CRAVE? WHERE'S NADR SHAH!?

Ajax listens in his headset.

AJAX
Chatter says they weren't there.

Tolliver and Haskins sink in their chairs. Devastated.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Khalid and Alex listen. Hear only silence. Khalid continues his story in Arabic as he DROWNS Crave.

BLACK.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - LATER - TIME UNKNOWN

Crave, in Islamic pants, sports stubble. Wakes when water is THROWN ON HIM. Khalid and Yusef drag Crave out.

INT. POLY ROOM - HIGH DESERT CAVE - TIME UNKNOWN

Crave is fastened to a chair. Weak and dehydrated. Khalid works a POLYGRAPH as Yusef hooks Crave up to the device. Khalid holds up the color red. Speaks accented English.

KHALID
Is this the color red?

CRAVE
Yes.

KHALID
Am I speaking English?

CRAVE
Yes.

Yusef records Crave's responses with a pen and paper while Khalid re-calibrates the machine before continuing...

KHALID
Is this a pen?

CRAVE
Yes.

KHALID
Is your name Evan Crave?

CRAVE
Yes.

KHALID
Do you work for the CIA?

CRAVE
No.

KHALID
Do you work for the U.S. military?

CRAVE
No.

KHALID
Are you a member of Special Operations Command?

CRAVE
No.

Khalid holds a photo of General Kantor.

KHALID
Do you work for General Kantor?

CRAVE
No.

Khalid holds up a PHOTO OF HAFID. Crave stares.

KHALID
Do you know him?

INT. SURGERY ROOM - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - PAST

Dorian shows him a photo on his smart phone of Hafid.

DORIAN
This is Hafid.

BACK TO SCENE

KHALID
Have you met him?

Crave thinks about how to answer without lying.

CRAVE
His name is Hafid.

Nadr Shah enters with Ali. Nadr examines the poly.

KHALID (ARABIC)
He is Evan Crave. A civilian.

Nadr speaks educated English to Crave.

NADR
Are you a doctor at the Saharawi Refugee Camp?

CRAVE
Yes.

NADR
Do you treat traitors?

CRAVE
I treat everyone.

Nadr nods to Yusef. <u>He pulls a gun</u>.

BLOWS ALI'S LOWER JAW OFF. Blood splatters. Ali crumbles. Khalid unbinds Crave, who barely breathes. He stares at Ali's halved face.

NADR
(motions to Ali)
Then please treat him.

Yusef hands Crave an insufficient medical kit. Crave is already doing the ABCs. Ali's airway is blocked by gore.

CRAVE
Hold him down!

Nadr gestures to Khalid and Yusef, who hold Ali down.

NADR (IN ARABIC TO ALI)
I found your account in Panama. One too many wires from the U.S.

CRAVE
Pen. The PEN!

Khalid hands it to him. Crave STABS the pen into Ali's trachea. Ali breathes. *Barely.* Crave works frantically to stop the blood as Ali stares up at his uncle.

Terror in Ali's DYING EYES. He tries to talk.

NADR (IN ARABIC, PROVERB)
The talking is beyond talking.

Ali cries. Crave bandages him. Checks his pulse.

CRAVE
Stable, but he needs a hospital.

NADR (IN ARABIC TO ALI)
You lie to my face, now die without one.

Nadr nods to Yusef. He shoots Ali. FACESHOT.

NADR (CONT'D)
<u>He was a traitor</u>.

Ali's blood floods the room. His body spastic. *Then still.*

NADR (ARABIC) (CONT'D)
Leave us.

Yusef and Khalid drag Ali's body out. Nadr and Crave are left in the bloody room. Crave contains his panic. *Poorly.*

NADR (CONT'D)
Sorry for your treatment. Often I am greeted by wolves in sheep's clothing.

He gestures to a sink. Crave washes BLOOD off shaking hands.

NADR (CONT'D)
We made a deposit in your account. For your understanding.

CRAVE
That's how this all started.

NADR
This started when your country stopped fighting just wars and now-- *just fights wars.*

Nadr opens a portable DVD player. Nadr presses play.

NADR (CONT'D)
You save lives, yes?

ON SCREEN: FOOTAGE OF SEALS entering the HIGH CAVE.

NADR (CONT'D)
Can you save your own?

Crave watches an EXPLOSION fill the screen. DVD goes black.

NADR (CONT'D)
Because you'll have to.

Crave sits in a chair. Exhausted. Covered in blood.

NADR (CONT'D)
Do you know what I want? I want Americans to stop recruiting for the Jihadis. Every time the U.S. kills one enemy, it gives birth to ten more. The drones will cause more wars than they end.
(beat)
You like to save people. *How many could you save with this?*

Nadr shows him a USB port.

NADR (CONT'D)
It is a virus. I am told, once delivered, it will take your government weeks to get the drone program back online. *Imagine*. A civilian imposed truce. A few weeks of solace in an undeclared war. A message of hope from your people to the people of the Middle East. It's what you call a *home run*.

CRAVE
I'm not your man.

Nadr pulls out a photos of Crave with amputee children.

NADR
You save them. But you never can quite put them back together, can you?

CRAVE
I'm a doctor. I took an oath. *I do no harm.* And that means I don't align myself with terrorists.

NADR
How about spies?

Nadr motions to a draped window.

REVEALS ELLE

Beaten. Bloodied. Looks pale. Khalid holds a running hose. Elle struggles, is FORCE-FED water. She drowns in the torture chamber. Crave BANGS on the window, but she can't hear him.

NADR (CONT'D)
She failed her poly.

Elle passes out. Khalid props her up so she doesn't choke on her vomit. Then Khalid holds up amputation tools.

NADR (CONT'D)
I won't kill her. No, she will experience life, like one of your patients. Life without her tongue. Without her hands. Her feet. Her breasts. No, I won't kill her. I *will take her apart.* Unless...

Nadr hands him the USB port.

NADR (CONT'D)
Get on base. Get to this screen.

Nadr reveals a screen shot of FLIGHT SOFTWARE.

NADR (CONT'D)
Insert the virus.

Nadr gives him a small piece of paper.

NADR (CONT'D)
We believe one of these names and passwords will work.

CRAVE
And her?

NADR
Call this number.

Nadr hands him a CELL. Number taped to back. Battery low.

NADR (CONT'D)
She will be freed to a hospital. My associates will send you proof of life. Call anyone else and Khalid will send you her tongue.

CRAVE
What hospital? A U.N. hospital?

NADR (REMEMBERS)
You don't know where you are.

Nadr leads him through the high desert cave lined with GUARDS in the process of packing or destroying files. He leads Crave to a door. His men open it to a STORM DRAIN TUNNEL.

INT. STORM DRAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

It's lined with Nadr's men. Devastatingly dark. Crave notices trash. But it's the BELLAGIO drink cup that unsettles him. He glances at a concrete wall. Sees FALLOUT SHELTER SIGNS.

NADR
The best place for me to hide is where they are not allowed to look. No, the Middle East is so full of surveillance, I can't move. But here, *I look like a guy who drives a taxi or cleans your floors.*

Nadr walks him to an overlook. Crave looks through slats to:

THE LAS VEGAS SKYLINE

In the distance: NEON STRIP: EXCALIBUR, CIRCUS CIRCUS, MGM, MANDALAY BAY, WYNN.

Nadr has been in the U.S. the entire time.

Apparently, the high desert cave was a fallout shelter connected to a Nevada drain system. Crave feels very small.

CRAVE
How will I get on this base?

NADR
How did you do it in Morocco?

CRAVE
I want to talk to her.

INT. ELLE'S CELL - LATER

Elle reacts to the door opening. She looks up with SWOLLEN EYES. Sees Crave. Clean. Shaved. *He just holds her.* Khalid and Yusef loom but give them space to talk.

CRAVE
They set a trap. There was an explosion. No one's coming for us.

ELLE
He's not dead.

CRAVE
I saw it.

ELLE
Did you see his body?

CRAVE
He's gone. We're on our own.

ELLE
I didn't even know his real name.

CRAVE
John Dorian.

Elle softly repeats the name to herself.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Nadr made me a deal.

ELLE
No. You're not one of us. He'll use you. You don't know him.

CRAVE
I know you.

ELLE
Then let me go.

Elle moves toward Crave's lips, but snuggles in his ear.

ELLE (SPANISH WHISPER) (CONT'D)
I speak some Arabic. Are we in Kuwait? They keep mentioning the minister of Kuwait.

Khalid, concerned about her whispers, pulls Crave back.

CRAVE
We're in Las Vegas.

ELLE
Why? What's here? What does he want? No. Don't do it!

CRAVE
He'll kill you!

ELLE
I accept it!

Crave is dragged out by Khalid.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Evan.

She called him by his first name.

ELLE (CONT'D)
We are what we do. DO BETTER.

BLACK.

INT. CREECH CONTROL - LAS VEGAS - MORNING

Drained. Ajax and Birdseye replay the NAVY SEAL/YEMEN footage. Explosion on repeat. Relentless. Tolliver and Haskins scan it with clenched fists.

AJAX
Sir, we've been through it...

TOLLIVER
Try to identify them. Get me a name.

Birdseye returns to the footage of the Six Apaches. Has a clear angle on FALLEN SOLDIER "ridin' dirty."

He zooms in to get a view of the standard military "name tape" on Fallen Soldier's uniform. Sees it's black. Blank.

AJAX
No dice. Black ops. No names.

But something sends a chill up Tolliver's spine.

CLOSE ON: FALLEN SOLDIER'S FACE

TOLLIVER
Zoom in.

Birdseye zooms in. And then it hits Tolliver. Like a hammer.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Do you have the drone sabotage footage? Cue it up here.

Birdseye pulls it up. Displays it on a different screen.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
There was a shot of a soldier.

Birdseye cues the shot (from page 6). Fallen Soldier is clearly in the first footage AND in the second footage.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
It's the same guy. He wasn't killed in Morocco. Look. *It's a hoax.* THEY SET US UP.

Haskins tries to catch his drift.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Oh, they got us twisting in the wind. Ajax, you ever hear of Department Thirty?

AJAX
SOCOM guys come in under that banner, but it's all hush.

Tolliver taps the screen displaying the Apaches.

TOLLIVER
Why would Nadr invite Crave in? *Because we were chasing him.*

HASKINS
Route 30? 1930? Is 30 on the periodic table? Thirty pieces of silver?

Tolliver sees a mini toy Vegas slot machine on a desk. Its jackpot screen reads: BAR, BAR, then X. Realization strikes. Tolliver heads to a whiteboard. Writes.

TOLLIVER
X is an agent. XX is a double agent. XXX is a triple agent. Thirty. Department Thirty deals in triple agents. What do triple agents need? *A cover identity that can't be falsified.*

Haskins follows the math.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
How many agents have we lost because the Internet exposed their covers? How many fake names were cracked by an online algorithm? Nothing has hurt the intelligence community more than a Google search.

HASKINS (REALIZING)
They stole Crave's identity.

TOLLIVER
The Pentagon is using civilian cover identities. That's how their agents are infiltrating terrorist organizations. Crave's with Nadr. And if he's a civilian, he's in over his head. We got to find him before he does *something stupid.*

ESTABLISH MGM - LAS VEGAS - DAY - SOON AFTER

A motorcade protecting a ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM arrives.

SHEIK "RAFI" AMIN, Kuwait deputy minister, exits as SECRET SERVICE BODYGUARDS on dignitary duty flank him. Rafi wears Kuwaiti garb with Tom Ford sunglasses. Carries a gym bag.

EXT. VIP ENTRANCE - MGM

SECRET SERVICE follow Rafi. One in particular, is FRANKLIN, ex-military. A true pro.

FRANKLIN (HEADSET)
"Lawrence" is on the move.

INT. MGM - SOON AFTER

PLAIN CLOTHES secret service scan the crowd as RAFI is escorted past the crowd through a SECRET HALLWAY.

PLAIN CLOTHES (INTO SLEEVE MIC)
All clear for lobby.

A UNIFORMED CLEANING MAN pushes his cart toward the elevators. It's NADR. Head down. *No one looks at him.*

INT. HALLWAY - MGM MANSION SUITES

Rafi is escorted to his plush suite.

FRANKLIN
Minister, we have a shift change in five minutes.

RAFI
You are all the same to me.

Franklin enters the suite with Rafi, who holds him back.

RAFI (CONT'D)
Some privacy please, or is that no longer available in your country?

FRANKLIN
We're here to protect.

RAFI
And spy.

Franklin remains with SECRET SERVICE TWO--*outside the suite*.

INT. STAFF ELEVATOR - MGM MANSION

NADR-AS-CLEANER exits one floor below Rafi's. Walks to a storage closet. Knocks. It opens to ONE OF HIS MEN dressed as an MGM worker. Nadr climbs a ladder to the floor above.

AT ROOM ABOVE

Nadr-as-Cleaner enters a plush room. Walks briskly through a series of doors that link suites. They've all been left open.

IN HALLWAY

Franklin and Secret Service Two are approached by SECRET SERVICE THREE AND FOUR.

FRANKLIN
Pin code.

SECRET SERVICE THREE
9876.

FRANKLIN
Section?

SECRET SERVICE THREE
DSS, West 102.

FRANKLIN
"Lawrence" is all yours. His flight has wheels up in 30 minutes.

Franklin exits with Secret Service Two.

BEHIND SUITE DOOR

RAFI opens the gym bag. Counts a cash bribe

AS

Nadr enters through an unlocked side door. Nadr flips on the TV. LOUD. PZZZT! Shoots Rafi in the head with silencer.

NADR
Minister, that is for selling out to the Americans.

Nadr quickly changes into Rafi's clothes. Pulls out a forged passport. CLOSE TO REVEAL: *His photo, Rafi's name.*

EXT. GATE GUARD BOOTH - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

A TAXI pulls up to the gate. The driver listens to a Dodger pregame show on the radio. A TANK and several MP CARS fortify the entrance like Fort Knox.

Inside the cab: Crave, cleaned up.

GUARD
I.D.

CRAVE
I carry it on the inside.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - PAST

DORIAN
SOCOM. Special Operations Command.

BACK TO SCENE

Crave gives the guard an annoyed smile.

CRAVE
SOCOM. Special Operations Command.

GUARD
Out of the car, please.

Crave exits. The guard waves the taxi off. The guard eyes Crave. Clean. Shaven. Suited. *Military spy.*

GUARD (CONT'D)
Name?

CRAVE
Dorian, John.

Guard types in a laptop.

GUARD
Birthday.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - SAHARAWI MEDICAL CLINIC - PAST

DORIAN
My birthday is June 2nd, 1976.

BACK TO SCENE

Crave feigns boredom. The guard types into a screen.

CRAVE
June 2nd, 1976. My mother's maiden name is White.

GUARD
Pin?

CRAVE
1824.

GUARD
Division?

Crave doesn't know. Panics. Swallows. *Guesses.*

CRAVE
Department Thirty.

CLOSE ON SCREEN

It scrolls Dorian's vitals. A line reads: DEPARTMENT THIRTY.

GUARD
Have a good day, sir.

CRAVE
I need a map of the base.

GUARD
Where are you going?

CRAVE
Not at liberty to say.

Guard hands him a map. Crave enters the base.

INT. HALLWAY - MGM MANSION - SOON AFTER

Nadr is now dressed as Rafi, complete in head wrap and sunglasses. He exits the room, pretending to be on a CELL PHONE. Secret Service usher him away.

INT. GROUND CONTROL - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE

Crave enters and stares down the hall. Several pilots are gathered around the poster of NADR SHAH. They are defacing it. Crave passes. Pilots eye him.

A PILOT puts up his hand on Crave's shoulder.

CRAVE (UNDER BREATH)
SOCOM.

PILOT ONE
Never saw you. But give him hell.

Crave winks. Walks down the hallway. Turns left.

EMPTY HALLWAY

Crave pauses. Sweats. *Jesus.* He moves on down the Kubrick hallway of doors. Crave looks for an empty room. Peers into

CONTROL ROOM EIGHT

Tolliver and Haskins scan screens of North African border crossings as AJAX and BIRDSEYE adjust angles.

Crave moves on. Finds a deserted room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM ELEVEN - CREECH

Crave enters. Takes a pilot's seat. Turns on the computer. Pulls out the paper. Types in a username and PASSWORD. *No dice.* Keys another. Nothing. Types another. *Access granted!* He sees flight software start up.

Crave takes out the USB. Hesitates. Then inserts it. Nothing happens for a moment. The computer freezes. Then CODE FLOODS THE SCREEN. Crave pulls out the cell. Dials. Someone answers.

CRAVE (INTO PHONE)
It's done.

EXT. LAS VEGAS HOSPITAL - DAY - SAME TIME

A van stops. Elle is pushed to the sidewalk. She appears beaten. Ragged. Looks up. Sees freedom. Yusef snaps a photo from the van. SENDS IT. Then chucks the phone to her.

AT CRAVE

He gets a text. Sees Elle's photo. *Safe.*

ELLE (INTO PHONE, O.S.)
Evan? What did you do?

INTERCUT BETWEEN CRAVE AND ELLE

CRAVE (INTO PHONE)
I saved you.

ELLE (INTO PHONE)
Why?

CRAVE (INTO PHONE)
Because you are my patient.

The phone dies.

CRAVE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Elle? ELLE!

Elle suffers what looks to others like a psychotic episode. HOSPITAL AIDES approach.

ELLE
He's here. Nadr Shah is in U.S.!
YOU ARE UNDER ATTACK!

They grab and contain Elle. She resists. CLOSE ON: HYPO biting into her arm. *Instant chemical restraint.*

BACK TO CRAVE

Crave looks at the screen. The CODE STOPS SCROLLING. Text flashes: "SIPRNet firewall accessed. Initiating override."

Crave reacts. Types into the keyboard to stop it. Nothing.

He yanks out the USB. Nothing. Too late. Crave pushes back from the screen. SHAKEN. Something is terribly wrong. *This is no simple virus.*

It's a takeover.

Crave RUSHES from the room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM EIGHT - CREECH - SOON AFTER

Ajax and Birdseye watch as their SCREENS SUDDENLY FREEZE.

AJAX
Got a hiccup. Reroute to a healthy satellite.

BIRDSEYE
Action not available.

TOLLIVER
What's going on?

AJAX
It’s got to be a glitch.

EXT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

A motorcade of SUVs and ROLLS PHANTOMS heads to the airport.

INT. BACK HALL - MCCARRAN AIRPORT - SOON AFTER

Secret Service lead Nadr-as-Rafi through a back entrance. SECRET SERVICE THREE taps his ear piece. Listens.

SECRET SERVICE THREE
Copy that. Minister, no need to rush. There’s a mechanical problem with Eithad Flight 95. Would you like to wait in the Admiral’s Club?

NADR-AS-RAFI
I do not wait. Find me another plane. NOW. Get me out of here.

SECRET SERVICE THREE
We’re Diplomatic Secret Service. Not Travelocity. The Admiral’s Club or the gate, sir?

EXT. AIRFIELD - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

All drones sit in open hangars like sleeping sentinels.

TWO AMMO TECHS load Hellfire missiles to an MQ-9 Reaper when its propeller SUDDENLY SPINS TO LIFE. Sensors blink on. It rolls forward on its own. Like it’s possessed.

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET)
Mission command, confirm offline.

MISSION COMMAND (O.S.)
Offline confirmed.

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET)
That's a negative, Alpha 9 is definitely online.

SUDDENLY: Every drone on the base ROARS TO LIFE. All twenty.

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET) (CONT’D)
Mission command, you seeing this?

MISSION COMMAND (O.S.)
Negative, lost contact.

The drone rolls forward toward the tarmac.

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET)
No! Your contact has been hijacked.

Ammo Tech One hits a KLAXON ALARM.

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Request permission for override.

MISSION COMMAND (O.S.)
Granted.

Ammo Tech One SHOOTS the drone's tire (override). It tips. AMMO TECH TWO stares at other UAVs TAXIING when *the drone triggers its missiles.* THE DRONE ERUPTS IN FLAMES!

AMMO TECH ONE (HEADSET)
Alpha Foxtrot Uniform. Repeat, *All Fucked Up!*

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Large screens depict drone vectors. TWENTY JOYSTICK TERRORISTS (page 4) work their joysticks. PUSH IN on screen: *CREECH, drones on parade.*

These remote rebel hipsters now CONTROL THE U.S. DRONES. They work the joysticks like they're playing a video game. One of them hands a cell phone to JOYSTICK ONE.

NADR-AS-RAFI (ARABIC, O.S.)
Slow it down. Problem with flight. *I'm still on the ground.*

JOYSTICK ONE (ARABIC)
Birds have already left the barn.

JOYSTICK ONE hangs up. Resets cig between lips. Places the cell near his console. Concentrates on joystick flying.

INT. GATE 43 - MCCARRAN AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Nadr-as-Rafi hangs up. Eavesdrops on chatting Secret Service.

SECRET SERVICE THREE
Something about grounding all flights. A problem at Creech.

SECRET SERVICE FOUR
I'll check West Command.

Nadr-as-Rafi heads to the bathroom. SECRET SERVICE THREE follows him.

NADR AS RAFI
Please. I'll be alright.

Secret Service Three doesn't take no for an answer.

INT. BATHROOM - MCCARRAN AIRPORT

Nadr-as-Rafi heads to stalls in the back. Secret Service Three follows WHEN NADR KNIFES HIM IN THE NECK.

Nadr grabs the agent's headset and pushes him in a stall.

LATER

Nadr, in ballcap and civilian clothes, exits. Cell to ear. DEAD SECRET SERVICE THREE and a dying civilian (clothes gone) BLEED OUT in the stall behind him.

EXT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT - SOON AFTER

Khalid and Yusef pull up in a WHITE SUV and search for Nadr. They're just out of range of an AIRPORT SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

Nadr approaches, head down, when a WOMAN ON CELL bumps him. Nadr's hat falls off. Face exposed. He puts the hat back on and walks toward the SUV.

INT. CONTROL ROOM EIGHT - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE

Tolliver and Haskins hear ALARMS BLARING. See panic in the halls. Ajax stares at CODE flashing on his screen.

TOLLIVER
What's going on?

AJAX
They're being controlled from somewhere else. We're offline. Someone's hijacked the drones!

TOLLIVER
Where are they headed?

AJAX
Don't know.

TOLLIVER
Stop them.

AJAX
Can't. They're invisible to air traffic control. They're built to defy radar. All radar.

TOLLIVER
How could this happen?

AJAX
The only way is to hack in. But you'd have to get in behind the firewall. They'd have to hack from inside the building. *This building*.

Tolliver and Haskins enter the hall. GUNS out. They begin searching room to room. KICKING DOORS OPEN.

Tolliver sees an open emergency exit door.

EXT. TARMAC - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

MORE PERSONNEL flood onto the airfield. The drones begin firing. Hellfire missiles and short-range rockets turn Creech AFB into a modern day desert Pearl Harbor:

EMPTY HANGERS EXPLODE. MUNITIONS CACHES ERUPT. Troops take cover and FIRE at Reapers' tires.

EXT. BUNKERS - CREECH - CONTINUOUS

"Iron Dome" launchers unfold. Swivel and aim upward. They lock and FIRE! Interceptors race skyward and take the drones down, one by one. *The sky is an exploding goat fuck.*

EXT. TARMAC - CREECH AIR FORCE BASE - CONTINUOUS

AIRMEN carry a few wounded men as Tolliver and Haskins run into the BURNING WAR ZONE. Tolliver sees him first:

EVAN CRAVE on the tarmac, tending to an AIRMAN'S bleeding arm. Tolliver TRAINS HIS GUN on Crave.

TOLLIVER
Evan Crave.

Emergency Tech interrupts, takes over for Tolliver.

CRAVE (TO TECH)
It's not his brachial artery. He can keep his arm. Don't take his arm. Promise me!

EMERGENCY TECH
He'll be alright.

Emergency Tech RUSHES THE INJURED AIRMAN AWAY.

Crave looks up. Covered in blood. Quaking with guilt. SEES THE GUN. Reads Tolliver and Haskins as authority.

CRAVE
Nadr Shah is in Vegas. *He's getting away.*

TOLLIVER
How?

CRAVE
Kuwait. Minister of Kuwait. That's all I know.

TOLLIVER
(to Haskins)
Check Diplomatic Secret Service.

Haskins mans his phone. We can't hear what he says.

CRAVE
He was going to kill her.

Crave realizes the futility of explanation. He raises his hands. Surrender.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
I was set up.

TOLLIVER
So were we.

CRAVE
I'm not a terrorist.

TOLLIVER
<u>But you are now</u>.

Tolliver watches Reapers get SHOT DOWN OVERHEAD. He sees TWO OF THEM GET AWAY and arrow toward the VEGAS STRIP.

Tolliver's expression: *Worst is yet to come.*

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Where are they headed?

CRAVE
I don't know. He said it was a virus to shut down the drones. But it was something else.

Haskins interrupts --

HASKINS
Sheik Rafi Amin. Minister of Kuwait. Mechanical. <u>He's still here</u>. McCarran Airport, Gate 43. And get this, they just found a body in his MGM suite.

TOLLIVER
Warn DSS. We need him alive. We need to know where the Reapers are headed.

CRAVE
I'm the last person who's seen him. I can identify him. *Please.*

Tolliver USHERS CRAVE OFF THE TARMAC and to an Escalade.

INT. GATE 43 - MCCARRAN AIRPORT - SAME TIME

SECRET SERVICE FOUR holds his hand to his ear piece.

SECRET SERVICE FOUR (HEADSET)
In the bathroom, sir.

Secret Service Four heads to the bathroom.

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - DAY

Joystick Terrorists lose control of drones as THEY'RE SHOT DOWN. Screens go DARK until only two remain.

They glance at a map on the wall: DODGER STADIUM.

JOYSTICK ONE (ARABIC)
Forty-five minutes to *home run*.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES, CA - SAME TIME

It's family day. A CAPACITY CROWD stands as a YOUNG GIRL sings the NATIONAL ANTHEM. Close on: FAMILIES and KIDS.

SUPERIMPOSE: DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES, CA

56,000 hands cover 56,000 hearts.

EXT. BELLAGIO - LAS VEGAS - MOMENTS LATER

Tourists enjoy the choreographed display of fountains when TWO DRONES WHISK OVERHEAD. The crowd oohs/snaps photos.

EXT. I-95 HIGHWAY - TOWARD VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

An ESCALADE chews asphalt. A siren FLASHES ON THE DASH.

INSIDE ESCALADE

Crave, in loose cuffs, sits in the back as Tolliver and Haskins man their phones, drive and contain their panic.

TOLLIVER
(to Haskins)
Dead DSS in men's bathroom.
Civilian, too.
(into cell)
Nadr must've fled on foot. Check airport surveillance.
(to Crave)
Did Nadr have laptops? Flight crew? Hackers? Satellites?

CRAVE
Nothing like that. Primitive.

EXT. AIRCRAFT BONEYARD - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY - SOON AFTER

Two drones quietly fly over a collection of abandoned aircraft. Like a game of Axis and Allies, the drones CAST DARK SHADOWS over the rusting war planes below.

INT. SURVEILLANCE - MCCARRAN AIRPORT - DAY

Secret Service comb through surveillance feeds with AIRPORT SECURITY. ONE SCREEN SHOWS Nadr knocking into WOMAN ON PHONE.

SECRET SERVICE
Is that him?

Nadr escapes off-screen, presumably to a car.

INT. ESCALADE - SOON AFTER

Haskins holds his laptop up to Crave. The screen displays a FREEZE-FRAME of Nadr at the airport. Haskins hits play. Crave sees Yusef and Khalid in the SUV BEFORE NADR EXITS THE FRAME.

CRAVE
There. Those are his guys.

TOLLIVER (HEADSET)
Send out a BOLO for a white SUV with Arizona plates, three men.
*Armed and extremely dangero*us.

EXT. I-95 - TOWARD LAKE LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Nadr drives. Yusef and Khalid load Uzis. Nadr's cell is on the dash. Nadr BLOWS THROUGH A STOPLIGHT. Looks up.

CLOSE ON: Traffic cam. *Snap. Snap. Snap.*

INT. ESCALADE - LAKE LAS VEGAS - SOON AFTER

Tolliver SPEEDS. Passes a billboard for Lake Las Vegas as he and Haskins juggle talking to each other and into phones.

HASKINS
Sighting near Lake Las Vegas. White SUV. Arizona plate.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

The last strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" fade. The crowd sits as a celeb trots out to throw the FIRST PITCH.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - NEAR 1-15 - SOON AFTER

Desolate. Except for the Joshua trees. The DRONES arrow west at BLISTERING SPEEDS across the sparkling sands.

EXT. I-95 - NEVADA - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade drives past sandy and barren North Vegas when Crave sees DUST SWIRL. *Is that a WHITE SUV?* It disappears near a drainage system. Reappears when it CRESTS a HILL.

CRAVE
There! White SUV. North. This is where we were kept. He knows this area.

The Escalade turns abruptly. Tires SPIT SAND as it bounds OFFROAD. Haskins pulls out TWO M16s and a duffle of ammo.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

KISS CAM: Couples smooch. Cameramen rush to a MALE FAN who gets on his knee. He pulls out a small box.

JUMBOTRON READS: WILL YOU MARRY ME? Female Fan nods yes. The stadium APPLAUDS.

INT. WHITE SUV - NEVADA - CONTINUOUS

Nadr glances in his rearview. Sees a DUST SWIRL. *Evidence of a tail.* He nods to Khalid, who unrolls the window. Sits on the door frame, Arab Spring style, and aims his UZI.

INT. TOLLIVER'S ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

The Escalade SLALOMS by sandtraps, ATV ruts. But the White SUV disappears from view. Haskins unrolls the window. Aims. Tolliver and Haskins are on their cell headsets.

TOLLIVER (CELL)
North Las Vegas. Valley of Fire. Send me a chopper and close all roads to the border.

Tolliver ends the call. Gets someone on speed dial.

TOLLIVER (CELL) (CONT'D)
Get me General Kantor. Tell him I've got his civilian. I've got Evan Crave. Get him on the phone!

INT. DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON

Screens show possible DRONE TARGETS along the West Coast as an ALARM SOUNDS in the background. Kantor picks up a secure line, his eyes glued to the command center screens.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TOLLIVER AND KANTOR

TOLLIVER
You fucked up, Kantor. You see, this is what happens when the Pentagon runs intelligence. *Civilians die.*

Kantor exhales hard.

KANTOR
An attack on U.S. soil by its own drones will destroy the program.

TOLLIVER
It will destroy a helluva lot more than the goddamn program. Where are the rogue drones now?

KANTOR
Two MQ-9 Reapers were spotted over Apple Valley, California. Does Crave know where they're headed?

TOLLIVER
No. We got to knock out their ground control. Do you have drones operating over the Middle East?

TOLLIVER crests a hill

...AMBUSH...

WHITE SUV faces them. BULLETS bite into the Escalade.

INT. DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON - SAME TIME

Kantor listens in horror at the barrage of bullets.

BACK TO SCENE

Crave ducks. Haskins NAILS Khalid. But takes one in the neck. Windshield blown. Tolliver is RIDDLED. Crave watches BULLETS CHEW through upholstery. TEAR into flesh. Hopeless.

THEN THE BULLETS STOP.

The sound of the SUV TAKING OFF.

Crave surveys the damage: He's hit in the shoulder. Still cuffed. *Then hears Haskins' death rattle.* He sees Tolliver is BLEEDING. Injured but saved by the bulletproof vest under his suit.

Crave pulls Tolliver from the driver's seat. Helps him to the backseat and then climbs in behind the wheel.

TOLLIVER
HASKINS. Oh God. Oh shit.

Crave drives with CUFFED hands. The Escalade KICKS UP a plume of sand over Khalid's body and FISHTAILS in pursuit.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAINS - SOON AFTER

A boy remotes a toy R/C plane over a hill. It disappears. The BOY fiddles with his remote when his plane is replaced with: A REAPER DRONE AS IT SCREAMS by overhead. The boy stares.

EXT. WHITE SUV - NORTH VEGAS - SOON AFTER

Nadr careens up an incline as Yusef hangs out of the passenger's side window. His Uzi SCANS FOR A TARGET.

AT CRAVE

He takes a straightaway below the SUV. Picks up speed. Sand BILLOWS. He RODEOS UPHILL at the SUV, spewing smoke and oil.

The Escalade SLAMS the SUV. Yusef DROPS HIS UZI and tries to hold on. But he slips between the vehicles. Nadr SIDESWIPES the Escalade anyway: SPLAT!

Crave PULLS EVEN with the Escalade.

CRAVE (TO NADR)
Where are they headed?!

Nadr FIRES at Crave. Crave ducks. Pulls a Fiat deja vu and:

-- YANKS the brake. WHIPS the wheel.

-- The Escalade slides into a REVERSE 180.

The Escalade now races BACKWARD beside the White SUV so Crave and Nadr stare at each other. Sixty miles an hour over desert washouts. DOORJAMB TO DOORJAMB. Facing opposite directions!

Driving blind. Crave SLAMS HIS DRIVER'S DOOR into Nadr's semi-auto just as it OPENS FIRE. Gunfire RIPS Nadr's roof.

CRAVE (CONT'D)
Where are the drones headed?!

Crave SWIPES the SUV. Nadr over-corrects and the SUV FLIPS. The IMPACT hurls Nadr from the SUV. Both cars roll to a STOP.

Crave exits. Runs. Wobbles. BLOOD DRIPPING.

AT NADR: *He's a crumpled mess.* Head wound. Bloody.

Wounded Tolliver STAGGERS over with a GUN. Stands over Nadr.

NADR
After ten years playing games in the Middle East, the U.S. will experience another home game of epic proportion.

Tolliver sees a CELL in the sand. (The one Nadr used to call the YEMEN LAIR.) Nadr DIVES for it. Tolliver beats him to it.

TOLLIVER
You called them. Didn't you? You called your ground control.

Tolliver hands CRAVE THE GUN and heads back to the Escalade. He searches for his cell. Puts it to his ear.

TOLLIVER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Kantor. Yeah, I'm fucking still here. I have Nadr's cell!

He connects Nadr's phone to Haskins' blood splattered laptop.

TOLLIVER (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Piggyback into Haskins' laptop. Read it. Nadr called his ground control. Last call was placed to YEMEN. Here's the number.

BACK AT CRAVE

Nadr throws sand at Crave's face and ATTACKS. The gun spins free. Nadr SNATCHES it. They grapple until Crave CHOKES him out with CUFFED HANDS. Nadr DROPS THE GUN. Crave dives for it. Grabs it and AIMS.

NADR
Do no harm.

Crave sees the moment for what it is. *It's his moment to make a real difference.* HE SHOOTS NADR IN THE HEAD.

CRAVE
I just did.

Crave turns to Tolliver. But he's passed out.

Crave drops to his knees like an exhausted marathon runner. Emotionally spent. Takes in the infinite horizon. *Breathes.*

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

A Dodger hits a HOME RUN. The crowd is ECSTATIC.

INT. TANK - DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

In a soundproof room, a UNIFORMED TRANSLATOR watches a CLIP OF NADR SHAH discussing Mid East politics. He MIMICS Nadr's Arabic as Kantor DIALS A PHONE.

A GPS triangulates cell vectors on a Yemen MAP.

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Two Joystick Terrorists work their controls. ON SCREENS: Reapers GLIDE OVER L.A. like a nightmare flight simulator. The cell near the console RINGS. Joystick One answers it.

JOYSTICK ONE (ARABIC)
Home run in five minutes.

INT. TANK - DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Kantor, Uniformed Staff, Translator, trace the call.

TRANSLATOR (MIMICS NADR)
Can you see the target?

JOYSTICK ONE (O.S., ARABIC)
It is almost at Dodger Stadium.
Decelerating to drop payload.

Translator writes “Dodger Stadium” on a piece of paper. Hands it over. Kantor reacts

AS

The GPS screen finally LOCKS ON THE LOCATION IN YEMEN.

TRANSLATOR (MIMICS NADR)
Will you pray with me, brother?

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joystick One prays. Followed by others.

EST. GULF OF OMAN - CONTINUOUS

OLD GLORY, BIG AND BOLD waves from the USS RAMAGE. SIRENS BLARE as a missile TURRET calibrates. Written on the turret: “To Terrorists, with love. The United States.”

Boom! A TOMAHAWK rockets into the air. Then another.

EST. DODGER STADIUM - DRONE POV - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

The DRONE ZEROS the “crown of L.A.” in its crosshairs.

INT. TECHNO LAIR - YEMEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Joystick Terrorists finish the prayer. On their screens: DODGER STADIUM. Joystick One moves his finger over the FIRING BUTTON -- WHEN A SOUND BUILDS LIKE A JET MAKING A LOW PASS.

EXT. TECHNO LAIR - CONTINUOUS

BOOOOOOOM! The Tomahawks strike and erupt. The techno lair INCINERATES IN A FIREBALL.

INT. CREECH GROUND CONTROL - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Ajax watches his *screen boot to life.* SEES DODGER STADIUM.

AJAX
Got visual. Hijack link is down.
Reapers returning to home position.

PILOTS AND SENSOR OPERATORS REJOICE!

INT. DEPARTMENT THIRTY HQ - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Screens depict the BURNING TECHNO LAIR. Like soldiers fresh from battle, Kantor and his staff finally sit down.

They celebrate with nothing more than a deep breath.

EXT. DODGER'S STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

The DRONES BANK OVER THE STADIUM as they're recalled. Fans, players look up like it's a planned patriotic moment.

AERIAL VIEW OF ESCALADE - VEGAS DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Crave works on wounded Tolliver as a HELICOPTER APPROACHES. A breathtaking desert skyline bleeds into the fading horizon.

FADE OUT

EXT. PENTAGON - NIGHT

The 9/11 memorial glows. Lit up like a beacon.

INT. GROUND LEVEL CONFERENCE ROOM - PENTAGON - NIGHT

General Kantor sits across from Crave, who wears a bandage.

CRAVE
I just want my name back.

KANTOR
It's not yours anymore. It belongs to Department Thirty.

Kantor closes an Evan Crave file. Crave hangs his head. *His old life gone forever.*

KANTOR (CONT'D)
Don't worry. We'll find you a nice position stateside. You have my word. You'll be doing good work.

Crave finally levels his chin. There's now a different look in his eye. *Something building. A new purpose.*

CRAVE
And I want my work to matter.

KANTOR
It will. But what matters most is that *you protect Department Thirty*.

CRAVE
I'll protect it. But it costs me. The kids at the camp are expecting me to return with soccer balls.

KANTOR
How many?

Crave finally gets to one-up Kantor.

CRAVE
And a CT Scan. And Meningitis vaccines. Generators.

KANTOR (SIGHS)
Send me a list.

Kantor hands him a new ID. It reads "DREW TAYLOR."

CRAVE
Have you found her? I don't want to disappear without saying goodbye.

KANTOR
Facial Rec couldn't ID her from the hospital surveillance. There is no operative named Elle on file.

CRAVE
I feel like you're lying to me.

KANTOR
Well, it's not personal.

Kantor notices two people approaching his office.

KANTOR (CONT'D)
Here they are.

Tolliver (crutches) and SECRETARY OF DEFENSE REYNOLDS, 60, distinguished and decorated, arrive.

TOLLIVER
Evan Crave, this is the Secretary of Defense, George Reynolds.

Reynolds shakes his hand.

REYNOLDS
On behalf of SOCOM and the CIA, we award you the highest decoration in the intelligence service, the Distinguished Intelligence Cross.

Crave holds the medal in his hand. Thumbs its gold sheen.

KANTOR
Please accept this award for your voluntary act of extraordinary heroism and exemplary valor in life threatening conditions.

Crave is at a loss for words. And then: He's even more surprised WHEN Reynolds takes the medal *back*.

REYNOLDS
As Department Thirty and now Evan Crave are top secret, no record of this award will exist.

KANTOR
We'll keep it on file for you. Thank you for your service.

Crave is stunned. *Who are these guys?*

INT. PATIENT ROOM - WALTER REED - D.C. - LATER - NIGHT

GORDON CRAVE sleeps. Still wears his USS COLE baseball cap.

Crave enters. Scans his chart. Flips through it. Then sees TEN FRAMED PHOTOS OF HIMSELF at various ages placed around his father's room. Some include his dad in a NAVAL UNIFORM.

His father wakes. He grabs Crave's hand, tries to sit up. He motions for Crave to come closer.

GORDON CRAVE
An Agent Tolliver came by.

Crave's father slurs like a stroke victim.

GORDON CRAVE (CONT'D)
Told me about your award.
(pause)
That's like the Medal of Honor.

Crave's father cries. Crave chokes back tears.

GORDON CRAVE (CONT'D)
He couldn't tell me what you did.
But he said it was important.
(beat)
I love you, *son*.

CRAVE
I love you, too.

Crave grips his father's hand.

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - SAHARAWI REFUGEE CAMP - SAHARA - DAY

A C130 does a fly by. CARE PACKAGES float under parachutes. NUSRAT watches a net of soccer balls land nearby.

PULL BACK to a sky of floating crates over the camp. Crave's version of desert rain. Children CHEER.

INT. JOHN MUIR MEDICAL CENTER - WALNUT CREEK, CA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER

Crave, now DREW TAYLOR, is dressed in scrubs. He approaches DR. GROSS, 50, snob, texting.

CRAVE AS DREW TAYLOR
Dr. Gross, I'm Drew Taylor. Your tech for today's appendectomy.

Dr. Gross doesn't looks up. Keeps texting. Walks away.

DR. GROSS
That doesn't make us friends.

Crave stands in the hall. *Ignored.*

INT. OPERATING ROOM - JOHN MUIR MEDICAL CENTER - LATER

Dr. Gross works on a patient. Nurses surround him. Crave, on the far outside, is tasked only with handing out scalpels.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATE NIGHT

Crave watches a soundless TV. The news plays the latest terrorist attack in Mali. Crave touches the BRACELET on his wrist. Made by Nusrat. The only reminder of his old life.

EXT. BUS STOP - NEAR HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

Crave, in scrubs, waits for a bus. *An empty Coca-Cola can in the gutter.* He picks it up when an ESCALADE pulls over.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me, do you know where the restaurant, Centemani is?

CRAVE
Never heard of it.

Crave ignores the car. *Until he places the voice.* He looks in and then sees her: ELLE. The moment is palpable.

ELLE
It's in Istanbul, *Evan*.

Elle hands him a passport. He opens it. Reads "Evan Crave."

ELLE (CONT'D)
Would you like to have dinner? I made us a reservation.

CRAVE (PASSPORT)
Did you get *my name back?*

ELLE
For a week. Maybe two. One of Dorian's assets is looking for Scalpel. Department Thirty needs your help.

Crave considers her.

CRAVE
That the only reason you're here?

Elle doesn't answer. Crave walks back to the bus stop.

But only to get his backpack. Elle smiles.

INSIDE CAR

Crave buckles up. Their eyes meet . . .

ELLE
Are you ready to be Evan Crave again?

Beat.

CRAVE
I never stopped.

The look on his face says it all: *Bring it on --*

SMASH TO BLACK.

...

...TO BE CONTINUED