

COLD WARRIORS

by  
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DRAFT A1

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND -- NIGHT**

**TITLE CARD: LONDON, ENGLAND. December 23rd, 2011.**

Snow drifts down as Christmas shoppers hustle and bustle in the streets. Big Ben rings out in the distance.

**INT. PAXTON'S ANTIQUE BOOKS -- NIGHT**

An elegant book store is lined with shelves of antique tomes. CUSTOMERS mill about looking for Christmas presents.

A brainy-looking British SHOP OWNER in his 70's with a grey moustache and glasses, finishes ringing up a well-dressed young woman.

SHOP OWNER  
Happy Christmas.

DING! - The BELL attached to the front door rings. The shop owner turns to see NIKOLAI, a rugged man in his fifties with a buzz cut, enter the shop.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

NIKOLAI  
Yes, I am looking for someone.

The shop owner laughs pleasantly.

SHOP OWNER  
Someone? Well, we only sell books here.

NIKOLAI  
I was told he was the owner. A Mr. Henry Paxton.

SHOP OWNER  
Oh, yes I see. Henry. Afraid he's actually gone home for the day. But I'm sure I can help you...

NIKOLAI  
I will come back tomorrow.

SHOP OWNER  
Actually we're closed tomor-

Nikolai turns to leave. As he goes, the shop owner notices a TATTOO on the back of Nikolai's neck.

The tattoo shows a DAGGER with a STAR on it. His eyes widen a bit.

The moment that Nikolai is out of sight, the shop owner RUSHES TO THE BACK OFFICE...

**INT. BOOK STORE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS**

The cluttered office contains stacks and stack of books. The shop owner rushes in and begins to pack things into a briefcase. Papers, pictures, etc.

He heads to a painting on the wall and removes it to reveal a WALL SAFE. He enters the combination and opens it up.

The safe contains WADS OF CASH and several PASSPORTS. He opens a passport and we see that it shows HIS PICTURE and the name HENRY PAXTON.

The shop owner (now HENRY) grabs a leather-bound BOOK from the safe. He eyes the title - "Brothers Karamazov" by Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

He tucks the book under his arm and grabs the briefcase. He heads for the back door, but suddenly pauses...

He SMELLS SOMETHING. He sniffs the air to get a better whiff. He eyes the door and walks out...

**INT. PAXTON'S ANTIQUE BOOKS -- CONTINUOUS**

.. to see that NIKOLAI stands in the shop and POINTS A GUN AT HIM. He's now accompanied by TWO OTHER MEN.

Frantic customers are being shoved out the door by KAAMEN, a large muscular man who dons a thick beard and a gold tooth. ALEX, a scrawny man with glasses and a tie, TOSSES GASOLINE ONTO THE SHELVES. They both have Russian tattoos.

NIKOLAI

It looks like Henry is here after all.

Henry eyes the book in his hands. Nikolai COCKS THE GUN. Henry hands it over. Nikolai opens the book up.

The book has been hollowed out. Inside is a piece of MICROFILM and several PAPERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS. Nikolai eyes the contents, smiles, and closes the book.

HENRY

How did you find me?

NIKOLAI

A little money goes long way in your cash-strapped government these days. You are just a useless dinosaur to them now, Mr. Paxton.

(beat)

Or should I call you Blue Jay?

Henry's eyes widen. Alex lights a match.

**EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. -- DAY**

**TITLE CARD: Washington, D.C. December 24th, 2011**

The snow-covered buildings on Capitol Hill glimmer in the sun. A group of LARGE BUILDINGS sit in the downtown area.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

The dark, shadowy room is filled with computer equipment, dossiers, weapon schematics, and building diagrams.

A dozen MEN and WOMEN in suits sit around a conference table and look over a SCHEMATIC OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN EMBASSY.

They seem stressed, upset. They eye a CLOCK on the wall that reads 4:57. It changes to 4:58.

RANDOM MAN

There isn't much time.

RANDOM WOMAN

We need an answer now.

RICK WERNER stands at the head of the table, his sleeves rolled up. In his early twenties, his boyish good looks are counter-balanced by an unkempt haircut and loosened tie. He runs a finger across the diagram, lost in thought.

One of the men at the table is MARCUS JONES, an awkward African-American in his twenties with glasses...

MARCUS

How about we send him in through the back door?

RICK

Can't. Dogs. There's at least a dozen of them.

RANDOM WOMAN

Who has a dozen dogs?

RICK

Ambassador Marwan, that's who.

RANDOM MAN

Then how do we get him inside, Rick?  
The place is surrounded.

Rick thinks. He eyes the clock.

RICK

The skylight. He'll have direct  
access to the library.

Marcus eyes the diagram closely.

MARCUS

There is no skylight.

RICK

Well then... we better make one.

Rick smiles. Marcus smiles as well. The men and women in  
the room look to each other and agree. Some applaud.

MARCUS

The master does it again.

Someone FLIPS ON THE LIGHTS to reveal the room is not filled  
with high-level Pentagon officials, but TWENTY-SOMETHING  
TECH GEEKS at video game company. They wear hoodies and  
Converse. Some sip on Big Gulps. The walls are covered  
with posters for video games - *Murder Death Kill IV*, *Racing  
Wars*, etc.

BEEP! - A PHONE on the table springs to life.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Werner, you have a call on line  
four. He says it's an emergency.

RICK

Patch it through.

Rick grows a bit tense. Suddenly...

GEORGE (O.S.)

Hello? Hello?!

It's the voice of GEORGE BLOOM, an older man with a gruff  
demeanor.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?? Little Ricky!!!!

Rick's eyes widen. He JUMPS ACROSS THE TABLE to try and  
take it off of speaker, but fails.

RICK

Grandpa... eh, George. I'm at work.

GEORGE

I know - that's the number I dialed.  
Is Marcus there? Hi, Marcus!

MARCUS

Hi, George. Merry Christmas Eve.

GEORGE

Ricky, ask him if he's excited about  
the trip you guys are going on.

RICK

He can hear you. *Everyone* can hear  
you. Is there an emergency? I'm in  
the middle of a staff meeting.

GEORGE

Okay okay - just one thing and you  
two can get back to your video game.

RICK

Interactive Enter-

GEORGE

Interactive Entertainment. Right.  
I need you to give me a ride to dinner  
tonight cause my car is in the shop  
*again*. I tell you the Japanese may  
be able to make a good tuna roll but  
they don't know shit about cars.

Rick glances to several ASIAN CO-WORKERS at the table. They  
don't seem amused. Marcus loves this.

RICK

Okay I'm hanging up now. I'll pick  
you up at six.

GEORGE

And I need to stop by the store to  
do some last minute-

Rick presses a button and the phone turns off. He looks to  
this co-workers and gives an awkward smile.

**EXT. INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT INNOVATIONS OFFICES -- DAY**

The hip, modern office is filled with dozens of cubicles and  
EMPLOYEES.

ARCADE GAMES sit in the corner. Marcus plays *SNIPER ATTACK!* -  
shooting terrorists with a plastic rifle. Rick leans against  
the game with a **EURO GAME-CON** brochure in his hands.

RICK

(reads)

... And then at noon we've got *WILL WRIGHT: Stepping Outside The Sim City* in the main Hall. At two there's a demo of the new Halo-

MARCUS

I wonder how long the train ride is to Amsterdam...

Marcus misses a shot and dies in the game.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You're up.

Rick takes over the rifle shoots terrorists with ease.

RICK

I don't know when we'll have time. The schedule is pretty jampacked.

MARCUS

Maybe we could skip one day? You do realize we already spend all day every day playing video games?

RICK

You want us to fly all the way to Paris to attend the biggest Gaming Convention in the world - something we've been saving up money for years to do - to then skip it to look at some canals?

MARCUS

I wasn't talking about canals.

Rick shoots a terrorist in the game and wins. He steps back and pumps his fist in the air.

RICK

I am the sniperest sniper in the world!!

He points to a BIG GUY in the corner.

RICK (CONT'D)

High score, Kevin! Suck it!

**INT. CVS PHARMACY -- NIGHT**

The pharmacy is hustling and bustling on this Christmas Eve. Dozens of SHOPPERS grab up gifts.

George Bloom, a handsome older man who wears an unfortunate Christmas sweater, looks over a wall of GIFT CARDS. There are so many options. He plays with a TOOTHPICK in his hand - rolling it around his fingers - as he thinks.

Rick stands nearby and impatiently watches him.

GEORGE

Ah, Olive Garden for your mom.

RICK

I'm not sure if she likes Olive Garden.

GEORGE

Who *doesn't* like Olive Garden? And your dad always goes to Home Depot, right?

RICK

You didn't do ANY shopping before this moment, did you?

GEORGE

I've been busy.

RICK

A lot of *Antiques Roadshow* marathons been on?

GEORGE

I'm not too old to register sarcasm, Ricky.

RICK

Rick. I go by Rick now.

GEORGE

You know the thing about nicknames is you don't get to pick them.

(grabs a card)

Ah, the perfect one for you.

George shows it off. It's for **Toys R Us**.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Where a kid can be a kid.

RICK

I'm 22 years-old. I'm not a-

GEORGE

I thought they sold video games?

Rick gives him a look, defeated.



RICK  
Okay let's go.

Rick heads off. George smiles and follows.

**INT. WERNER FAMILY DINING ROOM -- EVENING**

George, Rick, and the whole Werner family have gathered around the table for Christmas Eve dinner.

MARGARET WERNER, a middle-aged woman in a Christmas sweater, is straight out of *Better Homes & Gardens*.

JACOB WERNER, a chubby middle-aged man with thinning hair and a Redskins tie on, chows down on Mac & Cheese.

JENNY WERNER, an 8 year-old with a PETA t-shirt on, munches on tofu and is in the middle of a story...

JENNY  
.. slaughterhouses are allowed to hang turkeys by their feet, electrocute them, and dip them in scalding hot oil to remove feathers - all methods that don't kill the turkey, just cause it agonizing pain. And THAT is why I am having tofu today, grandpa.

GEORGE  
What a long and graphic answer, sweetie.

JACOB  
(to Rick)  
So do you know what you're gonna do for New Year's Eve yet?

MARGARET  
Aww... our first Werner Family trip to Times Square without our baby.

JENNY  
How am I not the baby? I'm 15 years younger than he is.

RICK  
Actually New Year's Eve is the night of the Mega Massive Play-Off.

GEORGE  
The what now?

RICK

Every year at Euro Game-Con, there's this big event where thousands of gamers line up computers in an old airplane hangar and all play an online multiplayer role-playing game at the same time. You're literally playing with everyone in the room!

Rick is so excited. George just stares at him.

GEORGE

So... do you *talk* to these other people?

RICK

Oh god no. People are pretty immersed in the game.

George stares at him for another moment. He takes out a TOOTHPICK and starts to play with it as he thinks.

GEORGE

So let me get this straight - you've saved up thousands of dollars over many years to visit Europe for the first time so that you can sit in a dark room and stare at a screen with people you don't talk to. Meanwhile ACTUAL culture and adventure is sitting right outside your doorstep?

RICK

(to Jenny)  
Speech time.

GEORGE

You young people just seem so content with living vicariously through video games and TV and the internet. We've turned into... America Online.

Jenny laughs at this.

RICK

And you got to lead a life of adventure while going around the world selling ceiling fans?

GEORGE

Worked for me.

RING RING - Rick's cell phone rings. He eyes it.

MARGARET

Rick, it's Christmas Eve dinner.

RICK  
It's Marcus.

MARGARET  
So?

Rick stands up and leaves the room, answering.

GEORGE  
No manners, these kids.

JENNY  
I've got manners, Grandpa.

GEORGE  
I know you do, sweetheart. So what did you ask Santa for this year?

JENNY  
I'm 8. That ship sailed years ago.

RICK (O.S.)  
(loud)  
WHAT??

The family members all eyes one another.

**INT. WERNER FAMILY LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

A CHRISTMAS TREE sits in the corner of the modest house.

Rick searches under the tree and finds a WRAPPED GIFT. He unwraps it to reveal a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH. He heads for the table and grabs a glass.

The rest of the family steps in and watches him. George notices the opened gift.

GEORGE  
Isn't that your gift to me?

RICK  
I need it more right now.

Rick pours and takes a big swig. He grimaces like an amateur.

MARGARET  
What did Marcus say?

RICK  
He got into a car accident - his brakes went out and he slid off the road into a ditch.

MARGARET  
Dear God - is he okay?

RICK

He got whiplash. He'll be fine.

MARGARET

Well thank God that's all that-

RICK

No, thank god for nothing - he's out of the trip because he's in a neck brace for the next month. He can't go which means I can't go.

GEORGE

He your boyfriend or something?

Rick shoots George a look. Now is not the time.

RICK

He was paying for half. Half of the train, half of all the hotels, half of everything. I can't afford it on my own.

JACOB

It's not so bad, Rick. Maybe you guys can go sometime next year?

Rick slumps down in a chair and takes another drink.

RICK

I must have some sort of travel curse. I didn't go on the high school band trip because I got mono. I didn't spend time abroad in college because my work study said no way. And now I'm not going to Game Con.

Rick finishes the drink and sighs. George eyes the disappointment in Rick's face. The family isn't sure what to say.

George suddenly perks up. He's had a realization.

GEORGE

I'll pay the other half.

RICK

What?

GEORGE

Why not? It's Christmas, right? A time for giving.

RICK

Are you being serious?

GEORGE  
 Serious as a heart attack - which  
 I've had. A young man like you  
 deserves to go see the world.

A huge smile crosses Rick's face. He runs over and HUGS  
 GEORGE, giving him the longest hug known to man.

**INT. RICK'S APARTMENT -- MORNING**

Rick's apartment is fairly ordinary - IKEA furniture and  
 Ansel Adams posters on the wall.

Rick stands over a suitcase and packs. He's incredibly  
 excited and whistles a Christmas song. We see that his bag  
 is filled with a keyboard, a personalized computer headset,  
 a camera, and lots of clothes.

He zips up the suitcase and heads for the door.

He passes MARCUS, who sits on the couch in a NECK BRACE.

RICK  
 I'm off. Merry Christmas.

Marcus gives him the finger.

**EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ENTRANCE -- DAY**

The large airport is fairly desolate on this Christmas day.

Rick takes his bag out of a cab and looks over the airport.  
 He takes a deep breath and starts to head inside when...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Say fromage!

FLASH! - A camera snaps a photo of him. He turns to see...

George HOLDING an instamatic camera. An old-timey Samsonite  
 sits at his feet. Rick's face goes white.

GEORGE  
 You excited?

RICK  
 Wha.... what are you doing here?

GEORGE  
 What do you mean?

RICK  
 I mean WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

GEORGE  
Our flight leaves at noon, and they  
tell you to get here two hours early-

RICK  
OUR flight? You're... coming with  
me?

GEORGE  
Of course I'm coming with you.

RICK  
You... you just said you were going  
to pay for the other half.

GEORGE  
You thought I was going to pay for  
half of a two-week European trip to  
Paris and not use it?

RICK  
Yes!

GEORGE  
Why would I do that?

RICK  
It's Christmas - a time of giving.

GEORGE  
And a time for family!

George smiles and starts to head inside.

Rick stands there, mortified.

**INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY**

Rick paces back and forth, his cell phone to his ear. George,  
out of earshot, attempts to put on luggage tags.

RICK  
(into phone)  
Unacceptable. This is unacceptable.

**INT. WERNER FAMILY KITCHEN -- DAY**

Margaret stands on the phone in her robe. Jacob and Jenny  
open presents in the background. We cut back and forth.

MARGARET  
Oh, it's not that bad.

RICK  
Not that bad?  
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

This trip is supposed to be fun! I do not want to spend the whole time babysitting.

MARGARET

He's your grandfather, Rick. He hasn't gone on a trip since grandma died and he could use something like this. And plus, we-

RICK

Do NOT pull the old "we don't know how much time he has left" card.

MARGARET

That's not what I was going to say.

RICK

Then what were you going to say?

She stands there, not sure how to respond.

**INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- DAY**

A long line of PASSENGERS wait to go through the security checkpoint where TSA EMPLOYEES check the x-ray machines.

George and Rick wait in line. Rick is not happy. George puts a LUGGAGE TAG onto his bag.

GEORGE

Did you put tags on your bags? You always want to put tags on your bags in case they're lost.

RICK

Yes, grandpa. I put tags on my bags.

George steps up to the machine and puts his bag down. He takes off his shoes and places them in the bin. He steps through the metal detector and...

BEEP! - It goes off.

TSA EMPLOYEE

Do you have anything in your pockets?

GEORGE

Pockets!

George reaches in and pulls out KEYS and CHANGE.

RICK

Oh Jesus.

George puts the items in a bin and steps back through...

BEEP! - It goes off again.

TSA EMPLOYEE  
Anything else?

GEORGE  
Just this.

George takes out his EYEGLASSES CASE.

RICK  
Come on...

TSA EMPLOYEE  
You need to run that through the machine.

GEORGE  
These are prescription. I'm not running it through that machine to get all melted.

RICK  
It's a x-ray machine, not a microwave.

TSA EMPLOYEE  
(yells)  
Hand Inspection!  
(points)  
That way, sir.

George heads off to a table where an employee inspects the case. Rick sighs.

**INT. AIR FRANCE GATE -- DAY**

Rick walks to the gate in a daze, not sure what to do here. George walks along sloppily eating a Cinnabon.

GEORGE  
Now when you're in the airport, you never want to leave your baggage unattended. Who knows what someone might slip into it.

They look up to see a bunch of ANGRY PASSENGERS crowded around the Air France desk. A pretty AIRLINE ATTENDANT in a fetching uniform tries to calm people down. A sign reads "**FLIGHT 4894 to Paris CANCELED.**"

RICK  
You gotta be kidding me.

George pushes through the crowd and gets up to the desk.



GEORGE

What's going on here?!

AIRLINE ATTENDANT

(French accent)

All flights to Paris Charles De Gaulle Airport for today have been canceled. I'm afraid there's been a bomb threat.

GEORGE

You can't just shut down an entire airport every time some idiot threatens to blow it up.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT

Actually we can.

RICK

Grandpa, it's okay. Maybe this is a sign that we-

GEORGE

Let me handle this.

(to employee)

Pardon, Mademoiselle... Un ange comme vous a pu voler avec ses ailes. Mais nous avons besoin d'un autre vol.

She giggles. Rick rolls his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Peut-être une ville différente ?  
Bien qu'aucun ne soit aussi beau que Paris.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT

Je verrai ce que je peux faire.

She types into the computer.

AIRLINE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Voilà. I can put you on a 12:45 flight to Berlin.

GEORGE

Ce Magnifique. Merci.

(to Rick)

Lovely young woman.

RICK

Berlin? I don't want to go to Germany.

GEORGE

Berlin's only 8 hours or so from  
Paris. We'll take the train.

George grabs the tickets and heads off. Rick thinks for a moment.

RICK

You speak French?

**INT. NIKOLAI'S WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT**

A dingy old warehouse has been converted into a command center for criminal activity. Crates stamped with the Soviet star are open and we can see an assortment of weapons - MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES, etc.

Kaamen and several other heavily-tattooed RUSSIAN THUGS sit around a table and play cards. Alex sits at a desk covered with computers and looks over the MICROFILM from Henry's book.

Nikolai enters and heads straight for Alex. He seems anxious. They speak in Russian with subtitles...

NIKOLAI

Were you able to project it?

ALEX

Yes, but there's a problem.

Alex gestures for him to follow. They head to a table, where a PROJECTOR sits waiting with the microfilm inside.

Alex flips a switch on the wall and TURNS OFF THE LIGHTS to the room. Kaamen and the thugs can no longer see their game.

Alex FLIPS ON the projector and an image sprays across the wall. Nikolai eyes it and frowns.

It's just a map with NO MARKINGS ON IT AT ALL. There are drawings of rivers and territories, but no words or symbols.

NIKOLAI

A Pylawnka map. Old Soviet spy trick.  
The map is split into three parts on  
three separate pieces of microfilm.  
One contains the topography...  
(points to projection)  
One contains the words, and one  
contains the symbols. The only way  
the map makes sense if you have all  
three on top of one another.

ALEX

So then where are the other two?

NIKOLAI

That's a great question. What else did you find in the book?

ALEX

Something rather interesting...

Alex grabs some papers out of the hollowed-out *Brothers Karamazov* and hands it to Nikolai.

ALEX (CONT'D)

A receipt for a bank safety deposit box. Looks like Mr. Paxton has been keeping it for quite a long time.

NIKOLAI

And where is this bank?

**INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY**

The Lufthansa Boeing 747 is full, not an empty seat in sight. Many PASSENGERS are asleep, dead to the world.

George and Rick sit next to one another near the window. Rick has headphones on and plays *Tetris* on his IPHONE. The *Tetris* theme BLARES in his ears.

George eyes the movie view screen before him, confused. He tries to press *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* button but the screen starts playing *Air Bud 2: Golden Retriever*.

GEORGE

What the-?

George tries to stop the movie, but instead just turns the volume up. George BANGS the screen. Rick sighs.

A STEWARDESS walks by and Rick catches her attention.

RICK

Excuse me - are there any other seats available? At all?

STEWARDESS

Sorry sir - I'm afraid we're full.

RICK

How long is left on this flight?

STEWARDESS

9 hours.

Rick glances to George, who curses at the screen.

RICK

Wonderful.

The stewardess head off. Rick continues to watch George fiddle with the screen. George just isn't getting it.

He watches George fiddle for a painfully long time and then...

RICK (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Rick reaches over and presses two buttons, taking George to the proper screen.

George gives him a look, surprised by the outburst. Rick looks away and ignores George, and George is a bit saddened by this. He puts on his headphones and watches the screen.

George takes out a TOOTHPICK and begins to play with it. Rick eyes this, annoyed.

**EXT. BERLIN, GERMANY -- DAY**

The magnificent old city is a mix of old ornate architecture on the west side and new minimalist on the east. The Brandenburg gate proudly separates the two.

**EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT -- DAY**

BUSINESSMEN and WOMEN mill about outside the airport with TOURISTS. MERCEDES CABS wait to pick people up.

George and Rick, both carrying small bags, emerge from the terminal. George soaks in the atmosphere as Rick, jetlagged, chugs a cup of coffee.

GEORGE

Ah, Berlin. The town so nice they edelweiss. You know before we leave we could go to Checkpoint Charlie or The Brandenburg Gate.

RICK

No, thanks. Let's hurry this up and find a train.

George heads to a LUGGAGE CART and tries to pull it out of the stand. He's struggling. Rick just watches this.

GEORGE

Why do they make these so no one can use them?

George continues to struggle, not getting it. Rick grows impatient. George is making quite a racket and people are starting to look over.

George keeps yanking, just trying the same move over and over to no avail.

Finally Rick reaches over and unlocks the cart from the stand.

George YANKS the cart out, PULLS IT TOO HARD, and...

BAM - KNOCKS IT INTO RICK'S SHIN. Rick winces in pain and drops his coffee...

SPLASH! - Right onto his pants. Rick screams.

RICK

Ah!

Rick STEPS BACK in pain and...

BAM! - Knocks into a WOMAN, which causes her TO TRIP OVER HER SUITCASE. She falls into her HUSBAND, who catches her before she hits the ground.

Rick looks at his pants, angry.

RICK (CONT'D)

God damn it!

GEORGE

Sorry. Let me help you with that.

George pulls out a handkerchief and goes for Rick's crotch. Rick swats him away.

RICK

I don't want your help, okay. What is wrong with you? Is this what happens to people when they get old? If so, just shoot me now.

People look over, eyeing him. A LITTLE GIRL shakes her head at Rick.

George thinks for a moment, then takes a deep breath and pulls out his WALLET. He takes out a stack of bills and hands them to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

What's this?

GEORGE

2000 Euros. Should get you to Paris no problem with plenty left for souvenirs. I'll meet you at the airport in two weeks.

Rick stares at him, confused as all hell.

RICK

What? Is this a joke?

GEORGE

Look, I get it - you don't want me to be here. There's no reason we should have to spend two weeks together if it's going to make you miserable.

RICK

But.. I...

GEORGE

I thought you'd be thrilled, kid.

RICK

It's just unexpected is all. What are you gonna do?

GEORGE

Not sure yet. Gonna go change some more money and then figure it out as I go.

Rick eyes the cash in his hands and then George, whose eyes show sadness. George pats him on the arm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Have fun.

George heads over and gets into a cab. Rick watches as the cab drives off. The LITTLE GIRL eyes him.

LITTLE GIRL

You're mean.

Rick thinks for a moment, ashamed. Finally...

RICK

Wait!

Rick runs after the cab, but it's gone. He eyes another cab and hails it. He jumps in...

**INT. GERMAN TAXICAB -- CONTINUOUS**

... nodding to the grizzled old GERMAN CAB DRIVER. He points to George's cab.

RICK

Follow that cab.

**EXT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- DAY**

The grand old bank sits on a busy street. PEOPLE bundled up in coats crowd the sidewalks.

George gets out of his cab and looks around. He heads up the stairs towards the bank entrance.

Across the street, Rick's cab pulls up. He pays the driver and gets out. He spots George enter the bank.

**INT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- CONTINUOUS**

The lobby is lined with marble columns and paintings. TELLERS man windows and several EMPLOYEES are stationed at desks.

Rick heads in, scanning the place for George.

He finally spots him near the back. George is talking to HANZ, the young BANK MANAGER.

The two seem to be discussing something. Hanz points to the back of the bank and the two men then disappear.

Rick spots a WAITING AREA and heads over to sit down. He notices an incredibly attractive female BANK TELLER. She flashes a smile at him. He awkwardly smiles back.

**EXT. FIRST BANK OF BERLIN -- DAY**

A brand-new black four-door PORSCHE PANAMERA pulls up and stops. The sleek machine is a work of art.

NIKOLAI steps out. He is accompanied by Kaamen and TWO OTHER THUGS. Nikolai says something to the group and they nod.

Nikolai, Kaamen, and one of the thugs head into the bank. They all appear to be HOLDING SOMETHING. One of the thugs stays by the car, looking around.

**INT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- DAY**

Rick drums his fingers on the chair, waiting. He looks up to see George and Hanz re-emerge from the back of the bank.

He hops up and heads towards them.

RICK

Grandpa!

George spots him and is not pleased. He shakes Hanz's hand, who heads off.

GEORGE

Rick, what are you doing here?

RICK

I... I felt bad about what happened back there. I didn't mean to-

BLAM! - A GUNSHOT rings out. They look over to see NIKOLAI and his two men WEARING SKI MASKS and HOLDING GUNS. Nikolai points his gun in the air. He fired the shot.

NIKOLAI  
Unten auf dem Fußboden!

Rick goes white, shocked. People SCREAM and hit the floor. George does as well, pulling Rick down with him.

Nikolai heads RIGHT FOR GEORGE, gun pointed...

But we realize he's ACTUALLY POINTING AT A GUARD.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Lassen Sie Ihre Gewehr fallen!

The security guard takes his GUN out of its holster and slides it over to Nikolai, who tucks it into his waistband.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Ow ist der Bankdirektor?

Hanz raises his hand.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Sprechen Sie Englisch?

HANZ  
Yes.

Nikolai GRABS HANZ and puts the gun right to his head.

NIKOLAI  
Take me to the vault.

Nikolai grabs Hanz and they head towards the vault. Kaamen and the thug walk the room, eyeing their new hostages. Rick and George continue to lay on the floor.

RICK  
Oh my god Oh my god.

**INT. BERLIN BANK SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX VAULT -- DAY**

Hanz and Nikolai stand in the vault. Nikolai eyes the boxes.

NIKOLAI  
I need you to open one. #052248.

HANZ  
052248?

NIKOLAI  
You have a problem with that?



HANZ  
No, it's just-

NIKOLAI  
OPEN IT!

Hanz opens it up. Nikolai gestures to the door.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Join the others.

Hanz promptly leaves. Nikolai takes out a safe deposit box, which he places on the table and opens up.

Nikolai hears a loud CLICK when he opens the container, which confuses him. He looks down into the box...

A GRENADE sits inside with a note...

**"Too Late. - RAVEN"**

Nikolai eyes the Grenade and realizes the PIN IS MISSING. He looks to realize the PIN WAS CONNECTED TO THE LID OF THE CONTAINER. He removed the pin when he opened it.

Nikolai DROPS THE LID and RUNS FOR THE DOOR as...

BOOOOOOOOM!!! - The GRENADE EXPLODES.

**INT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- CONTINUOUS**

The explosion sends Nikolai FLYING OUT OF THE VAULT AND ONTO THE GROUND. The room RATTLES, GLASS SHATTERS, and DUST AND DEBRIS fly everywhere. People SCREAM.

**EXT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- DAY**

The Russian thug still stands by the car. He hears the explosion and eyes the bank, confused.

**INT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- DAY**

The place is chaos. Kaamen and the other thug rush to Nikolai, who lies on the floor covered in debris and in pain. They stop paying attention to the hostages.

GEORGE  
Let's go.

RICK  
What?

George GRABS RICK and PULLS HIM UP, heading for the door.

The men help Nikolai up. He seems to be okay.

**EXT. FIRST TRUST BANK OF BERLIN -- CONTINUOUS**

The thug continues to wait by the car, eying the door.

George smoothly pulls Rick out of the bank and down the steps. He looks up to spot THE THUG.

RICK

We need to call the police.

George and the thug make eye contact. George spots the thug REACH FOR A GUN IN HIS BELT.

George reaches back, PULLS OUT A GUN, and...

BLAM! - SHOOTS THE THUG square in the shoulder. The thug DROPS HIS GUN and FALLS BACK ONTO THE HOOD.

Rick's jaw drops and his eyes widen. He eyes the body.

RICK (CONT'D)

What the FUCK?

George heads to the body and PUSHES IT OFF the hood.

GEORGE

Get in.

Rick stands there, frozen. He doesn't know what to do. George rushes over to driver's door and opens it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get in the car, Rick.

At that moment THE DOOR TO THE BANK OPENS. The other THUG walks out followed by KAAMEN and NIKOLAI.

George raises his gun, points it over the car, and...

BLAM! - SHOOTS THE OTHER THUG right in the leg. The thug falls to the ground, screaming. Kaamen and Nikolai FALL BACK INSIDE, CLOSING THE DOOR.

George runs over, opens the back door, GRABS THE FROZEN RICK, and PUSHES HIM INSIDE THE BACK SEAT. He slams the door and then gets behind the wheel.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Put your seatbelt on.

Rick doesn't respond.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Rick! Seatbelt.

SCREECH! - The car SPEEDS off, going 0 to 100 in seconds.

Nikolai and Kaamen run out, watching the car drive off.  
Nikolai spots a NEW BMW driving towards them.

Nikolai steps in front of the BMW, which SCREECHES TO A HALT.  
Nikolai points his gun at the driver.

NIKOLAI

Out!

**INT. THE PORSCHE -- DAY**

The car speeds through the Berlin streets, weaving in and out of traffic. The speedometer reads 150 mph.

Rick freaks out.

RICK

You shot those guys!

GEORGE

I did.

RICK

WHY?!!

GEORGE

So they wouldn't shoot me.

BLAM! - There's a GUNSHOT and the BACK WINDOW BLOWS OUT.  
Rick SCREAMS and ducks down ON THE BACK SEAT.

George doesn't even flinch. He looks in the rearview mirror to see the BMW right behind them. A smile crosses his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Here we go.

BAM! - George SWERVES THE CAR and HEADS DOWN A DIFFERENT STREET. The BMW FOLLOWS SUIT.

**INT. BMW --**

Nikolai drives the car with Kaamen in the passenger seat. Kaamen leans out of the window with a gun and...

BLAM! - He fires. This time he misses the car completely, hitting a nearby bicyclist.

NIKOLAI

Did you get a good look at them?

Kaamen shakes his head. Nikolai seethes with anger. He watches the Porsche turn again.

**INT. PORSCHE --**

Rick continues to lie on the seat, his head in his hands.

RICK  
What is going on?!!!

George lets out a little smile.

GEORGE  
(to himself)  
A good old-fashioned car chase.

George points his gun out the window and..

BLAM BLAM! - Shoots back.

RICK  
Where did you get a gun?!

GEORGE  
Safety deposit box. It was with the  
grenade.

RICK  
(thinks)  
YOU blew up the bank?!

GEORGE  
Just the vault.

**EXT. CHECKPOINT CHARLIE -- DAY**

The historic guard post from the 1960's sits in the heart of Berlin. An old wooden gate is lowered, blocking the street. A FEMALE TOUR GUIDE stands in front of a group of tourists.

TOUR GUIDE  
When the wall ran through the city,  
this was the most famous crossing to  
get from the Democratic West Berlin  
into the Soviet-occupied East Berlin.  
Now, this checkpoint stands a symbol  
of the-

WHACK! - THE PORSCHE FLIES THROUGH the checkpoint and  
SHATTERS THE GATE. It splinters into a thousand pieces.  
The tour guide stands there, confused.

The BMW then flies through. The tourists snap photos.

**INT. PORSCHE -- DAY**

George speeds along, handling the car like a pro.

GEORGE  
Rick, what time is it?

RICK  
Huh?

GEORGE  
WHAT. TIME. IS. IT?

Rick reaches into pocket and pulls out his iPhone.

RICK  
11:55. Why?

GEORGE  
We've got a noon train to catch.

**EXT. BERLIN MARKET -- DAY**

George SWERVES down a pedestrian mall. Dozens of people jump out of the way of the moving car.

He looks in the distance and spots a LARGE METAL BUILDING. A sign reads "**Bahnstation.**" He points the car towards it.

**INT. BMW -- DAY**

Nikolai is still hot on the Porsche's trail. Kaamen once again reaches out, and BAM! - Fires again.

BOOM! - One of the Porsche's TIRES BLOWS OUT, sending the CAR SPINNING. George rights the car and continues towards the station, a wheel on the rim and SPARKS FLYING EVERYWHERE.

**INT. PORSCHE -- DAY**

George tries to control the car, but it's difficult. He spots TRAIN TRACKS ahead and notices that the GATE IS LOWERING. Rick see this. He looks over...

A TRAIN IS APPROACHING.

RICK  
DO NOT!

George PUNCHES IT and SPEEDS TOWARDS THE TRACKS.

**INT. BMW -- DAY**

Nikolai watches the Porsche gun it. He spots the train.

NIKOLAI  
Who is this guy?

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY**

The Porsche approaches the tracks going only about 40 mph with the missing tire. The train BLOWS ITS HORN.

RICK  
We're gonna die.

The Porsche and the train appear to reach the crossing AT THE SAME TIME....

RICK (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
AHHHH!!!!

WHACK! - The Porsche BASHES THROUGH THE GATE AND JUST MAKES IT PAST THE TRAIN. The Porsche SMASHES THE OTHER GATE and continues towards the train station.

The BMW speeds toward the passing train. Nikolai SLAMS ON THE BRAKES and stops just shy of the tracks. He's pissed.

**EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION -- DAY**

The unloading area is crowded with PASSENGERS. The Porsche, sparks flying, pulls up. Everyone stares at the car.

George hops out, bag in hand, and smiles to everyone. He eyes a gigantic CLOCK hanging from the ceiling. It's "11:59" He opens the door and pulls Rick out. Rick is dazed.

**EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PLATFORM -- DAY**

George PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD on the platform, one hand still holding onto Rick.

GEORGE  
Entschuldigung!... Entschuldigung!

They approach a TICKET TAKER standing by the entrance to the train. George whips out ONE TICKET and hands it over. The ticket taker eyes it.

TICKET TAKER  
This is just one ticket, Mr. Bloom.

GEORGE  
My grandson lost his.

George takes out a WAD OF CASH and places it in the ticket taker's hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Figure it out.

George pulls Rick onto the train. Moments later, the train springs to life and pulls away from the station.

**EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION -- DAY**

Nikolai and Kaamen stand by the Porsche, the car slumped down due to the lack of a tire. Nikolai is furious. He KICKS the car in anger, and the ALARM BEGINS TO GO OFF.

He looks at the car and something catches his attention...

An IPHONE sits on the floor of the back seat.

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

George and Rick sit across from one another in the small stateroom. The German landscape passes by out the window.

Rick just glares at George, unblinking. This goes on for a moment. Finally...

GEORGE

Wanna go to the dining car and grab a snack?

RICK

Who are you?

GEORGE

Sorry?

RICK

WHO ARE YOU?

GEORGE

You mean like existentially?

RICK

You know what I mean!

GEORGE

I think it's best if you try to forget about what happened back there-

RICK

FUCK THAT.

GEORGE

Watch your mouth.

RICK

That car. You drove that car... no. I've seen you drive. You go 20 on the freeway and leave your blinker on forever. You're a ceiling fan salesman.

GEORGE

Retired.

RICK

Is your name really George?

GEORGE

No, it's Betty. Yes, my name is George. But my code name was Raven.

RICK

What now?

GEORGE

Look, I've already said too much.

George grabs a magazine from a rack and opens it up to read. Rick GRABS it and TOSSES IT ASIDE.

RICK

I want an explanation right now, or I swear to god I'll...

GEORGE

You'll what?

RICK

I'll tell mom.

This suddenly worries George.

GEORGE

You wouldn't dare.

RICK

Try me.

George eyes him for a while.

After a long moment, he takes a deep breath and leans in with a hint of pride...

GEORGE

From 1966 to 1990, I was a covert operative for the Central Intelligence Agency. I used the cover of a ceiling fan salesman to carry out dozens of clandestine missions across the world.

Rick stares at him blankly.

RICK

So what was that about then? Back there at the bank?



GEORGE

A little unfinished business. It's  
a long story.

RICK

I got time.

George thinks for a moment.

GEORGE

It all started on February 11th,  
1968.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND, 1968 -- DAY**

**TITLE CARD: Siberia, Soviet Union. February 11th, 1968.**

The barren tundra goes for miles in every direction. A  
thicket of trees sit off in the distance. It's eerily quiet.

GEORGE (V.O.)

The legend is that a British Mi6  
agent, Blue Jay, had gotten wind  
that the Soviets were developing a  
new superweapon dubbed Prometheus.  
Something big. A game changer.

A young HENRY PAXTON, aka BLUE JAY, emerges from behind a  
tree in all-white camouflage. He was already a nerdy Brit  
with glasses and a moustache.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The legend is true but no one ever  
realized that he had two other agents  
with him.

TWO OTHER AGENTS emerge from the snow behind him...

One is a young GEORGE. He's a charmingly handsome young man  
with a devilish grin. He plays with a TOOTHPICK that he  
twirls around his finger and sticks into his mouth.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was me - codename Raven.

The second figure is a beautiful young Russian woman, SPARROW.  
Her long blonde hair accents her porcelain skin.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And a Soviet double agent - codename  
Sparrow. A real fox.

The three eye one another and nod.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 We had tracked Prometheus to a top  
 secret bunker in Siberia and were  
 ordered to destroy it.

The three eye a HATCH hidden beneath some snow.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, 1968 -- MOMENTS LATER**

A gigantic, sleek UNDERGROUND LAIR is filled with metal beams  
 that curve into a metal HAMMER & SICKLE adorning the wall.

The room is lined with 60's-era computers and lab equipment -  
 beakers filled with chemicals, test tubes, etc. SCIENTISTS  
 wearing labcoats frantically go over charts and diagrams.

DR. ZARIPOV, a stern Russian man in an officer's uniform and  
 white labcoat, studies a large MAP OF THE WORLD which takes  
 up an entire wall. On the map, the Soviet Union is colored  
 in bright red and all of the other countries in pale grey.

The MAIN DOOR opens and Zaripov turns around - his eyes widen.

Two SOVIET SOLDIERS walk in, their hands up in the air....

The THREE SPIES, machine guns drawn, lead them in.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
 Gaining access inside was the easy  
 part - it was once we were inside  
 that we ran into a snag.

George heads over to Zaripov and eyes him. He then points  
 to a gigantic METAL DOOR lining one wall.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Let me guess - Prometheus is behind  
 Door #1.

DR. ZARIPOV  
 The most powerful weapon the world  
 has ever seen. For decades men have  
 tried to create it, but it took MY  
 genius to bring it to-

GEORGE  
 I get it, it's amazing. What's the  
 code to the door?

Zaripov thinks for a moment. George COCKS HIS GUN.

DR. ZARIPOV  
 (quickly)  
 38553016142702013298.

George sighs, heads over to the keypad, and prepares his finger.

GEORGE

Let's hear that again. Slower.

DR. ZARIPOV

3855301-

Sparrow suddenly notices something...

AN OLDER FEMALE RUSSIAN SCIENTIST slowly reaches for A LEVER ON THE WALL. Something is written in Russian above the lever. Sparrow's eyes widen. She knows what that lever does.

The WOMAN'S HAND GETS CLOSER...

SPARROW

Stop!

BLAM! - Sparrow fires, SHOOTING THE WOMAN. Everyone looks over, confused.

The woman falls back RIGHT ONTO THE LEVER, pushing it down.

WEE OOH! WEE OOH! - A SIREN blares and RED LIGHTS FLASH.

A scientist uses this distraction to open a drawer in his desk. There's a GUN INSIDE.

The scientist grabs the gun and...

BLAM! BLAM! - Starts shooting at the spies, who duck down behind a desk.

A GREEN GAS SUDDENLY EMITS FROM THE AIR CONDITIONING VENTS. The gun-wielding scientist, who stands near the vent, waves his hand through the gas.

The scientist suddenly DROPS DEAD.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Nerve gas.

The three spies take a deep breath. The SOLDIERS and SCIENTISTS start dropping like flies.

The MAIN DOOR to the room begins to SLOWLY CLOSE.

BLUE JAY

(holding breath)

Mmpff! Mmmpffff!

The gas begins to completely fill the room. The three spies, all holding their breath, run through the pile of bodies and head for the door....

It's only got a few inches to go...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Anything to drink?

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

George and Rick still sit in the stateroom. They look over to realize there's a PORTER in the doorway, smiling at them.

GEORGE  
What?

PORTER  
Anything to drink?

GEORGE  
Do you have any-?

RICK  
He's in the middle of a story! Come back later.

The porter's smile fades and he closes the door.

GEORGE  
That was very rude.

RICK  
Continue.

GEORGE  
Okay...

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR, 1968 -- DAY**

The three spies, all holding their breath, run through the pile of bodies and head for the door....

It's only got a few inches to go...

CLINK! - They MAKE IT OUT JUST IN TIME.

The moment the door closes, the sirens and flashing lights shut off. The room sits lifeless, bodies all over the floor.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND, 1968 -- DAY**

The vast tundra still sits calm and silent.

WHAP! - A hatch door, hidden in the snow, FLIES OPEN. Sparrow climbs out, followed by Blue Jay and George, all GASPING for breath. George closes the hatch behind him.

Sparrow points a gun at the hatch door lever and BLAM! - blows it off. There's no way to open the door now.

BLUE JAY

What the hell are you doing?

Sparrow kneels down and covers the hatch door with snow.

SPARROW

Hiding the place.

BLUE JAY

Hiding? Our mission was to destroy Prometheus, not hide it.

SPARROW

There's no time. This place is now toxic for weeks and we can't allow the wrong spy plane to spot us just standing out here.

BLUE JAY

So what then? You're just going to leave the world's most powerful weapon just sitting out here?

SPARROW

That's exactly what we're going to do because no one will ever find it.

She gestures around her. There's nothing in every direction.

GEORGE

But there must be someone in the Soviet ranks who knows where this place is.

SPARROW

No, there is not. The project was so top secret that including myself, there were only five people in government who knew its whereabouts.

(beat)

And I spent the last week personally removing them from the equation.

George eyes her with growing admiration. He takes out a TOOTHPICK and begins to play with it.

GEORGE

What about the map?

Sparrow reaches into her bra and takes out a MICROFILM. The three eye it.

SPARROW

We all agree that this weapon is too powerful for ANY one nation to hold alone - yes?

They eye one another. They nod.

SPARROW (CONT'D)

Then let us also agree that none of us will ever return alone. We will never be able to find this place unless we are together. And we will only come back if we have the opportunity to destroy it.

With seriousness, she hands them each a piece of the microfilm.

They all think for a moment and nod.

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

The train chugs along. George has finished telling the story.

RICK

You always did that thing with the toothpick, huh?

GEORGE

What thing with the toothpick?

RICK

And what does this have to do with the bank?

GEORGE

Henry Paxton - Blue Jay - was murdered yesterday; burned alive in his own bookstore. I knew that meant the mission was active again and I had twenty four hours to get to his safe deposit box before THIS fell into the wrong hands.

George pulls out a RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER. It looks to be about twenty years old.

RICK

A newspaper?

GEORGE

The greatest means of espionage communication known to man. The first clue to finding Prometheus and saving the world as we know it.

Rick just stares at him a moment.

RICK

I gotta admit, grandpa. You're blowing my mind here.

George takes off jacket and hangs it on the door.

GEORGE

Look, Rick, it's unfortunate that you had to find out about any of this. I was just using your computer nerd convention as a cover. I only-

RICK

Wait, what? Using me as a cover? You're only on this trip by accident.

George gives him a look.

Rick has a monumental realization.

**EXT. MARCUS' DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT**

George, wearing all black, sneaks up to Marcus' CAR. He's got WIRECUTTERS in his hands.

He crawls under the car...

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

Rick stares at George. His jaw drops.

RICK

You cut Marcus' brakes?!!

GEORGE

Calm down - I've cut enough brakes in my time to know what-

RICK

He could have died!

GEORGE

Highly unlikely.

RICK

And the bomb threat to the Paris airport?

**INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY**

Flashback to earlier. Rick is pacing on his phone, talking to his mother.

George, appearing to be fiddling with his luggage tags, slides over to bank of PAY PHONES and starts to dial a number.

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

Rick glares at George. Rick is fuming.

RICK  
That's a federal offense!

GEORGE  
Hardly my first.

**INT. BAR CAR -- DAY**

The classy old bar car is fairly empty. A few BUSINESSMEN drink martinis and have meetings.

Rick bursts in, furious. He takes a seat at an empty table and stews for a moment. A pretty German STEWARDESS approaches, smiling.

STEWARDESS  
Halo! Getränk.

RICK  
Get drunk?

STEWARDESS  
Ah, English! Drink?

RICK  
Yes, I would like to get drunk. In the fastest manner possible.

The stewardess nods and walks off. Rick returns to stewing.

A super hot young woman, MIRI, sits at the next table with a book and a Bitburger. She eyes Rick and smiles.

MIRI  
You're an American?

Rick notices her and then looks around, confused.

RICK  
Are you talking to me?

She nods.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Oh... uh.. Yeah. I guess.

MIRI  
I'm Miri. From Dallas.

RICK  
Rick. From D.C.

MIRI  
What are you doing in a place like this?



RICK

Well I *think* I'm on a trip to Europe, but there's a good chance I might have died in a plane crash and am having some sort of out-of-body experience.

MIRI

(laughs)

Jet lag is the worst. I'm on journey of enlightenment too, so to speak. I just went through a messy divorce and am out traveling Europe looking to find myself and I'm talking too much about something personal and now sound crazy.

She shakes her head. Rick laughs.

RICK

It's okay. That only ranks about 17th on the list of crazy things I've heard today.

Suddenly the stewardess returns with a TWO FOOT GIANT GLASS BOOT filled beer. He eyes it.

RICK (CONT'D)

Scheisse.

The stewardess smiles and walks away. Miri LAUGHS. She thinks for a moment and points to the seat across from him.

MIRI

You need some help with that?

Rick gives her a look. She flashes a smile.

**INT. NIKOLAI'S VAN -- DAY**

Nikolai and Alex sit in the back of a van filled with all sorts of computer equipment. Alex takes the IPHONE and hooks it up to his high tech laptop.

NIKOLAI

(in Russian, subtitled)

Find out who the phone is registered to, then cross reference the owner's name with the passenger manifests of every train that left the Berlin train station this morning.

ALEX

(in Russian, subtitled)

It might be difficult to hack into the mainframe of the-

RING RING! - The phone starts to ring. Nikolai eyes the screen, which reads "JENNY."

Nikolai thinks for a moment and answers.

NIKOLAI

Hello?

**INT. JENNY'S ROOM -- DAY**

The room is filled with Bieber posters and stuffed animals. Jenny talks on the phone with a FLIP CAMERA in her hand.

JENNY

Hey, fart face, I can't get this present you gave me to work. How am I supposed to film the ball drop if the thing won't even turn on?

For the rest of the scene, we cut back-and-forth. Nikolai is a bit confused.

NIKOLAI

Who is this?

JENNY

What? It's Jenny. Who is this? Grandpa? Why are you talking like that?

NIKOLAI

This is Nick - a friend of grandpa's.

JENNY

Oh. Why do you have Rick's phone?

NIKOLAI

He left it in my car. And to get it back to him, I just need you to answer a few questions.

JENNY

(shrugs)  
Okay.

**INT. GEORGE AND RICK'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT**

George scours over the newspaper and reaches the obituaries. He spots one for a woman named SVETLANA VOLKOVA...

The picture is of Sparrow.

GEORGE

Svetlana Volkova. Where have you been all my life?

He runs a finger over the article and spots something interesting.

**INT. BAR CAR -- NIGHT**

The giant glass boot is now completely empty. Rick and Miri both seem to be a bit tipsy.

MIRI

How can you have never been to Europe before?

RICK

I thought I got the whole experience when I went to Epcot. I mean, 16 countries in two hours. And that Viking ride is INTENSE.

MIRI

Doesn't hold a candle to the Hall of Presidents.

RICK

True dat. USA.

They toast.

RICK (CONT'D)

But I'll admit that so far the real Europe is impressing me. The architecture, the car chases, the people.

He flashes her a smile. She thinks...

MIRI

What was that second one?

RICK

Nothing.

MIRI

Well even though it's usually on business, I still love coming here. Things are just more... I don't know... *laisse faire*.

RICK

Liz Phair? I love her first album.

They both laugh. She thinks and then looks around.

MIRI

So how's your stateroom?

RICK  
It's pretty nice.

MIRI  
Want to see mine?

**INT. TRAIN SLEEPING CAR CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

The door to the communal bathroom opens and George steps out, still drying his hands with a towel.

He hears LAUGHING and looks down the corridor to see MIRI lead RICK into her stateroom and shut the door.

A huge smile crosses George's face.

**INT. MIRI'S STATEROOM -- DAY**

Miri pushes Rick down onto the bed and straddles him. The two start to passionately kiss. Miri RIPS OPEN HER SHIRT TO REVEAL HER BRA BENEATH.

They continue to kiss. Rick slowly moves his hand up Miri's thigh. His hand goes up her skirt and...

His eyes widen and his face goes white. HE'S FELT SOMETHING.

RICK  
What is that?

MIRI  
Oh, yeah.

Miri reaches down and grabs something under her skirt.

She POINTS A SMALL GUN AT HIM.

RICK  
Oh man...

Miri's expression immediately changes to one of complete seriousness. She stands up and rebuttons her blouse.

MIRI  
Stand up and turn around.

RICK  
Damn it! I knew you were way out of my league.

He stands up and faces the window. She pats him down, but finds nothing. She points the gun at his back.

MIRI  
Who do you work for?

RICK  
ISI.

MIRI  
Pakistani Inter-Service Intelligence?

RICK  
Interactive System Innovations.

MIRI  
Why are you going to Russia?

RICK  
(thinks)  
Russia? We're going to Russia?

MIRI  
Where is Raven?

Suddenly a GUN IS POINTED TO THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Right here.

Miri frowns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Drop it and turn around.

She uncocks her gun and tosses it on the bed. She turns to see George standing in the open doorway, gun in hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

She sits. George grabs her gun off of the bed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

MIRI  
Miriam Suter.  
(beat)  
I sell ceiling fans.

GEORGE  
You're with the company?

RICK  
What? I thought you were a bad guy.

MIRI  
No, I'm one of the good guys - like you used to be, George.

George gives her a look.

MIRI (CONT'D)

We flagged you the moment you bought the ticket to Paris. We take interest when retired agents jaunt off to foreign locales on a whim. Gotta make sure they're not selling secrets to the wrong people.

GEORGE

I'm just on vacation with my grandson.

MIRI

Really? This doesn't have anything to do with Henry Paxton's murder?

GEORGE

Look, I-

BAM! - The train SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES.

George and Rick both FALL OVER. George SMASHES INTO THE BED and DROPS BOTH GUNS, which SLIDE UNDER THE BED.

The train comes to a complete stop. The three right themselves and get their bearings.

George and Miri quickly kneel down and reach under the bed for their guns. They're JUST OUT OF REACH.

Rick looks out the window. They're in the middle of nowhere.

RICK

We stopped. Why did we stop?

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS IN POLISH COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT**

The countryside is covered with snowy woods. The train slows down and stops, and we soon see why...

A BLACK SUV sits on the tracks. Another one sits nearby.

Nikolai and a DOZEN THUGS, including Kaamen and Alex, stand in front of the SUV. They all hold MACHINE GUNS.

**INT. MIRI'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT**

Rick peers out the window. It's totally dark. George and Miri continue to reach for their guns.

GEORGE

What do you see?

RICK

Nothing.

He thinks, then looks to Miri.

RICK (CONT'D)

So was anything you told me true?  
Have you ever even been to Epcot?

BLAM BLAM! - There's a GUNSHOT out in the hallway and several SCREAMS. George heads to the door and looks out...

Russian thugs head down the corridor, KICKING DOWN DOORS and SCREAMING. People run in panic.

THUG #1

Pas as ZHEER Spar a de koo PAY!

BLAM! - He FIRES HIS GUN IN THE AIR.

RICK

What did he say?

GEORGE

Passengers to the front  
of the train.

MIRI

Passengers to the front of  
the train.

Rick gives George a look.

RICK

You know Russian?

**INT. COACH CAR -- NIGHT**

PASSENGERS sit terrified in their seats as a THUG #2 with a machine gun walks up and down the aisles.

**INT. BAR CAR -- NIGHT**

Here as well, passengers sit in fear as THUG #3 points his gun at them.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

The car is PACKED with terrified passengers sitting at tables. Kaamen, holding a machine gun, stands at the front.

George, Rick, and Miri are escorted into the car. Kaamen gestures for them to sit, and they do so. Suddenly a SPEAKERBOX above them springs to life.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)

(from speakerbox)

Hello, everyone. I apologize about  
this little unplanned stop.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT**

The train conductor lies DEAD on the floor, a bullet hole to the head. Nikolai stands holding the PA microphone. Alex messes with the controls.

NIKOLAI

If you all behave, then this will be  
fast and easy.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

George, Rick, and Miri listen closely. They look around and realize most passengers don't understand the English.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)

And no worries if you do not  
understand English, because the man  
I'm looking for does.

The three whisper when they talk...

RICK

Is he talking about-?

GEORGE

Probably.

MIRI

The voice sounds like Nikolai Morosov.

GEORGE

The old KGB agent?

MIRI

And current high-powered black market  
weapons dealer.

RICK

You know him?

GEORGE

Only by reputation. Which is a bad  
one.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)

I have but one request then I will  
leave you on your journey.

(beat)

Will Raven please raise his hand?

Rick tenses up, as does Miri. George doesn't seem to flinch.

Kaamen looks around. No one is raising his hand.

**INT. COACH CAR -- NIGHT**

The thug looks around. Non one raises his hand.

**INT. BAR CAR -- NIGHT**

Here as well, the thug gets no response.



**INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT**

Nikolai gets no response and is displeased.

NIKOLAI  
 (into radio)  
 Very well. Boys, would you please  
 find a nice young lady in each car.

**INT. COACH CAR -- NIGHT**

The thug GRABS a woman and makes her stand.

**INT. BAR CAR -- NIGHT**

The thug grabs a woman and makes her stand.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

Kaamen looks around. He eyes MIRI and GRABS her.

Miri stands before him, the gun pointed right in her face.  
 She tries not to act frightened.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)  
 I assume none of these women are  
 Raven since they are young and female -  
 so I will not miss them. If Raven  
 does not raise his hand in the next  
 10 seconds, these women will die.

Rick gives George a look. George remains stone-faced. Kaamen  
 looks around. No one raises their hand.

NIKOLAI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 10...9...8... 7...

Rick looks to George, growing angry.

RICK  
 (whispers)  
 Do something.

George ignores him, staying calm.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)  
 6...5... 4...

Miri stares down Kaamen. She takes a deep breath.

NIKOLAI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 3...2... 1...

Miri closes her eyes.

Rick BOLTS UP from his seat and points to George.

RICK  
Right here! He's right here!

KAAMEN  
(into radio)  
Da sat vaats.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT**

Nikolai gives Alex a smile. He opens the door and heads to the back of the train. Alex follows.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

George glares at Rick, angry. Kaamen GRABS GEORGE and makes him stand, the machine gun pointed in his face

GEORGE  
Watch where you point that thing.

Nikolai enters through the door with Alex. All eyes gaze upon him as he slowly makes his way through the car. He finally reaches George and looks him over.

NIKOLAI  
Hello, Raven.

GEORGE  
Hello, Nikolai Morosov.

NIKOLAI  
I have something for you.

Nikolai takes out the IPHONE and then TOSSES IT OUT THE WINDOW. Rick closes his eyes and shakes his head.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
And I believe you have something for me.

Nikolai TAKES OUT HIS GUN, and PRESSES IT TO GEORGE'S HEAD.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Hand over the microfilm.

GEORGE  
You really think I brought it all the way here? You really think it's not locked up in a vault somewhere in the good old U S of A?

NIKOLAI  
Yes, actually. Shall I just shoot you in the head and do a thorough search of your corpse?

George thinks for a moment. He reaches into his pocket and takes out his EYEGLASSES CASE, the same one he fussed about at the airport. He opens the case to reveal a pair of THICK BLACK READING GLASSES.

He puts the glasses on, then peels back the lining of the case to reveal a SECRET COMPARTMENT.

He reaches into the compartment and pulls out THE MICROFILM.

Rick and Miri's eyes widen.

MIRI  
(to herself)  
I knew it.

Nikolai GRABS THE MICROFILM and hands it to Alex.

Alex takes a small FLASHLIGHT out of his pocket. He flips it on and we see it has an incredibly bright beam.

He lines the microfilm ON TOP OF THE PIECE STOLEN FROM HENRY PAXTON. He then gives Nikolai a nod.

NIKOLAI  
Svyet lee!

Kaamen flips a light switch and the room goes dark. Alex fires up the flashlight and points it at the wall...

The MAP SPRAYS ACROSS THE WALL, now with both drawings and PLACE NAMES like RUDNAYA PRISTAN and UGOL'NAYA.

George studies the map closely through his glasses. He PUSHES THE BRIDGE OF THE GLASSES UP ON HIS NOSE.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Bla goi.

The lights turn back on and Alex shuts the flashlight off. Nikolai looks around the car and smiles.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Again, sorry for the inconvenience.  
Enjoy the rest of your trip.

Nikolai gestures to Kaamen and Alex. The three men exit the train car, locking the door behind them.

RICK  
That's it? They're just gonna leave?

MIRI  
I don't buy it.

GEORGE

Me neither.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS IN POLISH COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT**

Nikolai and his men approach their SUVs. He looks to a THUG who stands further up the tracks by a SWITCHING POST. Nikolai nods to the thug, who pulls a lever and SWITCHES THE TRACK.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

George struggles with the locked metal door, unable to get it open. Rick stands directly behind him, angry.

RICK

How could you do that?

(points to Miri)

How could you let them almost kill a CIA agent?

MIRI

Hey, let's not broadcast it to the world.

GEORGE

You don't understand, Rick. You caved and I knew you would.

Rick is a bit hurt by this.

RICK

Then explain it to me.

GEORGE

If these men get hold of that weapon and sell it to the highest bidder, then thousands if not millions of innocent people could potentially be killed. This woman...

(points to Miri)

Means nothing in the grand scheme of things.

Rick gives Miri a look.

RICK

And you're okay with this?

MIRI

Comes with the job.

RICK

Well pardon me for trying to save your life.

BAM! - The train suddenly JOLTS and STARTS MOVING. They all look around.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT**

Alex stands at the controls. He grabs the accelerator and PUSHES IT ALL THE WAY DOWN. The train SPEEDS UP.

He heads for a BOX on the wall, which he opens to see filled with WIRES. He locates a particular wire and YANKS IT OUT.

He closes the box and heads out.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS IN POLISH COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT**

Nikolai and his men watch the train take off.

Alex jumps off of the engine and rolls in the snow. One of the thugs helps him up. He gives Nikolai a nod.

The train reaches the TRACK SWITCH and CURVES INTO THE FOREST instead of going straight. It picks up speed fairly quickly.

**INT. DINING CAR -- NIGHT**

The passengers all look around, feeling the train speed up. Miri looks out the window.

MIRI  
We've changed tracks.

George immediately reaches for the "EMERGENCY BRAKE" cord and YANKS IT. Nothing happens.

Miri continues to look out the window. The train passes a sign that reads **"GROZBA! - MOSTOWY M AUT."**

MIRI (CONT'D)  
Oh no.

RICK  
What did that mean?

MIRI  
Danger - Bridge is out.

George immediately rushes to the window and undoes the clasps.

GEORGE  
Get everyone to the back of the train.

Miri turns away and looks to all the other passengers.

MIRI  
Everyone to the back! Now!

George opens the window and without hesitation CLIMBS OUT, disappearing into the darkness.

RICK  
Where are you going?

Rick runs to the window and looks up just in time to see George's feet disappear over the top of the train. He thinks for a moment.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Here goes nothing.

He climbs out...

**INT. ROOF OF THE TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS**

... and pulls himself on top of the speeding train. He looks around to see George heading to the front of the car.

George eyes the gap to the next car and JUMPS...

LANDING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

GEORGE  
AHH!!

George COLLAPSES and clutches his leg in pain.

Rick rushes atop the speeding train. He reaches the front of the car, eyes the gap...

RICK  
Well if he could do it, then you can do it.

He JUMPS...

Landing right next to George. He YELLS to be heard.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?!

GEORGE  
(wincing)  
I'm fine!

RICK  
Have you done this before?!

GEORGE  
Not this model train!

RICK  
I can't believe I just did that!

Rick glances up.

RICK (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

There's a TUNNEL ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY. Rick DUCKS DOWN ON TOP OF GEORGE, straddling him as the roof whizzes by mere inches above them.

They finally pass through the tunnel. George eyes Rick lying on top of him.

GEORGE

Now this is awkward.

Rick rolls off of George and helps him up, George limping a little. Together they head towards the front of the train.

They reach the ENGINE CAR. Rick spots SOMETHING AHEAD. He tapes George on the shoulder and points. George looks to see a long, twisty track that ends at a BRIDGE.

But the BRIDGE ONLY EXTENDS A HUNDRED FEET AND BEYOND THAT IS DESTROYED. Below it is a DEEP, ROCKY RAVINE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We should probably hurry.

George drops down into the engine room. Rick follows.

**INT. CABOOSE -- NIGHT**

The passengers are now all crammed into the caboose. They're worried. Miri stands amongst them, trying to keep her cool.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT**

George and Rick stand before the large control panel covered with hundreds of dials, switches, and gauges.

George heads to the box on the wall and opens it up. He eyes the bundle of ripped wires.

GEORGE

They cut the brakes.

RICK

Then what do we do?

GEORGE

(thinks)

I know. We derail it.

RICK

Excuse me?

GEORGE

If we pick up enough speed, then when we hit that curve we'll fly right off the track causing the first five or six cars to flip, but leaving the back of the train unharmed.

RICK

What about us?

GEORGE

We jump.

RICK

This is a terrible idea.

GEORGE

Well it's the only one we've got.

George pushes down the accelerator with all of his might. He's struggling, in pain. Something occurs to Rick.

RICK

Why don't we just detach the engine from the rest of the train?

George thinks for a moment. He gives Rick a look.

GEORGE

That's much smarter.

Rick smiles, proud.

**EXT. GAP BETWEEN ENGINE AND TRAIN -- NIGHT**

The door flies open and the two run out. Rick leans over the edge and looks forward to see the BRIDGE APPROACHING. George eyes the floor beneath them.

GEORGE

There should be a red lever on the bottom of the connection. All you have to do is pull the lever and then remove the pin.

RICK

By all YOU have to go, you mean all I have to do?

GEORGE

Yep.

Rick sighs and begins to climb down. George grabs his legs.

Rick hangs below the train as it speeds along. The ground rushes by right underneath him.



Rick eyes the ground, a bit shaken. He snaps out of it and spots the RED LEVER on the connection. He reaches for it....

But it's JUST OUT OF REACH.

RICK

Lower!

George lowers Rick down. Rick's fingers are MERE INCHES FROM THE LEVER....

The train HITS THE TURN at top speed and ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

George LOSES HIS GRIP and RICK FALLS. Rick GRABS A POLE as George GETS HOLD OF HIS LEGS AGAIN.

RICK (CONT'D)

Watch it!

GEORGE

Sorry.

Rick reaches over and GRABS THE LEVER. He twists it and the connection makes a sound.

George glances ahead. The BRIDGE IS 100 YARDS AWAY.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Make it snappy!

Rick looks over and grabs the pin. He grips it and pulls...

It DOESN'T BUDGE.

RICK

The pin is stuck!

George looks over again. The bridge gets closer...

GEORGE

Unstick it!

Rick grips the pin and PULLS with all of his might. The pin SLOWLY PULLS OUT. Very slowly.

George looks over. The bridge is about 25 yards away...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Rick!

BAM! - The Pin YANKS OUT, sending the engine car SPEEDING OFF ON ITS OWN. George GRABS RICK and PULLS HIM UP ON THE LEDGE of the second car.

The two watch as the engine shoots forward, reaches the bridge, and SAILS OFF OF THE BRIDGE, disappearing.

BOOOM! - The engine SMASHES into the ravine and EXPLODES.

The momentum of the train continues the rest of the cars  
HEADING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE. George and Rick eye one another.

The train slows down, but it still creeps towards the edge...

They're about twenty feet away.... fifteen feet...

Rick closes his eyes. He can't stand to watch.

Ten feet... five feet...

The train stops.

Rick opens his eyes. The train car sits RIGHT ON THE EDGE.  
Rick peers over to see a several hundred foot drop with the  
destroyed engine at the bottom.

RICK

Whoa.

**EXT. TRAIN BRIDGE -- LATER**

The train, still resting on the bridge, is now surrounded by  
dozens of POLICE CARS and RESCUE VEHICLES. POLICEMEN and  
PARAMEDICS help passengers off and tend to their wounds.

Miri stands amongst them and searches the crowd. She seems  
fairly displeased. She looks over and spots TWO FIGURES  
traipsing through the snow towards a ROAD in the distance.

MIRI

The bastards ditched me.

**EXT. ROAD IN POLISH COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT**

George and Rick are the figures, and they head up to the  
small road where the occasional truck passes. Rick seems a  
little excited, almost like he's coming off of a high.

RICK

I mean when you see it in movies  
there's always fire but not THAT  
much fire.

George sticks his thumb out to hitchhike.

GEORGE

We made it out alive and that's the  
important thing.

RICK

So where are we going next?

GEORGE

We aren't going anywhere. You're headed to Paris to finish out this computer trip like you planned.

RICK

And what about you?

GEORGE

I'm finishing what I started.

RICK

Alone? You're dumping me?

GEORGE

No offense, Rick, I needed you to get to Europe and you've fulfilled that purpose. You're not made for the rest. There's going to be violence, guns, maybe some sex. It's a mission that requires grit.

RICK

I have grit. I just proved it. I just saved YOUR ass on that train.

GEORGE

Yes you did and I thank you.

RICK

And I'm a technological whiz if you haven't noticed. An area in which you are seriously lacking.

GEORGE

You are, enjoy your conference.

Rick passes him to walk in front, determined.

RICK

I'm coming with you. End of story.

George lets out a smile that Rick can't see.

GEORGE

But a few ground rules. 1.) I'm right about everything. 2.) No sleeping with CIA Agents, especially ones named Miri. 3.) I'm always right about everything.

RICK

I question your logic but will agree to the terms.

GEORGE

Good. So if you must know we're going to a small town in Russia named Iznoski to look for Svetlana Volkova.

RICK

Who?

GEORGE

Sparrow.

He shows off the OBITUARY from the newspaper. Certain letters are circled.

RICK

I hate to break it to you, but I'm pretty sure this means she's dead.

GEORGE

No, that's code. Old spy trick. Fake your own death and leave a code in your obituary to lead friends to your hiding spot.

He points to the circled letters.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

See, it spells out "Iznoski."

RICK

Cool.

GEORGE

I'm not a gambling man, but if Nikolai Morosov was able to find Blue Jay, then there's pretty good odds that he'll find her. If that happens, then all bets are off.

(spots something)

TRUCK!

George starts waving his arms because a large TRUCK approaches. The truck stops and the DRIVER eyes them.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Roo byezh?

The driver thinks for a moment, then points to the back. George nods to Rick and heads for the back. George and Rick reach the back to see...

**INT. BACK OF THE TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

... MIRI waiting for them. She sits amongst loads of CRATES.

MIRI

Oh hey, guys. Long time no see.

Rick lets out a little smile. George is not thrilled. Miri holds up a CELL PHONE and looks to George.

MIRI (CONT'D)

There's someone who would like to speak to you.

George eyes the phone for a moment and grabs it.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello, Messonnier.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY**

A gigantic room is filled with dozens of viewscreens and maps. There are CIA EMPLOYEES everywhere milling about.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER, a skinny man in his seventies, sits on a desk and sips a cup of coffee as he looks over the screens with a phone to his ear.

For the rest of the scene, we cut back and forth.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

Hello, George.

GEORGE

How's your wife? She still thinking about me?

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

She's still thinking about the promotion that I got over you.

GEORGE

Oh yeah, congratulations on that. And go fuck yourself.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

Grandson? Really?

GEORGE

You do what you have to.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

So you're out looking for Prometheus? I knew you never blew that thing up like you said. Well I hope you like company because my agent isn't going to leave your sight until that weapon is safely in U.S. custody.

GEORGE

What? Reception out here is really bad.

George THROWS THE CELL PHONE into the woods.

MIRI

Hey! Those are expensive.

George starts to climb into the truck. He looks to Rick.

GEORGE

Never trust Theo Messonnier. EVER. Especially if he says "Trust Me."

RICK

Got it, thanks. I'll keep that in mind for when it NEVER comes up.

The truck takes off. George shoots Miri an annoyed look.

GEORGE

Scoot over.

Miri moves over, equally as annoyed. George opens up one of the crates and looks inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come to daddy.

He pulls out a bottle of VODKA..

**INT. BACK OF TRUCK -- LATER**

Miri now lies asleep. George and Rick lean back, bundled up, and pass the half-empty bottle back and forth. Rick listens to a story that George is telling.

GEORGE

... so then I said, "look, Fidel. I'll tell you EXACTLY where you can put those missiles."

RICK

You did not!

GEORGE

Did too. He was pissed.

RICK

I wish you would have told me you were a spy years ago. That way we could have... like hung out more.

GEORGE

Glad to know I'm not so boring anymore.

RICK

Hey give me a break - weren't you trying to be boring? You should consider it a compliment.

GEORGE

I actually grew to like Antiques Roadshow.

George laughs to himself and takes a swig.

RICK

So what exactly is it? Prometheus?

George grows very serious.

GEORGE

It's a laser.

RICK

Really? Like a laser laser?

GEORGE

During the cold war we were all working on directed-energy weapons - us, The Soviets, The Chinese, everybody. But a laser presents a huge problem. You fire it, and it goes in one direction - forever.

George pretends to fire a laser gun. He then uses his other hands to form a straight line away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So unless you're looking right at the target, a laser is fairly useless as a long-range weapon. Until Dr. Boris Zaripov came around.

RICK

Wasn't he the bad guy from *Bullwinkle*?

GEORGE

He was the brilliant Soviet scientist who designed a machine that could force a laser to arc. So instead of shooting straight up into space, you could have it curve over the surface of the earth and land at any desired coordinates you wished.

He fires the laser beam finger again, this time curving over the top of his other hand and landing on the other side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Boom.

George opens his fist. A buzzed Rick is enthralled.

RICK

It's the Death Star.

(beat)

There was this movie-

GEORGE

I know what the Death Star is.

Rick leans back, his mind a bit blown.

RICK

We gotta destroy that thing.

GEORGE

I've spent the last twenty years mowing the lawn, watching game shows, and playing Scrabble with retired accountants who had no idea I could kill them with my bare hands. And all that time... I was thinking about Prometheus. But now I've been given the second chance. And this time I'm not gonna screw it up.

George takes a swig from the bottle and stares out at the night sky. Rick just watches him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We're almost there.

RICK

Should I wake up Miri?

GEORGE

She's just pretending to be asleep. Aren't you, darling?

Rick looks over to Miri, who waits for a moment then opens her eyes. She sits up and looks to the bottle of vodka.

MIRI

May I?

GEORGE

Get your own.



**EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREETS -- DAY**

The historic city is hustling and bustling on this December morning. A BLACK SUV speeds down the street. It doesn't seem to have much concern for traffic laws.

**INT. BLACK SUV -- DAY**

Kaamen drives the SUV with Nikolai in the passenger seat. They listen to Russian punk music.

Suddenly a WHITE VAN pulls out from an alley and BLOCKS THEIR PATH. Nikolai's eyes widen. Kaamen SLAMS ON THE BRAKES and the car SCREECHES TO A HALT. They eye one another.

Suddenly ANOTHER WHITE VAN blocks them from behind.

The doors to the van in front of them open. MEN wearing all black with MASKS ON jump out. They hold MACHINE GUNS.

Nikolai and Kaamen put their hands up.

**INT. DARK BASEMENT -- NIGHT**

The dark, dingy basement is filled with boxes and rats. This room could be anywhere.

NIKOLAI, a HOOD over his head, sits handcuffed to a chair in the center of the room.

A FIGURE WALKS up and REMOVES THE HOOD. Nikolai looks up to see MR. MAHMOUD, a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN in his fifties.

NIKOLAI

I knew it was you.

MR. MAHMOUD

You *knew* it was me, or you were *hoping* it was me and not the Americans.

NIKOLAI

The Americans would not have taken me to such fine accommodations.

MR. MAHMOUD

Today is the deadline. Where is our weapon?

NIKOLAI

Today is the *official* deadline. Yesterday was the *earlybird* deadline, and tomorrow is the *late* deadline.

MR. MAHMOUD

I still do not understand the purpose of three deadlines. A deadline should be a deadline. The members of the Red Dawn are starting to worry that we have wasted a lot of time and money on you. I am here to remind you that if the weapon is not delivered as promised, then...

Mr. Mahmoud takes out a KNIFE and HOLDS IT UP.

MR. MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

You get the idea.

Nikolai stares him down. Mr. Mahmoud puts the knife away.

MR. MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

Have you found the map?

NIKOLAI

The first two pieces.

MR. MAHMOUD

And the third?

NIKOLAI

The third will come to me.

**EXT. IZNOSKI, RUSSIA -- MORNING**

Snow blankets the small town. Several very old buildings and shops sit near a church in what appears to be town square. There's not a single person in sight.

A TRUCK pulls into town - a different truck than before, this one filled with sheep. George, Rick, and Miri hop out of the back. The truck drives off and George waves.

They look around. This place is dead.

RICK

So where do we find Svetlana Volkova?

George looks over and notices what appears to be a BAR with smoke coming out of the chimney.

GEORGE

That looks like a good place to start.

**INT. IZNOSKI BAR -- NIGHT**

The bar is PACKED with the entire population of the town, all drunken Russians toasting and laughing. The stereo blasts Russian pop radio.

Rick, George, and Miri step in and closes the door behind him. Everyone turns and immediately eyes them. For a moment, all goes still.

Everyone goes back to their business, unconcerned with them.

They head to the bar and wait, eying the rough-looking Russians all around him. Rick gives them awkward smiles. A scary RUSSIAN BARTENDER walks up behind the bar.

RUSSIAN BARTENDER

Shtaw vee kha tee tye?

GEORGE

Tree vawd ka.

MIRI

It's llam.

GEORGE

When in Iznoski.

Suddenly a TALL RUSSIAN walks by and BUMPS INTO MIRI. He continues to just walk off.

MIRI

A sat rawzh nee!

TALL RUSSIAN

Smolk noots, soo ka.

George gives Rick a look.

RICK

What?

GEORGE

You gonna just let him talk to her like that?

RICK

I don't know what he said.

MIRI

It wasn't very nice. But it's fine.

GEORGE

No, Rick has got this.

George gestures over. Rick thinks for a moment and then walks over to the Tall Russian. He TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. The guy turns around. He's a MEAN-looking man.

RICK

How about you apologize to the lady?

GEORGE  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 My grandson says you should be treated  
 like a woman.

The Russian grows confused and a bit angry. He steps closer to Rick.

MIRI  
 (to George)  
 What?

GEORGE  
 Hmm... my Russian is a little rusty.  
 (to man in Russian,  
 subtitled)  
 You should be pushed around like a  
 whore.

WHACK! - The Tall Russian PUNCHES RICK IN THE FACE.

Rick falls onto a table, KNOCKING IT OVER. The inhabitants of the table stand up and start YELLING at the Tall Russian. One of them PUSHES THE TALL RUSSIAN. He pushes back.

A BAR ROOM BRAWL BREAKS OUT.

Within seconds, everyone is PUNCHING, KICKING, PUSHING, and BREAKING BOTTLES LEFT AND RIGHT. Someone grabs a stuffed bear head off of the wall and tosses it across the room. Another man gets shoved into the jukebox, breaking it.

George and Miri stand in the middle of all this. George looks to Miri.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Want another shot?

MIRI  
 Sure.

Rick, holding his nose, scurries across the floor. He stops and looks up to see the TALL RUSSIAN STANDING OVER HIM.

The Tall Russian reaches down and PICKS RICK UP. He pushes him against the wall and starts to roll up his selves, ready to pulverize him.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hey!

The Tall Russian looks over to see a OLDER RUSSIAN WOMAN sitting by the fireplace. She sips on a martini and reads a copy of *The Brothers Karamazov*. She's incredibly sexy.

RUSSIAN WOMAN  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Would you quiet down? Dostoyevsky  
 is hard enough to get through without  
 all the racket.

TALL RUSSIAN  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Fuck off.

RUSSIAN WOMAN  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 I see. Not a reader.

The woman TOSSES THE MARTINI IN HIS FACE. He tries to swat  
 it away and she uses the diversion to jump up and BAM - CLOCK  
 HIM IN THE NOSE. He grabs it in pain as she WHACK! - Knees  
 him in the crotch. He keels over in pain.

She pulls out a GUN and points it in the air...

BLAM! - Everyone stops fighting, eying her.

RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Knock it off. Everyone go back to  
 your-

She stops when she glances to the bar and sees GEORGE.

RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (in a Russian accent)  
 George?

GEORGE  
 Hello Svetlana.

They just stare at each other. It's been a long time. She  
 takes a step to him and...

SMACK! - SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

Rick eyes this situation and is both impressed and horrified.

RICK  
 Grandpa!

**INT. SVETLANA'S COTTAGE KITCHEN -- DAY**

A fireplace crackles in the cozy wooden cottage. Shelves  
 are covered with dozens of NESTING DOLLS.

Rick sits in a chair in the kitchen with his hand on his  
 nose. Svetlana stands and wipes blood off of his face.  
 Miri fills a towel with ice.

SVETLANA

You got off easy. I have seen Igor  
put men in hospital with one punch.  
And Russian hospitals are terrible.

RICK

I'm thanking my lucky stars.

Svetlana takes Miri's hand with the towel and PRESSES IT ON  
RICK'S FACE. Rick winces.

SVETLANA

(to Miri)

You, hold this here.

Svetlana heads out of the kitchen area and closes the door.  
Rick smiles to Miri.

RICK

Thanks.

MIRI

No problem. Thank you for defending  
my honor.

RICK

(jokingly)

I will never do that again.

She laughs.

**INT. SVETLANA'S COTTAGE**

George stands by the fire and eyes the nesting doll  
collection. He picks one of the dolls up and opens it up -  
there's a THROWING STAR inside. He laughs.

Svetlana takes her coat off to reveal a sexy outfit  
underneath. She walks over to George and gives him a look.

GEORGE

It was forty years ago.

SVETLANA

And that makes it all right?

GEORGE

It was complicated. I was called  
out on a mission and-

SVETLANA

In the middle of the night?

GEORGE

You knew how the business worked.

SVETLANA

And if you remember correctly, we were going to leave it.

GEORGE

I remember all too well, Svet. But it was... complicated. If I disappeared with a Soviet Agent never to be heard of again, then...

She puts his finger on his lips to shut him up. She doesn't want to hear any more. He eyes her finger as she traces it along the side of his face.

A TEA KETTLE over the fireplace begins to WHISTLE. She takes the kettle off of the fire and pours a couple of cups.

SVETLANA

What brings you to my Iznoski? Is it what I think it is?

She hands him a cup of tea and then takes a seat, seductively crossing her legs. He quickly checks them out and then shifts his gaze back to her face.

GEORGE

Blue Jay was killed a few days ago and his piece of the map stolen. Now they're coming after yours.

SVETLANA

And yours?

GEORGE

They've already got it.

She gives him a look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Long story.

SVETLANA

So you need to find it first... and destroy it. Sounds like fun.

GEORGE

Do you still have your piece?

SVETLANA

Not exactly.

GEORGE

What does that mean?

SVETLANA

After the gas attack on Prometheus in 68, the KGB was convinced that there was a mole within the organization.

GEORGE

There was. You.

SVETLANA

Yes, but they didn't know that.

**INT. SVETLANA'S APARTMENT, 1969 -- NIGHT**

The small Soviet-era apartment is small and grey. Svetlana sits on the couch and reads a book.

SVETLANA (V.O.)

They had to find the mole, so they sent soldiers to every agent's home.

The door KICKS OPEN and an ARMY OFFICER enters with SOLDIERS. Svetlana argues with the officer as the soldiers start grabbing all over her possessions and putting them into boxes.

SVETLANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Under orders from the Kremlin, they collected all of our possessions in search of any evidence of treason.

The soldiers search through papers, clothes, books, etc - then dump them into boxes.

SVETLANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They took everything I had. My clothes, my books, my family photos. They said the items were now all property of the state.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And the map? Did they find the map?

Svetlana looks to her bathroom. A soldier takes items out of cabinet, searches them, then tosses them in a box.

SVETLANA (V.O.)

They did, but they didn't realize - because I hid it in the one place that no MAN would ever look.

The soldier takes a DOUCHE BAG out of the cabinet.

He eyes it for a moment, unsure of what it is. Another soldier LAUGHS and POINTS AT HIM, saying something in Russian.



The first soldier, realizing what he's holding, tosses the it at the second as if it were a hot potato. The second swats it away onto the floor.

The officer SCREAMS at them. The soldiers regain their composure. One of them grabs it off of the floor and tosses it into the box. They continue with their work.

**INT. SVETLANA'S COTTAGE -- CONTINUOUS**

George continues to listen to Svetlana's story....

GEORGE

You hid top secret microfilm inside of a...?

SVETLANA

We call it a svóloch. It is for-

GEORGE

I know what it's for.

SVETLANA

Obviously it was the perfect hiding place because it was never found. I ended up framing someone else as the mole and all was right with the world.

GEORGE

So where is it now?

**INT. MOSCOW -- DAY**

The Kremlin City sits beautiful on the snowy day. Red Square is still decorated with Christmas lights.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

A gigantic yellow brick building, THE LUBYANKA, sits in the heart of Moscow. GUARDS stand in front with machine guns.

Across the street is a HOTEL. Svetlana, George, and Miri stand on the balcony of a room.

**INT. MOSCOW HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

The three eye the building and we can see that Rick sits at a desk behind them with a LAPTOP.

SVETLANA

The Lubyanka. Former headquarters to KGB and current home of Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation.

GEORGE

Same sneaky bastards, different name.

SVETLANA

During The Cold War we used to joke that The Lubyanka was the tallest building in Moscow - because you can see Siberia from its basement.

George and Svetlana laugh. Miri doesn't really get it.

MIRI

Ah cold war humor.

George shoots her a look.

GEORGE

Oh, are you still here?

MIRI

Look, I know you don't want me on your little caper team, but I'm gonna point out that this building is massive. Do you have any idea where the...svoloch would be?

SVETLANA

No clue. Everything confiscated during the mole hunt was locked away in a-

RICK

It's in sub basement 7, Room 15.

They all look at him. He flips his laptop around to show a SCHEMATIC of the building. Svetlana studies the screen.

SVETLANA

Smart boy you've got.

GEORGE

How'd you do that?

RICK

It would take me SO long to explain it to you.

GEORGE

(to Svetlana)

I don't suppose you still have any connections inside?

SVETLANA

Afraid not.

(MORE)

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

When the wall came down, everyone I still knew in the KGB was dismissed or shot. Sometimes both. And not necessarily in that order.

GEORGE

So I'll just do the old flower-delivery-man specialty.

SVETLANA

Those days are long gone, George. Now they do background checks and retinal scans on EVERYONE - even janitors and deliverymen. If you want in that building, you need to have the clearance to be there.

Everyone gives Miri a look.

MIRI

You do realize that if I am caught breaking into the Russian Security Headquarters it will spark an international incident and undo years of diplomatic relations, right?

GEORGE

Yeah. But I also realize that you're a spook like me, and getting credit for pulling off such a daring feat would be worth the risk.

She thinks for a moment. He makes sense.

MIRI

Okay, even if we somehow get hold of Ms. Volkova's...svóloch, how are we supposed to find Prometheus? We'd only have one part of the map.

George reaches into his coat, which is lying on the floor, and pulls out his GLASSES CASE. He opens the case and reveals the THICK BLACK GLASSES he wore on the train.

GEORGE

Remember these? I wore them on the train. 1962 Shuron Ronsirs. A classic, but with a twist.

He point to a tiny dot on the bridge.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

A pinhole-sized Polaroid camera.

He SNAPS the Glasses in half to reveal that there's a tiny CAMERA inside. He pulls out full-size POLAROID PICTURE from one of the arms and SHAKES IT. He hands to her...

The image is of the MAP that Nikolai projected on the wall inside the train car.

MIRI  
Well I'll be damned.

GEORGE  
He's still got it!

Miri thinks this over for a moment. The others wait.

MIRI  
You know I can't go to Messonnier with this. He'll never approve it.

GEORGE  
Better to ask forgiveness than permission.

MIRI  
What about gear? Weapons? Vehicles?

GEORGE  
Not a problem, sweetheart.

She gives him a look.

**INT. MOSCOW COLD WAR MUSEUM LOBBY -- EVENING**

A large sign reads "COLD WAR MUSEUM." Sitting in the lobby is a 1964 Aston Martin with machine gun turrets.

The place is void of customers. SERGEI, an bald old Russian man with thick glasses, sits at a desk and does a sudoku. Suddenly SOMEONE steps up to the desk.

VOICE (O.S.)  
One ticket, please.

SERGEI  
300 rubles.

VOICE (O.S.)  
How about I pay you with a bullet?

Sergei slowly looks up to see GEORGE standing there looking very serious. Suddenly a HUGE SMILE crosses his face.

SERGEI  
George!

GEORGE

Sergei!

The two men hug. They haven't seen each other in forever.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

How's Helga?

SERGEI

She's hanging in there. Her smuggling business really dried up when the wall fell.

GEORGE

Tell me about it.

SERGEI

What brings you to town?

**INT. MOSCOW COLD WAR MUSEUM -- EVENING**

Glass cases show off spy relics from a bygone era. Lipstick guns, shoe phones, and even an old jet pack.

Sergei leads George and Rick through the displays. George points to things as if he's on a shopping spree.

GEORGE

Give me four communication watches....  
and the Chapstick... and the gum....

RICK

This stuff all still works?

SERGEI

Of course! I take very good care of  
my pieces.

George holds up an UMBRELLA with a KNIFE sticking out of it.

GEORGE

This sure came in handy back in  
Saigon, am I right?

SERGEI

You can say that again! What was  
that General's name?

GEORGE

Tran Kim Don!

SERGEI

Tran Kim Don!

They laugh. Rick just doesn't get it at all.

George spots a case of WEAPONS. He reaches in and grabs a PISTOL that he hands out to Rick.

GEORGE  
You want a glock?

RICK  
No thanks.

GEORGE  
What then? Lugers are fun.

RICK  
No, it's... I'm more of a pacifist.

GEORGE  
Whatever floats your boat.

George tucks the glock into his own belt. He then spots a BULLET-PROOF SWEATER.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Ah. And the bullet-proof sweater.

Sergei takes it out of the case and hands it to Rick.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Always wear one of these. ALWAYS.

RICK  
I don't see you wearing one.

George lifts up his shirt to reveal a BULLET-PROOF SWEATER underneath. He winks and walks off with Sergei.

GEORGE  
So Sergei, you know I'm gonna need the Nightblade?

SERGEI  
Please George, not The Nightblade.

GEORGE  
I'll bring her back in one piece.

They walk off. Rick stands there eying the sweater.

RICK  
You're only mentioning this now?

**INT. MOSCOW HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

The room is fairly average. Ugly bedspreads cover the two double beds, and a snowy scene hangs on the wall.

George sits at a desk, lost in thought. We see that he's writing down the NUMBERS again...

~~385530161427035.~~ 38553016142709. 385530161427020.

There's the sound of a DOOR and George looks up. Svetlana steps out of the bathroom. She wears a slinky dress.

GEORGE

Wow. You look... amazing.

She sits down on the bed, then pats the spot next to her. George thinks for a moment then joins her on the bed.

SVETLANA

Do you remember the first time we met?

GEORGE

Maui. You were looking for Opelu - our secret volcano rocket base.

SVETLANA

(laughs)  
Which didn't exist.

GEORGE

Yeah, sorry about that. We thought it was a good diversion to freak you Soviets out for a couple of months.

SVETLANA

I was certainly in the hot water with that one. But at least I got to meet you.

(smiles)  
Meet you over and over and over.

He smiles.

GEORGE

The Royal Lahaina. That was a nice resort.

SVETLANA

Too bad we never left the suite.

He gives her a smile. She smiles back. After a moment their smiles fade and they grow a bit awkward.

GEORGE

Don't think you weren't in my mind all these years, Svet. The life we could have had if things had gone differently.

SVETLANA

You never answered my question: why did you leave me that night?

GEORGE

I told you I was called out on a mission.

SVETLANA

I've tortured enough men to know when one is lying.

He gives her a look and thinks for a moment. He takes a deep breath and...

GEORGE

I was afraid.

SVETLANA

Of what? Of your agency? Or that I would turn against you?

GEORGE

No... of how I felt.

This isn't what she was expecting.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It was part of the job to never get too close. But you... All the espionage training in the world couldn't have prepared me for falling in love.

This hits her hard. She takes a moment.

They look into each other eyes. She leans in and kisses him.

**INT. MOSCOW HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

The dingy hallway has several flickering lights. Doors line either side. Rick and Miri head down the hallway with BAGS OF CLOTHES in their hands.

RICK

Since you're the expert, you really think this plan tomorrow is going to work?

MIRI

No. Not really.

Rick reaches a particular door and turns a key. He opens the door and they look inside...

GEORGE and SVETLANA are MAKING OUT passionately.

RICK

Oh god.



Rick covers his eyes. Miri can't help but look.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- MORNING**

The square is hustling and bustling with PEOPLE and TRAFFIC. The GUARDS continue to stand outside holding MACHINE GUNS.

Miri, wearing a nice business suit, walks with RICK. Rick hasn't shaved, his hair is scraggly, and he wears a hiking jacket. Miri holds her wristwatch up to her mouth.

MIRI  
Hummingbird, check.

She looks to Rick, who nods and hold his watch to his mouth.

RICK  
Pelican, check.

They pass a SEXY BUSINESS WOMAN standing on the corner holding a briefcase. We soon realize IT'S SVETLANA wearing a wig. She puts her watch up to her mouth.

SVETLANA  
Sparrow, check.

Svetlana looks across the street to a CARGO TRUCK. George, in fake moustache and delivery uniform, sits behind the wheel. He holds his watch up to his mouth.

GEORGE  
See, now aren't these better than  
your new high-tech earpieces?

Miri, reaching the front entrance, holds her watch up.

MIRI  
Oh yeah, we just look like complete  
idiots.

The GUARDS are staring at her. She and Rick head inside.

**INT. LUBYANKA LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS**

The majestic lobby is filled with GUARDS holding MACHINE GUNS and MEN IN SUITS. The logo for the Federal Security Service adorns the wall. Miri and Rick wait for someone.

RICK  
So you're sure he doesn't speak any  
English?

MIRI  
Not a word.

PETR (O.S.)

Miriam!

They look over to see PETR, a short and nebbish balding Russian man in his forties, approach them.

MIRI

Petr!

He gives Miri an awkward hug.

PETR

(in Russian, subtitled)  
So good to see you! You look especially beautiful today.

MIRI

You look even creepier than last time. Can't wait for you to hit on me!

Petr looks at her, confused.

MIRI (CONT'D)

(in Russian, subtitled)  
I forgot you don't speak English. I said you look even more dashing.

**INT. PETR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

The drab office is filled with several bureaucratic awards and pictures of Petr with Vladimir Putin.

Miri and Rick sit across Petr's messy desk and watch him search for something. He finally finds a PAD AND PAPER.

PETR

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Ah, here we go. Let's hear it.

MIRI

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Well as I mentioned on the phone, this young man came into the embassy last night. You see he's here on vacation and went climbing in the Caucasus mountains.

PETR

(in Russian, subtitled)  
My, very treacherous!

MIRI

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Yes.

(MORE)

MIRI (CONT'D)

He went off the path and saw what appeared to be a group of armed soldiers in some sort of camp. He believes them to be Chechnyan Rebels.

PETR

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Chechnyans? Across the border? How many were there?

Miri looks to Rick.

MIRI

So now we just need to pretend we're talking about something.

RICK

Oh. Okay. So... do you have a boyfriend?

She rolls her eyes and looks back to Petr.

MIRI

(in Russian, subtitled)  
He thinks about 30 or 40.

PETR

(in Russian, subtitled)  
My goodness. And where exactly was this hiking path?

Miri looks back to Rick.

MIRI

I actually just got out of a relationship.

RICK

What happened?

MIRI

It's hard when you can't tell guys what you really do - he thought I was a flight attendant.

RICK

Sounds like a real idiot to me.

She laughs. Petr is confused and is about to speak up when he's interrupted by Rick...

RICK (CONT'D)

So when we were on the train and you were hitting on me... was that like  
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)  
 100% for work or were you actually  
 into it?

She nods and looks back to Peter.

MIRI  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 The trail that starts where the Mozdok  
 road curves into the tunnel.

Petr writes this all down. Miri looks to Rick and flashes a smile.

MIRI (CONT'D)  
 I'll go with 90%.

RICK  
 90% which way?

Miri looks back to Petr.

MIRI  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 He'd like to run to the restroom.

Petr points to the door.

PETR  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Down the hallway to the right.

Miri smiles and looks to Rick.

MIRI  
 It's showtime.

RICK  
 Well when we're back in DC I'm taking  
 you to a movie or a Capitals game.  
 I won't take no for answ-

MIRI  
 Go. Now.

**INT. LUBYANKA HALLWAY -- DAY**

Rick steps out and closes the door. He heads down the hall.

**INT. LUBYANKA SECURITY ROOM -- DAY**

A dark room is filled with dozens of SECURITY MONITORS showing every inch of the facility. Two GUARDS sit with one eye on the monitors and another on a CHESS game they're playing.

One of the guards spots Rick heading down the hallway and then enter into the men's room...

**INT. LUBYANKA MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

... where a MAN washes his hands. He momentarily eyes Rick, then heads out. Rick locks the door and holds up his watch.

RICK  
(into watch)  
Okay, I'm in the men's room.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

Svetlana still stands on the corner and looks over a NEWSPAPER. Inside the computer is a SCHEMATIC.

SVETLANA  
(into watch)  
There should be a air conditioning vent behind you. In the corner.

**INT. LUBYANKA MEN'S ROOM -- DAY**

Rick turns around to spot the vent. He pops it open.

SVETLANA (O.S.)  
Unscrew it and get inside.

RICK  
(into watch)  
With what?

GEORGE (O.S.)  
The Chapstick.

Rick pulls out the Chapstick and removes the top to reveal it's a SCREWDRIVER. He quickly unscrews the grating.

**INT. GEORGE'S TRUCK -- DAY**

George continues to sit in his truck. His gaze shifts to Svetlana and then a large POWER BOX on the street corner.

**INT. LUBYANKA AIR CONDITIONING VENT SYSTEM -- DAY**

Rick slips into the vent and flips on a small FLASHLIGHT.

RICK  
(into watch)  
I'm in.

SVETLANA (O.S.)  
Okay turn left and head about fifty feet. You'll see a drop.

Rick starts to slide through the vent.

BAM! - Rick suddenly DROPS DOWN, SCREAMING.

SVETLANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, fifteen feet. I mean *fifteen*  
 feet.

**INT. PETR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Miri continues to sit across the desk from Petr. She seems bored out of her mind as he drones on.

PETR  
 (in Russian subtitled.)  
 ...so then I said "you want me to  
 pay WHAT for a bowl of soup?"

He continues. She just nods politely.

**INT. LUBYANKA AIR CONDITIONING VENT SYSTEM -- DAY**

Rick crawls along and reaches a grating. He tries to peer through, but can't see much.

SVETLANA (O.S.)  
 You can enter here - an unoccupied  
 storage closet. There should be no  
 cameras.

Rick KICKS OPEN THE GRATING and crawls out...

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT BREAK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

... to find himself STANDING IN THE EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM.

A pretty young RUSSIAN WOMAN sits at a table in the corner with a book in her hands. She stares at Rick, confused.

RICK  
 (into watch)  
 This is no longer a storage closet.  
 Looks like a break room. There's a  
 woman sitting here staring at me.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 She cute?

RICK  
 (into watch)  
 Very.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 Okay, just say what I say.  
 (beat)  
 Paw seen ee paw Baltiyskoye Morye.

RICK  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Your eyes are as beautiful as the  
 Baltic Sea.

The woman blushes.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

Svetlana holds the watch to her ear, listening.

SVETLANA  
 That's the same thing he told me the  
 first time we met.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT BREAK ROOM -- DAY**

Rick still stands and stares at the blushing young woman.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 Now offer her some of the gum that I  
 gave you.

Rick pulls out the PACK OF GUM and offers her a piece. She  
 unwraps it, chews, and...

BAM! - Her head SLAMS to the table. She's OUT COLD.

RICK  
 (into watch)  
 Oh my god did I just kill this woman?

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 No, she'll be fine. Wait, what color  
 was the pack?

RICK  
 (into watch)  
 Blue.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
 Yeah, she'll be fine.

**INT. GEORGE'S TRUCK -- DAY**

George studies the guards. He then gazes back over to power  
 box on the street corner. He STARTS UP THE TRUCK.

GEORGE  
 (into watch)  
 You should be at the sub-basement  
 hallway - you're only gonna have  
 about two minutes.

RICK  
 Roger that.

George smiles and shifts the car into drive. He pulls away...

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

Svetlana watches the truck pull away and head in her direction. She tosses her paper into a trash can, grabs her briefcase, and walks into the middle of an intersection.

George's truck approaches - HEADED RIGHT FOR HER.

Svetlana OPENS HER BRIEFCASE, pretending it was an accident. PAPERS fall out and FLY ALL OVER THE PLACE. She bends down and picks up the papers.

SVETLANA

Whoops.

The truck BARRELS TOWARDS HER. It suddenly HONKS. Svetlana looks up, pretending to be petrified.

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

(screams)

Ah!!!!!!!

Everyone around, including the guards, looks over to see the commotion. Svetlana stands frozen in the truck's path.

George's truck GETS CLOSER AND...

SWERVES TO THE SIDE, jumping the curb. The truck PLOWS THROUGH A FENCE AND...

BOOM! - CRASHES into the power box. SPARKS fly everywhere.

**INT. PETR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Miri continues to sit across from Petr's office and listen to him ramble. Suddenly...

BLIP - ALL THE POWER IN THE ROOM TURNS OFF. It goes dark. They look around, confused. Miri lets out a secret smile.

**INT. LUBYANKA SECURITY ROOM -- DAY**

BLIP! - All the monitors TURN OFF and the ROOM GOES DARK.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT BREAK ROOM -- DAY**

BLIP - the power goes out. Rick turns on his flashlight, heads for the door....

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY**

... and enters a hallway that seems to go forever in every direction. Gray doors are marked with CYRILLIC NUMBERS.



He pulls out a piece of paper with a CYRILLIC SYMBOL on it. He stares at it a moment, then realizes it's upside down.

He heads down the hall, looking for the door with that number.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

The power box sits wrecked, sparking. George jumps out of the truck and eyes the damage, shaking his head.

Svetlana heads over to him and WHACK! - SMACKS HIM with her purse. She starts YELLING AT HIM IN RUSSIAN. George starts pointing at the street and YELLING BACK.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY**

Rick searches for the room. He finally finds it and takes out a PEN. He points the pen at the door handle, clicks the top twice, and a SPRAY SHOOTS OUT. The DOOR HANDLE FREEZES.

Rick steps back and KICKS THE DOOR HANDLE OFF. He pushes the door open and heads in...

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

... and looks around to see dozens of CRATES stacked atop one another. He starts searching the boxes, looking at the names written across the side.

RICK  
Volchtowa... Voleikov...

He spots a crate marked "VOLKOVA, SVETLANA - 16/11/68."

**INT. PETR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Petr and Miri stand at the window and watch George and Svetlana arguing down on the street.

PETR  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Looks like he hit the main power converter for the block. But no worries - the backup generator will kick on any second.

MIRI  
Yep.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM -- DAY**

Rick has ripped open the crate and searches through.

RICK  
Come on, svóloch.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

George and Svetlana still SCREAM. Two GUARDS head over. One inspects the damage while the other steps between them.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Quiet! Both of you!

George and Svetlana ignore him, continuing to scream.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM -- DAY**

Rick continues to search the crate, which is completely disorganized. Finally he spots something....

He holds up the SVOLOCH. It make him visibly uncomfortable.

He pulls out the Chapstick and presses the top - a KNIFE shoots out. He uses it to CUT OPEN the rubber bag.

He reaches and pulls out THE MICROFILM.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

George, Svetlana, and now Guard #1 ALL YELL at each other in Russian.

Svetlana notices that GUARD #2 has made his way to the back of the truck and is ABOUT TO LOOK INSIDE...

Svetlana stops yelling, thinks for a moment, and...

WHACK! - SMACKS GUARD #1 WITH HER BRIEFCASE. GUARD #1 stares at her. George is confused.

SVETLANA  
AH!!!!

Svetlana TACKLES GUARD #1 TO THE GROUND. He SCREAMS, and GUARD #2 notices, prompting him to LEAVE THE BACK OF THE TRUCK and rush over. He reaches SVETLANA and PULLS HER OFF.

He pushes her up against the wall and slaps handcuffs on her wrists. George gives her a look, concerned. He starts to move in to help her...

She meets his gaze and shakes her head. She gestures over to the truck with wink. He nods.

GEORGE  
Plan B.

**INT. PETR'S OFFICE -- DAY**

BLIP - THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON. Miri looks around.

MIRI  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 I should go.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY**

Rick rushes down the hallway, flashlight in hand. BLIP! - the lights come back on. He stops in his tracks.

**INT. LUBYANKA SECURITY ROOM -- DAY**

The two guards, now holding flashlights, are both on the phone and yelling in Russian. BLIP! - The lights and all the monitors spring back to life.

One of the guards spots something on the monitors - it's RICK STANDING IN THE SUB BASEMENT HALLWAY.

GUARD  
 Par reev!

The guard reaches over and SLAMS A RED BUTTON.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY**

Rick still stands there.

WEEE OHHH! - a SIREN BLARES and RED LIGHTS FLASH.

RICK  
 Plan B.

He RUNS.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

The guards haul Svetlana towards the building. George stands on the street, watching her go. They make eyes and smile.

WEE OH! - The SIREN blares. They all glance over. George DASHES FOR THE BACK OF THE TRUCK and JUMPS INSIDE.

**INT. LUBYANKA SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY**

Rick runs down the hallway as DING! - An elevator opens. SOLDIERS with GUNS rush out. They stop, aiming the guns at him.

Rick stands there and they have a stand-off. It's tense.

Rick GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and...

WHOOSH! - Fills the hallway up with FOG. The soldiers SHOUT and several SHOTS are fired.

When the fog clears, all that's left of Rick is a STAIRWELL DOOR closing. They RUN AFTER HIM.

**INT. LUBYANKA STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS**

Rick rushes up the steps. The guards rush in and follow.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

A large CROWD has gathered. The siren still BLARES.

Suddenly a STRANGE NOISE comes from George's truck. It gets LOUDER and LOUDER.... After a moment....

BAM! - George DRIVES OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUCK on a SMALL TWO-SEATER VEHICLE that looks like a custom 1960's motorcycle. He wears a helmet and goggles.

Suddenly a ROTOR POPS OUT OF THE TOP AND BACK.

It's a HELICOPTER with "Nightblade" written across the side.

**INT. LUBYANKA STAIRWELL -- DAY**

Rick continues to rush up the stairs. He looks exhausted. The soldiers are right behind him, screaming in Russian.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE -- DAY**

Everyone stares at the copter and George behind the controls.

RRRRRR.... the rotors STARTS UP AND SPINS. Within seconds, the copter LIFTS OFF of the ground.

George mans the controls, but he's obviously rusty as the vehicle sways back-and-forth. He finally gets a handle on it, and soon the copter is ascending straight up.

**EXT. LUBYANKA ROOF -- DAY**

Rick RUSHES through a door and runs out at top speed to the middle of the gravel-covered roof. He looks around, not seeing anything but a few satellite dishes and pigeons.

RICK

Where is he?

Suddenly GEORGE'S COPTER RAISES UP RIGHT BEHIND HIM. Rick turns around to see it and is relieved. George waves.

The SOLDIERS run out the door. They spot Rick and yell.

Rick RUNS FOR THE COPTER, which hovers right off the side of the building. The soldiers RAISE THEIR GUNS and...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! - Fire away. A hail of bullets land around Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh god oh god!

Rick reaches the edge, jumps, and...

BAM! - GRABS ONTO THE BOTTOM OF THE COPTER. The soldiers continue to shoot away. George twists the controls and FLIES AWAY at top speed, Rick dangling from the bottom.

The soldiers stop shooting, watching the copter fly off.

**INT. MOSCOW PARKING GARAGE ROOFTOP -- DAY**

Atop an empty two-story parking lot, Miri stands near a BLACK SEDAN and waits. She hears something and looks over...

The COPTER approaches, Rick still dangling.

Rick drops just as George lands and shuts down the copter. George hops out and heads to Rick, who seems a bit dazed.

RICK

I've never ridden a helicopter before.

GEORGE

Kind of fun, isn't it?

RICK

Yeah.

George smiles and pats Rick on the back. Miri approaches them, still anxious. She seems worried about something.

MIRI

Where is it? Let me see it.

GEORGE

So impatient this one.

Rick reaches into his pocket and holds out the MICROFILM. She GRABS it and holds it up to the light.

She looks across the roof to the sedan and nods. The others are confused.

RICK

Who's in the car?

GEORGE

Did old Messonnier decide to come himself? I'd like to sock him in-

The car door opens.

NIKOLAI MOROSOV steps out.

He starts to walk towards them. Rick and George's jaws drop. They look over to Miri to see she's POINTING A GUN AT THEM. Rick is astounded. George just glares at her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Traitor.

RICK

You gotta be kidding.

MIRI

They have my sister. They took her this morning from her home in Arlington. They say they'll kill her if-

GEORGE

You know the rules, Agent Suter.

NIKOLAI (O.S.)

The rules have changed.

They look over to see that Nikolai has reached them. He too HOLDS A GUN in his hand. He takes the microfilm.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I thank all of you for this. As does The Red Dawn.

MIRI

The Red Dawn?

RICK

The Patrick Swayze movie?

GEORGE

The Islamic Fundamentalist group operating in Europe.

RICK

They didn't realize they were naming their terrorist organization after a Patrick Swayze movie?

MIRI

You didn't tell me you were selling the weapon to The Red Dawn.

NIKOLAI

Because it is none of your business. And do not worry, I am a man of my word. I will not kill your sister.

Nikolai POINTS HIS GUN AT MIRI and...

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

You, however...

BLAM! - SHOOTS HER, the bullet ripping through her shoulder. Miri STUMBLES BACK and FALLS BACK OVER THE LEDGE. She disappears. Rick RUSHES TO THE LEDGE and looks over...

Miri lies in a snowbank, motionless.

Rick turns and looks back at Nikolai.

RICK

She didn't deserve that!

NIKOLAI

Neither do you.

Nikolai points the gun at Rick and...

GEORGE

No!

BLAM! - SHOOTS HIM IN THE CHEST.

Rick SLUMPS to the ground. He's down. NIKOLAI then POINTS THE GUN RIGHT AT GEORGE.

George is furious. There's an anger we haven't seen before.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm going to rip your eyes out.

NIKOLAI

That seems like it might be difficult due to our current circumstances.

GEORGE

Then get it over with. Shoot me.

NIKOLAI

Hmmm... not yet.

Nikolai holds up his CAR KEYS and PRESSES A BUTTON. The TRUNK to the sedan pops open.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I need you to show me Prometheus.

**INT. MOSCOW PARKING ROOFTOP -- MOMENTS LATER**

The black sedan drives off, Nikolai behind the wheel. The car passes Rick, who still lies on the ground.

Rick suddenly MOVES HIS HEAD, wincing in pain.

He slowly SITS UP and gets his bearings. He rips open his shirt to reveal the BULLET-PROOF SWEATER underneath.

RICK  
The best Christmas sweater a  
grandparent has ever given.

**EXT. MOSCOW PARKING GARAGE -- DAY**

Miri still lies in the snow, bleeding.

Rick rushes up and checks her over.

RICK  
Miri! Miri!

She opens her eyes a bit. She's alive. Rick is relieved.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY**

Director Messonnier sits and looks over all the view screens - including a Russian news report about the Lubyanka. He seems even angrier than the last time we saw him.

His assistant rushes up.

ASSISTANT  
Sir, George Bloom's grandson is on  
the phone.

Messonnier gives her a look. He grabs the phone.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER  
(into phone)  
What in the hell is going on over  
there?

**INT. MOSCOW HOSPITAL -- DAY**

Rick stands in a hospital waiting room at a pay phone. His shirt is still ripped open and he's disheveled and frantic.

For the rest of the scene, we cut back and forth.

RICK  
Agent Bloom is in trouble. Your  
girl Miriam just sold you out and  
handed Prometheus over to Nikolai  
Morosov.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER  
What? Where is she?



RICK

She's at St. Anne's Hospital in Moscow. The doctor says she's gonna be okay. At least I think that's what he said.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

God dammit. What is-

RICK

Look, you need to save my grandfather. Get off your ass and send your best guys NOW.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

Slow down, all right. Just stay right there. I'll take care of this.  
(beat)  
Trust me.

Rick's eyes widen a bit. He hangs up the phone, unsure.

RICK

Trust me.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS**

Messonnier hangs up the phone and looks to his assistant, who monitors a computer terminal.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

Send two agents from the Moscow office to place Rick Werner under arrest for treason. Now.

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir.

**INT. MOSCOW HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- LATER**

Rick sits among PATIENTS and waits. He looks around at the people.

He spots an old GRANDFATHER with his young GRANDSON. The grandfather is showing the boy how to put coins in a vending machine. Rick watches the two for a moment. It's sweet.

Rick's lost in thought. Something crosses his mind.

Rick stands up and HEADS FOR THE EXIT.

He just misses TWO MEN WEARING SUITS - obviously CIA Agents - walk into the waiting room. They look around, searching.

**INT. MOSCOW COLD WAR MUSEUM LOBBY -- EVENING**

Sergei closes up shop for the night. He heads to the front doors and turns a key in the lock.

RICK suddenly appears at the door. He's out of breath.

Sergei smiles and unlocks the door.

RICK  
George is in trouble. I need your help.

SERGEI  
They take him, huh? He was right.

RICK  
Yes, they...  
(beat)  
Wait, what?

**INT. MOSCOW COLD WAR MUSEUM -- NIGHT**

In a corner of the museum sits the "Hall of Listening Devices" complete with every type of recorder and player. Rick and Sergei sit near an old reel-to-reel machine. Sergei hooks up a tape.

SERGEI  
He recorded it this morning and said to play it when you showed up.

Sergei presses PLAY and the machine springs to life.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
(from tape)  
Hey, it's Grandpa. I'm pretty sure this Agent Suter is gonna doublecross us - she was way too eager to help without Messonnier knowing about it. If I'm right, when we arrive at the parking garage roof she's gonna hand over the microfilm to Nikolai Morosov - who's gonna shoot her. And then you.

Rick shakes his head in amazement.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now assuming you're wearing the sweater I gave you like a good boy, then it'll just knock the wind out of you while Nikolai loads me in the back of his sedan and heads off to Siberia.

(MORE)

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Now I had Sergei here install a homing  
 beacon in a filling this morning, so  
 here's the tracking device...

Sergei hands him a SMALL DEVICE with a blinking light on a  
 radar screen. He hands it over to Rick.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (from tape)  
 I need you to use it to rescue me  
 ASAP. ASAP. The fate of the world  
 is in your hands. I know you've got  
 the grit.  
 (beat)  
 And keep the sweater on.

The tape runs out. Rick stares at it, amazed.

RICK  
 He's good.

SERGEI  
 The best.

**INT. MOSCOW COLD WAR MUSEUM BACK ROOM -- NIGHT**

The back room is filled with old exhibits in pieces. Sergei  
 and Rick stand before a LARGE OBJECT covered with a sheet.  
 Sergei rips the sheet off...

A VINTAGE RED AND BLACK SNOWMOBILE shines in the light.

SERGEI  
 Vintage 1966 Scorpion 440. Spy  
 edition.

RICK  
 Spy edition?

Sergei presses a button. TWO MACHINE GUN TURRETS stick out.

SERGEI  
 High-caliber machine guns, smoke  
 screen, and ejector seat. Also,  
 your grandpa requested this.

Sergei holds up a BRICK OF C4 and a timer.

SERGEI (CONT'D)  
 C4 Plastic explosive. Very big boom.

RICK  
 Is that safe to-?

SERGEI

Just don't get in any wrecks.  
Finally, I got you a present....

Sergei grabs a vintage TRANQUILIZER RIFLE off of a table - complete with a scope.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Vintage Tranquilizer rifle - used  
for hunting big game in Africa.

Sergei holds up a TRANQUILIZER DART.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

One shot of this and the lion would  
drop before he even knew he was hit.

RICK

Thank you, Sergei. That's very  
considerate of my beliefs.

SERGEI

I know you are pussy-fist.

RICK

That's pacifist.

**INT. AIRFIELD -- MORNING**

A small airfield is filled with several helicopters and a private jet.

Mr. Mahmoud stands near a HANGAR nearby and smokes a cigarette. Inside the hangar we see several other middle-eastern men wearing all black and toting machine guns.

Mr. Mahmoud's CELL PHONE RINGS and he eagerly answers.

MR. MAHMOUD

Do you have the coordinates?

NIKOLAI

I most certainly do.

Mr. Mahmoud smiles.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

The vast tundra appears just as it did all those years ago. Snow-covered nothingness in every direction except for the occasional thicket of trees.

A tiny ORANGE DOT appears on the horizon. We soon realize it's a large SNOWCAT VEHICLE moving across the terrain.

**INT. SNOWCAT -- DAY**

Kaamen drives with Alex beside him. Alex studies a printout of the MAP, now showing EXACTLY WHERE PROMETHEUS IS LOCATED.

THREE THUGS sit in the back of the vehicle along with Nikolai and George. George's hands are tied.

Nikolai and George sit across from one another. George just gives him with an icy glare.

NIKOLAI

It's impressive how long you've held that expression.

George says nothing. Just stares.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

I do want to thank you in advance for giving me Prometheus.

GEORGE

Excuse me?

NIKOLAI

Before I burned Blue Jay alive, he told me all about you. How you had been obsessed with Prometheus all these years and when the time came would do anything to find it. I knew that if I just sat back, you would do all the work.

George grows furious. He grinds his teeth.

ALEX

We're here!

Alex points to the map. Kaamen stops the Snowcat and everyone looks out the windows. The spot looks like every other spot.

THUG

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Doesn't look so special.

NIKOLAI

(in Russian, subtitles)  
That's the point.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

Nikolai and his group have parked the snowcat and now wander the area. Alex holds a large METAL DETECTOR, which he slowly moves around. George leans against the snowcat and watches.

BEEP! - Alex has found something.

ALEX  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Got something.

Kaamen and the thugs rush over and start to DIG in the snow. After a moment, they see METAL. They clear it.

It's the HATCH DOOR with the lever shot off.

George eyes it. It's been a long time. Nikolai nods to the men, who take a BLOWTORCH out of the snowcat and fire it up.

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK -- NIGHT**

There's a massive NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY going down as THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE cram into the historic square. A clock tells us it's 11:06.

Margaret, Jacob, and Jenny are among the revelers. Margaret's cell rings, and she answers - trying to talk over the crowd.

MARGARET  
 Hello?!

RICK (O.S.)  
 Hey mom.

MARGARET  
 Rick! How's Paris? Did you have a happy New Year's? We've still got another hour.

RICK (O.S.)  
 Yeah. We're having a lot of fun here.

MARGARET  
 Can I say hi to grandpa?

RICK  
 I'm not with him at the moment, actually.

MARGARET  
 You two getting along okay?

RICK (O.S.)  
 Yeah. More than okay.

MARGARET  
 I'm glad to hear that.

RICK (O.S.)  
 He's... he's pretty amazing. He's smart and adventurous and... brave.  
 (MORE)

RICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(thinks)

Look, mom. I need to go now, but I just wanted to tell you... I love you.

MARGARET

Uh... okay. I love you too. Is everything okay?

RICK (O.S.)

Yeah, everything's gonna be fine.

**INT. SIBERIAN ROAD -- DAY**

Rick hangs up a PAY PHONE along a desolate Siberian road, the SCORPION beside him. He hops on and drives off into the wilderness.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

Nikolai's cut a hole in the hatch door with the blowtorch. They finish a circle and the door falls in with a THUD.

Nikolai smiles and looks to George. George is pensive.

NIKOLAI

Let's go.

(to one of the thugs)

You wait here for our friends.

GEORGE

Friends?

NIKOLAI

Yes, we're having company. You're going to get to meet the leadership of The Red Dawn.

George's eyes widen. This isn't good.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR -- DAY**

The Main Door is WEDGED OPEN by the thugs with crowbars, sending a shaft of light into the dark room.

Nikolai steps in and looks around. Alex and the other thugs follow, with George in tow. Alex searches the wall and finds a large switch. He pulls it down and...

BLIP - The POWER TURNS on. The place looks EXACTLY like it did 40 years ago. Nothing has changed.

Except, that is, for the FROZEN, PRESERVED BODIES in Soviet uniforms that cover the ground.

Nikolai walks over to the LARGE METAL doors along one wall and feels it with his hand.

NIKOLAI

Here it is, gentlemen. What's going to make us all filthy rich.

Nikolai looks to George and points to the keypad.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Open it.

GEORGE

How am I supposed to do that?

NIKOLAI

I know Dr. Zaripov gave YOU the code.

GEORGE

You think I remember a code from 40 years ago?

NIKOLAI

You better. Or I'll track down the rest of your family and kill them too.

GEORGE

If I give you the code you could just use the weapon to destroy all of the Western Hemisphere, killing my family anyway - I'll pass.

Alex heads over to the KEYPAD and eyes it. He laughs.

ALEX

Primitive. This shouldn't take me more than a few minutes to crack.

NIKOLAI

Excellent, because that's all the time we've got. It's already 11:30 on the East coast.

GEORGE

The east coast of what?

NIKOLAI

Your beloved America. In 15 minutes it's going to be a New Year - well not for everyone, at least.

George thinks about this. He eyes the door.

GEORGE

You're going to use it? Now?



NIKOLAI

The Red Dawn want to give their new  
toy a test run. Times Square on New  
Year's Eve is a pretty good one,  
don't you think?

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

Rick rides the Scorpion, one eye on the TRACKING DEVICE in  
his hands. A flashing green dot shows that he's getting  
closer to the homing beacon. He looks up and stops...

The orange snowcat sits in the distance.

He brings the snowmobile behind some trees and hops off.

**BY THE HATCH --**

A THUG with a machine gun leans against the snowcat and smokes  
a cigarette. He yawns.

**BY THE TREES --**

Rick hides amongst the trees. He takes out the tranquilizer  
rifle and positions it. He peers through the scope.

POV - he adjusts the focus and gets the Thug in his sights.

RICK

You've done this a million times.  
You are the sniperest sniper in the  
world.

He takes a deep breath and puts his finger on the trigger...

**BY THE HATCH --**

The thug continues to puff away on his cigarette.

WHAP! - A TRANQUILIZER DARTS sticks into the door of the  
snowcat next to him.

He looks over at it, confused.

**BY THE TREES --**

Rick sees that he completely missed.

RICK (CONT'D)

You suck.

POV - The thug looks around, confused. He then BENDS OVER  
to inspect the dart, giving Rick a PERFECT SHOT OF HIS ASS.

**BY THE HATCH --**

The thug pulls the dart out the door. He examines it and-  
 WHAP! - He falls over, out cold. The dart sticks in his  
 ass.

**BY THE TREES --**

Rick sees that he got him and smiles.

RICK (CONT'D)

Boo ya.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR -- NIGHT**

Alex continues to type sequences into the keypad as the others  
 stand about the lair. Nikolai eyes his watch.

NIKOLAI

Alex?

ALEX

It's more complicated than I thought.

**INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR TO LAIR -- NIGHT**

Rick pokes his head down the hatch to see a long corridor.  
 A THUG guards the main doors. Rick thinks for a moment and  
 disappears.

RICK (O.S.)

Hey!

The thug looks over to see that the THUG FROM OUTSIDE'S HEAD  
 peeking down the hatch.

The head suddenly disappears and the thug is confused. He  
 heads down the corridor and looks up as...

WHAP! - a DART HITS HIM IN THE CHEST. He falls, out cold.

Rick jumps down into the corridor.

RICK (CONT'D)

Man, henchmen are stupid.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR -- NIGHT**

Alex continues to try the keypad and George watches, growing  
 nervous. Nikolai is growing impatient.

Rick peeks his head around the corner to survey the scene.  
 One THUG sits near him at a desk. Further in, Kaamen stands  
 with George. At the door, Nikolai stands with Alex.

Rick aims the gun at the THUG closest to him...

WHAP! - It HITS THE THUG in the BACK. He DROPS TO THE GROUND, OUT COLD. He lands with a THUD behind a desk.

The noise causes everyone in the room to turn around and look just as Rick DUCKS DOWN. They see no one.

George lets out a little smile.

NIKOLAI

Where is Igor?  
(to Kaamen)  
Go find him.

Kaamen nods and walks towards the main door. He steps through and a moment later there's a loud THUD.

Rick pokes his head back out, eying the three remaining men. They all have their back turned.

He tries to get a clear shot at Nikolai. There's a pole in the way. He steps further into the room.

George turns and sees Rick. A huge smile crosses his face. Rick smiles back.

Rick gestures at Nikolai and then to his gun. George nods. He raises the gun, aims it at Nikolai's back, and...

CLICK - The gun is empty.

The click noise causes Nikolai to turn around and see Rick standing there. George closes his eyes and shakes his head.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Didn't I kill you yesterday?

Nikolai aims his gun at Rick, who gives George a sheepish look.

RICK

Dammit. Should have counted the shots.

GEORGE

Hey don't beat yourself up. You got four of them - that's very impressive.

NIKOLAI

Drop the weapon.

RICK

We *just* established that it's useless.

Nikolai glares at him. Rick drops it.

NIKOLAI

Thank you for coming. You've given me a most wonderful gift. Leverage.

George's eyes widen. He realizes what this means.

Nikolai takes a step to Rick and PRESSES THE GUN RIGHT TO HIS HEAD. He then looks to George.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Open the door.

George stares him down.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)

Come on, Mr. Bloom. The Red Dawn-

Rick laughs. He can't help it.

RICK

Sorry.

NIKOLAI

The Red Dawn will be here any minute and I don't want to have to explain why your grandson's brains are all over the wall.

Rick considers this. He looks to George.

RICK

Don't open it.

GEORGE

Oh, Rick come on.

RICK

It comes with the job.

George gives Rick a look. They have a moment. George gives him a little smile, impressed with the kid's gumption.

After a tense moment...

George heads over to the keypad. Alex steps aside.

RICK (CONT'D)

Don't!

GEORGE

I've made up my mind.

George takes a deep breath and types, each key making a different toned sound. He types 38553016142705-

BEEP! - The little light turns red. He got it wrong.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's been a while. Give me a second.

NIKOLAI  
I'll give you 60 seconds. Then I  
will shoot your grandson - in the  
head this time - and allow Alex here  
to give it another go.

George types another number. The keys again make toned  
sounds. He types 385530161427020135-

BEEP! - The light goes off again. He got it wrong.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
30 seconds.

George types another number. 38553016142702016.

BEEP! - He got it wrong. George is sweating. He's racking  
his brain.

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)  
Last chance.

George takes a deep breath and types, the numbers making  
toned sounds. He types 385530161....

As he types, Rick LISTENS TO THE TONES. Something occurs to  
him.

George continues ...42702019. BEEP! - He got it wrong.

Nikolai SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. Rick STEPS UP, realizing...

RICK  
It's Tetris!

Nikolai stops and looks at him.

NIKOLAI  
What?

RICK  
The keypad! The different number  
tones are making a song - duh duh  
dum dum, dah dah dee dee dee - you  
know, the Tetris theme.

ALEX  
Korobeiniki. He's right, it's  
Korobeiniki. Duh duh dum dum. It's  
an old Russian folk song.

Rick gestures to the keypad.

RICK

May I?

Nikolai pulls the gun away. Rick steps to the keypad.

Rick types, humming the song - the numbers are irrelevant to him. He types 385530161427020132984.

The DOOR MAKES A NOISE. It RUMBLES. Rick steps away.

The four men exchange a glance. It's about to happen.

The door begins to SLIDE OPEN. Light from inside washes over them. The door completely opens.

GEORGE

Good god.

The men stand there, eyes widened. What they see before them is astounding....

Nothing.

The room is empty.

Completely empty. Just a few lights hanging. Nikolai's face drops. He's mortified.

RICK

Where is it?

George closes his eyes. He just shakes his head.

GEORGE

Opelu.

RICK

Opelu? Who is Opelu? Did he already take it.

GEORGE

No. Prometheus was never here.

RICK

Then where is it?

GEORGE

Nowhere. Prometheus doesn't exist.

RICK

I don't understand.

GEORGE

It was a decoy. They made it up just to waste our time. To fool us. To fool their mole. To fool me.

Nikolai steps into the empty room, feeling the empty walls.

ALEX

What have you done, Nikolai? What  
have you done? They're going to  
kill us! Kill us!

Nikolai says nothing, just stares at the room. Alex steps  
into the room and GRABS HIM, pushing him against the wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm not going to-

BAM! - Nikolai PUNCHES ALEX, who SLAMS Nikolai against the  
wall. Nikolai TACKLES ALEX to the ground.

Rick DARTS FOR THE KEYPAD and PRESSES A BUTTON.

WHOOSH! - The DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE.

Nikolai and Alex, caught up in their wrestling, notice the  
door closing. They scramble up and head for the door as...

IT CLOSES, locking them inside the room.

George sits down in a chair, bewildered.

GEORGE

All for nothing. The last forty  
years of beating myself up and not  
being able to sleep - all for nothing.

RICK

Don't say that.

GEORGE

Did you not see what was in there,  
Rick? NOTHING. All the people who  
sacrificed their lives to protect  
this place - they gave it for nothing.

George puts his head in his hands. Rick thinks for a moment.  
Something occurs to him.

RICK

Nothing? If you hadn't decided to  
go after Prometheus, then we wouldn't  
have found this place. We wouldn't  
be standing right here right now.

GEORGE

And that's a good thing?

Rick kneels down and looks him in the eye.

RICK

Yes. Because we wouldn't be standing in a place where a group of the world's highest-ranking and lethal terrorists are about to show up.

George's eyes widen. He gives Rick a smile.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

The Snowcat still sits near the entrance to the lair. A GUARD in ALL BLACK stands nearby.

There's a SOUND in the distance. It's a HELICOPTER. A sleek, black helicopter that approaches the bunker.

**INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY**

Mr. Mahmoud, wearing a thick jacket, sits in the chopper with several other members of The Red Dawn. The PILOT gestures to the snowcat. Mr. Mahmoud nods.

**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

The helicopter touches down and shuts off. Mr. Mahmoud and the others jump out and look around. The group approach the GUARD who stands near the hatch.

The guard is RICK. He gestures to the hatch entrance.

RICK

(bad Russian accent)

Mr. Morosov is waiting for you.

Mr. Mahmoud smiles. He and the other men climb down.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR -- DAY**

Mr. Mahmoud and his men step in through the main entrance. They look around to see the ROOM IS EMPTY. There's not a person in sight - just the bodies on the floor.

A BRIEFCASE sits on a table in the center of the room.

Mr. Mahmoud heads over to the briefcase, his men right behind him. He puts his fingers on the clasps and opens it up.

A BOMB sits inside the case - the C4 attached to a TIMER. The timer sits still at 00:03.

BEEP! - Suddenly the TIMER springs to life.

00:02.....00:01...



**EXT. SIBERIAN WASTELAND -- DAY**

The tundra sits still. Rick is no longer near the hatch entrance. Snow gently drifts down.

BOOOOOOOM!!!! - There's a MASSIVE EXPLOSION as a THE BUNKER EXPLODES from underground. The blast consumes the snowcat and the helicopter, which...

BOOM! - Also EXPLODE in massive fireballs. Debris rain down in all directions. It's an amazing sight.

Rick and George sit near the trees and watch this scene. It's like they're watching the sunset.

GEORGE

I tell you. All the years. All the adventures. All the women. All the exotic locales.

(beat)

There ain't nothing like blowing shit up.

Rick smiles. George reaches over and puts his arm around Rick, giving him a half hug.

**INT. MIRI'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY**

Miri sits in a bed, her head propped up on pillows and hooked to an IV. She watches a TV on the wall. It shows aerial footage of the smoldering bunker in Siberia.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Authorities are still unclear as to what exact nature of the destroyed structure, some theorizing it's some sort of crashed extraterrestrial vessel.

Miri laughs. Suddenly a NURSE appears with some FLOWERS.

NURSE

Looks like you've got a secret admirer.

The nurse puts the flowers down and Miri opens up the card. There are TWO TICKETS TO A CAPITALS GAME inside and a note that reads "See you in DC - R."

She smiles.

**INT. MOSCOW JAIL CELL -- DAY**

The drab cell contains only a cot and a dirty rusted toilet.

Svetlana, dressed in an orange jumpsuit, lies and stares up at the ceiling. She has her eyes closed and hums to herself.

A GUARD suddenly stands at the bars.

GUARD  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Time for more questioning.

SVETLANA  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
I've already told you every last  
thing I know about-

She looks over and smiles...

GEORGE is the guard, dressed in a uniform. He gives her a wink. She stands up and looks him over.

SVETLANA (CONT'D)  
You always looked good in uniform.

GEORGE  
Thanks. And only you could make a  
prison jumpsuit look this good.

She smiles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Look, Svet... I've been thinking.  
About us. What if you give me another  
shot?

SVETLANA  
I'm getting too old to play these  
games, George.

GEORGE  
I know. It's not a game this time.

SVETLANA  
Well you've got the key, so you don't  
leave me much choice.

George reaches through the bars, grabs her hand, and places a KEY inside of it. He closes her hand, leaving his hand clasped around it. He lets out a little smile.

GEORGE  
Well now the choice is in your hands.

He takes a step back and gives her a look. She uses the key to open the door and step out, facing him.

She grabs him and gives him a long, passionate kiss.

WEEE OHHH! - A SIREN begins to blare. They pull back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
We should probably go.

**EXT. MOSCOW AIRPORT -- DAY**

The airport is bustling with travelers. A CAB pulls up and lets Rick and George out. They grab their bags. Rick looks out at the city in the distance, soaking it in. He finally looks to George.

RICK  
Sorry about all that stuff I said in Berlin with you being old and all. I didn't really mean it.

GEORGE  
Don't worry about it. You do have to admit those luggage carts are NOT designed well.

Rick laughs. After a moment...

RICK  
Well, thanks for not letting the scary Russian arms dealer shoot me in the head. And... thanks for showing me some things out here in the real world.

GEORGE  
You did good, kid.

They have a moment, unsure of what to say.

RICK  
So any more unfinished business I should know about?

GEORGE  
Just one thing.

George gestures behind Rick to Svetlana sitting on a bench. She waves at them.

Rick thinks about this. He lets out a little smile.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Which is why I'm sticking around.

RICK  
What?

GEORGE

That's not me back home. Mowing the lawn, feeding pigeons in the park, spaghetti dinners at the Elks club. What you saw on this trip - well that's the real me. It's time to live like I'm meant to.

RICK

So we're saying goodbye then.

GEORGE

Not forever. I'll see you next Christmas.

Rick gives him an overly long big hug. Svetlana watches them and smiles. Rick finally lets go.

Rick smiles and heads in. George watches him go.

**INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY**

The large plane is fairly full. Rick makes his way down the aisle, looking for his seat. He spots it and sits down.

A MAN next to him READS A NEWSPAPER which covers his face.

MAN (O.S.)

Gonna be an awfully long flight.

RICK

Yeah. 18 hours.

The man lowers the paper. It's CIA DIRECTOR MESSONNIER.

DIRECTOR MESSONNIER

Plenty of time to discuss your future job prospects.

Rick gives him a look. Messonnier smiles.

**FADE OUT:**