

# THE SHELL

By

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EXT. LONDON - DAY

The streets are mostly empty. The few people are bundled in clear plastic wrapped haz-suits, masks, the works.

A ROBOT STREET PARA-SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE glides down the street, scanning--

SUPER: LONDON, SAFE ZONE 1

EXT. DCP BUILDING - DAY

An imposing glass/concrete structure. The sign over the wide entryway that looks like a hospital reads **CENTRE FOR EPIDEMIOLOGY RESEARCH.**

An EXPLOSION rips a massive hole in the building's base, followed by two other DETONATIONS.

A phone RINGS.

INT. FLAT - DAY

BALE REED (48), a tired ex soldier of fortune with two-day beard and a three-mile stare, awakens in a cold sweat.

RINNNNNNNNG. He grabs the phone.

BALE

Hello.

--

What?

He drops the facade of stoicism, along with the phone. Whatever news he got has gutted him. He sinks to the floor.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The lone lit office on the EIGHTH FLOOR of a ten story building. Beyond: TENSION, SIRENS. A car fire.

SUPER: BERLIN, SAFE ZONE 6

INT. ARCHIVES - NIGHT

The door monitor goes from red to green.

ADA KONRAD (30s), overqualified systems analyst with striking and anxious eyes, enters and reactivates the code.

Off her ID Badge: PARALYNE PHARMACEUTICALS

INT. FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The WATCHMAN eyes a bank of tiny monitors, sees an activity indicator. He activates his radio. IN GERMAN:

WATCHMAN  
*<Karl--are you on eight? I have an  
 unscheduled entry to Archives.>*

KARL (RADIO)  
*<I'll check it out.>*

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A crusty night watchman--KARL--makes his rounds, whistles as he goes along. He taps the button for the elevator.

INT. ARCHIVES - NIGHT

The glow from the screen illuminates Ada's drawn face.

She scrolls through a news feed.

A NEWS STORY: Bale Reed under arrest by the London Metropolitan Police.

THE SCENE: A massive explosion at a biotech lab. Authorities in stark relief to the smoking wreckage.

A PHOTO OF BALE, looking angry

She types "Reed, Bale" into a search database. It returns redacted, with designator: EX-MIL, WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN

She types in a series of commands. Results return, each one containing a clue--OSLO. DUBROVNIK. BELGRADE. ŠABAC.

ADA  
 (sotto, in German)  
*<Where are you?>*

Information flows on screen. She absorbs it all.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The door opens. Karl strides toward the sign for ARCHIVES.

INT. ARCHIVES OFFICE - NIGHT

ONSCREEN: "SHELL\_FACIL\_MAIN." file structure--Ada opens a file. A video loop opens.

VIDEO FEED: A WOMAN, medical scrubs. Surrounded by lab equipment in an industrial clean room. ZOOM IN on her face.

Ada drags the video window and swipes it through the air--it loads on her phone.

ANOTHER SERVER--this returns Cyrillic characters. She enters a command but it returns an ERROR, again in Cyrillic. She does a quick language query: TRANSLATION: SHELL V23.200 NET INTERFACE ETH01.PROTOCOL.

She tries a new command: a new set of information appears:

PATIENT\_DB: A long list of names, DOBs, and photos appears. She types: TYVOL KONRAD. One MAN appears.

ELKE

<Bastards.>

She types a command--data flows onto her laptop screen. **15%**.

INT. HALLWAY, ARCHIVES ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Karl fumbles with his keys.

INT. ARCHIVES OFFICE - NIGHT

Ada can see Karl outside the door. He inserts the key.

On screen: **28%**.

Karl enters. Flashes his light around. Ada keeps low.

**41%**. Ada is cold sweating.

Karl shambles around--flashlight scanning.

**68%**. C'mon. Karl's getting closer.

Ada's finger hovers over the keyboard, waiting...

**89%. 92%**. Flashlight shines in Ada's eyes.

LAPTOP: Files finish 'Copying.' She types a final command.

CU ON SCREEN: "shred -n 5 -vz /dev/sdb". It returns "Are you sure? Command cannot be undone."

No going back from this. She types "Y" Screen flashes quickly with loads of computer code--then it goes black.

Karl enters, flashlight landing on... nothing. Ada is gone. Karl looks confused--could've sworn he saw someone...

Ada keeps low. Behind Karl. Angles around. Toward the door.

Ada slips through--

INT. OFFICE, HALL - NIGHT

Ada checks the hall. Empty. She heads to a door down the hall, slips inside.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Ada enters a code in a wall panel. The readout indicates:  
SUPPRESSION SYSTEMS DISABLED.

She removes an aerosol can, spritzes it over the racks.  
Flicks a lighter--the server rack WHOOSHES into flame--

INT. BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

She exits, turns the corner and RUNS INTO Karl--

KARL  
*<Another late one?>*

ADA  
*<Not the last, I'm sure.>*

Karl eyes Ada with a passing glance.

Ada opens a stairwell door and saunters through.

KARL  
*<Wait! Stop!>*

Ada DASHES into the STAIRWELL--He pulls the alarm--

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ada DASHES and JUMPS down flights of stairs as the eerie  
strobe of lights and the CLANG of the alarm sounds.

INT. FRONT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ada slams through the door heading for the exit.

KARL (FILTERED)  
*<Don't let her leave the building!>*

Watchman tries to block her! She DODGES, SLAMS into the door  
and OUT--

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Ada runs across an empty concrete plaza to a garage. The doorman and a couple SECURITY GUARDS chase her as the ALARMS TRIGGER FLASHING LIGHTS--

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ada reaches her motorcycle, dons her black-visored helmet and SCREECHES out just as a guard is about to catch up.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Trash whirls in her wake as she zooms past burned cars lining abandoned buildings. SIRENS WAIL--a desolate city.

BEHIND: FLASHING LIGHTS AND SIRENS. She TURNS down an alley and guns it, stops, flips her visor up, glances behind her.

A CONVOY of POLICE and MILITARY vehicles go past.

Ada emerges down the other side of the alley and is confronted by an eight-foot QUARANTINE FENCE under construction, capped with concertina wire and jersey barriers. She slides to a halt in front of it.

ADA

*<Shit.>*

She guns her bike back the way she came.

HELICOPTER CHOP OVER

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

AHEAD: Light towers and military vehicles. SOLDIERS patrol the fence line. Nowhere left to go.

SEARCHLIGHTS home in on Ada.

A SOLDIER brandishes his weapon. Moment of truth. She revs the bike, almost willing to risk it.

SOLDIER

*<This area is under quarantine now.  
Please turn around.>*

ADA

*<I am a courier on a pickup.>*

She holds out her Paralyne ID and papers. The soldier examines them, then mumbles in his walkie.

Three Hazmat Suits take Ada aside to a white TENT.

INT. WHITE TENT - NIGHT

Ada is anxious--she's been through this before. Armed guards keep her in their sights.

The Haz-Suits are silent as they draw blood for the autoclave. A TECH checks her pupils. The light turns green. A Haz-Suit ushers her out.

EXT. MILITARY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Ada remounts. The soldier waves her through.

SOLDIER  
<Your funeral.>

She speeds through the gate.

EXT. SERBIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A slight clearing surrounded by woods. Rain POUNDS.

Two cargo containers mashed together form a house.

SUPER: OUTSIDE BELGRADE, SAFE ZONE 14

INT. BALE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Rain patters against the window. A cat jumps onto the bed, MEWING with insistence.

Bale rolls over--awake. He's been through the wars.

The shadow of the rain on his face drips like tears.

BALE  
Houdini...you little shit. C'mere.

He grabs the cat, scratches behind its ears.

EXT. BALE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Bale takes a sip of coffee, grimaces at the acidity. He stares out past the trees to the small city beyond.

A TV on a bucket flashes news about the CATALON VIRUS.

ONSCREEN: A developing story points to the virus in Niš, a city in Serbia, southeast of Belgrade.

DRONE FOOTAGE: An EMACIATED WOMAN--bloodshot eyes--stumbles in the street. She drops to her knees, crawls forward.

TV ANCHOR (O.S.)

Efforts in Prishtina to quarantine those affected have proven nearly impossible by MSF and other organizations whose resources are already spread thin. Civilians are resorting to brutal tactics to help contain the outbreak. Thousands of new cases are being reported every day across Eastern Europe.

ONSCREEN: A YOUNG MAN shoots the sick woman in the head. A HARD-BITTEN WOMAN hurls a Molotov cocktail. The dead woman's body LIGHTS UP in a bright blaze.

Bale is expressionless. He turns the TV off.

INT. BALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bale, dressed in black, grabs a military duffel and heads out. Houdini watches him leave through hooded slits.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

SUPER: BELGRADE, SERBIA - Q-CHECKPOINT 109

Bale carries an assault rifle. He greets a GUARD--FIRES BURN A WIDE SWATH across the horizon beyond the fence.

GUARD

*<Another outbreak south of here.>*

BALE

*<I saw the news. It's getting worse.>*

GUARD

*<So what's the point?>*

BALE

*<Self-delusion, maybe.>*

Bale settles in, watches the world burn in the distance.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It's quiet. Crickets chirp. The moon is full.

SUPER: BERLIN, SAFE ZONE 6



INT. STEFAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

OFF CLOCK that reads 3:38AM: A competent nerd, STEFAN DRESSLER (20s), half-dressed, codes at his computer.

A tablet shows DANA AUSFELT (30s) in vid-chat.

DANA (FILTERED)  
The fire suppression system was disabled. We lost everything.

She shows the remains of the room, now blackened. Behind her, two FIRST RESPONDERS and security personnel head out.

STEFAN  
Offsite backups?

DANA (FILTERED)  
Killed remotely before the fire was set. Do you know who it was yet? My team is freaking out here.

Another call comes into Stefan's tablet.

STEFAN  
Dana, I gotta go. Call you back.

JASON ORWITZ (late 30's), fills the screen. He has a vaguely German accent and the body language of a snake.

JASON (FILTERED)  
Was it a full breach?

STEFAN  
A data analyst, Ada Konrad, scrubbed the whole system. Including all our backups. Best guess is she downloaded everything first and then torched it.

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls in a poisonous mist. Empty streets in disrepair--more potholes than pavement. A dog barks.

Ada pulls up and stops, checks a wrist device, then guns it. Mud spins off the wheels in a splatter.

Menacing concrete tenements and Brutalist architecture line the streets. The cityscape is a cement skeleton from a bird's-eye view as the motorcycle zooms along.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - NIGHT

Jason holds a tablet as he talks. At a desk nearby is PETIE MASCOVITZ, IT guru: overweight, crazy manscaped goatee, glasses slightly too cool for his face.

INTERCUT B/T STEFAN AND JASON/PETIE

STEFAN

This data is not from our main servers. Well, some of it is but, I--I don't know what most of this is--I've never seen it before. What is The Shell?

Jason goes pale. He puts the tablet down on the desk in front of Petie and they both peer at the data together.

JASON

Stefan, you know you're my top guy. Don't breathe a word about this. Not to anyone, including at Paralyne.

STEFAN

I'm not talking to--

Jason leans in. His whole face fills the frame. He whispers.

JASON

I know--I trust you. You're not going to let me down, are you?

STEFAN

N--No.

JASON

Stay put 'til you hear from me.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - NIGHT

Jason signs off. He turns to Petie.

PETIE

I thought I was your top guy.

JASON

What's her plan?

PETIE

Bro. If it were me? Easy cash grab--get a buyer on the darknet ready to snatch up the IP, get paid and...

JASON

She doesn't have the vaccine--just  
internal comms, facility schematics.  
But. Our agreements with the buyer  
were in there... If that got out...

He swivels and heads toward the door, on-mission.

PETIE

Want me to run point on Stefan, make  
sure he doesn't fuck anything up?

JASON

I'll deal with Stefan--don't ever  
call me bro. And take a damn shower!

Jason walks out. Petie takes a whiff of himself.

INT. BALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bale washes dishes.

Puts out a dish of cat kibble. Houdini chows down.

Bale pets the cat when TAP TAP TAP at the door--

Bale calmly grabs a handgun off the top of the refrigerator  
and steps to the side of the door, gun at the ready. Waits.

The knock at the door again.

ADA (O.S.)

Bale Reed? I know you're in there.

BALE

Who are you?

ADA (O.S.)

My name is Ada Konrad. I need to  
talk to you. Please?

(no answer)

I drove all night to get here.

Bale cracks the door. Spots her bike next to a woodpile and  
scopes the rest of the property beyond. She's alone.

ADA

It's about your sister. Marilyn.

BALE

She's dead.

ADA  
Please. Ten minutes.

She's exhausted, wears desperation on her sleeve. He softens, lowers his gun, motions her inside.

INT. BALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ada sits at the small table next to the open kitchen and pulls out a folder of documents from her backpack.

BALE  
How did you find me?

ADA  
It's not important. Listen. Paralyne Pharmaceuticals have developed a vaccine. For Catalon.

BALE  
Bullshit. Everyone knows we're years out from a vaccine.

ADA  
Wait. Africa and South America have gone dark and no one gives a shit, right? North America's unstable. No viable market. Australia can afford to lock their borders, no one's swimming to them, that's for sure.

Bale shrugs. Okay...

ADA  
But Asia. It's a walled garden.

BALE  
Yeah. The Chinese were smart. Sealed the border and shipping ports, cut off internet--

ADA  
If Asia were to be infected--that's four billion people who'll do whatever it takes to get the cure.

BALE  
IF there were a vaccine.

ADA  
Paralyne has a big buyer, code named Arkangel. Real ID unknown. Hundreds of billions of dollars at stake.

Bale opens the door, gesturing for her to leave.

BALE

This conversation was boring two minutes ago.

She whips her laptop around. ONSCREEN: Orwitz, steely-eyed.

ADA

Jason Orwitz. High up in Paralyne's executive tree, and the man behind the deal and the creation of the vaccine. He kept recordings and transcripts of Arkangel's plans to infect Asia with multi-zone deployments using tainted water supplies. It's all here.

Bale isn't buying it.

ADA

The buyer, through a corporate intermediary, will announce they've found a vaccine. Desperate people will pay a premium markup to survive, and desperate governments will allow it because Catalon has a 100% kill rate. Astronomical profits, with some kickbacks to Paralyne. Extortion by genocide.

Ada slides her laptop over. Bale turns away.

ADA

LOOK AT IT. Your sister. Marilyn. She worked for CER in London. Note the timestamp. Three days ago.

Ada loads the security clip on her phone, hands it to Bale.

ADA

She's alive. She's the reason  
Paralyne has a vaccine.

Bale, visibly upset, examines phone video.

BALE

That could be anybody.

ADA

They faked her death and took her where they could expedite development of the cure without any oversight. Human trials. No witnesses, except for those who developed the vaccine. Now that it's done--they'll cover their tracks.

Bale pours himself a scotch. Takes a long moment.

ADA

Haven't you ever wondered what really happened? Why did her lab get bombed? They were into biological research. Not chemical. There was no gas main near by. No outdated boiler. It was deliberate.

Bale gulps his scotch. He rises, imposing.

BALE

What is it you really want? Money? Well, I don't have any.

ADA

They never let you see her body--

BALE

GET OUT!

ADA

--There wasn't a body! How hard is it to believe she's still alive? You did the same goddamn thing!

Bale chucks his glass at the wall. It shatters behind her.

BALE

It doesn't matter. I did see her body, it was still warm from the heat of the fire, and yes, they did DNA testing--this isn't my first rodeo, but it's obviously yours. Goodbye, Miss Konrad.

He gathers her materials up and shoves it all into her arms. He pushes her out the door in the pouring rain.

EXT. BALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ada is soaked from the brutal rain. She stares at Bale in amazement and hurt. He slams the door.

She leans against the trailer under a tiny overhang and stares across the hill. Lights twinkle in the haze of rain.

Ada's motorcycle spins in mud and careens down the road.

Bale opens the door a crack and sees that Ada has left him a folder of documents. He picks it up. On the top in sharpie reads big: *"If this shit town has a bar I'll be there."*

EXT. STEFAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

An old man with a satchel leaves the building.

CARMEN BOSKO (30s), exotic, black hair, large almond eyes--jogs to catch the door and holds it for RODRIGO NOSEK (40s), tall, bald, scarred face and sullen demeanor.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

They scan the apartments... 413. Got it. They KNOCK. Stefan opens the door. He is dressed--getting ready to leave.

CARMEN  
Stefan Dreseler?

Carmen flashes a non-descript badge. She has a slight Eastern European accent, but speaks fluent English.

She doesn't wait for an answer, slides around Stefan, who steps aside in surprise. Rodrigo follows Carmen inside.

STEFAN  
What is this? Who are you?

Rodrigo glances around, peers out the windows to make sure the place isn't being watched.

CARMEN  
Ada Konrad. Have you found her?

Rodrigo is behind Stefan. Carmen begins a body check.

STEFAN  
Hey! What are you doing--!?

She pulls his glasses off and inspects them closely, then hands them back. Rodrigo hunts around the room with no apparent purpose.

CARMEN  
He's clean.

STEFAN  
This is ridiculous. I'm calling  
Jason--if he hears you've--hey!

Stefan dials but Carmen grabs his phone, and ends the call.

Rodrigo grabs the laptop.

RODRIGO  
What's this?

The screen has a trace running and geo-map with a line  
chasing a dot hopping all over the globe.

STEFAN  
Tracking script. Paralyne data is  
tagged, so it can be geotraced--

Rodrigo shuts the laptop and puts it into a bag.

RODRIGO  
Who else had access to this?

STEFAN  
Just me. Look, I can't talk about  
any of this--

CARMEN  
Are you absolutely sure?

STEFAN  
What?! Yes I'm sure!

CARMEN  
This will only take a second.

Rodrigo walks behind him and reaches around Stefan's front.

RODRIGO  
Hold this, please.

Rodrigo clasps his firm hand around Stefan's, brings A GUN  
up to Stefan's chin. Rodrigo is exponentially stronger.

Rodrigo pulls the trigger once it's perfect for a frame-up.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - NIGHT

Petie types out a last line of code and compiles. The screen  
spits out a WAITING message. Jason sits in a video window.

JASON  
What do you have?



PETIE

I've written a filter to track  
darknet inquiries against our  
proprietary signatures.

JASON

So nothing.

PETIE

Any hits, I'll know about it--

Jason cuts the feed.

INT. THE SHELL CENTRAL COMMAND - NIGHT

Jason touches his earpiece, waits. A security monitor shows  
Marilyn working in a small room. His call connects.

JASON

Is it done?

RODRIGO (FILTERED)

Yes. And our money?

JASON

You trust me to pay you, just like I  
trust you to complete your task  
first. Ada Konrad, dead. Then I send  
you big money. Clear?

EXT. TOWN BAR - NIGHT

A CRACK of thunder. Lightning arcs through the sky. Bale, in  
hooded raincoat, spots Ada's motorcycle through the rain.

INT. TOWN BAR - DAY

The bar is cozy, mostly empty, except for a few older  
people. Ada sits alone, sipping coffee, bag at her feet.

Bale walks up beside her, sits beside her. Ada tenses up.  
Bale puts the folder on the counter.

BALE

You went to some trouble to find me.

ADA

My mother and brother died when  
Catalon broke out in Berlin. I had  
no where else to go.

Bale expresses "Sorry" with his eyes.

She hands him a folder. He opens it up to reveal PATIENT MEDICAL RECORDS all under the PARALYNE letterhead.

ADA

My cousin said he saw my father packed on a bus and taken away. He followed the bus all the way to the Polish border. Here is a list of test subjects, taken to a lab being run by Paralyne. The search for my father led me to your sister, and then to you. It was almost easy to get your military file. Apparently you're very good at what you do. And according to nearly every available record--you're supposed to be dead.

BALE

How exactly did you find me?

She shrinks under his gaze.

ADA

I'm good at what I do. I don't think they've traced me yet--but Paralyne has people all over--it's only a matter of time before they catch me crossing a border or on a random CCTV. That's why this is so urgent.

Ada sips coffee. Bale nods to the bartender who brings a bottle over, pours a quarter glass and slides it to Bale.

Bale grabs the bottle and drops a wad of cash on the bar. The bartender scowls at him.

He gets up, motions for her to follow. They sit in a semi-secluded booth, across from each other.

Ada takes one last suspicious glance around. She opens her laptop. Bale pours another drink.

ADA

You shouldn't drink so much.

BALE

If this intel isn't bullshit--

ADA

--I burned down Paralyne's data center to get this to you.

BALE

Why not just take this to the press?

ADA

The press? You think they don't own  
the press? Look. If you're not going  
to help me find my father--

Bale holds up his hands, placating her sudden, fierce anger.

BALE

This isn't about the cure is it?

ADA

If your sister is behind this  
vaccine, and it cured my father, and  
this buyer is really, intentionally  
going to infect people...

Bale, finally caught up-

BALE

Liabilities. I get it.

His attitude has shifted. Military training kicked in.

BALE

--When is the exchange?

Ada does a quick search, retrieves a document.

BALE

That's less than 24 hours. This  
lab... where is it?

ADA

It's strange. Błędów Desert, Poland.  
But the map's a dead zone--flat  
topography--no landmarks--no visible  
structures on satellite--

Ada pulls up a screen with a topographical map of a desert  
in a valley, surrounded by wooded areas and rocky hills.

ADA

It's as if this place doesn't exist--  
but according to the records I  
downloaded from Paralyne--it's nine  
square kilometers--

BALE

It's the Shell. I've heard of it.  
Rumors, mostly. Old military hunting  
grounds. Secret tech. Crazy shit.  
But it was decommissioned decades  
ago after something bad happened.  
Like I said. Rumors.

ADA

Your sister--my father. They're  
alive in there. Will you help me?

Bale stares at the map. A fire smolders.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A truck barrels down a poorly maintained concrete highway.  
Concertina wire quarantine fencing lines their path. Ada's  
motorcycle is strapped in the truck-bed.

INT. BALE'S TRUCK - MAGIC HOUR

Ada dozes. Bale drives. The featureless monotony of the road  
starts to hypnotize him, occasional street lights casting  
shadows like helicopter blades.

EXT. INDONESIAN JUNGLE, DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blades from a grounded helicopter slow to a stop.

BEN RAFFERTY--aka RAFF--(late 40s) SLICES through JUNGLE  
with a machete, a cigarette in his mouth.

Bale, in spec-ops camo and a grizzled jungle beard, trails.

Beyond: SMOKE rises from a burning village.

A Comms man--CLARKE (40s)--hands Bale a sat phone.

CLARKE

Says she's your sister. You really  
gave out our sat number while we're  
on mission? Are you crazy?

RAFF

His mom's dying, give him a break.

Bale strides off the path to let the squad pass by.

CLARKE

I know he's A-number-one hot shit,  
but it's against protocol.  
Compromises our security.

RAFF

Securing your own ass, Clarke, I'll  
handle team security.

Bale paces, irritable--

MARILYN (FILTERED)  
--it's serious! I need you to  
understand what I'm going through--

BALE  
I get you're pissed, Marilyn--

INT. LAB - DAY

MARILYN REED, frustrated genius and tightly wound, paces.

MARILYN  
--no, I'm frustrated. I need you  
here. Mom stopped chemo treatments.

INTERCUT:

BALE  
What? Why?

MARILYN  
She's choosing to end things on her  
terms. But we are on the cusp of a  
breakthrough here. If you can  
convince her to just--

BALE  
--I can't just pick up and fly to  
fucking London. I'm *working*.

MARILYN  
We're barely keeping our heads above  
water, and there's this Catalan  
threat. Please--just come.

Raff gives the signal to wrap it up. Bale nods and sighs.

BALE  
I'll be there as soon as I can.

MARILYN  
Thought I could count on you. I  
should have known better.

The call ends. Raff gives Bale a wry glance.

CLARKE  
Sister okay? She run out of tampons?

Clarke glares, hacks off with his machete into the jungle.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TRUCK - DAY

A turn-off up ahead brings Bale back from the memory.

Bale turns left and drives up a long dirt road. At the end of the road is a gated entrance. Hand painted signs read "STAY OUT" and "NO TRESPASSING" in English and Serbian.

Bale glances at a security camera. There's a welcoming BUZZ and the gate opens. Bale drives forward, down the driveway.

EXT. RAFF'S COMPOUND, FIELD - MAGIC HOUR

A low lying, single floor, flat roof house is set back in a field. It looks more like a small compound. Far behind the house sits an Mi-17 helicopter.

Raff, with a ten-dollar smile, emerges from the house to greet them. He and Bale embrace.

Ada comes up from behind Bale, shy. Raff sticks out his hand for Ada to shake.

RAFF

You look all right for a dead man.

BALE

You should have known it was only temporary. Good to see you.

RAFF

(to Ada)

Ben Rafferty. Call me Raff.

He pulls her in for a hug. It catches her off guard.

BALE

Easy there, cowboy.

ADA

You're American?

RAFF

Yeah? Why?

ADA

I did not realize Americans gave hugs like this. Bale yelled at me and drank a lot.

RAFF

Bale's the exception that proves the rule, I guess.

Ada chuckles, somewhat self-conscious.

RAFF

Guessing you're not back from the grave for my stellar cooking.

ADA

I could eat...

BALE

He can't cook worth a damn, Ada.

RAFF

Don't pay him any mind, my chicken alfredo will blow your socks off.

INT. RAFF'S COMPOUND - DAY

The remains of a meal between them. Raff rises.

RAFF

Even if it were a viable mission, something like this takes weeks to plan. We don't have the manpower or the resources--

BALE

Ada has everything we need to get in and out of the Shell.

RAFF

I mean, if we had a third man for munitions or recon--maybe... but this...no offense, Miss, but this sounds like suicide.

--

This isn't like you, man. You're the sane one here, remember?

BALE

If you had a chance at bringing Emily back, wouldn't you take it?

RAFF

I'd crawl to hell and back for a single moment with her again...

Raff sees the pain and truth in Bale's eyes, and decides.

INT. RAFF'S BASEMENT - DAY

The light flashes as the top-load door opens.

Raff flips a switch, shows off an impressive weapons cache.

ADA

Whoa...

RAFF

We go in quick- so load light, carry light. We'll scavenge if we have to.

(to Ada)

You really think you can navigate us? We are talking about the Shell, right? Area 51 of Eastern Europe?

ADA

I have detailed schematics.

BALE

The place is mostly abandoned. We'll be all right.

RAFF

Yeah, well. Trust in God, but carry an M14, just in case.

Raff tosses a few gas masks into the duffel with grenades and other ammo. Ada gazes on, somewhat concerned.

Ada picks up a flat disc with a depressed button on top. Bale grabs the device from her quickly, glaring. Hands one to Raff and puts a few others in his bag.

RAFF

Personal electromagnetic disruptor. Wipes out all electronics in a six meter radius for half a minute.

BALE

Won't that be a problem for your pacemaker, old man?

Raff lifts his middle finger to Bale as he stuffs a couple more ammo packs in the bag. Bale chuckles.

BALE

Look, Raff, I don't have much money.

RAFF

You don't owe me a thing. Except for the promise you're breaking... Our next mission wasn't supposed to be in a desert in Poland.

Bale remembers and chuckles.



BALE

Imagine it as a layover to paradise.

ADA

Lucky for you both, I raided  
Paralyne's slush fund.

Ada nods with a slight grin.

RAFF

Damn. Next time, lead with that. One  
suggestion. We could use a  
specialist on this. Demolitions.

BALE

Something tells me you've got  
someone in mind.

RAFF

Actually, he's like the kid I never  
had. A little--whoo-whoo-crazy. But  
a good kid. Unless you know someone?

Raff zips up the duffel and heads upstairs. They follow him.

BALE

This kid you never had, he any good?

RAFF

Just don't judge on first  
impressions, okay?

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Mid flight, coasting over a sea of trees. The sun is moments  
away from sinking below the horizon.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Raff pilots. In the back is Ada's motorcycle and a small  
ATV. DB (26), brimming with spirit, sits across from Bale.

DB

So we go in swift and silent, kill  
the bad guys, rescue the princess,  
yeah? My kind of video game.

DB whittles a heron out of a matchstick, smacks his gum  
annoyingly. He turns to Ada and leans in close.

DB

You're the chick with the intel, eh?  
So, INTELL me, you got a boyfriend?

Ada is not charmed by this asshole in fatigues.

ADA

The Russian sector is abandoned, but security is probably still active on the perimeter.

DB

Resistance?

BALE

The Shell was a playground for nerds with too much money. Based on the schematics and security protocols Ada uncovered, there's shit down there that'll turn you into steak tartar the moment you lose focus.

RAFF

In other words, watch your ass, DB.

ADA

This isn't a video game--

DB

No, it's better. It's real. It's doing something, not sitting around waiting for something to happen, waiting for nothing to happen.

BALE

All we're saying is, don't do anything stupid--or reckless.

DB

I don't have a family left, okay? Don't even have a home to call my own. I lost everything to Catalon.

BALE

I'm sorry. I think we've all lost someone...

Bale's gaze softens. Ada glances away.

RAFF

Ignore him--DB's so full of shit you gotta light a match around him just to clear the smell. Hellraiser, ain't that right, kid?

DB

GEEZ-USS. You people are so fucking serious!

ADA

You... shit on other people's  
misfortune and you think it's funny?

DB

Lighten up! It's not like it's the  
end of the world or--oh wait--

He sticks his finger in his mouth, holds it up, 'tests the  
wind'. He "POPS" it back out.

DB

Relax, old man. I can handle myself.  
Just hope you can keep up.

RAFF

He can kick your ass sitting down.

DB

Sure. Respect. All I'm saying is if  
this is all that's left--I'd rather  
die on my feet than on my ass.

DB extends his arm for a fist bump. Bale leaves him hanging.

DB

Cold, brother.

RAFF

Settle in, boys and girls. We got  
another four hours in this bird.

ON BALE as he drifts into himself. A blinking light from  
outside on the helicopter tail catches his eye.

His gaze softens. He hears the sound of CHILDREN LAUGHING...

Bale's breaks off his gaze, glances over to watch DB hand  
the matchstick bird to Ada. She seems cautiously charmed.

INT. SHELL, LAB - NIGHT

Old HAPPY MUSIC reverberates through the brightly lit lab.

A pen taps a tablet. An equation is transposed on a computer  
monitor in front of a DOCTOR in a hazmat suit. On screen: a  
spreadsheet filled with log entries--MEDICAL DATA.

Concrete cell after cell, each with a new subject, FLICKING  
across the screen.

A VICTIM: Drinking lots of water out of a metal thermos.

SUBJECTS are tested, checked, prodded, investigated. All are docile, sick, following the routine of treatment.

Another screen: VICTIM 2 seems a little more normal, profile is marked green. He speaks to a camera mounted in his cell.

The doctor removes her haz helmet.

It's Marilyn Reed.

She watches Victim 2 and takes notes, listening intently.

VICTIM 2  
I feel-- better than yesterday. The  
headaches are less frequent. They  
don't last as long.

EXT. SHELL, LAB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jason watches Marilyn through glass. He taps the intercom.

JASON  
Don't kill yourself, Doc. Hard  
part's over.

INT. SHELL, LAB - NIGHT

She doesn't acknowledge Jason. She prepares another sample.

TWO MEN place cultures into transport coolers--

MARILYN  
Excuse me--where are you taking  
those--?

JASON (FILTERED)  
Ah, Dr. Reed--they're on my orders.

MARILYN  
Why?

Jason nods at the men, who take leave with the samples.

JASON (FILTERED)  
We're pulling funding.

MARILYN  
What the actual fuck?

JASON (FILTERED)  
Buyer arrives in less than twelve  
hours.

MARILYN

Insufficient! This isn't ready!  
Viability only within the first 72  
hours of exposure. This needs more  
testing, more research--

JASON

Minimum viable product. We'll  
iterate on the next one.

INT. LAB HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Jason smirks. Two notifications on his phone makes him  
instantly impatient.

JASON

Don't let idealism override rational  
judgment.

FROM CLARKE: "EMERGENCY. POSSIBLE BREACH." He stalks away.

INT. SHELL, LAB - NIGHT

Marilyn watches the monitors. Behind her, Jason's shadow  
drifts away, down the hall.

MARILYN

FUCK YOU, JASON!

ON SCREEN, one of the subjects lies on the ground, near  
death. Marilyn looks guilty as hell as the flatline sounds.

EXT. HALLWAY, THE SHELL - NIGHT

Jason walks, checking his phone. He is approached by an  
exec, ANTON BALDWIN, who had been waiting for him. Panicked.

ANTON

The slush fund was raided--it's  
gone--every Euro--

Jason stops at this--

JASON

Accounting needs to learn some basic  
fucking math.

ANTON

The board wants answers. Exposure is  
the risk. If this gets out--

JASON

Exactly. I'm fixing their mess.

BALDWIN

They don't like being kept in the dark. Neither do I.

Orwitz JAMS Baldwin against the wall. He uses Baldwin's tie to choke him but then speaks in an eerily calm voice.

JASON

Legacy, Anton-- You've been at this facility for what-- 5... 6 hours?

(moving even closer)

You ever gotten up close, I mean right here, to someone who's on their second day with Catalon? Look them right in their eyes.

(takes this in)

Cognitive thought, emotion-- sense of self--

Orwitz makes a POOF motion. Anton is shitting bricks.

JASON

What purpose will you have served in all this, Anton? The money man? No one ever remembers him.

Orwitz has a moment of self-awareness. He releases Baldwin, letting him drop to his feet.

He pats Baldwin's chest with a patronizing smile and walks off. Anton trembles, watching Jason walk away.

EXT. BOMBED OUT VILLAGE - NIGHT

BLADE CHOP drums up dust and debris as the helicopter lands.

Old concrete structures, now crumbling into ruin, show this was once a staging area, but has long since been abandoned.

The team hops out, alert. The blades wind to a stop. The area is dead: not a person in sight. They head in.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Ada sets up a remote satellite at the upstairs window and drags a table over to set up her computer equipment.

She opens her laptop, pulls up a terminal window. She logs in, the screen loads some encrypted files and then she's in.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The men do last prep with equipment. Bale pulls out a few gas masks from his bag and hands them out. DB examines his.

DB  
The hell's this for?

RAFF  
Surface is toxic. Sarin derivative in the dirt, to keep plant life from growing. The fumes can still kill you. And you don't want it touching your skin.

DB  
Sounds dangerous.

He tosses the gas mask away. Bale picks it up and shoves it back in DB's hands, getting in his face as he does.

BALE  
Even with a death wish, you don't want to go out like that.

Raff steps in, always the peacemaker.

RAFF  
When you start to live outside yourself, DB, it's all dangerous.

DB is confused. Bale shakes his head.

DB  
The hell does that mean?

BALE  
Ernest Hemingway just rolled over and puked in his grave.

RAFF  
You know, I like it better when people think I make this shit up.

Ada grins at their banter.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Carmen pilots while Rodrigo sits with Stefan's laptop. He watches the trace as it pings all over the globe. A timer in the top corner of the screen indicates a count down.

RODRIGO

Narrowing in. Looks like Poland,  
somewhere outside Gabrovo. Should be  
locked in on an exact coordinate  
within the hour.

Carmen plugs in a music device. PACHELBEL CANON IN D begins  
to play. They fly onward.

Carmen gazes at a passing city below them, charred in ruins.

EXT. RUINED CITY - NIGHT

A large group of Catalan victims desperately call for help  
from behind a fence. A few teenagers on the other side toss  
what appear to be water balloons at the victims.

One throws a Zippo at the victims, who ignite in an inferno.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bale walks in behind Ada who has everything powered off a  
silent ultracel generator.

Ada turns and meets Bale's hand with hers. She tries to  
present as much confidence as she can muster.

ADA

Are you sure I can't go with you?

BALE

You're better off tracking us from  
here. Before you came--I was--lost,  
just living day to day. I forgot  
what it was like...

ADA

Forgot what?

BALE

What it is to have hope. Anyway.  
Watch our backs, okay?

She nods, then hands the photo of her father to Bale.

BALE

I'll find him.

Bale stuffs the photo in a front pocket.

Bale stuffs the photo in his pocket. She kisses him on the  
cheek. He squeezes her hand, then he's off into the night.



EXT. BOMBED OUT VILLAGE - NIGHT

The three are piled into a two-man ATV. DB hangs on the back shelf. Raff wears night vision goggles, driving through a bumpy field into nearby woods on a dirt path.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Dawn approaches. The ATV is tiny against the sweeping terrain. It slides to a halt next to a tree beside the road.

They get off and Raff backs the ATV into the brush out of sight. The three fan out, weapons ready.

In GREEN POV VISION, they make their way through the thick vegetation. A bit further in, they come upon a chain-linked fence topped with barbwire, entangled with forest growth.

BALE

We've reached the perimeter.

Bale examines it with a sensor. The oscilloscope is flat.

DB taps the fence lazily. Bolted to the fence: metal sign in 3 different languages with illustrations of gas and death-  
"WARNING - RESTRICTED AREA. DEADLY GAS. TURN BACK.  
PHOTOGRAPHERS PROHIBITED. TRESPASSERS SHOT ON SIGHT."

He pulls out a large pen tool. He touches the end to the fence. It cuts through each link using a blue laser.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Ada sits at her two monitors and the array of electronic equipment. Wires trace into a rat's nest on the floor.

DB (FILTERED)

Fence is breached.

Ada's laptop and another screen are littered with open windows of code and mapping software. A GPS with the 3 tracking beacons overlay the electronic map.

She starts reading through other Paralyne information.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

They put on their gas masks. Miles of desert ahead. Remnants of life die off to nothing but jagged rocks and sand. A line of metal poles, 15 meters apart stretch to the horizon.

RAFF  
There's the grid.

Raff takes out a small scope and scans in a 180 degree arc.

RAFF  
No sign of the hatch.

ADA (FILTERED)  
Do you see a post with a red light?

BALE  
We see it.

ADA (FILTERED)  
An EM current runs just under the  
ground from that pole. Follow it.

Raff uncovers a thick metal cover just under the surface. It runs directly in, towards the center of the Shell.

ADA (FILTERED)  
Hatch is 100 meters East.

Bale switches to an Augmented Reality view of a virtual line under the earth. They follow it. Other than scuffing on sand, they are silent. They sweep for resistance. Nothing.

Bale examines the map. Their dots are clustered over a series of radial lines going out from a point.

BALE  
We're here, Ada. But--

RAFF  
Where's the hatch?

ADA (FILTERED)  
Uh, hang on, hang on. Um...

DB  
Sitting fuckin' ducks out here...

BALE  
We have no visual on the hatch.

ADA (FILTERED)  
It should be there!

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - DAY

Petie types in a terminal window. A line of code pops up.

**SHELL SECURITY NET GRID BREACH. OUTER PERIMETER. TRACE NOW?  
Yes (Y) or No (N)? >**

He hits **Y** and the system starts tracing.

ON SCREEN: text scrolls down in rapid-fire, indicating trace points on the network. Finally it ends:

РУССКАЯ юго-запад сектор ЭМ сигнал бреш в 06:16:39 |  
длительность: 1.8 миллисекунд

Translation: <RUSSIAN southwest sector EM current break at  
06:16:39 | duration: 800.8 milliseconds>

PETIE

Guess that dead sector's not so dead  
after all.

He types a command into the terminal: **> DEPLOY SENTRIES**

The cursor returns: **ACTION RESPONSE: ELIMINATE (E) or DETAIN  
(D)? >**

He types **E** and hits Enter.

He taps keys to bring up another VOIP call. On vid-line is  
Clarke, who we've seen before--still stern and humorless.

PETIE

Clarke, I've got something you might  
want to check out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The ground trembles. THREE METAL CASES slide out from the  
ground. One of the cases is damaged, clearly dysfunctional.

Two open. ROBOTIC QUADRUPEDS, cheetah-shaped, electro-  
mechanical, equipped with an array of sensors, emerges.  
These are SENTRIES.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Ada checks against the printed map and the one on screen.

ADA

What the hell, what the hell?

She examines the map's legend, and notices something.

BALE (FILTERED)

Talk to us, Ada.

She types something into the terminal. The screen refreshes--now the flashing indicator dot has shifted a few inches north, along the trajectory from two posts over.

ADA  
The map projection was wrong.  
(beat)  
I just updated. You're 200 meters  
from the hatch.

DB (FILTERED)  
Solid start, guys.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The men stand together over the map projection.

RAFF  
If there's no hatch?

ADA (FILTERED)  
Due north. 200 meters. It's there.

BALE  
Sun's almost up. Let's not waste  
time talkin'.

Bale starts toward the hatch. Raff and DB follow. Bale checks a wrist compass. The horizon grows brighter.

DB  
Who knows what booby traps are out  
here. This is us, getting bent over.

INT. SHELL SECURITY HQ - THE SHELL

Clarke brings up a map of the Russian sector. Petie's manscaped goatee fills the video window.

PETIE (FILTERED)  
If it's nothing--

CLARKE  
Yeah yeah, I get you. On it--

Clarke switches to a different channel.

CLARKE  
Glenn, this is Clarke. Come in.

INT. DISPOSAL STORAGE UNIT - THE SHELL - DAY

It's a warehouse-sized place for storing BODY BAGS. Beyond, several tunnels snake down into darkness.

A security man--GLENN--rifle slung around his back, answers. He's got killer's eyes. With him are several BRUTE-FORCE guys. They're on PATROL.

GLENN

Disposal, this is Glenn--

CLARKE (FILTERED)

How would you boys like something to do besides guarding bodies?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Warm, morning light pours over the landscape. Bale scans the landscape. Empty. They continue forward.

An emergency TONE goes off in their earpieces. The men go vigilant, crouching behind a mound for cover.

RAFF

Proximity warning. No visual...

DB

Proximity to what?

RAFF

It's a passive sensor. Picks up electromagnetic signals.

BALE

Stay low. Watch your six. Move it.

Sun breaches the horizon, bathes the valley in a golden sea. Each man is backlit. For a second, it's beautiful.

The Sentries turn, legs WHIRRING with hydraulic resonance. They crouch, stalking the men.

Bale holds up a hand, halting the others.

RAFF

What is it?

BALE

Dunno. Something...

DB whirls and scans the horizon quickly. Heat waves ripple the distant rocks but nothing seems to move.

RAFF

50 meters.

FROM A DISTANCE: the Sentry stalks. It steadies itself. A thin tube snaps up and glows red. It aims at the men.

Raff STOPS, disturbed. Flinches-- then TWITCHES. He runs, smoke POURS from his body. He yanks off his flak jacket.

THEN HE SCREAMS.

Pure CHAOS now. Bale and DB shouting.

Raff SCREAMS horrifically. Raff RIPS off his mask. A burning hole in his FACE SMOLDERS.

Raff collapses to his knees. His shirt CATCHES FIRE. He twitches uncontrollably, rolls over and over on the ground.

DB

FUCK! FUCK!! Holy fucking God!

Bale shakes Raff. Raff coughs. Blackened blood spurts out in clumps. The damage is done--he's COOKED.

BALE

Find cover!

ADA (FILTERED)

What's happening?!

One Sentry bounds forward. The head pivots and lights up its laser on Bale's back but only for a brief second before he and DB run out of view, behind an outcrop.

Bale runs flat out. DB follows but splits off.

BALE

Ada, we're being targeted!

A compartment opens. The Sentry anchors itself low to the ground. The sound of PRESSURE builds, then--THUNK--a small black projectile blasts out and arcs across the sky.

Bale crouches against a boulder. DB lies behind a dirt mound, terrified.

The black soda can-sized cylinder makes a piercing electronic WHISTLE as it rips through the air. It hits, skids past Bale. The outer cover pops open --KABLOW --

It's a PRESSURE MINE--a THUMPER. A DOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM PULSES, builds to a deafening low-pitch TONE that brings Bale to his knees, hands covering his ears.

He loses consciousness.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Young Bale is INUNDATED by a wave. He swirls in gray-green water, struggles to find the surface--he pops up--

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bale comes to. The Sentry has him pinned, its legs folded over and resting on his shoulders. Ada's voice feels far away through the deafness ringing in Bale's ears--

ADA (FILTERED)

Bale? Bale!? Talk to me!

A robotic arm unfolds from the front of the Sentry and pulls Bale's oxygen mask off. Bale tries to reach a front pocket.

The Sentry scans him. A LASER DOT appears on his forehead.

Sarin burns the back of Bale's neck. He screams.

The Second Sentry launches another SONIC ATTACK. DB falls to his knees, eardrums nearly punctured by the awful DOOOOOOMM.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - THE SHELL - DAY

ON TV: A CARTOON FOX holding a stick of dynamite BLOWS UP.

A gate guard--ALDO--watches the cartoon on a tiny TV. He chuckles as the fox blinks in consternation.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

DB sits up, clicking his jaw trying to recover his hearing. His ears bleed. Sees the Sentry on top of Bale.

DB stumbles to his feet, SHOUTS IN FEAR AND RAGE, fires round after round into the Sentry. It is unfazed.

Bale finally manages to lift his chest pocket flap and pull an EMP disc from his pocket. He presses the button--

SCARHEEEEEEN! A high-frequency PULSE goes off. The Sentry falls over with a sizzle of dead electronics just before--

DB barrels into it. It topples over, lifeless. DB is triumphant, thinking he took the thing out.

DB  
YEAH! Fuuuck you, robo-bitch!

DB helps Bale up. Bale has a cut through his shoulder, glistening with fresh blood and his arm is BURNT.

DB  
Come on! I saw the hatch.

They stumble over, ears still RINGING viciously. Bale follows DB to the hatch, flat out running.

They reach a circular metal cover with a hinge embedded in the ground next to a dusty metal box. Bale wrenches the top off. An electronic keypad and readout are inside.

BALE  
Ada. Need the code....

Swirling in the heat--the SECOND SENTRY bears down on them at FULL SPEED. Terrifying. A third lopes in from another direction. The two Sentries converge on their position--

BALE  
Shit! Comm is dead!

DB  
Ada, come in!

Bale has grown quiet, calm as hell. SCRATCH-STATIC.

ADA (FILTERED)  
--lost --tact. You the-- --eck?

DB  
This is DB. We need comm codes now!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada sits up, urgent, frightened. She scans a readout.

ADA  
There should be a device ID next to the readout. I need that to generate the code!

The generator SPARKS. System overload. Her screen flickers.

ADA (SOTTO)  
Shit. C'mon DB--the ID--



--Her screens GO DARK. Routers POWER DOWN.

DB (FILTERED)  
414-56-R2Y.

In a FURY she yanks wires out from the gennie.

ADA  
I've lost power! Give me 15 seconds!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

DB grimaces in the dust and heat. Bale aims his weapon at the Sentry loping in for the kill.

DB  
We'll be dead in ten!

ADA (FILTERED)  
Tell me, DB, what's with the  
matchstick carving thing?

DB  
What??!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada jams wires in, recycles the power. The generator panel readout flickers and then reactivates. POWER RESTORED.

ADA  
Why do you carve matchsticks? Don't  
tell me you use it to pick up girls.

The computer recycles. STARTING UP. TERMINAL READOUT SCROLLS.

ADA  
C'mon, you bastard.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

DB gazes out past the other incoming Sentry as Bale FIRES at the one facing him. Time seems to slow.

DB  
It's real. I can hold it in my hand.  
Even when the whole world is falling  
apart.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

She activates a program that asks for ID. She types it in.

DB (FILTERED)  
A spark can burn it all away, but  
for a little while... it's real.

The software spits back a code.

ADA  
Entry code is 839100!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

DB enters it. The Sentries keep coming HARD--nearly there.  
DUST flies out as the hatch opens.

DB  
C'mon!

He dives in. Bale can barely see. He fires one last time.

The Sentries are almost on him. Bale taps CANCEL on the keypad and STUMBLES, FALLS DOWN into the hole.

INT. THE SHELL - SHAFT - DAY

FROM BELOW: The SHAFT is DARKENED as the hatch closes over the entrance in an eclipse. It SHUTS to BLACK.

INT. SHAFT - THE SHELL

Bale comes to, breathing heavy. IN THE BLACK DEEP there is only LABORED, RAGGED BREATHING through useless gas masks.

DB  
Thought you were fuckin' dead.

CLICK. DB casts a flashlight around, illuminating walls.

Bale tosses his mask. It collapses in a deformed mass.

BALE  
Air's okay.

DB  
What the fuck.  
(beat)  
I mean what the fuck just happened?

Bale rips out his earpiece. Throws it on the ground.

BALE  
That thing's fried.

DB  
(to Ada)  
We're good, we're good. Except RAFF  
IS FUCKIN' DEAD!

Bale scans the walls. They are in a tight bunker-like space.

DB  
What did you sign me up for, man?  
(DB grabs Bale)  
Hey, asshole.

Bale whirls and pins DB up against a wall and slams him tight against it. Now Bale faces him eye to eye.

BALE  
I took you for a hero. Get your shit together.

Bale gives him a second to calm down and relaxes his grip.

BALE  
We're gonna need each other if we want to get that vaccine and extract my sister and Ada's father.

DB  
You're living in a wildly different reality than the one I'm in, pal. Did you see those fuckin' things???

Bale PUNCHES DB in the mouth. DB comes back swinging but Bale catches it and twists his arm around.

BALE  
Raff died. You want to throw that away?

DB stops struggling against Bale's superior hold.

BALE  
Focused and alert. Tell me you understand. Say it.

DB  
I understand.

BALE  
Good. Give me your comm.

Bale examines the interior more closely.

BALE  
Goddamn Shell security. Ada. Do you read me?

ADA (FILTERED)  
I can't believe--I'm so sorry.

BALE  
Which way do we go?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada is shell shocked. She sees a single dot on the map.

ADA  
Uh, we may have a slight problem. I  
only see DB on the map.

INT. THE SHELL - HALLWAY

Bale glances at DB, swivels him around and yanks out a small tracker chip from his lapel.

BALE  
I need your tracker.

DB  
You want my gun and clothes too?

BALE  
I get taken out, you get it back.  
Okay Ada, where do we go from here?

DB sneers. Bale shines his light ahead. Narrow. Concrete. Stubby columns every ten feet in an infinite expanse.

ADA (FILTERED)  
Proceed through the chamber,  
straight ahead. You should see  
another hatch in the floor. That's  
the juncture for maintenance access  
into the main Shell infrastructure.

Bale and DB army crawl through, lights sweeping ahead.

INT. THE SHELL CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

Jason taps a few keys to bring up the lab view. ONSCREEN  
Akane administers a needle to a Catalan patient.

Clarke arrives. Jason swivels--

CLARKE  
I have reports of explosions--  
possible intrusion--from the Russian  
sector. I've dispatched a team--

JASON

Is this connected to that fence  
breach Petie caught?

CLARKE

I'll have more on that soon.

JASON

Good. Are we flight prepped?

CLARKE

Plane's fueled and on the tarmac.

Jason hands Clarke a silver medical containment unit.

JASON

Retrieve all samples from Cryo and  
bring them back here. Be ready to  
head out by 1300. How many men in  
the security detail?

He opens the door and ushers Clarke out.

EXT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Jason leads, with Clarke just behind.

CLARKE

Ten men and myself. And I'm tripling  
floor sweeps here.

JASON

I hope they're more competent than  
our IT staff. We're at the end game,  
Clarke. Don't fuck it up. And about  
Doctor Reed--It's time...

Jason leaves Clarke in the hall. Clarke takes a moment to  
take in what has to happen and then he's off to--

INT. SECURITY STATION READY ROOM - THE SHELL

Eight BURLY men sit around, bored. Some watch TV. Others  
chat, joke, trade stories--the easy alliance of men used to  
working with each other.

One man--REUBEN--reads THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING and  
chuckles to himself. Another--FRANK--reads CALVIN & HOBBS.  
Both are built like houses. Frank's face is scarred.

REUBEN

Listen to this. "Human time does not turn in a circle; it runs ahead in a straight line. That is why man cannot be happy: happiness is the longing for repetition."

FRANK

If repetition is happiness then we should be fucking ecstatic.

Clarke enters the room and catches the men off guard.

The men snap to their feet, disciplined and cohesive.

CLARKE

We've received reports of fence intrusions in the Russian sector. Sentries were mobilized. And we have reports of a body outside, which means there may be more.

FRANK

Has any sector been breached?

CLARKE

No. But given our detail, I'm not surprised someone's trying. Suit up and split into three patrols. Coordinate with status updates every fifteen minutes. You know your cluster drills if we have an attempted breach.

The team goes into action, donning light armor and weapons. Clarke points at Frank and Reuben. They both approach.

CLARKE

I need Dr. Reed... removed.

REUBEN

What'chu mean, removed?

CLARKE

Terminated. Company orders.

Frank cracks his neck, his massive muscles rippling. Reuben shuts his book with an unhappy expression.

CLARKE

She'll be finishing her labwork in the next 30 minutes. Wait til she gets back in her office, then take her quietly down to Disposal, and--

REUBEN  
--I don't like it, sir.

CLARKE  
We aren't paid to like it.

FRANK  
She was always nice to me. Good  
looking too.

CLARKE  
Give her a compliment if it'll help.  
Then make it quick. Can I count on  
you to do the job?

Frank checks his gun. Fully loaded.

REUBEN  
Yes sir.

EXT. OLD WATERWORKS - DAY

At the edge of a field, a large concrete bunker structure.  
Two large SUVs are parked. THREE LOCALS in flannels and  
ripped jeans wait with guns.

A helicopter touches down. Carmen and Rodrigo emerge with  
heavy bags. LOCAL MAN 1 leers at Carmen as she walks by.

She strikes him in the temple with the butt of her gun. He  
collapses to his knees in pain.

The other two start to draw but Rodrigo shakes his head at  
them. Not a good idea. They back off.

Rodrigo approaches the SUV. The locals converse in Serbian.

LOCAL MAN 2  
<You need us to come with you?>

RODRIGO  
<Fuck no. Go back to your mothers.>

The men spit and CURSE under their breath. They watch as  
Rodrigo and Carmen get into the waiting SUV.

INT. SUV - DAY

Rodrigo starts up the vehicle and peels off.

RODRIGO  
It'd be easier to flush her out if  
we kept the helicopter.

CARMEN

And scare the game away? No. I want  
this rabbit for dinner...

RODRIGO

Who taught you to shoot, anyway?

CARMEN

My papa.

RODRIGO

Must've been one cool mother fucker.

CARMEN

He was a loser. Drank too much swill  
vodka and laid about all day.

(lining up her scope)

But he knew how to hunt.

INT. THE SHELL

A floor hatch. Bale turns the seal handles. The lid opens.  
Bale shines his light into a small enclosed room.

INT. THE SHELL - SHAFT

Darkness. A small 2x2 area is pulled open, revealing Bale's  
face. He shines his light down the shaft. Scummy, steel  
walls. Just enough to squeeze through. He does.

A 40 degree angle shaft. Bale slides down. Moving fast.

INT. TUNNEL - THE SHELL

Bale drops out into a brightly lit tunnel. Empty. Cables run  
along the ceiling, visible for 30 meters out.

DB drops down behind him, alert and scanning for trouble.

ADA (FILTERED)

Continue northeast. Through the old  
Russian testing block.

INT. CONDUIT LINE - THE SHELL

A hatch pops open in a BURST and a SENTRY drops down--  
followed by another, and another, and another--

They gyrate, re-orienting themselves--then CRAWL forward,  
their creepy legs managing the small space with ease...



INT. TUNNEL - THE SHELL

Bale starts left into a jog. DB follows. With each slight turn of the tunnel--nothing new.

DB

Ass-end of nothing here. Spooky.

Ahead--a SHAPE--on the floor. They approach with caution. It's a long dead and desiccated corpse in Russian SEC-OPS.

DB

Don't think he died of boredom.

DB indicates the body has BURN marks on skin and clothes, and there are several long GASHES in the torso--

Bale resumes walking. DB catches up. Bale approaches a turn.

Peeks around the corner to another corridor. Archival boxes strewn on the floor, wooden pallets line the walls.

DB

What the hell happened down here?

Bale moves a box out of the way with his foot.

BALE

Something caused everyone down here to lose their minds and start killing each other--whatever it was, Russians left in a damn hurry.

DB

Those robo-dog things...any idea what those things were?

Bale opens a box. Bale grabs a folder. It's all in Russian but the pages feature schematics of weapon prototypes.

BALE

Self-deploying, anti-intrusion bots. Hell, that was next-gen warfare ten years ago.

Bale tosses everything back in the box.

BALE

We were lucky. Let's keep going.

DB

Crazy fuckin' Russians.

BALE

If we make it all the way in and find ourselves with a chance of retrieving the vaccine and it's a question of me and my sister or the vaccine--you grab the vaccine and get the hell out. You hear me?

DB

And what if it's this Jason Orwitz asshole holding the vaccine and a gun to her head? What then?

Bale glares at DB and tosses everything back in the box.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada stares at the Shell map. A single dot moves down a long hall. STATIC in her earpiece, spurts of Bale's voice.

BALE (FILTERED)

D.. y.. copy?

ADA

What can you see?

BALE (FILTERED)

Escalator ahead. Inactive.. Go...  
Can't see how far. It's dark.

ADA

Head down it.

INT. THE SHELL - TRANSIT STATION G

The flashlight shows columns in the center of the floor, spaced evenly. A sign: "TRANSIT G - MARIGOLD."

BALE

Looks like a subway station.

DB

Uh, it is a subway station.

ADA (FILTERED)

There are three transit lines that run through the Shell. Follow the tracks North.

DB peers around the edge of the opening.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada watches Bale's tracker next to her map schematics.

ADA (FILTERED)

Ahead. 50 meters. Turn left. Beyond  
that you're looking for Transit  
Station Marigold--Station G.

BALE

Marigold, Station G, got it.

DB

Crazy fuckin' Russians.

INT. SUV - DAY

OFF A STATIC BLINKING indicator on a map: Carmen closes the  
laptop lid. She glances at Rodrigo.

CARMEN

Tracker hasn't moved in a while.

RODRIGO

I go in, do the laundry. You stay  
for a kill shot if she breaks out?

CARMEN

I like it when a man volunteers to  
do the cleaning.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - THE SHELL

Glenn and four other heavily ARMED men--MILES, PABLO,  
ULRICH, and STANZ--bruisers all--proceed at a run down the  
corridor, lights buzzing in this little-used section.

STANZ

Sir, how much further?

PABLO

Whassa matter? Scared of ghosts?  
WHOOOOOOOOOO--

STANZ

Just wanted to know when we could  
expect to meet our intruder and  
light him up.

GLENN

We're 1.6 klicks from Station H.  
That's where all the junction lines  
meet up. If there is a ghost in  
here, that's where he'll be going.

They reach a junction. Glenn pops his wrist so an AR map of the Shell appears, orienting them in their current location.

GLENN

Alright boys, we're entering the  
Russian zone now. Stay sharp.

Russian sector is indicated by the CYRILLIC symbols. Glenn checks left, then forward, and points ahead. They continue.

INT. THE SHELL - TUNNEL

Two rails gleaming into infinity. They continue on at a jog.

BALE

You know... knew Raff well?

DB

He was a good man. How about you?

BALE

After Marilyn disappeared, I dropped  
off the grid--told Raff I couldn't  
do it anymore. I feel like I let him  
down.

DB

Your sister. Pretty smart?

BALE

Started an AI-based genetics research  
company when she was just 22 years  
old--Telomera--she basically pioneered  
artificial intelligence drug research  
and gene therapy. First genetics  
company started by a woman under 30.  
Before everything went pear-shaped the  
company was worth something like  
eighty billion dollars. She won all  
kinds of awards, even met the Queen.

DB

Damn.

BALE

How'd you end up here?

EXT. BOMBED OUT VILLAGE - DAY

A rabbit munches grass next to a crumbling ruined wall.

Rodrigo creeps forward, now about 200 meters out. Carmen is about twenty meters away from him, setting up for a sniper shot in the seclusion of an out-building--

Carmen glances at Rodrigo and nods--and peers through her scope at the buildings.

Rodrigo reaches something covered in a desert-brown tarp--he checks underneath--the Mi-17 helo.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, UPSTAIRS - DAY

Ada types in "TELOMERA" into a search.

DB (FILTERED)

Oh, man. When Catalon hit, it was a nasty time. U.S. went under so damn quick. I was lucky to get out. Had a friend in spec-ops. Retired. Got me on one of the last transports out.

INT. MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - THE SHELL

Glenn and his security team burst through a door and into a main TUNNEL--train tracks lead off into the darkness--

Glenn raises his hand for QUIET, and there is a distant, ever-so-faint sound of a MAN TALKING--

He motions for silence and they proceed forward.

INT. ACCESS SHAFT - THE SHELL

The line of Sentries inside the shaft proceed forward, checking vents and scanning. The lead Sentry stops. In the distance, the faint sound of MEN TALKING.

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL - THE SHELL

Two rails gleaming into infinity. DB follows Bale at a jog.

DB

So you and Raff served together?

BALE

We were deep action. Globe-trotters.  
Go where the action is, you know?

DB

He never talked about it.

BALE

After the lab explosion and everyone thought Marilyn was dead--I told Raff I couldn't do the job anymore. He even helped get me out, string-free and off the books. And he never gave me shit about it, but I always felt like I let him down.

DB doesn't know what to say to that. He shifts gears--

DB

So let me get this straight. This pharmaceutical company detonated a bomb in your sister's lab and faked her death so they could bring her here to do research on Catalon without having to worry about government oversight or ethical red tape. Is that about right?

Bale is troubled by DB's condensation of the circumstances.

DB

How'd they know she'd work for them?

BALE

She'd do it because... because she would be saving lives...

DB

Why not go the legal route? Seems like an act of desperation, to go through all that trouble just to force one person to work for you.

BALE

Maybe... I'm a soldier, I don't know what drives someone like Jason Orwitz to do what he did.

DB

But it doesn't make sense. You don't threaten to put a bullet in the brain of the person smart enough to create a cure to the most devastating virus the world's ever seen. That's all I'm saying.

Bale is quiet, unsettled by DB's rational thought process.

Lights ahead. The tunnel opens to another station, but this one is lit. The sign reads "TRANSIT STATION H - BUTTERCUP." Bale motions to DB to look lively. He taps his earpiece.

BALE

Ada, we're at the next station.

INT. THE SHELL - TUNNEL

At the tunnel end. Bale and DB inch along the wall, reach a narrow set of stairs leading to an alcove.

They ascend. Creep forward. DB has the lead. The station is empty. On the opposite side of the platform is just a wall.

DB

So if the Russians used to lease this place, who's the landlord?

BALE

Money men. Always the money men.

Sweeping for unfriendlies. A security camera red light blinks in the corner ceiling of the station.

DB does a swift visual scan of the place. Spots one other camera, in the center, overlooking the entire platform.

DB

CCTV. Two cams. They even hooked up?

BALE

Take 'em out, just to be sure.

They duck back down into the tunnel and onto the tracks. Dipping low below the platform, they move forward until they're near the center of the platform.

DB rolls a small disc into the center of the station. A second later it gives a soft POP.

He stands up and Bale follows suit. They hop onto the platform and stalk around, observing everything.

INT. TRANSIT STATION H - THE SHELL

The narrow hall opens into a wider space. They creep forward. A faint TAPPING comes from behind and ABOVE them. Both turn, shining their lights. The TAPPING grows louder.

From an OVERHEAD VENT a SENTRY FALLS OUT, crashes to the ground and immediately rights itself.

DB

Shit!

DB rushes the Sentry and shoves it off the platform onto the TRACKS. It hits the third rail and is FRIED--

Around the corner, fifty meters away, TWO, FOUR, then MORE little red LEDs. SEVEN Sentries emerge. They scan, then launch into pursuit mode, their metal curved legs slapping on the hard floor in a sprint.

DB

Give me a fuckin' break!

DB fires a couple shots and sprints off. Bale follows.

BALE

Head to the tunnel!!

They make it to the end, take a left to another escalator and slide to another platform. DB drops into the tunnel.

AHEAD OF HIM--FLASHLIGHTS APPEAR, illuminating him like a moth at a streetlight. He dives away as--

GLENN and his security team OPEN FIRE from the ELEVATED POSITION on the other side of the platform---

DB returns fire, now stuck behind a pillar extending slightly into the TRACK CORRIDOR--he falls back--

Bale reaches the platform a second later. BOOOOOOOOOOOM, a Thumper goes off at the end of the hall, SHOVES him forward.

There goes his hearing... another droning sound builds. His hearing comes back with a touch of tinitis.

Overhead lights flicker. A rush of air. Floor lights pulse.

Glenn and his men emerge onto the platform and aim their lights toward DB as a train rounds the curve. The headlight STROBES between pillars.

They fire again, pinning DB between them and the approaching train. NOWHERE TO GO--

BALE

DB!!! HANG ON!!!

FOUR SENTRIES emerge on the platform while the other THREE hop down onto the tracks toward DB--

BALE sends scatter shot at the men on the platform--they duck and hide behind pillars--



He WINGS PABLO and keeps STANZ under cover, who CURSES in German. Glenn fires at Bale--

Now Bale is caught between the men and the four Sentries. He rolls down to the edge--

BALE  
Give me your hand!

DB WRAPS his sweaty hand with his RED BANDANA and LEAPS-- strains, catching Bale's arm--who HAULS him up, but a SENTRY LEAPS--DB's eye catches it--he lets go--

BALE TURNS just as the SENTRY STABS Bale through the LEG with a pinscher-like arm, GRABS Neros' HEAD in a VISE GRIP--

BALE SCREAMS--

Still on the TRACKS, DB PULLS a SHOTGUN from his back, PUMPS two rounds into the Sentry's "face"--it crumples back--

Bale rolls over and tries to grab DB's hand again--

GLENN (O.C.)  
Hold it--move and you're dead.

DB eyes Bale--there's nothing they can do--and as the TRAIN SCREECHES IN--The light fills DB's eyes--

One of the Sentries on the track launches another THUMPER--

DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!

The impact SLAMS DB against the wall--he BOUNCES BACK and falls between the tracks as the train ROLLS OVER HIM--

Hardly seems to matter that THREE SENTRIES also get SMASHED as the TRAIN WHOOSHES into the station and comes to a stop.

BALE and Glenn are THROWN to the ground--Glenn's ears BLEED.

Bale turns away from the impact, still holding the bandana--he can barely contain the sickness. But there's no time--

The train settles to a stop as the four Sentries flank BALE--he's got maybe two seconds to act--

He places covering FIRE at the various positions of the security team as he LIMPS toward the TRAIN--

The doors open with a BONG.

The men emerge from cover and fire at the retreating BALE--

The SENTRIES CONVERGE--

BALE SLIDES toward the opening door, turning as he does to return sporadic bursts--

--ROLLS INTO THE car as bullets rattle against the frame.

ANOTHER DOOOOOOMMMMMMM and ULRICH and MILES bite it hard--

INT. TRAIN CAR - THE SHELL

TWO SENTRIES discover the security team, send up an electronic WARBLE--the remaining Sentries turn and focus.

The train BONGS. The doors close. Bale peeks up, watches in numb silence as the Sentries tear the security team apart until the curve of the station hides them from view.

Bale POUNDS the wall in GRIEF and ANGER at losing DB--

ADA (FILTERED)

Bale? Talk to me. What's happening?  
Can you hear me?

BALE

DB didn't make it...I'm on a train  
heading north.

And now Bale realizes--there are PEOPLE. Flickering lights reveal Catalon victims--in white and green medical scrubs.

BALE

I'm not alone.

INT. SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - THE SHELL

Clarke looms over a monitor showing about 20 rows of vital signs bio-readouts. Five of them are now FLAT RED.

CLARKE

What do you mean, dead?  
(activates his comm)  
Glenn--this is Clarke, come in!

TECHNICIAN

I tried them already--nothing.

CLARKE

Hendricks, where are you?

INT. MEDICAL LAB - THE SHELL

A SECURITY MAN--HENDRICKS--and another--BANNON, both in haz-suits, patrol the empty medical bay.

HENDRICKS  
Hendricks, Bannon and I are  
currently in Med Bay 7.

CLARKE (FILTERED)  
We've got a real problem. Something--  
-or someone--has taken out the outer  
sector team.

HENDRICKS (SOTTO)  
What?? The fuck--?

CLARKE (FILTERED)  
Mobilizing team now. Maintain sweep,  
full fire authorized.

HENDRICKS  
Copy-- Bannon. We're weapons hot.

BANNON  
Shoot to kill, huh?

They lock and load and keep their perimeter as they scan.

HENDRICKS  
Hoo-rah.

They move forward through the empty medical bay, passing  
abandoned labs and empty glass-enclosed trial rooms.

INT. THE SHELL - TRAIN CAR

Bale inches back, face white with fear. None of the people  
react to his presence. He backs into another VICTIM.

They appear sedated, hypnotically disengaged. They all have  
water bottles. Every few seconds, they take a sip.

ADA (FILTERED)  
Bale? Talk to me. What's going on--?

BALE  
This train is filled with sick  
people. Paralyne must be using  
trains to transport patients in and  
out... I'm infected now.

INT. TOWNHOUSE, UPSTAIRS - DAY

Ada is demoralized and in despair.

ADA  
This was a mistake--I never--

BALE (FILTERED)  
--No. That's the mission. Find  
Marilyn and your father. Stop Orwitz  
from infecting Asia. Simple, right?

Static in his earpiece.

ADA  
There's something you should know  
about Marilyn--something I should  
have told you from the beginning--

INT. TRAIN CAR - THE SHELL

Bale leans against the wall. He takes a few deep breath.

BALE  
Come back. You're breaking up!

ADA  
--thin--shou--tol--...the beginn--

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada fiddles with her earpiece and radio.

ADA  
Bale? Can you hear me?

BALE (FILTERED)  
It --esn't --tter--- an--one's--lt--

ADA  
I'm sorry anyway.

INT. TRAIN CAR - THE SHELL

Bale clenches his fists, eyes closed tight. He snaps back--

BALE  
Where does this line go?

The radio is silent.

BALE

Ada? Do you read me? Shit.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada remains resolute.

ADA (FILTERED)

Bale, you must get off at the next stop or you'll be stuck on the express back to the Russian sector.

ONSCREEN a prompt appears: "Found you, bitch." The screen fills with corrupted characters--A NETWORK VIRUS--

ADA

Shit!

She tries to stop the malware but RUSTLING outside distracts her--she checks the window, peeks around the frame.

KLISH! A near miss into the window SPATTERS concrete in Ada's hair. She falls to the ground, shielding her head.

ADA

Shit! Someone's here--! Bale??!

STATIC--She glances at her computer--truly on her own...

EXT. OUTBUILDING - DAY

Carmen sees Ada duck back in through her scope. Shifts for a better shot, but Ada is out of frame.

RODRIGO (FILTER)

There goes our surprise.

CARMEN

Stop...you know you like it better this way.

RODRIGO (FILTER)

I do love it when they run.

INT. TRANSIT STOP I, THE SHELL - DAY

The train comes in. The doors slide open with a gentle BONG.

Darkness. Light from the train interior illuminates a tiny square of the platform. Bale steps off. Empty.

BALE  
(hushed)  
Ada, you still there?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada doesn't see anything, but she senses it's too quiet.

ADA  
(whispers)  
Bale? I think someone's here.

Ada grabs a GPS tracker, sat phone, headset. She ejects a chip from her laptop and plugs it in the tracker. Throws the laptop in a bag with everything else. She steels herself.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

Rodrigo skirts the wall, gun out as he ascends the stairs with the care of a cat. Step. By. Step.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Ada runs as silent as she can into the room across from her just as Rodrigo ascends the last stair and turns the corner.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE, GROUND - DAY

Carmen runs, crouching low to a closer position. She hears something on the other side of the house.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Ada crawls through the window onto a ledge. This would be brave even if the house wasn't structurally unsound.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE, ROOF - DAY

Ada creeps along on the roof, finds a ledge, shimmies across. She takes a bad step as part of the ledge collapses. She scrabbles but her fingers can't hold. She drops off the ledge and lands in some bushes, wind knocked out of her.

EXT. BUILDING, GROUND - DAY

Carmen hears this and runs around the side after her. Rodrigo sprints into the room and checks out the window. He tries to take a shot but Ada dodges around the corner--

INT. TOWNHOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Rodrigo doesn't waste time--he sprints back to the stairs--

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Ada runs to the bike and straddles it. It ROARS to life.

Rodrigo rushes out, sees her and aims--

She guns it--a spray of gravel spits out in his face.

Rodrigo jumps clear as she continues her rapid spin around and zooms past him. She nearly wipes out in a gravel patch but gets equilibrium.

He fires five times but can't get a bead.

RODRIGO

Shit!

The SUV rolls up. Carmen drives. The SUV spins tires then BURSTS away after Ada.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Ada, on her motorcycle, zooms past. The SUV pulls out in pursuit. The motorcycle has the speed advantage. Ada whips past trees, rough terrain and a rocky, dirty path.

The SUV trails behind, JUMPS over hillocks, SLAMS DOWN HARD.

INT. SUV - DAY

Up an embankment Carmen and Rodrigo see the motorcycle turn through grass in between a rock formation.

Carmen smiles, accelerates, makes a left to cut Ada off.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE SHELL - DAY

A CDC-like corridor. Windows open into clean rooms containing MRI banks, ventilation hoods, autoclaves. Not as much decay or random shit around. Still, it's a ghost town.

Bale moves through a massive medical bay into a smaller lab.

INT. MEDICAL LAB, THE SHELL - DAY

OFF section signs: "Virology" and "Immunization."

A sign reads "BSL-4 Authorized Personnel Only Past This Point" and another sign with a death's head symbol and a large red warning of "BIOHAZARD."

A lone computer terminal sits on a podium in the corner. Bale taps the keyboard and the screen lights up.

ON SCREEN: block menu of options. He selects PATIENT RECORDS

A search input loads. He takes out Tyvol's photo and types in the name written on the back. TYVOL KONRAD.

A NOISE in the corridor behind him. Turns, faces--listens. Nothing. He selects the record that loads.

The face that shows on screen is a much thinner, more emaciated version of the man from Ada's photo. His eyes are somewhat bulbous, and he is bald.

Scanning down the information, he reaches the critical notation at the bottom: DECEASED.

A light sweeps across part of the room. Bale crouches behind an island by the window and freezes.

Bannon and Hendricks search the area. A glass barrier between Bale and the men prevents Bale from hearing their conversation. It comes through in snatches. It has the mundanity of guys with nothing better to talk about.

Bale skirts the wall, ducks under the sweeping lights and hides behind a large potted plant, long dead.

Bannon throws his light into the corridor and watches for a long moment--Bale tenses, ready for action.

Bannon hangs up and they continue, but Glenn stops.

HENDRICKS

Wait. Listen.

The sound is off, like an empty office building, but underground. Hendricks stalks forward toward the plant--

--AND whips around to reveal--nothing.

HENDRICKS

Could have sworn I heard something.

BANNON

Just the ghosts of Russian stoolies.

They progress past the plant, flashlights peeking into side offices lining the corridor.



INT. INNER OFFICE, THE SHELL - DAY

Flashlights nearly uncover Bale but he's down below the beam. The lights pass on. Bale sneaks to the door, waits for them to go out of sight, and edges out.

INT. SECURITY STATION READY ROOM - THE SHELL - DAY

The TEAM of burly men remaining suit up--body armor, various weaponry--one man dons a pair of sleek GLOVES, flexes his fingers so that they "Power up."

AXE marshals them and they head out the door one by one.

INT. LOADING DOCK - THE SHELL

Bale creeps up the ramp toward an idling truck next to a large cargo container covered with bio-hazard icons.

Bale rolls out along the wall. On the left: A GUARD STATION.

A man--MATT, in blue coveralls and waste handler gloves emerges from behind the truck, carries a bio-waste bag.

MATT

Hey! Who are you?! SECURITY!!

Bale follows Matt's gaze to an observation window. No one there. For a second, it's a standoff.

Matt throws the bags down, runs to the truck. The truck roars to life and peels out. He smashes into the barrier.

Bale fires through the windshield. The truck halts.

EXT. TUNNEL - THE SHELL

The truck halts. Bale steps around, opens the side door, gun locked on Matt. He hops inside.

INT. TRUCK - THE SHELL

Matt cowers back away from Bale.

BALE

Drive to the freight elevator--

Matt puts it in gear and takes them down the tunnel.

BALE

What do you do here?

MATT  
Waste transport.

BALE  
Waste? You mean fuckin' bodies.

Matt doesn't answer. Bale is grim.

INT. FREIGHT TUNNEL - THE SHELL

The truck reaches the large FREIGHT loading area.

INT. TRUCK - THE SHELL

Bale gestures for Matt to get out.

EXT. FREIGHT LOADING ZONE - THE SHELL

Bale keeps the gun trained on Matt.

BALE  
Which floor is Dr. Marilyn Reed on?

MATT  
Five. Where the research labs are--

Bale pushes the button to call the elevator.

MATT  
Your nose. It's bleeding.

BALE  
It's because I'm infected with  
Catalon. Which I guess means you are  
too. Sorry. Don't worry. You're not  
gonna die from it.

MATT  
Oh--that's... good...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The SUV skids to a halt near Ada's bike. Carmen and Rodrigo emerge. Carmen peers into the woods, watches and listens.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ada lies flat behind a mogul, peeking over the brim. Carmen approaches. Ada stiffens, tries to control her breathing.

Carmen reaches the small rise where Ada hides and she surveils the woods. Listens.

Carmen's boots are REALLY CLOSE. They turn this way and that before finally turning fully and are lost in the brush.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Rodrigo cuts the bottom out of the bag with a large knife. He grabs the equipment and GPS tracker and tosses the bag.

Rodrigo shows Carmen Bale's tracker blinking on the LED.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ada peeks through a tree limb, sees Rodrigo staring right back at her--she gasps and ducks--afraid she's been made.

Rodrigo continues staring, suspicious, then angles his gaze another direction and pulls out his phone.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Rodrigo stares at a GPS readout and waits on the phone.

RODRIGO  
We tracked the girl.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - THE SHELL

Jason paces in excitement.

INTERCUT B/T JASON AND RODRIGO

RODRIGO  
She had something you'll want to see. Uploading to your dropbox now.

Jason is pissed, but recenters.

INT. ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Clarke distributes his men outside of Administration.

CLARKE  
Axe, head up fire control to cut him off if he gets past our chokepoint. Go. Rest of you, come with me!

The men separate and set up flanking positions on either side of the freight corridor.

Clarke and team proceed down the hall toward the ELEVATOR--

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM - THE SHELL

Petie shoves a handful of skittles down his throat. Jason BURSTS IN and GRIMACES at this gluttonous display.

JASON  
Open my dropbox. Hurry.

INTERCUT B/T RODRIGO AND JASON/PETIE

Petie opens the dropbox and it loads ON SCREEN. The data shows the map and Bale's live location on it.

PETIE  
That's us--wait--is this live data?

Jason's face goes white. Petie brings up Shell schematics.

JASON  
Where the hell are you?

RODRIGO  
Outside Bledow Desert in Poland!  
Fucking middle of nowhere!

JASON  
God damn it. Don't contact me again  
unless you're texting me a photo of  
her fucking corpse!

He ends the call.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Rodrigo stares into the forest. His brow furrows.

CARMEN  
I'm inclined to give that little  
shit a reminder of who he hired once  
all this is over.

RODRIGO  
Circle around. Let's just find this  
bitch toot sweet.

Rodrigo grabs an automatic weapon from the SUV, cocks it and walks with purpose toward the forest.

Carmen hops in the SUV. She takes off on patrol.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - DAY

Petie types in a fury, honing in on Bale's position. Jason paces behind him.

PETIE  
Romanian assassins, huh? Unreliable  
pricks. Let's see here--

Jason stares Petie down.

JASON  
They're Polish.

PETIE  
Bet this is the same asshole who  
tripped security in the Russian  
sector. They're on freight moving up  
to Level Five.

EXT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

The freight elevator opens.

MATT  
Wait don't shoot--!!!!

A thousand bullets tear Matt apart--

Clarke and his men continue firing, then stop--

Clarke motions to one MAN who inches forward and peers  
inside. EMPTY. He glances back at Clarke--shrugs--

BALE SWINGS DOWN from the ceiling--SLAMS into the man,  
launching him INTO the group of men, who stagger back--

Bale's full arsenal of training is unleashed, which we only  
saw a small piece of with Bannon. He CRACKS the arm of the  
front man, TWISTS him over to block another man's attack.

He THROWS his head back, BREAKS THE NOSE of the man behind  
him. KICKS a third man in the solar plexus. It's such close  
quarters no one can get a shot in--

Bale moves with fluidity, breathing steady, taking guys out.

POWER GLOVE GUY flexes--and PUNCHES BALE in the BACK--a  
CRUSHING BLOW--knocking him against the wall. The man grins  
and advances--punches at Bale's HEAD--BALE TURNS and DUCKS--

The wall disintegrates at the unleashed electromagnetic  
kinetic energy--BALE staggers but JAMS his gun butt into the  
back of Power Glove's head, slamming him against the wall,  
breaking his nose--

Bale turns--CLICK---CLARKE has a BERETTA in his FACE--

CLARKE

Don't fucking mo--BALE? I thought  
you were dead--

Bale squints--and moves--SLAMMING Clarke's arm CLEAR--he  
FIELD STRIPS Clarke's handgun in one graceful motion as he  
PULLS CLARKE down and FLIPS him on his back, punches him in  
the throat and tosses the pieces of the gun aside.

Bale surveys--THE ONLY MAN STANDING--he grabs a loose  
assault rifle and continues on, leaving the first team  
devastated on the floor behind him.

INT. HALLWAY, ADMINISTRATION - THE SHELL

Bale emerges from the freight corridor. He turns a corner.  
It's like a hospital front desk/lobby. Axe and his team are  
there. For a moment--SURPRISE--

Bale doesn't hesitate. He lays down suppressing fire and  
SPRINTS PAST--

They recover--fire BACK, just missing him as he DIVES BEHIND  
a CUBICLE barrier--

BULLETS fly in from an unexpected direction. Cubicles are  
shredded in the punishing attack--

He is PINNED from BOTH SIDES as they attempt to flank him--

Bale fires WILDLY above the cubicle, spraying bullets across  
AXE's midsection--flipping him back--

But another man fires, GRAZES Bale in the arm, blood spray  
and pain all over Bale's face as he faces grim odds.

He's only got one option: He BLASTS fire, WHIRLS, LEAPS  
ACROSS the space to a DOORWAY--

BULLETS TRACE the wall, six inches behind him. Computers in  
the office behind him explode into SILICON SHARDS.

The security teams converge and advance--FIRING--CEMENT  
SHATTERS around Bale as he keeps hidden--

He TOSSES an incendiary--the BLAST THROWS THEM ALL BACK--

Bale steps into the smoke over the unconscious and wounded--  
over to a different, passenger-style elevator.

The doors ding and open. He gets in. The doors close.

A piece of the CUBICLE WALL collapses.

INT. FOREST - DAY

Ada crashes through underbrush, racing forward with no sense of purpose or direction, other than to get away from *them*.

Falls, gets up, runs more. Branches whip her face bloody as she races, breath ragged and tortured.

BEHIND HER Rodrigo tramps with purpose through the underbrush, following the trail, gun ready.

INT. SUV - DAY

Carmen wrenches the wheel around some bushes and rocks and continues to check the woods.

INTERCUT BETWEEN all three as pursuit continues.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE, THE SHELL - DAY

Marilyn glances up from the computer, hearing a card SWIPE and the door open in the other room.

Two of Clarke's men, FRANK and REUBEN, enter. Both built like houses. A burn scar on Frank's face helps especially add to his intimidation factor.

FRANK

Dr. Reed? Come with us.

MARILYN

What is it?

The men grab her and escort her out.

MARILYN

Hey! What are you doing? Get off me!

INT. ELEVATOR - THE SHELL

Bale hits the 5 and stands back in the silence of the elevator. He checks the gun--ARE YOU KIDDING--EMPTY CLIP...

BALE

So much for scavenging.

He drops the gun, unsheathes his knife and waits.

INT. FREIGHT CORRIDOR - THE SHELL

The freight elevator opens and Hendricks and Bannon emerge to see the men Bale went through still recovering.

Hendricks helps Clarke to his feet--

HENDRICKS  
What happened, sir?

CLARKE  
A fucking ghost.

INT. DIFFERENT HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale proceeds, passes signs indicating "Immunology" and "Radiology"--reminiscent of a hospital corridor.

He turns a corner. At the far end two men FORCE a struggling Marilyn out by her arms as she fights against them.

MARILYN  
Get off me!

Bale's eyes go wide. She's really alive!! Somehow, reason leaves him and he RUSHES toward her--

BALE  
Marilyn!!!

Frank raises his weapon but Bale whips his knife forward. Frank falls back, knife embedded in his throat--he suffocates on his own blood.

Reuben grabs Marilyn fires at Bale, who hides behind a metal cart. Reuben pulls Marilyn back.

BALE  
Let her go and you can walk away!

REUBEN  
Like hell.

Reuben fires a few shots at the cart, hitting the wall and sending shrapnel past Bale's face.

Bale glances back, sees a door to a room, beyond that, another exit, behind Reuben. Bale pulls out a small disk, tosses it around the corner. PHWOOM. Smoke bomb.

Reuben backs away with Marilyn into the smoke, fires five quick shots.



INT. EMPTY ROOM - THE SHELL

Bale moves from the dark, creeps toward an opening. It's eerie, weirdly quiet in the smoke.

INT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Bale attacks Reuben from behind.

Reuben is fast, agile, and strong.

Marilyn is thrown to the wall as they fight, circle, grapple, and pummel each other. Their skirmish is a mixture of Muy Thai boxing and Krav Maga that devolves into brutal hand-to-hand close quarter impacts.

Reuben puts a punishing hit on Bale that knocks him prone. Reuben straddles Bale and squeezes the life out of him.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Bale struggles against the waves--but they keep crashing over him. He's SINKING. The light flickers--

INT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Marilyn grabs the knife out of Frank's forehead. She jams it into Reuben's jugular.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MARILYN's hand grabs Bale and pulls him out of the water

INT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

She pushes Reuben off Bale. He crawls, coughs, tries to get his breath. She is sanguine--almost standoffish.

MARILYN

What the hell are you doing here?

BALE

Good to see you too. You know, I thought you were dead!

MARILYN

It would have been better if I was.

Marilyn puts her hands on either side of Bale's mask. He stops her from taking it off.

BALE  
No. I'm infected.

MARILYN  
I'm inoculated.

She pulls off his mask and stares into his bloodshot eyes.

MARILYN  
Oh... Cal. You're going to be okay.  
How did you know about this place?

BALE  
I don't know much. Just that I  
needed to get to you before--

They hold each other tight. Marilyn tears up.

MARILYN  
It's good to see you. There's--a lot  
to catch you up on.

Marilyn gazes at him with care. It's finally sinking in that she's alive in front of him. He glances away.

BALE  
I'm sorry. So sorry. For missing  
mom's funeral--For everything.

MARILYN  
Shut up.

She embraces him again.

INT. ELEVATOR - THE SHELL

The doors open and Clarke stumbles in, followed by Hendricks and a couple more men who survived.

Clarke mashes the button for Level 3 and wipes sweat off his forehead. He holds his hand up, watching it quiver.

HENDRICKS  
What are we going to do?

CLARKE  
We're going to kill the sonofabitch.

INT. MARILYN'S OFFICE, THE SHELL - DAY

Marilyn enters with resolution, followed by Bale. She starts gathering up documents, folders, and a flash drive.

MARILYN

How long since you were infected?

BALE

An hour, maybe two.

MARILYN

Good. There's still time.

Marilyn inserts a flash drive into the computer and starts copying data over to it. Bale observes.

MARILYN

This is everything. All this data is worth millions of lives.

She pulls the flash drive out and heads to the door.

MARILYN

Whatever happens--you have to know--  
I tried to do the right thing.

BALE

They were going to deliberately infect Asia and sell the vaccine at premium prices. Orwitz is flying out today to meet the buyer.

Marilyn perks up--confused--she didn't know that.

MARILYN

What??!

BALE

Profits, not people, right?

MARILYN

You don't understand--listen. We need to get the cure from Cryo.

BALE

No--we've got to get you out of here, now. Just bring your notes--all your research.

MARILYN

I won't have time to synthesize it. You'll be dead in 72 hours if you don't get the antivirus.

BALE

Getting you out is more important!

MARILYN

Not to me! First we get the cure,  
then we leave.

Marilyn grabs one of the culture coolers. She checks inside and takes one of the small kits out.

MARILYN

Cold storage vault is on this level  
but I doubt I still have clearance.  
Obviously I've outlived my  
usefulness to them.

BALE

I'll get you clearance.

She walks out the door, checks both ways. Clear.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ada trips on a root and skids into a ditch.

She lands among charred BODIES. Catalan victims. Some of the flesh slides off bones as she struggles in the horrific muck of human remains. She gags.

Ada crawls back on the dirt incline. She turns, her eyes well up in horror as she takes in the scope of the carnage.

It's a one-acre sized pit of bodies. A mass grave. She coughs, gags, vomits as the stench of death inundates her.

ADA

Oh my God...

A truck approaches on the road. Ada snaps to and crawls on the other side to stay out of sight. The truck stops.

The truck backs up to the ditch. Ada stares on, horrified, as the truck empties more bodies into the ditch.

The DRIVER and another MAN hop out to make sure all the bodies landed in the ditch. Both wear hazmat suits.

INT. THE SHELL CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

The door flies open and Clarke runs in, breathless. Jason turns, surprised at the entrance. Clarke's head bleeds.

JASON

The fuck...?

CLARKE  
We were attacked--

Clarke grabs extra ammo and a vest.

JASON  
What are you doing?

CLARKE  
He was lethal. Took out my entire team, like that.

JASON  
One guy?! One fucking guy!? What about Dr. Reed?

CLARKE  
You don't understand. He's the best operator I've seen in or out of the field--

JASON  
Everyone's got an excuse.

CLARKE  
I know who he is! I fucking served with him for Christ's sake! He's supposed to be dead--

JASON  
Well fuck him if he didn't have the sense to stay that way.

He checks the mag and ratchets his weapon.

JASON  
Leave her! We're leaving.

He pulls out a key and heads to a LOCKED WALL PANEL.

JASON  
I'm shutting this place down, so make a fucking choice--you coming?

Clarke STOPS him--

CLARKE  
Everyone else down here can rot in hell but I can't leave my men.

Jason slaps his hand over his heart in mockery and slaps a radio in Clarke's hand.

JASON

Such a bleeding heart. Tell 'em  
they've got ten minutes to meet us  
in the garage.

EXT. HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale and Marilyn walk with purpose. Two technicians  
approach. One of them side-eyes Bale with suspicion.

BALE (SOTTO)

Shit.

MARILYN

Stay cool.

The technicians pass, minding their own business.

Marilyn opens a stairwell door and they head through.

INT. STAIRWELL, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale starts up the stairs, Marilyn close behind.

BALE

Houdini's gonna be flip to see you.

She questions with her eyes. He gets his phone, shows her a  
"selfie" photo of Bale and Houdini. Her face lights up.

MARILYN

You kept him!

BALE

You kidding? He loves me. He's  
obsessed with me, actually.

They reach the door. Bale peers through the small window.

MARILYN

Cryo is down the hall to the left.

They open the door and--

INT. CRYO-STORAGE, THE SHELL - DAY

--enter the hall. Bale glances around the corner. At the far  
end, two GUARDS mill in front of a glass-enclosed room. One  
more GUARD further up, closer to Bale and Marilyn.

BALE

Three guards. Hang back--

He checks his gun. A distant BOOM. Lights flicker.

BALE

The hell?

He glances around the corner to see the guards in "active alert." The radios erupt into SQUAWKS and EXCITED CHATTER.

Two guards convo together, then take off. One guard remains.

BALE

Okay...One guard. Give me a minute--

Marilyn holds him back.

MARILYN

Wait. I've got an idea--

INT. VAULT HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Marilyn walks up to the guard. She holds the med-cooler out.

MARILYN

I've got to get these cultures into cold storage right now.

Marilyn walks around him to the entry panel, to divert the guard's attention from Bale's approach.

GUARD

Make it quick. Something's going on.

MARILYN

I heard... an intruder?

Marilyn tries her badge but it doesn't work.

The guard takes her badge and tries again. Again it fails.

GUARD

I'm not sure why this isn't working.  
You'll have to let Mr. Orwitz know.

Bale sneaks up behind the guard and WOPS him on the head with the gun butt. The Guard falls down--knocked cold.

INT. CRYO-STORAGE ROOM, THE SHELL - DAY

Marilyn rushes in. Bale drags the guard inside. The guard's radio SQUAWKS. Bale grabs the walkie.

CLARKE (FILTERED)  
 All Security Teams, report to Fleet  
 Level 3-A immediately. Abandon  
 posts. Repeat, abandon your posts  
 and report to Fleet Level 3-A. Out.

Marilyn opens the second cell. Empty.

Bale puts the walkie up to his mouth and makes it active.

BALE  
 I want to speak to Jason Orwitz.

Marilyn glances at Bale in horror--

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

One of the men drags a body in green scrubs deeper into the pit. The other lights them up with a flamethrower.

Behind them, Ada sneaks to the truck bed, now set back upright. Ada winces, nearly gagging at the blood stained truck bed. She covers herself with a tattered tarp.

MAN 1  
 Hey!

Ada freezes. Man 2 stops his flame. Intense CHATTER now comes through the walkies.

MAN 2  
 What is it?

MAN 1  
 Something's happening at the base.  
 We'd better get back.

MAN 2  
 What about these?

MAN 1  
 Leave 'em for the buzzards.

The two men hop in the truck and floor it. Ada does her best to hang on and not slide around the bed of the truck.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - THE SHELL

Clarke is surprised.

CLARKE  
 Bale? Why don't you come in--be  
 reasonable, we can talk this out--



Jason grabs the walkie from Clarke and is about to respond but stops to cycle through the security monitors.

He sees Marilyn and Bale in Crypto storage. Marilyn is bounding towards Bale.

BALE (FILTERED)  
It's all over. I've got Marilyn...

INT. THE SHELL CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

Jason carries the silver briefcase and a black tote. SIX other WELL-ARMED MEN stand at attention. Jason gives one of the men the black tote bag.

JASON  
Don't lose this.

Clarke follows closely behind.

CLARKE  
I've lost men on L5 and L6. Reports of multiple detonations all over. We need to contain the threat.

JASON  
It's too late. We're getting out--

The WALKIE SQUAWKS.

BALE (FILTERED)  
I want to speak to Jason Orwitz.

INT. CRYO-STORAGE ROOM - THE SHELL

Marilyn rushes over to Bale and pulls the walkie away.

BALE  
What?!

MARILYN  
He doesn't know I made a fail safe!  
He doesn't have the full vaccine!

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - THE SHELL

On the monitors, Bale and Marilyn talk animatedly.

CLARKE  
He's in Cryo--

Jason shoves past Clarke and unlocks the covered wall panel, opens up a switch with a large red button that says PURGE.

CLARKE

We can still contain the threat! I  
can take this guy--please--

He grabs Jason by the lapel--

JASON

We've come too far...I'm fixing this  
problem now.

He pushes the PURGE button.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM, THE SHELL - DAY

Petie flits his eyes up to see lights flashing deep red.

PETIE

Shit. The hell?

He SCRAMBLES, calls Jason. No answer.

PETIE

C'mon, pick up you piece of shit!

He rises, grabs hard drives and other electronic gear.

INT. HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Red light pulses through the hall. A KLAXON: BRAAAWP BRAAAWP  
BRAAAWP. Marilyn covers her ears.

MARILYN

Shit!

A resounding METALLIC CLANK. All vents OPEN one by one. Bale  
connects his helmet attachment. He checks back at her and  
realizes she doesn't have one.

BALE

Really not good. We need a mask!

Marilyn checks to the left and sees that the sliding doors  
are beginning to close. She bolts past Bale back through.

BALE

Wh- What are you doing!?

MARILYN

Stay there!

Marilyn makes it into the other lab just before the doors  
seal behind her.

Gas tendrils flow out of the grate in curls. It starts to expand, filling the lab and hallways with poisonous fumes.

BALE

Marilyn!!! Get out of there!!

Gas flows into the hallway and the main Cryo room.

Bale tries to open the inner room door--SEALED. He bashes a chair against the walled glass--SHATTER-PROOF-

INT. INNER CRYO LAB - THE SHELL

Marilyn pulls a black case out of the freezer. Grabs a mask inside a locker, runs both to a one-way slot in the wall, places the mask and black case inside, and shuts it.

The drawer on Bale's side opens--

Her voice comes through the INTERCOM:

MARILYN

Put the mask on. Bale! Listen!

The gas gets thick. Marilyn coughs, gets close to the glass.

MARILYN

I never fully trusted Orwitz...

BALE

Marilyn--Why--

Marilyn starts to gag.

MARILYN

I made the vaccine binary--the vaccine won't work without both his samples and what's in this case. This is all that matters. Get the other sample and give everything to the W.H.O.--I--Now put the mask on!! PUT IT ON NOW!!

She collapses. Difficult to breathe.

Everything an eerie, red, pillowy mist.

Bale dons the mask and slides down to the floor to face her.

He gives her a stricken gaze through the glass.

MARILYN

I made a mistake. Please forgive me.

Tears slide down her cheek. He pounds the glass in anguish.

BALE  
Marilyn!? No! No!

She breathes one final breath and dies.

EXT. HALLWAY - THE SHELL

Bale grabs the case and holds it close to his chest in tortured despair. The mist swirls around him in tendrils.

INT. COMPUTER NETWORK ROOM - THE SHELL

Petie drops a load of hardware into a bag, doesn't notice the gas seeping into the room. He glances at his computer.

PETIE  
God damn Ada Konrad...

The gas wafts around him and his eyes go wide. He tries to run but he's too overweight to move fast.

He collapses at the door, gasping, pawing to reach the door. It opens automatically and more gas wafts in. He chokes.

INT. THE SHELL CENTRAL COMMAND, FILE CLOSET - DAY

ON the security feed: People asphyxiate and collapse in droves. Clarke stares at the feed in disbelief.

INT. SECURITY STATION 12 - DAY

The gas vapor thins. Bale enters the room, goes to a bank of computer monitors showing CCTV footage from the Shell.

He brings up a 4x4 video grid. He cycles through a bunch of screens, and then--

ON SCREEN: A crowd of people in HAZ SUITS or GAS MASKS, pressed against a sealed door. One MAN uses a fire extinguisher to bash the door handle--

In another monitor, Jason and his men troop down a corridor.

Bale spots an 8x8" facility map on the wall. He finds where he is located. He finds Fleet Level 3-A.

INT. HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Vague sounds of BANGING and occasional loud POPS. Bale emerges from the security station.

GUNFIRE and SHOUTING is louder ahead.

The gas has dissipated. Bale removes his mask. He's in bad shape. But moreso, he's been destroyed by Marilyn's death--

A HUGE BOOM. The hallways shake. Dust falls from walls and ceiling. A light drops down in a shower of sparks.

A HUGE BOOM. The hallways shake. Dust falls from walls and ceiling. A light drops down in a shower of sparks.

SMALL ARMS FIRE erupts and it's VERY CLOSE. Bale jumps back as there is a weird ELECTRONIC WARBLE, and the sound of CLIPPING METAL, and a SENTRY trots around the corner.

Bale raises his weapon to fire. The wall next to the Sentry EXPLODES, blasts the Sentry into a heap. Its limbs wriggle as its motors continue to work. It starts to get up.

A figured cloaked in dust emerges from the hole in the wall.

DB

Right through the wall motherfucker!

DB tears into the Sentry in anger. He yanks out a bunch of wires and rips off a panel and removes a black cylinder--

The Sentry dies and collapses back into a heap.

BALE

DB? You're alive??

DB turns, grins, but then sees Bale's face. Shocked.

DB

Oh shit. You look... terrible.

DB drops the black cylinder in a pocket and comes forward--

BALE

Don't--get too close to me.

DB

Did you find your sister?

BALE

She didn't make it.

DB can see Bale's hardened exterior. Shut down.

DB

What are you doing to do?

Bale holds up the case.

BALE

I have one half of the antivirus here. I'm tracking down the man with the other half, and I don't plan on asking him nicely for it.

DB

You don't have a choice, do you?

Bale shakes his head. DB extends his hand.

DB

Fuck it. Let's do this. We're all dead anyway if it doesn't work out.

The disregard for the virus speaks volumes to Bale.

BALE

You don't have to stick around, DB--

DB

Raff always said, don't start a mission unless you intend on finishing it or dying in the effort.

DB takes Bale's hand. Brothers. Comrades.

EXT. GUARD SHACK, THE SHELL - DAY

The truck reaches a lone guard shack seemingly in the middle of nowhere. The GATE GUARD hails them.

INT. TRUCK BED - DAY

Ada is quiet under the tarp. She overhears them talking.

GATE GUARD

--Been a year of Sundays since we had a drill.

DRIVER

Where are we supposed to go?

GATE GUARD

Best thing you can do is wait here.

DRIVER

It's hotter than hell out here. Mind  
if we come inside?

GATE GUARD

No skin off my ass. I got cartoons.

Ada hears the driver and the other man emerge from the  
truck. They walk to the guard shack.

Ada peers above the tarp through the back windscreen. The  
men are just entering the guard shack.

RODRIGO (FILTER)

Tell me what you've got...

INT. SUV, CLEARING - DAY

Carmen scans printouts from Ada's bag, phone to her ear.

CARMEN

Our friend Jason's keeping secrets.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Rodrigo observes the smoking bodies, lights a cigarette.

RODRIGO

No shit. Come pick me up.

INT. HALLWAY, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale leads the way. DB trails, confused as hell.

DB

Why in the hell can't we?

BALE

Orwitz's going for a plane. He isn't  
going out the back door.

DB

Trust me, only way out is the way we  
came in. Everything forward's sealed  
tighter than my asshole--

Bale ignores this comment and keeps moving forward.

DB

Fine, ignore the guy who JUST CAME  
FROM THAT WAY!

INT. FLEET LEVEL 3 CORRIDOR, THE SHELL - DAY

Jason strides forward, carrying the silver briefcase, followed by twelve security men--four carrying black duffel bags. Clarke brings up the rear.

INT. HALLWAY EXIT, THE SHELL - DAY

DB and Bale face the large opening. An electronic keypad glows red, and the door is, indeed, sealed shut.

DB

Told you.

The hallway they're in is a mess--burn marks on the wall, ceiling tiles have collapsed in, and lights flicker with ominous irregularity.

BALE

Your handiwork?

DB shrugs.

BALE

What'd you use to take out that Sentry back there?

DB

C4, but I'm out. I've got a little Sementex left. But these doors and walls are reinforced steel and concrete. Plastique's not going to do shit to it.

Bale spots an extinguisher, behind Plexiglass.

BALE

Yeah...maybe that'll work.

LATER

POV THROUGH SCOPE: The alcove in the wall has been smashed open. Four extinguishers lie on their side embedded in the alcove, on top of each other.

DB aims, pauses, glances at Bale, smirks, turns and FIRES.

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS the whole hallway. The door gets blasted back and the place is filled with extinguisher gas.

They emerge into the dissipating gas and check out the now gaping hole next to the doorway.



DB  
Hello, dolly.

INT. FLEET LEVEL 3-A, THE SHELL - DAY

The door opens and Jason walks through. He points out two Humvees. He, Clarke, and five other guys get into one.

Both Humvees RUMBLE to life.

INT. FLEET LEVEL 5 CORRIDOR, THE SHELL - DAY

A much larger hallway, industrial and utilitarian. Exposed piping and wires. Not a normal foot traffic area.

Bale and DB run down the curving corridor and emerge into a large, lit area the size of a basketball court. A few Humvees, vans, and trucks are parked against quarried walls.

BALE  
Keys!

INT. HUMVEE - THE SHELL

Bale checks in the visor. Nothing. Digs in the glove compartment. Nothing.

DB shakes a set of keys like a salvation army Santa.

DB  
Security's for shit!

INT. HUMVEE, THE SHELL - DAY

DB gets in. Bale punches it.

INT. HUMVEE - THE SHELL

Bale punches it.

DB  
Driving a Humvee up their ass isn't exactly a plan--

BALE  
It'll do til I figure one out.

INT. HUMVEE - THE SHELL

The ramp snakes upward, turning at regular intervals. Level 4-A. Bale continues at a rapid pace. 3-A. Bale slows down.

Bale pulls out the walkie and hands it to DB.

BALE

He might recognize my voice.

DB takes the walkie and squints.

DB

Hey where the hell are you guys, I'm  
at Fleet Level 3-A!

A second later the walkie activates.

CLARKE (FILTERED)

Elvis is on the way out. Rendezvous  
at the airfield in ten minutes.

DB

Copy that.

(to Bale)

Better do what the man says.

Bale hits the gas.

INT. RAMP, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale's Humvee scrapes a column as it rounds a corner,  
breaking the mirror off. But they're gaining.

The tail lights of the vehicles are just up ahead.

INT. HUMVEE, THE SHELL - DAY

Bale hits 58MPH--impressive given the limited space.

BALE

Grab on to something!

He guns it forward and rams the rear Humvee in front of him,  
rocking both vehicles. DB lets out a whooping holler.

Two GUYS from the Humvee directly ahead smash out the  
window, aiming automatic weapons at them.

BALE

Shit, they made us--Get down!!!

They fire. Bale and DB duck. Bullets penetrate the glass.

DB

Guess they didn't spring for the  
armor plating--

Bale drives hunched, ducking, peering up occasionally over the dash.

The gunmen fire again, bullets riddling the Humvee. The windshield spiderwebs cracks.

The gunmen fire again.

INT. JASON'S HUMVEE - THE SHELL

Jason glances back at the men firing behind them.

JASON  
Clarke, can you kindly tell those  
men of yours to fucking AIM BETTER?!  
Jesus Christ!

INT. RAMP - THE SHELL

Bale swerves the Humvee to try and avoid the rain of bullets. The Humvee scrapes the wall for a good fifteen meters before getting back into the main ramp path.

INT. HUMVEE, THE SHELL - DAY

DB grabs the M14 and opens up the moonroof, rises up and FIRES. The other Humvee's backscreen SHATTERS. One of the men inside is hit.

DB lowers himself back down, loading in another clip.

DB  
Last clip! What's the plan here?

BALE  
Working on it!

He rams the Humvee ahead again, jolting both vehicles.

A MAN rises from the roof with a ROCKET LAUNCHER--Bale SLAMS the brakes and SWERVES as the man FIRES--

Bale dodges around a column as the rocket WHOOSHES past, exploding against a wall, bringing debris down--

Bale swerves back into place and JAMS the accelerator, RAMMING the other Humvee--

INT. GARAGE, THE SHELL - DAY

The Humvees ahead gain a little ground. All three are going at nearly top speed through the last level.

They BLOW PAST a gate with the security arm down, SHATTERING it.

The lead Humvee rumbles up the last incline toward a bright, searing light, followed by the other two.

EXT. GUARD SHACK, THE SHELL - DAY

The guard holds up a beer for a toast.

GATE GUARD  
To the assholes in charge.

THIRD MAN  
Hey, you hear that?

EXT. THE SHELL - DAY

The lead Humvee launches out of the tunnel exit at nearly 70MPH. It gains air, soars overhead, lands with a bounce.

The three men dive out of the way as the lead Humvee crashes through the guard shack. The second Humvee follows right behind, swerving to avoid the damage.

They roll toward a security fence about fifty yards away.

INT. HUMVEE, TUNNEL - DAY

The speedometer reads 70MPH. Bale grits his teeth.

The light gets brighter. Nearing the tunnel exit.

BALE  
Hang on!

They BREACH, launching into the air at the apex.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Ada searches for keys--glove compartment, visor, floor--

And you can tell--she's got the first signs of Catalon.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvee roars out, flying through the air.

INT. TRUCK BED - DAY

Ada sees the Humvee soaring through the air. Bale drives like an insane person.

ADA  
Holy shit!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bale tries to avoid the wreckage. For a second they're on two wheels, but he rights the Humvee.

The other two Humvees crash through the security fence and keep going flat out into the desert.

INT. HUMVEE, DESERT - DAY

Bale spins the wheel.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The two lead Humvees speed away in a cloud of dust. Bale's Humvee tracks them about twenty-five meters behind.

EXT. GUARD SHACK, THE SHELL - DAY

The men pick themselves up, dazed, off the sand.

GUARD  
This is Shell One Gate, what the hell is going on?

The driver gets up, dazed--heads to the truck--

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Ada--desperate--searches for KEYS--she's shit out of luck.

She sees the driver coming. Keeping down, she wriggles to the passenger side, opens the door as quietly as she can.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

On the passenger side of the truck, Ada slides out, drops to the ground, and runs off toward the desert.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Bale grits his teeth. They aren't making any headway.

DB  
Is this as fast as this piece of  
shit can go?

BALE  
Under the steering column- There's  
probably a governor.

DB leans over to see a rat's nest of wires. DB continues to  
hunt, but it's impossible to tell--

DB  
Which wire...? Fuck it.

He reaches under the steering column and grasps the whole  
bundle of wires and wrenches them out. Bale punches the  
accelerator, which now leaps to 85MPH.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvee really starts moving now, and they gain ground on  
the other two.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Bale tracks just left of the two Humvees. DB readies the M14  
and takes aim.

BALE  
Make it count!

DB  
Never told you my specialty, did I?

DB settles himself on the window's edge. He aims. Breathes  
deeply into himself. Everything seems to slow down.

He fires three times in rapid succession.

The driver side window of the closest Humvee shatters. The  
driver collapses on the wheel, which wrenches to the right.

The entire Humvee FLIPS SIDEWAYS. At 70MPH in the open  
desert, it ROLLS a good ten times, DISINTEGRATING in a  
CRUMPLED HEAP before finally settling in a paroxysm of dust.

BALE  
Whoa...

EXT. DESERT/SCRUB PINE BLUFFS - DAY

Desert gives way to scrub pines and sage. The two Humvees are neck and neck. They ARC back and forth between trees.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

DB takes aim again and fires, but gets only a single shot and then nothing.

DB

I'm out!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvees weave between the pines. The other Humvee has plenty of firepower and begins using it. Bullets slam into the side of Bale's Humvee.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Bale swerves away, still taking fire. They duck. Bullets rattle against the side. A side window shatters.

He WHEELS SHARP LEFT.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bale's Humvee peels off and seems to break off the chase.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

DB

What are you doing?

The other Humvee trails off into the pines.

BALE

The airfield is three and a half klicks southwest from the Shell by road. But it's only two if we take the scenic route.

He guns it but takes a slight left and they lurch through a copse of pines, dust stirring up in their wake.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Humvee jumps over a dune and lands with a thud, swerves around a pile of rocks and keeps going.

BALE  
(into radio)  
Hey dickhead. You really think  
Marilyn would have let you stroll  
out of here with her work?

INT. JASON'S HUMVEE - DAY

Jason listens on the radio as they approach the bowl leading  
down to the airfield.

BALE (FILTERED)  
She gave me a nice little science  
lesson. All about binary vaccines  
and compound agents.

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

Bale slows down as ahead the airfield appears, sunlight  
glinting off the plane in the valley below.

BALE  
(into radio)  
See, Marilyn was a smart woman. So  
she gave me her half of the cure and  
all her notes. Which makes what  
you've got useless without it.

Below the other Humvees arrive and pull up near the plane.

INT. JASON'S HUMVEE - DAY

Jason scoffs. He then POUNDS his fists on the front of the  
car over and over.

JASON  
FUCK FUCK FUCK!

Jason takes a breath. He activates the mic on his radio.

JASON  
Bullshit.

BALE  
(into radio)  
Oh, so you are paying attention.

JASON (FILTERED)  
What do you want--

Bale pauses. DB shrugs at him. What?



JASON (FILTERED)  
Put Dr. Bale on, I want to speak  
with her.

It takes all of Bale's energy to not answer.

INT. JASON'S HUMVEE - DAY

Jason is exasperated.

JASON  
Why should I believe you?

BALE (FILTERED)  
Because, Orwitz. You know it's true.

Jason sighs.

BALE (FILTERED)  
Meet me on the tarmac. Five minutes.  
I'll be alone.

He hangs up the radio.

DB  
Not a lot of time.

BALE  
We need him to give up what he's got  
and not kill us in the process.  
We've only got one shot at this--I'm  
counting on you--

DB  
Don't worry. I'm done with reckless.

EXT. AIRFIELD PERIMETER - DAY

The Humvee rolls up. Bale and DB emerge. DB hands the case  
to Bale.

DB takes off at a sprint in a wide circle around the  
perimeter of the airfield.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A Humvee pulls up next to the hangar. Jason and five men,  
including Clarke, hop out. Clarke directs his men to spread  
out. Jason waits. In the distance, Bale emerges onto the  
tarmac and walks toward them.

Finally Bale stands in front of Jason HOLDING the case.

JASON

So who the hell are you?

BALE

I just want three of those vials.  
I'll give you this in exchange. We  
can all go our separate ways.  
Everyone keeps breathing.

JASON

Why would I do that?

BALE

I'm infected. I've got nothing to  
lose. And I'm not asking for much.

Bale opens the case--Clarke and his men tense up--

BALE

This is lined with plastique. In  
case any of you get trigger happy.

Everyone takes a half-step back.

BALE

We make the trade I walk away. When  
my partner sees I'm okay, he walks  
too. Simple. Easy. Clean.

Bale observes Clarke and the other man--ALEX--as Jason mulls  
his offer.

BALE

How are you, Clarke? Been a long  
time. So you took the private  
security route after the Congo, huh?

CLARKE

Better than dying in the jungle  
working for some unaccountable suit  
in the State department.

BALE

You always did strike the rest of us  
as most likely to sell yourself to  
some corporate shitheel.

JASON

Where is she?

BALE

She's safe, that's all that matters.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

DB finds a door near the rear of the hangar and infiltrates.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

DB skirts an empty office, finds a good vantage behind a rolling tool chest. He lines up a shot.

SCOPE POV on Bale, then Jason, then Clarke.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Jason ponders, then motions to Clarke, who goes to the Humvee and returns with the silver briefcase.

Jason opens it, removes a single vial of clear liquid, hands it to Bale. Bale hands over his case. Clarke gives it to Jason. Jason verifies there are vials inside.

Clarke removes the vials and puts them all in the silver briefcase and returns the briefcase to the Humvee.

JASON

All business. Just like his sister.

BALE

What's that supposed to mean?

JASON

This was--Oh, she didn't tell you?  
She wanted all this. Hell. She came  
to me with the idea.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

DB watches. Behind him, a CLICK of a rifle cock.

HENDRICKS

Drop the shit and get on your feet.

DB complies with the command, furious.

Hendricks wrenches DB up and pushes him forward.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Jason lifts up the foam interior of Bale's case to reveal the PLASTIQUE stuck to the bottom.

JASON

An interested party with deep pockets gave us the timeline. We'd leased the Shell years before, so we had the infrastructure. Marilyn wanted to find a cure for Catalon. She needed an unlimited supply of infected subjects and a license to do whatever it took without all the red tape and that damn Hippocratic oath slowing her down. So we helped each other out. She only asked for one thing...that you would never find out. Well...

Clarke's radio crackles.

HENDRICKS (FILTERED)

We got the other one. Over.

CLARKE

Bring him in.

The combo news of his sister's work and DB's capture are overwhelming to Bale.

JASON

Oooh. So sorry.

Hendricks escorts DB up. DB shows his remorse to Bale.

JASON

Would've taken years at her London lab. Human trials--EMA oversight. A whole... thing. Her greatest scientific achievement and no one will ever know.

BALE

You---son of a bitch--

JASON

If they did, she'd be seen as a monster, like the Nazis or Japanese in World War II. The sheer number of subjects she used--just awful--

Bale struggles, almost breaking free. Clarke conks him in the temple, down he goes.

JASON

At least now you know.

He SHOOTs BALE. Bale collapses, a pool of blood seeps out from underneath his body.

Hendricks isn't ready and it costs him. DB WHIRLS, gives him two sharp jabs in the Adam's apple, crushing his windpipe.

As Hendricks falls DB grabs Henricks' rifle, picks off another man with two quick bursts.

More men converge from the other side.

HUMVEE -- Clarke pulls out his weapon and fires at the space DB used to occupy, but DB's not bad on his feet and is already out and away. He fires cover and dodges back.

CARGO CONTAINERS -- DB tries to outflank the remaining men, but they're well-trained and know how to cover. They fan out and hide in the forest of cargo containers.

HUMVEE -- Clarke and Jason and Alex are forced behind the Humvee. Clarke sees DB run toward a lone cargo container. He fires in a line and wings DB. DB goes down.

CARGO CONTAINER -- DB bleeds from his leg. He takes cover behind the container, rips a bit of shirt for a tourniquet.

HUMVEE -- Clarke loses sight of DB and reloads.

Bale lifts his head--STILL FUCKING ALIVE.

He rolls over, SHOULDER a mass of blood.

Uncovers the BLACK CYLINDER-- retrieved from the Sentry--now WRAPPED IN DUCT TAPE WITH A FEW WIRES STICKING OUT.

HE COMBINES THE EXPOSED WIRING.

BALE  
Lights out, fuckers.

He tosses the cylinder. It lands right next to where Clarke and Jason and Alex are. IT DETONATES IN A LOW VIBRATING TONE that BUILDS to an AWFUL HOLLOW ABYSS of NOISE.

Jason, Clark, Alex BLACK OUT and collapse.

Bale's vision blurs as he sees a figure crawling toward him...Bale collapses again in pain--and faints.

CARGO CONTAINER -- DB crawls forward. Another man inches around the plane wheels. He fires, clipping the man in the hip--fires again--the man goes down for good.

Finally it's quiet. DB drags himself up, limping toward Bale. He reaches Bale and tries to wake him up.

DB  
C'mon Bale, wake up. Wake up!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Young Bale and Young Marilyn sit on a beach facing the waves as the sun goes down.

Bale glances over at Marilyn and smiles. She smiles back.

He holds up two sparklers and hands her one.

FLASH TO:

Bale and Marilyn dancing in the twilight, sparklers illuminating their faces filled with joy.

DB (O.S.)  
Wake up!

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

DB cradles Bale. Bale's eyes flutter and open.

DB  
Good. Good. That's right. C'mon.  
Eyes open.

BALE  
How'd we do?

DB  
We're still here.

He sees Clarke waking up behind the Humvee.

DB  
C'mon buddy, we gotta go. You'll  
live. Just don't go fainting on me  
again, you weak baby.

HUMVEE -- Clarke rises, woozy, draws on DB and fires, but is wide. DB half-carries Bale, fires back, hits the Humvee.

CARGO CONTAINERS -- DB drags Bale back to cover. He checks Bale's shoulder wound.

Clarke shakes Jason to consciousness.

JASON

What in fucking hell was that?

CLARKE

We need to get to the plane! You go,  
we'll cover you.

He grabs the briefcase from the Humvee, shoves it at Jason.

CLARKE

Can you run?

Jason nods, still woozy.

Bale and DB crouch behind the container and weigh options.

DB

How're you holding up?

BALE

Sort of like I was hit by a truck--

DB

If it's any consolation, you don't  
look like you've got a fatal virus.  
I kid! You look terrible.

BALE

You always this chipper?

DB pulls a Keltec 380 (tiny handgun) out of a hidden ankle  
holster and hands it to Bale. Bale checks the clip. Full.

DB

Sorry, .380 ACP is all I have.  
There's still at least two other men  
besides the three you got with the  
Thumper. Can you cover the plane?

DB checks his ammo. Bale struggles to his feet.

BALE

You watch the plane, I've got them.

DB

Your shoulder--

BALE

--I'm mobile. You're not.

DB  
Always givin' orders...Okay. Keep  
your ass alive, alright?

BALE  
It's the rest of me I'm worried about.

Bale heads off.

One of Clarke's men--PETYR--sneaks around the cargo containers. He only sees DB. DB doesn't see him. He lines up a shot--BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Petyr is hit with a fusillade and collapses, leaving a bloody smear against the container, and Bale behind.

The second man--DRAGA--fires from the alley and misses. Bale ducks, turns and fires back. Misses.

It's a stalking game in the alleys between the containers.

HUMVEE -- Clarke and Alex check their corners. Alex fires on DB as soon as he sticks his head out--

CLARKE  
(to Jason)  
Get to the plane. Go!

Alex and Clarke provide cover as Jason runs like crazy to the plane and climbs up and into the cabin.

DB tries to take a shot but can't.

Clarke and Alex start a flanking maneuver to pin down DB.

Clarke on one side of the container, Alex on the other, and they're both about to turn the corner to fire on DB.

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Jason stumbles into the cabin where the two PILOTS cower.

JASON  
Get your asses out here now!

PILOT  
What do you want us to do?

JASON  
You have guns, don't you!?

The co-pilot opens the lockbox and withdraws two Walther PPKs. They join Jason just outside the cabin.



The pilots blanch but proceed with caution.

EXT. CARGO CONTAINERS - DAY

A moment in the heat. DB weighs his options--there are none.

Bale and the other man continue their cat and mouse. Bale catches sight of the other and fires again, missing. The other man stalks around and is at Bale's rear.

Bale SWINGS the container door just as the man fires--bullets bounce off the door--and it smashes into him, knocking him back. Bale plugs him with three shots.

Clarke and Alex are about to turn the corner to ambush DB when the TWO PILOTS come RATTLING down the plane stairs.

Clarke turns at the noise and that's when DB rolls out and AWAY from the container, opening up the angle--with a clear shot at Clarke--he takes it--POP POP POP--Clarke goes down.

Alex turns the corner but DB's got the drop. Two shots and Alex is down too.

The pilots cower behind the Humvee. There is a noise.

They peer up. DB fires two shots at the ground near them--that's more than enough: they glance at each other, throw down their guns and run off toward the desert.

DB  
Bale, you alive?!

BALE (O.C.)  
Yeah, you alone?

DB  
I am now! Still got one piece of  
shit in the plane!

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Jason is up against the wall near the cabin, crouched behind a chair. Face covered in sweat, he glances at his silver case, trying to figure out a play.

BALE (O.S.)  
Come out now, Orwitz. It's over!

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Bale and DB crouch at the base of the stairs. DB tosses a disc into the cabin. A FLASHBANG. Jason YELLS and fires. Bale and DB wait.

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Jason pulls the trigger a few more times, but he's out. A second FLASHBANG POPS. The cabin fills with SMOKE.

JASON  
God damn it. ALRIGHT! I'M COMING  
OUT! DON'T FUCKIN' SHOOT!

He leaves the silver briefcase behind.

EXT. PLANE CABIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Jason emerges, hands up.

JASON  
We can work something out.

Jason comes down, hands in the air and yet still seems to be filled with confidence.

JASON  
There's no reason we can't all walk  
away from this.

BALE  
You didn't seem to like that idea  
earlier when you shot me.

JASON  
I'm pragmatic, as I'm sure you are.

Jason steps down. Bale grabs him, swivels him around and searches for additional weapons, but finds nothing.

BALE  
Where's the case?

JASON  
In the plane.

A SHOT BOOMS and echoes.

DB goes down clutching his leg and SHRIEKING.

Jason ducks on instinct. Bale swings around, sees--

--RODRIGO walks forward with confidence, holds an automatic weapon on Bale. Jason starts laughing. It's unsettling.

RODRIGO

Drop it.

Bale drops his puny .380. Rodrigo kicks it. DB struggles to pick up his gun, but Rodrigo kicks that away as well.

Rodrigo kicks DB in the face-- DB goes down and OUT.

Rodrigo gives a sharp whistle. Carmen emerges from behind the cargo containers holding a sniper rifle.

RODRIGO

Just in the nick of time, is that what they say?

Jason, surveying all his men, dead.

JASON

Yeah, when they're on fucking time.

Carmen sidles over, body sweeps Bale then kicks the back of his knees, forcing him to the ground.

CARMEN

Nice plane. Skipping out on us?

JASON

Don't insult me. Where is Ada?

RODRIGO

She is somewhat more resourceful than we gave her credit for--

JASON

You had one job. The fact you still haven't found her...

BALE

Whoever you are, something you should know about this prick--he has a case containing the cure to the Catalon virus.

Jason STRIKES Bale in the face. Bale is knocked back--

Rodrigo and Carmen peer at a livid Jason with interest, but say nothing to him.

JASON

He's just trying to distract you--

BALE

Whatever happens here, it's up to you to make sure the cure gets out.

CARMEN

Why would we do that? I'm sure we could make a lot of money selling it to a high bidder.

JASON

I don't have the cure--he's insane.

A SINGLE SHOT. Jason is STUNNED--he can't believe that red spreading across his heart is real--he collapses, dead.

Carmen nudges Jason's body, then bends, checks his pulse. She rises and steps away and retracts her gun on Bale.

CARMEN

He was lying. I can always tell when a man is lying.

She nudges Jason's body, bends, checks his pulse. She rises, steps away and retracts her gun on Bale.

RODRIGO

The vaccine. Where is it?

Bale doesn't answer, but his eyes glance at the case on the ground between the cargo containers and the plane. Rodrigo glances back, then gives Carmen a nod. She steps forward.

CARMEN

It's nothing personal--

Rodrigo turns his gun on Bale. DB's reaction is everything--that's it. Game over. Bale is stoic, ready.

The SOUND OF A TRUCK ENGINE BEARING DOWN--A HUMVEE bears down at full speed. Ada drives.

Her and Rodrigo's eyes connect--

Carmen and Rodrigo turn and fire but it's too late.

Rodrigo DIVES out of the way. Carmen is too slow. She is smashed as the truck rolls right over her, CRASHES into the tail of the plane.

Ada is knocked out.

EVERYTHING at once: Bale DIVES for his gun and DUCKS behind the plane wheels.

Enraged--Rodrigo FIRES an entire magazine at Bale and the Humvee and runs back toward the cargo containers.

Bale grabs one of the Walther PPKs on the ground. He shakes DB to consciousness.

BALE

Hey, still got your teeth--c'mon DB,  
fight's not over.

Hands the Walther to DB. DB checks the chamber.

Rodrigo finds refuge behind one of the container doors. He reloads, spits a few shots back toward Bale and the plane.

BALE

Stay with me!

DB and Bale are still pinned by random shots from Rodrigo. Bale ties off DB's leg wound--

BALE

Keep him occupied. Stay awake!  
Mission's not done!

A rain of bullets cause DB and Bale to pull back, partially covered by the Humvee.

Bale flanks the containers while DB sends covering fire.

EXT. CARGO CONTAINERS - DAY

Rodrigo lies on his stomach, sighting up the landing gear, waiting for the perfect shot.

POV THROUGH SCOPE OF LANDING GEAR - DB raises his head into Rodrigo's crosshairs to get a shot off.

RODRIGO

Smile.

He starts to pull the trigger when he hears a hammer cock.

BALE

Don't think. Drop it.

Rodrigo lets go of the gun, spreads his hands on the ground.

Bale kicks away the gun. Rodrigo TWIST KICKS out Bale's legs. Rodrigo GRABS a knife tucked into an ankle sheath. He draws it, SLASHES viciously. Blood STREAMS from Bale's arm.

He punches Bale in the chest, going after those ribs, then jams his fist into Bale's shoulder wound--BALE in AGONY--Rodrigo POUNCES. Bale EVADES, holds Rodrigo's arm back. They struggle. Rodrigo PUNCHES Bale's kidneys.

The fight takes them out into the open.

Rodrigo brings the knife up. Bale releases, feints, rolls over, stops another slash attack. He disarms Rodrigo and kicks the knife away. But you can tell Bale's losing steam.

He twists his hand and flips Rodrigo's wrist back, causing Rodrigo to scream in pain.

But Rodrigo's swift--he twists, takes another shot at Bale's wounded shoulder, lands a HARD blow to Bale's face. Bale lands on the ground, not out completely, but close.

Rodrigo catches his breath. He spots the black case and a gun nearby. Rodrigo realizes he's not being fired on--

Over at the plane--DB has lost so much blood--he starts to nod off. He slaps himself.

Rodrigo stumbles toward the case. He picks up the GUN, checks it, glances back at Bale, then the case--curiosity gets the better of him--

He picks up the case and opens it up--EMPTY--he grimaces, checks back at Bale, lying wretched on the tarmac--

DB fumbles in his jacket and pulls out the detonator--

He pushes the button.

An EXPLOSION OF GORE launches out in all directions as the case explodes, taking Rodrigo with it.

The passenger door is KICKED open. Ada falls out. She's in a stupor, face bloody from the impact. Still manages to grimace at the bloody Carmen stain under the truck--

ADA

DB! Where--is--he--

DB

I dunno--he--

BALE

Ada!

Bale--who is WRECKED--stumbles toward them from the containers. He reaches them and side-embraces Ada.

BALE

You made it--God damn, you're alive!

Ada starts crying and he brushes back her hair and wipes away a bit of blood from her temple.

ADA

My father--we have to go back--

BALE

I found his record. I'm sorry.

ADA

What? No!

She's crushed. He embraces her again.

LATER

Bale holds the silver briefcase open, verifying that both sets of samples and a syringe are inside. He closes it.

Ada notes the tail damage and bullet holes in the plane.

ADA

So much for first class.

DB hobbles past Bale into the plane.

DB

We'll see about that.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

The Humvee reverses from the plane, pulls out and leaves the airfield behind.

INT. HELICOPTER, GROUNDED - DAY

DB sits in the pilot seat.

DB

Don't know about you, but I'm ready to go home.

He starts the engine. The propellers whir to life.

Ada sits back next to Bale, who closes his eyes. She takes his hand and they sit together in silence.

ADA

I am sorry. About your sister.

BALE

We still need to find out who Paralyne was selling this to. That plane was empty--so who was buying?

ADA

I did more digging. Remember the codename of the buyer--

BALE

Arkangel. Who is he?

ADA

Not a he.

BALE

A woman?

ADA

No.

BALE

I know I've lost a lot of blood--

ADA

Artificial intelligence. I haven't found much, but it looks like it originated out of Telomera.

BALE

Marilyn's company? Jesus...

ADA

This whole thing--the virus. The deal with Paralyne. Arkangel is a fucking computer program. And apparently it's spent the last three years systematically wiping out the human race. At this point, we have to assume Arkangel has infiltrated every internet-connected organization. Including the W.H.O. The press. Basically--everybody.

--

I don't know what we can do.

BALE

One crisis at a time, okay? We will figure out a way to beat this.

He looks past her, staring at something in his mind.

BALE

Somehow...



She grabs his hand.

BALE

I didn't have much of a reason to  
get up each morning before you came  
to me.

ADA

What changed?

BALE

I thought it was Marilyn--the hope  
she was still alive. But now... Now  
I've got you.

She takes his hand.

ADA

And I've got you.

They hold hands and sit back as they lift off.

EXT. BOMBED OUT VILLAGE - DAY

The helicopter rises--the sun low in the sky. It silhouettes  
against the bright orange ball.

FADE OUT