

THE BRAZILIAN MUTATION

Written by

Stuart Heimdahl

WGA Registration # 1576398
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heimdahl@gmx.com
424-256-8115

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) The city of Rio de Janeiro lit up at night.

B) The night beaches thrive as the sound of a large ravenous crowd shakes the city.

C) Christ the Redeemer statue somberly overlooks Botafogo bay.

D) Fast zoom to Copacabana beach and Ipanema lit up.

E) Zip up the mountainside and over to reveal--

EXT. MARACANÁ STADIUM - NIGHT

Superimpose: MARACANÁ STADIUM, WORLD CUP - RIO DE JANEIRO

Brazil vs. France. A brutal grudge-match nears it's dramatic end. Elbows fly and PLAYERS flop.

The CENTER-FORWARD for Brazil steals the ball at mid field, breaks free, and shoots for the goal. The crowd goes wild. GOOOOAL!

The center-forward celebrates his splendor and sprints towards his fan section ripping off his jersey in ecstasy.

Eardrum blasting samba blares from drums and the rabid, intoxicated FANS blister the French team's players with obscenities. Brazil now leads France 2 to 1.

The raucous fans throw batteries and garbage into the field of play.

EXT. BRAZIL GOALIE'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Goalie MARCELLO NUVES, 28, black, muscular and tall, raises his arms in celebration. He dodges some flying debris and then he prepares for the on-sides kick by crouching. Total concentration.

Something whips past him and hits the goal post above his head.

POOF!

A small explosion blasts vapor into the air.

No one notices, and Marcello fans his face as the mist descends on him.

He breathes some of the vapor into his lungs and coughs.

He grabs his right temple and massages quickly. Headache. No time for distraction. Concentrate. Blood drips from his nose and splashes his jersey.

The game clock shows 90:37. Just a matter of time now. Focus. Marcello glares at the REFEREE daring him to look at his watch and end the match. He wipes blood from his nose.

Players run back and forth in front of him. A flop by one of the French forwards results in a yellow card. Crap.

Marcello focuses intently on the free-kick. Sweat pours from his forehead.

Something's not right. Marcello grabs his right temple in agony. Blood spurts from his nose. He quickly falls to his knees and then onto his back. His face grimaces with shock and pain.

Blood leaks from the corners of his eyes as well as his nose. His body quivers for a moment, then his body falls limp.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Superimpose: CIA SAFE HOUSE - BOM JARDIM, RIO DE JANEIRO

The section chief, 40's, well built with red hair and freckles all over his body, call him CANFIELD, gets out of his rusted Volkswagen and briskly enters the beat up but average two-room house.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

One AGENT stands guard at the entrance.

CANFIELD

You can go.

Canfield watches the agent leave, takes out his piece and screws the silencer onto the barrel. He jams it into his coat pocket.

INT. CIA DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Canfield slams the door and leans against the wall. He places his hand over the gun pocket. He shoots an agitated look to the stranger seated across the poorly lit room.

CANFIELD

Well... what would you like to talk about?

A man, hidden in the shadows. Call him RUSTY. He's impossible to see entirely. There's something very intense about the eyes which seem to glow in the darkness. He unnerves Canfield just by his presence. We focus on Rusty's face until--

BEGIN FLASHBACK: =====

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Rusty, 30's, extremely muscular, lies flat on his stomach on the roof of a beat up apartment building. His flower-patterned shirt and cream colored jeans match his perfect tan to reveal him as a local - despite his dirty blonde hair.

To his right is a five-hundred gallon water tank for the building.

A large rat scurries along the edge of the building and close to Rusty, who watches it with interest. After a moment he extends his hand.

RUSTY

Careful, little man. Don't come up this high unless you're prepared to jump.

He flings the rat to safety and focuses on the scene below. He scans the scenery through the Bushnell field glasses with disdain.

P.O.V. - RUSTY'S BINOCULARS

A short but well built man, 30's, call him ANTONIO CARLOS, stands arguing to a WOMAN, 20's, slender and stunningly beautiful, in the open parlor of the small apartment across the street.

Antonio throws a backpack over his shoulder, then storms out the door in a huff launching obscenities in Portuguese at the woman as he moves down the street.

Rusty flies onto the rickety stairs below, then down into the street.

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO COBBLESTONE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Antonio moves quickly down the street. Suddenly he spins back towards the apartment. Must have forgotten something. He looks up to see Rusty rushing at him. Their eyes connect.

Busted.

Antonio Carlos bolts back to his first route at top speed.

END FLASHBACK: =====

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Rusty sits coolly in the wicker chair. His hands hang loosely and free at his sides with his legs crossed. Canfield slinks over to the oak desk, pours himself a drink. He offers to Rusty, then retracts.

CANFIELD

Ah, yes. You don't drink, do you?

RUSTY

How much did Cordeiro pay you?

Canfield smiles to himself.

CANFIELD

Oh, Rusty. Something's aren't worth selling your soul for... Not even money.

He drains the glass and looks directly at Rusty.

CANFIELD (CONT'D)

Tell me about Antonio Carlos?

Rusty pauses at hearing the name, grimaces a bit, then focuses on Canfield.

RUSTY

Who?

CANFIELD

The IED guy that ripped off the Syrians... The man you killed today.

BEGIN FLASHBACK: =====

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO STREET - DAY

Antonio darts through crowded, cobblestone streets towards downtown. Rusty rushes at top speed a full hundred yards behind. He touches his ear piece.

RUSTY

HE'S HEADING TO THE PRAÇA! GET
EVERYONE OUT OF THERE NOW!

EXT. PRAÇA PRESIDENTE VARGAS - CONTINUOUS

The crowded park in the middle of town thrives with activity. KIDS frolic on jungle-gyms and swings.

BUSINESS MEN march into the bus station at the end of the park. SHOESHINE BOYS hit up some ELDERLY MEN for a bit of business.

Three forest-green Ford Escorts scream around the corner and stop by the bus station. CIA AGENTS get out of the cars. Gringos.

All except one. A tall athletic young man, with curly brown hair, wearing a soccer jersey, 20's, call him MEYERBEER.

Antonio appears out of nowhere running full blast towards the agents. He pummels a STREET-RAT BOY as he gets to the crowded park. He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes something.

As he zips past the first green Escort, he tosses the object into the car.

The agents pursue Antonio with guns out. One agent stops to look back into the car to see what Antonio threw--

KABOOM!

An deafening explosion shreds the small car's interior and sandblasts the area with shrapnel, glass and dirt.

An enormous ball of fire belches out at the remaining agents and slams them to the ground.

The crowd flees the scene in a panic. Utter chaos. Hundreds of people dart off in different directions - all running for cover.

Meyerbeer instinctively charges back up the street where Antonio Carlos just left.

Rusty races past the other agents in hot pursuit.

RUSTY
(to Meyerbeer)
GET THE GIRL!

Meyerbeer's already on the way.

END FLASHBACK: =====

INT. CIA DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Canfield glares at Rusty. A moment of silence. Canfield paces angrily back and forth. Then he confronts Rusty directly.

CANFIELD
This sounds just like Fallujah.

RUSTY
 (calm and cold)
 I saved about sixty people on the
 bus--

CANFIELD
 We needed Antonio Carlos ALIVE! The
 entire team was ready to act. All
 the preparation! They're trained
 agents, Rusty!

RUSTY
 So I noticed--

CANFIELD
 (in Rusty's face)
 You paranoid-- It's all about you,
 isn't it?

Rusty levels his eyes at Canfield and glares with an icy
 stare.

BEGIN FLASHBACK: =====

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO PRAÇA BUS STATION - DAY

Antonio sprints towards a jam-packed bus headed to Olária.
 Standing room only. Several YOUNG MEN dangle from the rails
 and stairs leading into the back of the bus. Too crowded.

Running full speed, Antonio grabs onto one of the young
 poverty-stricken men hanging onto the back entrance and hurls
 him off into the bushes. Then, he forces his way into the
 crowded bus.

EXT. CROWDED BUS - CONTINUOUS

Rusty races in desperation to catch the bus. He grasps onto
 the back rail and swings inside as the bus gains speed and
 burns down the country road.

INT. CROWDED BUS - CONTINUOUS

A couple of pissed-off youth try to impede Rusty's progress
 but shy away quickly as he bullies past. Women scream and
 sweaty bodies fly out of the way as Rusty approaches Antonio
 in the middle of the bus.

RUSTY
 CHEGOU, ANTONIO! Don't move!

Antonio spins around quickly to look at Rusty. His right
 hand grasps something inside a side pocket of his backpack.

A small vile of liquid with a strange device on the top.

He smiles, removes the backpack and then stuffs it under the nearest bench. Then he escapes to the front with the vial. He puts it into his chest pocket.

Rusty swims with force through the sweaty crowd, who launch obscenities his way - and moves towards the front of the bus. He snags Antonio by the belt.

Antonio spins quickly and knocks Rusty back into the bus driver with his forearm. The two men fight chaotically in the tight space.

They throw each other into the bench seats, abusing several passengers which starts a mini riot. Antonio lands an effective punch to Rusty's neck sending him to the ground.

As Rusty looks forward, he sees the backpack with a red flashing light and a beeping sound coming from the side pocket.

Someone's foot bashes his face. His lip bleeds.

Antonio tries frantically to escape through the front door but is held back by angry locals who have joined the mayhem.

Antonio lashes out several blows to clear his path.

Rusty grabs the backpack and rushes towards the front of the bus with newfound urgency. He engages Antonio from behind cracking the back of his neck with his forearm.

Antonio spins again, but Rusty is ready for it this time. He dodges the attempted punch and then quickly lands several of his own - stunning Antonio.

Rusty grabs the backpack and forces it into the arms and chest of Antonio. The backpack beeps rapidly and the red light flashes incredibly fast.

In horror, Antonio looks down at the backpack and then back up to Rusty.

Rusty grabs the upper railing with both hands and lifts his feet into the air kicking Antonio with full force sending him backwards and blasts him through the open front door--

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The bus whips by as Antonio flies out the door backwards still gripping the backpack. He lands hard on his back and cartwheels wildly down the embankment towards the sewer-filled stream at the bottom.

He stares in horror at his chest.

The vial has broken and a chemical has eaten his shirt and part of his chest away.

The IED in the backpack stops beeping.

Before he can get to his feet--

THUNDERING BOOM!

An enormous bomb rocks the entire city of Nova Friburgo. Glass is shattered on businesses from miles a way. An enormous dark cloud rises from where Antonio bit it.

The force of the bomb sends the speeding bus into a sideways skid, smashing the cars in front of it and causing a huge pile-up.

END FLASHBACK: =====

INT. CIA DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Canfield shakes his head disapproving and lowers his hand to his coat pocket. Rusty notices the bulge and leans forward in his chair. His face hardens but his hands hang loose.

CANFIELD

(smirking)

All we've got is little fish.
This isn't an army of one. Is that
why she left you?

RUSTY

Jan?--

CANFIELD

Doesn't matter... Let's go. There's
someone I'd like you to meet--

Canfield reaches into his pocket for the gun. Too late as Rusty jumps across the room and wrenches the firearm out of his furry, red hand - breaking the wrist.

Canfield screams in agony, but fights on. The two men wrestle savagely before Rusty stomps Canfield's shin and shatters his leg, then slams him to the ground.

RUSTY

(cold, under control)

One chance. Where's Cordeiro?

Canfield passes out. Rusty opens the desk drawer. Straps Candield's furry arms with duct tape him and drags him into the parlor.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
Little fish.

INT. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - CIA HEADQUARTERS 3RD FLOOR - DAY

An overweight office jockey in his 30's, call him BRADFIELD, rips the report from the printer and heads for the corner office. He grabs a Diet Coke from his desk and quickly reads the report as he goes.

INT. CIA CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Superimpose: CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VA

Bradfield bursts into the room slurping his soda. TODD KENDALL, 35, well built and too good looking to be a federal employee, looks up from his monitor and loosens his tie a bit.

KENDALL
Foul play? Do they know what caused
it yet?

BRADFIELD
Ah, you know how it works in South
America. Pay the right guy and you're
good--

KENDALL
Call Jan and tell her I won't be
down there until tonight.

BRADFIELD
That bad, huh?

Kendall stands up quickly, snatches the report from Bradfield's mitts and then his jacket from the corner and heads out the door.

KENDALL
This could get ugly. Call the
consulate in Rio. Let 'em know we're
on our way.

Bradfield scoops up the nearest phone.

BRADFIELD
(mumbling to himself)
Why can't I go to Rio with Jan?

INT. "PODEROSO FIGHT CLUB" - NIGHT

The salivating fans launch obscene gestures and throw trash at the two enormous fighters in the make-shift ring. No more fooling around. They want blood.

A powerful, rich, intimidating Brazilian, 40's, with short, greasy dark, slicked back hair, focuses intensely on the fighters. Call him CORDEIRO. He sticks out in the crowd of riffraff.

CORDEIRO

Agora, meu! Agora!

The two UFC heavyweights glare at each other for a moment. The pretty-boy fighter with the body of a greek god, call him DE OLIVEIRA, hides his right hand behind his leg.

In the hand, something sharp and metallic pokes out for an instant. Then, De Oliveira moves in for the attack.

He launches a series of rapid blows at his opponent. Then lands an effective kick to the side of the head.

As the other fighter covers up - a flash of metal follows De Oliveira's hand through the air and skewers the other fighter above the right eye.

Blood sprays into the first two rows. The wounded fighter falls to his knees. Blood soaked hands on head.

The crowd goes wild and cries for more.

Game over. De Oliveira is quickly proclaimed the winner. Cordeiro smiles and nods his approval.

INT. GERALDO CORDEIRO'S HACIENDA LIVING ROOM - LATER

Superimpose: CORDEIRO FAZENDA - RIO DE JANEIRO

Cordeiro paces nervously back and forth in front of the large flat-screen television on the wall.

The Rede-Globo news broadcast shows fallout from the soccer match. The coverage shows Marcello Nuves being lifted onto a gurney and then into an ambulance.

Fans cover their mouths in horror as his bloody remains are wheeled by the camera. Cordeiro takes in every word.

TV ANNOUNCER

The death of international star,
Marcello Nuves could not have come
at a worse time for team Brazil--

CORDEIRO

Que chata! I don't understand! Did you see this? You know what this could do to us? First Antonio Carlos, now this?

De Oliveira sits peacefully on the leather sofa against the windows. He's dressed in a white linen suit with and expensive pink shirt, unbuttoned to show his hairless chest.

An expensive watch dangles from his left wrist. His bandaged right hand holds a glass of Guaraná which he sips on slowly.

DE OLIVEIRA

Patience, meu. It had to happen. Besides, it'll take hours, or even days for them to figure it out. By then it'll be too late.

Cordeiro spins quickly to face him. He's furious.

CORDEIRO

Testing the weapon on Nuves was the wrong move!

DE OLIVEIRA

We needed to see its effects and how fast it works. Besides, we showed our new friends what we're capable of. This increases our negotiating position.

Cordeiro turns back to the news. His face racked in worry.

CORDEIRO

You'd better be right, meu.

DE OLIVEIRA

We have time. Before too long, all the great countries of the world will be begging us to take their money... And if not, I have a plan for that too, cara. No worries. If they try and stop me - poof!.. Up in smoke--

CORDEIRO

Are they both armed with the mutation?

De Oliveira nods with a grin.

Cordeiro fumes for a moment, then points a manicured finger at De Oliveira and storms out of the room leaving De Oliveira to think alone.

De Oliveira smiles to himself, drains his glass, and then dials a number on his cell phone.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

The activity level is near panic. Rusty enters the building with purpose and moves quickly past the passport and visa lines to the elevator.

Superimpose: U.S. CONSULATE, RIO DE JANEIRO

INT. CONSULATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A short, bald man, in his 50's with a goatee, and dressed impeccably in a navy pinstriped suit, sits reading a confidential report behind his massive hardwood desk. BRIAN HALLIDAY.

The room is posh, sleek, well lit, and extremely cool for this time of year in Rio. Through the glass wall at the north of his office, a busy team bustles around the control center in a frantic pace.

Rusty, in a fresh linen suit with no tie, strides into the room confidently. Halliday looks up as Rusty approaches, but doesn't get out of his chair.

RUSTY

Good reading?

HALLIDAY

China seems to have misplaced two CSS-8 ballistic missiles.

RUSTY

And they think we've got them?

HALLIDAY

Just sending out inquiries I think. Where's Canfield?

RUSTY

Resting comfortably at the house in Irajá.

HALLIDAY

Good. I'll send a team over there today. In the meantime--

RUSTY

There's still the girl, Brian. She's there too now.

Halliday closes his report and stares at Rusty for a moment.

HALLIDAY

You're right. Let's send your friend,
Meyerbeer, and who ever else's free.
I'm pissed about Antonio Carlos by
the way--

RUSTY

I had no choice. He was going to
blow the whole bus--

HALLIDAY

Alive! Remember?! Now we've gone
and all but announced to Cordeiro
that we're looking for him.

RUSTY

Well then, I guess I just saved about
sixty or seventy lives for nothi--

HALLIDAY

Including Cordeiro's! Do we know
what he needs with an ex Al-Qaeda
IED expert?

Rusty squints his eyes and looks at the China report on
Halliday's desk.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

It's all over the news, by the way!
People down here don't even remember
where Nova Friburgo is - and suddenly
it tops every news story for the
past day and a half.

Rusty sits back in his chair hard.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you down here for a
while.

RUSTY

What? No, no, no... We know that
Cordeiro has dealt with the Chinese--

Halliday holds up a hand as a peace offering, not wanting a
fight.

HALLIDAY

This China thing is a low level alert,
and not a priority right now. I
want you to forget it entirely.

Rusty shoots Halliday a deadly look.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Relax, Rusty. I need you in Friburgo, yes. Codeiro's the priority, yes. But we've been handed something highly visible that I need you on for a week or so. That's all. Anyway, Canfield can go a week or so listening to Barney the Dinosaur and the sleep depravation stuff before we get back to him. But we're into something big here.

(motioning around)

I don't know if you've noticed, but we're kind of in high gear today.

Rusty relaxes a bit and reaches for bottle of Taí from the cabinet and pours himself a glass.

RUSTY

A dirty agent on your team and misplaced Chinese missiles don't warrant this kind of activity?

Halliday gets serious.

HALLIDAY

Not after Sunday night at Maracanã. World Cup.

RUSTY

Nuves, the goalie? Seriously?

HALLIDAY

Washington's sending a team right now. Backup. I need you to find out who, or what it was that killed him.

Rusty thinks for a quick moment.

RUSTY

You really think I'll need backup?

HALLIDAY

Doubt it. Especially with all of your little "contacts" running around - but the quicker we take care of it, the quicker we'll get back to Cordeiro. And let's keep this quiet, okay? No more bombs on the news!

Rusty gets up to leave.

RUSTY

Who are they sending?

Halliday looks at his report.

HALLIDAY

A... Dr. Jan Bolton. Some guy named Kendall, and then the regular stab unit - to help you with the dirty work, if it comes to that.

Rusty grimaces. Utter annoyance.

RUSTY

Jan... And would that be *Todd* Kendall?

HALLIDAY

Oh, get your personal crap out of this. We have to get this one right. And we *will* get it right. Right?

Rusty swigs his glass of Taí. A pissed off look consumes his tanned face.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding. Best behavior on this one. By the book! D.C.'s keeping a close eye on all of us right now.

RUSTY

Where do I brief the new team?

HALLIDAY

They're coming here for a meeting at six. And they're the ones who'll be doing the briefing. They've been at the morgue all afternoon. Get a room at the Copa D'or and be back here by five--

Rusty spins around and leaves without another word.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Rusty dodges traffic and crosses the street to his brand new Mercedes G63. He polishes the door handle before getting inside. OCD.

Once inside the immaculate SUV, he speed-dials a contact on his smart-phone as he fires the engine and screams into traffic.

RUSTY

(on phone)

I'm going to need all photos of everyone who's entered Cordeiro's fazenda.

He listens for a brief moment as he pulls out - into traffic.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Right. Madureira. One hour.
'Brigado, cara.

INT. SENATOR RALEIGH'S OFFICE - DAY

Superimpose: OFFICE OF SENATOR JOSEPH RALEIGH - WASHINGTON, D.C.

The senator's SECRETARY enters the office unannounced. SENATOR RALEIGH, 50's, balding, is seated at his sleek desk on the phone. She interrupts.

SENATOR RALEIGH
(into the phone)
I can't have this thing get out of committee and you know it... If we piss off the Brazilians with import tax--

SECRETARY
(whispering)
He's on line four.

She stands persistently nagging him into answering line four. The senator acknowledges her and violently waves her out of the room.

SENATOR RALEIGH
Judas! Look, Jeff, I'm going to have to call you right back.

He hangs up and quickly punches line four.

SENATOR RALEIGH (CONT'D)
Simon, what's the status?.. No, just tell him to wait for my call. I can't do it from here.

He hangs up and scrambles for the door. He leaves so quickly that his secretary can't keep up.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MALL EATERY - DAY

Circular tables crowd the middle of the crowded atrium. The usual fast-food chains with their minimum wage employees bustle about trying to feed the mostly teen-age masses at the food court.

In the far corner, Senator Raleigh speaks quietly into his cell phone.

SENATOR RALEIGH

(into phone)

I just spoke to our Chinese friends.
I need confirmation that you have
actually weaponized the mutation and
that it's fully functional.

EXT. CORDEIRO'S RANCH - DAY

De Oliveira presses the cell phone to his ear. He stands
watching through the fence at Cordeiro's horses.

DE OLIVEIRA

(into phone)

Did you hear about the soccer match?
Full effects within thirty seconds.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MALL EATERY - DAY

The senator leans back on his puny chair.

SENATOR RALEIGH

That was you? Good Lord. Our Chinese
friends will be pleased. But it
needs to be attached to a weapon,
right?... Fine... Call Mr. Simon to
arrange payment.

BACK TO DE OLIVEIRA:

DE OLIVEIRA

One more thing, meu... Someone's
watching us closely. They found our
explosives expert. Find out who it
is and take care of it, please. Use
your man at the consulate.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MALL EATERY - DAY

Senator Raleigh snaps the flip-phone down. Then a small
grin appears on his crusted lips. He dials another number.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Halliday yanks open his cell phone.

HALLIDAY

(into phone)

What took you so long?... So, the
schematics have been duplicated?
It's been tested?... "*Boys From
Brazil*" protocol has been activated
then?... There won't be a country
on earth that won't kill us for it...

He slaps the phone shut, then pours himself a stiff drink.

EXT. MADUREIRA ROUNDABOUT - LATER

Rusty leans against the large, solitary oak tree in the center of the grassy praçinha. Cars maniacally whiz around him in a large circle roundabout. A six inch curb separates him from instant death.

Out of nowhere the tall, athletic young Meyerbeer in a Fluminense jersey, embarrassingly short shorts, and black socks pulled up to his knees, taps Rusty on the shoulder.

Rusty whips around and grabs the young Brazilian by the wrist.

MEYERBEER

Easy, meu! I've been watching you
for a few minutes. Never know who
else is interested, nao é?

Rusty releases his grip and relaxes his posture.

RUSTY

You're getting pretty good.
(looking around)
Heck-uva place to meet.

MEYERBEER

'Brigado. Sem bixo. No bugs here.

More smiles from Meyerbeer as he hands a thick envelope over.

RUSTY

Thanks. I've gotta look into a
distraction for a day or two. I'll
let you know when we're back to
serious business.

Rusty pats the young Cariocan on the shoulder with the envelope in a friendly gesture. With the other hand, he extends a crusty wad of Franklins.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Keep your phone turned on.

Meyerbeer greedily shoves the money into his underwear, then looks around to follow Rusty.

Rusty's vanished.

INT. COPA D'OR HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rusty meticulously pours over a giant stack of papers provided by Meyerbeer. Surveillance log notes. Boring stuff.

He tips the large manilla envelope and a small flash drive slides into his hand. He inserts it into his laptop and begins to browse through photos taken at the fazenda.

Nothing of interest. Mostly pictures of expensive escorts being dropped off and picked up.

The clock reads 4:43. Rusty gets up and takes a cold shower.

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

As the cold water pours over his muscular body, Rusty flashes through the photos again, and again in his mind.

QUICK FLASHBACK: =====

Photo after photo flashes by. One photo stands out. It's a picture of Cordeiro's daughter, Monica, who is getting out of a Mercedes.

The door is held by someone that seems familiar to Rusty.

The build of the man who is half out of the frame comes better into focus. It's the likeness of the goalie, Marcello Nuves.

END FLASHBACK: =====

INT. COPA D'OR HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A towel sags from Rusty's wet, naked body as he plows through the notes again. Then to the laptop for verification. He zooms in on the photo that came to mind.

Sure enough, half of Nuves' body is in the frame holding the car door for Monica Cordeiro as she's returning to the house.

QUICK FLASHBACK: =====

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO ROOFTOP - DAY

Rusty sprawls across the ledge of the roof with the binoculars stuck to his face.

P.O.V. - RUSTY'S BINOCULARS

He focuses on Antonio Carlos, the bomb maker, who argues with a beautiful girl. The same beautiful girl from the photo.

Monica Cordeiro.

END FLASHBACK: =====

INT. COPA D'OR HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rusty scoops the papers up and grabs the flash drive.

EXT. IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE - EVENING

Superimpose: IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE

Several beat up cars are parked in front of the pink house. A couple of scrawny PUNKS in the street fly a paper homemade kite.

No one notices the small car as it parks several doors down.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

TWO MUSCULAR BODYGUARDS fasten silencers onto their Beretta 9mms. Call the leader, SANTOS.

Both men busy themselves dressing in white shirts with black ties, and black pants. One of the men buttons his top button and then adjusts a small badge on the front of his shirt.

Polícia.

EXT. IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The men conceal their guns as they silently approach the house. They open the gate and enter the small garden area. Bodyguard #2 goes to the back of the house and Santos approaches the front door.

Loud Black Thrash Metal music screams from one of the rooms inside the house.

INT. IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An overweight, underpaid gringo, call him NELSON, sits quietly playing Sudoku when he hears something at the front door. He reaches for his gun.

Too late.

Santos kicks through the door and the gun spits twice ripping Nelson's throat apart and blasting him backwards.

Santos makes sure of the kill, removes Nelson's watch, wallet and cash, then quickly makes for the bedrooms.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bodyguard #2 busts through the door and enters with his gun at the ready.

Flopping on a small bed reading a *Rolling Stone* magazine is MONICA CORDEIRO. She has cotton stuffed into her ears.

Santos motions for her to follow him into the hallway. He stops at the second bedroom and quickly opens the door.

Canfield sits on a wicker chair with a gagged mouth - his arms tied behind him. He looks up at the bodyguard and a flash of recognition glints from his eyes.

He looks relieved - like he's about to be rescued.

Santos fires. One to the chest, one to the head.

Monica screams and puts her hands over her face. Bodyguard #2 drags the girl outside.

INT. U.S. CONSULATE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

The room is silent and eerily sterile. At the far end of the room a projector displays a picture of Marcello Nuves' body lying on an examination table. It looks as if the inside of his head has been totally eaten away.

Four people sit around the mahogany table. At the head of the table, Halliday twirls a pen around in his fingers.

To his right sits Kendall from Washington, who whispers something into the ear of a stunning brunette seated to his right. Call her JAN. Halliday carefully examines her.

She continues with her briefing.

JAN

--As it's something I've never seen
or dealt with before - I would like
to enlist the help of a specialist...
Dr. Jaír Suarez.

A picture flashes on the wall of the Brazilian geneticist.

JAN (CONT'D)

He's the foremost expert on viral
and genetic mutation. He could be
very useful.

Across the table is a twenties-something, wanna-be rock star who smacks his gum and who's having a hard time keeping quiet. Call him MOSES.

He types on his laptop as if writing a research paper.

BAM!

The door blasts open and Rusty rushes in and throws the manilla envelope of photos onto the table.

RUSTY
It's Cordeiro!

Everyone stares up at him in shock. Moses even stops typing.

HALLIDAY
(feigning calm)
Welcome to our briefing. What's Cordeiro?

Halliday picks up the envelop and peers inside.

RUSTY
Nuves. Cordeiro had him kil--

JAN
Actually, we don't know--

RUSTY
Had him killed.

He shoots her a fiery glare. Then he softens. They lock eyes. They share a moment of remembrance and attraction. Rusty notices her stunning beauty.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Jan... Nuves was last seen at Cordeiro's ranch the day of the match.

KENDALL
The wha--

HALLIDAY
World Cup. Where did you get these photos?

RUSTY
Meyerbeer. He's been up at Cordeiro's fazenda all week, just in case.

Halliday leans over the table and rests on both fists. He lets his head hang down. After a moment he looks up at Rusty.

HALLIDAY
Show me.

Rusty tosses the flash drive to Moses, who takes over the projector and fumbles for the right files.

Rusty stands at the front patiently waiting. Picture after picture spews out of the projector and onto the wall.

RUSTY
Stop! That's the one.

He marches to the wall and points to the soccer star's half body.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
This is the day of the match. It's also Cordeiro's daughter coming out of that car.

HALLIDAY
That's the girl you apprehended in Friburgo? The one speaking with the al-Qaida man, Antonio Carlos?

RUSTY
Exactly.

Halliday strides across the room and pulls the flash drive out of the computer and pockets it.

HALLIDAY
(to Rusty)
Go! Bring her in--

Rusty bolts for the door. He pats Jan's arm on the way out. Everyone else is confused.

JAN
But, we didn't even--

HALLIDAY
He's getting you the only link we have to who's behind Nuves' death.

Kendall leans back in his chair. An informal protest.

JAN
But we need to find out exactly what it was that killed him! It looks like it's a new virus or bacteria that none of us has seen. And it's lethal! We need to find out if it's airborne or not. Not to mention how we're going to handle the logistics of protecting the city if this thing's flying around!

Halliday seems distracted and in deep thought for a moment.

HALLIDAY
Give me and Moses everything you know.
(MORE)

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Then get back to Sao Cristovao morgue
and find out exactly what this virus
thing really is and what the locals
are doing to fix it.

She points to a chair as a command, not a suggestion.

JAN

Have a seat. We've a lot to go over.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - RIO DE JANEIRO - NIGHT

The navy blue Volkswagen bus looks abandoned except for the
smog pouring from the tail pipe.

INT. BACK OF VOLKSWAGEN BUS - CONTINUOUS

Two Chinese men with headphones stare at their equipment.
One of the men retrieves his cell phone and dials.

CHINESE MAN

(into phone -
translated Chinese)

They still don't know what killed
Nuves yet. They're bringing in the
scientist, Suarez. Rusty Henderson
is on his way to bring in Monica
Cordeiro and he's made the connection.

INT. RUSTY'S CAR - EVENING

Rusty dodges in and out of traffic as Meyerbeer busies himself
loading the handguns and wrenching silencers onto the barrels.
Two grenades stare up at him from the bottom of the duffel
bag.

RUSTY

Careful not to get any oil on the
carpet. Thanks for bringing the
bag. Thought of everything, didn't
you?

Meyerbeer smiles showing every tooth in his mouth.

MEYERBEER

(looking at the grenade)
You never know when one of those
will come in handy, cara.

EXT. IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE - LATER

Nighttime consumes the safe house. The street is creepily
quiet as they pull up. Rusty scans both sides of the street.
No action or movement.

He motions to Meyerbeer to follow and they approach the front door. Rusty readies his gun and raps softly on the front door - "shave and a haircut".

Music blares from one of the rooms, but there is no response to the signal.

Meyerbeer prepares himself by taking a knee behind and to the right of Rusty who gives a brutal kick.

CRASH!

The door blows back and Rusty disappears into the darkness. Meyerbeer rises and follows quickly.

INT. IRAJÁ SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the kitchen and see the bloody mess that was once Nelson. Meyerbeer fights back the gag reflex and quickly looks away.

Rusty motions for him to continue down the hall. He floats on the balls of his feet and catches up to Meyerbeer just as he enters Canfield's room.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Canfield's body and chair lay tipped over on the floor. An enormous pool of blood engulfs the floor. Canfield's brains decorate the wall.

Meyerbeer diverts his eyes and darts for the other bedroom, but Rusty moves closer to examine the body.

After a moment, Meyerbeer reenters and shakes his head.

MEYERBEER

Ninguém está, cara.

The vein on Rusty's forehead pulses with anger. He kicks the blasting boom box - putting an end to the grotesque, deafening music.

RUSTY

They knew she was here... Check the rest of the house. Make sure we're alone.

Meyerbeer zips off as Rusty grabs his cell phone.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Halliday sits stewing on something at his desk. An internal debate rips through his mind. The cell phone jars him out of a funk.

HALLIDAY
(into phone)
Rusty. Do you have her?

Long pause.

Halliday sits back hard in his leather chair. He rubs his free hand violently through his hair. He swallows hard but is finally able to speak.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Looks like it's time to hear what
Canfield has to--

His face goes white. After a brief moment of denial, he nods his head and seems to understand.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
Where are you headed?.. Call me
when you get there.

Halliday slowly hangs up his cell phone. He thinks for a brief moment. Then he slinks out of the chair and pours another stiff one.

EXT. FAZENDA HILLSIDE - EVENING

The two ATV's race up a steep incline. Rusty and Meyerbeer avoid hitting several street rat boys from the cardboard neighborhood as they zip to the top of the favela.

They dart off of the main dirt road and further up the hill into the denser jungle foliage. Meyerbeer leads the way. Rusty shifts to a lower gear and the engine whines.

The narrow dirt path winds dizzily into the jungle on the hillside. It follows a dried up river bed and forms a bobsled tube made of rock and dirt.

Out of nowhere, four more ATV's join the trail and pursue Rusty and Meyerbeer with vengeance. Their headlights illuminate the hillside.

Rusty switches to a higher gear and tries to outrun them.

A blinding light flashes into the sky above them. A bright flare giving away their position. Suddenly, three more ATV's and riders with guns appear up ahead of Rusty on the peak of the hill.

Bullets rip past his left ear. Rusty veers to the right, jerking off of the trail and into the thicker undergrowth.

Meyerbeer follows closely behind. They aim for the top of the hill and to the right of their assassins.

The Polaris screams madly underneath Rusty as the hill steepens. Rusty tries to reach into the duffel-bag on his back with little success.

Spotlights scour the bushes for them.

The path ahead gets barren and rocky. Staying ahead of the search lights, Rusty approaches the edge of a volcanic rock cliff. He jumps off the Polaris. He looks over the edge and his knees go weak from the sight.

P.O.V. - RUSTY LOOKING OVER THE EDGE

A straight drop off for nearly one-half mile with massive boulders at the bottom. About one-hundred feet down and to the right a grove of thick mango and palm trees on a narrow ridge lead down the cliff on a less steep incline.

Rusty shuts down the ATV as Meyerbeer quickly approaches. Meyerbeer's shoulder bleeds heavily from a bullet wound. He too gets off of the ATV and they break into the duffel bag.

Meyerbeer looks over the edge.

MEYERBEER

Nossa! Scared of heights, meu?

RUSTY

Fell off a roof as a kid... Here,
let me wrap your shoulder.

As he fastens a tourniquet, he shoots one last glance over the edge.

Rusty puts the silenced Beretta in his pants at the base of his spine. Meyerbeer grabs a semiautomatic M4 Carbine and starts down the hill towards the pursuers.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

No! Let's keep to the higher ground.

Rusty leads Meyerbeer to a large volcanic boulder jutting upwards out of the jungle foliage.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

When I give you the signal, blast
the gas tanks of our ATV's.

MEYERBEER

Oi, meu. How are we going to get
out of here?

RUSTY
On *their* ATV's.

Meyerbeer smiles ear to ear.

Rusty swings the duffel bag over his shoulder then jumps off into the bush a few yards away. After a moment, the ATV's come roaring up the steep embankment. The lights circle about - and then find the abandoned ATV's.

Rusty gives the signal and Meyerbeer lets rip a barrage of short three-round bursts.

KABOOM! The ATVs explode and spew debris in all directions.

Rusty leans out from his jungle shelter and his Beretta spits 5, 6, 7 times into the near darkness. A shadow falls from his ATV, and a spotlight is extinguished.

A hellacious fury of bullets pepper the bushes and rocks where Rusty hides. He quickly scrambles up the hill, turns quickly and lobs a grenade at his attackers.

BOOM!

Another massive explosion rocks the night sky. Two figures fly through the air from the blast. More bullets rain down upon Rusty.

And then - quiet. Where's Meyerbeer?

EXT. FAZENDA HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Rusty peaks out from behind a branch. What he sees makes his stomach turn. TWO MEN drag Meyerbeer to their leader, De Oliveira.

Meyerbeer's shoulder bleeds heavily and one of the men smashes the butt of his rifle into it - sending Meyerbeer screaming with pain.

DE OLIVEIRA
We've got you pinned down, Rusty.
Come out quietly and you can save
his life.

The two henchmen raise Meyerbeer to his knees. De Oliveira cocks his handgun and points it at Meyerbeer's head.

EXT. FAZENDA HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Rusty reaches into his bag and grabs the last grenade. Then he checks his Beretta's clip. He haunches down and prepares to move. Just as he begins to come out from hiding with arms raised--

BANG!

Meyerbeer's body slumps to the ground and rolls down the hill - in slow motion for Rusty.

RUSTY

NOOOO!

He raises the Beretta and begins firing wildly into the small group of men. Two arch back and fall to the ground. De Oliveira steadies his aim at Rusty.

Rusty hurls the grenade as hard and fast as possible at Cordeiro's men. De Oliveira jumps away just as--

BOOM! Another blinding explosion lights the sky.

Rusty races for the top of the hill.

EXT. FAZENDA CLIFF EDGE - CONTINUOUS

He reaches the ridge and jumps without hesitation over the edge - aiming his leap for the grove of mango trees on the right.

Falling. Falling. Never ending. CRASH!

The trees break his fall but inflict damage of their own. Rusty smashes through branches and more branches and then smashes down heavily onto the volcanic rock.

He slides uncontrollably for twenty yards - his body rolling over and over. He lay breathing heavily for a moment, wipes blood from his elbow, and then he tries to sit up.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Halliday bursts into the command center. Moses and a few others look up from their monitors to see what the commotion is.

HALLIDAY

Moses! Get a team up to Cordeiro's ranch, and bring them all in quickly and quietly.

MOSES

Didn't Rusty--

HALLIDAY

Just do it! Now.

Moses grabs the phone.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

This action is no longer covert!

EXT. CORDEIRO'S RANCH - NIGHT

Superimpose: CORDEIRO'S RANCH

A small TEAM OF COMMANDOS dressed in all black approach the main house. Several run toward the back, others the sides of the large Mediterranean style home.

Lights are on inside, but otherwise the house seems quiet. Too quiet.

The leader advances to the front door and gives a signal. Two others burst through the front door and the entire team storms the house.

Commandos break through the upper bedroom windows in the coordinated attack.

INT. CORDEIRO'S FAZENDA HOME - CONTINUOUS

The commandos enter the house in two-by-two cover formation and proceed room to room.

Nothing. The house is totally empty.

EXT. CORDEIRO'S FAZENDA HOME - LATER

The commando LEADER calls Moses from his cell phone.

LEADER

Nothin'. Not a soul in sight.
There's a couple of small fires on
the hill above the house, but
otherwise this place is desert--

KABOOM! KABOOM!

The entire house is blown apart. Metal and glass blister the commando leader and his assistant outside the house.

A huge flame shoots into the sky. The entire terra-cotta roof is blown to smithereens. The structure is devastated. No one inside survives this amazing blast.

EXT. FAZENDA HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rusty jerks around quickly to see the major explosion from below. His body weeps blood from his head, chest, arms and knees. He pounds his fist into the volcanic rock.

RUSTY

They knew we were coming. THEY KNEW
WE WERE COMING!

He tenderly puts weight onto his right arm and tries to stand.
He limps a few paces and then sits down again.

He slides down a slick rock slope about fifty yards on his
butt and comes to an abrupt and painful stop.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Halliday sits at the head of the table. To his right sits
Kendall, then Jan. She is visibly shaken.

Opposite Halliday is a new man, scruffy, drunk as a skunk,
with flecks of grey hair at his temples, in his late 40's,
call him DUNCAN. To Halliday's left is Moses, who chomps
his gum.

HALLIDAY

I can't even explain how serious
this has become. In just a few
minutes we lost two of our best agents
and an entire stab unit! We lost
our only link to the source of this
genetic mutation, or nerve agent, or
whatever - Jan will brief you all in
just a minute - but as it stands, we
know absolutely nothing...

Everyone exchanges nervous glances.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

I've called Washington, and they've
granted us full access to all civilian
satellites, one military, and two
predators. They should be coming on-
line any minute.

Moses's eyes tear up with joyful anticipation.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

(Pointing)

This is Duncan. He's come out of
retirement. He's the best agent
I've ever worked with... next to...

(clears throat)

Right, He'll be running the
investigation into finding Cordeiro.

(nodding at Jan)

Jan will be heading up our containment
of the mute--, err, thing.

Silence fills the room. The members of the team look into each other's faces for reassurance. Kendall is the only one who seems sure of himself.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Duncan, why don't you start.

DUNCAN

Certo.

EXT. MAIN BUS TERMINAL, RIO - LATER

Few people mill around waiting for the busses of the madrugada. Rusty purchases a ticket and embarks the 1001 bus - headed to Nova Friburgo.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE, COUNCILEIRO PAULINO - LATER

Superimpose: CIA SAFE HOUSE, CONCILEIRO PAULINO - NOVA FRIBURGO

Rusty limps through the small gate and garden area and approaches the house with caution.

No lights are on as he smacks loudly on the front door with his beat up hands, then he backs away and extends his arms so that his whole body will be visible through the peep hole.

After a moment, the light comes on and the door cracks open. A short, but very sturdy and muscular Brazilian man, 40's, with a bald head, goatee, and hoop earrings in each ear comes onto the porch. Call him BATISTA.

His purple, open-collared shirt, reveals a thick black roll of fur covering a ripped torso. He's flaming drunk.

BATISTA

Starting a bit early, don't you think?
Or maybe you've had a long night.

He holds open the door and watches as Rusty winces into the main sala and sits on the softest looking chair in the room.

Batista looks Rusty over and then pulls up a chair next to him.

BATISTA (CONT'D)

Got in another fight with that girl
of yours, hein?

Rusty feigns a smile.

RUSTY

We've got a big problem.
(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)
I need your help, and you can't call
this in until you've heard what I
have to say, okay?

The piratical tough-man with dark skin shakes his head in disgust.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Canfield isn't the only traitor at
the consulate.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - LATER

Halliday overlooks his small team as they sit at their different computer stations. Moses furiously types into his computer.

Halliday, a bit annoyed by the typing, strides over and puts a hand on Moses's shoulder, then squeezes hard until Moses stops and pays attention to Duncan.

DUNCAN
Right. I'll need satellite footage
of Cordeiro's ranch for about... two
hours before Rusty and Meyerbeer set
out.

MOSES
(sarcastically)
Sure, no problem.

Halliday taps lightly on Moses's shoulder.

HALLIDAY
I'm sure you'll do your best--

DUNCAN
Meanwhile, I'm headed to the ranch
to find the bodies of our men and
see if I can find anything else...
That leaves us you two.

All eyes turn to Jan and Kendall. Kendall powers forward with confidence. Jan looks up through puffy eyes from crying.

KENDALL
Yeah, well it's not as straight
forward as we'd hoped.

HALLIDAY
What do you mean?

Kendall sets down a stack of photos. Images of a black woman with her face half eaten and another of a man with weeping sores on his chest, face and legs glare up at the team.

KENDALL

Well, this thing isn't exactly acting like a typical virus--

JAN

(recovering)

First, it's attacking the cells at the DNA level. It's destroying certain proteins - we don't know yet which exact sequences. Look, it shoots it's genetic material into the nucleus of the cell, infects it and reproduces. Only this is quick, like a million times faster than a normal virus.

Halliday grits his teeth. Moses stops chewing his gum.

KENDALL

Also, we'd expect a lot more people to show up with symptoms. Especially the EMT's that handled his body. Or those who got close to him, touched him, or his body fluids.

DUNCAN

What's different about this case?

JAN

Out of the six people that handled Nuves' body, only these two came up with symptoms.

MOSES

Well, maybe they weren't wearing gloves or something.

KENDALL

They took all of the proper precaut--

HALLIDAY

Why these two?

JAN

(stammering a bit)

Well, um, there is only one thing that I can think of that these two share with Nuves that no one else from the EMT unit does.

Kendall shakes his head in shame.

KENDALL
(mostly to himself)
Oh, don't go there.

HALLIDAY
What? What do they share?

Jan swallows hard.

JAN
They're Black. Of African Descent.

Silence.

JAN (CONT'D)
Look, there were six people that
have handled his body. Two were
black, three Caucasian and one Asian--

DUNCAN
Are you saying that this virus only
attacks people of African descent?

Jan backs up a bit from her position.

JAN
I just want to do some DNA testing
to find out exactly what's going on.
I can't be sure until I've looked at
their DNA--

HALLIDAY
You have got to be kidding me!

A young, attractive SECRETARY bursts into the room and hands
Halliday a sheet of paper. He reads it briefly.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
(studying the report)
Well... There's been another outbreak
of our mystery virus. Same exact
symptoms... It looks like we have
four more people who have succumbed
to its distinctive symptoms. Massive
cellular destruction, excessive
bleeding, seems to have attacked the
brain cells first... All dead. A
family of three here on vacation.
One EMT died as well.

Silence. And then only Moses could have the lack of delicacy.

MOSES
Are they--

HALLIDAY

No... This time they're Japanese.

JAN

All of them?

HALLIDAY

All of them... The four man EMT team was composed of two Caucasians, one of African descent, and one of Japanese descent... They're in Nova Friburgo.

MOSES

That's where--

HALLIDAY

Yes. That's where Rusty was last seen looking for Cordeiro.

Jan and Kendall bail out of the room followed by Duncan. Moses swivels his chair around and gets busy. Halliday storms back to his office.

INT. CAR - LATER

Kendall drives the small, powerless car up a winding highway towards Nova Friburgo. Jan sits shotgun and studies her notes and other papers.

On the top of the stack is a picture of renowned geneticist Jaír Suarez with an article. There are other papers and files. Rusty's picture sticks out from the stack.

Kendall can't help but stare at Jan's half exposed thigh underneath the papers. He carefully places his hand on her knee.

KENDALL

Sorry I didn't totally back you up at the embassy. You've gotta admit this is pretty weird though, right?

Jan closes her legs and straightens her posture. She calmly removes his hand.

JAN

Please don't.

KENDALL

Oh, come on. We haven't exactly had any time to ourselves, you know.

She avoids eye contact by looking out the window.

JAN

Look, when this is all over you and
I can talk about it. But until
Rusty's funeral is taken care of--

KENDALL

Ah yes, the ex-fiancé.

Kendall fights back the anger.

Jan sadly looks out the window to the beautiful, green
countryside. They ascend steadily higher into the mountains
northeast of Rio. The mountain mist flows into the street,
making for bad visibility.

Kendall decides to change the subject.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Think we'll find this Jaír Suarez
guy?

After a moment. A small tear drips from Jan's eye - and she
comes back to the moment.

JAN

I hope so. We need him to give us
some answers about this virus, or
genetic mutation. He's simply the
best. He lives in Recife. It's a
long ways away, but we do have the
full resources of the U.S. Government,
right?

KENDALL

You mean you're gonna fly him into
Friburgo?

He looks out the windows as they fast approach the quaint
Swiss colony hidden in the mountains.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

This place doesn't exactly look like
it's got an airport.

EXT. COLÉGIO RADICAL, REÇÍFE - MORNING

Superimpose: COLÉGIO RADICAL, REÇÍFE

The seven-story structure towers arrogantly above the other
modest offiçinhas and casts an ominous shadow over the
surrounding neighborhood.

INT. JAÍR SUAREZ'S LABORATORY - MORNING

The seventh floor lab embodies a well funded, fully equipped, state-of-the-art genetic research center. Large glass windows allow the morning light and also provide an impeccable view of the Atlantic ocean.

Dr. JAIR SUAREZ, short, balding, 70's, haunches over a microscope. Absolute concentration. He's alone in the lab enjoying the silence of the early morning.

Three figures slide open the door and carefully slip inside. The two bodyguards dressed as polícia move to the flanks of their leader, De Oliveira. The henchmen remove semiautomatic handguns equipped with silencers.

DE OLIVEIRA

Bom dia, Dr. Suarez. So good to see you again.

Suarez jerks around so fast that the microscope crashes to the floor.

De Oliveira holds up his hands as a peace offering.

DE OLIVEIRA (CONT'D)

We're not here to hurt you, doctor.
But I need you to come with us right now.

Jaír's eye twitches nervously.

JAIR

You'll never find it--

The bodyguards grab him by his shoulders and cover his head with a hood. De Oliveira kicks Suarez hard in the chest.

DE OLIVEIRA

(to the bodyguards)
Search everywhere. It could be a DVD, papers, anything.

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO TELECOM - DAY

A hung-over and disheveled Batista moves quickly up the steps of the community telephone building. He reeks from the all-nighter. His shirt remains unbuttoned down to the navel.

INT. TELECOM - DAY

Glass booths, with old but functional telephones, line the walls of the giant sala. Batista scrambles quickly to the nearest empty booth and locks himself inside.

BATISTA
 (to himself)
 I hate this crap...

He dials the number and waits. After the phone is answered on the other end--

BATISTA (CONT'D)
 (thick Brazilian accent)
 The final stages are complete. Come to the rodoviária in Friburgo now. Stand in line for bus three to Fúrnas - but don't get on.

On the other end, a long pause...

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian scurries around the enormous, oak desk.

HALLIDAY
 (into phone)
 Who is this?--

Batista interrupts forcefully.

BATISTA (O.S.)
 We have to finish this... Be here in three hours.

HALLIDAY
 You know I can't take that chance! There's too much at stake here! Nothing makes sense. Not even this call - it's out of sequence!

BATISTA (O.S.)
 Three hours.

INT. NOVA FRIBURGO TELECOM - CONTINUOUS

Batista slams the phone down. Looks at his watch and then breaks for the exit.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Rusty changes his bandages when Batista bursts through the door.

RUSTY
 Well?

BATISTA
 Hard to tell, meu.
 (MORE)

BATISTA (CONT'D)

He was definitely interested in what I was saying... very cautious, though.

RUSTY

It's the only thing that makes sense. Only Halliday knew where we were keeping the girl. He was the only one who knew we were on our way to the fazenda - and which way we were approaching...

Batista helps fasten a bandage, then pours tea.

BATISTA

What about Canfield? I thought that he was the one who was feeding them the information--

RUSTY

And they killed him. I wonder if Halliday knew about that too.

BATISTA

Who else on the team knows this information?

RUSTY

There was only me, Meyerbeer, Halliday, Kendall, Jan and Moses. That's it. Jan and Kendall have been onto this virus thing and don't know anything about Cordeiro - it can't be them.

BATISTA

You don't trust anyone, do you?

RUSTY

Usually the people closest to you that you have to watch--

BATISTA

There's still people you can trust, meu.

RUSTY

We'll find out soon enough.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Halliday exits the embassy with haste. Across the street the blue van sits angled perfectly to view who comes and leaves the embassy.

INT. BACK OF VOLKSWAGEN BUS - CONTINUOUS

The Chinese agents sit watching a monitor. They watch Halliday as he strides up the street looking for his car. Agent #1 dials a number on his cell phone.

After brief instructions, the man slaps his comrade on the back and they get into the front of the van and pursue Halliday.

INT. CORDEIRO'S WINE CELLAR - DAY

An acrid musty smell covers the dark and cool wine cellar. Bottles of the finest wine line the walls. A faint dripping comes from the shadow in the far corner.

A bloodied and beaten Jaír sits strapped to a wicker chair. He winces in pain and cries a little.

Silence. Drip... Drip... Maddening.

After a long pause, Cordeiro emerges from the dark and reveals himself by striking a match and lighting his enormous cigar. He's seated at the far end of the cellar and has been observing Jaír from the shadows.

Jaír arches back in fright and squints at the new source of the light.

CORDEIRO

(almost whispering)

I need you to do something for me,
irmao... I need the Korean strain.

JAIR

Never! How far will you go? Koreans?
Serbs? Jews? Loco, meu.

Cordeiro stands and approaches the scientist.

CORDEIRO

We're all a little crazy, nao é?
It's what drives us to do
extraordinary things, no?... We're
all a little guilty, certo?

JAIR

I'll suffer in Hell for my
experiments. Take your money back,
but I will not help you anymore.

Cordeiro speed dials a number on his cell phone.

CORDEIRO

Oh, I think you will...

(MORE)

CORDEIRO (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 He's ready, irmao.

Cordeiro stands, places his cell phone into a pocket and retrieves a small vial of liquid from the same pocket.

CORDEIRO (CONT'D)
 You see, I already have the strain
 that will kill your entire family -
 and your entire bairro... it's easy.

He pontificates and makes a dance-like movement. As he speaks his gestures get larger and larger.

CORDEIRO (CONT'D)
 I just simply add this mixture to a
 truck that sprays for mosquitoes,
 for example, in you're neighborhood -
 and in one easy swoop...

His fingers shoot to his mouth and he blows them away with a kiss.

JAIR
 You cannot butcher innocent people!
 They've done nothing to you!

De Oliveira enters from the room above. The light blinds Jaír for a moment. De Oliveira smiles as he comes down to Jaír. Then he removes his pricey jacket and jewelry.

Cordeiro puffs on his cigar and heads up the stairs. He doesn't look back.

CORDEIRO
 Just like Mengele... Experiments,
 nao? Only, it won't be me doing
 this to your family and friends,
 irmao. It will be you...

As De Oliveira approaches, Jaír screams wildly.

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO PRAÇA BUS STATION - DAY

Rusty stands watching the bus station from across the street. His bandages show less blood than before. He's focused.

His eyes scan each passenger that exits the bus from Rio. Finally, Halliday emerges tepidly.

Rusty touches his ear.

RUSTY
 There he is. You got him?

Batista crouches down low by a row of taxis. He stands quickly and falls in line behind Halliday.

BATISTA

Nao problema, meu. Deixa comigo.

Rusty starts to move in behind Batista when he notices them--

The Chinese agents climb out of their blue van and move in close to intercept Batista.

Rusty quickly barks into his intercom.

RUSTY

You've got two Asian men closing in on you! I'll take care of them, you stay with Halliday. I'll meet you at the room later.

BATISTA

Falou, meu!

Batista picks up the pace and makes contact with Halliday by wrapping his arm around his shoulders - as if long lost pals. He jabs a handgun into Brain's ribs.

BATISTA (CONT'D)

(to Halliday)

E daí, meu?

Halliday gives a little fight, but Batista doesn't give way.

EXT. NOVA FRIBURGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rusty races across the cobblestone street to cut off the two agents who are moving faster now. One of them has a cell phone jammed to his ear.

As the three men pass the entrance to the Supermercado, Rusty grabs a shopping cart and slams it hard into the back of the two Chinese agents.

RUSTY

Opa! Desculpe-me!

The men turn quickly to face him. Before they realize what's happened - he's on them.

Rusty smashes the face of one of the men, jabbing upward with an open palm. Blood spurts in every direction as the man drops to the ground with a broken nose.

The second man pockets the cell phone and approaches Rusty slowly in some form of martial arts stance.

Rusty shows disgust-

RUSTY (CONT'D)

No, you don't!

He rushes to the smaller man, who squats low and sends an arm out to meet Rusty. Rusty grabs the arm mid swing, wraps his own arm around it and arches it violently backward, breaking it instantly.

The store SECURITY GUARD, 30's, big and muscular, sees the fracas and rushes over - hand on his baton.

The first man begins to stir and raises up quickly to defend his friend. Both he and the security guard converge on Rusty at the same time.

Rusty ducks under the enormous body of the security guard and wrenches the baton from his grasp - breaking a finger.

The man groans in agony as a bone rips through the skin and blood drips from the hand.

In one fluid motion, Rusty spins quickly and slams the baton into the back of the Chinese assailant's neck - sending the man forcefully into the storefront and flipping over a display of boxed milk that explodes underneath him.

Then with an upward stroke, Rusty bashes the Adam's apple of the guard with the baton - sending the man onto his stomach gasping for air.

Rusty quickly pounces on top of the huge man and removes his handcuffs, then clamps them around the muscular wrists.

As a crowd begins to convene, Rusty removes the wallets, watches, and phones from both of the unconscious Chinese agents - then disappears into the throng of onlookers.

INT. HOTEL SCHUMACHER ROOM 111 - LATER

The small, crappy motel room, reeks of urine and old sheets. The room looks as if it was last updated in the 1940's.

Halliday sits strapped to a chair in the middle of the room. His hands duct-taped behind him glow red from the loss of circulation.

At Rusty's arrival, Halliday looks up in honest shock.

HALLIDAY

I... thought you were--

RUSTY

Dead. I know. Sorry to disappoint.

Batista snorts from the corner and pours himself a drink from the mini bar.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Who followed you here?

Halliday thinks to himself for a moment.

HALLIDAY
I didn't see anyone.
(nodding at Batista)
Not until this thug put his arm around
me. Where do you find these guys?

Rusty crosses the room and gets close into Halliday's face.

RUSTY
Tell me about the two Chinese
operatives that were following you
when you got off of the bus.

Halliday shows honest perplexity.

HALLIDAY
I don't know about any Chinese. I
didn't see anybody.

RUSTY
Well, they saw you.

BATISTA
(to Rusty)
What did you do with them, meu? Do
I need to clean up another mess of
yours?

RUSTY
Yeah. Clean up on aisle four... No,
they'll be fine.

HALLIDAY
You should've brought them in--

RUSTY
I have their phones and Id's.

Halliday looks at Rusty hopelessly.

HALLIDAY
Why didn't you call? We would have
brought you in--

RUSTY

Someone knew we went to Cordeiro's fazenda... I'm only going to give you one chance - and then it's gonna get ugly.

Rusty pulls out his Beretta and wrenches the silencer onto it. Halliday drops his head onto his chest in defeat. Then he shakes it back and forth.

HALLIDAY

Rusty, you're going to have to trust me.

RUSTY

You're going to have to earn my trust. Meyerbeer got killed because--

HALLIDAY

I know, I know. I honestly had nothing to do with his death, I swear to you.

Rusty slams his open-palmed hand into Halliday's chest above the heart. The chair topples over from the force of it and Halliday gasps for air.

Then Rusty jumps on top of Halliday, pinches an inch of flesh of his right thigh and places the gun onto the pinched flesh.

PSSSST!

The muffled shot rips part of Halliday's leg and Halliday arches back in pain and screams wildly.

Batista runs into the bathroom and grabs a towel. He throws it to Rusty who bandages up the leg with speed and precision.

Batista rushes over and sets Halliday up straight.

RUSTY

Talk now! Or it'll only get worse from here.

HALLIDAY

I'm deep, Rusty. Deep... Cover.

Sweat beads up on his forehead as he struggles to speak while gasping for breath. His face goes white and he's about to faint.

RUSTY

Tell me everything you know.

(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)
I can help you, but not until I know everything. That's how you earn my trust!

Halliday has an internal debate for a moment and then finally decides.

HALLIDAY
This is bigger than I ever imagined.

RUSTY
What's bigger?

HALLIDAY
You just confirmed it.

RUSTY
What did I confirm?

HALLIDAY
The Chinese. We suspected it was them, but couldn't be sure.

RUSTY
Suspect them of what, Brian?

HALLIDAY
They're the ones who want the genetic weapon so badly. They're the highest bidder--

His head flops onto his chest. He's passed out.

INT. BACK SEAT OF MERCEDES G63 - DAY

Brian Halliday winces in pain as the G63 bounces along the dirt road.

HALLIDAY
I think you hit an artery.

Rusty looks at the blood soaked bandage. Halliday sits on a stack of towels. Rusty tightens the tourniquet.

RUSTY
Nothing that won't grow back. Now, who else is involved in this thing?

Halliday leans his head back on the seat. He's ghostly white from loss of blood.

HALLIDAY
I'll fill you in at the safe house.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Four corpses lay on tables with a sterile sheet covering their naked, lifeless bodies. Jan and Kendall strap on masks and gloves. Kendall turns pail and holds the wall for support.

JAN

Put mentholatum on your upper lip.
It helps.

Kendall stumbles over to a corner and sits in the lone chair in the room. Jan ignores him and goes to examining the first body. A Japanese woman. Her face and head have been eaten out from the inside.

KENDALL

What exactly are you looking for?

JAN

Tissue samples. We have samples from the first group, now I need to compare them to these.

She grabs a scalpel and slices away part of the remains of the woman's face and places it into a small tube.

JAN (CONT'D)

If you're feeling up to it, you can get some samples of him--

Kendall gets up quickly and exits the room.

JAN (CONT'D)

Or, not--

The phone in her lab coat pocket rings. With difficulty, she balances it to her ear.

JAN (CONT'D)

Yeah?

INT. BACK SEAT OF MERCEDES G63 - DAY (TRAVELING)

Rusty sits closely to Halliday, propping him up and into the car window. He presses the cell phone into Halliday's ear. Halliday speaks softly, but with resolve.

HALLIDAY

Jan, I'm sending you the coordinates to a safe house near Friburgo. I need you to meet me there in the next hour.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jan backs away from the rotting corpse and pockets the tubes of tissue.

JAN
What are you talking about? I thought
you were in Rio--

INT. BACK SEAT OF MERCEDES G63 - CONTINUOUS

Beads of sweat appear on Halliday's forehead. The bandage around his leg is full of blood. Each bump from the G63 makes him wince in pain.

HALLIDAY
No time to explain, I'm red-flashing
the whole team. That includes
Kendall. Bring him with you.

Rusty snaps the phone shut.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE, FÚRNAS - DAY

Superimpose: FÚRNAS CIA SAFE HOUSE

Todd Kendall and Jan climb out of the small Volkswagen and carefully cross the cobblestone street to the safe house.

INT. SAFEHOUSE, FÚRNAS - CONTINUOUS

The dark, empty room hides the faces of the cons-op team. They sit on the hard, tile floor in silence.

Moses bangs away at his laptop and the others try not to focus on the eerie, pale figure of Halliday who's propped up in the corner.

Halliday wipes a bead of sweat from his cheek and tries to compose himself. He looks from face to face trying to see if anyone notices. Just one. Rusty, who stares unnerving at him. Those eyes.

Finally, Jan comes through the door. She glances from face to face.

HALLIDAY
Glad you could make it.

JAN
Sorry I'm--

Her face turns to Rusty. She drops everything and rushes to him - leaving the door ajar. Batista kicks it shut and rolls his eyes. Kendall scurries to pick up the dropped paperwork.

Jan stoops to embrace Rusty and brings his head to her chest. She kisses his head. She's overcome.

JAN (CONT'D)

I thought--

RUSTY

I know. Sorry I didn't call you sooner.

She steps back for a moment.

DUNCAN

(mostly sober)

Oh, stop it. I'm getting all weepy.

Everyone smiles at the sarcasm. Not Kendall, he's pissed. He slinks back into the shadows to pout.

Halliday retrieves a flash drive from his inside suit pocket and throws it to Moses who seems to understand. He jams it into the laptop and types a few last commands. Suddenly, a projector lights up and displays a sort of presentation onto the wall.

A 1940's picture of a young man glows from the wall. The man is somewhat attractive, except for the large space between his front teeth.

All heads turn as Halliday begins his briefing.

HALLIDAY

(somewhat feebly)

Near the end of World War II, several of the higher ranking NAZI officers and scientists fled their posts and tried to leave Europe. We tried to track them down, and found that this man, Josef Mengele, had gone to a small, farm-hand village in Rosenheim, Bavaria.

KENDALL

Who?

DUNCAN

The "Angel of Death".

Kendall turns his head towards Duncan quickly. The smirk on his face demands explanation.

JAN

The doctor who conducted experiments on Jewish victims at Auschwitz concentration camp--

HALLIDAY

Rosen camp as well. At least, until the Red Army took control of it.

Halliday props himself up gingerly avoiding his bandaged leg.

DUNCAN

I thought that he escaped to South America.

HALLIDAY

He did, eventually. Came through Argentina. He finally took residence in a small village outside of Sao Paulo, called Nova Europa.

RUSTY

Okay, why the history lesson?

HALLIDAY

Turns out, there is a small town called Candido Godoi where one in five pregnancies ends up resulting in twins.

KENDALL

Judas!

HALLIDAY

Yeah, we were a bit perplexed as well. And the more research we did, the weirder it got.

RUSTY

Who's we, Brian?

Halliday takes a deep breath.

HALLIDAY

Senator Joseph Raleigh got funds allocated through his usual back channels to send agent Mark Simon and myself looking into Candido Godoi.

DUNCAN

Where's Simon now?

HALLIDAY

He's in Washington following the money.

RUSTY

What aren't you telling us?

Halliday nods to Moses, who advances the slide to show the image of an X chromosome.

HALLIDAY

Near Candido Godoi, there are several small villages. We found that the people who lived in these small villages were used extensively for genetic testing.

MOSES

For what purpose?

HALLIDAY

To create a master race. Blond hair, blue eyes--

RUSTY

What's this all about, Brian?

Halliday pauses for a moment, then begins to stand. Dead silence in the room.

HALLIDAY

The blueprint for a genetic weapon. At least, the schematics for it.

Looks of dismay. The team is rocked.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

A powerful nerve agent. It attacks specific genes and can single out specific racial or ethnic groups.

BATISTA

Impossível, meu--

HALLIDAY

Modify the sequence, deploy it with a sizable warhead into a region, and it wipes out only that specific ethnicity. The perfect weapon.

Amazement and horror grip the room.

JAN

They found it, didn't they?

HALLIDAY

Yes... it looks like your good doctor Suarez discovered the key to isolating the genes--

DUNCAN
Somalia, Rwanda, Israel... The possibilities are endless--

JAN
So, Cordeiro is the one behind this nerve agent?

HALLIDAY
We thought so. At least until today.
All eyes on Halliday.

DUNCAN
What happened today?

RUSTY
The Chinese happened. Two agents followed Halliday to Friburgo and tried to intercept him.

Halliday eases back into his chair.

HALLIDAY
This isn't Cordeiro's style. He needs money. We think he's got possession of the schematics and is selling them to the highest bidder... or country.

KENDALL
Wait. So, this thing is not a virus at all - but a nerve agent?

JAN
(in awe)
A nerve agent that can be released anywhere and be totally harmless to everyone except the intended ethnic--

HALLIDAY
A weapon that must be stopped.

DUNCAN
In the hands of the Chinese?

HALLIDAY
Get him for me...

He looks directly at Rusty.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry that I couldn't tell you, Rusty.
(MORE)

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

It has been a very sensitive and classified operation. Only two other people know about it... If we get Cordeiro, we'll get the Mutation.

MOSES

Mutation?

Halliday rubs his leg.

HALLIDAY

(pause)

Yes. The nerve agent is known as the "Brazilian Mutation."

INT. MERCEDES G63 - DAY

Jan double-checks her seat belt as the G63 screams through the narrow cobblestone streets of Nova Friburgo.

Intense concentration and fury emanates from Rusty's face - as he remains deep in thought. He skillfully, and deliberately maneuvers through and endless line of cars.

JAN

You still don't trust him, do you?

RUSTY

Halliday? It doesn't matter. It's Cordeiro we want. I'm just hoping we can stop the mutation at the same time--

Rusty's cell phone interrupts them.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey... No, glad to have you on board.

He mouths the name "Duncan" to Jan.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(still on phone)

Okay... hold on.

He puts the phone down and makes a sharp turn and defensive maneuvers that throw Jan against the window.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(to Jan)

Is Kendall still friends with the DCI in Washington?

JAN
I think so, why?

He grabs the cell phone.

RUSTY
(into phone)
Duncan, have Kendall contact the DCI
in Washington and see if we can find
any financial transactions linking
Cordeiro to China... Right, I'll see
you in Rio.

Jan braces for impact as the G63 bounces over the first of
many speed bumps at the entrance to Friburgo.

JAN
This isn't the way back to Rio.
Where are we headed?

RUSTY
Bom Jardim.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

A bloody and swollen Jaír focuses into a microscope. He
steadies his shaky hand that holds a small liquid dropper.
His lips are enormous and his bruised right eye weeps a creamy
liquid.

The small table sits in shambles and the primitive dark
workroom is a disheveled mess.

Carefully, he adds a single, milky-white drop onto the plate
he's studying through the microscope.

De Oliveira watches from the corner. His chiseled arms folded
and face extremely serious.

After a brief moment, Jaír raises his pummeled face and looks
at his captor.

JAIR
Just a matter of time now--

De Oliveira rushes across the room and snatches the beaker
full of solution from the scientist's table and storms
out of the dark prison lab.

Jaír lowers his head and weeps involuntarily.

EXT. BOM JARDIM - AFTERNOON

The sun slowly hides behind the enormous volcanic mountainside surrounding the tiny village. Townspeople hike dirt paths towards their minuscule, cardboard homes on the hillside.

The G63 blasts down the cobblestone street past the small bus station. It veers up a steep, muddy road and up into the mountains.

INT. MERCEDES G63 - CONTINUOUS

The two agents bounce around in their seats as they speed up the mountain.

JAN

What makes you so sure this is it?

RUSTY

Canfield was always up here. It didn't make sense, but I never really worried about what he was up to. I just...

JAN

Trusted him?

Rusty recoils a bit.

He pulls the car to the side of the road and gets out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Rusty scrambles to the back of the G63 and retrieves a large duffel bag. Jan gets out as well.

JAN

I'm glad to see you again, Rusty.

The two lock eyes and share a moment. He touches her hand.

RUSTY

It's good to have you here.

He immediately shifts into business mode. Pulls out a Beretta 9mm, checks the magazine, loads it and extends it to her.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

How long's it been since you had one of these in your hands?

JAN

(smirking)

I still know how to make it do what I want. What did you have in mind?

RUSTY

(pointing)

I'll head up through the brush here.
See if you can make it to that ridge
and wait and watch--

JAN

(suddenly serious)

You don't want me with you? I can
do this--

RUSTY

I need you on that ridge so you can
see everything and warn me if
something happens. Cordeiro used
this place last winter. I need to
check it out.

He reaches into the bag and tosses her a small radio.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I'm on line four. Shout if you see
someone we don't like, okay?

Without waiting for a response, he darts up the hillside.
Gone. He evaporates into the foliage. Jan allows a small
smile to herself, then heads for the ridge.

EXT. BOM JARDIM HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Rusty reaches the top and crouches low to view the hidden
valley below. He whistles through his teeth as he stares at
the enormous, posh country ranch down below.

All seems quiet, so he jumps to the bushes below and begins
his descent. Once he reaches the bottom, he grabs his
Bushnells and scans the mountain ridge looking for Jan.

Finally. There she is.

He allows himself a quick smile and then grabs his radio.

RUSTY

(into radio)

Good to see you're in position. Let
me know if anyone comes up the road
to the house. Got it?

JAN (O.S.)

No problem. Good luck.

He retrieves a dark black cylinder tube from the bag and
twists it onto the barrel of his Beretta.

INT. CORDEIRO'S FAZENDA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Rusty silently shuts the door behind him. All is dark around him. He waits for his eyes to adjust and wipes them.

He moves from room to room letting his Beretta lead the way.

Quiet.

Suddenly a door bursts open and one of De Oliveira's Bodyguards swings an ax handle at Rusty's head.

Rusty ducks. His Beretta spits once and blows the shoulder off of the man.

Rusty slams the butt of his handgun into the man's forehead, knocking him unconscious and to the ground. Then he crouches and listens carefully in the silence.

After a moment. He grabs the radio and brings it to his lips when--

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

(feebly)

Help... me..

Rusty quickly probes the room again looking for the source of the sound. His gun at the ready, he leaps into the dark kitchen.

Nothing. Wait...

In the corner of the kitchen, a small doorway is ajar. He advances carefully. It leads down a set of stairs and into complete darkness.

He listens carefully. He hears a faint grinding sound coming from below. He aims the Beretta and silently stalks down the stairs.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Rusty's free left hand gropes around for a light switch. He finds it, switches the light on and instantaneously swivels to the right and goes to one knee.

Through squinted eyes he scans the room, pointing the powerful firearm at all shadows.

UNKNOWN MAN

(groaning)

Hopa... Quien está?

Rusty raises and darts to the source of the sound.

Dr. Jaír Suarez lay bruised and bleeding on the floor by his makeshift lab workbench. The place is thrashed.

Rusty grabs a rag from the bench and wraps the doctor's bloody head. Suarez moans in pain as Rusty administers to him.

JAIR

(weakly)

They made me do it... I didn't...
They didn't find it--

RUSTY

Find what, doctor?

JAIR

Schematics... My research on the
mutation.

RUSTY

Take it easy, doctor. We've been
looking for you. You're ok now.

He grabs the radio.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Jan, I'm gonna need your help down
here.

No response. Only static.

Rusty throws the radio into his bag, grabs Jaír under the arms, and hefts him onto his shoulders. He levels the Beretta at the stairway, then makes the awkward climb up to the kitchen area.

At the top he quickly scans the kitchen then bolts out the door.

EXT. CORDEIRO'S FAZENDA HOME - CONTINUOUS

He pauses to listen as his eyes scan the hillside.

BAM!

A major force slams him square in the back throwing Rusty and Jaír onto the hard ground. He's been kicked with great precision.

Rusty spins quickly around with the Beretta. SLAP! The gun is kicked from his hand by an enormous boot belonging to Santos. The gun spits out a round as it bounces into the bushes.

Santos levels a handgun at Rusty's face.

Rusty jumps to his feet and notices a second HENCHMAN approaching fast from behind the house.

Rusty dives forward and to his right. A shot rings out where he stood. He sweeps his legs under Santos' feet and knocks him to the turf.

He dives maniacally at the man and wrenches the gun from his hands just at the second man arrives in range.

A barrage of bullets rip by Rusty as he scurries to his left.

When he reaches the steps to the house, Rusty dives down on one knee and quickly takes aim.

BAM! BAM!

Two shots. One man down. Santos escapes through the thick bushes.

Rusty stands quickly, checks his attacker to make sure. He removes the watch and wallet, then retrieves his Beretta from the bushes.

He approaches Jaír and carefully hefts him onto his shoulders and continues the climb up to the G63.

EXT. MERCEDES G63 - EVENING

He opens the car and flops Jaír onto the back seat. He forages under the seat and pulls out a first aid kit, breaks it open and presses a large bandage onto Jaír's head.

RUSTY

Espera um pouquinho, rapaz... Hold this tight. I'll be right back.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Rusty scurries up the small trail. He keeps low and out of sight. Near the top he sees a foot sticking out of the bushes.

Jan lays crumpled up and bleeding profusely from her left arm. A bullet wound. There's another wound in her thigh.

She moans a bit as they bounce down the trail.

RUSTY

Hang on.

He sets her into the front seat and straps her in. She's loosing blood fast. He grimaces at all of the blood.

JAN
(weakly)
Sorry, Rusty...

He slaps her face softly to keep her awake.

RUSTY
Just... don't bleed on the upholstery.

She smiles feebly.

INT. MERCEDES G63 - CONTINUOUS

The powerful car bursts down the dirt road. Rusty grabs his phone and calls Duncan.

RUSTY
(into phone)
Duncan! We got ambushed at Cordeiro's house in Jardim... No, small team... Place looks deserted... Okay, I'll see you in a couple of hours.

He slams the phone down and looks at Jan. She moans in pain.

JAN
Where are we going?

RUSTY
Hospital.

The G63 screams out onto the paved road and zips past the bus station.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

Duncan packs his gear into an extremely large man-purse. He's totally sober now.

Hustle and bustle rule the command center. Quasi panic. Moses types furiously on his laptop. The screen shows GPS and satellite images - as if searching for something, or someone.

Through the large glass office windows, Duncan notices as Halliday limps around in his office on his cell phone. Duncan looks across the table towards Batista who's also getting his gear ready.

Moses speaks up as Kendall enters the command center.

MOSES
I've got her!

KENDALL
Who? Who do you--

DUNCAN
Cordeiro's daughter.

KENDALL
How could you possibly track her--

DUNCAN
Cell phone.

MOSES
I installed a tracking device in it.
Looks like she's using it now.

The team gathers closely around Moses's computer screen. A faint, pulsating beep is heard as an animated pin drop shows her to be located on Copacabana beach.

Moses punches some keys and the screen zooms in to show the location as Rua Raul Pompeia, 94.

MOSES (CONT'D)
She's at a dance club... The "*Bunker*
94" dance club in Copacabana.

Duncan taps Batista's shoulder and the two men grab their bags and head for the door. Only Kendall remains with Moses.

DUNCAN
(over his shoulder)
Kendall, call me when you get to
D.C. We'll go over our game plan
then.

Kendall looks up to see the two men leaving. On the desk is his passport and travel documents. There is a handwritten note with an appointment in D.C. for 9:00 am with a Mr. Simon.

EXT. "BUNKER 94" DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Neon lights flicker as they reflect from the stone mosaic sidewalks of Copacabana. A large teenybopper crowd pushes and presses to get into the trendy dance club.

INT. "BUNKER 94" DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Duncan and Batista navigate their way through the throbbing dance floor. Sweaty bodies shake Cariocan style to the latest groove.

The back of the room reveals a giant platform that holds an enormous waterbed. Several couples lay sprawled out taking a breather.

Others, more intoxicated, rest on the bed in a stupor.

The two agents quickly scan the room and Batista nods his head towards the banheiro - a small unisex bathroom at the back.

INT. "BUNKER 94" DANCE CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Batista enters first, his hand on his weapon. Sprawled across the floor are two girls who've passed out. Duncan quickly crosses the room to make sure it's secure, then Batista turns the head of the stunning, Monica Cordeiro.

BATISTA

Think anyone's here watching her?

DUNCAN

Bet on it.

They heft the lifeless body up and drape her arm around Duncan's shoulders. Batista leads the way. As they get to the dance floor. Two of DE OLIVEIRA'S MEN block their passage.

INT. "BUNKER 94" DANCE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Batista quickly approaches the men and tries to run interference.

BATISTA

Hopa! Como que vai, bicho? Take it easy...

The men grab Batista and attempt to subdue his large arms. Blows fly. Duncan springs into action, dropping Monica to the hard floor and leveling his silenced revolver at one of the men.

Batista fights through the attempted choke hold as the men notice Duncan's gun and back off.

Batista grabs his cell phone and dials quickly.

BATISTA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oi... gonna need some clean up on aisle four... tá bom. Logo.

He smiles at the henchmen and then roughly grabs the beautiful girl from the floor. She moans and mumbles something incoherent.

INT. EMBASSY DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

At the back of the sterile concrete room, a thick back one-way window shines black. Monica Cordeiro sits partially undressed with her head on the cool, steel table that's bolted to the concrete floor. She's shoeless, and cold.

Seated across the black metal table, Rusty and Halliday sit waiting patiently. Arms folded.

HALLIDAY

Look, Monica, I don't want this to go on forever... all we need to know is where your father is and we can get you out of here.

Rusty snorts. He's the "bad" cop in this routine.

RUSTY

She can freeze her butt off, for all I care. I'm not going anywhere.
(to Halliday)
Go get the syringes. Let's see how she does under sodium amytal. If that doesn't kill her, we'll get the bucket of water--

Her head jerks up in terror. She's only half sober, but filled with anxiety.

EXT. COPACABANA BEACH - NIGHT

Moonlight glistens off of the mosaic tiles of the infamous beach walkway. The team moves silently past the late-night vendors and up into the private beach area of the Sheraton Hotel.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Batista and Duncan dawn hotel staff blazers and approach suite 424. The silencers on their weapons stick out obnoxiously.

BATISTA

The daughter gave up this location?
So quick?

DUNCAN

Quite a bright young girl, that one.

Batista smiles, remembering her beauty - not her brains. Duncan raps on the door.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
(into the door)
Com licença, senhor. Desculpe-me,
mas tem um problema com a sua
registração.

Batista grimaces.

BATISTA
Too obvious, meu.

DUNCAN
Just need to verify that it's his
room. Beleza, no prob--

The door flies open and one of Cordeiro's HENCHMEN points his gun at Duncan's face. Duncan instinctively puts his hands up.

Batista slams the man's arms down and disarms him in one fluid motion. He and Duncan bolt into the room - guns leveled at what's inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two spits from a silenced weapon come from the corner. One bullet blasts the clock on the wall by Duncan's head, the other splatters blood as it rips the ear and part of Batista's neck.

Duncan drops to one knee and returns fire.

De Oliveira dashes from the corner, grabs an insulated man purse and dives into the adjoining room.

Duncan turns to Batista who is loosing a lot of blood.

DUNCAN
Hang on, meu. I'll get you outta
here.

EXT. SHERATON HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The G63 screeches to an abrupt stop outside the imposing hotel entrance. Rusty bursts onto the sidewalk and rushes to the hotel while fastening the silencer on his Beretta.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duncan moves rapidly to the adjoining room's door. He hears loud screaming from several women coming from within the room.

BAM!

A shotgun blows a hole in the door frame right above Duncan's head.

BAM!

Another one lower down. Duncan begins to move to the other side--

BAM!

A third shot blasts through the door and obliterates Duncan's kneecap. He falls onto his back, loosing grasp of his firearm as he grips his leg in pain.

BOOM!

The door blows away with a final blast from the shotgun and De Oliveira races into the room with the shotgun ready and the bag over his shoulder.

He surveys the damage, allows a small grin and then bolts out into the hallway to escape.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

De Oliveira sprints down the hallway. He turns the corner--

SMASH! Rusty and De Oliveira collide with force, sending both men to the floor. The shotgun flies down the hallway, and a small tube of liquid explodes on the ground, causing a small, white cloud to rise from the floor.

De Oliveira is the first to recover and jumps to his feet. Before Rusty can fully recover, De Oliveira lashes a potent chop to his chin sending him reeling into the wall.

Rusty tries to block the fury of blows being unleashed by De Oliveira, but the brute force is too much and De Oliveira pummels Rusty with a fury of blows to the head, stomach and groin.

Rusty doubles over in pain and near surrender.

De Oliveira collects the man purse and retrieves the broken tube and looks at the label.

DE OLIVEIRA

(out of breath)

Be glad you don't have Arab blood in you, Rusty. You'd have quite a headache right now...

He looks down upon his beaten foe with pity. Rusty's nose bleeds into the carpet.

De Oliveira smirks.

DE OLIVEIRA (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 Tardinho. You have no idea what
 you're dealing with. Do you?

RUSTY
 (through bloody teeth)
 Terrorism and mass murder.

De Oliveira kneels down close to Rusty's face.

DE OLIVEIRA
 I will survive, Rusty. The country
 who has the ability to destroy every
 other race... Will indeed become the
 master race.
 (whispering now)
 And very soon I'll have enough money
 and protection that even the CIA
 won't be able to reach me... Unlike
 you... There's nowhere in the Americas
 where you'll be safe... Never again
 will your country dictate what happens
 in this world... Too bad. Not the
 highest bidder, you see?

He stands back up and makes ready to escape.

DE OLIVEIRA (CONT'D)
 Only one country will dominate. No
 major city is safe.
 (pointing to the room)
 Your friends are bleeding to death
 in there, meu... If you chase after
 me, they'll die. Or, I could just
 kill you now... Your choice...

Rusty struggles to get up onto one knee.

DE OLIVEIRA (CONT'D)
 Good! I want you to live so that
 you can see my great demonstration!

Rusty slowly reaches for his Barretta.

RUSTY
 I think you're certifiably crazy.

DE OLIVEIRA
 (pissed)
 We'll finish this someday, Rusty...
 Just you and me.
 (MORE)

DE OLIVEIRA (CONT'D)
I'd like that very much... But I
have money to make. And business to
attend to--

He kicks Rusty in the face as hard as he can. Then runs
away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duncan slowly begins to recover. He drags his bloody body
slowly towards his firearm.

Two WOMEN, 20's, with bathrobes on, come timidly into the
room. They're followed closely by Cordeiro who's only
clothing is a bright red Speedo.

Cordeiro sees the handgun and dashes for it. Duncan tries
to snatch it up. Cordeiro gets there first and grins from
ear to ear.

CORDEIRO
(to the women)
Em bora!

The women scramble through the door. Duncan slowly edges
over towards Batista. A large pool of blood surrounds the
Brazilian's head and neck.

CORDEIRO (CONT'D)
So... what shall we do now?--

Rusty blasts through the door with this Beretta at the ready.
He's a bloody mess.

PSST! PSST! Two shots spit from the silenced handgun.

Cordeiro's hit. One bullet in each shoulder. The gun drops
from his hand, and the smile wipes from his face. He looks
up at Rusty in shock.

Rusty takes two big steps and kicks him hard in the chest -
blasting him back into the other room. He follows Cordeiro.

RUSTY
(to Duncan)
Try and stop the bleeding. I'll be
right back.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cordeiro tries to move to his feet. Rusty enters the room
with the Beretta aimed and ready.

RUSTY
Where's the mutation?

Cordeiro pauses for a moment, thinking.

CORDEIRO
You can't stop it now, meu. It's
too late.
(chuckles softly)
Big demonstration time, irmao.

Rusty decides.

RUSTY
Put your hands behind your head.
NOW!

He quickly secures Cordeiro's hands and forces him into the larger room.

EXT. FAVELA STREET - NIGHT

De Oliveira crouches into the small pay-phone booth. The street rats across the street taunt and make fun of him as they fly their paper kites.

The dirt road bustles with activity from the cardboard house residents. No one dares to make eye contact with the powerful and important looking stranger.

DE OLIVEIRA
(into phone)
Zhè shì wǒ? De, gu? Ngróng de.
It's me...No, no...
(sighs)
They've got Cordeiro... Yes, the
missiles are ready. We're still on
schedule. I have a short trip to
make first. Not sure I trust my
bank manager anymore--

He slams the phone down and disappears into the dark.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Superimpose: WASHINGTON, D.C. TWO DAYS LATER

Todd Kendall strides confidently across the marble floored, posh bank lobby. This feels like home. He patiently waits at the counter.

CLERK
How can I help you, sir?

He flashes his credentials.

KENDALL
Mr. Simon, please. It's urgent.

The clerk hurries into a back office and comes out with a grey tempered, impeccably dressed man in his mid-forties. Call him SIMON. Kendall flashes his ID once more.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Mr. Simon? I need to speak with you confidentially, if I could, please.

Simon gestures towards the office that he just left.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Actually, I was thinking of something more public.

Simon arches his eyebrows and then nods in agreement. He goes back into his office, grabs his briefcase, then dismisses himself and meets Kendall in the lobby.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Kendall and Simon sit on the bench in silence. Kendall shivers from the cold and his breath steams away slowly with each exhale.

SIMON
How did you find out?

KENDALL
(pause)
Halliday... He told us everything. You, the senator, your research, Mengele, everything.

Simon grimaces to himself and makes calculating gestures with his face.

SIMON
So, where's the Mutation now? Did you find Dr. Suarez?

KENDALL
(sadly)
Yep. Jair's had it pretty bad. He's in the hospital. But they've probably recovered the mutation by now. It was only a matter of time. I understand that they're questioning Cordeiro as we speak.

Simon's left hand secretly reaches into the open briefcase. He fumbles around for something. Got it.

Kendall hunches down, resting his elbows onto his knees.
His neck is exposed.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
How high up does this go, Mr. Si--

Whack! Simon slams a hypodermic needle into the back of Kendall's neck sending him onto his face. Simon quickly pushes the fluid in the syringe into Kendall's neck. Then removes the needle.

A large Dalmatian bounds into the scene and starts to play happily with Simon. The DOG'S OWNER jogs up behind and looks quizzically at Simon.

Kendall grabs his neck and gasps for air.

SIMON
(to the jogger)
Hurry! Call an ambulance!

The woman runs off quickly dragging the dog behind her.

Simon makes sure that Kendall is dead and then sneaks away.

EXT. SENATOR RALEIGH'S HOME - DAY

Superimpose: SENATOR RALEIGH'S HOME - HUNTINGTON, VA

Simon parks his Volvo at the curb in front of the Mediterranean style mansion. He checks his watch, and hurries to the front door.

INT. RALEIGH'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Senator Raleigh sits nervously at his enormous executive desk. He reads the paper.

Behind the desk, the curtains move - only so slightly. Raleigh doesn't notice.

A knock on the door and Simon enters - half out of breath.

SENATOR RALEIGH
What's so important now? You know
we never meet here! Especially during
the day--

SIMON
Kendall's dead. I just met with him
yesterday!

The senator drops the paper onto his desk.

SENATOR RALEIGH
Todd, Kendall? How exactly?

SIMON
Heart attack in the park.

Simon sits in the overstuffed sofa and crosses his legs.

SENATOR RALEIGH
I thought he was in Brazil. What
did he know?

SIMON
Everything.

Raleigh shoots out of his chair and begins to pace back and forth - while rubbing his hands over his bald head.

SENATOR RALEIGH
Who did he tell? How do we stop
this?

Simon raises a palm to calm the senator.

SIMON
It's okay. I've made arrangements
to take care of the entire affair.

SENATOR RALEIGH
Arrangements? What could you possibly--

A large, ominous figure springs from behind the large curtains. De Oliveira.

He slams a billy club into the senator's neck - sending him onto the desk. He quickly removes a syringe from his jacket pocket and inserts it into the senator's neck - at the top of the spine.

Senator Raleigh goes limp.

Simon uncrosses his legs and begins to stand.

DE OLIVEIRA
Stay there. Don't move. We have to
clean up every trace of your presence
here.

De Oliveira turns away from Simon and rummages through his jacket's inner pocket. Simon sits back more relaxed. He allows a small smile.

SIMON
(with confidence)
I certainly wasn't expecting--

De Oliveira turns quickly and fires two muffled shots.

Simon's body crumples onto the floor.

De Oliveira places the gun carefully into Senator Raleigh's hand. He aims the hand at the dead senator's head and pulls the trigger. Murder suicide. He examines his work.

DE OLIVEIRA

(smiling)

Rich American policy makers... acabó.

EXT. SANTA MARIA HOSPITAL - DAY

The G63 skids to a stop outside the center-block walled hospital. A large line of people with various injuries waits for assistance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jan lay peacefully in the bed as Rusty approaches. He silently pulls up a chair as she wakes.

She smiles warmly at him.

JAN

Hi.

RUSTY

You're looking better than I thought.
You've been out for a couple of days.
Lost a lot of blood. How do you
feel?

JAN

I'm okay, how's everyone else?

RUSTY

Batista's pretty beat up, but will
be fine. Duncan's had surgery and
is actually leaving the hospital
today.

JAN

What happened to Dr. Suarez?--

RUSTY

Look, Jan - I'm sorry that you got
hurt. I didn't want you to be
involved--

JAN

I'll be fine, Rusty. I'm glad you're
alright.

Rusty puts his head in his hands.

RUSTY

I'm dangerous. This whole game is dangerous. It's Fallujah all over again.

JAN

No, no, Rusty. Don't go there. You didn't force anyone to do this. We're here because we chose--

He stands as if a decision has been made. He walks to the door.

RUSTY

As soon as your better, we'll get you out of here--

He remembers something and returns to her bedside. He retrieves an orchid from his inside coat pocket and lays it onto the food tray in front of her.

As he places the flower, Jan touches his hand softly and the two have a tender moment.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I can't risk that anymore.

He leaves quickly without looking back. She brings the orchid to her nose and smiles.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

A large, dark figure climbs silently through the jungle flora. The enormous Christ statue stands in silence, with arms outstretched, and watches silently.

Once near the top, the figure enters the train station work shed.

INT. TRAIN WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

Once at the back, De Oliveira removes the dark mask from his face, looks around to see if anyone's watching - then, reaches for a small handle on the back wall.

A hidden door opens, leading him into a dark stairway. He descends quickly.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom, De Oliveira hits the lights to reveal an enormous hangar. Fortified with cement launch pads and nothing else but the natural volcanic rock.

Hidden military defense post.

Propped up and ready to launch, the two Chinese CSS-8 ballistic missiles dominate the room. One on each end.

EXT. MARACANÁ STADIUM - NIGHT

Another packed house to witness two unlikely finalists, South Korea and United Arab Emirates. South Korea leads 3-0.

The fans sing club songs, lock arms in arms, and celebrate their team's splendor and drink beer.

They're oblivious.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - NIGHT

De Oliveira climbs to the top of one of the missiles. He removes a cordless screwdriver and opens the panel near the top.

He places two large vials of creamy-white liquid into the weapon and carefully closes the hatch.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

All seems quiet. Except for Moses typing loudly on his laptop and smacking his gum.

In the background, the soccer match plays on T.V. Japan has finally scored a goal. The United Arab Emirates fans celebrate half-heartedly. They're toast, and they know it.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

De Oliveira rests at the bottom of the mountain. He removes a small radio device from his backpack. Turns it on, then smashes the large red button with his thumb.

KABOOM!

An impressive explosion comes from near the top of the mountain. Fire melts the vegetation near the top.

There it is!

The large missile streams across the sky. Up and over the mountain it climbs, headed straight for Maracaná Stadium.

The mountain seems to close back up, as if nothing has happened.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Halliday paces in his office nervously. The place sits half deserted and looks shut down for the day. The only life is Moses' typing, until--

Moses jumps to his feet in alarm.

MOSES
Sir! Hey! Anybody!

Halliday emerges quickly and all motion stops in place to see what Moses is screaming about.

HALLIDAY
What is it?

MOSES
There's something in the air!
Something shooting across the sky!

Halliday limps quickly over for a look at Moses' satellite monitor.

Sure enough, there is a bleep on the screen moving fast from east to west.

All goes quiet.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) CSS-8 missile descends and aims directly for the crowded stadium.

B) Brian Halliday and Moses can only look on from the command center.

C) The missile crashes into the bleachers and a massive explosion rips through Maracanã stadium.

D) An enormous cloud of toxin is shot into the air above the stadium.

E) Most fans fight off the toxin and flames from the missile.

F) The Mutation begins killing instantly.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Moses has to steady Halliday down into a chair. All eyes are fixed onto the television coverage of Maracanã stadium and the carnage going on there.

MOSES

(quietly)

Was that the missing CSS--

HALLIDAY

It would seem so... Red Flash the team, Moses. We need to squeeze Cordeiro. Right now.

Moses flips open his phone in a trance-like state.

EXT. RUA JARDIM BOTANICO - NIGHT

De Oliveira crowds into the small phone booth on the busy avenue. He quickly punches the numbers

DE OLIVEIRA

(translated Chinese)

Turn on the news. It's happening now... Yes. Once the money transfer is complete, you can pick any North American city you want--

He slams the phone down and hails a cab.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Halliday sits at his desk reading a report. It's been a long night. The report on his desk indicates 2,256 fatalities at Maracanã.

Moses types furiously at the computer on the other side of the glass.

Duncan limps arduously into the room with a handful of papers. Frowns all around. Halliday comes out--

HALLIDAY

Well?

DUNCAN

No dice. The arrogant bugger seems to think he can hold out for some sort of deal.

Halliday gets up and waddles over to the conference table.

HALLIDAY

(shaking his head)

Cordeiro... Any news from Rust--

The lights go out. An alarm sounds and flashing red lights turn on inside the command center.

The entrance doors slam shut automatically and lock into place. Lock-down.

Halliday barks out instructions.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
Duncan, get the flashlights out of
the conference room cabinets. Moses,
get us on-line--

MOSEAN
~~What's~~ the protocol for a lock-down?

Halliday scrambles to his office.

HALLIDAY
(to anyone)
Get the generator going, NOW!

Several office workers dash out of the room.

INT. SAO CRISTOVAO HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Superimpose: SAO CRISTOVAO HOSPITAL, RIO DE JANEIRO

De Oliveira and another HENCHMAN sneak down the hallway.
The henchmen carries clipboards that conceal his firearms.

They pause in front of rooms 214 and 215.

When no one is in the hallway, they discard the clipboards
and remove handguns with silencers attached. They quickly
enter Jan's room.

A small rustle inside the room is heard. Nothing more.

The men return to the hallway wheeling Jan - in her bed, but
definitely inundated - down the hallway.

EXT. SAO CRISTOVAO HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A large blue van, with hospital decals freshly slapped on,
idles quietly by the emergency exit. The men push the wheeled
stretcher out the exit and over to the van.

In the front of the van, the driver nervously gets out and
helps load the stretcher into the back.

DRIVER
Vamo-lá, gente! Get the doctor and
let's get out of here!

The men go back inside with an empty gurney.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Smoke bellows from the main door of the building. Eight marines stand guard at the front gate. Several more rush back and forth - in and out of the building.

One marine joins the others a bit late. He looks back and forth to see who's noticed him.

INT. MERCEDES G63 - DAY

Rusty sees the smoke down the street and skids to a stop. He quickly parks the G63, attaches a silencer to his Baretta, shoves it in his pants at the base of his spine, and heads for the consulate.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Halliday rifles through his desk drawers and pockets several flash drives. He grabs an enormous padlock from a drawer and locks the file cabinet.

He moves to the safe.

HALLIDAY

Moses! Get me surveillance on
Cordeiro, now!

They gather around Moses' workstation. Finally the video images come on-line. Moses quickly scrubs backwards through the footage.

P.O.V. SURVEILLANCE CAMERA - CORDEIRO'S CELL

Cordeiro's body lay stretched out on the floor. The door to his cell is open.

HALLIDAY

(to Moses)

NO! Go back! See what happened in
there!

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Rusty approaches the main gate and flashes his ID. The 1ST MARINE holds up his hand in apologetic protest.

A NEW MARINE appears in the main doorway. It's De Oliveira's man, Santos, dressed in a Marine uniform. He slips around the corner of the building.

1ST MARINE

(pacifying)

Hey, hold up. We're in lock-down.
No one comes in or out.

RUSTY

What happened here, Sergeant?

MARINE

We don't know yet, sir. Call your section chief. He's the only one that can get you authorization to come inside.

Rusty dials frantically.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Halliday grabs his phone. Panic reigns on the command center.

HALLIDAY

Rusty! We've got an issue here. One of the marines guarding Cordeiro is dirty.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE, RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY

Rusty scans the scene. He runs to the back of the embassy. Sure enough, hidden in the shrubs is a marine uniform.

He bolts to the entrance gate.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE, AV. PRESIDENTE WILSON - DAY

Rusty scans the crowded street. Movement everywhere. No sight of the other marine--

Wait. Movement behind the fruit vendor's table. Yes.

Santos quickly dodges between people in an obvious effort to escape. He's moving against the flow of the foot traffic.

Rusty follows in hot pursuit from the opposite side of the narrow pedestrian-laden street.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The lights are back on, but the command center remains full of panicked activity. Halliday quickly approaches Moses' workstation.

HALLIDAY

Talk to me. Was it the Marine guard?

MOSES

(sigh)

Yeah, don't let him get you in a headlock.

Halliday shudders at the thought.

MOSES (CONT'D)

He was sent here last week. His name's Walker, Jamison Walker.

HALLIDAY

He doesn't look like a Jamison Walker. What do you have on him?

MOSES

Nada. Still working on it.

Halliday marches back to his office, rips out his cell phone and dials. The number on his cell phone contact display reads, "Simon". He presses the green button.

EXT. AV. PRESIDENTE WILSON - DAY

At the end of the street an enormous zigzagging sidewalk arches up into the sky and forms a pedestrian bridge over the busy coastal highway.

Santos sprints to reach the entry to the bridge and doesn't see Rusty, who's started to run full out.

The two men converge at the first turn of the bridge. Rusty kicks Santos square in the lower-back, propelling him forward and into a small crowd of thugs.

Santos jumps to his feet and sprints forward without looking back at Rusty.

The thugs recover and prepare to give resistance to Rusty.

Two quick jabs with an elbow and stiff uppercut clear the path for Rusty who follows Santos up the bridge in hot pursuit.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE - DAY

Rusty catches up at the mid-point of the narrow bridge.

Santos spins unexpectedly and lands an open-palmed jab to Rusty's chest - sending him reeling backwards.

Rusty jumps to his feet before Santos can escape and the two lock in hand-to-hand combat at it's best.

Santos thrusts, Rusty blocks - Rusty punches, Santos blocks.

Finally, Santos lands an effective kick to Rusty's left leg - sending him backwards and onto his butt.

He quickly follows up with a slam to Rusty's throat - sending Rusty gasping for air and retreating.

From behind, Santos slams Rusty into the waist-high railing that protects him from the monstrous traffic far below.

He arches Rusty back and grabs his throat, choking him. He dangles Rusty's head and torso over the edge.

Rusty's arms flail for something to hold onto and something to attack. He finally manages to grasp Santos' shirt and then throat.

The two men strangle each other for what seems an eternity.

Rusty's face goes beet red. Santos lands a punch to the ribs with his free hand.

Rusty sweeps his right leg up and under Santos' muscular body.

SLAM!

He jerks his knee up and into Santos' groin. Santos' grip loosens and the two trade positions - with Santos now hanging over the edge.

Rusty pulls the man upright and lands a forceful punch to Santos' jaw.

Santos flies backwards into the railing. His muscular upper-body goes too far and he goes over the edge.

Santos grabs wildly for the railing--

His body pummels to the maddening traffic hundreds of yards below.

SPLAT!

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

An enormous truck hauling beer kegs slams into the body of the smashed-up, would-be marine, and scatters him across the highway.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE - DAY

Rusty, panting heavily, looks with utter dismay at Santos' demise. He reaches into his pocket and retrieves a beat up cell phone.

RUSTY
(into phone)
Brian, it's me.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Halliday stands at his cluttered desk with relief that Rusty has called.

HALLIDAY
(into phone)
Did you get him?

He pauses and slowly falls back into his leather chair. His face goes white.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
The highway? Good Lor--

After listening for a moment, he motions for Moses to come into his office.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
(to Rusty)
Come back in. We're effectively
back to square one... We'll talk
when you get here.

He slaps the phone shut and slams it down onto his desk. He drearily looks up at Moses who stands in the doorway.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
We've got problems.

He snaps out of it and dials another number on his phone. Simon's number.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - LATER

The team sits quietly around the large conference table. Blood soaked bandages mark each member of the team. Rusty looks at no one. Only the table.

The only movement comes from Moses, who twirls a pen with his fingers. Batista fidgets in his chair.

A beautiful, brazilian RECEPTIONIST brings Halliday an envelope. He lays it on the table without opening it.

RUSTY
(whispering)
De Oliveira. He's the key. We have
to find De Oliveira.

DUNCAN
What?

MOSES
I think he said--

DUNCAN
I know what he said. Trouble is,
he's the only one who's run into De
Oliveira lately--

Batista smirks. Halliday opens the envelope and paperwork
inside it.

HALLIDAY
Keep it professional, please.

BATISTA
(enlightened)
Look, meu. Rusty's right. We need
to find De Oliveira. It's our only
lead.

MOSES
I still have satellite access--

DUNCAN
Think you can do it again?

After a quick moment of reading, Halliday turns white again.

HALLIDAY
(while reading)
Moses, get everyone a drink.

DUNCAN
I usually don't turn down a drink,
but this probably--

HALLIDAY
You're going to need it.

Moses scrambles to the corner of the room and brings some
glasses over. He begins to fill them.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
This is a coroner's report from
Washington... It seems as though
our efforts to follow the money trail
on this assignment have resulted in
the death of agents Todd Kendall and
Mark Simon.

Shattered looks fly around the table. No one speaks.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
It's also been reported that Senator
Alexander Raleigh's body was found
at his home as well.

MOSES

But, Cordeiro's dead! How could he have gotten to--

HALLIDAY

The Chinese. Looks like they've been running the show all along.

DUNCAN

What do you mean?

HALLIDAY

I didn't see it before, but think about it... We've got twenty-five-hundred people dead from this Brazilian Mutation. Deployed by a supposed missing CSS-8 Chinese missile... Who do we just happen to be targeting--

BATISTA

Cordeiro--

MOSES

The biggest supplier of Chinese weapons in this hemisphere.

HALLIDAY

If the Chinese have the schematics to a weapon of this magnitude... Well, I don't think I need to finish that statement.

DUNCAN

Why would the Chinese target Koreans?

BATISTA

Don't forget the Japanese tourists, meu. And what about those safádos at the supermercado, Rusty? The agents.

Rusty looks up for the first time. He begins shuffling through his own reports in front of him while the others down their drinks.

RUSTY

MONEY!

All eyes on Rusty now.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

It is the Chinese.

(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)

They're the highest bidder... De Oliveira doesn't care about political agendas. He's in it for the money... But the Chinese are targeting old enemies.

Halliday gets to his feet and starts for his office.

HALLIDAY

Duncan, you and Batista find out everything Cordeiro and De Oliveira were up to... We'll have to let the Brazilians clean up the Maracanã mess. We've got to stop the source... Moses, get them firepower and as much logistical and satellite support as possible. Start with Chinese cargo and freight vessels, incoming, outgoing... Rusty, we have to find a stop for the Mutation... it's time to get Jan back in the loop...

Rusty gets up and heads for the door, then he spins around and follows Halliday.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Rusty quietly enters the office without knocking first. He finds Halliday preparing another whisky.

RUSTY

Another drink?

HALLIDAY

Simon and Kendall were good men. So was Senator Raleigh, for that matter.

Rusty pulls up a chair and waits. After a long while, Halliday breaks the silence.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

We're in big trouble, Rusty.

RUSTY

They've got strains of this mutation for Koreans, Jews, Africans, Japanese, Arabs and Caucasians, Brian. We have to assume that they have the other missile ready to launch... not to mention that it's armed with the most deadly nerve agent in the history of the world.

Halliday snorts.

HALLIDAY

Well, if you put it that way.

Rusty stands and approaches his boss.

RUSTY

There's only two people in the world
that I can trust right now.

HALLIDAY

Oh? What makes you think you can
trust me, Rusty? You shot me in the
leg after all. Took me hostage and
all that--

RUSTY

I apologize for that.

HALLIDAY

Well, I'm taking that out of your
next pay check.

Rusty grabs Halliday by the shoulders and spins him around
so that they're face to face. Rusty's eyes bore into
Halliday's.

RUSTY

Look me in the eyes and tell me that
you've told me everything.

After a pensive pause--

They both break into hysterical laughter.

HALLIDAY

We're screwed and you know it.

RUSTY

Well, they've either got the
schematics or not. But we can't
just sit around waiting--

HALLIDAY

You can trust me, Rusty... Now, go
break the bad news to Jan.

Rusty turns for the door.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

If Dr. Suarez knows anything else,
it'll help. Is he able to take
visitors?

RUSTY

He'll see me.

The door closes behind the fractured CIA agent.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Rusty stands in the doorway mesmerized by the empty room. Jan's gone. He slips across the hallway and into Jair's room. Nothing.

He dials Halliday.

RUSTY

We've got another problem... I've lost her.

INT. TINY INDUSTRIAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two hospital stretchers lay jammed next to each other inside the minuscule bedroom.

Jan begins to stir and take in her surroundings. Jair stays asleep but breathes normally.

After a moment, she hears someone approaching. A short, CHINESE MAN, opens the door. Jan quickly closes her eyes as if sleeping.

The man checks on Jair's IV and then quickly leaves the room. He shuts the door, but doesn't lock it back up.

Jan quickly rolls out of bed and cracks the door open. It's an industrial hallway with piping and rust on the walls and ceiling.

INT. CHINESE CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

She sneaks down the hallway and up a flight of stairs. She hears Chinese being spoken by men down to the left. She goes right, towards the fresh air and sounds of the ocean.

EXT. CHINESE CARGO SHIP DECK - NIGHT

Jan barrels out onto an enormous deck of a cargo ship at sea. Waves splash against the ship and she grabs onto a rail for support.

Madness. She's at sea.

INT. HALLIDAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Halliday packs his things into a large duffel bag. He's got Rusty on speaker phone.

HALLIDAY

Do you still have your contact in the Brazilian Air Force?

RUSTY (O.S.)
 No. I think he's with the Coast
 Guard in Rio now... We could ask.

Halliday sighs. He places top secret folders into his bag.

HALLIDAY
 Jan and Dr. Suarez are definitely a
 major part of the puzzle, Rusty.
 But finding the Mutation has to be
 our main focus.

Pause.

RUSTY (O.S.)
 I know... I'll call him. Maybe he
 can help.

HALLIDAY
 Batista and Duncan are looking for
 De Oliveira... I'll sic Moses on
 him as well. The reports aren't
 showing that he's left the country.
 At least legally... Either way, we've
 run out of time.

Click. The line goes dead.

INT. EMBASSY COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Moses focuses intently on his computer monitor.

MOSES
 Sir, I've been following the missile's
 path of trajectory and it looks like
 it came from somewhere near the Christ
 Statue, er... Corcovado thing.

P.O.V. MOSES' MONITOR:

Scorched trees and shrubs leave a flat area near the top of
 the hill next to the Corcovado.

HALLIDAY
 Can you go back in time? And give
 me pictures from two days ago?

MOSES
 That'll take a while. But yeah.

Halliday races for his office.

HALLIDAY
 If that's what I think it could be,
 you're my new best friend!

INT. CORNER PADERIA - NIGHT

Moses types furiously on his laptop. He scarfs down a cochinha and slurps an avocado shake as well.

Suddenly he stops everything.

MOSES

Gotcha!

The monitor shows a map of the Rio coastline. About fifty miles out to sea, a red dot flashes on and off.

Moses dials a number on his cell phone.

MOSES (CONT'D)

(into phone)

You're not gonna believe this.

INT. CROWDED BUS, RIO - NIGHT

Halliday sits crammed into the corner of his seat. A big, fat, hairy-legged WOMAN sits next to him.

He squirms to position his phone for better reception.

HALLIDAY

(pissed)

This better be good!.. What? You've got her?.. She's where?

INT. CORNER PADERIA - CONTINUOUS

Moses begins to clean up his crummy mess.

MOSES

Out to sea... About a fifty miles or so... or, at least her phone is... Right... And it's moving, very slowly.

He smiles at the WAITRESS as she brings him another pastry.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Her phone's got a recovery app. In case it gets lost--

INT. CROWDED BUS, RIO - CONTINUOUS

Halliday smiles in astonishment.

HALLIDAY

You just earned a raise, my friend! Now find me a demented, UFC champion and you'll complete the hat trick--

INT. CORNER PADERIA - CONTINUOUS

Moses speaks through a disgusting mouthful of food.

MOSES

Actually, I think I might have something... The satellite images show an explosion of sorts coming from near the train maintenance hanger across from Corcovado - just before the missile appears on radar.

He gets up and pays the bill.

MOSES (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure that's where the missile launched.

INT. CROWDED BUS, RIO - CONTINUOUS

Halliday elbows the fat lady for position on the small seat.

HALLIDAY

Get Duncan and Batista on this. Red flash them if you need to - this could be it... Good work, Moses.

He slaps the phone shut.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

(to the fat lady)
Kid's a frickin' genius.

He whips open his phone and places a call.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Give me General Barkley, Southern Command - NOW!

INT. TINY INDUSTRIAL BEDROOM - DAY

Jan sneaks quietly back to her room. As she climbs back onto her tiny stretcher, she slaps the light on in a panic.

Dr. Jair Suarez is gone!

EXT. CHINESE CARGO SHIP DECK - DAY

Jair stares at the crashing waves far below the deck. He's mesmerized by their quiet, peaceful rhythm.

From afar, Jan quietly approaches.

JAN

I didn't expect to see you up and about.

JAIR

(mumbling to self)

So peaceful...

He reaches into his mouth and wrenches out one of his molars. Jan recoils a bit. Blood drips from his hand as he takes the tooth and breaks it open.

Wedged inside the bloody tooth is a micro chip. He takes it and thrusts it upon Jan.

JAIR (CONT'D)

This is the chemistry composition of the Brazilian Mutation. What you do with it, doctor, is up to you.

He hands the small chip to Jan. She takes it with reverence. As she focuses on the small device, she doesn't notice Jair moving perilously towards the railing.

Once she sees him climbing the rail, she dives for him--

Too late.

Jair falls, falls, falls... and is gone forever.

INT. TAXI CAB BACK SEAT - DAY

De Oliveira moves his duffel bag to the side and slips on a large backpack.

His phone rings.

DE OLIVEIRA

(into phone)

Yes... Fine. Miami? Many races to choose from...

(smiling now)

Right. I'll put them all in the weapon... Send the coordinates to this number. Once the money is there I'll join Dr. Suarez on the ship... Okay. Checking now.

He hangs up and opens his banking app. A moving bar indicates a transfer of funds to his Swiss bank account.

Two Billion Dollars.

He smiles to himself and prepares his things.

INT. TINY INDUSTRIAL BEDROOM - DAY

Jan paces back and forth in her room. She's desperate.

Suddenly, she hears a small beeping noise from under her stretcher.

Cell phone. Low battery.

She grabs the unnoticed things from under her gurney. Her purse, and, yes! Her phone - although, almost dead has a message: "Keep phone on. We're coming."

She hears footsteps outside the door.

EXT. AEROPORTO SANTOS DUMONT - DAY

Halliday sprints across the runway to catch up to the Coast Guard pilot. They board the large helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Halliday sits behind the pilot and fastens his seat belt.

He slaps the PILOT in an "all ready" gesture, and the helicopter begins take off. He smiles to himself.

The helicopter skims the water in Botafogo bay.

Halliday carefully removes his Beretta and places it at the neck of the pilot.

HALLIDAY

Take it easy and you'll survive...
Now, let's just head South, Southwest.
'ta bom?

The pilot nervously agrees and changes course.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - DAY

Duncan and Batista set up surveillance at the bottom of the mountain. Christ peacefully looks over the city.

Workers have placed scaffolding up the back side of the enormous statue. They paint quickly. Even Christ the Redeemer needs a face lift from time to time.

Duncan gets a phone call.

DUNCAN

(into phone)
Moses... What? Halliday did what?

Pain and sadness on Duncan's face tell Batista everything.

EXT. CHINESE CARGO SHIP DECK - DAY

The helicopter lands softly on the deck. Halliday emerges still pointing the Beretta at the pilot.

HALLIDAY
Good work. Wait right there.

He slams the door shut.

A short, squat CHINESE CAPTAIN approaches with caution.

CARGO CAPTAIN
We can't head out to sea until you've verified the mutation.

HALLIDAY
Where's Dr. Suarez and my agent?

CARGO CAPTAIN
(pointing the way)
This way. The doctor will not talk or cooperate.

Halliday climbs the stairs towards their room.

HALLIDAY
You have to apply the right kind of pressure.

INT. TINY INDUSTRIAL BEDROOM - DAY

Jan hears them coming and quietly lays down. She shoves the micro chip into the locket around her neck.

Halliday steps in first and quickly examines the room. Jan jumps up in pleasant surprise.

JAN
Halliday! How wonderful to see you.

He brushes her off.

HALLIDAY
Captain, you're missing someone!

He turns and makes to leave.

JAN
Where are you going? What's going on?

He looks at her with no emotion whatsoever.

HALLIDAY

Where are the schematics for the
mutation, Jan?

She studies him for a moment, then hands over the chip.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

Where's Suarez?

She stares into his cold, serious eyes.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - DAY

Batista is finally in position. His sniper rifle and
telescope perfectly hidden. He lays down and scans the
mountain side.

BATISTA

Better hurry, meu. Sun will be going
down in a couple of hours.

Duncan packs his bags.

DUNCAN

I'll call Rusty again. Then I'll
ping you when we're at the statue,
falou?

He jumps into the crappy Volkswagen and speeds away.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - EVENING

De Oliveira straddles missile #2. The hatch is open and he
punches in coordinates for Miami. Then he loads vials of
the Mutation into a metallic dispenser that looks like a
lazy Susan.

He carefully places the hatch back onto the missile, then he
sneaks quietly out of the hangar.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

De Oliveira slips into the bushes and makes his way to the
gigantic statue of Christ.

INT. CORCOVADO TRAIN - EVENING

Rusty zips up his duffel bag, puts his earpiece in, and heads
towards the front of the ascending train.

RUSTY

(into earpiece)
Moses, you there?...
(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Okay, you'll have to give me
directions to the burned area. The
bush is pretty thick.

He disembarks the still moving train and starts to hike
towards the top of the mountain.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - EVENING

De Oliveira reaches the base of the ever-peaceful statue.
He sits at the west wall overlooking Rio's interior.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Batista scans the statue through his sniper's rifle scope.

P.O.V. - BATISTA'S RIFLE SCOPE

The twenty or so TOURISTS marvel at the beautiful statue
that towers above them. The view of Rio de Janeiro surrounds
them majestically.

Suddenly, a large man with a backpack stands and walks towards
the feet of Christ.

Batista does a double-take with the scope.

BATISTA

Whoa, meu! I think we've got
something!

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Moses fixates on the monitor in front of him. Several screens
show radar, infrared, satellite images, and a live video
feed.

MOSES

I'm not seeing anything unusual...
Rusty, about another two-hundred
yards to your right and up.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rusty veers to the right.

RUSTY

I think I see it... But I want to
check out the train station before I
head that way.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

BATISTA

Nossa! It's him, Rusty! De Oliveira is at the statue. He's doing something at the feet.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MOSES

Got him! Okay, everyone. Here we go. Duncan! Where are you.

EXT. CORCOVADO TRAIN BASE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Duncan plows through the line and heads towards the train.

DUNCAN

Just getting on the train. I'll be at the top in about ten minutes.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MOSES

I hope that's enough time. I can't see what he's doing with his backpack.

EXT. TRAIN MAINTENANCE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Rusty waits for a train attendant to pass by and then ducks into the maintenance hangar.

INT. TRAIN WORK SHED - CONTINUOUS

All is quiet inside. Rusty looks around the workroom and discovers the door at the back.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Rusty stares in awe at the lone missile. He approaches it reverently.

RUSTY

Uh, Moses. How do I disarm a CSS-8 ballistic missile?

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

He grabs the monitor and shakes it.

MOSES

You gotta be kidding me?!

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Batista starts to pack his things.

BATISTA

We need to hurry, meu. He's got
something in his hand and is headed
to look at Botafogo bay.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Rusty climbs the large missile and finds the gyroscope hatch.
He pulls out an all-in-one from his pocket and tries to open
it--

BAM!

Smoke begins to shoot from the base of the missile.

RUSTY

Moses! I don't have much time here.
What happens if I start yanking wires
out of this thing?

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Moses has schematic charts up on his monitor of the CSS-8
missile.

MOSES

I wouldn't do that... You could launch
it by mistake. You'd burn up before
you could get out of there.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Rusty looks at the missile that is beginning to fire up.

RUSTY

I'm going to hell anyway.

He begins yanking at wires and throwing them onto the ground.
The digital display (with coordinates) begins to change
dramatically.

Fire begins to shoot from the base of the missile.

Rusty discovers the vials of mutation.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Typing like crazy on the keys.

MOSES

Get out of there, Rusty! I can track it once it launches. Hopefully the Air Force can shoot it down--

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - CONTINUOUS

De Oliveira checks his watch and then prepares the small radio in his hand. Ten seconds to go--

INT. LARGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Rusty jumps to safety just as the missile really begins to gain heat.

He bolts for the door.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - CONTINUOUS

When the second hand of his watch reaches twelve, he presses the large, red button.

BOOM!

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

The explosion sends Rusty flying down the mountainside with force.

RUSTY

Judas Priest! Not again!

He rolls and tries to soften his landing in the bushes and trees.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - EVENING

The crowd spins around in terror as the mountain to the west explodes.

Panic ensues.

De Oliveira heads back to the statue.

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Batista follows the action through the scope on his rifle.

BATISTA

Moses, you watch that missile! I'll follow De Oliveira... Duncan, where are you?

INT. CORCOVADO TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

He gathers his things and heads for the train door.

DUNCAN

I saw it, bixo! I'm almost there--

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rusty sprints to the top of the new hill and towards the statue.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Moses pounds on his keyboard as images on the monitor show an opening in the mountain across from Corcovado.

MOSES

Something's different. It's not launching--

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - EVENING

Fire blasts from the small opening in the mountaintop.

BOOM!

Then the missile appears. It's trajectory is not vertical. It heads directly for the Christ statue.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Everything stops in time.

MOSES

Rusty, what did you do?!!

EXT. CORCOVADO MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

The missile travels the short distance and slams into the parking lot just below the statue. It decimates two empty tourist busses.

KABOOM!

Major fire and rubble blast upward and towards the statue.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - CONTINUOUS

De Oliveira stares in disbelief as the flames and debris shower over the tourists at the statue.

He makes minor adjustments to his backpack and then heads towards the scaffolding at the back of the statue.

He stops in his tracks.

Standing in the wreckage, and silhouetted by flame, is Rusty Henderson.

RUSTY

This time I'm not saving my friends
first... I'm coming after you.

The two men charge at one another.

Rusty fakes an arching punch, but sweeps his leg out instead - tripping the larger man.

De Oliveira quickly recovers, but not before Rusty kicks him square in the back.

The two men fight violently, and with all of their energy.

Suddenly the statue, the debris, and the entire scene is filled with light.

Spotlights.

Six Blackhawk helicopters appear overhead and face the statue head on. They illuminate everything.

Duncan arrives on the scene and begins evacuating tourists to safety.

Commandos drop from the helicopters and search for missile wreckage.

Rusty is invigorated by this and lands several quick jabs to De Oliveira's abdomen.

De Oliveira swings wildly, but with force. Rusty barely avoids it and sends an upper-cut which splits the UFC Champion's lip.

Reeling from the pain, De Oliveira turns and runs to the back of the statue. He climbs the scaffolding in a hurry.

Rusty observes the scene with doubt.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

There's no where to go--

He instinctively charges up the scaffolding and after De Oliveira.

INT. CONSULATE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Moses stares in awe at the events which unfold before him on his monitor.

MOSES P.O.V. - THE SPLIT-SCREEN MONITOR SHOWS ALL ANGLES

The camera mounted on a helicopter surveys the scene from afar. The Christ statue is engulfed in flames - or so it seems.

Christ burns with outstretched arms above the city of Rio.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - NIGHT

Rusty closes in on De Oliveira as the two men climb towards the top - the outstretched arms of Christ.

The scaffolding shakes and wobbles as they manoeuvre.

De Oliveira kicks at Rusty's hands as he gets ever closer.

EXT. MISSILE WRECKAGE - NIGHT

The commando team reaches the missile wreckage and the LEADER speaks into his radio.

LEADER
(into radio)
There's nothing here, sir. The
mutation must be destroyed.

He nods to the others and they strap on their chemical weapon masks.

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE - NIGHT

Finally, De Oliveira reaches the top and jumps out onto the right arm of the statue. He balances himself on the two-foot wide walkway.

He quickly turns and waits for Rusty to emerge. Then he lets him get onto the arm safely.

This is it.

Rusty slowly stands erect. His legs tremble from fear of heights and the wind blows flames and smoke at him.

The city begins to glow all around him.

RUSTY
No where left to run.

De Oliveira smiles and waves his left hand in Rusty's direction as a diversion. His right hand reaches behind and he retrieves his utility knife.

Metal flashes as De Oliveira unleashes multiple stabs to Rusty's arms and mid-section.

Rusty does his best to cover up and wait for the right moment. As he regains balance, his right hand retrieves a small vial from his pocket.

De Oliveira moves in for the kill.

Rusty slams the vial into De Oliveira's Adam's Apple, and a cloud of vapor explodes into his face. The UFC Champion can't help but breathe it in.

He stumbles backwards and nearly falls.

Rusty dives backwards towards the body of Christ.

De Oliveira starts to bleed from his eyes. He's in shock and can't believe his defeat is certain.

Blood drips from his nose.

Rusty steadies himself and takes courage.

He marches towards De Oliveira and kicks him square in the chest.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

Burn in hell, meu!

De Oliveira falls backward, slides off the narrow path, and can't grab hold of anything. He spurts out an agonizing gurgle.

He falls to a messy death.

Rusty slowly backs down the narrow path and gingerly lowers himself back onto the scaffolding.

His arms and stomach bleed profusely.

As he descends the shaky scaffolding he mumbles a prayer.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I swear that I'll never climb anything
higher than six feet ever again!

EXT. CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE BASE - NIGHT

Batista, Duncan, and other commandos help tourists to safety.

One helicopter continues to hover close by.

Suddenly the door opens and Halliday steps onto the landing. He carefully walks up to Rusty.

HALLIDAY
(pointing at the statue)
Taking the "*coming to Jesus*" thing a little serious, don't you think?

RUSTY
(pissed)
Where've you been, Brian?

HALLIDAY
Remember what I told you in the hotel room? Deep cover?... Well, I wasn't lying. My sole responsibility was to recover the mutation. And thanks to your help, I was able to do just that.

Halliday removes the chip from his suit pocket and shows it to Rusty.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)
We did it, Rusty. We control the mutation and kept the Chinese from getting it--

RUSTY
Destroy it!

Halliday looks hurt for a moment. The men stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

HALLIDAY
Don't believe in one master race at all, do you?

RUSTY
No one in their right mind does, Brian.

Halliday extends the chip to Rusty.

HALLIDAY
Do you know how much money this is worth?

RUSTY
Something's aren't worth selling your soul for... especially not money.

Halliday smiles.

HALLIDAY

Well, apparently De Oliveira got two billion for it--

Rusty takes the chip, looks at it closely, then drops it onto the ground. He removes his Barretta and grinds the chip into oblivion with the butt of the handgun.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

It's in his bank account in Zurich.

Rusty turns and looks at the Christ statue surrounded by flame. Then he walks quickly to the guard rail overlooking Botofogo Bay and throws his guts up.

When he recovers, he turns to the helicopter to see Jan descend onto the landing.

HALLIDAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I had to leave you.

(pointing around)

You did an incredible job. Rio will never look the same.

Jan limps over and embraces Rusty, then she binds his wounds.

RUSTY

Somebody get me off of this mountain.

EXT. IPANEMA BEACH - DAY

Batista and Duncan slurp cold drinks from small straws and glasses with tiny umbrellas. They work on their tans, despite their bruised and bandaged bodies.

Moses sits ogling the stunning BEAUTIES playing volleyball on the beach and tries to brush the sand off of his laptop. One of the beauties looks his way - right as his hat blows away in the sea breeze.

Halliday talks on the phone to someone in the background. He wears an expensive suit - even at the beach.

Rusty pays the VENDOR and takes his chopped coconut, then heads over to where Jan sits peacefully in the shade. She looks content.

RUSTY

I could get used to seeing you like that more often, you know.

Jan gets up quickly and comes close to his face and re-tapes a bandage on his arm

JAN

You just need someone to look after
you.

RUSTY

(sarcastic)

I think I can trust you.

JAN

Why? 'Cause I didn't bleed on your
upholstery?

He flashes a crooked smile, then sets the coconut down and
grabs her in his arms. She smiles seductively and returns
the passion.

JAN (CONT'D)

Tell me you have somewhere touristy
and frivolous that we can escape to.

He arches an eyebrow and smiles.

RUSTY

I hear Zurich's nice this time of
year.

FADE OUT: