

"THE BOURNE SUPREMACY"

Compiled from drafts

Dated 7/11/03 9/17/03 10/13/03

by  
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Dated 11/14/03 11/19/03

by  
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Based on the novel by Robert Ludlum  
and  
The 2002 Universal Film "The Bourne Identity"

GREEN: 1/13/04  
YELLOW: 12/11/03  
PINK: 11/27/03  
BLUE: 10/13/03  
WHITE: 9/17/03

EXT. MERCEDES WINDSHIELD – DUSK

It's raining... Light strobes across the wet glass at a rhythmic pace...

Suddenly – through the window a face – JASON BOURNE – riding in the backseat – his gaze fixed.

INT. MERCEDES – NIGHT

On his knee – a syringe and a gun –

The eyes of the driver, JARDA, watching –

BOURNE'S POV – the passenger – back of his HEAD – cell phone rings – the HEAD turns – it's CONKLIN –

BOURNE returns his stare...

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM – NIGHT

BOURNE'S EYES OPEN! – panicked – gasping – trying to stay quiet – MARIE sleeps.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING AREA/BATHROOM – NIGHT

BOURNE moving for the medicine cabinet. Digs through the medicine cabinet. Downs something specific.

INT/EXT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM/VERANDA – NIGHT

One minute later. BOURNE moves out onto the veranda.

MARIE pads in. Watching him for a moment. Concerned. Clearly it's not the first time this has happened.

They both look different than last we saw them; his hair is longer. She's a blonde. Hippie travelers. Their cottage is humble but sweet. The bedroom opens to a beach and a town just down the hill. CLUB MUSIC from some all night rave wafting in from the far distance.

MARIE

Where were you, Jason? In the car.

BOURNE

Conklin up front.

MARIE

I'll get the book.

BOURNE

No. There's nothing new.

MARIE

You're sure?

(he nods)

We should still – we should write it down.

BOURNE

Two years we're scribbling in a notebook –

MARIE

– it hasn't been two years –

BOURNE

– it's always bad and it's never anything but bits and pieces anyway!

(she's gone quiet)

You ever think that maybe it's just making it worse? You don't wonder that?

She lays her hands on his shoulders, steadies him.

MARIE

We write them down because sooner or later you're going to remember something good.

BOURNE

(softens)

I do remember something good. All the time. I remember you.

She smiles. Kisses him. Leads him back in.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM – NIGHT

MARIE getting BOURNE into the bed. Turning down the light. Getting him settled. Waiting for that pill to kick in. What would he do without her?

BOURNE

I'm trying, Marie, Okay?

MARIE

I worry when you get like this.

BOURNE

It's just a nightmare.

MARIE

I don't mean that. I worry when you try to ignore it.

He hesitates. But that gets him. He knows she's right. And with that opening, he's letting go. Resistance folding. Almost childlike. She's gathering him in. He's letting her do it...

MARIE  
Sleep. Sleep now.

BOURNE  
I should be better by now.

MARIE  
You are better. And I think it's not  
memories at all. It's just a dream  
you keep having over and over.

BOURNE  
But it ends up the same.

MARIE  
One day it will be different. It  
just takes time.  
(beat)  
We'll make new memories. You and me.

Silence. She strokes his face. He gives in to her tenderness.  
He's fading. Two waifs in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

BOURNE running in the sun. A punishing pace along the sand.  
Moving strong. Effortless. Deep into it. Focused. The stunning  
conjunction of sun and scenery are lost on him.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

A busy market town. Fishing town. Hippie town. Lots of young  
Western faces. Rundown and happening at the same time.

MARIE shopping. Filling a bag with local produce.

EXT. ROAD – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

BOURNE still running, leaving the beach behind.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN – DAY

MARIE back from the market, putting the groceries away. Almost

done, when she stops for a moment –

A PHOTOGRAPH. There on the windowsill. A snapshot. Jason and Marie on a beach. Her arms around him. As if she were the protector. Big smiles. Young. Alive. In love.

MARIE smiles.

EXT. MAIN STREET – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

Funky busy. Colonial facades in vivid, sub-continental technicolor. Loud morning traffic.

CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE coming out of a store with a big bottle of water. He's just finished his run. Standing there, chugging away, checking the scene, when something catches his eye –

HIS POV

THE STREET. A SILVER CAR – something newish – pulling down the block – can't quite see who's driving, but –

BACK TO

BOURNE watching this silver car. So serious he's casual. Nobody passing would notice, but we do: He's on alert.

MOVING WITH HIM AS

BOURNE follows THE SILVER CAR on foot – natural – cruising the BUSY SIDEWALK – blending into the mix – chugging on that water bottle and –

UP AHEAD

THE SILVER CAR making the corner and turning now –

BACK TO

BOURNE slowing as he reaches the corner –

HIS POV

THE SILVER CAR has parked. There's a GUY – well-dressed –

casual – physical – sunglasses – call him KIRILL – he's out of the car and heading across the street toward a building there. A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

BACK TO

BOURNE checking his watch. The car. The guy. Perimeter.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE/GOA – DAY

MR. MOHAN at his desk. He's a crisp, proper man of fifty. He's just been handed something –

A PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE – an old passport picture.

MR. MOHAN  
And your question, sir?

KIRILL across the desk.

KIRILL  
She's my sister. There's been a death in the family. This is the last place we know she called from.

INT. COTTAGE – DAY

A NOTE ON THE TABLE: "I'M AT THE BEACH"

BOURNE has just come in – just read the note – balling it quickly. In fact, everything is quickly now, because –

BOURNE is bailing.

Fast. Calm. Methodical. Some exfil procedure that he's honed and choreographed. Packing like a machine –

RAPID TIME CUTS

– BACKPACKS thrown open on the bed. – HOUSE CASH pulled from a lamp base. – CREDIT CARDS taped under the counter.

EXT. MAIN STREET/BANK GOA/BEACH TOWN – DAY

KIRILL coming out of the bank. Mission accomplished.

Heading back to the SILVER CAR. Getting in and –

INT. SILVER CAR – DAY (CONT)

KIRILL starting it up. Glancing around nice and easy. He's cool. Putting the car into gear, he makes a slow pass through the marketplace. Eyes everywhere.

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INT. COTTAGE – DAY

BOURNE – done – the place is stripped – pulling on the backpacks – glancing around – one last thing – shit, he almost missed it –

THE PHOTOGRAPH – the one of he and Marie on the beach – the one we saw her looking at earlier – there it is on the windowsill – jamming it into his pocket and –

EXT. SIDE STREET/PARKING AREA – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

KIRILL now parked and out of the car – on the move – on foot – he begins a sweep of the beach.

EXT. COTTAGE BACK DOOR – YARD/ALLEY – DAY (CONT)

BOURNE out the back – jogging – keeping low – into the neighborhood – through the alleys – nothing random about it, this has all been worked out and –

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EXT. BEACH – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY

Crowded with tourists – sunbathers – MARIE at her favorite spot. Talking with TWO WOMEN, laughing with them – happy.

EXT. BEACH/PARKING AREA – GOA – DAY

A burly JEEP comes roaring up. BOURNE spots the SILVER CAR, parks at the other end – takes off towards the beach.

EXT. BEACH – GOA – DAY

KIRILL methodically making his way up the beach – checking

every blue tent – every towel.

EXT. BEACH – GOA – DAY

BOURNE coming up the beach the opposite way – one eye on KIRILL, one eye on MARIE.

He arrives just as KIRILL looks up and sees them a hundred yards away – a hard stare between them – BOURNE bends down –

BOURNE

We gotta go, Marie. We gotta go,  
now.

From the tone of his voice, she knows it's serious. Marie grabs her bag. A quick goodbye to the friends. They hurry off. BOURNE uses the sunbathers as cover. KIRILL retreats.

EXT. BEACH/PARKING LOT – GOA – DAY

They reach the JEEP – she knows the drill – bag tossed in the back – even as the Jeep pulls away and –

INT. JEEP – DAY (CONT)

BOURNE driving. MARIE beside him –

BOURNE

We're blown.

She hesitates. One minute ago everything was fine.

MARIE

No... How?

BOURNE

The Telegraph office.

MARIE

But we were so careful.

BOURNE

We pushed it. We got lazy.

EXT. BEACH/PARKING LOT – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY



KIRILL already back at the SILVER CAR – following them out onto the MAIN STREET – blocked by the local traffic – pulling a HUGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL out from his travel bag.

EXT. BEACHTOWN ALLEY/OFF MAIN STREET – DAY

THE JEEP pulling down this narrow little passageway and –

BOURNE'S WINDSHIELD POV

MAIN STREET packed with traffic and –

BACK TO

BOURNE not liking this. Eyes all over – trying to decide.

MARIE

But you're sure?

BOURNE

He was at the campground yesterday.

MARIE

So...

BOURNE

It's wrong. Guy with a rental car and hundred dollar sneakers sleeps in a tent?

Trying to decide whether to pull out or back up –

MARIE

That's crazy.

BOURNE

No. Not this. This is real.

(suddenly)

And he's right there...

(throwing the car into reverse)

MARIE

Where –

BOURNE

Back there – at the corner – Hyundai –  
silver –

INT. HYUNDAI – DAY (CONT)

KIRILL trapped in some Main Street gridlock. Glancing back  
for a way out – freezing suddenly, because there –

HIS POV – THE JEEP – THE ALLEY – right there – twenty  
yards back – a good look at BOURNE and MARIE – as they  
disappear and –

EXT. ALLEYWAY – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY (CONT)

THE JEEP backing up the way it came – BLOWING ITS HORN  
because an OLD VAN pulls in and blocks him from behind –

INT. JEEP – DAY (CONT)

BOURNE leaning on THE HORN – shit, now they've got to wait!

MARIE

...but you're not – you're not  
sure...

BOURNE

We can't wait to be sure.

MARIE

I don't want to move again... I like  
it here.

BOURNE

Look, we clear out, we get to the  
shack, we get safe. We hang there  
awhile. I'll come back. I'll check  
it out. But right now we can't –

MARIE

– where's left to go? –

BOURNE

– there's places – we can't afford  
to be wrong!

INT. HYUNDAI – DAY (CONT)

KIRILL. Calm. Possessed of a familiar tactical patience. He can't get the Hyundai to the alley from where he is and it doesn't make sense to go on foot. He checks his rearview.

Fuck it – there's an opening ahead and he's taking it – even though it's away from them – he'll find another way –

EXT. ALLEYWAY – GOA/BEACHTOWN – DAY – (CONT)

BOURNE sees the HYUNDAI move forward into traffic.

THE OLD VAN is still blocking them from behind –

BOURNE  
You drive.

MARIE  
What?

BOURNE  
(already squeezing  
over)  
Switch! You drive!

MARIE  
– where? -

BOURNE  
– make the left – toward the bridge –

MARIE scrambling over the seat. BOURNE, eyes everywhere, checks his watch.

THE JEEP squirts back on the main street and –

INT. JEEP – DAY – CONT

MARIE at the wheel – adrenaline pumping – clear running for thirty yards ahead and –

MARIE skidding them into the right turn – clipping another vehicle – MIRROR SHATTERING! – speeding up.

BOURNE scanning behind them – MARIE moving out to pass – veering back! – an ONCOMING BUS – just in time and –

MARIE

Jesus! –  
(glancing over)  
– is he back there? –

BOURNE

– not yet –

MARIE

– it's just him? –

BOURNE

– yeah – one guy – I don't think  
he was ready –

MARIE

– hang on –

MARIE bearing down – pulling out – gives him a quick smile –  
BOURNE knowing he's got a good one here –

INT. HYUNDAI – DAY/SUNSET

KIRILL stopping short on a rise. Bit of a view from here.  
Gets half out the car to look.

BELOW – the JEEP headed for A BRIDGE. He's gonna lose them.  
KIRILL'S mind racing. Grabs duffle from the back, abandons  
car.

INT. JEEP – BRIDGE – DAY/SUNSET

MARIE driving. BOURNE preps his pistol. Eye out for KIRILL.

BOURNE

You keep going to the shack. I'll  
meet you there in an hour.

MARIE

(concerned)  
Where are you going?

BOURNE

I'm going to bail on the other side  
and wait. This bridge is the only

way he can follow.

MARIE

What if it's not who you think it is?

BOURNE

If he crosses the bridge, it is.

MARIE

There must be another way!

BOURNE

I warned them, Marie. I told them to leave us alone.

MARIE

Jason, please don't do this...it won't ever be over like this.

BOURNE

There's no choice.

HER POV

The old CONCRETE BRIDGE ahead. Almost there.

EXT. LOW WALL – DAY/SUNSET

KIRILL slams into it. Quick, precise grabs into the bag. Only a moment and he's got a SNIPER RIFLE.

INT. JEEP – BRIDGE – DAY

BOURNE – pistol in hand – spare clip in the other – checks his watch.

BOURNE

At the end make the left, when I roll out do not slow down.

MARIE nods, got it. After a beat...

MARIE

I love you, too.

BOURNE  
Tell me later.

MARIE looks ahead.

EXT. LOW WALL – DAY

KIRILL. Eye to the scope.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

There! The JEEP rumbling across the bridge. No clear target, just the back of the full DRIVER'S SIDE HEADREST.

KIRILL'S FINGER

Squeezing. Firing.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE – DAY (CONT)

The JEEP jerking.

FRONT FENDER tearing into and along the guard rail – cement shards fill the air –

BOURNE reaching for the wheel – Too late!

As the JEEP finally crashes through the flimsy guardrail –

Plummets – splashes hard – begins to sink out of sight.

EXT. LOW WALL – DAY (CONT)

KIRILL lowers the scope, takes a quick look around. He's basically gone unnoticed in this little nook with his silenced rifle. But people are already rushing toward the bridge. Then... there!

An OLD WOMAN looking directly at KIRILL from a doorway. Not quite sure what. But an old Indian woman in Goa? So what.

KIRILL drills her with a look. As she sinks back inside –

INT. JEEP – SINKING IN THE RIVER – DAY/SUNSET

Swallowed up. BOURNE and MARIE gone.

EXT. LOW WALL – SUNSET

KIRILL scans the surface of the river under the bridge.  
Waiting.

EXT. RIVER BOTTOM – DAY

Mud plumes as the JEEP settles. BOURNE reaches over to MARIE, tries to urge her out.

EXT. LOW WALL – DAY

KIRILL with a killer's patience, waiting, almost done.

SCOPE POV

The surface of the water. Unbroken.

KIRILL

Scans his perimeter. There's the old woman again. But more people with her. People coming out of the woodwork.

KIRILL checks the surface one last time. Nothing.

He breaks down the rifle in moments – goes.

EXT. JEEP – RIVER BOTTOM – DAY

BOURNE – up into an air pocket held by the jeep's canvas top. A big gulp of air –

And he's back to MARIE. Frantic. Trying to unclip her seatbelt. Pull her out. But it's all jammed up.

EXT. KIRILL – BY THE SILVER CAR

Bag chucked in the back. All he has left is the scope. One last look to the unbroken surface. Then it's time to go.

KIRILL – drifting away – disappears.

EXT. JEEP – RIVER BOTTOM – DAY

The red halo growing bigger. BLOOD. BOURNE pauses. MARIE'S face is blank. She's dead. BOURNE finally pulling back.

Realizing this is goodbye...

DISSOLVE TO:

DELETED

EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE – NIGHT

We pick up a MAN WITH A BRIEFCASE on a telephoto lens.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)  
The seller has arrived.

BERLIN

As the man comes to a CHINESE RESTAURANT he stops. Squarely. So he can be seen clearly. Then he enters a STARK GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)  
He's inside.

EXT. ZOOGARTEN SQUARE – NIGHT

TWO MEN cross the square to the Chinese Restaurant. VIC is forty – steel-ass intel operator – he carries A LARGE SAMPLES CASE. Beside him, MIKE, younger, ex-Navy-Seal.

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

"The Hub". Secure, anonymous office space somewhere in the city. Shades drawn. Lots of gear cabled around. The stale, improvised feel of a temporary outpost. Four serious people alone in this room:

PAMELA LANDY is 46. A Senior C.I.A. Counterintelligence Officer. Hovering over the communications console.

CRONIN – Pamela's #2 – early forties, stone-cold facade –

quarterbacking the operation over the radio –

KURT and KIM are the techs here. His and Her headphones. Ruggedized laptops and comm gear spread around them.

CRONIN



What have you got, Survey One?

INT. NEARBY BERLIN OFFICE – NIGHT (CONT)

Dark. TEDDY at the window. Another military face. Radio rig. Night Scope. Watching VIC and MIKE pass below him –

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)

"Hub, this is Survey One. Mobile One is in motion. Seller is inside and waiting."

EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET – NIGHT

VIC and MIKE slow as they come to the same STARK, GLASS OFFICE BUILDING.

TEDDY/RADIO (V.O.)

"We are ready to go."

EXT. MODERN BERLIN STREET – NIGHT

MIKE and VIC shake hands; two tired co-workers parting ways. MIKE will keep walking. VIC entering the building through the big glass doors, smiling as he's approached by A NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY GUARD. And we hear:

MIKE still walking, alone now, heading away from THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING toward A VAN parked up the block.

MIKE/RADIO

(sleeve mike, earpiece)

"This is Escort One. I'm clear."

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

THE COMMAND POST. CRONIN works the communications board...

CRONIN

"All teams – listen up – we are standing-by for final green."

(turning now to—)

PAMELA, who has been listening. Just as she's about to give the final word, KIM raises a finger...

KIM  
Langley...

She hands PAMELA a phone that's patched into her board.

PAMELA  
(a bit surprised)  
Martin?

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM/LANGLEY, VIRGINIA – DAY

THREE MEN – CIA MANDARINS – sit around a round table. MARTIN MARSHALL, Deputy Vice-Director, he's in charge. All is tense.

MARSHALL  
I'm here. So is Donnie and Jack Weller. We understand you're using the full allocation for this buy?

PAMELA  
That's where we came out.

MARSHALL  
It's a lot of money, Pam.

PAMELA  
We're talking raw, unprocessed KGB files. It's not something we can go out and comparison shop.

MARSHALL  
Still...

PAMELA  
For a thief. A mole. I vetted the source, Marty. He's real. If it does nothing more than narrow the list of suspects, it's a bargain at ten times the price.

MANDARIN #1  
Pamela, Jack Weller here. It's the quality that's at issue...

PAMELA  
Yes, sir. I'm in total agreement. If

they're fakes, they're expensive.  
(furious, impatient)  
Gentlemen, I've got the seller on  
site and in play. Quite honestly,  
there's not much more to talk about.

MARSHALL looks to his MANDARIANS. Not convinced, but doesn't  
want to lose the opportunity. Time to wash his hands.

MARSHALL  
All right Pam, your game, your call...

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INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

All eyes on PAMELA as she puts down the phone to Langley.  
Nodding to CRONIN. Yes.

CRONIN/RADIO  
"Final Green. You are go. are go for  
Final Green." Repeat, you

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY – NIGHT

VIC has just passed muster with The Security Guard, he's  
standing alone at AN ELEVATOR BANK.

VIC/RADIO  
(sleeve mike, earpiece)  
"On my way up."

VIC pulling his earpiece. Going dark. Waits for an elevator.

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET – NIGHT

Dark. A small room full of wiring and infrastructure, lit by  
the glare of someone's MAG-LIGHT.

GLOVED HANDS quickly pass over racks of gear and wiring and  
then stopping at – the main electrical risers.

They carefully place an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE – no bigger than a  
pack of cigarettes – onto the main riser...

Done with that, here comes A SECOND SMALL EXPLOSIVE DEVICE –

but this one's special, it's being taken from A PLASTIC BAG and mounted down by the floor on a sub-panel –

Done, the hands hold up what looks like a piece of tape. It bears a FINGERPRINT. As the tape is pressed down, transferring it onto the charge –

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR – NIGHT

VIC alone with THE SAMPLES CASE. Pressing the button for #9, the top floor. The doors close. The car rises...2...3...4...5...6... And then, it stops. VIC bracing himself, as the door opens and –

IVAN – Russian – the guy we saw outside with the briefcase – standing in an empty, darkened hallway.

IVAN  
Show me.

VIC  
Here?

IVAN  
(holding open the  
door)  
Now. Show now.

VIC flips open the case. CASH. Three million dollars.

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR – NIGHT

A GLASS DOOR. A suite of offices beyond. Clean. Anonymous. One light on deep inside...

CASPIEX-PETROLEUM

Cherbourg – Moscow – Rome – Tehran

INT. CASPIEX OFFICE – NIGHT

Curtains drawn. Lights low. IVAN sitting with THE SAMPLES CASE, counting the cash. VIC poring over –

RUSSIAN DOCUMENT FILES. Dozens of KGB files. Old and new. Spread sheets, financial data. Incomprehensibly Cyrillic.

Marked up. But judging by the seals and clearance sign offs,  
all top-secret.

VIC

This is everything? Is there.

IVAN

Is there. Is all there.

Suddenly – MUSIC – a radio – some tinny pop tune just  
started playing from somewhere down the hall –

VIC

– what the hell is that? – alone –  
you said alone –

Both of them sure they're being double-crossed –

VIC

(reaching for his  
ankle)  
– who? – who else is here? –

IVAN

– no! – not me! – no other people! –

VIC

(coming up with a  
pistol)  
– shut up! – just shut the –

Freaked by the gun, IVAN to his feet – VIC pushing him back  
as he rushes past – THE SAMPLE CASE spilling cash and –

Wrong.

SNAPPH! – SNAPPH! – SNAPPH! – SNAPPH! – SNAPPH! – five  
fast, suppressed small caliber shots – VIC falls first –  
IVAN crashing back across a desk as the bullets tear into  
him – both of them dead before they hit the floor and –

REVERSE TO FIND

The GLOVED HANDS unscrewing a SILENCER, tucking away the  
weapon. Already in motion before we know what's happened –

pulling a climbing duffel out from his back pack – stuffing  
in THE SAMPLES CASE and IVAN'S BRIEFCASE – all the files –  
all the money...

Except, wait... He's left out ONE old KGB FILE COVER – and  
now he pulls A PLASTIC BAG from his backpack – GLOVED HANDS  
carefully remove A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER from inside the  
bag. And this paper looks exactly like all the stuff he's  
just tucked away; another page full of Cyrillic blur.

He's putting this sheet of paper inside the file cover. Now  
he's slipping them both underneath the desk, tossing them  
there as if they fell in the struggle and –

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET – NIGHT

The electrical risers – as ONE OF THE TWO DETONATION DEVICES  
BLOWS – a single, tidy, self-contained explosion and –

EXT./INT. THE GLASS OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY – NIGHT

As the lights flicker and fail and THE NIGHT SHIFT SECURITY  
GUARD is suddenly cast into darkness and –

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

As they were. Waiting. But only a moment before –

TEDDY/RADIO

(sudden, urgent)

"Hub? – we just – we lost power –  
the building! – the whole place  
just went dark! –"

CRONIN looking at Pamela – the first whiff of dread as –

CRONIN

"– repeat – who is dark? – the  
target building or your location? –  
"

RADIO VOICES piling up – panicked, confusion cascading as –

DELETED

DELETED

EXT. BERLIN NOVATEL/PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Anonymous drone barn. KIRILL stepping out of a car. He's carrying the duffle.

INT. BERLIN NOVATEL CORRIDOR – NIGHT

KIRILL. Heading down the hall.

INT. NOVATEL ROOM – NIGHT

KIRILL enters. It's a small room. GRETKOV is waiting. He's forty. Professional. Trim and polished. Dominant.

GRETKOV  
(Russian)  
[You're early.]

KIRILL  
(Russian)  
[You're complaining?]

GRETKOV  
[It's clean?]

KIRILL  
[Would I bring it?]

GRETKOV taking over now. Tosses some money on the bed, checks out the photocopy of the files.

GRETKOV  
[What are you doing?]

KIRILL stripping quickly –

KIRILL  
[I'm taking a shower, it's been a long day.]

GRETKOV  
[Make it fast, my plane is waiting.]

GRETKOV dumping three million dollars over the bed as KIRILL sheds his clothes, and we –

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BRIDGE – GOA – DAY

WORKMEN cluster as a cable winches –

The JEEP is raised from the river bottom. As water pours off of it –

BOURNE – Watching – From a distance – Empty –

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING – DAY

Crime scene. POLICE blocking OFFICE WORKERS from getting in the building. MEDIA vans clogging the street.

PAMELA and CRONIN, across the street, watching.

The mood is black. Ashes.

PAMELA

We need to get in there.

CRONIN

I'm working on it.

PAMELA stands there. Silent. Staring at the disaster across the street.

DELETED

INT. SHACK – GOA – DAY

BOURNE is bailing.

Exfil procedure, but this is a heartbroken exfil.

– A FOOTLOCKER open. Bourne's main stash.

BOURNE going through the footlocker. Setting aside his 'work clothes' – other things he needs.

But he also has to separate.



A GROWING PILE of Marie memories: Bank cards. Phony student IDs. Loose passport photos with a mix of looks and hair-dos. Clothes – vacuum-packed bags – spare shoes.

EXT. NEAR THE SHACK – DAY

A gasoline-stoked FIRE burning in a rock-lined pit. BOURNE feeding his papers and all of Marie's belongings into the fire. A passport cover crinkles back to reveal her photo. Her face begins to burn. Gas-soaked clothes tossed in. Nothing left except –

The PHOTOGRAPH – the picture of he and Marie at the beach. The one from his desk.

BOURNE hesitates, holds the photo out to the flames. The rules of exfil say drop it – but he can't – won't –

He reaches to his bag, sticks the photo on top of his gear. Then, hefting, the bag, BOURNE strides away.

INT. BERLIN HQ COMMAND POST – DAY

A folding table covered with XEROXED BERLIN POLICE PAPERWORK. PAMELA getting a show-and-tell from CRONIN and TEDDY.

CRONIN

– so there were two of these explosive charges placed on the power lines. One of them failed. The fingerprint...

(Pamela's got it)

That's from the one that didn't go off.

PAMELA

And the Germans can't match it?

TEDDY

Nobody's got it. We checked every database we could access. Nothing.

CRONIN

Show her the other thing.

TEDDY

This is a KGB file that must've fallen  
somehow and then slipped under, I  
guess, a desk there, or...  
(handing it to her –)

PAMELA

Do we know what this says?

TEDDY

Yup...

(a scrap of paper)

The main word there, the file heading,  
translates as: Treadstone.

PAMELA

What the hell is a "Treadstone?"

CRONIN shaking his head. Nobody knows.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIA COUNTRYSIDE – DAY

BOURNE bouncing around on an old Punjab BUS. Alone in a crush  
of humanity. Going only God knows where...

CUT TO:

DELETED

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS – LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

PAMELA'S POV as she drives toward the entrance.

C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA

INT. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS – DAY

A long, bright, sterile hallway. PAMELA and CRONIN walking  
briskly alongside A UNIFORMED S.P.S. OFFICER.

INT. C.I.A. ELEVATOR – DAY

PAMELA and CRONIN watching THE S.P.S. OFFICER unlock the  
operation panel. Coding in. They begin to descend and –

INT. DIFFERENT C.I.A. CORRIDOR – DAY

Drab and desolate. PAMELA and CRONIN come around a corner, walking with A NEW ESCORT OFFICER. Passing a sign that reads:

Operations Library Center.

DELETED

INT. SECURED READING ROOM #63171 – DAY

Sealed, triple-locked NUMBERED DOOR. It swings open. Lights flicker on. Tons of shit packed away in here. Shelves bulging. Boxes. Tapes. Binders. Hard drives.

PAMELA steps in. A HUGE FILING CABINET labeled –

TREADSTONE

PAMELA/PHONE (V.O.)

Ward?

ABBOTT (O.S.)

Yes?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy.

DELETED

INT. ABBOTT'S OFFICE/C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS – DAY

WARD ABBOTT at his desk. The cluttered clubhouse HQ of a man who's spent the last thirty-five years in the spy game. A PICTURE WINDOW offers a commander's view of the BULLPEN.

ABBOTT/PHONE

What can I do for you, Pam?

PAMELA/PHONE

I was hoping you had some time for me.

ABBOTT/PHONE

Time for what?

PAMELA/PHONE  
I'm free right now actually.

ABBOTT/PHONE  
That sounds ominous. Let me check my  
schedule.

ABBOTT holds the phone. Eyes drifting out the window and –

ABBOTT'S POV

THE BULLPEN. CRONIN is standing with DANIEL ZORN, one of  
Abbott's trusted #2s. Clearly ZORN is getting the less polite  
version of Pamela's invitation. ZORN managing to shoot a  
quick, questioning glance to Abbott as –

INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY

A cold room. Desk. Two chairs. ABBOTT and PAMELA alone.

PAMELA  
Treadstone.

ABBOTT  
Never heard of it.

PAMELA  
That's not gonna fly.

ABBOTT  
With all due respect, Pam, I think  
you might've wandered a little past  
your pay-grade.

She has a piece of paper. She slides it forward.

PAMELA  
That's a warrant from Director  
Marshall granting me unrestricted  
access to all personnel and materials  
associated with Treadstone.

ABBOTT rocked and trying to hide it.

ABBOTT

And what are we looking for?

PAMELA

I want to know about Treadstone.

ABBOTT

To know about it?

(almost amused)

It was a kill squad. Black on black.

Closed down two years ago. Nobody wants to know about Treadstone. Not around here.

(the warrant)

You better take this back to Marty and make sure he knows what you're doing.

PAMELA

(trump card)

He does. I've been down to the archives. I have the files, Ward.

DELETED

EXT. BAY OF NAPLES – LATE AFTERNOON

A hard working port. A big MEDITERRANEAN FERRY coming in.

NAPLES

FERRY – BOURNE at the rail. Unchanged from India. Staring ahead as Europe looms.

EXT. FERRY DOCK – LATE AFTERNOON

BOURNE disembarking to an immigration queue. Looking unremarkable. Just one of many passing through.

INT. C.I.A. INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY

As they were. ABBOTT watching PAMELA pull a photo from her file. Sliding it over. CONKLIN'S FACE peering back.

PAMELA

Let's talk about Conklin.

ABBOTT

What are you after, Pam? You want to fry me? You want my desk? Is that it?

PAMELA

I want to know what happened.

ABBOTT

What happened? Jason Bourne happened.

(fury focusing)

You've got the files? Then let's cut the crap. It went wrong. Conklin had these guys wound so tight they were bound to snap. Bourne was his number one – guy went out to work, screwed the op and never came back. Conklin couldn't fix it, couldn't find Bourne, couldn't adjust. It all went sideways. Finally there were no options left.

PAMELA

So you had Conklin killed.

(silence)

I mean, if we're cutting the crap...

ABBOTT

I've given thirty years and two marriages to this agency. I've shoveled shit on four continents. I'm due to retire next year and believe me, I need my pension, but if you think I'm gonna sit here and let you dangle me with this, you can go to hell. Marshall too.

(flat)

It had to be done.

PAMELA

And Bourne? Where's he now?

ABBOTT

(shrugs)

Dead in a ditch? Drunk in a bar in Mogadishu? Who knows?

PAMELA

I think I do. We had a deal going down in Berlin last week. During the buy, both our Field Agent and the seller were killed. We pulled a fingerprint from a timing charge that didn't go off.

(beat)

They were killed by Jason Bourne.

ABBOTT hesitates. Blindsided. What?

A courtesy knock at the door.

CRONIN

(appearing in the doorway)

They're ready for us upstairs.

DELETED

INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL – SUNSET

Now at the IMMIGRATION OFFICER booth, BOURNE hands over an OLD BLUE PASSPORT. It reads, JASON BOURNE. What's he up to? Is he giving up?

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

[Where you coming from, Mr. Bourne?]

BOURNE

[Tangiers.]

The OFFICER runs the CODE on the passport through the SCANNER.

INT. INTERPOL MONITORING STATION – MADRID – SUNSET

A TECH turns as a COMPUTER ALARM begins an incessant BEEPING.

THE SCREEN

As Jason Bourne's PASSPORT DATA begins scrolling through. A sleeper waking up on the grid. Then his PHOTO.

WORK STATION

As an Interpol SUPERVISOR leans in over the TECH'S shoulder to see what's up. After a beat... As the TECH begins typing and hits send...

INT. C.I.A. RELAY STATION – BETHESDA, MARYLAND – DAY

CREWCUT turns from his monitor to his own SUPERIOR as, at the same time...

INT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL – SUNSET

Looking up from his computer, the IMMIGRATION OFFICER gestures BOURNE to one side.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

[Sir, would you be so kind as to step over here, please?]

BOURNE

[Uh, sure.]

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER comes out of his booth as a CARABINIERI joins him and they escort BOURNE to a small room at the side of the CUSTOMS HALL.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

[Please wait in here.]

BOURNE scans the hall as he walks, enters room...

PAMELA'S (V.O.)

Seven years ago, twelve million dollars was stolen from a CIA account...

BOURNE takes a seat. CARABINIERI guards the room.

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM – DAY

Same table. More faces. MARSHALL back in the throne. ABBOTT, THREE C.I.A. MANDARINS plus THEIR #2'S, and –

PAMELA

...in Warsaw. This is...

CLICK – A PHOTO of the man killed in Berlin fills the



projection screen behind her – CLICK – crime scene photo of dead body – CLICK – "PECOS OIL" logo –\*

PAMELA

...Ivan Mevedev – senior financial manager – worked for one of the new Russian petroleum companies, Pecos Oil. He claimed to know where the money landed. We believe this could have only happened with help from someone inside the Agency... This...

CLICK – CONKLIN'S PHOTO –

PAMELA

(placing it on the table)

...this is Conklin's computer.

CLICK – A PHOTOCOPY OF A BANKING CONTRACT –

PAMELA

...At the time of his death, Conklin was sitting on a personal account in the amount of seven-hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

ABBOTT

Do you know what his budget was?

PAMELA

Excuse me.

ABBOTT

We were throwing money at him. Throwing it at him and asking him to keep it dark.

PAMELA

May I finish?

ABBOTT

Conklin might've been a nut, but he wasn't a mole. You have me his calendar for a couple of days, I'll prove he killed Lincoln.

(appealing to Marshall)  
This is supposed to be definitive?

PAMELA  
What's definitive, is that I just  
lost two people in Berlin!

ABBOTT  
So what's your theory?  
(mocking her)  
Conklin's reaching out from the grave  
to protect his good name?  
(incredulous)  
The man is dead.

MARSHALL  
(he's heard enough)  
No one's disputing that, Ward.

ABBOTT  
For crissake, Marty, you knew Conklin.  
Does this scan? I mean, at all?

MARSHALL signals for quiet...

MARSHALL  
Okay, cut to the chase, Pam. What  
are you selling?

PAMELA  
I think that Bourne and Conklin were  
in business. That Bourne is still  
involved. And that whatever  
information I was going to buy in  
Berlin, it was big enough to make  
Bourne come out from wherever he's  
been hiding to kill again.  
(to Abbott)  
How's that scan?

As the MANDARINS all start talking at once –

ZORN enters. Stands at the head of the table. Tries to get  
their attention.

ZORN

Hey...  
(they look up)  
Look, you're not gonna believe this,  
but Jason Bourne's passport just  
came on the grid in Naples.

ABBOTT blinks. What?

DELETED

EXT. FERRY BUILDING CUSTOMS HALL – NIGHT

NEVINS. American. A junior, C.I.A. Field Officer. Walking  
from the parking lot, talking on his cellphone.

NEVINS  
...what can I do? I can't. I'll call  
you when I know what I'm into...  
(a hassled pause)  
I don't know, some guy's name came  
up on the computer.  
(starting toward the  
building)  
So start without me, if I can get  
there, I will. Later...

NEVINS hangs up and pockets the phone. He hustles towards  
the building.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM – DAY

The room is jumping. Agents tracking, working the phones and  
computers. PAMELA giving orders. ABBOTT watches.

CRONIN  
(looks up from computer  
screen)  
Looks like he's been detained.

PAMELA  
Who's going? Us?

CRONIN  
There's only a Consulate, they sent  
a field officer out half an hour ago –

PAMELA  
(cuts him off)  
Then get a number, they need to know  
who they're dealing with.

CRONIN already on it...

INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM – SUNSET

As NEVINS flashes his credentials to CARABINIERI at door,  
who gives an unimpressed shrug and lets him in.

NEVINS takes his overcoat off, tosses it on the empty chair.  
We see a big ass .45 for just a second under his suit jacket.

NEVINS  
Alright, Mr. Bourne, is that your  
name?  
(BOURNE nods)  
Name's Nevins. I'm with the US  
Consulate. Could I see your passport?

BOURNE, silent, hands over his passport.

NEVINS  
So, Mr. Bourne...

NEVINS studies Bourne's passport...

NEVINS  
What are you doing in Tangiers?

Silence...

NEVINS  
(faux friendly)  
Are you travelling alone?

BOURNE stares straight ahead. NEVINS comes around the table  
and sits in front of BOURNE.

NEVINS  
(in his face)  
Look, I don't know what you've done.  
But, you're gonna need to play ball  
here.

NEVINS cell starts to ring. He shrugs an apology, turns away and answers:

NEVINS

Nevins...

PAMELA/PHONE

This is Pamela Landy, a CI Supervisor calling from Langley, Virginia. Are you with a Jason Bourne now?

NEVINS

(listens; looks at Bourne)

Yes...

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM – DAY

PAMELA on the phone.

PAMELA

Then use extreme caution. He can be very unpredictable and violent. Use whatever means necessary to...

INT. FERRY BUILDING HOLDING ROOM – SUNSET

Whatever Nevins is being told, it's concerning. BOURNE watching him. Knows exactly what this is.

CLOSE ON NEVINS as he steps away, listening intently. His hand just starting to move toward his shoulder holster.

NEVINS

Okay, I'll call you right back.

NEVINS flips shut his phone. He reaches for his gun, even as he turns, and –

BOURNE is right there in his face. WHUMP! Momentum and gravity reaching mutual agreement as NEVINS hits the deck.

CARABINIERI barely clears his holster before – CHOP – CHOP – BOURNE has him down in a heap.

BOURNE is back, silent and effective.

Finding NEVINS cellphone, BOURNE reaches into his bag. He holds the phone next to a larger, diagnostic MOBILE UNIT – the "confirm" light blinks – Nevins' phone has been cloned. BOURNE puts the phone back in NEVINS coat, takes his gun and CARABINIERI'S gun and radio and puts them in his duffle. We're starting to realize there's a plan at work here.

FINALLY

BOURNE – exits the door, wedging a desk under the handle so it cannot be opened from the inside and calmly walks away like nothing ever happened –

EXT. NAPLES FERRY BUILDING – NIGHT

And now we see the old BOURNE, in his long black coat, purposely striding out of the building. He pauses long enough for the security camera to get a good look at him.

THE RONIN returns.

EXT. NAPLES FERRY PARKING LOT – NIGHT

BOURNE crosses the street and approaches a man putting his suitcase in the trunk of a green Peugeot. BOURNE reaches into his bag, pulls out some cash.

DELETED

INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM – NIGHT

NEVINS stirring, the CARABINIERI still out. A phone starts to RING. Nevins' phone. Finally sitting up, he answers.

NEVINS

Hello?

DELETED

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM – DAY

PAMELA at the other end of the line.

PAMELA/PHONE

Mr. Nevins?

NEVINS/PHONE

Who's this?

PAMELA/PHONE

Pamela Landy, again. Where do we stand?

INT. FERRY/SECURITY HOLDING ROOM – NIGHT

Nevins barely knows where he is.

EXT. NAPLES STREET – NIGHT

BOURNE sits in the dark car. Headphones. A nest of cool gadgetry – on the passenger seat. Listening in – recording –

He writes: Pamela Landy – circles it.

NEVINS/PHONE

I think... I think he got away.

PAMELA looks at the faces waiting around the table. Shakes her head no...

PAMELA

Have you locked down the area?

NEVINS/PHONE

Ah, we're in Italy. They don't exactly "lock down" real quick...

INTERCUT – BOURNE – NEVINS – PAMELA –

PAMELA/PHONE

How long have you worked for the agency?

NEVINS/PHONE

Me? Four years.

PAMELA/PHONE

If you ever want to make it to five, you're gonna listen to me real close. Jason Bourne is armed and extremely

dangerous. A week ago, he assassinated two men in Berlin, one of whom was a highly-experienced field officer...  
(continuing as –)

We're TOTALLY ON BOURNE at this point – sitting there in the dark car, struggling to make sense of this – what the fuck is she talking about? – Berlin? – He writes it, circles it.

PAMELA/PHONE

I want that area secured, I want any evidence secured and I want it done now. Is that clear??

NEVINS/PHONE

Yes, sir – ma'am...

PAMELA/PHONE

I'm getting on a plane to Berlin in 45 minutes, which means you are going to call me back in 30, and when I ask you where we stand, I had better be impressed. My mobile number is...

BOURNE already turning the key in the ignition – THE PEUGEOT ROARING TO LIFE, as he writes the number.

Dropping the car into gear, BOURNE pulls briskly away from the curb.

INT. C.I.A. SITUATION ROOM – DAY

PAMELA finishes, hangs up.

ABBOTT

Berlin!

PAMELA

I've already got a team there. I doubt Bourne's in Naples to settle down and raise a family.

ABBOTT

You don't know what you're getting into here.



PAMELA

And you do? From the moment he left  
Treadstone, he has killed and eluded  
every person that you sent to find  
him...

Before it can come to blows –

MARSHALL

(riot act)

Enough. I want both of you on that  
plane. And we are – all of us –  
going to do what we were either too  
lazy or inept to do the last time  
around – you're going to find this  
sonofabitch and take him down before  
he destroys any more of this agency.

(beat)

Is that definitive enough for you?

ABBOTT nods. Sharing a look with PAMELA as we –

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY – DAY

PAMELA and CRONIN come screaming around a corner and down a  
long corridor, ABBOTT and ZORN trying to keep up.

CRONIN

– Kurt's reopening all the wyfi and  
sat links –

PAMELA

– uplink all relevant files to Kim –  
(a look back at Zorn)  
– and I want them to contact anyone  
who had anything to do with Treadstone –

ZORN looks to ABBOTT, as they disappear around a corner...

EXT. AUTOSTRADA – NIGHT

THE PEUGEOT speeding North – North towards Germany and –

DELETED

INT. BOURNE'S PEUGEOT – NIGHT (CONT)

BOURNE driving – listening to playback of Pamela's conversation with Nevins.

PAMELA/TAPE

"Jason Bourne is armed and extremely dangerous..."

BOURNE'S FACE – eyes – tight – looking weird –

PAMELA/TAPE

"...a week ago he assassinated two men in Berlin, one a highly..."

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! – a shard – pieces – lightning flash of images  
GETTING IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR – rolling BRANDENBURG  
BERLIN – A MIRROR – THE TELEVISION TOWER –

THE DRIVER looks back. We see him. (We'll know him later as Jarda.) Then – A STEEL CASE on the backseat. Inside a SYRINGE, A DARK VIAL, PISTOL. As we lay hands on them –

BACK TO

BOURNE out of it – jolted! – almost losing control of the car for a second – jerking back into his lane, – recognition – toughing it out – Steady as she goes –

Catching his rhythm again. Accelerating and –

EXT. BAKERY – PORTOBELLO ROAD – DAY

A BAKERY on the corner. NICKY emerging. Nicky from the old days. Suddenly, she stops –

ABBOTT stands there beside a parked car. The passenger door open. Message clear. Get the fuck in.

INT. US AIR FORCE BASE, ENGLAND – DAY

Inside a hanger. Inside an office. ABBOTT watching as CRONIN questions NICKY. PAMELA sits on a window sill.

CRONIN

So your cover at the time was what?

NICKY

That I was an American student in Paris.

CRONIN

What exactly did your job with Treadstone in Paris consist of?

Nicky looks to Abbott. He nods that it's okay to answer. Pamela bristles at the check-off.

NICKY

I had two responsibilities. One was to coordinate logistical operations. The other was to monitor the health of the agents, to make sure they were up to date with their medications.

CRONIN

Health, meaning what?

NICKY

Their mental health. Because of what they'd been through. They were prone to a variety of problems.

PAMELA

(losing patience)

What kind of problems?

NICKY

Depression. Anger. Compulsive behaviors. They had physical symptoms – headaches – sensitivity to light –

PAMELA

Amnesia?

NICKY

Before this? Before Bourne? No.

NICKY gets agitated. ABBOTT steps in, fatherly, good cop.

ABBOTT

Were you familiar with the training program?

NICKY

The details? No. I mean, I was told it was voluntary. I don't know if that's true or not, but that's what I was told.

(a bit defensive)

Look, they took vulnerable subjects, okay? You mix that with the right pharmacology and some serious behavior modification, and, I don't know, I mean, I guess anything's possible.

ZORN arrives from outside.

ZORN

The jet's ready.

(points to Nicky)

There's a car for you.

Everybody moving. NICKY relieved. She's off the hook. She thinks. She becomes aware of PAMELA considering her.

NICKY

Good luck.

PAMELA

You were his local contact. You were with him the night Conklin died. You're coming with us.

EXT. PRIVATE JET – DUSK

Streaks across the sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET – NIGHT

Quiet in the cabin. ABBOTT gets up to use the bathroom. PAMELA sits across from NICKY who stares out the window. As the bathroom door clicks shut, PAMELA seizes the privacy.

PAMELA

I'm curious about Bourne. Your interpretation of his condition. You have specific training in the identification and diagnosis of psychological conditions?

NICKY

Am I a doctor, no, but...

PAMELA

Are you an expert in amnesia?

NICKY

Look, what do you want me to say? I was there. I believed him.

PAMELA

Believed what?

NICKY

I believed Jason Bourne had suffered a severe traumatic breakdown.

PAMELA

So he fooled you.

NICKY

(frustration building)

If you say so.

PAMELA

(leans in; still low)

Not good enough. You're the person who floated this amnesia story.

(shifts gears)

Ever feel sorry for him? For what he'd been through?

NICKY

You're making it out like we're friends here or something. I met him alone twice.

PAMELA

You felt nothing? No spark? Two young people in Paris? Dangerous missions?

Life and death?

NICKY  
(incredulous)  
You mean, did I want a date?

PAMELA  
Did you?

NICKY  
These were killers. Conklin had them  
all jacked up. They were Dobermans.

PAMELA  
Some women like Dobermans –

NICKY  
What do you want from me? I was  
reassigned. I'm out.

PAMELA  
See, that's a problem for me, Nicky.  
Whatever he's doing, we need to end  
it. This isn't the kind of mess you  
walk away from.

PAMELA leans away. NICKY looks back out the window.

EXT. TARMAC – BERLIN AIRPORT – NIGHT

Three in the morning as the GULF STREAM lurches to a stop.  
TWO BLACK SEDANS here for the pickup. TEDDY the greeting  
party as –

PAMELA, CRONIN, ABBOTT, ZORN and NICKY disembark –

EXT. BERLIN STREET – NIGHT

The SEDANS making their way, stopping at a non-descript office  
building.

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

ELEVATOR opens into their 9th floor world. Emergency activity.  
KIM ready to debrief, KURT work the computers. Energy up.  
PAMELA, ABBOTT and CRONIN bring NICKY into the room.

KIM

– so far Bourne's had no contact with anyone on the list – Langley pulled an image out of Naples, it's uploading right now.

KURT

Coming in now...

Everything stops, as THE PHOTO – blurry, oblique – begins materializing on HALF-A-DOZEN MONITORS around the room. Suddenly, they're surrounded by Bourne.

PAMELA

(to Nicky)

Is it him?

Looking closer – she nods...

CRONIN

He's not hiding, that's for sure.  
Why Naples?

ZORN

Why now?

PAMELA has gone quiet, just staring at the picture, as –

KURT

Could be random.

CRONIN

Maybe he's running.

ABBOTT looks skeptical.

ABBOTT

On his own passport?

KIM

(the image)

What's he actually doing?

CRONIN

What's he doing? He's making his

first mistake...

And then, from behind them –

NICKY

It's not a mistake.

(everyone looks over)

They don't make mistakes. And they don't do random. There's always an objective, always a target.

(beat)

If he's in Naples, on his own passport, there's a reason.

PAMELA turns to ABBOTT. A silent moment between them. They're in it now and they know it.

EXT. ITALIAN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY – NIGHT

THE PEUGEOT streaking through the Alps. Passing a sign for the German border. Moonlit glacial peaks whipping past as CLUB MUSIC STARTS PULSING LOUDER AND LOUDER and –

INT. THE PEUGEOT – NIGHT (CONT.)

BOURNE driving hard. Pushing the car through the night. Mission Bourne. As the MUSIC KEEPS JUST BUILDING AND BUILDING, taking us into –

INT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

Packed and loud. Skin and smoke. A DOORMAN on the move, taking us with him through THE CROWD. Faces – voices – all the Moscow party people and –

AT THE BACK

A VIP BOOTH. KIRILL simply shitfaced. But in a really creepy, numb kind of way. THREE WOMEN, absolutely gorgeous, are sitting around him, chatting away as if he weren't even there. The girls looking up to see –

THE DOORMAN

(standing there)

[Can he walk?]



KIRILL stirs. His stupor a futile attempt to escape. Eyes still those of an exceptionally hard man.

A minute later. KIRILL can walk. The most graceful drunk you've ever seen. Making his way through the club. Tuning out everything but the need to get to THE DOOR and –

EXT. MOSCOW NIGHTCLUB – DAY (CONT)

Yes, day. It's nine a.m. KIRILL suddenly in the sunlight. People going to work. Kids off to school and –

GRETKOV sitting in his Mercedes, not happy.

FOLLOW CAR and SECURITY and ASSISTANT equally unhappy.

GRETKOV

[You told me Jason Bourne was dead.]

KIRILL blinking against the sunlight – trying to process.

DELETED

EXT. ANONYMOUS MUNICH NEIGHBORHOOD – DAY

Discreet and chilly. A car pulls up. A MAN gets out.

MUNICH

We don't see his face as he heads in.

INT. JARDA'S HOUSE FOYER/KITCHEN – DAY

The man enters. His alarm system – beep...beep – starts once he comes through the door. There's A KEYPAD on the wall. He enters his code and the beeping stops. Just like everyday. It's a sad house.

He hangs his coat on the rack. Moving now –

INTO

THE KITCHEN. He drops his briefcase on the table, opens the fridge for a drink. Except what he comes out with is –

A GUN!

Wheeling around. The salaryman is JARDA. JARDA from Bourne's dream. But as he turns –

BOURNE behind him. Bigger gun. Waiting. So ready.

BOURNE  
I emptied it.

JARDA  
(a total pro)  
Felt a little light.

BOURNE  
Drop it.

JARDA lets the gun fall, looks his old comrade over a beat.

But Bourne's not interested in a reunion.

BOURNE  
Here...

Bourne tosses him FLEXCUFFS – JARDA puts his hands behind his back, turns to let BOURNE cinch them.

BOURNE  
Front. Use your teeth.

JARDA  
(caught scamming)  
Sorry. Old habits.

BOURNE kicks over a chair. Sit.

JARDA  
Word in the ether was you'd lost  
your memory.

BOURNE checking JARDA'S briefcase – tearing through it –

BOURNE  
You still should've moved.

JARDA  
I like it here.

(a beat)  
Last time I saw you was Greece. You  
had a good spot.

BOURNE reacts – doesn't look over – but realizes...

JARDA  
I had the girl. I had her lined up  
that whole afternoon. Waiting for  
you, that was the problem.  
(defensive)  
You ever do two targets? It's tough.

BOURNE turns. Cold.

JARDA  
(his real question)  
So why didn't you kill me then?

BOURNE  
She wouldn't let me.  
(beat)  
She's the only reason you're alive.

Silence. JARDA down a peg. Or two.

JARDA  
What do you want?

BOURNE  
Conklin.

JARDA  
He's dead.

BOURNE – the gun – right to JarDA's face –

BOURNE  
Try again.

JARDA  
Shot dead in Paris. Dead the night  
you walked out.

BOURNE/PHONE  
Then who runs Treadstone?

JARDA

Nobody. They shut it down. We're the last two. It's over...  
(not finishing because –)

– he's falling! – landing hard – BOURNE just kicked the chair out from under him –

BOURNE

You're lying. If it's over, why are they after me?

JARDA

I don't know.

BOURNE

Who sent you to Greece?

JARDA

A voice. A voice from the States. Someone new.

BOURNE

Pamela Landy?

JARDA

I don't know who that is.

BOURNE

What's going on in Berlin?

JARDA

I don't know! Why would I lie?

Silence. BOURNE pulls back. Unsure.

JARDA makes it to his feet.

JARDA

What the hell did you do? You must have really screwed up.

BOURNE doesn't know. He backs off.

JARDA

She really did that? Told you not to kill me?

(beat)

I had a woman once. But after a while, what do you talk about? I mean, for us. The work. You can't tell them who you are...

BOURNE

I did.

JARDA hesitates. It's really like Bourne just told him how much he loved her.

JARDA

I thought you were here to kill me.

Something in the way he said it. Plus Jarda just glanced at his watch.

BOURNE

What did you do?

JARDA shrugs, almost embarrassed. BOURNE looks across to the alarm pad Jarda hit on the way in. Voltage – like a switch.

BOURNE

You called it in?

JARDA

I'm sorry.

BOURNE

How long? How long do I have –  
(stopping because –)

THE PHONE JUST STARTED RINGING – loud – insistent –

BOURNE

How long?

INT. DOD RAPID CAR – DAY

Jamming – right the fuck into it – three guys – JARHEADS -  
DOD Special Force dudes – speeding through MUNICH – JAR #1  
is the driver – JAR #2 is prepping weapons like a maniac in

the backseat and –

JAR #3  
(on the phone)  
– it's a red flag file! – so fix  
it, call them back ASAP! –

JAR #1  
(the call)  
What? What'd they do?

JAR #3  
(bad news)  
She called Munich local.

JAR #2  
(slamming home another  
clip)  
It's probably just a drill anyway.

INT. JARDA'S HOUSE KITCHEN – DAY

PHONE RINGING – JARDA in cuffs – BOURNE scanning out the  
windows – everything fast –

BOURNE  
– car keys?

JARDA  
– my coat – but we should –

BOURNE  
– what? –

JARDA  
– take the back – get another car –

BOURNE hesitates – just a moment –

Wrong.

SLAM! – out of nowhere – JARDA swings – two-hands – still  
cuffed – like a mace – catching BOURNE hard and –

BOURNE stunned – JARDA smashing the coffee table, slices  
the flexcuffs through on a shard of glass – Free!

JARDA follows up – knee up in the ribs – THE GUN KNOCKED FREE FROM BOURNE'S HAND! – skittering across the floor – BOURNE – as JARDA starts to move – backhanding him and –

EXT. MUNICH STREET – DAY

TWO MUNICH PATROL CARS rolling and –

EXT./INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN – DAY

Seen from inside, glimpsed through the glass outside.

It's war – a flat-out, close-quarter death match – JARDA older and cuffed, but strong and determined – BOURNE still hammered from that opening sucker-punch – the two of them braced there – grappling – falling –

JARDA – the cuffs – he's got BOURNE in a choke-hold – but BOURNE driving his head back – into JARDA'S FACE and –

INT. DOD RAPID CAR – DAY

Jamming along through Munich –

INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN – DAY

JARDA – BOURNE – THE GUN on the floor – struggling for it – JARDA there first – BOURNE on him – pinned there – four hands, one gun and –

BLAMM!!! – wild shot – into the refrigerator –

Still wrestling – breaking JARDA's nose, until –

The gun knocked away again.

Finally their hands locked into each other's throats. This is as real and up close as it gets. Until, BOURNE finally holds dead weight. Eyes fixed. Staring...

BOURNE jumping back. Blood all over his shirt – BOURNE'S first kill in a long time. A messy one – Revulsion.

INT. DOD RAPID CAR – DAY

JARHEADS getting close – but up ahead – ANOTHER MUNICH PATROL CAR in motion – the JARHEADS react – don't need or want the company.

INT. JARDA'S KITCHEN – DAY

BOURNE – all business now – pulling THE STOVE away from the wall – there – THE GAS LINE HOSE – BOURNE ripping it free – gas running wide open into the room –

Next – A FORK – grabbing it – jamming it down into the mechanism on a TOASTER – wedging it there – and now he's grabbing PAPERS – JARDA's stuff on the table – jamming a roll of sales projections into the toaster beside the fork –

BOURNE coughing from the gas, turning the toaster on.

Checking his watch.

Taking one last look at JARDA dead on the floor and –

DELETED

INT. DOD RAPID CAR – DAY

They're just turning into the street –

EXT. JARDA'S STREET – DAY

THE DOD CAR – THREE DODS approaching the house, when –

BOOOOOMM!!! – JARDA'S KITCHEN – blown out! – gone –

EXT. JARDA'S BACK DOOR – DAY

BOURNE – same moment – flying out the rear – as planned – urban backyard exfil – he's flying and – Gone.

EXT. JARDA'S HOUSE – DAY

Fire – smoke – it's all burning now – MUNICH COPS blown back – they'll have a story to tell tonight –

INT. BOURNE'S CAR – DAY

Drives away past arriving police...



DELETED

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

The bullpen is cranking – phones to Munich – lines to Langley – ABBOTT watching from the sidelines – KURT and KIM at their work stations – PAMELA on mobile, turns to ABBOTT –

PAMELA

So he beats a man within an inch of his life, strangles him, then blows the place up?

(at Nicky)

For someone with amnesia, he certainly hasn't forgotten how to kill, has he?

Across the room – CRONIN and TEDDY suddenly excited about what they're seeing on THEIR SCREEN –

CRONIN

– hey! – they've got him boxed in! –  
(new data coming up  
on the monitor)

Everyone rushing to look. Excited, except –

ZORN

Forget it. They lost him.

TEDDY

What're you talking about? They've got a three block perimeter.

ZORN

You can't see him? He's not in front of you? Forget it. He's gone.

CRONIN

(fuck you, buzzkill)  
It's not gonna be like last time.

ZORN

You better start listening to someone.

Cause we've been there.

ABBOTT

Okay, enough...

(stepping in)

Take a walk, Danny. Get some air.

Zorn nods. Happy to.

NICKY

(piping in)

I don't think we need to keep looking for him anyway.

PAMELA

And why is that?

NICKY

Because he's doing just what he said he'd do. He's coming for us.

And for the first time they're all thinking the same thing.

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER – BERLIN – NIGHT – RAIN

It is pouring rain. Seen from that Hellish car, A HUGE, DISTINCTIVE, NEEDLE-LIKE TOWER dominates the skyline, lights flashing through the dark and wet –

INT. THE AUDI/REST-STOP – NIGHT

BOURNE'S EYES OPENING! – heart pounding – springing up – alone – damn, his side hurts – recoiling from that – where is he? – he's in the car – looking around and –

HIS WINDSHIELD POV

AN AUTOBAHN REST-STOP. Gas station. Sleeping trucks.

BACK TO

BOURNE catching his breath – shifting away from the pain in his rib – checking his watch – but what the hell is that on his sleeve? – fuck, it's BLOOD – JARDA's blood –

EXT. AUTOBAHN REST-STOP – NIGHT

BOURNE out of the car fast – careless – wrong – not even checking who's watching – pulling off the shirt – tearing it off – throwing it down and –

Standing there. In the weird light. A big bruise ripening on his side. Looking around.

It's okay. Nobody's watching. But, shit, man...

Get it together.

INT. PEUGEOT – AUTOBAHN – NIGHT

Streaking along. BOURNE back to his mission.

EXT. AUTOBAHN – NIGHT

Roaring by a SIGN: Berlin 75 KM.

INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT – NIGHT

KIRILL striding through the terminal. Moving quickly toward a departure gate and –

THE CAMERA FINDS

GRET KOV above. Watching him go.

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION – DAWN

BOURNE drives up.

DELETED

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION – DAWN

Quiet and forlorn this early. Just like BOURNE who's taking A LOCKER. Stashing A BACKPACK. Prepping the evac. Always ready. He heads outside, we hear:

HOTEL OPERATOR #1 (V.O.)  
(front desk German)  
[Berlin Hilton, how can I help you?]

BOURNE/PHONE (V.O.)

[I'm trying to reach a guest, Pamela Landy, please.]

HOTEL OPERATOR #1 (V.O.)  
[I'm sorry but I'm not showing that we have a guest by that name.]  
(continuing as –)

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PHONE KIOSK – DAWN

BOURNE tucked in with a BERLIN GUIDE BOOK, a felt tip pen, and a Fifty-Euro phonecard. Working it.

BOURNE/PHONE  
[Pamela Landy, please.]

HOTEL OPERATOR #2  
[Sorry, I don't see it here.]

Crossing out another Hotel off the list – four down, forty to go – as we start TIME CUTTING and...

HOTEL VOICES (V.O.)  
(overlapping)  
[–no one here by that name–]  
[–no, sir, there's no Landy here–]  
[–how are you spelling that, sir?–]  
[–sorry, but no–]  
[–I have no Landy registered, sir–]  
(continuing, until–)

INT. PAMELA'S HILTON HOTEL SUITE – DAWN

Clean and plain. A bed nobody's slept in. THE PHONE begins ringing. PAMELA, fresh from the shower, rushing out from the bathroom to answer it –

PAMELA/PHONE  
Hello –

Dial tone. PAMELA hangs up. That was strange –

EXT. BERLIN STREETS/ALEXANDERPLATZ – DAWN

A TAXI driving through the empty early streets and –

INT. BERLIN TAXI – DAWN (CONT)

BOURNE in the backseat. Staring out the window and –

HIS POV

THE FERNSEHTURM looming as they pass, the Berlin TV Tower.  
That needle in the sky. From the flashback. And then –

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! – it's raining – we're still moving – still in  
a car – still near Alexanderplatz, but suddenly it's pouring  
outside – turning back, we realize we're not in the cab  
anymore – there's A DRIVER up front, and beside him...

CONKLIN! – yes, Conklin – he's in the passenger seat –  
turning back to us – handing us something – A PHOTOGRAPH –  
a face – some guy –

CONKLIN

Neski. Vladimir Neski...

(the photo)

He's at the Hotel Brecker. Get the  
papers.

(beat)

Say it.

BOURNE – Treadstone Bourne – alone in the back – staring  
at the photo –

BOURNE

Neski. Hotel Brecker. Papers.

CONKLIN

This is not a drill, soldier. We're  
clear on that? This is a live project  
and you are go. Training is over.

BOURNE

Yes, sir.

CONKLIN

Good, then gimme the damn picture  
back.

(taking it)

See you on the other side.  
(to the driver)  
Pull over, he's getting out.

BACK TO

BOURNE sitting in the back seat of the cab. Frozen there.  
Rocked. What's happening to him? No chance to work it out,  
because the taxi's stopped and –

TAXI DRIVER  
(waiting; irritated)  
[The Hotel Brecker or the Grand?,  
make up your mind.]

BOURNE  
[What?]

TAXI DRIVER  
[This is the Westin Grand. You just  
said Brecker.]

BOURNE  
(fishing for money)  
[Yeah. Sorry. This is good.]

INT. BERLIN WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY – EARLY MORNING

Concentric rings looking down on each other. BOURNE slipping  
in unnoticed, taking a quick look up before moving along.

INT. HEALTH CLUB – GRAND HOTEL – DAY

BOURNE stepping up to the GUY behind the desk. The gym mostly  
empty.

BOURNE  
Hi. I think I left my backpack here  
yesterday. Black, Nike.

The guy disappears in back to check.

BOURNE leans across the counter, scrolling the COMPUTER –  
the guest list – his finger stabbing down on...

SCREEN: Landy, Pamela 413.

BOURNE clears the screen, walks away.

INT. CONCENTRIC RINGS – GRAND HOTEL – DAY

Because of the set-up, Bourne, pretending to talk on a house phone, has a view of ROOM 413 across the way. The door opens, PAMELA exits, carrying an overnight bag –

BOURNE watches.

INT. LOBBY – THE GRAND – DAY

ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING. PAMELA coming out into the lobby.

Heading toward the exit and –

EXT. GRAND HOTEL ENTRANCE – EARLY MORNING

A BLACK SUBURBAN at the curb. CRONIN standing there waiting, as she emerges –

PAMELA  
Anything?

TEDDY  
No. Munich's a bust. He's loose.

PAMELA  
Are we locked up?

CRONIN  
I told everyone they had an hour –  
eat, sleep, shave, whatever they  
want, but once we're back, we're  
back for good.

As they pile in, and –

THE CAMERA FINDS

BOURNE walking right past them – he's got the whole thing  
scoped – heading quickly across the street and –

EXT. HILTON HOTEL TAXI STAND – EARLY MORNING

BOURNE jumps into the first cab in the rank and –

INT. BERLIN TAXI #2 – EARLY MORNING (CONT)

THE DRIVER starting up the car, as –

BOURNE

[That black SUV. Fifty Euros if you  
keep me close.]

THE DRIVER smiles and –

INT. BERLIN AIRPORT HOTEL – EARLY MORNING

KIRILL walks down the same hallway Gretkov came to meet him  
last time.

A GUY carrying a briefcase toward him. Stopping for a moment  
to light a smoke. Letting KIRILL take charge of the briefcase.  
Smooth. Like it never happened –

EXT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – DAY

The SUV rolling up. The CAB continuing past and stopping at  
the corner.

INT. CAB – DAY

BOURNE looking back out the rear window.

HIS POV

As they pile out of the van, start inside. Acknowledged by a  
SECURITY DETAIL pretending to loiter outside. As we hear:

PAMELA (V.O.)

– Munich to Berlin, check everything –  
flights – trains – police reports –  
that'll be Box #1, Teddy that's yours –  
(continuing as –)

INT. BERLIN HOTEL ROOM – DAY

KIRILL opening the briefcase. TWO AUTOMATIC PISTOLS.  
SILENCERS. AMMO. Care package.



EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP – DAY

A bulkhead opening. BOURNE stepping out among the satellite dishes. Unpacks a bag: telescope, water, food, and we hear:

PAMELA (V.O.)

– Box #2, call it Prior German Connections – Nicky, I want to re-run all Bourne's Treadstone material, every footstep – Kim, Box #3 – let's call it Munich Outbound –  
(continuing as –)

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – DAY

We've been hearing it, now we're seeing it: PAMELA at the chalkboard – ABBOTT backing her up – everyone else spread around – they're re-grouping – urgently – behind them cots are being set up – food, water stacked up –

PAMELA

– let's stay on the local cops, we need a vehicle – parking ticket – something – Langley's offered to upload any satellite imaging we need, so let's find a target to look for.  
(to Zorn)

Danny, Box #4 – I need fresh eyes – review the buy where we lost the three million – timeline it with what we know about Bourne's movements. Turn it upside down and see how it looks –  
(continuing as –)

EXT. TELESCOPIC POV – DAY

A decent view into the Berlin HQ. Two windows. One offers a look at an empty kitchenette. The other, a nice shot of the bullpen area. It looks like they are in for the long haul. There's TEDDY pacing past... a glimpse of ZORN conferring with ABBOTT... now KIM talking on the phone.

EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP – DAY

BOURNE – eyes locked on the target. Scanning. Waiting.

And then, something changes. Suddenly, there's something down there that's clearly a great deal more electric than what he's seen so far –

TELESCOPIC POV

NICKY! – she's just come into the kitchenette – pouring herself a cup of coffee. Nicky who he knows. And –

BOURNE lowering the telescope. Yes. Now he's getting somewhere. Thinking it through, as –

DELETED

INT. KITCHENETTE – BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – DAY

NICKY is joined by PAMELA who goes for the coffee.

PAMELA

Is it fresh?

NICKY

It's got caffeine in it. That's all I know.

Before PAMELA can pour, her cell phone rings. She answers.

PAMELA

Pamela Landy.

BOURNE/PHONE

I was at the Westin this morning. I could have killed you.

PAMELA

Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH ROOFTOP

BOURNE

It's me.

PAMELA

(Holy Christ)

Bourne?

NICKY reacts to the name. Runs to the other room to try and start a trace.

PAMELA  
What do you want?

BOURNE  
I want to come in.

He wants to come in! – it's like a bomb going off – NICKY back in with Conklin – PAMELA waving for a pencil.

PAMELA  
Okay, how do you want to do it?

BOURNE  
I want someone I know to take me in.

PAMELA  
Who?

BOURNE  
There was a girl in Paris. Part of the program. She used to handle the medication.

AND NOW WE STAY WITH

PAMELA – her eyes flicker over to NICKY.

PAMELA  
What if we can't find her?

BOURNE/PHONE  
It's easy. She's standing right in front of you.

Busted.

PAMELA  
Okay, Jason, your move.

BOURNE  
Alexanderplatz. 30 minutes. Under

the World Clock. Alone. Give her  
your phone.

Click. The line goes dead – Pamela steps away from the  
window, realizing he's on one of the roofs out there!

EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOP – DAY

As the bulkhead door swings in the wind – BOURNE is gone.

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – DAY

Everyone gathered. A big, detailed MAP of ALEXANDERPLATZ  
spread on the table.

ZORN

Here's the clock – shit – he's put  
her in the middle of everything.

CRONIN

– it's a nightmare – we'll never  
get her covered.

ABBOTT

Call a Mayday into Berlin station.  
We need snipers, DOD, whatever they  
got. Snipers?

PAMELA

Hold on – he said he wants to come  
in.

ABBOTT

My ass he does. You're playing with  
fire, Pamela. Marshall said nail him  
to the wall. I don't know how you  
interpreted that, but I don't think  
he meant repatriate him.

PAMELA

Don't you want answers?

ABBOTT

There are no answers. There's either  
Jason Bourne alive or Jason Bourne  
dead. And I for one would prefer the

latter. And what about her?  
(points to Nicky)  
You just send her out to this lunatic  
with no protection?

PAMELA looks to NICKY.

PAMELA  
What do you think? Is he coming in?

NICKY  
I don't know. He was sick. He wanted  
out. I believed him.

PAMELA  
Alright...

PAMELA gestures to ABBOTT, CRONIN, TEDDY.

PAMELA  
...make the call. Get a wire on her.  
If it starts to go wrong, take him  
out.

DELETED

EXT. BERLIN STATION/MOTORPOOL – DAY

The rear of THE OFFICIAL BERLIN C.I.A. HQ – and here they  
come – TEN DELTA DUDES in civvies, sprinting to A COUPLE  
VEHICLES with DRIVERS ready and engines running and –

DELETED

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – DAY

NICKY, her hands overhead as – ZORN tapes a TRANSMITTER and  
BATTERY between her shoulder blades – TEDDY and CRONIN plot  
the area with TWO MEN plainclothed DELTA TEAM – KIM and  
KURT on their own lines.

KIM  
(this just in)  
They got the number. Bourne's calls  
came from Nevins' phone. The field  
agent in Genoa.

TEDDY  
Nevins is Bourne?

ABBOTT  
(losing it)  
Are you an idiot?! Bourne must've  
cloned his phone!

An embarrassed silence. Abbott mad at himself for losing his temper – looking up to find Pamela's eyes on his.

ABBOTT  
I hope you know what you're doing –

DELETED

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ – DAY

In all its vastness – Alone – there's the WORLD CLOCK – NICKY waiting on the periphery, TWO PLAIN-CLOTHED DELTAS nearby.

IN QUICK SUCCESSION – NICKY – BINOCULAR POV –  
SNIPER SCOPE  
POV – on a VIDEO MONITOR.

INT. BULLPEN – COMMAND POST – DAY

Everyone waiting. Holding their breath. Watching NICKY standing as...

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ – WORLD CLOCK – DAY

NICKY'S (Pamela's) PHONE rings. She answers as a yellow TRAM approaches...

BOURNE  
See that tram coming around the  
corner?

NICKY  
Yes.

BOURNE  
Get on it.

She turns and walks as the TRAM arrives. The DELTA DUDES start moving...

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ – DAY

The yellow TRAM arrives. NICKY enters. One of the DELTA DUDES just barely joining her. The TRAM begins moving. NICKY looks around nervously. Nothing happens. The TRAM moves about 500 yards across the PLATZ. Stops at the next stop. People get on and off. NICKY and DELTA DUDE relax a bit. Doors begin to close.

And just like that, BOURNE swoops in beside NICKY! Flashes a gun.

BOURNE

Walk.

BOURNE takes her arm and they just get off as the doors close leaving the DELTA DUDE behind. They disappear down into the PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY.

DELETED

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN H.Q. – DAY

A madhouse, a video feed on a monitor.

PAMELA

Where's Nicky?

As they realize she's gone –

ABBOTT

Goddamn it – I told you.

CRONIN

Listen! Listen!

He cranks the speaker.

BOURNE'S VOICE

What did I say? What did I tell you in Paris?

DELETED

INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY – DAY

BOURNE

What were my words?  
(but she can't speak)  
Leave me alone! Leave me out of it!  
But you couldn't do that, could you?

NICKY

I did... Jason, I swear, I did... I  
told them... I told them I believed  
you...

BOURNE

Who is Pamela Landy?

NICKY

You hear me? I believed you.

BOURNE

IS SHE RUNNING TREADSTONE?

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN H.Q. – DAY

PAMELA all ears.

NICKY'S VOICE

She's CI. Counterintelligence. She's  
a Deputy Director.

BOURNE'S VOICE

What the hell is she doing?

INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY – DAY

NICKY

What's she doing?

Nicky looks at him like he's crazy.

BOURNE

Why is she trying to kill me?

NICKY



They know!

(defiant, reckless)

They know you were here. They know you killed these two guys. They know you and Conklin had something on the side. They don't know what it is, but they know!

As BOURNE tries to process –

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN H.Q. – DAY

Radio chatter going wild. Panic.

DELTA (V.O.)

(into radio)

Where are they? Anyone?

INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY – DAY

Still walking. BOURNE knowing he must be driving them nuts.

BOURNE

How do they know that? How can they know any of that?

NICKY

What is this, a game?

BOURNE

I want to hear it from you.

She looks at him. Is he crazy? What?

BOURNE

Say it.

NICKY

Last week an Agency field officer went to make a buy from a Russian national.

BOURNE

A Russian?

NICKY

It was Pamela Landy's op. The guy was going to sell-out a mole or something. I haven't been debriefed on exactly what it was.

BOURNE  
Last week? When?

Is she supposed to answer? – Nicky shrugs – on quicksand.

NICKY  
And you got to him before we could.

BOURNE  
I killed him???

NICKY  
You left a print! There was Kel that didn't go off! There was a partial print, they tracked it back to Treadstone! They know it's you!

BOURNE  
I left a fingerprint! You fucking people.

SUDDENLY –

BOURNE'S jerking her down to a LOWER LEVEL –

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN H.Q. – DAY

Big static on the speakers. DELTA C.O. coolly checks the map.

DELTA C.O.  
She must be in one of the pedestrian tunnels.

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ – DAY

As DELTA DUDES fan out, head for the subway entrances.

INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY – SECTION TWO – DAY

An INTERSECTION of THREE TUNNELS.

BOURNE leads NICKY far left. She looks really scared.

INT./EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT – DAY

GRET KOV has landed. Just coming off the flight –

DELETED

DELETED

INT. PEDESTRIAN SUBWAY – SECTION FOUR – DAY

BOURNE

What was Landy buying? What kind of files?

(when she doesn't  
answer instantly –)

WHAT WAS SHE BUYING?

NICKY

Conklin! Stuff on Conklin!

(trying not to lose  
it)

Suddenly he rips the microphone out from under her shirt – he knew of course – dropping it as he yanks her along.

INT. BULLPEN – BERLIN H.Q. – DAY

As the transmission goes dead. Christ... ABBOTT drills a look at PAMELA. Your fault!

PAMELA

(ignoring Abbott)

That phone has a locator on it.

KURT and KIM work their stuff.

INT. PARKING GARAGE – DAY

Gloomy, deserted. A mausoleum. Here come NICKY and BOURNE. She knows she's on her own now. BOURNE dead serious. Looks at his watch.

BOURNE

Why are you here, then?

NICKY

Please – I'm only here because of Paris – because they can't figure out what you're doing – I'm here because of Abbott –

BOURNE

Abbott?

NICKY

He closed down Treadstone – he took care of me after Paris...

BOURNE

So when was I here?

NICKY

What do you mean?

BOURNE

For Treadstone. In Berlin. You know my file. I did a job here. When?

NICKY

No. You never worked Berlin.

BOURNE

My first job.

NICKY

Your first assignment was Geneva.

BOURNE

That's a lie!

NICKY

(emphatic)

You never worked Berlin...

BOURNE raising the gun – eyes gone dead – oh, shit...

NICKY

No... Jason... please...

BOURNE

I was here!

NICKY

...it's not in the file... I swear...  
I know your file... your first job  
was Geneva!... I swear to God you  
never worked here!...

He's so ready to kill her. NICKY starting to cry – hands  
over her face – covering up – bracing for the bullet she  
knows is coming –

BOURNE – about to pull the trigger –

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! – a moment – a shard – A WOMAN'S FACE – backing  
away – begging – begging us – begging the camera –  
PLEADING FOR HER LIFE IN RUSSIAN – this awful blur of  
desperation and panic – fear – too fast – too panicked –

JAM BACK TO

BOURNE swamped – thrown – hesitating –

CLOSE ON NICKY

Sobbing now – when? – finally looking out, and –

BOURNE IS GONE!

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

An hour later. Whole new vibe. Siege mode. Curtains drawn.

THREE DELTA DUDES parked around the room. KURT and KIM working  
the phones and screens.

The mood is dark. PAMELA, ABBOTT, CRONIN all in here, the  
"safe" zone, away from the windows –

CRONIN

(on a cell phone)

Got it, yeah. Hang on...

(to the room)

Okay, they've got three guys out

front and another two taking the back stairs. No word on Nicky.

KURT

(looks up from screen)

Even if she's still got your phone, it might take awhile – signal's hard to trace down there.

PAMELA turns, looking at the photo of BOURNE in Naples. Introspective.

PAMELA

So what's he doing? You believe him?

ABBOTT

It's hard to swallow.

(beat)

The confusion – the amnesia – but he keeps on killing? It's more calculated than sick.

(real soft sell)

What about Nicky? She's the last one to see Bourne in Paris. She's the one he asks for. They disappear...

PAMELA

Well, whatever he's doing, I've had enough – this is now a search and destroy mission.

(turns to the room)

I want the Berlin police fully briefed and –

(handing the photo to Cronin)

– get this out to all the agencies.

ABBOTT agrees...

DELETED

EXT. BERLIN STREET – NIGHT

A BMW parked in the shadows.

INT. BMW – NIGHT

KIRILL wearing headphones, listening to a BERLIN POLICE FREQUENCY. There's an INTERPOL "WANTED" PICTURE OF JASON BOURNE there on the seat. He's in play.

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

Quiet, intense activity. MILITARY RADIOS CHIRPING here and there.

THE CAMERA FINDS

ZORN moving through the bullpen, carrying a cup of coffee, heading back toward PAMELA'S OFFICE where –

ABBOTT is leaning in the doorway. Past him, inside, we can see PAMELA in the midst of a tough phone conversation. CRONIN and THE DELTA BOSS sitting there with her.

ZORN  
(the coffee)  
Sir...

ABBOTT  
Thanks.

ABBOTT nods. Takes a sip. Looking beat.

ZORN  
I have that number you wanted...

ABBOTT hesitates – but only a moment – he never asked for a number. But he's playing along. Looking satisfied as ZORN hands him a slip of paper.

ABBOTT  
(glancing at it)  
She say what time I should call?

ZORN  
The sooner the better.

ABBOTT nods. Pockets the paper. Turning back, as if it were nothing and –

INT. BERLIN CYBER CAFE – NIGHT

Massive. Modern. Busy. BOURNE in the back. In a corner.

Doing a search HOTEL BRECKER 1997-1999. Scrolling. And then stopping. Freezing. Because...

ON THE MONITOR

A BERLIN NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. There it is. Written large in loud, tabloid German:

[OIL REFORMER MURDERED]

There's a photograph of the Berlin Police carrying two body bags out of the Hotel Brecker. There's a caption identifying the dead as Vladimir and Sonya Neski. There's even a long article accompanying all this, but it's in German and we don't need to read it anyway, because –

BOURNE is reading it. And we're reading in his face. That he is rocked. has found another bottom to the abyss. That he

INT./EXT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING – NIGHT

Remember the building where Vic was killed? We're back. ZORN and ABBOTT making their way in. Zorn steering them away toward a stairwell at the back...

INT. GLASS OFFICE BUILDING ELECTRICAL CLOSET – NIGHT

ZORN and ABBOTT have snuck in here. Work light. Signs of repair on the wall.

ZORN  
(nervous)

I did my box work, but I wanted to show you before I showed Landy. I came out here last night because none of this was making any sense. I mean, I'm with you on this, Conklin was a nut, but a traitor? I just can't get there.

ABBOTT  
What do you have, Danny?



ZORN

(the electrical riser)

You put a four-gam Kel on here and it's gonna take out power to the building. You know that. What you can't know, is if it's gonna blow the room with it.

ABBOTT

And?

ZORN

There were two charges, they were supposed to go off simultaneously. The second one, the one that didn't go off, was down here...

(pointing it out)

First of all, this is nothing, it's a sub-line for the breaker above. Second, why put the charge all the way down here? If you're good enough to get in here and handle the gear, you're good enough to know you don't need this.

(beat)

Bourne would know.

ABBOTT

It was staged?

ZORN

Is it a slam dunk? No, but...

ABBOTT

Jesus...

ZORN

(spit-balling)

Okay. What if someone decided to cover their tracks by blaming Conklin and Bourne. What if Bourne didn't have anything to do with this?

ABBOTT

Keep going...

ZORN

Something's been going on here in Europe. And it's still going on. Post Conklin. Who's been in Berlin?

ABBOTT

Lots of people...

ZORN

Including Landy...  
(jumping off the cliff)  
She had access to the archives.

ZORN hesitates. But it's out. It's in the room.

ABBOTT

Who else knows about this?

ZORN

Nobody. You.  
(he's scared)  
I had to tell you, right?

ABBOTT

Show me again...

ZORN

Okay...  
(turning away, when –)

ABBOTT – out of nowhere – his hand jamming up into ZORN'S RIBCAGE! – more than his hand, because ZORN'S EYES barely have a moment to register shock before they bulge. Clenching the younger man's body, pulling him close, as he turns the knife and –

ZORN is dead.

ABBOTT without hesitation. Shifting away from the blood.

Letting the body fall.

ABBOTT standing there. Listening. Checking himself for blood. He's clean.

Looking for a place to stash the body, as –

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE across the street. Staring at the hotel. Haunted.

As a POLICE SIREN edges closer through the empty streets –

FLASHBACK!

We are a POV – a stake-out – watching the HOTEL across the way –

The POV checks its watch – checks the perimeter, the street deserted, foreboding –

THE HOTEL

Our destiny waiting up there somehow –

– and suddenly a LIGHT COMES ON – a terrible signal – and as the car suddenly lurches forward and around the corner –

BACK TO

BOURNE muscling up his backpack.

Heading toward the hotel.

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

And hotel. Fusty but comfortable. And busy. GUESTS and STAFF doing their thing. A CLERK behind the reception desk.

CLERK  
Guten Abend.

BOURNE  
(playing it American)  
Guten Abend.

CLERK  
(switching to English)  
Can I help you?

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! – the lobby, but seven years ago – across the room – A MAN buttoning a raincoat as he passes – NESKI! –

JAMMING BACK TO

BOURNE stalled – coming back, as –

CLERK

Sir?

(smiling)

Do you have a reservation?

BOURNE

No. Sorry. I just got in...

(rallying back)

I – Is room 645 available?

(off the Clerk's look)

I stayed there before. My wife and I.

THE CLERK nods, checking the register. THE CONCIERGE just down the desk glancing over at BOURNE. Nodding hello and –

CLERK

I'm sorry, that room is occupied.

Would room 644 be okay, it's just across the hall...

BOURNE

Sure. That's fine. Danka.

DELETED

SHOT

INT. HOTEL BRECKER ELEVATOR – NIGHT

BOURNE riding up. Alone. Dread mounting, and –

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

THE CONCIERGE coming out of the office with a sheet of fax paper. Placing it quietly down beside THE CLERK and –

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE FAX – BOURNE'S FACE – the same "wanted" picture and –

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE off the elevator. He makes his way down –

HIS POV

THE SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY. Suddenly scary.

INT. BMW – NIGHT

KIRILL sitting up as THE POLICE RADIO starts broadcasting an ALL-POINTS BULLETIN, the words "Hotel Brecker" in there –

KIRILL dropping the car into gear and –

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY/HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE walking. There's his room, #618. But across the hall and down one...

ROOM #645. BOURNE steps up. Listening a moment. Then he knocks. Nothing.

He pulls A KNIFE from his pocket.

Checks the hallway. He's clear. Wedges the blade in there and – one... two... Pop.

DELETED

INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE enters a suite. Closing the door behind him.

– And TREADSTONE BOURNE, seven years ago, does the same –

BOURNE shakes off the flash, looks around. The lights are on. An open suitcase on the bed.

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

THE CLERK, THE CONCIERGE and THE MANAGER are huddled in conversation with THREE BERLIN COPS who've just arrived and –

Trying to be discreet, but... this is clearly serious.

INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE just standing there. Breathing it in.

TREADSTONE BOURNE doing the same –

DELETED

INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE with his hand on the wall. As if he can feel it.  
Like it's all still here. Heart pounding and –

INT. BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

Chaos – Bourne's been found – everybody rushing out –

CRONIN

(to Teddy)

– go – take the van! –

PAMELA

– the hotel – how far? –

TEDDY

– five, six minutes –

CRONIN

– Kurt – you're here! – keep the  
comm line open! –

INT. ROOM #645 – NIGHT

BOURNE standing there. Looking out the window. The images –  
the Television Tower over the city. Everything but the rain.

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER COURTYARD – NIGHT

The BERLIN POLICE SWAT TEAM TRUCK arrives – discreetly –  
by the back loading area.

INT. ROOM #645 BEDROOM – NIGHT

BOURNE flat against the wall. Just as he was. Leaning forward

to see in THE MIRROR. Just so, and... There.

DELETED

INT. ROOM #645 – FLASHBACK – NIGHT

A MAN in the mirror – pacing into view – NESKI – on the phone – a talking in Russian – it's raining –

BOURNE standing there – Treadstone Bourne, still wet from the rain – one eye on that mirror and the other on A SYRINGE that he prepped – a predator –

THE MIRROR – the doorbell rings – NESKI gets off the phone –

BOURNE tensing – new element – factoring and –

THE MIRROR – as NESKI opens the door – a new flood of Russian – happy – it's MRS. NESKI – a surprise! – but

he's very happy to see her –

BOURNE pocketing the syringe – new weapon – pistol – quiet – methodical – watching the lovers bill and coo and –

THE MIRROR – Mr. Neski kisses her – takes her bag – she's hanging up her coat and moving now toward the bathroom and –

BOURNE checking the window – the weapon – his balance and –

THE MIRROR – MRS. NESKI'S FACE right there – seeing him – so freaked she can't even register it yet –

BOURNE with the pistol in her face – finger to his lips – "shhh..." – but she knows – backing away – begging for her life in Russian – this awful blur of desperation and fear –

MR. NESKI turning back to see his wife backing out of the bathroom and BOURNE with the pistol – with no hesitation –

SNAP! – one shot – into Neski's heart – he's down –

MRS. NESKI – What's just happened? –

BOURNE has her wrist in his hand – raising it to her head –

to where he holds the pistol – her fingers – his trigger –  
SNAP! – letting the gun fall with her as she drops and –

BOURNE starts to move – starts to prep his evac – but  
there's something on the dresser –

A PHOTOGRAPH – the Neski family – father, mother and a  
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL – arms around each other – happy and –

BOURNE staring at the picture – undone for a moment –

HARD OUT FLASHBACK TO

INT. ROOM #645 – NIGHT

BOURNE – our Bourne – standing where they fell.

Frozen there. Paralyzed by the shame of original sin.

DELETED

DELETED

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

A SWAT CAPTAIN conferring discreetly with the MANAGER.

MANAGER

He's in 618.

SWAT CAPTAIN

Call all the guests on the 6th floor.  
Tell them to remain in their rooms.  
Tell them it's a police order.

Then start on the 5th and 8th floors.

INT. ROOM #645 – NIGHT

BOURNE – trying to stabilize – to breathe –

INT. STAIRWELL – NIGHT

The SWAT team on their way up.

INT. ROOM #645 – NIGHT



RING! RING! BOURNE snaps back as the phone in his room STARTS TO RING. Four times and it stops.

BOURNE freezes. Footsteps. Shadows under the door. He leans into the peephole.

BOURNE'S POV

ROOM #644. GERMAN S.W.A.T. TEAM. Taking position.

INT. ROOM #645 – NIGHT

BOURNE backs away – surveys the room – his watch – his balance and –

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

Quickly turning into a major event – HALF-A-DOZEN POLICE VEHICLES already parked here – MORE ARRIVING every minute – PASSERSBY mixing with the COPS and PEOPLE FROM THE HOTEL who've just come out and –

THE CAMERA FINDS

KIRILL jogging over from THE BMW he's just parked and –

DELETED

DELETED

INT. ROOM #644 HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

WHAM! – THE DOOR KICKED OFF ITS HINGES! –  
SWAT TEAM flooding  
into BOURNE'S EMPTY HOTEL ROOM and –

INT. ROOM #645 HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE – in motion – out the bathroom window and –

INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY – NIGHT

BERLIN SWAT LEADER gives order to search other rooms and –

EXT. HOTEL BRECKER FACADE – NIGHT

BOURNE up the water pipe to the roof – as he arrives, a SWAT team member turns – BOURNE pulls him over the edge – fires point blank into the 2nd SWAT member's vest – stunning him. He's moving fast – scrambling along the roof and into the night...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY ROOM #645 – NIGHT

WHAM! The door caves in and the SWAT team moves enters # 645 – rushing to the window – Nobody – No sign of him and –

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

KIRILL heading for THE HOTEL ENTRANCE blocked by the exiting guests.

INT. HOTEL BRECKER SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY – NIGHT

Too many cops and radios –

SWAT TEAM BOSS

(trying to take charge)

[- LISTEN UP! – WE'RE CLEARING THE BUILDING! – ROOM BY ROOM! -]

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

PAMELA jumping out of A VAN the moment it stops. Seeing it all. The crowd. The army of cops. The searchlights playing across THE HOTEL FACADE. It's another disaster.

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

KIRILL wants to get upstairs – he can't – TOO MANY GUESTS coming down the stairwell – BERLIN COPS trying keep it moving and –

DELETED

INT. HOTEL BRECKER LOBBY – NIGHT

KIRILL hears BOURNE is on the roof.

DELETED

DELETED

INT. LOBBY/THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

PAMELA and CRONIN listening to TEDDY who just got the police update –

TEDDY

Black coat, possibly leather. Dark slacks. Dark t-shirt.

(pointing now –)

He says they're gonna try and corral the guests on the street over there, and then check them out, but...

PAMELA

(disgusted)

Yeah, that'll work...What the hell was he doing here?

CRONIN

Maybe he just needed a place to spend the night?

PAMELA

I want to look at the room.

(to TEDDY as she goes)

Check it out.

PAMELA'S in charge now. They enter the elevator.

EXT. STREET BEHIND THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE coming around the other side of the hotel –

Stepping to the left before he spots the SWAT van –

BOURNE about-faces – heads the other way –

A SIDEWALK COP looks over, checks the BOURNE PHOTO print out in his hand.

DELETED

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

TEDDY huddled with the HOTEL MANAGER and A GROUP OF HIGH RANKING BERLIN COPS, turning back as –

ABBOTT  
(arriving breathless)  
They missed him?

TEDDY  
So far. But they found Nicky. She's back at the Westin. Bourne let her go.

ABBOTT  
He let her go? Great. Where's Danny?  
He should head over there and debrief her.  
(the Hotel)  
What's here? What was he doing?

TEDDY  
We don't know. They're in a room upstairs. I was told to wait down here.

ABBOTT accepting that. Because he has to. Only we see the fear. Turns to leave...

ABBOTT  
OK, if you see Danny tell him I went back to the hotel.

ABBOTT steps out into the street as...

EXT. STREET NEAR THE HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

BOURNE striding away and – Following –

SIDEWALK COP blowing a WHISTLE – fumbling for his holster.

BOURNE running now, slowly at first, and –

EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL – NIGHT

Now FASTER, as if he can gauge his speed and distance...

EXT. SIDE-STREET NEAR THE HOTEL – NIGHT

MOTION – BOURNE tearing away and –

EXT. BIGGER BERLIN STREET – NIGHT

BOURNE slows to a walk – TWO PATROL CARS heading his way – no choice – there – a narrow passageway between TWO MOVING TROLLEY TRAINS and – SPRINTING through –

The PATROL CARS skidding into 180's.

EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE – NIGHT

THE RIVER SPREE lit by THE TROLLEY that's rumbling past and the running lights of a DOUBLE COAL BARGE up the river.

BOURNE runs across the bridge – going as fast as he can – hearing THE POLICE SIRENS swirling behind him, when –

A THIRD AND FOURTH POLICE CAR AHEAD!

BOURNE turns hard for a STAIRWELL, jumps the walkway curb, leaps up the stairs, two at a time, as –

All FOUR COP CARS SKID to a stop. As doors open –

EXT. TRAM PLATFORM – BERLIN BRIDGE – NIGHT

A TRAM waiting as the LAST FEW PASSENGERS get on. The

doors seem to stay open in slow motion as –

BOURNE appears – makes a mad last dash –

And he's on! And the doors don't close! It's not scheduled to go yet.

And here come the COPS!

BOURNE off the tram – GUNS appear –

BOURNE runs to his left – stops short –

The other cops are coming this way – SCREAMING at him –

Not a lot of options – BOURNE looks over the rail –

DOWN BELOW

A COAL BARGE passing, the prow just emerging –

BOURNE

On the rail and JUMPING even as the FIRST SHOT is fired –

EXT. DOUBLE COAL BARGE – NIGHT

BOURNE lands hard – stands – voltage going up one leg –

And they're SHOOTING at him.

He can worry about the leg later. He RUNS.

Back toward them!

The barge moving slow – BOURNE disappears under the bridge.

EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE – NIGHT

Guns aimed, POLICE waiting for a clear shot. TWO OF THEM DASH to watch over the other side.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE – NIGHT

Countering – the barge going one way – BOURNE the other – dodging all the super-structure on deck – all the while keeping his cover overhead –

And LEAPING to the second barge!

And more of the same, until –

BOURNE running out of barge –

LEAPING back onto the BRIDGE FOOTING and –

EXT. BERLIN BRIDGE – NIGHT

THE POLICE watching the barge fully emerge – continuing down river – SHOUTING IN GERMAN that he's either "in the water" or "hiding on the barge".

Off they go – down the stairs –

Leaving the PASSENGERS on the tram blinking out in shock –

And BOURNE – climbing back over the rail –

Limping back on the tram just before –

The DOORS CLOSE – and off it goes –

EXT. NEXT BRIDGE DOWN – NIGHT

POLICE converge from both ends – Barge goes under as KIRILL arrives at the center of the bridge – missed again – behind KIRILL, a train snakes off into the night...

INT. ROOM #645 – HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

PAMELA and CRONIN move into the living room. A couple of COPS in the hallway outside.

CRONIN

The room he checked into was across the hall – why, why would he come here?

PAMELA glances around – something bothering her about this space –

PAMELA

He must've had a reason. That's how they were trained.

CRONIN moves around the bedroom, then into the bathroom and –

CRONIN

He went out the window in here...

DELETED

INT. ROOM #645 – BATHROOM – NIGHT

There on the mirror – scrawled in soap on the glass...

I KILLED NESKI

CRONIN

Pam, you need to see this.

PAMELA moves in behind him.

CRONIN

Who's Neski?

Both of them staring.

PAMELA

(thinking)

Alright... take it down.

CRONIN

What?

PAMELA

This stays between you and I.

(sensing confusion)

We finally have an edge. I don't  
want to lose it.

EXT. CATHEDRAL PLAZA – NIGHT

Very late – ABBOTT waits on an isolated bridge – a lone  
Figure in the shadow of East Berlin.

GRET KOV arrives by car. Walks through the darkness. ABBOTT  
barely glancing over.

ABBOTT

You told me Bourne was dead.

GRET KOV

There was a mistake.

ABBOTT

I'll say. You killed his goddam  
girlfriend instead. Now they're onto  
Neski. They're at the Brecker Hotel  
even as we speak.

GRET KOV

Will it track back to us?



ABBOTT

No. The files are spotless. Whatever they find, it's just going to make Conklin look worse.

GRETKOV

And the Landy woman?

ABBOTT

She's done everything I wanted. She bit on Conklin so fast it was laughable. She even found his bogus Swiss account...

GRETKOV

Anything else?

ABBOTT shoves a piece of paper – and ADDRESS – into GRETKOV'S hand.

ABBOTT

(the paper)

There's a body in the basement. Danny Zorn. He's got to disappear. For good. Clean and fast. I'll put him in bed with Conklin and Bourne. Even the girl, Nicky. Give me twenty-four hours, I'll think it up. But get the goddamn body out of there.

It's getting late. A taxi now and then...

ABBOTT

Neski was a roadblock. Without me, there's no company, no fortune. You owe me, Uri. One last push.

GRETKOV

One last push. One.

GRETKOV leaves. ABBOTT watches him go.

EXT. MERCEDES – NIGHT

Seconds later. GRETKOV getting in slowly.

INT. MERCEDES – NIGHT

KIRILL slouched in back. Waiting. Gretkov to the DRIVER.

GRET KOV

[Airport.]

(to Kirill)

[We're done here.]

KIRILL nods. As they pull away, ABBOTT turns and walks into the foggy night...

EXT. BERLIN STREET – NIGHT A248

Late. ABBOTT walks. A lonely figure. Past someone in the shadows –

BOURNE

Mr. Abbott?

He turns to answer when BOURNE firmly guides him into a side street...

\*\*\*BOURNE/ABBOTT SCENE - TO BE WRITTEN\*\*\*

INT. LOBBY – HOTEL BRECKER – NIGHT

As PAMELA and CRONIN exit the elevator, they are met by TEDDY.

TEDDY

Here's what I've got.

(reads)

Remember Vladimir Neski? Russian politician? Seven years ago, he was due to speak to a group of European Oil ministers here at the hotel. He never did. He was murdered.

PAMELA

By who?

TEDDY

His wife. In room 645. Then she shot herself.

(Pamela and Cronin  
share a look)

PAMELA  
(to Teddy)  
Alright... I want you, Kurt and Kim  
to stay on Bourne, track everything  
that's out there...

TEDDY goes to get in the van. PAMELA follows with CRONIN.

PAMELA  
(confidentially to  
Cronin)  
And I want you to go through and  
cross reference our buy that went  
bad, the Neskis, and Treadstone –

As they get in...

PAMELA  
– they have to be related.

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION – NIGHT

BOURNE'S ARRIVED. Limping. As he continues for the station –

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION LOCKER AREA – NIGHT

BOURNE retrieving the exfil bag he stashed in the locker.  
Changed his clothes.

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION MEN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Bag slung – limping out – BOURNE has changed clothes. A  
big overcoat, knit cap.

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION PLATFORM – NIGHT

A busy midnight departure. Big train. BOURNE climbing on the  
train, under the sign:

MOSCOW EXPRESS

MOVED

INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

A BLUEPRINT spread across a table. NICKY, KURT & KIM all gathered around. CRONIN works the TREADSTONE files on another table. TEDDY at center briefing PAMELA.

TEDDY

We're looking at all Berlin outbound.  
Good news is, every train station in Berlin has thirty to forty fixed, digital security cameras. Common feed.

PAMELA

Are we hacking or asking?

TEDDY

Yes. In that order.

PAMELA

And what about you, anything?

CRONIN

It's starting to link up – the hijacked money – the leak – Pecos Oil – one last bit is Treadstone.

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN – NIGHT

Crossing the border into Poland – Cold, desolate, snow –

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR – NIGHT

CONDUCTORS moving quietly through the dark cars. Checking tickets and visas and –

BOURNE – hands over his ticket and RUSSIAN PASSPORT – off the grid –

DELETED

INT. NEW BERLIN HQ/COMMAND POST – NIGHT

4:00 am. KURT, KIM, and TEDDY spread around the room. They've been running laptop train station videos for hours. Just about ready to raise the white flag.

All they have so far is an isolated loop of BOURNE limping

into the men's room. Cronin watches it stutter along.

CRONIN

Does it look like he's faking?

TEDDY

On the way in? Forget it.

KURT

The leg's definitely hurt.

CRONIN

(the blueprint)

Well, there's no window in the men's room, folks, so let's find somebody coming out with a bad left leg.

KURT

(worn out)

Maybe he's still in there.

TEDDY

I've got a limping guy, but it's the right leg.

KIM

Walking away, or walking toward you?

CRONIN jumping on that, right there, over TEDDY'S shoulder –

CRONIN

That's him. It's the coat! What train is that?

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR – DAWN

BOURNE – asleep in his chair – rocked by the rhythm. But something wakes him up.

Looks out the window – something weird about the light out there – then up to see:

MARIE – looking at him over the back of his chair in front of him – no big deal –

BOURNE

Hey...

She smiles. A beat. She comes around, sits beside him. He looks away out the window.

BOURNE  
I wanted to kill him.

MARIE  
But you found another choice.

BOURNE  
I did.

MARIE  
It wouldn't have changed the way you feel.

BOURNE  
It might have.

BOURNE looks back at her. She smiles. He accepts it, leans back, closes his eyes.

BOURNE  
I know it's a dream.

MARIE  
You do?

BOURNE  
I only dream about people who are dead.

MARIE leans over, kisses his forehead. Whispers –

BOURNE  
God, I miss you. I don't know what to do without you.

MARIE  
(softly, serenely)  
Jason. You know exactly what to do.  
That is your mission now.

BOURNE opens his eyes.

And it's morning outside.

And Marie is gone.

A LITTLE GIRL smiles at him from over the back of the chair in front. BOURNE can't meet her gaze for long. As he looks back out the window –

DELETED

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR – DAWN

BOURNE watching the birch trees rush past, not quite hiding the smokestacks beyond. Eyes locked. Forging something within, one final mission, as we –

INT. BERLIN WESTIN HOTEL LOBBY – EARLY MORNING

ABBOTT coming through. It's empty this early, but –

Here's PAMELA, NICKY, CRONIN and the TEAM waiting to report.

PAMELA  
Sorry to wake you.

ABBOTT  
(waves off apology)  
I wasn't sleeping.  
(to Nicky as he passes)  
You OK?

NICKY  
Yeah, thanks.

ABBOTT  
What's up?

PAMELA  
Bunch of stuff.

PAMELA looks to CRONIN – him first.

CRONIN  
We tied the room Bourne visited  
tonight to a murder/suicide seven

years ago. A Russian couple, the Neskis.

ABBOTT  
(playing along)  
Neski. The reformer. I remember that.

CRONIN  
He championed the equal distribution of oil leases in the Caspian Sea. When he died, they were all released to one petroleum company, Pecos Oil. Guess what? – the CEO, Uri Gretkov, is ex-KGB.

NICKY  
Someone was using Treadstone as a private cleaning service.

ABBOTT  
Conklin...  
(a beat)  
It's – I'm sorry, Pamela. I guess you were right all along.

Pamela waves him off, it's okay, but –

PAMELA  
There's something else.

Abbott can see by their faces: this hits closer to home.

ABBOTT  
What?

PAMELA  
They found Danny Zorn's body. Dead in the basement at the building where my people got hit the first time.

ABBOTT  
Oh, God... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA  
Did he say anything to you?



ABBOTT  
No... It must have been Bourne.

PAMELA, straight...

PAMELA  
We'll know for sure when we get the security tapes.

CRONIN  
But we can relax. We tracked him.  
He's on a train to Moscow.

ABBOTT reeling, hiding it.

ABBOTT  
Moscow? What the Hell's he going to Moscow for?

PAMELA  
(shrugs)  
Don't know.

ABBOTT  
Jesus... I, Zorn... I have to call his family. Tell them...

PAMELA  
I'm sorry, Ward.

They watch as he goes.

INT. WESTIN ELEVATOR – DAWN

ABBOTT in the rising elevator. Imploding.

INT. GRETKOV'S OFFICE – MORNING

Palatial. But you can't buy taste. GRETKOV working his computer – answers his PHONE.

GRETKOV  
Da...

ABBOTT/PHONE  
You didn't stay, Uri.

GRETKOV  
(matter of fact)  
This is not a clean phone.

INT. WESTIN GRAND HOTEL LOBBY – DAWN

Everyone still here. CRONIN answering his cell phone –  
motioning to them, he's got news –

CRONIN  
(phone to his ear)  
You're sure?

PAMELA  
What? The tapes?

CRONIN  
(nodding but)  
Hold on...  
(holding the phone)  
Yep. And Abbott just direct dialed  
Moscow from his room...

Now we realize, she's set a trap and Abbott's walked in. All  
the same, Pamela shakes her head, wishes it wasn't true.

And they're moving –

INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM – DAWN

ABBOTT at his desk, still on the phone, pouring a vodka.

GRETKOV  
Leaving was a business decision.  
We're both rich, come enjoy it.

ABBOTT  
What do you mean?

GRETKOV  
Go to the airport. Get a plane. I'll  
have a brass band waiting for you.

ABBOTT  
Save it for Bourne.

GRETKOV

What?

There's a KNOCKING AT HIS DOOR – ABBOTT simply ignores it.

ABBOTT

He left yesterday on the night train.

He's probably just getting in now.

(he drinks)

You'll have to hurry.

GRETKOV

Bourne comes here? Why?

More KNOCKING...

ABBOTT

Good luck.

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN – DAWN

Speeding East through the Russian countryside. The forest is gone, replaced by factories and refineries. A wasteland of rust and gray that seems to go on forever –

INT. WESTIN HALLWAY OUTSIDE ABBOTT'S ROOM – NIGHT

PAMELA knocking again. NICKY, TEDDY and CRONIN behind her.

PAMELA

Open it.

CRONIN with a pass key. TEDDY prepped and –

INT. ABBOTT'S WESTIN HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

PAMELA leading – they enter – stop short –

ABBOTT at his desk, calmly pointing a PISTOL – at Pamela.

ABBOTT

They go. You stay.

She looks back. CRONIN shakes his head 'no'.

PAMELA  
Yes. Now...

They reluctantly obey. The door clicking shut behind them.

ABBOTT  
Sit down.

PAMELA  
I'd rather stand if it's all the  
same to you.

ABBOTT  
I don't exactly know what to say –  
I'm sorry.

PAMELA  
'Why' would be enough for me.

ABBOTT  
I'm not a traitor. I've served my  
country.

PAMELA  
And pocketed a fair amount of change  
while doing it.

ABBOTT  
Why not? It was just money.

PAMELA  
And Danny Zorn, what was that?

ABBOTT  
Had to be done.

PAMELA  
No good options left?

ABBOTT  
(shrugs)  
In the end, honestly, it's hubris.  
Simple hubris. You reach a point in  
this game when the only satisfaction  
left is to see how clever you are.

PAMELA  
No. You lost your way.

ABBOTT  
Well, you're probably right. I guess  
that's all that hubris is.

He raises the gun. PAMELA – presses her lips together, closes her eyes.

BOOM!

She opens them. And as CRONIN flies back through the door –

There's ABBOTT – dead at the desk – he's shot himself – also, in a way, with some help from Bourne.

INT. PLATFORM – MOSCOW TRAIN STATION – DAY

THE TRAIN easing to a stop. The platform busy with people waiting and – PASSENGERS disembarking.

BOURNE among them. Unremarkable in THE CROWD and –

INT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION – DAY

BOURNE on the move. Welcome to the whole mad Moscow scene. A jumble of faces and voices. Travellers. Arrivals and departures. Families. Beggars. Drunk war vets. Hawkers.

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND – DAY

There, in the plaza. BOURNE hobbling across the street, when suddenly – A CAR HORN! – he turns and –

Look out!

BIG BLACK BMW speeding past – followed by TWO MORE – all three cars with BLUE LIGHTS STROBING on the dashboards – a convoy – whipping by like they own the place and –

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)  
[Gangster bastards don't care what  
they do.]

BOURNE turns. A grizzled TAXI DRIVER right beside him.

BOURNE pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

BOURNE  
(his Russian is basic)  
[You know this address?]

THE TAXI DRIVER squints, finally grunts affirmative.

He motions to his cab. As they get in and pull away –

INT. MOSCOW GARAGE – DAY

Lots of cars. No people. But someone running... It's KIRILL pulling his keys as he sprints past and –

DELETED

INT. MOSCOW TAXI – DAY

BOURNE and THE TAXI DRIVER looking over as THREE MOSCOW

POLICE CARS speed by – SIRENS WAILING –

TAXI DRIVER  
[It's always something, right?]

BOURNE just nods, as we –

INT./EXT. BLACK BMW – DAY

KIRILL at the wheel. A guy in a hurry who knows what he's doing. One more thing, on the passenger seat – TWO BIG AUTOMATIC PISTOLS –

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION – DAY

MOSCOW COPS fanning through the crowd showing BOURNE'S INTERPOL PICTURE. "Have you seen him?"

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND – DAY

MOSCOW COPS with the picture. Flashing it around, until –

YOUNG CABBY  
(the moment he sees

it)  
[He was just here. They just left.]

INT. MOSCOW TAXI – DAY

They've stopped. BOURNE flashes a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL –

BOURNE  
You wait. You understand? Stay.

TAXI DRIVER  
(happy to pocket the  
cash)  
Sure. No problem. I sit.

EXT. OLD MOSCOW STREET – DAY

Old Moscow. But not for long, there's new construction metastasizing all around it. BOURNE crosses the street and –

HIS POV

AN ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE. Windows shattered and boarded up. Paint all but gone. Roof and gables all failing.

BACK TO

BOURNE crestfallen. Checking the address. This is it.

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION CAB STAND – DAY

MORE COPS. Everything focused on ANOTHER TAXI DRIVER who's making a call on a cell phone – everybody waiting on it –

EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE – DAY

BOURNE off the sidewalk now, peering around the side, trying to see if there's anything around back and –

OVER THERE

AN OLD WOMAN on the steps next door. Watching him.

BOURNE starts over. Finding the sweetest smile he's got –

INT. MOSCOW TAXI – DAY

THE TAXI DRIVER still parked there –

HIS POV

BOURNE and the OLD LADY – she's pointing like she's giving directions – when suddenly, the Driver's CELL PHONE RINGS –

TAXI DRIVER/PHONE  
[Hello...?]

EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE – DAY

BOURNE and the OLD LADY. His Russian is limited, but she's charmed nonetheless –

BOURNE  
[A pen... to write... one minute...]  
(searching his pockets)

INT. MOSCOW TAXI – DAY

THE TAXI DRIVER on the phone – not so happy anymore –

TAXI DRIVER  
[– I'm looking at him – American –  
he's right here! –]

EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE – DAY

THE OLD LADY scribbling on a piece of paper. BOURNE reacting as the TAXI drops into gear. Pulls away.

BOURNE  
Wait! Hey!

But THE TAXI only speeds up, and –

EXT. MOSCOW TRAIN STATION – DAY

MOSCOW POLICE CARS tearing away and –

DELETED

INT. BLACK BMW – DAY



KIRILL DRIVING. Reaching for his RINGING PHONE and –

EXT. MOSCOW STREET – DAY

THE BLACK BMW – a moment later – slamming on the brakes – fishtailing a U-TURN and –

EXT. MOSCOW BUILDING PROJECT – DAY

BOURNE hustling past all the new construction. Glancing back as POLICE SIRENS start rising behind him and –

INT. RED LEXUS – DAY

KIRILL skidding around another corner and –

EXT. ABANDONED WOODEN HOUSE – DAY

TWO POLICE CARS just stopped there – COPS – the OLD LADY pointing – everyone turning as –

THE RED LEXUS speeds past them and –

DELETED

EXT. CONCRETE STAIRS – DAY

BOURNE coming down as fast as he can – just ahead there's A FOOTPATH BENEATH A FOUR LANE OVERPASS – a neighborhood on the other side – he could disappear there –

INT. RED LEXUS – DAY

KIRILL driving and scanning – THERE! – as he passes it – THE OVERPASS – slamming on the brakes and –

EXT. FOOTPATH – DAY

BOURNE hobbling out in the open – twenty yards to go –

EXT. OVERPASS – DAY

KIRILL jumping out of the Lexus with A PISTOL in hand and –

EXT. FOOTPATH – DAY

BOURNE – no clue – BANG! – his shoulder! – he's hit! –  
he throws himself forward and –

EXT. OVERPASS – DAY

KIRILL shifting for a better second shot and –

EXT. FOOTPATH – DAY

BOURNE – he's diving! – rolling! – pure instinct – back  
under the embankment and –

EXT. OVERPASS – DAY

KIRILL with no shot suddenly – leaning over the rail –  
just as the TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS come screaming up –  
MOSCOW  
COPS jumping out with guns drawn and –

EXT. FOOTPATH – DAY

BOURNE – he's up – he's bleeding – he's moving and –

EXT. OVERPASS – DAY

CHAOS – KIRILL with his hands in the air – MOSCOW COPS  
coming toward him – everyone screaming –

MOSCOW COPS  
[– UP! – HANDS UP! –  
KEEP THEM UP! – DROP  
THE GUN! – DROP IT! –  
]

MOCK-BOURNE  
[– I'M KGB, ASSHOLES! –  
WE'RE CHASING THE SAME  
GUY! – HE'S GETTING AWAY! –  
]

They let KIRILL go – he looks back at the footpath – BOURNE  
is gone – as

EXT. MOSCOW CITY STREET – DAY

GRET KOV strolls along, suddenly two black sedans pull up and

he is arrested.

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL – DAY

BOURNE hurriedly makes his way to the other end – a few beats later – KIRILL on the hunt –

EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

A labyrinth of stalls. Food. Hardware. Clothes. And crowded. Even this hard-to-impress CROWD noticing –

BOURNE hobbling through. Nothing like a limping madman with a fresh gunshot wound to get attention –

PEOPLE back off – pull THEIR KIDS out of the way – SOME WOMAN STARTS SCREAMING and –

INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET – DAY

A SECURITY GUARD – hears the commotion – jogs out and –

DELETED

EXT. NEARBY MOSCOW STREET – DAY

KIRILL running toward the market – FIVE MOSCOW COPS behind him, can't keep up and –

INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

The SECURITY GUARD coming up fast behind BOURNE –

SECURITY GUARD

[- hey! – hey you! – stop! -]

BOURNE turns. THE SECURITY GUARD right behind him and –

BOURNE – no warning – his good arm – SMASH!!! – right into THE SECURITY GUARD'S FACE and –

BOURNE takes HIS PISTOL and –

THE CROWD – they jump – holy shit!

INT. MOSCOW ENCLOSED MARKET – DAY

Crazy – KIRILL sprinting through – where did Bourne go? –

INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

BOURNE back on the march, except now he's shopping! –

Grabbing – A BUNDLE OF TUBE SOCKS and –

INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

KIRILL sprinting out toward the stalls and –

DELETED

INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

BOURNE – THERE! – A ROLL OF DUCT TAPE and –

– A BOTTLE OF VODKA and –

INT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

KIRILL fighting his way through THE FLEEING CROWD –

DELETED

EXT. MOSCOW OUTDOOR MARKET – DAY

BOURNE – leaving the market – taking a swig of VODKA and –

Continues – knows there are TWO NEW COPS on his ass.

EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT – DAY

Another CAB STAND. CABBIE by a YELLOW CAB, looks up to see –

BOURNE – coming toward him – and also –

The TWO COPS. As BOURNE nears, the CABBIE shakes his head.

Bourne pivots – casually – like he doesn't know they're coming until – HE SPITS! – VODKA – into one of the cop's face! – blinded as BOURNE takes him and his PARTNER out.

The CABBIE raises his hands in surrender, steps aside as

BOURNE takes his car –

INT./EXT. CAB – DAY

BOURNE IN THE YELLOW CAB – starting THE ENGINE – peeling away! – careening into the street and –

KIRILL sprinting into the parking lot, just in time to see –

INT. CAB – DAY

BOURNE concentrating away the pain – trying to drive –

EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT – DAY

TWO LADIES ducked behind a BIG BLACK G-WAGON – freaked out as KIRILL grabs their keys and –

INT./EXT. MOSCOW STREETS/CARS/FACES – DAY

THE CAB speeding across A BOULEVARD into an older neighborhood of rising narrow streets and –

TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS PULLING U-TURNS on the BOULEVARD – whipping around to give chase and –

THE G-WAGON in full pursuit now and –

BOURNE DRIVING – up this curving little hill and –

THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS starting to climb and –

KIRILL DRIVING and he's on the hill now –

BOURNE – bad hand on the wheel – holding on – trying to find something in passenger seat – TUBE SOCKS?

THE TWO MOSCOW POLICE CARS splitting up! – one on Bourne's ass – the other cutting hard into A SIDE STREET, flanking him and –

BOURNE – topping the hill – two choices – right or left?

RIGHT! – No! – wrong – because down the hill there's A POLICE CAR just about to angle in from THE SIDE-STREET and –

BOURNE – no choice – FLOORING IT! –

THE CAB – it's a whale – SLAM! – knifing the front end of  
THE POLICE CAR and –

THE POLICE CAR – spun back! – CRASHING AGAINST A BUILDING  
ON THE CORNER and –

KIRILL – right behind that guy – swerving – onto the  
sidewalk – SPARKS FROM THE WALL AS HE SCRAPES! – hanging  
in – skidding into a turn down the hill and –

JUST MISSING THE FIRST POLICE CAR bombing right past him!

BOURNE – in pain as he packs his shoulder wound with the  
socks – Ahead – the street banks downhill to left and –

THERE! – A BOULEVARD – wide ride – lots of traffic and –

THE CAB rocketing into the flow and –

BEHIND HIM – POLICE CAR #1 with THE G-WAGON right on his  
ASS AND –

BOURNE – Wrists flicking the wheel. THE CAB screaming through  
the slower traffic and –

KIRILL – totally on it – pedal down – passenger window  
open – wind blowing – he's got THE PISTOL in his hand –  
closing the gap and –

THE BLACK G-WAGON – blowing past POLICE CAR #1 and –

BOURNE – steering – barely – as he tears a few strips of  
DUCT TAPE to finish his triage –

BALM! – BLAM!! – THE G-WAGON – right beside him! –

BOURNE – reacting – what the fuck?! – that's not a cop! –  
but no time to clock Kirill because –

KIRILL – shit! – can't keep shooting – into the oncoming  
lanes – swinging wide – A TRUCK! – swerving again and –

THE CAB – wavering again – rallying and –

UP AHEAD – THE BOULEVARD opens into THE RIVER BELTWAY – big – wide – fast – KREMLIN in the BG and –

FOUR NEW POLICE CARS screaming down from RED SQUARE and –

BOURNE skidding onto THE BELTWAY – looking for room –

Finding it – open road –

KIRILL back in the hunt and –

THE RIVER BELTWAY – CAB SCREAMING PAST – then ONE – TWO – THREE – FOUR POLICE CARS – now the BLACK G-WAGON and –

BOURNE – Both hands on the wheel – He's already forgotten about his shoulder –

THE BELTWAY – up ahead – ANOTHER CHOICE – right takes you up to the city – left is a TRANSIT TUNNEL and –

BOURNE – checking his rearview – starting right and –

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS right on his ass and –

BOURNE – fake out – veering left! – last second – into THE TUNNEL and –

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS – wrong – and worse, trying to change – CRASH!!!! – SPINNING – and it's not just them – A THIRD POLICE CAR caught in the clutter – Not to mention the COMMUTERS – CRASH!!! The Police are out of the race.

KIRILL – not fooled – threading the needle – through the carnage and into –

DELETED

INT. THE TUNNEL – DAY

FOUR LANES – two way – and long – there's –

THE CAB – squibbing past SLOWER CARS and –

KIRILL on him – move for move – follow the leader and –

BOURNE – checks the rearview – he's lost them all but the G-WAGON – who the hell is that? –

The Heavyweights. World Championship Belt up for grabs.

KIRILL – gaining – nearly pulling level.

BOURNE – nowhere to go – that's never stopped him before – he carves a path – turns two lanes into three as sparks his way through a lane split –

THE G-WAGON – roaring after him.

BOURNE – checks the mirror – closer – who the Hell is that guy? –

KIRILL – Gaining – FIRING through his passenger window.

BOURNE – BRAKES –

TUNNEL – As the two vehicles scrape along each other –

KIRILL – FIRING BACK – odd angle –

BOURNE – ducking for meager cover as bullets stitch through the roof –

TUNNEL – The G-WAGON crushes the CAB against the wall – sparks showering the windshield – finally –

THE CAB – shoots ahead –

KIRILL – in a controlled fury –

THE SUV – jerking hard and right into the rear of the CAB –

BOURNE – trying to keep control – spots a MAINTENANCE TRUCK up ahead –

KIRILL – banging away as his quarry straightens –

MAINTENANCE TRUCK – looming –

BOURNE – a hard left –

TUNNEL – the CAB wrapping around the front of the SUV –



WHAM! – pushing it to the right – the cab continues –  
SPINNING around the G-WAGON –

DETAILS – front bumpers locking on rear fenders as –

TUNNEL – The G-WAGON hurtling forward – the CAB ass end  
first – locked together –

KIRILL – firing into the CAB – really unloading now –

BOURNE – down on the floor – a tornado overhead –

KIRILL – slaps in a new clip – intense –

BOURNE – gun against his door – just below the window knob –  
WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP –

SUV TIRE – shredding.

KIRILL – fights the wheel –

ANOTHER TRUCK – looming large –

BOURNE – looking between the seats out the rear window – a  
LANE DIVIDING PILLAR ahead –

CAB – as BOURNE sits up – jerks the wheel to the right –

TUNNEL – the cars unlock – spin away from each other –

KIRILL – focused – taking deadly aim –

BOURNE – staring back at him – calm – "I know something  
you don't know."

KIRILL – frowns –

THE TRUCK – swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Kirill's POV –

KIRILL – eyes go wide –

WHALLOP! – steel vs. concrete – concrete victorious – a  
bone compressing, truly horrendous impact!

BOURNE – whipping the wheel –

CAB – spinning to a stop out of harm's way – door opening –

INT. TUNNEL – DAY

Gun ready –

BOURNE heads over.

Ahead – Spam in a can. BOURNE crouches down – looks in.

KIRILL – bloody, beat-to-crap – barely alive – but –  
trapped – entombed alive by the metal crushed around him –

BOURNE – watches. Not here to help.

KIRILL – looks over – calms a moment as the two men consider  
each other –

BOURNE looks at him long and hard. Kirill dies.

And BOURNE stands – and just walks away –

DELETED

EXT. MOSCOW AIRPORT TARMAC – DAY

Snow swirls. PAMELA disembarks from the G-5 (or US military  
plane). She is met by RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.

EXT. MOSCOW HOUSING PROJECT – TWILIGHT

Huge, awful Soviet-era housing towers fill the horizon.

A CITY BUS grinds to a stop. PEOPLE trundle off. Working  
people at the end of their day. Tired. Cold.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS

A GIRL. Trudging a man-made wasteland. Twenty. A proud little  
waif. Sad eyes. Home from some job. IRENA.

EXT./INT. PROJECT BUILDING ENTRANCE – EVENING

Grimmer up close. Rusted steel mesh over the windows. DRUNK  
TEENAGERS. A haze of cigarette smoke.

IRENA pushing through. Doesn't want to talk to anyone –

INT. PROJECT BUILDING STAIRWELL – EVENING

IRENA climbing. A JUNKIE here. Flickering light there.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY – EVENING

IRENA – her key at the door. Domestic disturbance playing across the hall. She opens up and –

INT. IRENA'S APARTMENT – EVENING

It's dark. And she's barely through the door when –

IRENA jumps – chokes back a CRY –

BOURNE is standing there – propped there actually – behind her – gun in hand – motioning for her to be quiet –

BOURNE  
(his shabby Russian)  
[Quiet. Silence. Okay?]

IRENA nods. Scared. Gun in hand, BOURNE pushes the door the last few inches so it's fully closed.

IRENA  
[I have no money. No drugs. Is that  
what you want?]

And now she can really see him. He's a disaster. Shivering. Bloody. Eyes more hollow than hers are.

BOURNE  
Sit. Can you...  
(trying to conjure  
the Russian –)  
[The chair. Have the chair.]

IRENA  
(accented)  
I speak English.

BOURNE staring at her. Nods. Gestures for her to sit.

BOURNE

Please...

So she does. And here they are.

BOURNE

Of all the people in the world, you're  
the only one I have anything to offer.

(hesitating)

That's why I came here.

IRENA

(she's terrified)

Okay.

He's got something beside him. Something he's taken off the wall. IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPH. The Neski family. Same as the one that was in the Hotel Brecker. Mom, Dad and Irena, arms around each other, in front of the house. Before it was abandoned. Happy. Smiling. Perfect.

BOURNE

It's nice.

(a beat)

Does this picture mean anything to  
you?

(no answer)

Hmm?

IRENA

It's nothing. It's just a picture.

BOURNE

No. It's because you don't know how  
they died.

IRENA

(he couldn't understand)

No, I do.

A change in BOURNE as he studies her, measures her. Some moment of truth is here. IRENA braces, unsure.

BOURNE

I would want to know.

(beat)

I would want to know that my mother didn't kill my father. I would want to know that she didn't kill herself.

IRENA

What?

She really looks at him now. Fear overwhelmed by curiosity.

BOURNE

I would grow up thinking that they didn't love me if they just left me like that.

Irena making sure her eyes don't leave his. They don't.

BOURNE

It changes things. That knowledge. Doesn't it?

IRENA

(wary)

Yes...

BOURNE

That's not what happened to your parents.

IRENA

Then what?

BOURNE

I killed them.

Body blows, but he has her attention. She wipes a tear.

BOURNE

It was my job. My first time. Your father was supposed to be alone. But then your mother, she came out of nowhere...

(a little shrug)

I had to change my plan.

(beat)

You understand me?

(does she?)

You don't have to live like that anymore. Thinking that.

IRENA  
You killed them.

BOURNE nods, that's right.

BOURNE  
They loved you.  
(beat)  
And I killed them.

IRENA  
How... how can... how can you be here and say this?

BOURNE  
I don't want you to forgive me.

She stands suddenly. Stands because if she doesn't she'll burst into tears. Because she knows if she starts crying she won't be able to make sense of this.

IRENA  
For who?  
(he doesn't answer)  
KILLED FOR WHO?

BOURNE pushes himself to his feet. A real effort.

BOURNE  
It doesn't matter. Your life is hard enough.

IRENA  
You're a liar.

BOURNE  
You know I'm not.

IRENA  
YOU'RE A LIAR!

BOURNE  
Look at me.

There they are. Two people standing in a room. Squared off.

And now she starts crying. Really crying.

And he's taking it.

IRENA

I should kill you... if it's true  
you should die... I should kill you  
now!

BOURNE

I can't let you do that either.

IRENA

Because you're afraid!

BOURNE

No.

(starting for the  
door)

Because you don't want to know how  
it feels.

She hesitates. Stunned. He's leaving. He's opening the door.

BOURNE

I have to go now.

IRENA

Is this really happening?

BOURNE

(empty)

I'm sorry.

And she sags. Back into the chair, as –

THE CAMERA FINDS

THE PHOTOGRAPH on the table. The sound of the door closing  
and Irena crying, as –

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT PLAYGROUND – DAY

BOURNE trudging along. Across the snow. He's done it.

And he really can't take another step. There's a bench. He sits down. Out of gas.

He just might die here. We slowly tilt up to the multi colored Moscow tenements.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

BOURNE waking up – sitting up – where is he? – trying to get his bearings – but it's so bright – white walls – sheets – SUNSHINE through clean windows and –

PAMELA (O.S.)

Hello, David.

There she is. Standing at the foot of his bed.

BOURNE

Where am I?

PAMELA

Ramstein Air Base, Germany.

(smiles)

Before the wall fell you would have woken up in a Russian prison hospital.

He looks around – tries to move – hammered by pain.

BOURNE

Oh, shit...

PAMELA

Careful...

Long moment. He's taking it in. Trying to.

BOURNE

Why am I alive?

PAMELA

Are you disappointed?



They study each other a beat.

BOURNE

I know who you are.

PAMELA nods. Very calm here. No sudden movements.

PAMELA

Thank you for your gift. I'm sorry about Marie.

BOURNE

What's that?

PAMELA

Do you think you can read? Are you well enough?

She has a folder. A PHOTOGRAPH – Bourne's face – stapled to the cover.

PAMELA

It's all in here. Treadstone. A summary of your life. All of it.

He waves it off.

BOURNE

Don't need it. I remember everything.

PAMELA

(smiles again)

Sounds like a threat.

BOURNE

You didn't answer my question.

PAMELA

Why you're alive?

(beat)

You're alive because you're special.

Because she kept you alive.

(she smiles)

Because we want you back on our side.

BOURNE silent. But hearing it. PAMELA leaves the file.

PAMELA

Take a look at it. We'll talk later.

BOURNE watching her back away. As she exits into –

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – DAY

Long, sterile hallway. CRONIN and NICKY standing there with an AIR FORCE SENTRY assigned to guard the room.

CRONIN and NICKY trying to play it cool, but now, as they get some distance down the hallway –

PAMELA

(to the sentry)

Let's give him half an hour.

NICKY

(quietly)

So?

PAMELA

Felt promising. It's a start.

A chill in the air. Both of them going quiet because there's A NURSE carrying a tray of food. She's coming toward us. They're walking away.

THE CAMERA

Staying with THE NURSE now. Coming up the hall.

THE SENTRY smiles – opens the door and she enters –

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Empty bed. Open window. Bourne is gone. As THE MUSIC STARTS PUMPING, and we...

EXT. MUSEUM ISLAND BRIDGE – BERLIN – DAY

Off he goes. Disappearing into thin air...

FADE OUT:

THE END