

**MISSION IMPOSSIBLE 2**

By

Robert Towne

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**NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS AND SOME "SCENE OMITTED" SLUGS. THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.**

**FADE IN:**

**A WORN SACHEL (MOVING - DAY)**

is being carried by a world weary middle European wearing a black armband. VLADIMIR NEKHORVICH exits a gleaming building, pausing for a moment, under a motto clearly visible above his head, *'Where the future is now'*. He checks the time.

**INSERT - WATCH**

set in *Countdown Mode*. It's at 19 hours forty-seven minutes and sixteen seconds and dropping, 19:37.15, :14, :13, :12 etc.

O.S. children are singing:

*Ring a ring a rosy/a pocketful of posy/  
a tissue a tissue/we all fall down.*

Nekhorvich looks to see children at play outside the adjacent Natural History Museum. They are moving in and around an odd freeform sculpture.

**POV - SCULPTURE AND CHILDREN**

a blur where the sculpture seems to be distorting the children, almost like mirrors in a fun house.

**NEKHORVICH**

wipes his eyes, a horn honks. He looks toward the sound.

**MOVING SHOT - SATCHEL (INT. AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY)**

on the belt that takes it thru X-Ray. On the other side a guard opens the satchel and pokes thru a few toilet articles, personal items, books, a battleship gray digital camera and - in a small plastic container marked 'S.G.' - a small, square shiny object, hi-tech and at odds with the other items. She pulls out an urn-shaped vessel.

**GUARD**

What's this, then?

**NEKHORVICH**

(handing her documents)

The ashes of a colleague, I'm taking them to his family. If you wish to open it, please be careful.

**COMPUTERIZED SCREEN DISPLAY (INT. PLANE - MOVING - DAY)**

on the cabin wall displays a colorful map showing the flight point of departure in Sydney, continuously updating distance, direction and time to its ultimate destination, Atlanta, Georgia.

**CAPTAIN'S VOICE**

- folks, we're a little over two and a half hours from touchdown in Atlanta, but if you look out your windows on either side of the aircraft, we'll soon be crossing the southern section of the Rocky Mountains, a range which includes more than 50 peaks rising above 14,000 feet. The chain's loftiest point, Mount Elbert, at 14, 433 feet should be coming into view as we pass over central Colorado shortly..

**NEKHORVICH (INT. CABIN - DAY)**

seems intent on the map, its changing times and distance. He checks his watch - the countdown has gone from 20 to three hours and 32 minutes as Nekhorvich is mesmerized by the descending seconds whipping by.

ETHAN HUNT sits into shot on the vacant first class aisle seat

beside Nekhorvich.

**ETHAN**

You keep staring at that watch as if your life depended on it, Doctor..

**NEKHORVICH**

Well, yes. I suppose I am a bit anxious.

**ETHAN**

They're ready and waiting. You'll soon be with old friends.

**NEKHORVICH**

(meaning Ethan)

I'm with an old friend now, Dmitri.

**ETHAN**

Sorry it couldn't be under happier circumstances.

**NEKHORVICH**

Yes, I'm sorry too.. 'You're sorry and I'm sorry..'

(bemused laughter, then looks at Ethan)

- you do know Gradski thought the world of you.

Nekhorvich is overcome. Ethan puts a comforting hand on his shoulder:

**ETHAN**

He was quite a man. Did he know before the end you two had succeeded?

**NEKHORVICH**

Yes, he knew. Just..

**ETHAN**

..not in time to save him.

**NEKHORVICH**

No. After you've lived with *Chimera* for twenty hours, nothing can save you. Not even...*Bellerophon*.

Nekhorvich pats the satchel.

**ETHAN**

You carry them together? Safely?

With an almost impish grin and a wink:

**NEKHORVICH**

Yes, and you'll get us to a safe place with them, thank god!..left to my own devices, I'm an old fart too inept to read a railroad timetable!..

Good-natured laughter. Cut off by a flight steward who passes by, giving a sidelong silence in Ethan and Nekhorvich's direction.

Oxygen masks suddenly deploy from the ceiling. Passengers are puzzled and alarmed.

**CAPTAIN'S VOICE**

You Captain again. We've experienced a slight but abrupt drop in cabin pressure..

A passenger struggling with his mask. As Nekhorvich fumbles with the strap on his mask he notes that the display screen shows their altitude is below 30,000 feet and dropping. He checks the countdown time on his watch again. Nekhorvich looks around him. The flight attendants are conspicuously absent and all the passengers who have on oxygen masks are passed out.

**INT - COCKPIT**

The flight crew now wearing their oxygen masks.

**CAPTAIN**

(into radio)

Pan, pan, pan, Denver Center. This is Trans Pac Flight two-two-zero-seven, 747 heavy. We are not reading you. We're unable to maintain cabin pressurization. We have initiated a descent to one six thousand.

The Co-pilot is working on the plane's altitude when his hands slip off the controls. His eyes flutter, then:

**CO-PILOT**

Captain, I don't..can't..

He passes out. The Captain, HUGH STAMP, turns to verify that the relief pilot is also unconscious at the controls.

He then removes his oxygen mask, sets the auto pilot, inputting numbers to slow the plane and descend. As the craft titles downward...

**INT - GALLERY**

The flight attendants are pulling on jump suits. Stamp emerges

from the cockpit.

**INT - CABIN**

Ethan returns. Nekhorvich beckons to him. Ethan sits. Grinning around, Nekhorvich conspiratorially:

**NEKHORVICH**

..it seems we have a problem, Dmitri.

**ETHAN**

(in the same tone)

You keep calling me Dmitri. You really shouldn't.

Nekhorvich's eyes narrow.

**NEKHORVICH**

You're not Dmitri?

With a lightning swift move Ethan breaks Nekhorvich's neck.

**ETHAN**

- no.

He grabs the satchel.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

(to Wallis)

Wallis, hold onto it.

Wallis slashes the satchel handle open, takes the satchel for Ambrose. He peels off the latex mask, revealing SEAN AMBROSE.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

Ulrich, pull the -

He tears off the vocal oscillator at his adam's apple, clears his throat, now as Ambrose:

**AMBROSE**

- pull the NO2 tank and dump it, it's potential evidence..

**STAMP**

(the 'captain' into shot)

All done, chief..

**AMBROSE**

(what else)

- right -

(kidding)

- don't go too far ahead of me now -

**STAMP**

Not possible..

Ulrich has rolled back the carpet over an access panel just beneath them that leads to the belly of the plane. Stamp pulls back the panel, hops into the compartment below which is four walls of electronic equipment. Stamp kneels and slides back the floor hatch. The wind howls, puffs of cloud zip by beneath them. As they descend into the belly:

**WALLIS**

Checkpoint Charlie plus 30, altitude minus two-zero-thousand. Airspeed one-seven-niner knots..

**AMBROSE**

It's that time. Go.

They don goggles and, with Ambrose in the lead, the team leaps, one after another from the hatch, sailing off into the sky.

**INT - COCKPIT (DAY)**

An automated voice repeats in an ominous monotone:

**VOICE**

Terrain, terrain. Pull up, pull up.

The co-pilot stirs. He blearily rouses himself just in time to see:

A mountain rushing toward him. As mountain meets airplane, the frame is filled with fire, but when camera pulls back from the fireball, it is in fact no more than a match head filling frame, which ignited, lights a fuse..

The MI theme music kicks in, the main credits roll to:

**EXT - FACE OF MOUNTAIN (DAY)**

For a moment it might be thought part of the same range when the plane crashed but when Ethan Hunt climbs into frame the angle widens and titles down, revealing more of where he's come from than where he's going. Aside from the fact that he's in the midst of free-climbing what is easily a sheer rock face of at least a thousand feet, there's the sunny picture-postcard view of a lovely valley and pellucid lake thousands of feet below. Ethan climbs out of shot.

**WIDE UP ANGLE (DAY)**

revealing the summit, a light breeze hitting the lichen and whatever growth has a slender purchase on the rocky mountainside, fluffy clouds overhead.

Ethan into shot. Despite the spectacularly precarious handholds he's using to hang onto the mountain and his life, he appears relaxed, engaged - for him - in the equivalent of busman's holiday. It's leisurely danger for Ethan; one might almost expect to hear Julie Andrews trilling 'Climb Every Mountain' on the soundtrack.

Then a rock he's been grasping crumbles and Ethan drops about six inches before he grabs onto the mountain again. As he hangs by five fingers thousands of feet above the earth he doesn't seem terribly concerned until he spots a helicopter.

It's materialized behind the summit and passes surprisingly close just overhead, casting its shadow downward over Ethan. Instinctively, Ethan flattens himself against the rock surface, as if the copter poses some sort of threat to him. But when its rotors whir it into the distance Ethan relaxes and resumes

his

climb.

**A HAIRY OVERHANG (EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY)**

near the summit Ethan departing from the vertical and is now traversing the mountain with more of his back than his feet exposed to the earth far below. He's clinging to the mountain almost like a fly walking on the ceiling. When he reaches for a handhold that will restore him to the vertical, he dislodges a lizard - and manages to catch it before it plunges thousand of feet to oblivion.

**ETHAN**

Whoaa..

He pockets the lizard, climbs the overhang.

**REVERSE ANGLE - SUMMIT**

with Ethan's hand, then Ethan coming into view and making the summit. He reaches into his pocket and releases the lizard who favors Ethan with a stern reptilian stare by way of gratitude.

To

lizard:

**ETHAN**

You're welcome.

The lizard scampers off, then a low beeping sound at his back attracts his attention. He turns to see the source of the beeping, a small package in day-glo colors with a day-glo streamer. Ethan looks to the sky where the helicopter is now ominously circling back.

Ethan lifts the day-glo package and waves it in the direction of the copter. With a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

The helicopter once again turns, banks and disappears. Ethan has opened the beeping package and finds a pair of sunglasses.

#### **ETHAN'S POV SUNGLASSES**

First, a retinal scan.

#### **ELECTRONIC VOICE**

Identity confirmed.

#### **SWANBECK**

Good morning, Mr. Hunt.

Swanbeck's face flashes onscreen. Over his introduction of Nyah is a series of satellite photographs whose subject is so elusive she never seems to give the camera a clean shot.

#### **SWANBECK'S VOICE**

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, requires you to recover a stolen item, designated *Chimera*. Essential to the mission is the recruitment of a civilian -- a Miss Nyah Nordoff-Hall. She is a highly capable professional thief currently active in Spain.

A series of Nyah's 'accomplishments', i.e., warrants, complaints, Interpol summaries of her various criminal activities, as well as glimpses of the elusive Nyah circulating about Seville.

#### **SWANBECK'S VOICE (cont'd)**

Her dossier's available on I-COM 3. You have 48 hours to recruit Ms. Nordoff-Hall and meet me in Seville to receive further details. Should you or any member of your IM force be caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow all knowledge of your actions.

Swanbeck's face reappears on screen:

#### **SWANBECK'S VOICE (cont'd)**

And Mr. Hunt - the next time you go on

vacation, please be good enough to let us know where you're going. This message will self-destruct in five seconds.

Ethan removes the glasses, then tosses them into space.

**ETHAN**

If I let you know where I'm going -

The glasses explode in a puff of smoke.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

- won't be on holiday.

Ethan, with a fair amount of disgust, gets to his feet and jumps off the mountain, in, what for a moment looks like a suicidal snit. Then, somewhere hundreds of feet below camera, there's a little puff of color as the tulip-shaped chute pops out of his back-pack. Begin the sound of a castanets and the animal-like cries of flamenco dancers.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT - ANDALUSIAN VILLA (EVE)**

Bustling in the activity of a large private party, with arriving guests and attentive valets, as a young woman, her face unseen, exits her car and enters the villa.

**A FLASH OF SKIRT AND LACE (INT-EXT. VILLA - FLAMENCO DANCERS - EVE)**

where to the cries of dancers add graceful feminine hands wielding the castanets. The dancers perform on a raised platform and NYAH NORDOFF-HALL'S face can be glimpsed thru the swirling skirts and pounding heels, looking thru, not at them.

**REVERSE ANGLE - ETHAN**

looking back in a similar way to Nyah; surreal lighting and the relentless chorus of pounding heels seem to isolate them in the crowded party. Nyah continues to look at Ethan over the shoulder over her wanna-be escort, a very attentive gentleman. Nyah offers up her empty glass, and the gentleman eagerly takes it to the bar for a refill, leaving Nyah and Ethan looking at one another. Ethan approaches her.

**ETHAN**

Do you know me?

**NYAH**

No. Should I?

**ETHAN**

No. You just looked as if you did.

**NYAH**

No. Just as if I'd like to.

**ETHAN**

Oh. Well. I think that can be arranged.

**NYAH**

Not tonight. Bad timing. Sorry -

**ETHAN**

There's not enough time in the world for any of it to be bad.

This stops her. Nyah moves closer to him, until they're nose to nose. Whispered but breezy:

**NYAH**

Look, it's either you or the rent and I don't mind telling you it's not an easy choice.

**ETHAN**

What if I pay the rent?

**NYAH**

Uh-huh.

**ETHAN**

Uh-huh?

Glancing at the gentleman making his way back with her drink then:

**NYAH**

Go find the wealthy lady you came with and next time we meet - I'll pay your rent.

(kissing him, sweetly)

Now bugger off.

And purposeful creature that she is, she takes her frustrated desire upstairs, timing her footsteps so as to use the sound of the dancer's steps to cover her own. Once upstairs, a security guard near the master bedroom can be seen eagerly following her down the hall, both moving past a pair of windows, visible to Ethan. In a few moments, Nyah can be seen past the windows in the opposite direction, without the guard following. In another moment or two, a very puzzled looking security guard

can be glimpsed in the first window, looking up and down the hall, clearly having lost sight of Nyah. Ethan smiles, moves out of shot.

**INT - MASTER BEDROOM (EVE)**

Nyah has opened the door and moves swiftly thru the bedroom.

**INT - BATH (EVE)**

A decadent looking affair with suggestive lighting, mirrored walls. The tub has a tray across it which includes a wine cooler chilling a bottle of Crystal and a mound of caviar on a bed of ice. Nyah can't resist. She spoons a dollop of the caviar and downs it before she moves along the frescoed walls of the tub to its back. There, she pulls out her compact and removes the puff, revealing an electronic density meter. She turns it on and holds it at the rear of the tub. Its sweep gauge jumps sharply from green thru yellow and into red.

**NYAH**

(her fondest hopes confirmed)

Mmmm.

She now steps into the tub and focuses on the grout between the tiles just above the sop dish. Her knee eyes search for any cracks in the grout and she spots one. Using a tweezers she pulls the silver of the grout out from between the tiles, revealing something that looks like a credit card wedged between the tiles. She slips the card into a narrow opening under the sop dish.

There's the sound of hydraulics and two arms move the marble casing out from the rear of the tub. Nyah breathes a sigh of relief and anticipation: kneeling in the tub she finds herself looking down at an open safe, revealing some half-dozen locked compartments. As she studies them:

**ETHAN**

Decisions, decisions.

Nyah looks up to see Ethan's reflection in the bathroom mirrors, looking down at her kneeling in the tub.

**NYAH**

What are you doing here?

**ETHAN**

Think you're the only one who can pick a lock?

**NYAH**

(not altogether pleased)  
I see. You're not just another pretty face..

Before Ethan can answer, a voice can be heard coming from the bedroom warbling Granada in Spanish, and with considerable gusto.

NYAH (cont'd)  
Oh god. A bloody baritone.

Nyah catches a reflection behind Ethan's in the bathroom mirror. She reaches up and grabs Ethan by the lapel, yanking him into the tub, pulling him down on top of her. Once again they're nose to nose.

**ETHAN**  
I take it you prefer tenors.

She glances up at the mirror. In it is the reflection of SENOR AUGUSTO DE L'ARENA, a big amiable Castilian in his fifties who's changing a white dinner jacket that's had wine split on it. He breaks into a heavily accented version of 'Now or Never', and disappears from the dressing room mirror.

**NYAH**  
Would you mind if I'm on top?

**ETHAN**  
Oh, either way works for me.

With a jaundiced look she rolls over on top of Ethan and begins working on one of the safe compartments, using a tiny torque wrench from a tube of lipstick and a carbide pick from a mascara brush. She glances down and is rather disconcerted. Continues working with the pick and wrench.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**  
You're never gonna find it there.

**NYAH**  
(she jumps, dropping the torque wrench)  
Damn it! Find what?

**ETHAN**  
His ex-wife's Bulgari necklace that goes up for auction Tuesday.

Looking down to Ethan, a touch of indignation:

**LOOKING UP**

more or less, hands locked behind his neck as he rests against the raked back of the tub, his eyes and nose inches from Nyah's

lower pelvic region as she straddles him. Not exactly in the mood to move:

She stiffens - he knows too damn much.

**NYAH**

- right..where is it?

**ETHAN**

Far right.

She immediately switches her efforts from top left to the bottom right compartment. She's utterly nonplussed:

**NYAH**

Where's the bloody -

**ETHAN**

(plucking it off his chest,  
offering it up like a mechanic  
under the chassis)

- torque wrench.

**NYAH**

- this is very disconcerting..

**ETHAN**

Hey, you put me here. I just do what I'm told.

**NYAH**

- right..

She unstraddles him and, with a few deft moves with the torque wrench and carbide pick - and it's open. She withdraws a velvet pouch and opens the pouch. Out spills the spectacular necklace.

**NYAH (cont'd)**

Lovely.

(starting to close the safe)

Who are you and what's it going to cost me?

**ETHAN**

(having sat up)

I wouldn't do that.

**NYAH**

Do what?

The alarm goes off.

**ETHAN**

That.

The bathroom is suddenly filled with security guards, gun drawn  
Senor de l'Arena, looking highly upset, pops in.

**SENOR DE L'ARENA**

Oh, Senor Keyes, thank God it is you!  
(in Spanish to security guards,  
annoyed)  
It's Senor Keyes, the security engineer.

**ETHAN**

Well, Senor de l'Arena the goods news is  
that the heat sensors were activated. But  
Miss Nordoff-Hall, my associate -

Senor de l'Arena kisses Nyah's hand.

**SENOR DE L'ARENA**

Mucho gusto, senorita.

**ETHAN**

- did feel that she had rather too long to  
work on the safe before they triggered the  
alarm, isn't that right Miss Hall?

**NYAH**

Oh yes. Absolutely. Much too long I  
should yes.

Nyah's initial shock and panic slowly gives way to a wary,  
intensified curiosity - about Ethan.

**ETHAN**

Under the circumstances I think we would  
recommend re-setting the sensors to  
respond to a lighter load. How do you  
feel about forty kilos, Miss Hall?

**NYAH**

Indeed.

**ETHAN**

Well, Senor de l'Arena, there's no reason  
to disrupt your party any longer. we have  
some further concerns about the disposition  
of your security guards, which you'll  
receive in our written report by fax in the  
morning, hard copy to follow. Shall we?

He offers Nyah his arm. They start out. Ethan immediately stops.

ETHAN (cont'd)  
Miss Hall. Haven't you forgotten something?

Nyah looking genuinely puzzled.

**NYAH**  
The necklace?

Nyah slowly reaches into her dress and withdraws the glittering string of diamonds and rubies from her bust.

**SEÑOR DE L'ARENA**  
(a great kidder)  
What are you trying to do, señorita? Rob me.

They all laugh, and Ethan's got her out the door.

**EXT - ANDALUSIAN VILLA (LATE NIGHT - PRE DAWN)**

The stars dimming, the sky a gun metal blue. Ethan and Nyah emerge from the villa, walking slowly. Nyah's clearly preoccupied.

**NYAH**  
I'm missing something here, aside from a 500,000 pound necklace. Even after I botched the job, I could've walked out of there with the bloody thing.

**ETHAN**  
At least you walked.

**NYAH**  
If you weren't going to let me get away with it, why did you let me go thru with it?

**ETHAN**  
Wanted to see how good you were. I'm hoping we might work together.

**NYAH**  
May I say something, no offence? You look like a gigolo, you sound like a thief, you act like a cop - what the bloody hell do you have in mind?

**ETHAN**

Working under adverse conditions. Highly adverse conditions.

**NYAH**

Sounds smashing. I'm in. Muchacho, mi carro, por favor! Now be serious. You couldn't possibly want me off tonight's performance..

**ETHAN**

You didn't do that badly.

Her car arrives.

**NYAH**

(as she moves to her car)

You're apologizing for me? Quite the gentleman..

**ETHAN**

(opening the car door)

Not really. I triggered the alarm..

One foot on the floorboard she freezes, back to Ethan.

**ETHAN**

Hey, the Bulgari job last week was flawless. And I've always been partial to pale yellows.

She slides behind the wheel.

**NYAH**

(as he leads on the car)

I don't do laundry, or put up with cheeky bastards who set me up on their territory so they can poach on mine.

She takes off, spewing bits of gravel and dust in her wake. Ethan smiles and shakes his head.

**ON THE ROAD - NYAH (MOVING)**

around curves, hair flying, she's free. Her car phone rings. Perplexed, she lets it ring once or twice picks it up:

**NYAH**

(tentatively)

Hola..

**ETHAN**

Hi. Would you mind slowing down?

**NYAH**

Where did you get this number? I don't even have it!

**ETHAN' VOICE**

Would you like it?

She hits the End button and disconnects. The phone immediately rings again. She refuses to pick up. Ethan pulls alongside hers.

She looks at him. They speak through the open cars.

**ETHAN**

Pull over and listen to me, will you?  
Just listen..

**NYAH**

Listen to what?

**ETHAN**

I need your help and I thin you can use mine.

**NYAH**

Your help? What are you talking about?

**ETHAN**

Scotland Yard, Interpol, every Dutch authority. I can make them go away.

**NYAH**

Oh bloody hell. You're a spy.

She floors it and shoots ahead of Ethan, nicking his car as she takes off.

**ETHAN**

(to himself)  
I deserved that.

**SERIES OF DRIVING SHOTS - NYAH AND ETHAN**

Ethan rings her again. And keeps ringing. Her face becomes grim, her flight progressively more desperate and with Ethan's pursuit progressively more determined. They are reaching the limits of adhesion around blind curves.

**MORE SHOTS DRIVING (DAWN)**

The sky's battleship gray; Ethan pursues Nyah around hairpin

turns high above the Costa del Sol; they rip thru patches of marine fog drifting on the road, obscuring it.

Both are appalled by the other's willingness to escalate risk in this game of flight and pursuit until Ethan tears thru a fogbank and sees on his GPS what Nyah can't see thru the fog - less than four hundred meters ahead is a turn she can't possibly negotiate and if she can't she'll plunge off the road hundreds of feet to rock and sea below. Ringing her number again:

**ETHAN**

(half to himself)

Slow down, slow down.

She turns up a mound and loses control. She spins out and heads toward the edge of the cliff.

**NYAH**

(realizing she's in trouble)

Uh-oh.

Ethan cuts her off and sends them both into a 540 degree spin. Her car stops just at the cliff's edge.

Furious she wrenches open the car door and gets out.

**ETHAN**

No!

Suddenly there's no Nyah. Ethan leaps over to Nyah's car and sees Nyah dangling over the ocean and rocks hundreds of feet below, holding the door handle.

**NYAH**

Oh..oh..

Taking a firm grip on her wrist.

**ETHAN**

Don't look down. Just..look at me.  
That's it..that's it..

He pulls Nyah up to the car, across the seat and half into his arms. For a long moment it looks like she's in shock. Then:

**NYAH**

What's your name?

**ETHAN**

Ethan Hunt.

**NYAH**

Well, Ethan Hunt, what is it you want to talk to me about?

Thru the veil of morning fog, Nyah looks at Ethan. Her dark eyes suggest wit, and willingness, and longing.

**ETHAN**

...more than I thought..

They scarcely to move to bring their lips together:

**NYAH**

Awfully short notice..

**ETHAN**

Care to wait a decent interval?

**NYAH**

Who wants to be decent?..

**DISSOLVE:**

**CLOSE - ETHAN (INT-EXT. SAFEHOUSE - SEVILLE - DAY-EVE)**

sleeping. His eyes open slowly. He comes to full consciousness, his head still on the pillow. Something approaching serious anxiety informs his features. He lifts his head and looks at his left, angle widening. Nyah lies on her side facing him, sleeping serenely. Anxiety on the order of oh-God-this-isn't-approved-recruiting-technique, confirmed. He lets his head flop back on the pillow. Then he turns so he and Nyah are profile to-profile. As he looks at her sleeping his anxiety fades, replaced by curiosity and even wonder. He lifts his hand and just brushes her cheek. Her eyes open. She knows where she is.

**ETHAN**

So what've you got against spooks?

Nyah smiles.

**NYAH**

When they've got your recruiting technique? Not a thing.

**ETHAN**

Oh. Well..this isn't exactly by the book.

**NYAH**

They've got a book for this?

**ETHAN**

They've got a book for everything.

**NYAH**

The only other spook I knew was a liar. Charming but absolutely incapable of telling the truth. He'd lie about his favorite color. But then I reckon it's an occupational hazard. All spies really do is conceal the truth and tell lies.

**ETHAN**

Not revealing information doesn't necessarily make someone a liar.

**NYAH**

That's not the point. In the end what spies rely on is the one thing they think they know that you don't.

**ETHAN**

Which is?

**NYAH**

That they're lying.

Ethan laughs.

**NYAH (cont'd)**

..once they know that they can get very very..crosee..

Nyah shoulder and moves into Ethan.

**ETHAN**

So where did I got right?

**NYAH**

You're not a liar. Or you're an awfully good one..

(then)

..this thing these blokes pinched..

**ETHAN**

I don't know that they 'pinched' it. Don't even know that they're blokes.

Nyah stops to think about this.

**NYAH**

Well, then, what I am I doing here? I assume I'm meant to be some sort of thief-to catch-a-thief..

**ETHAN**

So do I. Sort of.

Nyah looks at Ethan, a little worried.

**NYAH**

Spoken like a spook..you ever afraid?

**ETHAN**

Of what?

Nyah laughs.

**NYAH**

Ask a question, you get an answer!..

**ETHAN**

Damn, you're beautiful.

**NYAH**

That's because I'm on my back.

Quick as a cat Ethan flips Nyah over so she's looking down at him.

**ETHAN**

I don't think so.

She sinks into his arms.

**EXT-INT - STREET - SEVILLE (VALENCIA FESTIVAL) (EVE)**

Ethan's step is unusually jaunty as he bounces along, making his way thru the festive and jostling crowds preparing for the *Crema* portion of the *Fallas de Valencia*. On this night great papier mache effigies, some serious, some comic, are placed all thru the city and torched in great bonfires. Outside the bar Ethan's looking for there's a street vendor, hawking Fallas mementos and flowers. He starts past the vendor, and it hits him - he's going to buy some flowers.

He chooses a colorful spring bouquet so fresh the dew can be seen on the petals. Ethan pays the vendor, starts into the bar, and thinks better of walking into Swanbeck with the bouquet. Turns back to the vendor.

**ETHAN**

Are you gonna be here a while?

**VENDOR**

Si, senor.

**ETHAN**

I'll pick'em up on my way out, okay?

Ethan enter the bar and goes upstairs to the second floor where he passes security at a pair of double doors.

**INT - IMF BRIEFING ROOM**

Swanbeck stands looking out the window. Noisy crowds from the festival provides a constant walla, and during the sequence, the first effigies are lit, and smoke and flame provide a vivid background thru briefing room's window.

**SWANBECK**

Fetival's a pain in the ass. Honoring  
saint by setting'em on fire.

(turning to Ethan)

Sit down, sit down.

Ethan sits.

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

Let's you know what they think of saints,  
doesn't it? Damn near set me on fire on  
my way over here. As if I haven't been  
burned enough today.

A moment where it's impossible to tell which way the wind is going to blow between these two. Then civilly:

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

Sorry I barged in on your vacation.

**ETHAN**

Sorry I didn't let you know where I was.

**SWANBECK**

Don't be. Wouldn't be on vacation if you did.

**ETHAN**

Well. You're sorry and I'm sorry.

**SWANBECK**

Why did you phrase it like that?

**ETHAN**

Like what?

**SWANBECK**

'You're sorry and I'm sorry.'

**ETHAN**

You gotta be kidding.

Swanbeck turns to his computer and begins play on a DVD, and projected onto a computer screen staring back at Ethan is:

**VLADIMIR NEKHORVICH**

**NEKHORVICH**

(with exaggerate brio)

Well, Dmitri! How are you?..

Nekhorvich pauses as if waiting for reply. Ethan smiles.

**ETHAN**

..I'm fine..and you?

**NEKHORVICH**

I'm fine..

Ethan laughs.

**ETHAN**

I'm fine and you're fine..

With Ethan simultaneously whispering:

**NEKHORVICH**

I'm fine too.. I'm fine and you're fine - do you remember, dear friend, how you got Sergei and I to repeat those lines from Dr. Strangelove and we gave you the name of that silly Soviet Premier because we didn't know your name?..In those days, you not only saved our lives, you saved our sanity. 'Now, then Dmitri - we have this little problem': Every search for a hero must begin with something that every hero requires; a villain. Therefore, in a search for our hero, Bellerophon, we created a monster Chimera. I beg you, Dmitri, come to Sydney and accompany me to Atlanta immediately. However we travel, I must arrive at my destination, within 20 hours of departure. Forgive this fanciful explanation, but for now prudence dictates that I communicate nothing but the gravest urgency. I fear I can entrust this to no one but you, Dmitri. as we say, 'I'm sorry and you're sorry'..

Swanbeck stops the DVD.

**SWANBECK**

Let me ask you something. You have any idea what the hell he's talking about?

Ethan smiles.

**ETHAN**

An idea, yeah.

**SWANBECK**

Like?

**ETHAN**

Like it's a good idea to pick him up in a hurry. And a bad idea to fly him on a commercial carrier. So let's get on with it. He's still in Sydney?

**SWANBECK**

Dr. Vladimir Nekhorvich is dead. So is his colleague, Gradski, but that happened earlier. We had Nekhorvich on a flight from Sydney that crashed in the Rockies..

Ethan sits back, heavily.

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

- Hunt, are you listening?..

Slowly looking up:

**ETHAN**

If he didn't want to go anywhere without me, how did you get him on the flight?

**SWANBECK**

You were there.

Swanbeck clears his throat. He turns back to the computer and punches in: *MISSION DOUBLE IMAGE*. File open to computer scans of AMBROSE, SEAN, and HUNT, ETHAN, the computer scanning and comparing their features, millimeter by millimeter, stat by stat, as the computer then imposes, with the help of the physiognomy scan, Ethan's face on Ambrose: hence, mission double image.

**ETHAN**

slowly looks up at Swanbeck.

**SWANBECK**

When I couldn't find you, I had to replace you. Sean Ambrose was the obvious choice.

He double you, what? Two, three times?

**ETHAN**

Twice.

**SWANBECK**

What did you think of him?

**ETHAN**

You know we had reservations about each other. Isn't it a little late in the day to be asking me that?

**SWANBECK**

Not necessarily.

Swanbeck shows Ethan a photo of airline Captain.

**SWANBECK**

Airline record list Captain Harold Macintosh as the pilot for Flt 2207. as far as the media and all governmental agencies are concerned, Captain Macintosh died on the flight, but in fact he missed it. He did, however make the next flight - in cargo, stuffed into a rather small suitcase considering his size.

Another photo of an open suitcase, the body in it partially obscured by a ring of police and customs officers.

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

Someone on that flight planned an operation designed to down the plane and make it look like an accident. Someone skillful enough to bring the whole thing off without a hitch but - they don't always get your luggage on the plane, even when you fly first class.

**ETHAN**

So there's one thing we know Ambrose doesn't.

**SWANBECK**

Then you do think it was Ambrose.

Ethan barely nods.

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

And you're not surprised.

Ethan gives Swanbeck a look.

**ETHAN**

Whatever Nekhorvich was carrying Sean wanted and he wanted to conceal the fact that he took it.

**SWANBECK**

Enough to kill Nekhorvich and two hundred innocent passengers?

Ethan smiles.

**ETHAN**

Sean feels he hasn't done the job unless he leaves a lot of hats on the ground.

**SWANBECK**

The question is why? What was this Chimera Nekhorvich was carrying?

Ethan rises and moves to the window.

**ETHAN**

Right now only Ambrose knows that.

**SWANBECK**

In any case, you've got to recover Chimera and bring it to us.

**ETHAN**

In order to do that, I've got to figure out how he plans to make money with it.

**SWANBECK**

- right. In fact since the plane went down our banking sources have confirmed a marked increase in the stock pilling of cash in terrorists accounts.

**ETHAN**

'Terrorists?'

**SWANBECK**

Well you know Nekhorvich's history. You're the one who got him out of the Soviet Union was it still in bio-weapon business.

**ETHAN**

If that's what you're thinking Ambrose would have set up a bidding situation with

any number of buyers before he got on the plane. Locating him in time to stop something like that -

**SWANBECK**

- is where Miss Hall comes in.

**ETHAN**

(blindsided)

Excuse me?

**SWANBECK**

Miss Hall and Ambrose had a relationship which he took very seriously. She walked away and he's wanting her back ever since. We believe she's our surest and quickest way of locating him.

**ETHAN**

(acidly)

And then what?

**SWANBECK**

Then makes sure she continues to see him. Gets him confident in her and report to you.

**ETHAN**

You made it sound as if I was recruiting her for her skills as a thief.

**SWANBECK**

Well, then I misled you. Or you made the wrong assumption. Either way we're asking her to resume a prior relationship, not do anything she hasn't already done.

**ETHAN**

She's got no training for this kind of thing.

**SWANBECK**

Go to bed with a man and lie to him? She's a woman. She's got all the training she needs.

Ethan's anger flashes but does his best to contain it.

**ETHAN**

I don't think I can get her to do it.

**SWANBECK**

You mean it'll be difficult.

**ETHAN**

Very.

**SWANBECK**

Well it's not mission *difficult*, Hunt. It's mission *impossible*. Difficult should be a walk in the park for you. If you can think of a quicker way to get to Ambrose, you're welcome to try. Oh, by the way, you might want to take a look at these..if you have any further qualms about getting her to do the job.

He pulls out a little Minolta digital camera (identical to the one in Nekhorvich's bag at airport security). Swanbeck sets it on the table. Ethan picks it up the tiny camera and puts it to his eye.

**EXT - BAR (NIGHT)**

A grim Ethan, starring fixedly ahead of him emerges to an ever more lively crowd. as he does:

**STREET VENDOR**

Senor, senor! Your flowers.

The vendor holds up the spring bouquet. Ethan seems genuinely surprised by them.

**ETHAN**

Yes. They're very nice..

And he's lost in the crowd, leaving a very puzzled vendor holding the bouquet.

**STILL OF CRASH SITE IN ROCKIES (THRU MINOLTA STILL CAMERA)**

One after the other flashing by. They are more evocative than specific in their suggestion of an abrupt, fiery, ending, where the lives of hundred are literally and figuratively torn apart and strewn over a desolate landscape.

**NYAH**

carefully places the little Minolta on a glass-topped coffee table. She's beautifully pulled together, the safehouse has the lights low, flamenco music playing, and when she walks out onto the balcony Ethan sees the candlelit table and a bottle of champagne chilling. There's a light breeze the fire from the

burning effigies throwing smoke and flame all over the city.

**NYAH**

What's the population of Seville any idea?

**ETHAN**

Five, six-hundred thousand.

**NYAH**

There's nearly 2 million in London.

**ETHAN**

And six billion in the world.

**NYAH**

That's lot of people out there..how many of them, I wonder, are capable of something like that?

**ETHAN**

Sean Ambrose, for one.

A long shocked moment. Nyah laughs.

**NYAH**

Right...

**INT - SAFEHOUSE (EVE - LATER)**

The pounding beat of the flamenco music seems to fill the room  
Nyah's back to Ethan:

**NYAH**

(grimly amused)

Not that it matter much but..I seem to recall you staying something like, 'I was hoping we could work together.'

**ETHAN**

This wasn't what I had in mind, Nyah.

**NYAH**

But it is what you'd like me to do.  
so tell me to do it..

She approaches Ethan. They're inches apart.

**NYAH (cont'd)**

Come on, out with it. Tell me to go and insinuate myself back into Sean's life.

**ETHAN**

Go and insinuate yourself back into Sean's life.

**NYAH**

I'd like a little more conviction..

**ETHAN**

So would I. But it's not mine to give.

**NYAH**

(archness there)

You've either got it or you don't. Let your conscience be your guide?

**ETHAN**

Something like that.

With a smile and a wink.

**NYAH**

But I don't have a conscience. I'm a bloody thief.

**ETHAN**

You can be a thief and have a conscience.

**NYAH**

No. You can be a thief and have a conscience: Not me. Why did you have to tell me about this!

(pouring herself a drink)

What do I have to do to get away from this guy? When you're with him, he messes about with your head every waking moment..even now I'll be at some out-of-the-way-place, a tin of caviar and a bottle of Crystal shows up at the table, with two glass, God knows how he finds out at any given moment where I am in the world but he does. And it looks like he's done it again. You know his definition of a true paranoid?

**ETHAN**

I don't.

**NYAH**

Someone in possession of all the facts.

(she turns away, pauses)

Are you telling me I have to do this?

**ETHAN**

Generally, I don't favor coercing someone. Not when there's a chance my life could end up in their hands.

**NYAH**

And that's the only reason?

**ETHAN**

Can you think of a better one?

**NYAH**

Not me. I was just hoping you might..or that..somehow in the course of business this got personal as well as physical.

**ETHAN**

Look, would it make you feel better if I didn't want you to do this?

**NYAH**

Much.

**ETHAN**

Then feel better!..

Long moment while she looks at him.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

Well. That made all the difference in the world, didn't it?

Ethan walks out onto the balcony. She looks at his back.

**NYAH**

Sean will never be anything but suspicious if he picks up some sort of 'yoo-hoo-I'm-not-nad' message. Not after the way we broke up.

**ETHAN**

What wouldn't make him suspicious?

**NYAH**

Probably that I needed him in some urgent way..destitute - in serious trouble..the kind I couldn't possible sort out myself..

Ethan's been smiling slightly.

**ETHAN**

Serious trouble, Nyah, is something I can

always arrange..

#### **NYAH IN A SPANISH JAIL**

standing for front and side mug shot. O.S. sound of teletype continues. SUPERIMPOSE: Ethan holding up something the size of a dime:

#### **ETHAN**

This little chip sends a coded signal that can be picked up only by our computer.

On the screen of the GPS computer, a little yellow blip appears pulsating on the screen.

#### **ETHAN'S VOICE**

When it's in your ankle we can track you within three feet of anywhere in the world.

#### **OVER ETHAN AND ONTO COMPUTER SCREEN**

He types a small Interpol bulletin stating that Nyah Nordoff Hall, apprehended March 13 in Seville, is awaiting extradition while the authorities in London, Paris, and Amsterdam squabble over where she's going to be tried first, for the various thefts and burglaries she's committed in the three cities.

#### **COMPUTER SCREEN (AMBROSE TENT ANNEX - DAY)**

Ambrose picking up on a version of the Interpol bulletin Ethan's put out. He leans over the screen for a moment, then moves to the window, and stares out thoughtful at the bay, almost as if he were watching...

#### **EXT - NYAH IN JAIL COURTYARD**

From a beautiful blue sky, pan down to the courtyard of the jail where Nyah is allowed out for an airing, seemingly alone but being watched by:

#### **ETHAN AND COMPUTER SCREEN**

His attention fixed on the screen, Ethan stares at satellite shot of Nyah in the jail courtyard.

#### **INT - PRISON - NYAH**

being allowed a phone call, a prison guard visible b.g. Cross cut with Ethan.

#### **ETHAN**

Look, I can't run your arrest in CNN, but I guarantee he's monitoring every law enforcement agency in the world, for what they might be saying about him, if nothing else - he's got the ability and, we assume, the desire to get you out of there.

**NYAH**

This doesn't seem to be accomplishing much.

**ETHAN**

Well, I mean it's not a total loss. It is keeping a very capable thief off the street..

**NYAH**

Very funny..maybe he has heard and doesn't want to know. Maybe he's lost interest.

Her guard, b.g. is handed a note.

**GUARD**

(to Nyah)

Your lawyer to see you.

**NYAH**

What lawyer?

**ETHAN AND COMPUTER SCREEN**

**ETHAN**

Well, here we go.

SECTOR: AUSTRALIA, moving into NEW SOUTH WALES, and then to: Sydney. Here Ethan pulls up names, photos and profiles of potential candidates. They scroll past, one face morphing into another. Ethan punches in on WILLIAM A. BAIRD. EXPERTISE: Qualified in virtually every mode of transport, land, sea, air. ORDINANCES: Small arms and automatic weapons authority, edged and impact weapons. PROCUREMENT: Resourceful. EXPLOSIVES: Precision detonation, diffusion.

Ethan punches: *Request immediate availability.*

**EXT - GOVERNMENT BUILDING - SEVILLE (DAY)**

Nyah emerges from the entrance to the jail.

**ETHAN**

Stop and look for something in your  
purse..kneel down..

She does. They're effectively blocked from the street.

**NYAH**

Limo's waiting.

Ethan hands her a key chain with what appear to be a car-key.

**ETHAN**

- Ambrose will have counter-surveillance  
second to no one's. When and if he  
contacts you, push this button  
before you actually end up under his roof  
it'll scramble your transmission to us.

She takes the key chain. Her hands are shaking.

**NYAH**

When will you be there?

**ETHAN**

Before you are.

**NYAH**

How can you possibly? I've got to get  
right on the plane. I'm leaving now.

**ETHAN**

You don't trust me.

**NYAH**

Oh, I do. But as we know I'm a very poor  
judge of character.

**ETHAN**

He's got you on Qantas flight 2735. It's  
going to be delayed.

**NYAH**

Yes?

**ETHAN**

You'll be fine. I'm going to lose  
you.

**NYAH**

Ethan, you take care of yourself, I'll  
take care of myself because if push comes  
to shove, I'm gonna bail - and without

giving two week notice.

**ETHAN**

Well, forewarned is forearmed. And while we're at it, be especially sensitive to any sudden change in Ambrose's plans, especially any involving you..

They rise. A quick squeeze of her hand and he's gone. A look of something like longing replaces the toughness as she gazes after him, then starts across the street toward the limo and driver.

MI

music theme kicks in and continues over:

**POV HELICOPTER (MOVING - SYDNEY - DAY)**

over the Harbor Bridge, sails dotting the bay like confetti.

**EXT - FARM (DAY)**

pans of sheep are bleating and looking for sort of cover in response to the sound of a helicopter touching down.

**EXT - COPTER (DAY)**

Billy and Luther emerge, Luther with computer looking acutely uncomfortable in a wrinkled suit.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

Welcome to Australia, mate.

They look up to a smiling Ethan who points to the ground beneath Luther's feet. Luther looks down to see that he is standing in a pile of sheep-shit.

**LUTHER**

Thanks - mate.

Both men laugh and all three move to:

**INT - FARMHOUSE (DAY)**

Luther and Billy with Ethan setting up their operation. There's a blip on one of the screens.

**LUTHER**

It's the transponder.

**ETHAN**

Put in the coordinates and let's get a visual. The visuals aren't coming up.

**LUTHER**

The satellite doesn't work as fast as I do.

**BILLY**

Yeah, I've heard about you, Luther, and I just want to tell you it's an honor and a pleasure to be working with you blokes, whoaa! That's some transponder!

As Billy speaks, the visual come on line and Nyah has become visible.

**LUTHER**

(a jaundiced eye, to Ethan)  
It certainly is. How did we get so lucky?

Ethan pointedly ignore the question.

**POV - MOVING (PALM BEACH - DAY)**

rounding the tip of the bay's crescent, revealing the beach and dock at Ambrose's palm-lined residence.

**NYAH**

The speedboat's engine's are cut. Nyah looks momentarily stricken.

**POV NYAH (MOVING)**

a lone slender figure silhouetted at the end of the dock, still as the piling besides which it stands. But the features remain obscured by the sun at his back.

**ETHAN**

leans forward as the slender figure grows larger,

**BILLY**

(to Ethan)  
Is it him, then?

**POV - MOVING**

The tide is too low for the boat to dock, making it necessary for he boat to approach the shore. The slender figure moves off the end of the dock and onto the beach.

**THE CIGARETTE**

idles into shadow water but the props start chewing into the

sand - the boatman grumbles he can't get any closer. The slender figure has moved to the shoreline and the angle of the light changes - Ambrose is waiting.

Nyah hesitates only a flicker of an instant, slips over the side into thigh-high water without taking her eyes off Ambrose. Ambrose strides right on into the bay. as they are just an arm's length apart:

**NYAH**

takes a deep breath, presses the button to scramble the transponder.

**WITH ETHAN (INT. SHEEPFARM SAFEHOUSE)**

The picture abruptly goes dead.

**BILLY**

Damn. Just when it was about to get interesting.

**ETHAN**

It's okay. She scrambled the transmission. Luther, continue feeding the GPS her position.

Luther punches in. The signal - and the global coordinates are given. They wait.

**INT - SPACE**

The satellite positions itself.

**WITH THE THREE**

**ETHAN**

Can't we speed this up.

Luther shoots him a disgusted look.

**LUTHER**

With what? This is the only computer that'll do this.

**THE SIGNALS AND PHOTOS**

start to bounce back, growing larger and larger on the screen, until: Nyah can be seen, water up to her thighs, lingering in Ambrose's arms with each blow-up, and linger. And lingering.

**BILLY**

- right. Now there's a bloke who knows how to deliver a proper welcome. Don't get me wrong, mate. You were quite hospitable. Is it him, then?

Ethan's look suggests he's worried about lapse in recruiting judgment.

**LUTHER**

It is, Billy.

**BILLY**

Then we got'em!

**ETHAN**

We don't know what we've got because we don't know what he's got, where he's got it or what he's doing in Sydney with it.

Ethan strides away from the screen, the edge in his voice and the move not altogether lost on either Luther or Billy.

**INT - THE BAY (EXT. PALM BEACH - DAY)**

Perfectly poised, still loosely in his arms, Nyah returns Ambrose's penetrating gaze with a pleasant, clear eyed one.

**AMBROSE**

Not much luggage.

**NYAH**

I left in a bit of a hurry. I'm terribly grateful, Sean.

**AMBROSE**

How grateful?

**NYAH**

Well that depends.

**AMBROSE**

On what.

**NYAH**

How hard you had to work to get me out of there..how in the world did you ever find me?

**AMBROSE**

(stopping)

How I usually find you, Nyah.

**NYAH**

How do you that.

**AMBROSE**

Magic...

**NYAH**

Ahh..

**POV THRU TENT ANNEX WINDOW (AMBROSE COMPOUND)**

looking down the length of the dock. Ambrose, his arm around Nyah and carrying her suitcase, moves up the dock toward the house and camera.

Stamp steps into the annex and looks over to Wallis, who watches Nyah on the monitors.

**WALLIS**

No flies on her.  
(checking her on a scanner  
screen)  
No bugs either. She's clean.

**STAMP**

(drily)  
All cats are.

**INT - ETHAN - SAFEHOUSE (SHEEP FARM - DAY)**

Ethan watches the Nekhorvich video on the computer screen.

**NEKHORVICH**

...therefore in a search for our hero,  
Bellerophon, we created a monster,  
Chimera.

Ethan then flips through a series of pictures on the computer depicting the myth of Bellerophon attacking Chimera.

Billy moves up behind him.

**BILLY**

What you got there, mate?

**ETHAN**

A myth..just a myth...shouldn't you be  
checking out their countersurveillance?

**BILLY**

Well you know his blokes'll place the  
OSCOR in his annex, where else if you're  
pinpointing transmitters, video signals,

covert chip cameras, anything radiating,  
oscillating..

**ETHAN**

..or hard wired..

**BILLY**

(please)

- or hard wired, right. First line of  
perimeter defence'll run from the back of  
the dock to the front of the house.  
Whatever moves burps or bleep is gonna be  
picked up to a height of twenty feet.  
Basically impenetrable, I'd say.

**LUTHER**

Ethan, here's Nekhorvich, and here's his  
boss

Luther scans an entry from the IMF database with newspaper  
clippings, sidebars of still of McCloy and Nekhorvich.

LUTHER (cont'd)

McCloy, Jon Chaddick, CEO Biocyte  
Pharmaceuticals..D.O.B. September 30,  
1952, Manchester, England.

**BILLY**

(a little lost)

Well do you disagree with that?

**ETHAN**

Not at all. But how about going into town  
and confirming your intuitions on site?

**BILLY**

Oh well, if that's how you feel about it.

Billy leaves.

**LUTHER**

..then Cambridge..Harvard..entrepreneurial  
efforts..in efforts..in 1989, acquired Biocyte in  
hostile takeover..

As Luther transfer info to Ethan's computer:

LUTHER (cont'd)

Ethan, have a look at this.

On Ethan's screen appears the Biocyte website; where among he  
various icons one offer McCloy's proud detailing of Biocyte's

philanthropic efforts:

**MCCLOY'S VOICE**

We at our state-of-the-art solar powered Biocyte building recognized that eternal vigilance is the price of health.. whether it's funding the teaching center at the Royal Prince Edward Hospital, removing aerosol products from the market or braving the influenza quarantine at Bruny island late last month..at Biocyte your life..is our life's work..

**ETHAN**

(quietly)

..Biocyte workers at Bruny Island.

**INT - AMBROSE'S (DAY)**

They've reached the head of the stairs. Ambrose opens a door. It's a large bedroom opening onto a veranda with a view of the tent annex and the beach, and a very large bed.

**NYAH**

Your room.

**AMBROSE**

(yes)

Mmmm.

**NYAH**

And my room?

A long moment. Ambrose walks to a mirrored wall. The mirrors are sliding doors. With a sweeping gesture, he slides one of the mirrors back and reveals a wardrobe of beautiful designer clothes.

**AMBROSE**

Thought you could use a little something to wear.

Nyah stares at the spectacular wardrobe. Ambrose pulls out a slinky Armani and drapes it on the bed.

AMBROSE ( cont'd)

Try it on..

Nyah hesitates.

AMBROSE (cont'd)

Go ahead. I'm dying to see if I

remembered your size..

Nyah picks it up.

**NYAH**

No changing room?

Ambrose sits on a chair by the window and waits. Her blouse, belt, skirt, fall on the bed. As her slender arm reaches down to pick up the Armani:

**AMBROSE**

grips her wrist, the flimsy Armani dangling in the air.

**CLOSE - NYAH**

meeting Ambrose's look.

**NYAH**

You're not interested in seeing how it looks.

**AMBROSE**

Oh, I am. Later..

The Armani falls in a fragile heap on the floor.

**CLOSE - ETHAN (DUSK)**

standing off to one side, listening to Nekhorvich's voice.

**NEKHORVICH**

..therefore in a search for our hero,  
Bellerophon, we created a monster,  
Chimera.

**LUTHER**

Why's Nekhorvich going on about an old Greek myth?

**ETHAN**

Nekhorvich specialized in recombining DNA molecules. In the myth, Bellerophon killed Chimera, a recombinant monster with the head of a lion and the tail of a serpent who plagued the ancient world. I think Nekhorvich has created a monster virus in Chimera and apparently the means to kill it in Bellerophon.

**LUTHER**

That simple, huh?

**ETHAN**

Why not?

**CLOSE - NYAH (INT. AMBROSE BEDROOM - DUSK)**

lying back on a pillow, looking and off into space to right off camera. She hears Ambrose's voice, with Ethan's voice

**AMBROSE'S VOICE/ETHAN'S VOICE**

Damn, you're beautiful..

Nyah reacts as if she'd been rapped on the nose, her eyes moist. She turns abruptly to camera.

**NYAH**

Did you say something?

**AMBROSE**

leaning on an elbow, looking down.

**AMBROSE**

I said you're beautiful, Nyah.

**NYAH**

Only because..it's spring..chalk it up  
(looking him dead in the eye)  
- to spring fever.

Ambrose, amused, lights a cigarette and inhaling:

**AMBROSE**

Won't do, love. It's not spring. It's nearly autumn..You're in Oz. everything's upside down and backwards here.

**NYAH**

(more direct)

Maybe that's it, then. Everything's upside down and backwards...

**CLOSE - ETHAN (SHEEP FARM SAFEHOUSE - DUSK)**

**ETHAN**

Luther..get us everything you can on the outbreak of influenza on Bruny Island last month, including photos of the victims.

**LUTHER**

Right. I guess there aren't many flu epidemics in the middle of summer.

Luther resumes working on his computer and sees Ethan is locked on Ambrose's compound on his computer screen, thinking of Nyah.

LUTHER (cont'd)

She did it, Ethan. Nyah's in the compound.

**ETHAN**

Yeah? I've just rolled up a snowball and tosses it into hell.

Ethan stands.

**OUTSIDE THE SHEEP FARM SAFEHOUSE**

A brooding Ethan exits the sheep farm safehouse under a setting sun.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

Now we'll see what chance it has.

Ethan stops, looking out over the broken plain. His voice is heard overlapping into the next scene.

ETHAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

(softly)

Damn, You're beautiful.

**CLOSE - NYAH (NIGHT)**

lying in bed, obviously hearing Ethan's voice again, and feeling very much alone. She stares out into the night, a gaze that in its bemused intensity is an exact match to Ethan's.

**FADE:**

**CLOSE - PHOTO - HONG KONG TIMES (INT. AMBROSE STUDY - EARLY DAWN)**

its front page, except for the headlines and date, covered with stacks of paper money, banded bundled dollars piled high as a cord of wood. The amount \$24 millions is written in ink over the money.

**AMBROSE**

Twenty-four mil..

Ambrose's hands shift to another photo of another newspaper, the LONDON TIMES, this one piled high with English pounds and the written amount: 37 million pounds.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

Thirty-seven million pounds. That's a promising bid.

The third photo is of the AFTERNOON ARUBAN, with \$14 million packaged on it.

Ambrose, wearing a robe and seated at a glass-topped table, sets this last photo on the table on top the others. He picks up Nekhorvich's digital camera, removes the film disk, and snaps it into its plastic case. He places the case into an envelope (NOTE: The same envelope seen at the track) and hands it to Stamp.

**AMBROSE**

We'll need this at the track. Well then. Sorted.

Stamp is seated near him. Glances toward Ambrose's bedroom and Nyah asleep in Ambrose's bed.

**STAMP**

(pointedly)

Not everything. Why do you think she's really here?

**AMBROSE**

From her point of view or mine?

**STAMP**

Wasn't exactly gagging for it when she left you six months ago..The question is, do you trust her?

As he speaks, Ambrose pulls a cigar case and a cutter out of his robe. Takes a cigar out of the case and clips the end of the cigar; the razor-sharp cutter decapitates the tip of the cigar like a guillotine.

**AMBROSE**

One considers her timing, of course - getting nicked within a week of the plane going down. Suggestive, even borderline suspicious, but hardly conclusive.

**STAMP**

Well, you've thorough about it, at any rate.

Ambrose opens the cutter again to clean off the fragments of tobacco trapped by the cut.

**AMBROSE**

Tell me, Hugh. You don't exactly hang on Nyah's every word and gesture, do you?  
Fairly ratty nail, that.

Sean touches the nail of Stamp's left pinkie finger. Stamp reacts by slightly withdrawing his hand.

**STAMP**

Sean..

With his left hand Ambrose grabs Stamp's left wrist.

**AMBROSE**

You're not scrutinizing any casual shrug for some hair-splitting nuance, are you?

**STAMP**

Sean, please..

Sean pulls Stamp's hand closer.

**AMBROSE**

Suppose she is some sort of Trojan horse sent in by IMF to spy in us, why should I deny myself the pleasure of a ride or two? Or don't you think I can learn more from her than she can from me?

Ambrose twists Stamp's wrist so that Stamp drops to one knee trying to alleviate the pain.

**STAMP**

(in pain)

I do!..

Ambrose leans in close to Stamp's face as he places the cutter around Stamp's pinkie.

**AMBROSE**

Now Hugh, you must realize that some of us have the burden of sex to deal with..and my dear chap. I may or may not know why she thinks she's here, but I'm willing to take the risk, because Hugh, I am gaging for it..

Ambrose closes the cutter on Stamp's finger and cuts the nail, just nicking the top of the finger and drawing blood. Stamp cries out. Ambrose tosses Stamp a napkin, light his cigar and exhale.

AMBROSE (cont'd)

Don't ever question my judgment again.

**DISSOLVE:**

**EMPTY FRAME (EXT. RANDWICK RACE TRACK - DAY)**

with no sound, the back stretch an unrecognizable blur until horses at high speed burst into the frame bringing with them the sight and sound of their great nostrils snorting and gasping for jostling and going to the whip, the sound of the crowd overwhelming all but the announcer's voice carrying everyone around the far turn and into the home stretch with a ringing, controlled frenzy.

**EXT - PRIVATE BLEACHER (DAY)**

Nyah and Ambrose rising as the horses cross the finish.

**AMBROSE**

(surprised)

You won.

**NYAH**

(looking at her ticket)

I suppose I did.

**AMBROSE**

What made you pick *that* nag? She'd never won a bloody thing.

**NYAH**

'Thief in the Night?'

**AMBROSE**

Say no more. I'm off to grab a drink.  
Still favor Bellinis?

She smiles, a little shakily. Ambrose leaves.

**A VOICE**

Naturally Vain..

It's Billy passing behind her.

**NYAH**

Pardon me?

**BILLY**

'Naturally Vain.' In the fourth.  
Check her out. She's due.

Billy hands her a chest sheet and moves on. She opens it to the

fourth race. Taped onto 'Naturally Vain' is a small plastic piece with the note. she regards the note, places the plastic piece in her ear.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

You can speak as if I'm right by your side.

**NYAH**

(picking up binoculars)  
Where are you?

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

At the mounting enclosure, just off the tracks at two o'clock.

**THRU BINOCULARS - NYAH'S POV - MOVING**

thru the crowd onto the track over to the pre-post paddock where an animated gaggle of owners, heavy batters and investerace touts surround it. Only Ethan is stock still - and looking up at Nyah.

**CLOSE - NYAH**

a swift intake of breath as she see him.

**ETHAN**

How's it going? Everything okay?

**NYAH**

Just like old times.

**ETHAN**

Just like old times?

**NYAH**

Just about..

She appears to be the picture of unruffled sang-froid.

**ETHAN**

Tell me who you've run into at Ambrose's.

**ETHAN'S POV (THRU GLASSES)**

moving from Nyah to the champagne bar just behind where Ambrose is seen greeting someone in the crowd and they sit at a corner table in front of the window overlooking the track.

**NYAH**

(a breath, then:)  
Near as I can tell, there's at least a

half-dozen other blokes about the place. Maybe more. Hugh Stamp, an old mate of Sean's, is the only one I recognize, bit of a creep and then some..

**POV ETHAN**

Stamp, stands a pillar, his finger bandages, looking glum and looking down at Nyah.

**ETHAN**

We know him. He's over your left shoulder, looking right at you as you go on..

**NYAH**

- Michael, his driver's an Aussie, new to me. Then there's the blokes in the annex at the back of the house.

**ETHAN**

Have you met them?

**NYAH**

Annex is strictly off limits to me and they never come to the main house, Michael even takes their meals to them all but shoves them under the door.

**ETHAN**

(looking into Champagne Bar)  
I've no doubt.

**ETHAN'S POV MONOCULAR VIDEO RANGE FINDER**

of Ambrose sitting with someone whose face is obscured from his angle by bar patrons.

**BILLY**

is also looking.

**POV RANGE FINDER BILLY**

and from his point of view it can be seen that Ambrose is talking with John McCloy, the head Biocyte. Ambrose takes an envelope out of his inner left jacket pocket and from it pulls out a small plastic container marked 'S.G.' (Identical to the object first seen in Nekhorvich's satchel at airport security.) He opens it and removes a small shiny object about the size of a quarter. He turns to the window and gestures. Stamp enters the bar.

**BILLY**

Ambrose is meeting some bloke in the bar.  
Big bloke, ginger hair. They're into  
something.

**ETHAN'S POV**

**ETHAN**

I'll be damned. It's McCloy, the Biocyte  
CEO.

**LUTHER**

Nekhorvich's boss?

**ETHAN**

Yep.

**NYAH**

Ambrose has photographs of newspapers with  
loads of money piled on them -- thirty-  
seven million on the London Times. What's  
that about?

**ETHAN**

Bids from possible Chimera buyers -- to  
prove that as of the date on the newspaper  
those bids are back up by earnest money --

**INT - VAN - LUTHER**

is monitoring both cameras. All see Ambrose give the little  
wafer-like object to Stamp who places it in a small camera, hands  
it back to Ambrose and exits, waiting just outside the glass  
door. Ambrose hands the camera to McCloy who looks puzzled.

**LUTHER**

Looks like Ambrose is showing McCloy how  
to use a digital camera..

McCloy puts it to his eye, fumbles, then with Ambrose's  
direction:

**ETHAN**

Whatever McCloy's looking at, he's not  
happy about.

McCloy puts the camera down. The two men have words. McCloy  
shakily leave the table. Ambrose opens the camera.

**LUTHER**

Ambrose just pulled the memory card out of  
the digital camera and put it into an  
envelope, put it in his inner left jacket

pocket...

**ETHAN**

Left jacket pocket?

**LUTHER**

Roger that.

**ETHAN**

Confirm. Left jacket pocket.

**LUTHER**

Left jacket pocket confirmed.

**ETHAN BY THE MOUNTING ENCLOSURE**

**ETHAN**

Nyah, Ambrose is heading back. There's an envelope inside --

**NYAH**

-- his left jacket pocket.

**ETHAN**

Affirmative.

**AMBROSE**

passes by Stamp on his way back, hands him the camera.

**NYAH**

(after a brief pause)

Where do I meet you?

**ETHAN**

Betting table twelve off the paddock.  
Nyah, are you up to this?

**NYAH**

I'll muddle through.

**WIDE ANGLE - BLEACHER (DAY)**

Ambrose arriving with a pair of drinks. Nyah rises.

**AMBROSE**

See anything you like?

**NYAH**

Yeah. Naturally vain -- but they're about to close the betting table and I haven't a sou..

While Ambrose is still juggling the drinks, Nyah reaches into his trouser pockets, and rummages around.

**AMBROSE**

(laughing)

Nyah!

**ETHAN**

Billy, make sure Nyah's not followed.

**BILLY**

No worries, mate.

She pulls out a fifty-dollar note.

**NYAH**

Would you mind terribly?

**AMBROSE** (cont'd)

(amused and turned on)

- not at all. But you'll pay for that  
and with interest..

**NYAH**

I've no doubt..

She heads up the stairs.

**AMBROSE**

(reaching into his pocket for  
money)

Hold on.

Ambrose grabs her arm, and she almost drops the envelope she's just lifted. (NOTE: It is important not to see her actually lift it). She's holding it, pinned between her right arm and side.

As

it's slipping, she notes Stamp above her, looking down and has to conceal what she's holding from him as well:

**AMBROSE** (cont'd)

Put down a couple of hundred for.

**NYAH**

To win?

**AMBROSE**

What else?

She takes it and as she does the envelope falls, but she manages to catch it with her left hand, blocking the move with her body

as she does.

**WIDER ANGLE - NYAH**

moves along the aisle.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

Luther, smallest digital you got. Ready  
to transmit. Betting table twelve.

**EXT - VAN (DAY)**

designated as NEW SOUTH WALES DELIVERIES, 'anytime, anywhere.'  
Luther bursts out of the van, carrying the tiny camera and begins  
to thread his way thru cars and foot traffic.

**BILLY**

in dramatic contrast ambles at a conspicuously leisurely pace.

**NYAH**

passes Stamp, not seeing him standing just a row above, blocked  
from her by one of the pillars. Stamp idly regards her and then  
decides: he follows.

**LUTHER**

perspiring, approaches the betting table thru the last of the  
parked cars.

**STAMP**

approaches the door thru which Nyah had gone and starts to open  
it - only to have the door slammed in his face and on his  
bandaged finger by Billy, in a track usher's uniforms.

**BILLY**

(very solicitous)

Sorry about that, mate, that must've  
really - aggrhh!..

Even as Stamp winces in pain his arm has shot out and Billy finds  
himself pinned to the wall gasping for air. If he'd been welded  
there by a band of steal he'd have more room to maneuver.

**STAMP**

Say again?

**BILLY**

Aggrhh-aggrhh-aggrhh...

**STAMP**

Whatever you're about in future, watch  
your step. Never know who you might run  
into...

Stamp looks around, Nyah's nowhere in sight. He's lost her.  
Sees  
his hand's bleeding and lets Billy go, who nearly drops to the  
floor.

**STAMP**

Where's the loo then?

**BILLY**

(pointing up)  
- aggrhh-aggrhh-aggrhh...

Stamp heads up the men's room.

**BILLY**

(croaking it out)

...

Shakes his head, feeling lucky to escape with his life.

**EXT - PADDOCK - BETTING TABLE TWELVE**

Nyah into shot. Stands in line. She looks around.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

How'd you do? Don't turn around.

Nyah turns and looks Ethan dead in the eye.

**NYAH**

I managed.

**ETHAN**

You noticed. What're you going to do?  
Spank me?

She slips Ethan the envelope. Ethan himself returns the look,  
holding it in spite of:

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Stamp's out of the loo.

Luther arrives, with the camera, opening for Ethan. Nyah turns  
away. Ethan pulls out the tiny memory card, slips it in the  
camera.

**ETHAN (CONT'D)**

(looking into camera)  
This is going to take a couple of  
minutes..

**LUTHER**

is racing back to the van.

**LUTHER**

There in twenty, Ethan..

**NYAH AND ETHAN (IN LINE)**

edge toward the window.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Stamp's a little shaky, but headed your  
way, mate.

**ETHAN**

Copy that.  
(to Nyah)  
Who do you like? In the race?

**NYAH**

(nervous, she's heard Billy  
too)  
What race are we talking about?

**INT - VAN (DAY)**

A sweaty Luther:

**LUTHER**

I'm booted up. Go, Ethan.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

He's heading down the stairs, now..

Ethan places the digital camera on play and begins to go thru the  
stills. As they cliff off, Ethan is visibly affected.

**LUTHER IN THE VAN**

watches the stills as well. He's no less affected.

**ETHAN WITH NYAH**

He mutters some expletive under his breath, then, evenly:

**ETHAN**

I want you out of Ambrose's place.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

He's one tier from the bottom.

Ethan glances over to the bottom of the stairs.

**NYAH**

What are you talking about?

As he lowers camera and removes the memory card.

**ETHAN**

I want *you out of there*.

**NYAH**

Why? What's happened. What did you see?

**BILLY**

Thirty steps..

Slipping card back into envelope.

**ETHAN**

Nyah, you've done more than enough. Even the best of snake charmers get bit.

**NYAH**

Ethan, tell me -

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Twenty, nineteen..

Ethan's been talking to someone he's been urging to walk, not run to the nearest exit. Now he drops all pretence:

**ETHAN**

I want you out of Australia!  
(more quickly)  
..I don't know how much more plainly I can put it.

**NYAH**

How do you suggest I go about it?

**ETHAN**

He's touched your heart. You're overwhelmed. You need to think it over. You'll meet him somewhere in a month. If You're not out in 48 hours I'm coming in and getting you out. Give me the ear piece.

She just gets it out of her hear and gives it to Ethan when she reaches the bookie who warns her to get down her bet. She gives him her money and gets the tickets just as the buzzer goes off - no more bets. Flustered by it she picks up her tickets but drops the envelope. She quickly kneels and scrambles to recover it, tucking it away and looking up - to see Stamp standing over her. almost exactly where Ethan had stood when she looked away.

**NYAH**

tries not to register alarm while she gauges how much Stamp had seen.

**STAMP**

Get your bet down?

**NYAH**

Just..

She rises. Stamp waits only a moment then follows.

**AT THE PRIVATE BLEACHERS (DAY)**

everyone's on their feet, the horses are in the backstretch.

Ambrose is watching the race through binoculars. Nyah comes up behind and puts her arms around him. With her left hand she puts the envelope into his right jacket pocket.

**AMBROSE**

Your nag is making a run for it on the outside!

(lowering binoculars)

Bloody hell, Nyah!

She's momentarily startled. Then:

**AMBROSE (CONT'D)**

You picked another winner!

**NYAH**

Well, that's good, isn't?

**A BLOW UP (INT. SHEEP FARM IMF SAFEHOUSE - DAY)**

of a shot from a digital camera card.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

Dr. Segi Gradski, Nekhorvich's colleague and lifelong friend..

The photos is coded with the data in the lower left hand corner,

01.27.99, the time in the right, 10:02:56 A.M. Burned into the photo is '20 hours, 03 minutes after exposure.'

Ethan punches in.

ETHAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

Twenty hours and three minutes after exposure.

(sotto voce)

Twenty hours.

Ethan doesn't say anything for a moment, then goes on to the next photo on the card: '25 hours, 40 minutes after exposure.' It's Gradski again. Gradski's eyes are darkly circled, his skull look mottled.

**ETHAN**

Six hours later.

Another photo: '31 hours, 30 minutes after exposure.' Gradski's bleeding from nose, mouth and ears, the skin eruptions are pervasive, his body an open wound.

ETHAN ( cont'd)

Six more hours.

The next photo. '34 hours, 25 minutes after exposure.'  
Gradski's  
body at rest.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Three hours after that, Gradski was dead..

**LUTHER**

Here's a victim from the Bruny Island outbreak.

The victim's face shows a devastation undeniably like Gradski's.

A long, long moment as Ethan, Luther, and Billy sit in silence.

**BILLY**

Oh, happy day.

Ethan looks again at the first photo of Gradski.

**ETHAN**

Nekhorvich said 'However we travel, I must arrive at my destination within 20 hours of departure.'

**CLOSE - NYAH (EXT. AMBROSE VERANDA - LATE AFTERNOON)**

Nyah is on the balcony. Ambrose enters with two glasses of champagne.

**AMBROSE**

To Australia. It's made so many convicts feel at home. Here's hoping it does the same for you..

He laughs. She doesn't.

**NYAH**

Sean, there's something I've been meaning to talk to you about... Isn't going to be easy for me to say.

**AMBROSE**

(jocular)  
Then don't say it.

**NYAH**

I don't know what to do about you, Sean. I'm more than a bit muddled. I need time.

**AMBROSE**

To do what?

**NYAH**

Sort it all out.

**AMBROSE**

And you're going to have time. There's been a change of plans.

**NYAH**

A change of plans?

**AMBROSE**

Yes. We won't be able to have dinner tonight. Something's come up. I hope you don't mind.

**NYAH**

Oh, no, not at all. Maybe just a bit.

**AMBROSE**

Ulrich will be about. He'll look after you.

**NYAH**

Lovely.

**INT - AMBROSE STUDY (LATE AFTERNOON)**

Ambrose enters, slips off his jacket and hangs it over a chair. He walks to a desk and brings up a computer the Biocyte website and McCloy infomercial. Stamp notes that Ambrose is on the computer and moves to the desk.

**STAMP**

I thought you were going to dinner.

**AMBROSE**

(pulling up something on the computer)

Hugh, take care of the Nekhorvich memory card.

**STAMP**

Where is it?

**AMBROSE**

In the envelope in my pocket. My right.. jacket..pocket..

Stamp leans over and pulls out the envelope. As he does he sees Ambrose has pulled up and started to play McCloy's infomercial.

**AMBROSE (cont'd)**

(calmly)

We've got an opportunity here. I'm not going to miss it..

**CAMERA CARD PHOTOS (INT. SHEEP FARM - ETHAN & CREW)**

a microscopic view of myriads of ugly green spiky objects amid exploding red ones..

**ETHAN**

Chimera attacking human blood..

One more shot. A lavender stained group of spiky objects amid exploding the green ones.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

Bellerophon attacking Chimera..

On an adjacent screen is a frozen frame of McCloy looking thru the digital camera at the racetrack.

**BILLY**

Ambrose obviously got these from Nekhorvich on the plane.

**LUTHER**

What manic invents disease like that in the first place? Why would he do it?

**ETHAN**

I don't know, but Nekhorvich was not a manic. Get me a twenty on Nyah.

**LUTHER**

She must still be on the property.

**ETHAN**

I told her to get outta there.

**EXT - LIMO (EVE)**

McCloy gets in the rear of the limo and lights up a cigar. The limo takes off. another car pulls out and tags along behind the limo.

**INT - OTHER CAR (MOVING)**

Michael at the wheel.

**INT - LIMO - MOVING (EVE)**

McCloy doesn't like the taste of the cigar, goes to toss it out but the electronic window button doesn't work. He notices the evening paper partially open on the seat. His name leaps out. He opens the paper

**THE HEADLINES**

announce that John C. McCloy, CEO of Biocyte, Inc., one of the world's leading pharmaceutical companies, has died of a straight and terrible strain of influenza

Shocked, McCloy drops the paper, calling out:

**MCCLOY**

George. George. George.

The drover doesn't turn around. McCloy can't believe it. He bangs on chauffeur window. The driver turns on the air conditioning in the rear of the limo. McCloy clutches his throat and passes out.

**MCCLOY (INT. ICU UNIT - NIGHT)**

regains consciousness. He's got tubes coming out of every orifice and is contained in the equivalent of a plastic bubble. Drenched in perspiration and he looks around for a call button.

He grips the side of the bed.

**MCCLOY**

Bloody room..just..shut your eyes, shut  
your eyes.

He can't resist. Opens them to look up thru the plastic to see:

**NEKHORVICH**

a shimmering blur coming in and out of focus.

**MCCLOY** (cont'd)

I'll be buggered!..What's this then?

**NEKHORVICH**

A visit from an old friend.

**MCCLOY**

What's happening here? You're dead!

**NEKHORVICH**

Fatigued, certainly. But dead is a little  
extreme. On the other hand, when me dear  
Gradski had your pulse and blood pressure  
he has less than ten hours to live.

**MCCLOY**

(confused)

It was in the bloody papers, on the  
telly..what's this about Gradski?

**NEKHORVICH**

You are infected with *Chimera*, my friend.

**INT - AMBROSE BEDROOM (NIGHT) NYAH**

is on the phone.

**NYAH**

International, please. I'd like to make a  
reservation on the next available flight tonight.

**OPERATOR**

Where to?

**NYAH**

Where is next available flight going?

The operator answers.

**NYAH**

Fine. I'll take it.

She hangs up, goes to the door. The house is eerily silent.

**POV - STAIRWELL (NIGHT)**

a play of shadows, the sound of the kitchen fridge.

**CLOSE - NYAH**

Moves softly downstairs & hesitates at bottom, glancing about.

**NYAH**

Ulrich?..Ulrich!...

Silence. she goes into the kitchen. No one. She goes out the door.

**OVER NYAH'S SHOULDER - MOVING (EXT. SYDNEY - NIGHT)**

running pell-mell down to the shore. Stops. Looks outside the small skiff moored at the end of the dock. It's dark and she decides to chance it. She moves onto the pier, trying to glide by the boathouse. A figure darts out and grabs her. She tries to scream but can't. The figure whips her around and she sees:

**ETHAN**

Easy, easy, easy, shhh!

**NYAH**

Oh Ethan!..

She throws her arms around him.

**ETHAN**

Are you okay?

**NYAH**

I am now. Get me out of here. Just get me out of here.

**ETHAN**

It's going to be okay.

He holds her.

**INT - HOSPITAL ROOM**

McCloy's strapped down, but manages to reach the call button and push it. Again and again.

**NEKHORVICH**

No use, my friend. The medical staff wants no part of this. Doctors don't fancy the idea of dying any more than anybody else.

McCloy stares at Nekhorvich for a long moment.

**MCCLOY**

How could I *possibly* be infected?

Nekhorvich shrugs.

**NEKHORVICH**

That's exactly what Gradski said - 27 hours before he died. With *Chimera*, the most minute exposure can be fatal.

McCloy again looks at his vital sign on the monitor. He grips the edge of the hospital bed.

**NEKHORVICH**

But then you shouldn't be feeling to ill. not for another three of four hours anyway.

McCloy breaks a fresh sweat in a sudden spasm of anxiety.

**MCCLOY**

You have Bellerophon.

**NEKHORVICH**

(mildly)

Do I?

**MCCLOY**

You took it! All of it! And what if I need it?

**NEKHORVICH**

(amused)

'If?' My, my, my...the five hundred people on Bruny Island that you deliberately infected with *Chimera* needed it as well.

**MCCLOY**

Oh, please! How was I to know they had to be treated with Bellerophon within twenty hours?

**NEKHORVICH**

By asking me.

**MCCLOY**

You still don't get it, do you? You want to make an omelet, you break a few eggs - *I needed to know just how bad the disease was* - in the real world, not the lab. And you never know til you try. You thought you were genetically splicing together strains of influenza to create a cure for all influenzas. But I saw you creating a disease so terrible in *Chimera* that the cure would be priceless.

**NEKHORVICH**

You wanted the disease in order to peddle the cure.

**MCCLOY**

Well, the thought had occurred to me. I needed Chimera in order to peddle Bellerophon. For hero to be appreciated, you need a monster. Now that's not so difficult to understand, is it? Look, time was a shot of penicillin could knock off every bloody bug in the zoo! Not anymore!..have you any idea the R&D money it takes to float one little pissy boutique antibiotic that's barely effective against one strain of one bacterium? If I couldn't make money killing the microscopic little shits that are out there, you'd help me put one out there I can make on!..there it is. I've confessed. I, John C. McCloy, am in business to make money. Lilly's making billions feeding Prozac to depressed dogs. Pfizer doesn't even know where to put the money they're making on Viagra, and let me tell you that shit didn't do a thing for me even at twice the recommended dose, Jesus, who do I have to screw to get a break!..now get me out of here, get me treated and let's go back to work!..

**NEKHORVICH**

You know, I think it's a little late for that. Do give my regards to Gradski if you see him.

**INT - HALLWAY (OUTSIDE MCCLOY'S ROOM)**

Nekhorvich heaves a sigh and rips off a latex mask, and the vocal oscillator, revealing an exhausted Ethan. Angle widens to

include Luther and Billy in hospital greens.

Luther and Billy nod in disgusted assent.

**EXT - ANNEX (NIGHT) NYAH**

holds tight in her embrace with Ethan.

**NYAH**

Ethan, you know what frightens me most when I'm with him?..the thought of never seeing you..how are we getting out of here?

**ETHAN**

Nyah, it's very important not do anything to alarm Ambrose..

**NYAH**

What? You told me to get out of here. I thought you were here to collect me. I was so relieved.

**ETHAN**

(with growing urgency)

No time to explain. You've done well, and we're so close. So close. It's critical that you do whatever Ambrose asks. Don't worry - it'll be over soon.. That's a promise.. Come on, now off you go!

He gives her an affectionate smile and she reluctantly heads back to the house, her expression troubled, even suspicious.

**INT - HALLWAY (OUTSIDE MCCLOY'S ROOM)**

Having just taken off the mask, Ethan stands with Luther and Billy.

**LUTHER**

(disgusted by what he's heard)

So Ambrose has Bellerophon and McCloy's got Chimera.

**BILLY**

There guys are walking around with different halves of the same dollar bill?

**ETHAN**

Ambrose got Bellerophon from Nekhorvich on the plane, but he didn't get the Chimera virus.

**LUTHER**

Yeah. Why else would he come back to Australia? If he had them both, he could sell them anywhere.

**ETHAN**

I kill Chimera at Biocyte and he's sitting on a cure without a disease.

**LUTHER**

You've got the voice print, I'll get us in..

**EXT - AMBROSE HOUSE (NIGHT)**

Ethan enters and tears off his mask, revealing Ambrose filled with implacable rage. He looks up to see Stamp who's been obviously waiting for him. Tearing the voice oscillator. Leaning with both hands on a counter-surveillance monitor table he stares at the floor, his face rictus of hateful intensity.

**STAMP**

You were right. Hunt stung McCloy tonight. He knows. They'll be going into Biocyte...

Ambrose looks up slowly to Stamp who's been standing by.

**AMBROSE**

Good..then we go where he'll be, don't we? Well done, Hugh. Well done.

**CHAUFFEUR'S WINDOW (INT. LIMO - EVE)**

being rapped on by the driver.

**MCCLOY**

wakes with a start. The window's lowered -- Billy's in livery.

**BILLY**

You're home, gov'ner. Home..

It's taking time to register. Then:

**MCCLOY**

- where's George. My regular driver. Where is he?

**BILLY**

Took ill, gov'. Touch of the flu. They say it's going around. Nasty business.

Mind you don't catch a chill now.

Still dazed, McCloy manages to nod and exit the limo. Billy drives off.

**CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN - BIOCYTE BUILDING BLUEPRINTS  
(INT. SHEEP FARM SAFEHOUSE)**

including all specifications.

**ETHAN**

Luther, do you have the building up and running?

Luther punches in and up comes a squat little island a hundred yards off shore, connected to the mainland by a wooden bridge.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

That's not exactly it.

**LUTHER**

Sorry, that it a Biocyte facility, their storage structure..

**ETHAN**

Nyah still on the property?

**BILLY**

She hasn't left it.

Then:

**LUTHER**

Okay, here you go -

As Luther speaks, the building - on his computer graphics, one with the BIOCYTE PHARMACEUTICALS ELEVATORS AND RENDERINGS, is being rapidly morphed to three dimension existence off the rendering specifications by Luther, as if the building itself were being constructed at a madly rapid pace, from its foundation to its reinforced steel structure, to its honeycombing of floors, to its outer skin. Luther's reconstitution of the building lot static, but moving around and above it even as he proceeds.

**ETHAN**

Let's start from the inside out.

**LUTHER**

All storage and production of Chimera is done here, in this lab on the forty-second floor, the heart of the building.

**BIOCYTE LAB**

Only about eight personnel -- chemists in lab coats, workers in bio-containment suits, etc. -- populate the lab, passing through security door and air locks, monitoring the virus stock, padding the injection gun, etc.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Chimera itself is kept in two places: in production vials in an incubation room and housed in a small airtight chamber - inside three injection guns.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Mate, you kill it in both places, we're laughin' and we go home.

**WITH LUTHER AND ETHAN**

**ETHAN**

Now how to get in there.

**LUTHER**

No garage entrance. Lobby's protected by five guards on rotating patrol.

Ethan watches the rendition of the Biocyte lobby on screen

**CLOSE - AMBROSE (NIGHT)**

in overhead light, his eyes are dark pits, somehow underlying her saturnine intensity:

**AMBROSE**

If you look at Hunt's operational history, he invariably favors misdirection and deception. For a start he won't go into Biocyte from the ground where he has to risk confrontation with security.

**ETHAN**

Not going in from the ground. Show me the atrium.

**INT - BIOCYTE ATRIUM SHAFT**

The height and extent of the atrium are revealed, as well as its conclusion in a glass floor in the ceiling of the lab.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

(unhappily)

The atrium? One of a kind. Runs down the

center of the building. Provides 24-hour natural light via mirrors and daylight storage cells. Optimal growing conditions for the virus. Ends in a glass floor which doubles as part of the lab's ceiling.

**WITH LUTHER AND ETHAN**

Luther sees the glint growing in Ethan's eye.

**LUTHER**

Hey, atrium roof closes at sundown.

**EXT - BIOCYTE ATRIUM SHAFT**

As the sun sets, the louvers of the atrium roof begin closing.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

And if the louvers are open for more than thirty seconds at night, the Civil Emergency alarms are tipped. Those even I can't stop. Thirty seconds total to get you in and the cable out.

**ETHAN**

Security?

**LUTHER**

Thirty-second opening in the roof and a 250-foot drop.

**ETHAN**

I'm not waiting 48 hours. When we're done at Biocyte, if she's not out of Ambrose's, I'm going in and getting her out.

**CLOSE - AMBROSE (NIGHT)**

**AMBROSE**

No, Hunt will prefer to engage in some sort of acrobatic insanity to enter Biocyte somewhere through the atrium where security is minimal..

Suddenly there's the roar of helicopter rotors.

**ETHAN (EXT. SYDNEY - NIGHT)**

is poised, upside down, on cable against the Sydney skyline.

**THE ATRIUM LOUVERS**

begin to open.

**WITH LUTHER (INT. VAN)**

hurriedly working the atrium's controls, hitting 'ENTER', repeatedly.

**INT - COPTER (HOVERING)**

**BILLY**

Package away in five..four..three..  
two..one...

**LUTHER**

I'm not ready!

**ETHAN**

I'm gone..

Ethan plummets towards the atrium.

**WITH LUTHER (INT. VAN - NIGHT)**

**LUTHER**

(frantically working controls)  
C'mon! C'mon! C'mon!

**ETHAN'S DESCENT**

is so swift it appears as though he's going to hit the atrium louvers but as he reaches roof level they crack open just enough for him to dart thru like thread thru a needle

Luther begins the countdown. His countdown continues, running under the action and dialogue below.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

..nineteen..eighteen..seventeen...

**ETHAN IN MID-DESCENT (MOVING)**

moves down the shaft of bluish light, past the building's walls.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

(low)  
..sixteen..fifteen..

Ethan streaks thru the beams of light toward the atrium floor.

**INT - ATRIUM FLOOR - ETHAN**

reaches the end of the cord, slows himself to a stop and sees

the security guard through the window. The guard starts as he catches a glimpse of Ethan's reflection in the control panels.

**ETHAN**

Luther, I'm looking at security.

**CLOSE - LUTHER**

**LUTHER**

(utterly shocked)

Oh. Uh. Commencing diversion.

(sotto voce, typing swiftly)

Alarm in cosmetics.

**INT - ATRIUM FLOOR**

Ethan swings himself up to the ledge above the guard's window, putting himself out of the puzzled guard's sight.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Gotta get that cable out.

Ethan unhooks the cord and flips to the atrium floor. An alarm goes off.

**LUTHER'S VOICE (cont'd)**

There it goes..

Still confused and concerned, the guard doesn't immediately react to the alarm or the ringing phone. He finally answers the phone.

**GUARD #2'S VOICE**

(on phone)

AY! what's the matter with you? Can't you hear the alarm's gone off in cosmetics?

The first guard gives up what's confused him.

**GUARD**

(sarcastic)

Right. Then I guess I'll have to trot off to see who's pinching eyeliner, won't I.

(exits, grumbling)

I'll even check the stairwell on the way.

**UP ANGLE - CABLE**

being swiftly retracted toward the atrium's opening as it closes.

**BILLY**

Retracting cable.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

(low)  
Three..two..one..

**UP ANGLE - ATRIUM**

The cable just makes it thru the atrium as the louvers close.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Cable's clear.

**INT - ATRIUM FLOOR - ETHAN**

reaches down and presses a silent beeper.

**WITH LUTHER (INT. VAN)**

sees a little red diamond-shaped light pop on his screen

**LUTHER**

Transponder activated..Reading package and  
Cable is clean.

(exhaling, relieved)  
He's on his way.

Staring at the buildings control panels.

**ETHAN (INT. ATRIUM)**

hugs the floor just out of sight of the befuddled security guard.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

He'll make the attempt at the only possible time  
for both of us, 11 P.M. - when the guards rotate  
and the buildings air-filtration generators go  
active, covering the sound of his break-in..

**WITH LUTHER**

**LUTHER**

Ethan, the generators are about to go active.  
We'll be out of contact for eleven minutes.

**CLOSE - GENERATORS**

dark and silent.

**GENERATORS**

turn over and roar to life.

**ETHAN AT BOTTOM OF ATRIUM**

cuts into the glass floor, pops it out, and drops thru the opening. None of it's heard under the generators..

Ethan drops onto the lab floor and heads across the lab and up the ramp to the hot zone.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

The frequency of the generators operate to our advantage - cutting radio communication from his team for the next eleven minutes..

**INT - BIOCYTE LOBBY (NIGHT)**

Stamp, flanked by several of his team in Biocyte security guard uniform, crosses the lobby toward a pair of actual Biocyte security guards who appear more puzzled than alarmed at this unexpected influx.

**ONE OF THE GUARDS**

What's this, then? Reinforcements?

**STAMP**

Not exactly, mate.

**WITH LUTHER (INT. CONSTRUCTION VAN - NIGHT)**

His attention is drawn to a spot on the grid where Nyah's transponder blip, a circular yellow one in contrast to Ethan's, is moving. Troubled:

**LUTHER**

Billy. I think we got a problem. Nyah's on the wing. Up early. Billy, do you copy?

**INT - CHOPPER**

**BILLY**

Exactly where is she?

**LUTHER**

..in the building...

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Say again. Sounds like you're saying 'she's in the building.'

**LUTHER**

I am. She is.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

Ethan does it the hard way to avoid confrontation. Neutralizing security guards is simply too distasteful to him..

**INT - BIOCYTE LOBBY**

The two guards who had greeted Stamp and his arriving team lie inert on the lobby floor.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

I've never found that a problem...

**WITH BILLY (INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT)**

Billy's so surprised he momentarily gets loose with the copter and it banks off. As it and he recover:

**BILLY**

Right. Well, then. She's not likely to be alone. is she?

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

The question is 'how many of 'em?' I can't get thru to Ethan. Not 'til the generators go off.

**BILLY**

When's that?

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Not for another eight and a half minutes.

**WITH LUTHER**

staring at the red and yellow blips in vertical alignment, the Yellow one, Nyah, considerably below the red one, Ethan.

**INT - HOT ZONE ENTRANCE (NIGHT)**

The door reads. DANGER: LIVE VIRUS: INCUBATION ZONE. EXPOSURE

IS

FATAL. Ethan pulls on a protective mask from his pack and puts a miniaturized recorder up to the voice print activator:

**MCCLOY'S VOICE**

John C. McCloy..

Ethan's buzzed into the hot zone. He steps into the air locks.

**INT - SHEEP FARM IMF SAFEHOUSE**

A small bomb is placed by the dark gloves of someone unseen.

**EXT - CONSTRUCTION VAN - NIGHT**

a shadow falls across the dirt in front of the bumper.

**A SMALL OBJECT**

with a digital clock face, its red LED illuminating descending numbers, is carefully placed inside the bumper. The magnet on it doesn't quite catch. It's then placed more carefully.

**INT - CONSTRUCTION VAN**

Luther doesn't pick up on the faint metallic sound just outside. He's concentrating on the flashes on the screen showing the transponder rising in the building. Increasingly desperate:

**LUTHER**

It looks like Nyah's headed toward an elevator.

**ETHAN**

working meticulously on a computer monitor.

**DOWN ANGLE - ELEVATOR DOORS**

and a security guard's body lying in the corridor. A pair of trousered legs step over the body and into the elevator joining Nyah's legs and feet, and other pairs of trousered legs. The elevator doors close.

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

If Hunt actually manages to squeak thru the atrium he's liable to make it to Chimera before we will..

**CLOSE LUTHER**

On his computer screen the yellow dot continues its ascent, the two dots growing ever closer.

**LUTHER**

She's in the elevator heading toward Ethan.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

How much longer before you can reach him?

**LUTHER**

Five and a half minutes.  
(looking at his chronometer)

He's breached the hot zone..

**AMBROSE'S VOICE**

On the other hand we know where Hunt will  
be and he doesn't know we're coming..

**INT - INCUBATION ZONE**

In front of each of three large television monitors is a vial  
shaped roughly like a sealed beaker somewhere between one and two  
liters in size. Each one is contained behind Plexiglas and each  
one pale yellow, one sunset red. Behind them are monitors  
marked,

respectively: WORKING SEED STOCK, MASTER SEED STOCK, IN VITRO  
VIRUS. Behind these is a monitor screen with a blow-up of the  
contents of the vials & the magnitude of the blow-up - 950,000x.

These are X-Ray microscope blow-ups, i.e., allowing the viewer to  
see the motility of the virus and its metabolism, not dissimilar  
to an MRI this of Chimera in its three different cultures..

Ethan's on the computer controls, racing thru to WORKING SEED  
STOCK, which calls for optimal levels of 6.9 pH and 11  
degrees Celsius. He drops the pH to zero and punches up the  
temperature to a hundred. The effect on the greenish hue in  
the bottle is subtle but immediate - not so subtle is the  
effect on the virus seeds viewed microscopically - they  
immediately appear agitated, their microscopic DNA innards  
contracting and expanding.

Ethan moves on to the Master Seed Stock and the In Vitro Virus  
panels on the computer. The changes he makes are reflected on  
the digital monitoring panels before each viral container.

**THE WORKING SEED**

vial has begun to change colors from sea green to a paler pea-  
green. The liquid itself begins to thicken:

**COMPUTER VOICE**

(female)

Alert. Chimera-working-seed-stock-pH-and-  
temperature-level-outside-optimal range.

As the liquid grows more viscous the X-Ray have a progressively  
more difficult time penetrating the individual cells, resulting  
in a low humming sound which grows as the liquid gels.

**ETHAN**

at the control panels for maintaining the virus.

**ANOTHER COMPUTER VOICE**

Alert. Chimera-master-seed-stock-pH-and-temperature-level-outside-optimal range.

**FIRST COMPUTER VOICE**

Alert. Chimera-working-seed-stock-pH-at-unacceptable-level..

**THIRD COMPUTER VOICE**

Alert. Chimera-in-vitro-pH-and-temperature-level-outside-optimal range..

**FIRST COMPUTER VOICE**

Alert. Chimera-working-seed-stock-pH-at-critical-level. Alert. Stock-life threatened. Alert.

The X-Ray microscope shows the individual seed-cells sticking together, some exploding, then all movement ceasing. The Liquid itself is suddenly shod thru fluorescent sparks before it congeals to an opaque mush.

**FIRST COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)**

Alert. Chimera stock life..terminated..

Simultaneously with the seed stock, Ethan's damaging both the working seed in-vitro virus.

**WIDE ANGLE - HOT ZONE**

Ethan places a little plastique on a timer and runs up a ramp to the decontaminant air lock at the back entrance to the hot zone.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

How're we doin', then?

**LUTHER**

He should've have killed the virus in the incubation area..Nyah's exited the elevator on the same level as the lab.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

What can we do' mate?

**LUTHER**

(staring at them)

Hope he kills all the bugs before the yellow dot gets to the red one.

**CLOSE - LUTHER'S SCREEN**

The read and yellow blips are now on the same plane. The yellow

dot moves toward the red one as if drawn by a slow motion magnet.

**DOWN ANGLE - ETHAN**

looking up as his entire body is hit with air like he's a wind tunnel. When the air flow ceases, a green light goes on.

**COMPUTER VOICE**

Subject is contaminate free. Zero contaminate factor. Subject contaminate free.

**ETHAN - GLASS OBSERVATION ROOM**

heads up a ramp to the three injection guns. Hands in gloves he reaches into the chamber for one of the injection guns.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

He's still got three injection guns in the test lab..They're loaded with doses of Chimera which he'll destroy by firing into a hyper-thermal chamber.

He places the barrel of the gun, seals the chamber, and fires. There's a tiny flash of light. Ethan withdraws the gun.

**INT - CONSTRUCTION VAN**

Luther's sweating it as the clock counts down: :30, :29, :28..

**LUTHER**

- twenty-seven, twenty-six, twenty-five, come on, Ethan we're almost there! I-I'm off sensitive for this..

In a spasm of anxiety Luther bolts to his feet, wipes his brow.

**LUTHER (cont'd)**

- eighteen seconds, the generators'll be off and Ethan's back on line..

Luther glances thru the van window only to see reflected in the van side mirror:

**MIRROR REFLECTION - CHROME BUMPER (EXT. CONSTRUCTION VAN)**

reflected in it is the face of a digital clock, its red LED illuminating the clock's numbers fourteen - thirteen - twelve -

**WITH LUTHER**

**LUTHER**

(realizing what he's in for)

Oh - oh - oh -

Even as he moans he's frantically ripping out the computer and cords dangling, hotfoots toward the van exit.

**INT - HOT ZONE - GLASS OBSERVATION ROOM**

Ethan fires the second injection gun. Picks up the third and last. He pauses as he's about to fire it, staring intently suddenly the gun is held by:

**NEKHORVICH**

who turns the barrel from the hyper-thermal chamber and releases into his wrist.

**BACK TO ETHAN - GLASS OBSERVATION ROOM**

whose vision of of Nekhorvich fades. Still thinking of Nekhorvich he continues to stare at the gun for another moment and before he can fire:

**INT - SHEEP FARM IMF SAFEHOUSE**

The bomb's LED readout shows 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.. As it reaches 0 a small light on the bomb suddenly stops its incessant blinking.

**EXT - VAN**

explodes. Saw horses and dirt fly.

**INT - GLASS OBSERVATION ROOM - ETHAN**

looks up just in time to see Ambrose and team arrive at the far end of the lab. They immediately open fire, shattering the room's walls and the glass injection gun chamber. As the injection gun begins falling to the lab floor below, one of Ambrose's team runs to grab it, but before he can reach it he is shot by Ethan, who's falling to the floor below.

**AMBROSE**

(to Ulrich)

Get it.

As Ethan hits and dives for cover, Ulrich goes for the gun Ethan shoots Ulrich in the leg. Ulrich hops back in pain.

**AMBROSE**

Those were two explosions, your van and your safehouse, in case you didn't hear them both -- I believe that means you've

also lost a friend.

Ethan's crouching on the ground protected behind a series of vertical metal sheets.

**ETHAN**

And you couldn't walk to tell me about it.

Ethan moves to pick up the injection gun which lies in the shattered glass on the floor. Ambrose, Wallis, and a couple of other Ambrose team members fire, kicking up broken glass. Ethan backs off.

**AMBROSE**

(yelling)

Hold your fire, dammit!

The two spot one another in a mirror on the far wall of the hot zone..

**AMBROSE** (cont'd)

Well, Hunt. How've you been?

**ETHAN**

(smiling)

Fight a bit of a cold..

**AMBROSE**

And you're happy about that?

**ETHAN**

Beats fighting the flu, I'm here to tell you.

**AMBROSE**

You know, that was the hardest part of having to portray you. Grinning like an idiot every fifteen minutes.

**ETHAN**

I would've thought the hardest part was exercising restraint. Curbing that pressing need of your to get your gun off. You were in such a hurry to knock off that 747, you never figured out where the virus really was.

**AMBROSE**

I knew where it was.

**ETHAN**

Oh. then you knew the only way

could smuggle the live virus to the CDC scientists in Atlanta was by injecting himself and using his own bloodstream as a Petri dish, doing it inside of twenty hours so he could take the anti-virus and still have it be effective. You knew that while you were knocking him off and destroying the very thing you came for.

Ethan has been using this exchange to ease a fresh seventeen round clip into his weapon and he punctuates this last with a spray of gunfire, attempting to cover his own effort to the reach the injection gun. The return fire nearly hits the injection gun, kicking up glass and dust and making it move around on the floor.

**AMBROSE**

Stop! Put a sock in it! Hit that bloody gun and you'll spray the bloody virus all over the place!

Everybody's regained cover but the injection gun remains out of everybody's reach.

**ETHAN**

There it is, guys, the last of it.

**AMBROSE**

Yep. You've provided us with a golden opportunity to have both the bug and the bug killer.

**ETHAN**

What was the top bid?

**AMBROSE**

Why, you going to make me a better offer?

**ETHAN**

Than thirty-seven million pounds? Not really.

**AMBROSE**

(not amused)  
Somebody's been slipping you our mail.  
Come on out here, you bad girl.

in Nyah walks out into view on her own. Ethan sees her reflection  
the mirror. Enraged, but trying to control it.

**ETHAN**

She doesn't belong here, Sean. Let her go.

**AMBROSE**

She wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you, Hunt. From this moment you're responsible for what happens to her, and if you're looking out for her well-being, I suggest you advise her to pick up the gun and bring it to me. Ball's in your court, Hunt. What've you got to say? Nyah's waiting for your answer.

A pregnant pause.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

(breaking through the static)  
Ethan, Nyah's in the building! Do you copy?

**WITH LUTHER (EXT. BIOCYTE)**

a mess amid the rubble of the construction van.

**ETHAN**

**ETHAN**

(dryly)  
Thank you.

**ETHAN (cont'd)**

Sure he won't shoot you the minute he's got it?

**AMBROSE**

Oh, Hunt, please! One can't hold Nyah responsible for her actions..

**ETHAN**

In other words, you're calling her a flake.

**CLOSE - NYAH**

listening.

**AMBROSE**

You know women, mate. Like monkeys, they are. Won't let go of one branch til they've got a grip on the next...get it, Nyah. I'll cover you.

Ambrose cocks his weapon.

AMBROSE (cont'd)

I'm waiting.

**NYAH**

(not much more than body  
length from Ethan)  
This isn't exactly working out the way you  
thought it would, Ethan. Sorry.

Finger on the injection trigger, she rises and turns the barrel on her arm, firing. The sound of the air pressure pushing the virus into her is unmistakable, as is the circle of tiny puncture wounds on her skin. Nyah moves in front of Ethan, covering him, as she turns to face Ambrose.

**ETHAN**

shocked by Nyah's gesture but as she addresses Ambrose he resets the 'Countdown' on his chronometer to twenty hours. As it drops into the nineteen:

**AMBROSE**

(frustrated in the extreme)  
You..bitch!

She's been laughing away with Ethan:

**NYAH**

You're not going to shoot, Sean. Not  
this bitch. She's worth thirty-seven  
million pounds.

**CLOSE - ETHAN'S HANDS**

fingers press a red button on a tiny detonator. There's a bright heat flash from the hot zone and an explosion of gas and water -- the plastique killing any airborne virus.

Ethan uses the diversion to grab Nyah and run with her to the far side of the lab, behind a stock of horizontal cylinders.

**INT - LAB**

Ambrose and team recover from the explosion and begin firing on the tanks protecting Ethan and Nyah, surrounding the two with fire and jets of released steam.

**INT - LAB - ETHAN AND NYAH**

behind the stack of tanks. Ethan launches an explosive down a short hallway, blowing a hole in the building's exterior wall.

**INT - ENTRANCES TO THE LAB**

A group of Biocyte security guards enter from behind Ambrose and team and catch them off-guard. All hell breaks loose.

**INT - LAB - ETHAN AND NYAH**

**ETHAN**

(outraged)

What did you think you were doing!

**NYAH**

I wasn't thinking! Just..trying to keep you from getting hurt, that's all.

This hits Ethan with the force of a blow.

**ETHAN**

- you who don't have a conscience.

**NYAH**

(something of surprise to her)

I guess I lied..You can't get both of us out of here, can you?

**ETHAN**

No.

**NYAH**

Then you'll have to kill me before it's too late. Before I start killing people.

**ETHAN**

No.

**NYAH**

I'm infected with Chimera. You know you don't have a choice. Just do it now.

She puts Ethan's gun to her forehead.

**NYAH (cont'd)**

For god's sake, get it over with.

**THE HAMMER**

pulls back.

**CLOSE - ETHAN**

He can't fire, lower the hammer.

**ETHAN**

We've got 19 hours and 57 minutes before you start killing anybody. I'll get Bellerophon into your system by then. Just stay alive. I'm not gonna lose you.

Ethan runs from the cover of the tanks toward the exploded wall once in the open, he exchanges direct gunfire with Ambrose's team, wounding a couple men. He reaches the wall and dives thru, camera with him as he drops 25 stories, the sound of gunfire in the air all around him.

Less than a hundred feet from the ground a small dark chute deploys and Ethan is lost from view beneath it.

**PANNING SHOT - PAINTINGS (INT. CULTURAL ARTIFACT CENTER)**

of Aborigine paintings, eerie patterns made of man and nature phantasmagorical, like the patterns that form under the eyelids shortly before sleep. B.G. the haunting notes of didgeridoo insure they're not being overheard.

**SWANBECK**

(reading the paintings titles)  
'Dreaming of Birds and Flying Fox,'  
'Bushfire Dreaming,' 'Wind Dreaming,' --  
oddly appropriate -

Swanbeck breaks off and turns to a somewhat battered and battle weary Ethan:

**SWANBECK (cont'd)**

- since it appears that Chimera, the mother of all nightmares is on the loose somewhere around here - is there any way this disaster can be viewed as a qualified one?

**ETHAN**

(tight-lipped)  
Not yet. We did manage to pull any sensitive equipment and material out of our safehouse wreckage.

**SWANBECK**

We could lock down passport control and all ports of authority, but that won't stop Ambrose, and beyond him, we don't know who else we're looking for -- all terrorist bank accounts of which we're

aware are stable. No deposits, no withdrawals. Therefore no suspects.

**ETHAN**

We think we've got our finger on the buyer.

**SWANBECK**

Do you? Even assuming you're able to prevent Ambrose selling Chimera, you've now got an additional problem. You destroyed all of Chimera at Biocyte. If Ambrose is going to sell Chimera now, he'll have to do it by taking a pint or so of Miss Hall's blood to market.

**ETHAN**

Yes, I believe that's right.

**SWANBECK**

But that leaves another seven or eight pints of Chimera.

**ETHAN**

You mean that leaves Miss Hall.

**SWANBECK**

Yes, I believe that's right. Now my understanding is that 20 hours after exposure, the victim becomes infectious. Highly infectious.

Ethan glances at his chronometer. Swanbeck sees it.

**SWANBECK (CONT'D)**

You noted the time of exposure?

Ethan nods.

**SWANBECK (CONT'D)**

- good. Then if you manage to get hold of Ambrose, and obtain what he's got, you've got -

(glancing at the chronometer)

- 8 hours 57 minutes and twenty-three seconds to destroy the largest remaining source of Chimera on earth.

**ETHAN**

She sacrificed herself..

**SWANBECK**

Brave girl. If you can get hold of Bellerophon with the time limit, you may spare her the ultimate sacrifice. But in either case you've got less than nine hours to kill her or cure her. After that it's out of our hands and a matter of worldwide material law. And Hunt. However you obtain it, we want you to preserve a sample of Chimera. Bring it back alive.

Ethan's staring at Swanbeck.

**SWANBECK (CONT'D)**

Something else?

**ETHAN**

Aren't you even curious? About why she did it?

**SWANBECK**

No. I can't afford to be curious. And neither can you, Hunt..

As the eerie wail of the didgeridoo seems to mount in volume and intensity, the overcast sky filtering into the loft seems particularly oppressive. Ethan's up against it and he knows it.

**A VIEW OF SYDNEY**

from harbors to skyline in all its sunlight splendor.

Nyah sits for a moment, looking steadily at Ambrose. Ambrose pats the cannister he's carrying.

**AMBROSE**

Feel like pleading for your life?

**NYAH**

(with an edge)

Not as much as you feel like hearing it.

Ambrose slaps her. With scarcely a flicker of hesitation she slaps him back.

**AMBROSE**

God damn it, Nyah! Why did you do it? Why did you save that bastard?

**NYAH**

If it'll make you feel any better I won't do it again.

It doesn't. Full of pain and rage, he gets out of the car.

**AMBROSE**

If it'll make you feel any better, you're going to take a lot of Aussies with you and make me a lot of money.

**NYAH**

What are you talking about?

**AMBROSE**

In just a few hours you can be assured of going down in history as the typhoid Mary of Oz. G'day.

A nameless guard from Michael's car idling nearby gets into the back seat with Nyah. Ambrose shuts the car door in Nyah's face, gets in Michael's car takes off.

**EXT/INT - IMF HELICOPTER - BLUFF**

**ETHAN**

Luther?..Luther.

Luther drops a tiny part into his computer board and, as he tries to fish it out with the aid of a magnifying glass:

**LUTHER**

Ethan, I keep telling you there's not a chance of locating Nyah til I access the satellite and there's not a chance of doing that til I get this thing booted up and running! How much time does she have left?

**ETHAN**

Ninety-seven minutes, twenty-seven seconds.

**BILLY**

Before we kill her or cure her..

**LUTHER**

Right.

**ETHAN**

Wrong. All we've got to worry about is Ambrose. Nyah will take care of Nyah.

**BILLY**

What are you talking about?

**ETHAN**

Unless we dose her with Bellerophon on the next ninety-seven minutes, Nyah will kill herself. So, first things, first. Swanbeck said there's no cash movement from any monitored terrorist accounts.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND CAR PARK**

McCloy's black limousine is in the car park.

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

Confirms what Ambrose is gonna do -

**INT - TUNNEL - BEAR ISLAND**

Barrels of toxic materials line the walls, as an armed guard patrols the corridor, leading into the main chamber, where we follow McCloy into

**INT - SLABHOUSE**

McCloy enters and begins pacing.

**ETHAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

- who he's doing it with, and where he's gonna do it.

**EXT - MOTORCYCLE AND LINE OF VEHICLES (DAY)**

speed along an isolated road in close formation before turning onto a side road, revealed as leading to a bridge across a small strip of water to a small island.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND - LANDWARD SIDE (DAY)**

As the cycles and vehicles cross the bridge and approach the front gate, the camera swings around the side of the island establishing the geography and the six cannon emplacements before coming to a stop on

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND - SEAWARD CLIFF - ETHAN**

scaling the seaward side of the island with minimal gear

**EXT/INT - IMF HELICOPTER - BLUFF**

resting like a giant locust, half hidden by a cluster of trees on the bluff overlooking Bear Island.

Billy's at the controls, with binoculars, maintaining surveillance of the island and environs.

In the back, Luther is at Work on his GPS computer.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Ethan's out from under the bridge and on the south-east face..

**EXT - CLIFF/VIEW OF TUNNEL**

Ethan climbs the side of the cliff.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Ethan, Ambrose and his tem have over the bridge -

**ETHAN**

Copy that.

Ethan reaches the clifftop and sees armed guards patrolling.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

You all right, mate? From here it looks like very security. What's it look like like from there?

**ETHAN**

Risky.

He's over the top and moves swiftly to cover.

Ethan surprises and kills a perimeter guard, then runs to a length of grating and lifts one of the panels.

Ethan climbs down through the grating in the roof of the tunnel. Using a bar to swing down, he breaks a second guard's neck and drops to the floor.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND - ENTRANCE (DAY)**

Ambrose and team drive through the entry gate -- passing its BIOCYTE PHARMACEUTICALS sign and various no-nonsense warnings of 'No Trespassing,' etc. -- before Biocyte security guards close it behind them.

**INT - TUNNEL - NEAR THE GRATING**

**ETHAN**

Breached the structure at the ten o'clock grating. In the tunnel moving toward the target.

Ethan begins heading down the tunnel.

**INT - SLABHOUSE BUILDING**

Ambrose and team enter, where McCloy and his CHEMIST and ACCOUNTANT are waiting. As Stamp stands back, observing, and Wallis sets up a laptop, Ambrose walks up to a refectory-like table and stands opposite McCloy. Ambrose reaches into his coat and puts two cannisters on the table in front of McCloy.

McCloy's

chemist picks up the cannisters and inserts them into two chambers connected to his microscope.

**CHEMIST**

It's a DNA match. The blood's loaded with *Chimera*.

An insert of the microscope plate shows the two samples, as *Bellerophen* destroys *Chimera*.

The chemist presses a button on the chamber and there's a heat flash. The chamber red light moves to green, and there's a mechanical voice: 'Substance destroyed.'

CHEMIST (cont'd)

And they certainly have *Bellerophen*.

The Kev cannister is out on the table.

**MCCLOY**

Well, then. You've got both the virus and the anti-virus, *Chimera* and *Bellerophen*. Which means I've thirty million for you

Ambrose doesn't respond.

MCCLOY (cont'd)

That's all the cash I can come up with

**AMBROSE**

Not exactly. Wallis?

**WALLIS**

(off Biocyte figures on laptop)  
More like two-two point two million.

**AMBROSE**

In any case we don't want your cash.

**MCCLOY**

Then what do you want?

Ambrose picks up a mobile phone and dials.

**AMBROSE**

Stock, Mr. McCloy. Stock options, to be a little more precise..

(into the phone)

- cut her loose..right in the center of town..the more crowded the better..

(punching off, to McCloy)

How quickly can you manufacture more of the antivirus.

**INT - TUNNEL - CAVITY IN THE WALL**

As he moves along the tunnel, Ethan suddenly flattens himself against a wall as he receives a transmission from Luther.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Ethan, just picked up an Ambrose call - Nyah's been dropped off. I think she's alive.

**ETHAN**

Where is she?

**EXT - HELICOPTER - BLUFF**

**LUTHER**

Somewhere in Sydney.

**INT - TUNNEL - CAVITY IN THE WALL**

Ethan hears something and ducks into a nearby cavity in the tunnel wall. As a guard approaches, Ethan steps out of the cavity and knocks the guard out, then throws him into the opposite wall.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Ethan? Do you copy?

**ETHAN'S VOICE**

'Somewhere in Sydney?' Care to harden the target?

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Can't. Until I can get the GPS up on our computer..it's still down..

**ETHAN**

The clock is ticking..

Back to the matter at hand, Ethan completes the move on the

guard and knocks him out.

**INT - SLABHOUSE**

**MCCLOY**

Bellerophen? No time at all once I've got it.

**AMBROSE**

Good. Biocyte stock is just a week or two away from going through the roof.

**MCCLOY**

(alarmed)

What are you talking about?

**AMBROSE**

An outbreak of *Chimera*.

**MCCLOY**

Where?

**AMBROSE**

In downtown Sydney for a start.

McCloy is stunned.

**AMBROSE (cont'd)**

You create the supply, Mr. McCloy, we've just created the demand. Three million people in Sydney and 17 million people in Australia are going to need Bellerophen within a matter of days..not to mention the rest of the world..

**INT - TUNNEL - OPEN AREA - ETHAN'S FEET**

stealthily approach a couple dozen jittery pigeons, cooing and pecking. The intensity of their noise-making increases as Ethan reaches them.

**INT - TUNNEL - OUTSIDE OF THE SLABHOUSE ROOM DOORS**

Hearing the disruption of the pigeons, one of Ambrose's guards leaves his post at the double doors and head the tunnel toward the birds to investigate.

**INT - TUNNEL - OPEN AREA**

Ambrose's guard draws his gun and continues approaching the pigeons. Before the guard can see him, Ethan runs forward, and sends the pigeons into scattered flight, blinding the guard. Ethan jumps into a back flip and double kicks -- first knocking

away the guard's gun and then knocking him out and flat on his back. Ethan continues his flip and lands right back on his feet.

**INT - SLABHOUSE**

**AMBROSE**

-- now here's the way it's going to work..Wallis, the shares outstanding are..

**WALLIS**

Ninety-three point four million.

**AMBROSE**

Which means, Mr. McCloy, we have to get our hands on four hundred and eighty thousand options. We'll borrow your thirty million to buy those options. Your stock's never sold above thirty-one dollars a share. We'll agree to buy at fifty.

**AMBROSE (cont'd)**

When your stock goes north of two hundred, and it will, those options will be worth billions. We can borrow whatever we need to buy the 48,000,000 shares, fifty-one percent of Biocyte.

**MCCLOY**

Outrageous. I won't let you take control of my company.

**AMBROSE**

Sit down. You'll be a billionaire. Better than being broke. I've got terrorists and other pharmaceutical companies standing in line. Ball's in your court, Mr. McCloy.

**INT - TUNNEL - OUTSIDE THE SLABHOUSE ROOM DOORS**

Ethan pulls a can of explosive material from his pack. He rolls it towards the double doors, and it stops just before reaching them. Then, pointing his gun to the ceiling, he fires into the air.

**INT - SLABHOUSE ROOM - AMBROSE**

hears a noise and looks to Stamp, who heard it as well. Stamp nods to two guards to check it out. They head across the room to the double doors.

**INT - TUNNEL - OUTSIDE THE SLABHOUSE ROOM DOORS - ETHAN**

waits for the right moment before raising his and firing at the can of explosives. Just as it ignites, the guards open the doors and are blown back by force of the explosion.

**INT - SLABHOUSE ROOM - AMBROSE**

reacts and turns toward the explosion. Amidst the flames and debris, a single white dove comes flying into the room. And beyond it, Ambrose can see Ethan Hunt in silhouette walking slowly past the doorway.

**AMBROSE**

Run that bastard down.

Orders are shouted, and guards, along with Stamp, hotfoot it down the tunnel-corridor in the direction of the explosion.

**INT - TUNNEL - STAMP AND GUARDS**

run down the tunnel. The guards move commando-style, directed by Stamp's hand signals.

**INT - SLABHOUSE - MCCLOY AND AMBROSE**

Ambrose loads his gun and drags the tip of the barrel along the table.

**AMBROSE**

We're running short on time, Mr. McCloy.  
We've got to conclude our business.

McCloy pauses only a moment before nodding to his accountant.

**MCCLOY**

Yes, start the transfer.

The accountant begins working on his laptop.

**AMBROSE**

(to Wallis)  
Follow it. Let me know.

**INT - TUNNEL - STAMP AND GUARDS**

pass a couple of doorways. A pigeon flies past Stamp's face and he stops. As he turn, Ethan Lowers himself from a hiding place in the ceiling. Stamp and Ethan pull their guns on one another. They're in a face-off until they both agree to drop their guns, but Stamp catches his in mid-air and points it back at Ethan.

**ETHAN**

You broke our deal.

**STAMP**

You're too trusting. Raise your hands slowly.

As Ethan raises his hands, he pulls the pin on a grenade and then kicks it between Stamp's legs. The handle flies off: It's live. When Stamp looks down in surprise at the grenade, Ethan kicks out his gun.

Trying to escape the grenade, Stamp smashes into Ethan and seems to have hit him in the jaw. Both hit the ground as the grenade explodes, with Stamp appearing to have the upper hand.

**INT - SLABHOUSE**

As everyone waits for the transfer to complete, the grenade explodes out in the tunnel. McCloy and his accountant freeze with alarm as a sprinkling of dust settles on the room.

**AMBROSE**

(to the accountant)

Keep it going.

**STAMP'S VOICE**

Sean, this rat's reached the end of the maze.

**AMBROSE**

(into walkie-talkie)

Is he alive?

**STAMP'S VOICE**

More or less.

**AMBROSE**

Bring him to me.

**INT - HELICOPTER - BILLY AND LUTHER**

Luther has the GPS computer starting to access the satellite.

**BILLY**

(nervously)

We're due to take off.

**LUTHER**

Not for seven more minutes.

**INT - SLABHOUSE - WALLIS**

checking his computer screen, which shows the transfer has finished successfully.

**WALLIS**

Sean. Transfer complete.

Stamp drags Ethan in, arms pinned with heavy tape. Stamp Ethan look grimy as sandbags after a busy day of tunneling.

Ambrose rises to examine his prize.

**MCCLOY**

(apprehensive)

What exactly do you intend to do with him?

Ambrose walks behind Ethan and kicks his knees out from under him. Ethan falls to the floor.

**INT - HELICOPTER - BILLY AND LUTHER**

**LUTHER**

Ethan? Ethan? Do you copy?

Luther hears nothing in response but while noise. He looks to Billy and indicates there's no answer.

**ETHAN**

Well, mate, maybe this is one of those times we shouldn't follow orders.

**EXT - HELICOPTER (DAY)**

the rotor blades turn over.

**INT - SLABHOUSE BUILDING (DAY)**

**AMBROSE**

(to Ethan)

What have you got to say for yourself.  
Hunt? Any last words?

Ethan appears as if he wants to respond, but can't. Ambrose kicks him again.

AMBROSE (cont'd)

Stop mumbling.

**STAMP**

Afraid he's got no choice. I believe I broke his jaw.

**AMBROSE**

Hugh, I'm impressed..

Ambrose has picked up a pair of Berettas, and is proceeding to load both full seventeen round clips.

**MCCLOY**

(anxiety mounting)

What do you intend to do?

Ambrose favors McCloy with a glance of genial exacerbation.

**AMBROSE**

You needn't watch.

**FULL SHOT - HELICOPTER (DAY)**

rising off the golf green, and banking toward the island.

**INT - SLABHOUSE (DAY)**

Ambrose standing before Hunt with a pair of fully loaded Berettas. The sound of the helicopter grows.

**AMBROSE**

- right. We don't have a lot of time,  
Hunt. whatever you've got to say, say it  
now.

Ethan indeed makes some considerable effort to speak but can only manage a few guttural, progressively desperate sounds which continue as:

AMBROSE (cont'd)

Sorry mate, I can't understand a bloody  
word. How about giving us a big smile to  
remember you by?

(hearing the helicopter)

No? Well, then. This is what's known as  
getting your gun off.

With that Ambrose empties thirty four rounds from the two Berettas into Ethan whose body jerks crazily on the floor. McCloy nearly faints, and Ambrose laughs at his squeamishness until something on Ethan's body catches his eye: the top of the little finger on the right hand is bleeding. Ambrose grabs Ethan's face, and rips off a latex mask: revealing Stamp, eyes wide open and thoroughly lifeless. His jaw, under the mask had been taped carefully close with the same heavy tape Ethan has used to mount the drain-pipe shotgun on the tunnel wall.

AMBROSE (cont'd)

Bloody hell!

He looks around, but Stamp is gone. So is the cannister and kevlar vest that had been on the table moments before.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND**

Ethan's on the motorcycle, heading toward the gates, which a pair of security guards are frantically trying to close.

Billy and Luther in the copter are over the island, and bank so Luther can fire a grenade launcher and blow the back of Ambrose's boat.

The guards close the gate, Ethan runs the motorcycle up the hillock and jumps the gate, over onto the bridge. Ambrose follows in the SUV, crashing thru the gate.

They race across the bridge and the road, onto the huge greensward opposite to and similar in shape to Bare Island. There, with the helicopter hovering, Ambrose manages to corner Ethan and after they expend whatever ammunition their weapons hold, they move into each other bare handed and engage in ferocious, no-holds-barred combat, the helicopter hovering low enough to keep away whatever's left of Ambrose's henchmen, the chopper's downdraft hitting them and flattening the grass around them. Ethan prevails.

**A SPECTACULAR VIEW OF SYDNEY**

on bluffs overlooking the city. Camera moves slowly to the top of the bluff.

**EXT/INT - IMF HELICOPTER (DAY)**

With Billy flying and Luther at the door, machine gun in hand, the copter nears the Bare Island gun pit and Ethan.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND GUN PIT - ETHAN**

runs into the central 'hole' area, guns in both hands and wearing the kevlar vest. He runs toward the walled edge of the enclosure and jumps. As he pulls himself up the top of the wall, he sees the IMF helicopter approaching.

A gunman appears from the tunnel entrance and opens fire, the bullets exploding into the wall around Ethan, who jumps out of the way to avoid them.

**EXT/INT - IMF HELICOPTER**

is under fire as well, bullets spraying the windshield, driving Luther back inside and causing Billy to turn the chopper around.

**BILLY**

Man at your six.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND GUN PIT - ETHAN**

who rolls and returns fire at the gunman. Ethan first hits the gunman in the leg, and then shoots and explodes the canisters behind the gunman, killing him.

**ETHAN**

(to Billy)

The field of fire is too heavy. Back off and pinpoint their positions.

**BEAR ISLAND HILL - MOTORCYCLE**

bearing down on him as he stands up. Ethan just manages to dive out of its path before a second motorcycle comes up over the hill. Ethan flips backwards and fires his pistol, shooting the second cyclist off his bike.

The motorcycle flies over Ethan, who runs after it and jumps on, revving the throttle and taking off.

**BEAR ISLAND - PARKING AREA - AMBROSE**

deploys some of his men via walkie-talkie while others scramble into their cars.

**AMBROSE**

(into walkie-talkie)

Hunt's heading for the bridge. Coming in at twelve o'clock high.

**BEAR ISLAND BRIDGE**

A Gold Falcon with several of Ambrose's men inside enters the bridge from the mainland and speeds toward the island.

**EXT - BEAR ISLAND COMPLEX**

Ambrose's men exit the complex and get into their cars.

**BEAR ISLAND HILL - ETHAN**

crests a hill aboard the cycle, the IMF chopper in b.g.

**ETHAN**

Clear that bridge for me.

**LUTHER' VOICE**

Roger that.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

They're tracking you on the left, Ethan.  
Prepare for some fire.

**BEAR ISLAND ROADWAY**

Michael's SUV and Wallis' sedan speed along as a gunman from the SUV fires on Ethan up the hill, spraying bullets around him.

**BEAR ISLAND BRIDGE - GOLD FALCON**

approaches the island. Luther fires his grenade launcher. It hits the Falcon's trunk, lifting its back wheel off the ground, but the Falcon keeps coming, its trunk ablaze. Luther reloads as a gunman leans out the window, firing up at Ethan on the hill.

**BEAR ISLAND HILL - ETHAN**

lays on the cycle's throttle, accelerates down the hill and propels the bike into the air and off the island, just as

**EXT - IMF HELICOPTER - LUTHER**

again fires his grenade launcher, this time at the front of the

**BEAR ISLAND BRIDGE - GOLD FALCON**

on the bridge. The grenade explodes at the front of the car and hurls the Falcon into the air and off the bridge.

**BEAR ISLAND - HILL/BRIDGE - ETHAN**

is in mid-air on the cycle, heading down toward the bridge. Just as he lands, the Gold Falcon flies off the bridge, and Ethan speeds through the flames and off onto the mainland.

**BEAR ISLAND - BRIDGE**

Michael's SUV arrives and tears through the gate and flames, followed by Wallis' sedan and then Ambrose, riding a motorcycle.

**ROAD LEADING FROM BRIDGE - ETHAN**

races up the road to find a white Falcon approaching.

The IMF chopper arrives and gunfire's exchanged. Luther takes a hit in the shoulder and drops his gun as the chopper banks away.

**INT - HELICOPTER - LUTHER**

Luther grips his shoulder in pain and falls back into his seat, jarring the GPS computer. It responds by beeping and coming to life. Nyah's yellow dot pops up on the screen.

**GPS COMPUTER**

The target is located.

**LUTHER**

Ethan, the computer's up. I've got Nyah. She's moved out of the city.

**ETHAN**

Luther, say again.

**LUTHER**

She's on the North Head Bluff - approaching the cliffs. One klick away.

**EXT - ROADWAY - ETHAN**

**ETHAN**

(over increasing static)

Copy. She's only got twenty-eight minutes left. Track ahead and pick her up.

**INT - IMF HELICOPTER**

Luther bands his shoulder wound and monitors his GPS laptop.

**LUTHER**

We won't be able to cover you.

**EXT - ROADWAY - ETHAN**

slightly slows the bike to concentrate over the static.

**ETHAN**

You're breaking up. Track ahead and pick her up. You've got me on GPS. Bring her to me.

Ethan pulls out and throws away the earpiece.

**INT - IMF HELICOPTER**

**LUTHER**

Billy, North Head. Haul ass.

**EXT - ROADWAY**

Ethan heads downhill as the SUV approaches on an adjacent road. He pulls out in front of it, immediately drawing fire. Without slowing, Ethan drops to the side his cycle for cover.

**INT - IMF HELICOPTER - LUTHER**

watches the GPS laptop as the chopper speeds over Sydney.

**EXT - ROADWAY - ETHAN AND WALLIS' SEDAN**

Wallis' sedan appears from an adjoining road and pulls in behind Ethan, who climbs back aboard his cycle. Cut off, the SUV turns onto a side road to intercept Ethan.

**WALLIS**

Get him.

**ULRICH**

I can't get a good shot.

Before an intersection, Ethan both revs and brakes, spinning the bike and creating a smoke screen. Wallis' car enters the smoke.

**ULRICH (cont'd)**

I can't see him, mate. Slow down!

**WALLIS**

Shut up. I know what I'm doing.

Wallis breaks hard, but not hard enough: he stops just in the path of an oncoming 18-wheeler. His car's demolished.

**EXT - ROADWAY - ETHAN AND SUV**

Ethan pulls out of the smoke as the SUV bursts out of the scrub behind him, striking the rear of the cycle. Ethan puts his bike into a spin and pulls his gun, ending up alongside the SUV passenger window. He fires through the window, shooting both Michael and the bodyguard.

The SUV veers off, crashing into a line of parked cars. It hits the first car and flips up and over, landing upside down on several more parked cars. Ethan speeds off on his smoking cycle. Ambrose arrives and then takes a side road.

**INT - IMF HELICOPTER - LUTHER**

working on his GPS laptop. The range -- ie, the distance from the moving copter to the yellow dot, Nyah, on the edge of the screen -- is reduced to about two kilometers.

**LUTHER**

(to Billy)  
Range is two kay.

**BILLY**

I hope there's a place to land.

Luther looks up from the screen to see the bluff of North Head at the entrance to Sydney's harbor.

**EXT - THREE-LINED ROADWAY - ETHAN**

tearing down the road, when suddenly from a side trail Ambrose pulls out behind him and begins firing. Ethan weaves to avoid Ambrose's fire and passes a car, pulling in front of it for cover. The car skids, forcing Ambrose to veer around it.

**FROM COPTER TO GROUND (MOVING)**

rapidly approaching the North Head bluff.

**BILLY**

There she is. I got visual.

**LUTHER**

We're down to seven minutes 23 seconds..

**HIGH ANGLE - NORTH HEAD**

moving up behind Nyah who is walking purposefully to the edge of the bluff and a precipitous drop to rocks and surf a hundred and fifty feet below.

Camera drops to Nyah's shoulder level and moves with her to the bluff's edge. As she's just a few steps away from stepping off, there's a roar and the helicopter rises into the shot, before her wild-eyed Billy gesturing, 'Stop! Stop!' to Nyah.

**EXT - ROADWAY**

Ethan passes narrowly between a car and oncoming truck. Ambrose follows as soon as the truck clears. Ethan fires backward using his side-view mirror to aim, exploding Ambrose's windscreen. Ambrose skids until his wheel clips a rock, knocking him upright.

Ethan turns into a side road and speeds through open scrub. Back on the main road, Ambrose roars off to intercept Ethan.

**EXT - CLIFFTOP - ROCK LEDGE**

On a clifftop clearing, Ethan races along as Ambrose moves to cut him off. They head toward one another.

**LUTHER'S VOICE**

Ethan, we've got her. Tracking to you now.  
We're reading 5 minutes 19 seconds.

**EXT - CLIFFTOP - CLEARING**

Ethan and Ambrose round a bend and face one another. Without hesitating, they charge towards each other. As they near one another, each leaps forward and off his bike, and they collide hard in mid-air. They fall to the ground fighting as their bikes skid and Ethan's explodes, raining debris upon them.

Ethan and Ambrose rush towards one another. Ethan flips Ambrose to the ground. Ambrose pulls a gun from his ankle holster. As Ethan knocks it away, he loses his own gun and they both fall off a 30-foot cliff.

**INT - IMF HELICOPTER**

at top speed over Sydney. Nyah appears weak and shivers.

**LUTHER**

(to Billy)

Bearing two one zero. About 3 klicks.

(into microphone)

Ethan, we're moments away..

**EXT - CLIFFTOP - CLEARING - FIGHT**

Ethan and Ambrose rise from the fall. Ethan jumps up and sweeps Ambrose, dropping him to the ground. Ethan begins strangling Ambrose but gets knocked off, and when they both stand, Ambrose gets Ethan in a choke hold.

Ambrose hits him and grabs a rock and hits Ethan in the midsection and the face. Ethan kicks it out of his hand and connects with several punches, knocking Ambrose to the ground.

Kneeling, Ambrose pulls a knife from a boot holster and cuts Ethan across the back and face. Ambrose dives on Ethan and the knife is poised above Ethan's eye before Ethan grabs the knife and clears, holding it out toward Ambrose.

**AMBROSE**

Go ahead. Use it Hunt. It's not a bad way to go. A lot better than the way that bitch is going to die.

Ambrose swings again and misses, and Ethan delivers a series of kicks, leaving Ambrose stunned and barely standing. Ethan steps back, and with a running start, strikes Ambrose with a leaping kick that drops him to the ground and knock the knife out of his

hand.

**EXT/INT - IMF HELICOPTER - CLIFFTOP**

As they approach in the distance, Billy, Luther and Nyah finally gain sight of Ethan in hand-to-hand combat.

**EXT - CLIFFTOP - CLEARING - FIGHT**

Ethan turns and walks away from Ambrose toward the cliff edge. The copter lands and Luther runs toward Ethan but pulls up, looking over Ethan's shoulder. Ambrose has a gun aimed at Ethan's back.

**AMBROSE**

Hunt. You should have killed me.

Near Hunt's feet is his own gun, obscured from Ambrose's view by dust from the copter. Ethan tosses the canister to Luther and then kicks his gun up out of the dirt and into the air. He catches it, drops down and fires, killing Ambrose.

**EXT/ INT - HELICOPTER ON CLIFFTOP**

Ethan reaches Nyah at the copter. Inches apart, they can only stare silently at one another.

**INT - CULTURAL MUSEUM**

Didgeridoo music. A child admires a painting. Swanbeck and Ethan face one another. A long, long pause. For a moment it appears as if Swanbeck has lost awareness of Ethan's presence.

**SWANBECK**

Sorry, Ethan. I don't quite know where to begin. Any suggestions?

**ETHAN**

You'd like me to conduct my own debriefing.

**SWANBECK**

Why not? You've done just about everything else on this operation.

**ETHAN**

I'd thank you -- but I'm not sure that was a compliment.

**SWANBECK**

Of course it was. Anyone whose operations requires the level of disinformation that yours do, is bound to get a little flak here and there. You try flogging the stories on CNN I've had to come up with about what's been going on around here the last few days. At any rate, it's been most instructive -- what they'll swallow, or what they'll broadcast with a straight face.

(picking up a file)

Miss Hall's blood, it appears, has absolutely no elements of the Chimera virus. Not even antibodies.

**ETHAN**

Yes, I gathered as much.

**SWANBECK**

And the only other remaining sample was in the canister you recover from Ambrose.

**ETHAN**

Yes.

**SWANBECK**

And that appears to have been destroyed. It also contained the anti-virus, Bellerophon.

**ETHAN**

Well, Bellerophon, it turns out, was only really effective against Chimera.

**SWANBECK**

But you were under specific instructions to bring back a living sample of the Chimera virus. I'd be very interested to know how, after you'd managed its recovery intact, it subsequently got destroyed.

**ETHAN**

By fire. That's the best way, really.

**SWANBECK**

So you didn't fail mission, you simply changed it.

Ethan doesn't respond.

SWANBECK (cont'd)

It's no longer enough for you to execute and implement IMF policy, you now wish to go in the business of creating it?

**ETHAN**

No, I don't. But in this case -

**SWANBECK**

In this case, it wasn't a bad idea. In face, it was a pretty damn good idea. Just don't make a habit of it. And, as for Ms. Hall, in light of her efforts, her criminal records will certainly be expunged. I'm assuming you approve.

**ETHAN**

I do.

**SWANBECK**

Where is she now, by the way? Do you know?

**ETHAN**

I don't. No exactly.

**SWANBECK**

Well, Hunt, what are your plans?

**ETHAN**

Not sure. Some sort of vacation. I'll let you know where I'm going.

**SWANBECK**

Oh, you don't have to do that. Wouldn't be a vacation if you did.

Ethan and Swanbeck exchange one final, knowing glance.

**SKY NEWSCASTER**

This incident in the wake of rumors suddenly surfacing about Mr. McCloy and Biocyte's financial difficulties -- including criminal allegations of insider trading, embezzlement, conspiracy to commit fraud, and stock parking -- have, understandably, sent stock prices of the pharmaceutical company plummeting.

**EXT - SYDNEY (DAY)**

Ethan emerges to a very crowded street. Billy and Luther are waiting. Both look to Ethan.

**LUTHER**

(worried)  
So what did he say?

**ETHAN**

Good job. And thanks.

**BILLY**

(incredulous)  
That's it? That's it? That's it?

**LUTHER**

(dryly, looking at Billy)  
And the check's in the mall.

**BILLY**

Right. Just remember, mates. Billy  
Baird's the name. Anything you need to  
get, move or watch, I'm your man.

And Billy's gone. Ethan and Luther remain alone, both reluctant  
to say anything, both reluctant to leave.

One quick bear hug, then:

**LUTHER**

Always nice hearing from you man. Stay in  
touch..

And Luther's off. Ethan looks after him, a bit wistfully. Then,  
curiously tentative he moves off into the crowd. After a half-  
dozen steps, something catches his eyes. He stops.

One quick bear hug, then:

**NYAH**

(a tad wary)  
Do you know me?

**NYAH**

is inches from him. Without batting an eye.

**ETHAN**

No. Should I?

**NYAH**

No. You just looked as if you did.

**ETHAN**

No...

She wraps her arms around him and kisses him with considerable conviction.

ETHAN (cont'd)  
...just as if I'd like to.

**NYAH**

Oh. Well..

He kisses her with a conviction that is more than a match for hers.

NYAH (cont'd)  
..I think that can be arranged.

Looks around at the swirling crowd:

**ETHAN**

Let's get lost.

And in a moment they've vanished from the frame and into the crowd. Camera begins to pull back, the bustling crowd ever filling the frame - and in the distance, perhaps, just a splash of a bouquet of flowers can be seen, appearing to bounce along on its own, the rising beat of the MI theme:

**BEGIN CREDITS: IMF II - CHIMERA**