

# MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE

## F A L L O U T

FOR YOUR  
CONSIDERATION

**BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY**

Written by  
**Christopher McQuarrie**

Based on the Television Series Created by  
**Bruce Geller**

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE - FALLOUT

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And from out of the blackness, a familiar voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you, Ethan, take Julia to be  
your lawfully wedded wife?

FADE UP to reveal ETHAN HUNT, standing in the impossibly  
bright sun, wearing a suit, smiling warmly.

ETHAN

I do.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A BRIDE in a simple white dress and a  
wedding veil. We can just make out her lovely face. A face we  
might recognize. She smiles. Nervous, happy, deeply in love.

VOICE (O.S.)

To have and to hold. To love,  
cherish, honor and protect.

ETHAN

I do.

VOICE (O.S.)

To shield from terrors known and  
unknown. To lie, to deceive-

ETHAN

What?

VOICE

To live a double life. To  
needlessly place her in harms way,  
fail to prevent her abduction-

ETHAN

Wh- No.

VOICE (O.S.)

To rob her of her innocence, erase  
her identity, force her into  
hiding, take away all she's known  
in a selfish, futile, fleeting  
attempt to escape your true self.

ETHAN

Stop.

VOICE (O.S.)

And Julia... Do you choose to  
accept?

ETHAN  
Don't.

JULIA  
I do.

ETHAN  
Don't.

REVEAL: The Source of the voice: THE MINISTER, looking up from his bible at Ethan. He is:

SOLOMON LANE  
You should have killed me, Ethan.

Ethan looks back at Julia as a blinding flash fills the sky behind her. He grabs her, holds her tight as the light consumes them, incinerates them and:



VOICE (ON TAPE)

Good evening, Mr. Hunt. Despite two years in captivity, Solomon Lane refuses to divulge any details about his network of rogue government agents, formerly known as the Syndicate.

INSET: ARMED MASKED MEN in black tactical gear, a hit squad, standing over several DEAD BODIES.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The CIA's Special Activities Division has relentlessly hunted Lane's elite army of hostiles, but many remain unknown and at large.

RAPID-FIRE IMAGES OF DESTRUCTION.

VOICE (CONT'D)

To survive, they have abandoned Lane's vision of political anarchy and adopted a policy of full-scale terror-for-hire. The members of this extremist splinter cell refer to themselves as "The Apostles."

IMAGE: Thumbnails of emails and text messages stamped NSA: CLASSIFIED.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Intercepted communiques decrypted by the NSA indicate the Apostles number one client is this man:

INSET: A SILHOUETTE of a man, a nothing.

VOICE (CONT'D)

An unidentified terrorist known only by the code name: John Lark.

IMAGE: DOCTORS treat SICK AND SUFFERING CIVILIANS in a second world medical facility.

VOICE (CONT'D)

One month ago, using information provided by Lark, the Apostles stole the Smallpox virus from the CDC in Reston Virginia.

IMAGE: A map of the Indian subcontinent. INSET: The region of Kashmir.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The virus was released in Indian controlled Kashmir, causing an outbreak along the borders of China and Pakistan and threatening one third of the world's population. The virus has been contained, but evidence suggests this attack was a merely test run for a more ambitious operation...

FACING IMAGE: The handwritten pages of a madman's writings.  
INSET: DR. NILS DELBRUUK (40s):

VOICE (CONT'D)

Three weeks ago, Lark contacted this man: Norwegian nuclear weapons specialist Nils Delbruuk. Dr. Delbruuk's security clearance was revoked after publishing a fiercely anti-religious manifesto. Twenty-four hours after communicating with Lark, Delbruuk vanished.

IMAGE: THREE METALLIC SPHERES marked with nuclear symbols.  
INSET: More decrypted documents marked CLASSIFIED.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, Lark has contacted elements of the Russian underworld who are in possession of three plutonium cores stolen from the missile base in Kolima.

The next page shows a schematic of a device, watermarked U.S NUCLEAR EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM: CLASSIFIED.

VOICE (CONT'D)

N.E.S.T. estimates that a man with Delbruuk's knowledge using the materials in play, could complete three five-megaton nuclear devices in as little as seventy two hours. These devices would be man-portable and deployable anywhere on Earth overnight. In the hands of John Lark and the Apostles, the consequences are unimaginable.

Ethan rubs his eyes. This is bad.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to identify and apprehend John Lark before he can acquire functioning nuclear weapons. If you or any members of your IMF team are caught or killed, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Good luck, Ethan. This message will self destruct in 5 seconds.

The player stops. Ethan places the pages back in the book and closes it. A beat later, smoke emerges from the book as:

4A	INT. ABANDONED UNDERPASS - NIGHT	4A	*
	An abandoned covered railway - open on one side, revealing the city beyond. The other side is lined with cavernous dark archways forming perpendicular tunnels to God knows where.		*
	TITLES: BERLIN		*
	Ethan and Benji stand in the center, waiting patiently. A BMW is parked a few yards behind them. Benji checks his watch.		*
	BENJI		*
	They're late.		*
	LUTHER (ON COMMS)		*
	They'll be here. Relax.		*
	BENJI		*
	Something's not right about this guy. We should abort.		*
	LUTHER (ON COMMS)		*
	It's too late for that.		*
	ETHAN		*
	They're here.		*
	OVER Ethan and Benji as headlights approach. They walk toward them.		*
4B	<b>EXT. VAN - NIGHT</b>	4B	*
	Est.		*



4C

**INT. VAN**

4C

\*

LUTHER STICKEL watches the alley on multiple screens.

\*

BENJI (ON COMMS)  
This is a bad idea.

\*  
\*

LUTHER  
Is it ever a good one? Honestly.

\*  
\*

ETHAN (ON COMMS)  
Wait for my signal, Luther.

\*  
\*

LUTHER  
Copy you.

\*  
\*

4D

**EXT. TUNNEL**

4D

\*

Ethan and Benji approach the car as it comes to a stop. Three men climb out: A man we will call THE EUROPEAN and TWO GUNMEN. GUNMAN 1 lingers by the car. Gunman 2 sticks to The European as he approaches.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

There is something about him - the way his look lingers too long. The way we can't read what he's thinking. After a beat.

\*  
\*

ETHAN  
Did you bring it?

\*  
\*

The European studies them, studies the area.

\*

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Are we finally gonna do this or not?

\*  
\*  
\*

The European steps closer studies Ethan and Benji. Benji studies the gunmen.

\*  
\*

THE EUROPEAN  
I have survived in this business with the help of a voice in my head. This voice is never wrong. And whenever I meet you, it tells me the same thing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN  
What's that?

\*  
\*

THE EUROPEAN  
Nothing...

\*  
\*

The European circles Ethan.

\*

## THE EUROPEAN (ON COMM) (CONT'D)

There's talk in my circle of a man.  
 A terrorist who calls himself Lark.  
 He moves like a ghost, they say.  
 Are you this ghost, I wonder? Or  
 are you the man the Americans sent  
 to catch him? One of these men  
 would be a valuable customer. The  
 other I'd have to kill. So which  
 are you? The voice can't say.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

4E INT. VAN

4E

Luther watches, tense.

\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER

This guy's crazy...

\*  
\*

4F INT. TUNNEL

4F

Tense beat. Then:

\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN

Tell your voice to flip a coin. I  
 have a schedule to keep.

\*  
\*  
\*

The European thinks. Has to guess. He motions. Gunman 1 opens  
 the car door, pulls out a case and brings it forward. He  
 opens it TO REVEAL:

\*  
\*  
\*

Three plutonium cores. Ethan nods to Benji who pulls out a  
 phone, activates a Geiger counter on the screen. It's already  
 reading small amounts of radiation. He pulls out a strip of  
 metal and touches one of the spheres. The counter goes wild.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THE EUROPEAN

What is that?

\*  
\*

BENJI

This is a Geiger counter and this  
 is Beryllium rod, which is causing  
 a reaction with the plutonium  
 inside the core.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

4G INT. VAN

4G

Luthers screen black out. The power in the van quits.

\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER

Ethan... Ethan, come in.

\*  
\*

4H

**EXT. ALLEY**

4H

Benji touches the other two spheres, picking up the same reaction. The Gunmen 2 instinctively steps back. Gunman 1 sweats.

BENJI

They're good.

Gunman 1 closes the case, exhaling.

THE EUROPEAN

The money.

ETHAN

Yes the money. Bring the money.

Beat. The European looks around. Nothing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Luther. Bring the money.

Now Benji looks behind them, expecting Luther. But he's not there.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

...we really need that money Luther

EUROPEAN

Kill them.

BANG. A shot rings out. The European drops. BANG BANG, his gunmen drop. Ethan and Benji scatter as more shots ring out.

Ethan runs for the case. A spray of bullets drive to the side. He runs for cover. Benji manages to grab the case, but the bullets prevent him from going after Ethan. He runs the other way, taking cover behind a pillar.

ETHAN

Luther? Do you copy Luther? Luther come in?

VOICE (ON COMM)

Luther's not in right now. Hunt.

Benji and Ethan share are a look of dread, separated by the treacherous width of the tunnel.

ETHAN

What do you want?

Silence. Ethan thinks for a beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Benji, get the car.

Benji peeks at the car, way down the tunnel. A SHADOW steps into the open and fires. Bullets pepper the brick near his face. He recoils.

BENJI

I don't think I can.

ETHAN

Benji. Get. The car.

Benji realizes, pulls a phone from his pocket, activates the screen. A second later, the BWM fires up and screams to life, screeching down the alley and into the archway next to Ethan.

Ethan e is a few feet from the car, looking down a tunnel at the city beyond. He is home free.

Benji grabs the case. Readies himself to run to Ethan. But bullets drive Benji back. Another moment of dread realization. Benji is trapped.

He throws the case across the tunnel. It lands at Ethan's feet. Ethan has a clean getaway. But only if he leaves his friend behind.

BENJI

Go.

ETHAN

Benji...

BENJI

Go.

VOICE (ON COMM)

We'll make you a deal, Hunt. Give us the case and we won't kill your friend.

LUTHER

DON'T DO IT, ETHAN.

Another dread look to Benji. Ethan dares to stick his head out. Luther is standing in the center of the tunnel, a Shadow using him as a shield. Other shadows are moving for position.

VOICE (O.S.)

The case, Hunt.

Ethan looks down to the case at his feet.

VOICE (CONT'D) \*  
I will count to three. \*

LUTHER \*  
DON'T DO IT, ETHAN. NOT FOR ME. \*

EUROPEAN \*  
One... \*

Benji mouths to Ethan. \*

BENJI \*  
[Go... Go now...] \*

EUROPEAN (O.S.) \*  
TWO. \*

Ethan closes his eyes. \*

CLOSE ON: The EUROPEAN, the source of the voice, cocking the \*  
pistol. Luther, shutting his eyes. \*

LUTHER \*  
ETHAN, PLEASE. THINK OF THE GREATER \*  
GOOD. \*

ETHAN \*  
I'm sorry, Luther. \*

EUROPEAN \*  
THR- \*

Ethan steps into the open and fires twice - hitting Luther in \*  
the chest. Luther collapses, exposing the man behind him. \*

Ethan fires. The man bolts for cover. Ethan charges. Benji \*  
runs into the open, grabs a rifle and backs Ethan up. \*

They charge as the gunmen flee. Ethan and Benji reach Luther. \*  
He rolls over in considerable pain. Ethan tears Luther's \*  
shirt open to reveal the bullet proof vest underneath. \*

ETHAN \*  
I'm sorry. \*

LUTHER \*  
We're good. \*

ETHAN \*  
I'm sorry. \*

LUTHER \*  
I should be dead, so... \*

\*

BENJI  
We should all be dead.

\*  
\*

ETHAN  
Why aren't we?

\*  
\*

The teams looks around. Strangely, the unseen enemy seems to have gone. Odd.

\*  
\*

LUTHER  
Where's the plutonium?

\*  
\*

Ethan looks to Benji?

\*

BENJI  
I was covering you.

\*  
\*

Ethan realizes, runs.

\*

4I **EXT. TUNNEL - BY BWM**

4I

\*

Ethan arrives to find the case missing. Benji and Luther arrive a beat late.

\*  
\*

ETHAN  
It's gone.

\*  
\*

WOLF BLITZER (PRE-LAP)  
If you are just joining us, three  
massive explosions have gone off  
simultaneously in what appears to  
be a coordinated attack.

5

**INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT**

5

CLOSE ON: A television. We see ROME, at a distance, a pillar  
of smoke at the center. INSET: WOLF BLITZER of CNN.

WOLF BLITZER  
This image is live in Rome looking  
toward the Vatican and is as close  
as our cameras can get...

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

It is believed that the Pope was in residence at the time of the blast.

REVEAL: Ethan stares at a television, his expression unreadable. He holds a stopwatch in his hand.

ON TV: ISRAEL, again from a distance. Again, smoke and fire.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

Also live, we're looking at Jerusalem.

FROM THE DECK OF AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, looking toward land and a column of smoke miles away.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

Also live: from the USS Ronald Reagan in the Red Sea off the coast of Saudi Arabia. Again, three massive explosions - Vatican City, Jerusalem and the holy city of Mecca. Radiation has been detected, indicating that nuclear weapons were used in these unspeakable attacks. No word on casualties yet, but we can assume the death toll is catastrophic. Meanwhile, no group has yet come forward to claim responsibility for these attacks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ethan. It's time.

Ethan looks up, sees LUTHER waiting.

6

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

6

WOLF (IN BG)

The attacks occurred at precisely the same moment just over an hour ago at Four AM Eastern time. The level of coordination would seem to indicate a plot of incredible sophistication. The question now is who? Who would attack all three of these holy sites? And why? Early reports suggest the weapons used in these attacks would require highly specialized knowledge that very few people possess-



A room of institutional concrete and drab paint - the windows are cornered in steel grating. We're in a prison hospital.

NILS DELBRUUK lies in bed, bruised and bandaged, slowly coming to. He realizes he's cuffed to the bed. He sees the news on television and his face flashes a range of emotions - the most predominant of which is confusion.

A MILITARY NURSE checks his chart, adjusts his IV as Ethan and Luther enter. Luther is calm. Ethan is agitated.

Ethan mutes the television as he walks past.

LUTHER

Would you excuse us, please?

The Nurse leaves.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Dr. Delbruuk...

Delbruuk doesn't answer. Luther tosses a manuscript on the bed, followed by photos.

ETHAN

We know who you are. We read your manifesto. And we found your lab.

Delbruuk sees a makeshift lab - ultramodern equipment contrasting an abandoned catacomb. Prominent in these images are photos of The Vatican, Mecca and Jerusalem.

DELBRUUK

Mankind has never known peace without first a great suffering. The greater the suffering, the greater the peace. This will unite them... When they read this manifesto, they'll understand.

ETHAN

Nobody's gonna read your manifesto. Ever. I can promise you that.

Luther gives him a look that says "back off."

DELBRUUK

What day is it? How long have I been here?

LUTHER

What's the last thing you remember?

DELBRUUK

I was driving, someone hit me... I was a car accident.

ETHAN

That was two weeks ago.

DELBRUUK

*Two weeks?*

ETHAN

Two weeks.

LUTHER

What's the last thing you remember  
before that?

DELBRUUK

And you are what? CIA? NSA?

LUTHER

We're what you might call the last resort.

DELBRUUK

Today you failed.

He says this to Ethan, savoring his anger and frustration. Luther holds up a cell phone, on the screen: ENTER PASSCODE.

LUTHER

This is yours, isn't it? It's how Lark communicated with you.

DELBRUUK

Lark...

ETHAN

John Lark. We know all about him.

DELBRUUK

You know nothing

LUTHER

Information on this phone could lead us to him. And you have the passcode.

Delbruuk laughs

DELBRUUK

You think Lark is the enemy - but *you*, whoever you are, *you* are the enemy. *You* are why the system survives. Why the suffering goes on.

ETHAN

Shut up. You're a drone, a pawn. We don't care about you. We want Lark.

DELBRUUK

You are just as guilty as I am.

These words hit home. Ethan lunges for Delbruuk. Luther has to hold him back.

LUTHER

What if we make a deal?

ETHAN

No. Luther, step outside. Just give me five minutes with this guy-

LUTHER

Ethan I can't let you do that. That's not who we are-

ETHAN

Maybe it's time we need to reconsider that-

These words strike Luther. He thinks, half turning to Delbruuk.

LUTHER

What if they read your manifesto on the air?

DELBRUUK

You can do that?

LUTHER

We can do it with a phone call.

DELBRUUK

If he reads my manifesto on the air. Yeah, sure, I'll give you the pass code.

ETHAN

That's never gonna happen.

Ethan lunges at the bed, Luther restrains him.

LUTHER

*He is in control. Not us. We negotiate with him or more people die. There's no other way-*

ETHAN

There is *always* another way.

LUTHER

Please Ethan think. Think of the greater good. Please.

The words bring silence. After a beat, Ethan takes the phone, paces as he dials, puts it to his ear.

ETHAN

It's me, put him on... No, sir. He won't cooperate... The Manifesto. Yes sir. If we air it. No. Sir... No, sir. I'm sorry sir.

Ethan hangs up and tosses the phone on the floor, glaring bitterly at a grinning Delbruuk. Crushed, Ethan sits on a stool in the corner of the room as:

WOLF BLITZER

Stand by, I'm told we're about to get some additional information... I've just been handed a document written by Nils Delbruuk, a nuclear weapons specialist who claims to have built the weapons used in these attacks. I have been asked to read this manifesto in it's entirety.

As Wolf continues, Delbruuk smiles. Ethan stews.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

(reading)

There has never been peace without first a great suffering. The greater the suffering, the greater the peace. As mankind is drawn to his self-destruction like a moth to the candle, the so-called defenders of peace - the church, the government, the law - work tirelessly to save humanity from itself.

\*  
\*

Delbruuk extends a hand to Luther. Luther hands him the phone. Delbruuk unlocks it.

DELBRUUK

This is not going to help you now.

WOLF

But, by averting disaster, they serve to delay a peace that can only come through an inevitable baptism of fire.

Delbruuk hands the phone back to Luther.

DELBRUUK

What's done is done.

Luther connects the phone to a laptop. The screen is suddenly flooded with raw data that only Luther can understand.

WOLF

The suffering I bring you is not the beginning of the end. It is the beginning of a greater mutual understanding through common suffering. It is the first step toward the ultimate brotherhood of man. The suffering I bring you is the bridge to ultimate peace...

ETHAN

Did we get it?

WOLF

Today, mankind has been handed the opportunity to escape his destiny, an otherwise inevitable conclusion to a thousand years of intolerance and fear...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LUTHER

We got it.

ETHAN

Go.

All four walls of the hospital room fall away. REVEAL: We're in a warehouse. In the background we see a desk, a camera, a green screen. A SHADOWY FIGURE approaches.

Ethan stands, walks to the bed, looming over Delbruuk. Ethan's agitation is gone, replaced by serene certainty.

Luther stands beside him, smiling.

Wolf Blitzler appears over Ethan's other shoulder.

WOLF

Did we get it?

ETHAN

Of course we got it.

Wolf rips off his face TO REVEAL: BENJI DUNN. Luther hands Benji a twenty as:

DELBRUUK

I don't understand.

LUTHER

The car accident you were in? That was an hour ago.

BENJI

I was driving the other car.

ETHAN

What's done *is* done. When we say it's done.

Ethan holds a syringe gun up to Delbruuk's neck and fires.

**BLACK**

**CREDITS**

Light the fuse. Tease the plot. The roar of idling jet engines take us to:



7

**EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT**

7

TITLES: RAMSTEIN AIRBASE, GERMANY

Ethan arrives by car, pulling up to a waiting DIRECTOR ALAN HUNLEY. Hunley turns, and heads towards a massive C-17 Cargo plane. Ethan hops out and falls in step. Hunley hands Ethan a dossier. The first image is that of a decoded e-mail.

ETHAN

Sir-

HUNLEY

That phone you unlocked led us to a server in Iceland where we managed to decrypt a communique between John Lark and this woman:

IMAGE: A WOMAN in a hat, sunglasses, not wishing to be seen.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

Alana Mitsopolis, activist and philanthropist whose charity work has earned her the name White Widow. It's just a front for her real trade: arms dealing and money laundering. Extensive political connections provide her with protection.

IMAGE: The stately Grand Palais in central Paris.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

Lark and the Widow are meeting tonight to negotiate delivery of an unspecified package which we can only assume is our missing plutonium. They'll make contact in the private lounge of the Grand Palais in Paris during her annual fundraising event. Details are in the file. If Lark is not at the Grand Palais by midnight, the Widow will leave, and sell the package to the highest bidder. This gives you two hours from now to find Lark.

ETHAN

Sir, I think there's something you should know-

Hunley stops, faces him.

HUNLEY

I'm going to stop you right there. You had a terrible choice to make in Berlin: recover the plutonium or save your team. You chose your team and now the world is at risk. Some flaw deep in your core being won't allow you to choose between one life and millions. Now, you see that as a weakness, but I see that as your greatest strength. And that's how I know I can count on you to cover my ass. Coming over here from the CIA was a lateral move. Some would say a step down. But I did it because of you. Don't make me regret it.

He walks on, stops, turns back.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, and when you're over in Paris, try to can find out who's responsible for stealing the plutonium from the Russians in the first place.

Beat. Hunley studies Ethan's expression, realizing:

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

Oh good God, Hunt. Don't tell me...

ETHAN

Sir, to catch Lark we needed bait. *Real bait.*

HUNLEY

You *stole* plutonium? From the *Russians*? And then you *lost it*?

ETHAN

Sir...yes sir.

Ethan reluctantly nods. Off Hunley's shocked expression:

8

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHTS**

8

A WOMAN'S HARD HEELS, followed by A MAN'S LEATHER SOLES.

REVEAL: ERIKA SLOANE, A FORMIDABLY SUITED WOMAN (40s) walks with purpose, followed by A FORMIDABLE MALE (40s). This is WALKER. They approach a door where A MARINE SERGEANT stands guard.

MARINE

ID, ma'am.

WALKER

You know who this is, Sergeant?

MARINE

CIA Deputy Director Erika Sloane,  
sir. But I still need to s-

She snatches the Marine's ID from his shirt, hands it to Walker and barges past. Walker smiles.

WALKER

Enjoy Afghanistan... Private.

Walker goes after Sloane toward the sound of roaring engines.

9

**EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT**

9

Sloane and Walker stride across the tarmac toward the C-17.

SLOANE

Make the call.

Walker dials a cell phone as Sloane focuses on Hunley and Ethan, engaged in intense conversation. Sloane can't hope to hear them over the engines. But that doesn't matter.

A beat later, the C-17's engines wind down. Ethan and Hunley are momentarily confused. Then they see Sloane and Walker.

HUNLEY

Erika, what do you think you're doing?

SLOANE

It may be your mission but that's is the CIA's plane. It doesn't take off without my say-so.

HUNLEY

We'd don't have time for this-

SLOANE

I have a team in Paris ready to grab Lark as soon as he leaves the Palais. A G5 is standing by to rendition him to Gitmo where a waterboard is waiting.

HUNLEY

Spend twenty-four hours we don't  
have pulling a confession we can't  
trust from a man we haven't  
positively identified yet. No. We  
need reliable intelligence and we  
need it now. This scenario is  
precisely why the IMF exists.

SLOANE

The IMF is Halloween Alan. A bunch  
of grown men in rubber masks  
playing trick-or-treat.

(to Ethan)

And if he'd held on to the  
plutonium in Berlin, we wouldn't be  
having this conversation.

HUNLEY

And his team would be dead.

SLOANE

Yes. They would. That's the job.  
And that's why I want my own man on  
the scene to... appraise the  
situation.

(re: Walker)

Agent Walker. Special Activities.

Both Hunley and Ethan's expression darkens.

HUNLEY

His reputation precedes.

SLOANE

You use a scalpel. I prefer a  
hammer.

HUNLEY

The answer is no. I have  
operational authority here, direct  
from the President. You have a  
problem with that, you take it up  
with him.

SLOANE

Already have and he agrees with me.  
My man goes or no one goes.

Ethan looks at Hunley. Hunley looks at his watch. They have  
no choice. Ethan walks up the ramp and into the plane. Sloane  
turns her back to Hunley, speaking so only Walker can hear.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

No one comes between you and that  
plutonium. Not Hunt, not his team,  
not anyone.

Walker nods and heads into the plane.



WALKER  
(re Mask Machine)  
People actually fall for this shit?

Ethan decides not to answer. Walker sighs. "Whatever."

WALKER (CONT'D)  
How do you intend on making Lark  
cooperate?

Ethan holds up a small syringe.

ETHAN  
I bump him in the crowd: in ten  
seconds he'll look like any other  
drunk at the party - incoherent and  
completely pliable. After I borrow  
his face, you walk him out the  
front door and hand him to Sloane's  
extraction team.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WALKER  
You're not getting rid of me that  
easily, Hunt.

\*

ETHAN  
That's not what this is about.

WALKER  
Sure it is.



Before Ethan can reply, the plane's interior lights turn from white to soft red. That's the signal. \*

WALKER (CONT'D) \*

I know you don't want me on this detail, but let's face it; if you'd made the hard choice in Berlin, I wouldn't be here.

ETHAN

And if you didn't gun down every Syndicate agent they sent you to find, I wouldn't be here.

(off Walker's look)

That's right. I know all about you. You're why we don't have a living witness who can identify John Lark and these Apostles. \*

WALKER \*

If you have a problem with my methods, you can always stay behind. You're mission, should you choose to accept it. Isn't that the thing? \*

PILOT \*

Three minutes to decompression. \*

ETHAN \*

Suit up. \*

And before Walker can reply, Ethan starts stuffing gear into bags. RAPID INTERCUTS: chutes on, helmets on.

PILOT (ON SPEAKER)

Ten seconds to decompression.

Ethan sees Walker's helmet visor is foggy. \*

ETHAN

Is your oxygen on?

Walker searches for the valve. Ethan grabs it and turns it on. His visor de-fogs just as: \*

HISSESSSSSSSSSS. The lift-gate opens at the back of the plane, revealing the blackness of night beyond.

Walker goes about tightening straps, etc.

\*

PILOT (ON SPEAKER)  
30 seconds to drop zone. Stand by  
for green light.

A ticking clock comes on. Thirty seconds. Ethan has to make this work. He points to a glowing display on Walker's mask:

ETHAN  
Your HUD has a built in guidance  
system. Follow it to the target.  
Open your chute when the system  
tells you. Not before and  
definitely not after. Or the last  
thing that goes through your mind  
will be your kneecaps. Is that  
clear?

\*

Walker nods. Ethan reluctantly walks toward the rear of the plane. He stands with his toes on the end of the gate and looks down. REVEAL:

A massive lightning storm where the target should be. Ethan turns, sees Walker coming and rushes to stop him.

WALKER

Good to go.

ETHAN

Wait-

WALKER

Out of the way, Hunt-

ETHAN

You don't understand, there's a-

Walker disconnects Ethan's oxygen and runs off the edge headlong. Ethan scrambles to reconnect his air before running after him, hurling himself into space. We go with him into:

12

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

12

Terminal velocity. The full moon gives everything a cold, lapis-colored sheen. We are coming up fast on the storm.

*(NOTE: The following plays in one continuous take, never leaving Ethan.)*

Ethan flies past us, chasing after Walker, silhouetted against the storm. He can hear Walker's breathing hyperventilating - terror on a level few can ever know.

ETHAN

WALKER-

BOOM. Lighting explodes in front of Ethan. He blows through a layer of dissipating ozone, half blind. When his eyes adjust, he realizes Walker is gone.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

WALKER, DO YOU COPY.

A moment later he emerges from the storm layer. But:

There is a second storm layer, far below, cracking with lighting. Shit.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Walker. Come in.

Nothing. Ethan looks left, right, rolls over onto his back to look up. No sign of Walker. He rolls again, facing down. Lightning flashes and by sheer luck he sees:

Walker's silhouette plummeting, limp as a rag doll. Ethan dives toward him. He impacts with Walker, misses, tumbles. Ethan recovers, turns, tries again. They collide, stabilize, falling together. Ethan sees Walker has lost his air tank.

They plunge into the second storm layer, altimeter spinning. Turbulence. Lightning. Ethan rips the broken hose from Walker's helmet. He takes several deep breaths before attaching his own tank to Walker's helmet. Meanwhile, A RED WARNING LIGHT FLASHES. Lighting explodes all around them.

Walker slowly resuscitates. His eyes focus, then go wide:

WALKER

HUNT.

They emerge from the second storm layer over the bright lights of Paris. And they are low. No time.

Ethan yanks Walker's ripcord. Walker is torn up and away. Ethan rolls over and sees a massive, glass roofed building coming up fast - bright lights glaring up from within. He yanks his ripcord.

13 **EXT. ROOFTOP - PARIS' GRAND PALAIS - NIGHT** 13

The Grand Palais is a massive, elongated, 19th century structure, the roof is made entirely of glass. A giant, spired dome rises from the center. Ethan's chute barely deploys as he barely misses the spire. He's going to hit hard. Then his chute is impaled on the spire above him. It tears, then snags, yanking him violently to a halt.

Ethan stifles the pain. He's still twenty feet above the roof with no other way down. He yanks a release and falls.

He slams into the roof, splinter a glass pane. He lays there, winded and in pain.

A beat later, Walker drifts past, landing gently. He turns, sees Ethan in a heap, notices:

WALKER

You lost your oxygen tank.

Off Ethan's look...

14 **EXT. PALAIS ROOF - TIMECUT** 14

Ethan and Walker make their way along the roof. Despite lightning splitting the sky, fireworks explode around the Eiffel tower. Ethan heads toward a service door and makes short work of the lock.

15 **INT. PALAIS CATWALKS - STAIRS - NIGHT** 15

Music is blasting and lights are flashing OS. Ethan and Walker drop down from the ceiling, and navigate under an overhanging beam to a catwalk overlooking:

The rave from hell - thousands of people moving to driving music. A massive sun-like disk on one end of the space periodically floods the Palais with warm, orange light.

From here, Ethan can see a GRAND STAIRCASE below. Underneath it he sees A ROPED OFF PRIVATE ENTRANCE where GORGEOUS WOMEN and WEALTHY, THUGGISH MEN wait in line at the VIP LOUNGE.

ETHAN

That's where the Widow is meeting Lark.

Ethan can see a winding staircase leading down to the top of the grand staircase.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We need to get to those stairs.

WALKER

(checking watch)

We've got 15 minutes.

Ethan moves up the stairs. Walker follows.

16

**INT. PALAIS CATWALK - NIGHT**

16

We are inside the ring of the glass dome, 120 feet above a slowly moving vortex of humanity below. Ethan sees the stairwell he needs to reach. One problem:

Huge sections of the walkway are missing. Tape, chains and other gear indicate there is construction going on. There is no way to get to the floor below.

Ethan looks to his left and spies a steel cable attached to the catwalk just beneath his feet. It is one of four that meet at a small ring in the center of the dome, forming an x.

He looks to his right and sees the sloping wall of the Palais and a glass enclosed booth about halfway between him and the ground floor. He makes a mental calculation. Walker impatiently checks his watch.

Ethan pulls off his parachute, and gingerly steps out onto the wire. He tests it with his foot - it wobbles, but holds. He slowly reaches down to the cable, grabs it and - slips.

He swings underneath the cable, scrambling to bring his legs around it, steadying, then inchworming along the wire.

A bewildered Walker watches as Ethan reaches the center ring where he loosens the two cross cables stretching left and right, until they hang on by a thread. He releases his legs, about-faces and continues across with just his hands.

He makes it to the far side. He unscrews the cable entirely, and plummets, swinging away from us.

CLOSE ON: the center ring. The cross cables strain, barely holding, and he swings back up to Walker.

Shocked that this worked, Walker stares. Ethan reaches over, attaches the end of the cable to Walker's chute harness, puts a knife between his own teeth and pulls Walker off the ledge.

Like a pendulum they swing back across, Walker terrified.

CLOSE ON: The Center ring. The left and right cables snap, instantly doubly the length of the cable holding Ethan and walker. They swing back in the direction they came, heading for the window booth Ethan spied earlier.

Ethan slides down the cable, knife between his teeth, and at the last second, cuts Walker's harness. Their momentum launches them through space toward the glass enclosed booth.



16A INT. GRAND PALAIS - STAGING

16A

SMASH. Ethan and Walker crash to the floor in a heap.

ETHAN

Okay... Back on schedule.

WALKER

Get off me.

Ethan stands, offers a hand. Walker swats it away.

TIME CUTS: Ethan and Walker unpack their gear from Walker's chute bag: Change of clothes, mask machine, hypodermic, tracking devices.

Ethan checks the mask machine to make sure it's functioning. He hands it to Walker.

ETHAN

Be very careful with this.

As Walker slips it back in it's case, Ethan loads the hypodermic.

WALKER

Do we really need that?

Ethan just gives him a look. Walker tears open a vacuum-sealed bag with his clothes inside.

17

**INT. GRAND PALAIS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

17

Ethan and Walker emerge from a doorway, having changed from their flight suits. They pull out phones, tracking Lark, and move into the beating heart of the rave. From here, Ethan can see the VIP lounge more clearly.

Close on bouncers scanning ID bands of VIPs entering.

ETHAN

They're meeting in there in ten minutes.

WALKER

I'm still not picking him up.

Ethan is bumped from behind as a A LONE WOMAN IN A SUIT passes him. Ethan grabs her arm and she turns -- they make eye contact, surprised to see one another. She is ILSA FAUST.

Ethan studies her. She wants to say something, but looks at Walker and remains silent. So does he. Neither one can. She backs off, turning into the crowd. Before Walker can ask:

ETHAN

None of your concern.

Walker get's a buzz on his phone.

WALKER

I got him.

ETHAN

Split up.

They move off through the crowd, holding the phones at waist height. We stay with Ethan.

Ethan turns into the crowd, using his phone to guide him. A flailing raver knocks it out his hands. It's lost amongst the seething bodies, kicked away.

WALKER

(on comm)

Ethan...Ethan...if you can hear me...I can see him...

ETHAN

Where?

WALKER

(on comm)

...heading to the bathroom.

Ethan moves upstream, struggling against a crowd ever moving toward the center of the Palais. He manages to find Walker.

Walker nods and they head for the restroom.

18

**INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT**

18

The bathroom is large, divided down the center by a row of sinks, mirrors everywhere. A RANDOM MAN is washing his hands, speaking in French to ANOTHER MAN at the urinal. They are drunk - a little rowdy. Walker checks his device. Nothing.

Ethan and Walker split up, going down separate sides of a partition. The partition makes it difficult to see the whole bathroom at once. Mirrors everywhere add to the confusion.

Walker's device indicate Lark is on the other side of the partition. Ethan and Walker split up, each rounding a different end. And there he is:

LARK (40s, Asian, cool), at the middle of five sinks, washing his hands.

Ethan palms the needle, steps around the partition to jab Lark when:

A THIRD RANDOM MAN steps to the sink between them, oblivious. Ethan has no choice but to step to a sink as well and wash his hands, waiting. Walker rounds the far side of the partition and takes his place at the far sink. Now they are on either side of Lark, waiting for the random man to leave.

The other man finally leaves. Ethan watches him go. He turns back to see Walker, making eye contact directly with Lark.

Ethan moves, stabs the syringe at Lark's neck but Lark spins. He slaps the syringe away and slams Ethan into the sink.

WHACK. Walker bashes Lark upside the head with the full weight of his messenger bag. Lark drops. The needle is nowhere to be seen. Ethan stands in considerable pain. He recovers and looks for the needle.

ETHAN

Where's the needle?

WALKER

Didn't need it.

LOUD VOICES OS. Someone is coming. Shit.

ETHAN

Get him up.

They quickly grab Lark and drag him into a stall just as the door opens and THREE MORE FRENCHMEN ENTER, drunker than the French, making crude gesticulations.

19           **INT. BATHROOM - STALL - NIGHT**

19

Ethan closes the stall door and locks it just in time. Lark is on the toilet, out cold. Walker holds up Lark's head by his hair, while Ethan pulls out the face mask machine. He rests it on Lark's lap and opens:

The latest mask machine. Sadly, it has a huge dent in it from where it hit Lark's skull. Ethan shakes his head. Walker mouths "sorry."

Rowdy French voices continue OS. Ethan powers up the machine. It's screen is cracked, colors bleeding, moving parts sluggish. And a toilet stall for three is not ideal.

Ethan takes out a 3D scanner. A red laser grid shines on Lark's face.

ON THE SCREEN: A flickering image of Lark's face slowly takes shape. On the machine itself, a face is forming. Meanwhile:

20           **INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

20

The first Frenchman turns from the urinal to go to wash his hands. He double takes when he sees:

THREE PAIRS OF FEET in the same stall. He stifles a laugh and whistles to his jabbering friends. Now they see the feet. The others turn, and they start laughing approaching the cubicle.

21           **INT. STALL - NIGHT**

21

Ethan and Walker freeze. A question in French OS. Loud laughter mixed with kissing sounds. Ethan sighs. This is all he needs. Louder knocking, voices. A loud bang. Ethan and Walker press their hands to the door.

The French leave. Walker exhales, relieved. Ethan goes back to scanning Lark when he notices the eyes on the mask are opening. He looks at Lark.

REVEAL: Lark's eyes are opened. Focused. He lunges upward-

22

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

22

Overwhelming both of them, Lark kicks Ethan through the stall door, crashing down to the floor. He and Walker continue to trade blows, Lark smashing the mask machine into Walker's face. Walker grabs but Lark flips over his arm, bringing Walker down hard.

Rising quickly, Lark punches Walker in the throat before kicking Ethan, who stumbles back. Ethan fends off blows trying to hold his ground.

Walker recovers and grabs Lark, throwing him through the center mirror. Lark smashes through several sinks and lands heavily. Lark recovers, yanks a metal U-bend from a broken sink, and goes for Ethan.

Walker attacks Lark from behind. Lark breaks free, uses the pipe to clothesline Walker to the floor, going after Ethan again.

They grapple. Lark ends up behind Ethan, trying to pull the jagged end of the pipe into Ethan's throat.

In the mirror he sees Walker whip off his jacket and advance up behind him, enraged. Lark pivots to bring Ethan between them, but Ethan kicks off the wall, breaking free.

Lark punches Ethan in the throat, staggering him. Walker attacks, pressing Lark to the wall, hammering him with body blows. Lark turns the tables, gets the better of Walker.

Ethan tries to get back up to help but the moment he stands, Lark kicks him in the chest, sending him down again.

Lark finishes Walker, driving him to his knees, kicking him in the face and knocking him out cold before beckoning Ethan.

Ethan charges, picking up Lark and smashing him through a wall, landing at the base of the cubicle.

They struggle on the floor. Lark spies his gun, grabs it. He and Ethan grapple for the gun. Lark has the upper hand, slowly bringing the gun to Ethan's face. Ethan desperately tries to force it away. But he can't win...

BANG. Lark falls down dead. Shot in the head. Ethan spins, grabbing the gun, looking for the shooter.

REVEAL: Ilsa, standing in the doorway, gun in hand.

ILSA

Shit.

Beat. Stunned silence. Ethan picks up the needle, staring at it, then at the body. He throws it away. The three survivors gather over the dead man.

WALKER

Can you... still make a mask?

ETHAN

I need a *face* to make a mask.

ILSA

Sorry. I was aiming for his chest.

ETHAN

What are you doing here?

ILSA

It's good to see you too.

WALKER

I'm sorry. I'm confused... You are..?

ETHAN

An old friend.

Ethan grabs walkers jacket and bends down, putting it on Lark. Ethan and Walker drag the body inside cubicle.

Walker steps out, studies Ilsa. She is a sphinx. Walker pulls a phone from his pocket and dials.

WALKER (INTO PHONE)

We're wet. Have extraction stand down. Send sanitation. North men's room.

Meanwhile, Ethan rifles through Lark's pockets, finding a hotel key card and a cell phone. He pulls the ID band of Lark's wrist and steps out, facing Ilsa.

ETHAN

*You didn't answer my question, what are you doing here?*

ROWDY VOICES OS. Ilsa steps to Walker, grabs his face. The door bursts open and THREE REVELERS see:

Ethan, Walker and Ilsa standing in a pool of blood. Ilsa hold's Walker's head in his hands.

ILSA

*That's it. Just keep your head back 'til the bleeding stops. That's it.*

Ethan steps toward the Revelers:

ILSA (CONT'D)

*What, what is it? You want some?*

The revelers quickly back out of the room. When they're gone:

ETHAN

*You're not here by accident. Who sent you?*

ILSA

*I can't tell you that.*



Ethan puts the bracelet on.

WALKER  
What are you doing?

ETHAN  
I have a date with the White Widow.

Ethan removes his jacket, dusts it off.

WALKER  
(re: body)  
He had a date with her. You look  
nothing like him.

ETHAN  
Let's hope they haven't met.

WALKER  
*Hope is not a strategy.*

ILSA  
You must be new.

ETHAN  
The Widow is our only lead. I need  
to be this guy for five minutes. I  
just have to make it work.

ILSA  
Don't do it.

They both look at Ilsa.

ETHAN  
What? What is it?  
(when she hesitates)  
What aren't you telling me?

ILSA

You don't understand what you're involved in.

ETHAN

I don't understand what I'm involved in?

(beat, realization)

What am I involved in?

WALKER

If you're meeting the Widow, she leaves in three minutes.

Ethan heads for the door, putting his jacket on again.

ETHAN

Meet me outside. Front steps.

ILSA

Ethan-

ETHAN

I'll make it work.

Ethan heads for the door. Ilsa looks at Walker.

WALKER

The name's Walker.

ILSA

Yeah, you're welcome.

23

**INT. PALAIS - PRIVATE LOUNGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

23

Ethan thrusts out his hand to be scanned. Another appears on top of it. REVEAL: Ilsa's joined him. A BIG, SECURITY MAN scans them and Ethan heads in, Ilsa in step with him.

ETHAN

What do you think you're doing?

ILSA

I'm going with you.

ETHAN

Like hell you are.

ILSA

People have been sent here to kill Lark.

ETHAN

*No shit.*

ILSA

*Not me. Contractors. Paid  
assassins. They don't know what he  
looks like. They only know he's  
meeting the Widow at midnight.*



Ethan scans the crowd, noting the rough character of the clientele. Anyone in here could be a killer, and most probably are. But which ones are here for Lark?

Ethan contemplates his options. Then the Widow's eyes find Ethan, knowing at a glance he is there for her, pleased by what she sees. Ilsa studies Ethan studying the Widow. She is not what he expected. The Widow makes eye contact with him as she continues to croon.

The song ends, the crowd applauds.

WIDOW

Thank you all for coming. Enjoy the party.

Ethan and the Widow each move toward the bar where they meet.

26

**INT. AUCTION PARLOR - BAR - NIGHT**

26

The Widow sidles up to the bar, motions to the BARTENDER. Her drink arrives just as Ethan does.

He has one eye on the room as they speak. A MAN glances at him. Coincidence or killer? Impossible to tell.

VOICE (O.S.)

You don't really expect me to believe you're John Lark.

ETHAN

I'm not, actually. It's an alias. Is there somewhere we can talk priv-

WIDOW

I suppose it's better than John Doe. Is there another alias you prefer?

ETHAN

We don't have a lot of time-

WIDOW

In fact, I don't want to know. I like Lark. It has a certain ring.

ETHAN

You need to listen to me. We're not safe h-

WIDOW

I'll be honest with you. A man with your reputation... I was expecting someone uglier.

She picks an imaginary spot of lint off his sleeve. He grabs her wrist firmly, a man not wanting to be touched. The Widow is shocked. No man has ever treated her this way.

ETHAN

I'm as ugly as they come. Now I'll be honest with you. I don't like crowds, I don't like jazz and I don't like small talk. I'm here for the package. Where is it?

But before she can answer:

VOICE (O.S.)

Take your hand off her.

Ethan spins, pulls the Widow close, pressing her back to his chest, his lips not far from her ear. She's not sure how she feels about it.

REVEAL: Zola, stepping in behind the widow.

CLOSE ON: Ilsa, tensing as this new variable enters her situation. She notes the three thugs pause, waiting.

WIDOW

(to Ethan)

My brother.

(to Zola)

It's all right, Zola.

ZOLA

Your hand. Remove it. Or I will.

Ethan says nothing. His Lark is a man of few words. A man whose whole being reads: Your move.

A FEW PEOPLE nearby sense the potential for violence and move away, making Ethan a clearer target. The moment is electrified. Ethan lets go of the Widow's wrist, shifting his grip gently to her bare forearm - brazen, intimate. Her head tilts ever so slightly.

She stares at her henchman. His threat hollowed. Ethan has made a mortal enemy. But he's read the Widow right. She likes this. He stares at Zola, says nothing. There's something about Zola. He's nervous. Ethan sees this.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

You don't want to be with this one.

Furious, Zola leaves.

WIDOW

You were saying...

ETHAN

The package. Where is it?

*Alt:*

*ETHAN (CONT'D)*

*We're not safe here. Someone knows we're meeting.*

WIDOW

Where's my money?

ETHAN

Money?

WIDOW

Thirty million dollars.

Ethan doesn't have it.

ETHAN

The terms of our agreement have changed.

WIDOW

Since when?

ETHAN

Since someone else knows we're meeting.

WIDOW

Who?

ETHAN

The Americans for one.

WIDOW

If that were true, I'd know it.

ETHAN

You think you're the only one with spies in the government? People are here to stop this meeting. Don't believe me? Just look around.

Beat. The Widow glances at the room, taking in the faces around her a little differently. Some people are staring a little too directly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, you're in it with me. And you have something I want. That makes me the only one you can trust to keep you alive.

WIDOW

I think I'd like to go home, Mr. Lark.

Ethan takes her by the arm and turns for the door, stopping when he sees TWO MEN in his path, coming this way. He turns to his right, seeing a THIRD MAN coming from across the main floor. He turns around and sees a FOURTH man closing in.

He calculates his best move and makes it.

BAR FIGHT ENSUES (ACTION TBD):

One of the Gunman makes his move, opening fire as:

Ilsa and Zola draw their guns simultaneously and fire, killing the gunman. Immediate panic. People scatter as:

The other Gunmen join in the fray.

Ilsa takes cover, pulls a second gun, slides it across the floor to Ethan. He catches it, rolls over and opens fire.

In seconds, all three gunmen are dead, but a SECOND WAVE OF SHOOTERS emerges.





Zola appears from behind them, two henchmen at his back.

ZOLA

LARK.

Arm out, Zola charges at him. Ethan reacts, snapping round, putting Zola into an armlock and slamming him down onto the trunk.

One of the henchman draws on Ethan's back. Walker steps in, disarms him. He aims at the two henchman, holding them off. They pause, hands up.

ETHAN

Can we do this someplace else?

Zola continues to struggle.

WIDOW

Zola.

Zola relents, and Ethan lets him up.

ZOLA

He nearly got you killed.

WIDOW

(opening car door)

Get in the car.

The Widow gets into the BMW, Ethan behind her. Zola gets into the Range Rover, slamming the door behind him. The henchman follow him watched by a wary Walker, gun up.

With the threat gone, Walker hops into the front of the BMW and they speed off. Moments later they pass a series of cops, who rush into their vacated spot, heading into Palais.

30

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

30

The Widow looks down at her dress, sees a splash of someone else's blood there. She looks at Ethan.

\*  
\*

WIDOW

You make one hell of a first impression.

\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN  
You all right? \*

WIDOW  
(re blood) \*  
It'll wash out. \*

ETHAN \*  
That's not what I meant- \*

WIDOW \*  
I know what you meant. \*

She studies him, looking deep into his eyes. \*

WIDOW (CONT'D) \*  
I can't quite read you, Lark. \*

ETHAN \*  
That's the point. \*

WIDOW \*  
You have something you believe \*  
in... You've given up everything \*  
for it... certain that you're on \*  
the right side. But now, you're not \*  
so sure you can win. \*

And we know she's right. \*

WIDOW (CONT'D) \*  
So why keep going? \*

ETHAN \*  
Why do you? \*

She blinks. Ethan studies her now. \*

ETHAN (CONT'D) \*  
You didn't choose this life. It \*  
chose you. It's a family business. \*  
Your father- \*  
(off her reaction) \*  
No... Your mother... passed over \*  
you brother in favor of you. \*  
(seeing he's right) \*  
And it was exciting at first. Until \*  
you realized what you were really \*  
doing. But by then it was too late. \*  
You know too much about your \*  
clients for them to ever let you \*  
quit. \*

And we know he's right. \*

WIDOW

Whether we know it or not... we're  
all pawns in someone else's game.  
The only question is... are we on  
the winning side?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

30A      **EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT**      30A

The motorcade makes it's way into a tunnel.

31      **EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT**      31

The three cars cruise down a narrow street and through a  
large gate in a high wall TO REVEAL:

32      **EXT. THE WIDOW'S HOME - NIGHT**      32

A huge estate hidden in the middle of the city. Everyone gets  
out, heads into:

33      **INT. WIDOW'S HOME - NIGHT**      33

Just as surprising as the house is what we find inside the  
large living room:

A DOZEN MEN assembling an impressive variety of weapons and  
armor. Someone looks to be starting a war.

Ethan and Walker conceal their surprise. Ethan walks over to  
a detailed map of Paris dominating a center table.

He notes photographs of an imposing government building, police vehicles, a helicopter, some sort of armored transport.

Zola grudgingly points to the map.

ZOLA

The French government took receipt of the asset at noon today. Delivery will be via air to the Finance Ministry at 8 am tomorrow morning. An armored motorcade under heavy police escort will transport him via this route.

(points to map)

We'll create a diversion at this intersection here. The motorcade will automatically take the pre-planned alternate route here... where we will extract the asset.

\*

ETHAN

...extract the asset?

\*

\*

Zola nods. Ethan notes a particular photograph under the others. He pulls out the blurry photograph of A MAN IN PRISON JUMPSUIT - heavy beard, haunted eyes filled with resolve.

\*

\*

ETHAN (CONT'D)

...the asset.

\*

\*

WIDOW

We paid a great deal of money for this information. They gave me everything but that man's name. You wouldn't happen to know who he is?

\*

\*

Ethan studies the photo with cool familiarity.

ETHAN

His name is Solomon Lane.

CLOSE ON: Walker's muted reaction. He has heard that name.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

A British Special Agent turned anarchist. He used rogue/former covert operatives to form a terror network called The Syndicate. Sabotage, assassination, mass murder.

\*

\*

WIDOW

As ugly as they come...

\*

WALKER

He was captured by British and  
American agents two years ago.  
Since then he's been in a never-  
ending interrogation - passed  
around from one government to  
another to answer for his crimes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ethan and Walker share a knowing glance.

WIDOW

They don't seem to have broken him.

Ethan stares at Lane's eyes. The eyes stare coldly back.

ETHAN

(more to himself)  
No. This one will never break.

WIDOW

You seem displeased, Lark.

ETHAN

Perhaps I wasn't clear. I came to  
Paris for plutonium.

WIDOW

There must be a misunderstanding,  
I'm just a broker, I connect a  
buyer and a seller for a small fee.  
My seller in this case is not  
interested in cash. So, if you  
want the plutonium...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN

I have to extract Lane and make a  
trade.

\*  
\*  
\*

WIDOW

That's right.

\*  
\*

This is bad. After a glance to Walker:

\*

ETHAN

How do I know the seller even has  
what I want?

\*  
\*  
\*

The Widow nods to Zola who opens a black case resting on the  
table. Inside is a single plutonium core.

\*  
\*

\*

WIDOW

A down payment in good faith. A courier will deliver two more within forty-eight/seventy-two hours, in exchange for him.

So close. So far. Ethan studies the map.

ETHAN

Alright, so tell me what happens after the diversion?

She studies him, eyes narrowing.

SILENCE

**Alt:**

Ethan feels Walker. He turns, looks, they make eye contact.

Ethan turns back to the map.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, so tell me what happens after the diversion?

The Widow studies him, eyes narrowing.

34

**EXT. WATERFRONT UNDERPASS - DAY**

34

A covered road along the Seine River. It is essentially a concrete box tunnel, open to the water on one side. A motorcade approaches. CLOSE ON:

AN ARMORED PRISON TRUCK, protected from in front and behind by a motorcade of POLICE on motorcycles, paramilitary vehicles, HEAVILY ARMED MEN.

Score is creeping in. A high sustain. Claustrophobic.

The motorcade passes an OPEN GARAGE PORT on the left, a LARGE TRUCK IN THE SHADOWS, perpendicular to the action.

The motorcade is almost at the end of the tunnel when:

A SECOND TRUCK pulls out in front of the tunnel, blocking the exit. Its side slams down as the motorcade stops.

HEAVILY ARMED AND ARMORED GUNMEN pour out, firing. ONE MAN launches a shoulder-fired rocket, destroying an armored car before SOLDIERS can even deploy.

THE FIRST TRUCK PULLS OUT behind the motorcade, sealing them in. More gunmen deploy. The tunnel is a kill-box. The shrill score intensifies.

We follow a MASKED MAN from the first truck, through the massacre. The masked man moves from cover to cover, not firing, moving in the wake of the others.

He gets to the prison truck, slaps a charge on the lock, and moves to blow it.

PING

A bullet hits the truck next to his head. He ducks, spinning and shooting in one motion, by instinct.

A YOUNG COP goes down, wounded. The Masked Man walks up to the Cop, stands over him, removes his mask TO REVEAL:

Ethan, horrified by what he's done. But other gunmen come up to watch. And he has a cover to maintain. The Cop holds up his hands, begging. Ethan raises his gun and fires.



35

**INT. STUDY - WIDOW'S HOME - NIGHT**

35

We never left. Ethan considers the scenario for a beat:

ETHAN

Kill everyone. That's your plan.

\*  
\*

ZOLA

There will be no witnesses.

\*  
\*

What guarantee do I have that Lane walks out of this alive?

\*  
\*  
\*

ZOLA

He's in an armored box. We'll pull him out when it's safe. You want your plutonium, this is the price. Or do you draw the line at killing cops?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Beat. All eyes are on Ethan. He is Lark now and has to play the part. He glares at Zola.

\*  
\*

WIDOW

That's John Lark you're talking to.

\*  
\*

Ethan eyeballs Zola.

\*

ETHAN

I kill women and children with smallpox. I have no line/there is no line.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLOSE ON The Widow. She is not exactly pleased with this situation, but she covers.

\*  
\*

WIDOW

Sleep well, everyone. Busy day tomorrow.

\*  
\*  
\*

And she leaves.

\*

36 **OMITTED**

36 \*

37 **OMITTED**

37 \*

\*

37A **EXT. TROCADERO - DAWN**

37A \*

Overlooking the Eiffel Tower. Deserted in the pre-dawn hours after a rain storm. Walker moves toward a stationary figure across the wide open expanse. The figure turns, REVEALING:

Sloane.

SLOANE

How did Lark die?

WALKER

A woman. A friend of Hunt's. I don't have a name.

SLOANE

I have a pretty good idea. What about Lane?

WALKER

We'll take care of it.

SLOANE

(realizing)

You have got to be kidding me.

WALKER

You want Lane out of prison, this is how it gets done.

SLOANE

I wanted *Lark* to break him out, *not* Ethan Hunt. I wanted *Lark* at the exchange, *not* Ethan Hunt. I wanted information that only Lark could give us.

WALKER

You may still have the chance.

SLOANE

Perhaps you're forgetting the corpse we pulled out of the men's room at the Grand Palais.

WALKER

I'm guessing that wasn't Lark. More likely one of Lark's recruits.

SLOANE

Not according to our intelligence.

WALKER

Intelligence gathered by whom?

Beat.

SLOANE

Hunt.

WALKER

You've long held suspicions that Lark was an American agent. Someone who knew every move we were making. Someone who could come and go like a ghost.

SLOANE

You're suggesting Hunt is John Lark.

(off his look)

You're reaching, Walker. Trying to save your ass. It won't work.

WALKER

Think about it. Would a man as careful as Lark really stick his neck out like that? For a face-to-face with the *White Widow*?

SLOANE

(having to admit)

He'd send a proxy.

WALKER

A *decoy*. And if he was really clever, he'd hire his lady-friend to kill that decoy in front of a reliable witness. Me.

As Sloane considers:

WALKER (CONT'D)

The dragnet is closing in on his terrorist alter ego. So he pays a man to play the part of Lark and has him killed. Then, under the guise of serving his country...

SLOANE

He assumes his own secret identity.

WALKER

Free to operate at will... With the full support of the U.S. government.

Sloane ponder this, then shakes it off.

SLOANE

But why? Why would Hunt turn?

WALKER

Why did Lane turn? Why did any of his disciples? They were believers in a cause. When that cause turned out to be a lie, they turned against their masters. How many times has Hunt's government betrayed him, disavowed him, cast him aside? How long before a man like that has had enough?

That gives Sloane real pause. The look in her eyes is unnerving.

SLOANE

It's a serious accusation.  
Can you prove it?

He pulls a phone from his pocket, hands it over face down.

WALKER

This is the phone we pulled off the dead man at the Grand Palais.

Sloane turns it over. We are expecting to see the screen smashed. But it isn't. The phone is pristine.

Walker is lying to Sloane.

WALKER (CONT'D)

If you can unlock it, I'm guessing it has all the proof you need.

38        **INT. TUNNEL - DAY**

38

A parking slot perpendicular to the tunnel. A truck backs in-

39        **INT. GARAGE PORT - DAY**

39

- Ethan cuts the engine, sitting back in his chair. Walker rides shotgun. Both wear tactical gear. After a long silence:

WALKER

Is it true that Lane gassed a  
village of two thousand people?

ETHAN

Yes.

WALKER

Is it true he brought down an entire passenger plane to kill one man?

ETHAN

Yes.

WALKER

And is it true that-

ETHAN

Walker look, whatever you heard... if it makes your skin crawl, it's probably true.

Walker pauses to consider.

WALKER

Holy shit. You're the guy who caught him, aren't you?

Ethan's silence confirms it.

WALKER (CONT'D)

How long do you think he's going to keep that to himself?

ETHAN

We'll burn that bridge when we get to it.

Ethan gets out of the truck.

40

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

40

Ethan walks from the truck bay, towards the river.

CONCRETE PILING, the Seine river beyond. Ethan sticks a SMALL CAMERA on the corner of the piling. He adjusts it, looking at a phone in his hand which acts as a camera monitor. On screen, he sees down the long tunnel.

He hears a whirring, and looks out. A military helicopter is flying in, heading towards the Finance Ministry in the distance.



41

**EXT. HELIPAD - DAY**

41

The roof of Paris' semi-brutalist finance ministry. In the back of a MILITARY HELICOPTER a man sits, unmoving, his back to us.

The heli touches down and the side door opens. TWO SOLDIERS IN TACTICAL GEAR grab the man, lifting him onto the pad to reveal SOLOMON LANE. Lane wears a faded white straightjacket, his ankles chained to each other. His grizzled beard and tousled mane contradict the intense focus in his eyes.

MORE SOLDIERS are waiting for Lane and his escort at the edge of the pad.



48

**INT. TRAILER TRUCK - DAY**

48

The truck is accelerating steadily as it approaches an intersection - the perpendicularly Seine River is visible just beyond. The Driver is going much to fast to make the turn. That's the point.













WALKER  
Hunt? Where are you?

80        **INT. IMPOSSIBLY NARROW ALLEY - DAY**

80

Ethan tries the starter again.

ETHAN  
Don't wait for me. Meet me at the  
garage.

WALKER (ON COMM)  
What is it? What's wrong?

ETHAN  
Meet me at the garage.

He looks behind him and sees COPS climbing over the top of their truck. One shouts into a radio. The other aims and opens fire. Ethan's bike starts and he takes off around the corner just as bullets fly. But he's been made.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
BENJI. DO YOU COPY?

81        **EXT. ICE CREAM TOURIST STREET**

81

Ethan rounds the corner and onto a wide, four-lane road crossing the Seine. Motorcycle cops come in from behind him, chasing. Ethan evades them, flying across the bridge and through an intersection, losing them in the cross-traffic.

82        **EXT. SEINE RIVER - DAY**

82

Police boats whip past and we pan to Benji and Luther, cruising calmly along the Seine, ignored. Lane is on the deck, covered in a blanket.

BENJI  
We copy, go.

ETHAN  
Change of plan. I'm blown. I need  
an extraction.

Benji and Luther share a concerned look.

BENJI  
We're on the way.

Benji jams their throttle and the boat takes off.





90

**EXT. MARKET STREET**

90

Ethan rounds a corner, going like hell toward a perpendicular median.

He looks behind him at two police motorcycles still in pursuit. A car pulls out in front of him. He sees it too late.

IMPACT. Ethan t-bones the car and is launched over the roof. He lands hard on the median. Stunned, he pulls a knife from his boot, staggers to his feet and runs. COPS screech to a halt and swarm after Ethan. He leaps over a hedge in the center of the median and falls out of sight.

The pursuing cops draw their weapons, leaping over the hedge.

But Ethan is not there. Instead they find a large hole, covered in mesh with a fresh hole in the center. They lean over, looking in to see a dark cavern below.

91           **INT. TUNNEL - DAY**

91

Traveling away, looking up at the same hole. Tilt down TO REVEAL: Benji and Luther at the helm of their boat. Ethan stands into the foreground, banged up, but safe. He nods to his friends, regards the shape of Lane on the floor, then faces forward. REVEAL:

92           **INT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - TUNNEL - DAY**

92

A wide and low arc tunnel cutting under the city. The boat moors near an archway. The team haul Lane to his feet and disembark, heading up a set of stairs in the archway.

93           **INT. GARAGE - DAY**

93

Walker paces at the top of a set of stairs. Benji rushes up, sees him, and turns to back to Ethan. Ethan gestures on.

They come up into a garage with an older BMW sedan. Luther brings up the rear with the Lane.

Walker and Benji rush to open two large garage doors at the end of the space. Ethan is just opening the driver's door when we REVEAL:

A YOUNG FEMALE BEAT COP stands outside writing a parking ticket. She turns just as they open and time stops.

COP'S POV. The team stand around their getaway car with a hooded, chained man.

Ethan starts to move towards the cop as she draws and aims.

COP

Arrêtez.  
[STOP].

ETHAN

Get in the car.

Walker and Benji turn to move back to the car. The cop aims here, there, everywhere.

COP

Personne ne bouge. (Montrez moi vos mains).  
[Nobody move. (Show me your hands)].

Walker and Benji freeze.

ETHAN

(to the Cop in French)  
Partez. S'il vous plait.  
[Walk away. Please.]

Ethan walks slowly towards her.

COP

Montrez moi vos mains.  
[SHOW ME YOUR HANDS.]

Ethan raises his hands, but keeps walking, as do the others. The Cop aims at him.

ETHAN

Ne faites pas ça s'il vous plait.  
Vous devriez partir.  
[You don't want to do this. Just walk away.]

BANG. Everyone startles. Who fired? The Cop falls. Ethan steps out of the garage to REVEAL:

94

**EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY**

94

FOUR OF ZOLA'S THUGS approach, weapons out.

THUG 1

Zola wants a word with you.

Thug 1 has his gun up.

THUG 2

Qu'est ce qu'on fait d'elle?  
[What should be done with her?]

THUG 1

Acheve-la  
[Finish her]

Thug 2 walks up to the cop, aiming.

Ethan reacts with lightning speed, pulling a pistol from his back and executing all four men. His team is just as stunned as the Cop.

Ethan rushes to the cop, kneeling beside her, assessing. He takes her hand, presses it to the wound. She winces.

ETHAN

Ça va aller. Ça va aller.  
[You're going to be all right.]

He grabs her radio, and holds it up for her.

COP (IN FRENCH)

Je suis blessé, je suis blessé par  
balle. Metro Passy.  
[I'm hurt, I've been shot. At  
Metro Passy.]

Ethan and this young woman share a long look. We hear sirens.

BENJI (O.S.)

Ethan, come on.

ETHAN

Je suis désolé.  
[I'm sorry.]

He steps back from the cop and heads toward the car. A moment later, he and the team are crammed inside - Ethan and Lane in front, the rest in back, driving away with the sound of sirens approaching.

ANGLE ON: The black rider goes after the team.

95

**EXT. BRIDGE INTERSECTION - DAY**

95

Cop cars whiz past, none the wiser. We've made it.

WALKER

The name's Walker by the way.

BENJI

Was the little car your idea?

Ethan turns down a side street.

SLAP. A bullet punches through windshield and the bag on Lane's head. He slump across the front seat. An instant of stunned horror, then Ethan sees:

THE BLACK RIDER on an overpass above a three way intersection up ahead, rifle in hand.

Ethan punches the gas, driving TOWARD the rider. The rider opens fire.

Bullets pepper the roof and hood of the car until it vanishes under the overpass and out of sight.

Ethan slams the brakes, spins the car.

96

**INT. BMW - DAY**

96

ETHAN

Everybody out.

Luther, Benji and Walker bail. Ethan guns the engine, taking the car back into the open, left down the three way intersection.





Palais Royale - Ethan rounds another corner, and flies over a humped road. The rider is right behind him. Ethan turns again, and the rider breaks off, turning into:

The Concorde colonnade parallel to Ethan's street - increasing speed. The rider skids to a halt at the end, drifting round a corner and exits onto:

100

**EXT. PARIS STREET - VARIOUS - DAY**

100

The rider appears up ahead, sitting in the road broadside, visor up, aiming at Ethan.

Ethan's eyes narrow. He slams on the brakes, skidding to a halt and sparing the rider a nasty collision.

CLOSE ON: The rider, lowering the weapon TO REVEAL:

Ilsa. Her face flashes many emotions at once: Hurt, anger, betrayal.

CLOSE ON: Lane, seeing Ilsa.

Ilsa's eyes narrow. She shifts focus to Lane, snaps the weapon up as:

Ethan punches the gas just as Ilsa fires. The bullet pierces the windshield, narrowly missing Lane. Ethan plows into Ilsa's bike, sending her over the roof and into the street.

She gets up, watches him drive off, and then hobbles off the street, out of sight.



Walker yanks Lane out of the car and sits him on the remains  
of a metal crate. Luther and Benji pull on rubber gloves  
before approaching Lane. Benji rips the adhesive patch from  
Lane's neck.

\*  
\*  
\*

BENJI

I want you to know this won't hurt  
enough.

\*  
\*  
\*

ETHAN

Ninety seconds.

\*  
\*

Benji plunges a needle into Lane's neck. He never flinches. Luther holds a device that scans Lane's neck, searching for the exact location of the signal. A light on the device alternates from solid red to fleeting green.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You and your Apostles think we're gonna trade you for the missing plutonium. I'm here to tell you that's never going to happen.

LANE

Your mission, should you choose to accept it. I wonder... Did you ever choose not to? Did you ever stop to ask yourself who was giving the orders or why? While every day the master you serve moves one step closer to ending the world?

LUTHER

Strange accusation coming from a terrorist.

ETHAN

60 seconds.

LANE

Terrorists are silly little schoolboys desperate for attention - hoping to shape public opinion through fear. I don't care in the least what people think or feel. In my experience, they don't do either for very long.

BENJI

And that's how you justify bombing factories and vanishing civilian airplanes. Or stitching me into an explosive vest.

LANE

When I down a plane it is to kill a specific passenger. When I bomb a factory it is because I want it destroyed. In either case, I eliminate a vital part of a corrupt and crumbling system.

LANE (CONT'D)

One you have helped perpetuate. One you have long since ceased to question.

BENJI

And the explosive vest?

LANE

Consider it unfinished business, my funny little friend.

ETHAN

Luther.

LUTHER

Almost there.

LANE

You see the end as clearly as I do, Ethan. Governments the world over are descending into madness. The Syndicate was created to tear them down, brick by brick-

BENJI

The Syndicate was nothing but a pack of murdering cowards-

LANE

The Syndicate was civilization's last hope. A chance to smash the old world order. That hope is gone because of you and your pathetic morality... you should have killed me Ethan.

These words from Ethan's nightmare strike home.

LANE (CONT'D)

The end you've always feared is inevitable. It's coming. Oh, it's coming. And the blood will be on your hands. The fallout... of all your good intentions.

ETHAN

Time.

The light on Luther's device turns solid green.

LUTHER

Got it.

Luther hits a button and the device zaps Lane's neck like a center-punch, extracting something from his flesh. Luther inspects the clear tube on the device, noting a small capsule inside, half black, half yellow. \*

Benji attaches the transponder to the drone's belly as Ethan grabs a remote controller. Benji steps back as the propellers spin. Ethan sends it into through a hole in the roof and out of sight. \*

The teams waits as the approaching sirens crescendo and pass them by. They're in the clear. \*

ETHAN  
Get him up.

Benji and Luther collect the gear, leaving Walker to haul Lane up, bringing him face to face with Ethan. \*

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You're mine now. \*

Walker drags Lane away, whispering: \*

WALKER  
(whispering)  
I could kill them all now and we can walk away. \*

LANE  
Death is too good for Hunt.

Walker shoves Lane in the back of the van and seals him in. A moment later, the van is driving away.

102aA INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE - DAY 102aA \*

Hunley's phone rings and he answers.

HUNLEY  
This is Hunley.

102bA INT. OFFICE - INTERCUT 102bA \*

SLOANE  
Solomon Lane escaped in Paris.



HUNLEY

You're not the only one with an intelligence agency, Erika.

SLOANE

Ethan Hunt broke him out.

HUNLEY

You're sure about that.

SLOANE

Walker was with him when he did it.

Hunley buries his head in his hands.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

It's time we laid our cards on the table, Alan. You have mail.

Curious, Hunley looks at his computer. Decryption software decodes classified documents, including a photo of the man Ilisa killed in the Grand Palais.

HUNLEY

What's this?

SLOANE

That was Hunt's target at the Grand Palais.

HUNLEY

By target, you mean John Lark.

SLOANE

No... Not John Lark. A proxy. A stand in. We've identified him. He's a contract killer. Nothing more.

HUNLEY

Meaning?

SLOANE

Meaning Lark is connected, with access to highly sensitive intelligence. He's not some rank assassin. The real Lark is still out there... Keep reading.

And as Hunley scrolls... Emails, texts, photos...

HUNLEY

(as he reads)

Where did you get this?

CLOSE ON: She handles the phone Walker gave her.

SLOANE

I'm not at liberty to divulge. Now.  
Tell me everything you *think* you  
know about Ethan Hunt.

102A      **EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY**      102A

Est. A corner apartment near the elevated train.

102B      **INT. SAFE HOUSE - BACK ROOM**      102B

CLOSE ON: Hands undo the straps on Lane's straight jacket,  
unzip to the front of the suit.

Lane wears a fresh change of clothes. Walker zip-ties Lane's  
hands together, then his feet together, and offers him a  
chair. Lane looks, ignores it, crouches down in place to a  
stress position.

103      **INT. SAFE HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**      103

Ethan watches through the glass doors as Walker binds Lane's  
hands behind his back. Lane stares holes through Ethan. After  
a beat.

ETHAN

Sometime in the next twenty four  
hours, John Lark is scheduled to  
meet a courier who will hand over  
the plutonium we lost in Berlin...  
in exchange for Solomon Lane.

Benji and Luther shifts uncomfortably at the sound of that.

LUTHER

Where's the meeting?

ETHAN

Only the White Widow knows. She won't divulge the location until she receives thirty million dollars I owe her.

BENJI

You owe her 30 million dollars?

ETHAN

John Lark owes her.

BENJI

And you're John Lark.

Ethan points to three items on the table.

ETHAN

We have to find that money. And that's all we have to go on.

LUTHER

(re: items on table)

What are these?

Lark's smashed cell phone, hotel key card and ID bracelet all sit on the table.

ETHAN

I pulled those off Lark's body at the Grand Palais last night.

BENJI

Lark's *dead*...

ETHAN

Yes

BENJI

How?

ETHAN

(at pains to say it)  
Ilsa.

BENJI

Our Ilsa? *Ilsa Faust* Ilsa?

ETHAN

She was helping me.

BENJI

*Helping you?*

LUTHER  
(realizing)  
That was her.

ETHAN  
Yes

LUTHER  
Trying to kill us today.

ETHAN  
No, Lane. She was trying to kill  
Lane. She didn't know it was us.

BENJI  
How is she mixed up in all of this?

ETHAN  
Look just...it doesn't matter.

BENJI  
*It doesn't matter?*

ETHAN  
That's not our primary concern.  
Either we find Lark's thirty  
million dollars *today* or our  
plutonium ends up on the open  
market.  
(gesturing at the items)  
Now, the answer *has* to be somewhere  
in here.  
(picking up the phone)  
So please... see what you can do

Benji sighs, picks up the phone.

BENJI  
Alright.

He stands, walks over to another table where a computer and  
other gear waits. Luther stays seated, staring at Ethan.

ETHAN  
What?

Luther glances through the glass doors into the other room.  
Ethan follows his eyes, focusing on Walker.

LUTHER  
Walker. He's not just some  
observer. He's an assassin. Erika  
Sloane's number one plumber.  
(off Ethan's look)

LUTHER (CONT'D)

And if we end up standing between  
him and his objective?

Before Ethan can respond, Walker emerges from the back room. Lane squats in a stress position with his back to us, accustomed to it. Walker closes the glass door behind him, senses the tension.

WALKER

Everything alright?

They look at him.

ETHAN

...Yeah.

WALKER  
Anybody for coffee?

ETHAN  
I'm good.

Walker exits the room toward the kitchen.

Ethan walks to Benji. Luther notices the hotel key card, picks it up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Benji, how we doing?

BENJI  
Not good.

CLOSE ON: Lark's smashed cell phone is connected to Benji's computer. The screen is black. Ethan steps up to Benji, seated at his computer.

ETHAN  
Can you at least power it up?

BENJI  
This phone is bricked.

ETHAN  
Memory card. Connect it directly.

BENJI  
That won't help me bypass any encryption.

ETHAN  
You're Benji. You can bypass anything.

Benji sighs. As he pries the phone open:

BENJI  
Well thanks, but you remember Delbruuk? The hospital room? Wolf Blitzer? There was a reason we went to all that trouble and that's because even the most basic encryption is incredibly hard to penetrate. I'll lay odds that Lark's encryption was military grade, meaning you'll never, ever-

LUTHER

Found it.

Ethan and Benji both turn to see Luther at the other table - a magnetic card reader sticking out of his tablet's microphone jack. Ethan and Benji move over to him.

BENJI

Found what?

LUTHER

Access to a numbered bank account.  
Lark had it stored on this magnetic strip of his hotel room key.

He hands the card to Ethan.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Don't lose that. It's worth thirty million dollars.

Ethan looks at Benji.

BENJI

Well, you gave me the phone.

Ethan smiles, pats Luther on the back.

ETHAN

Well done Luther.

LUTHER

That's what I do baby.

Walker enters the room with a cup of coffee in his hand. He reads the vibe.

WALKER

I miss something?

And off Ethan's smile we go to:

105

**EXT. PROMENADE RENÉ CAPITAN - DAY**

105

A secluded path along the Seine. Notre Dame in the background.

Ethan walks alone with the river to his left. The Widow approaches from the other direction, Zola and another goon behind her, watching.

WIDOW

You're just full of surprises,  
Lark.

ETHAN

Zola's plan was bad from the word  
go. You'd have lost all your men  
and Lane would've been killed in  
the crossfire. I had to improvise.

WIDOW

Why not say that in the first  
place?

ETHAN

Because I don't trust your people.  
Especially not your brother.

WIDOW

Zola is loyal to me.

ETHAN

That's the problem. He'd kill to  
protect you. He thought doing  
business with me was a bad idea,  
did he? And who else knew we were  
meeting at the Palais?



WIDOW

You said it yourself, the Americans-

ETHAN

If the Americans wanted me dead,  
I'd be dead. The shooters at the  
Palais were second rate. Zola hired  
outside men to keep his hands clean  
and they went off half-cocked. He  
was trying to protect you from me.  
Instead, he nearly got you killed.

She thinks about this, turns, looks back at her brother. She  
turns back to Ethan, back to business.

WIDOW

Family. What can you do? So where  
is Lane? Because he's certainly not  
at the bottom of the Seine.

ETHAN

I have him. He's safe.

WIDOW

Then, where's my money?

Ethan hands her an envelope.

ETHAN

Swiss bank account. Thirty million,  
as promised. Now where do I meet  
the courier?

WIDOW

Let's talk about the woman.  
(off Ethan's reaction)  
She was with you at the Palais.  
Zola saw her again today. She tried  
to kill Lane. She had a chance to  
kill you and didn't. Why?

ETHAN

We have a past. It's complicated.

WIDOW

I'll make it more complicated for you. My price just went up. Someone killed four of my men today. I'm assuming it was her.

It wasn't.

WIDOW (CONT'D)

I want her Lark. And you're going to bring her to me. Otherwise, you never meet the courier and the plutonium goes to the highest bidder.

She steps closer still, intimate now.

WIDOW (CONT'D)

I'd hate for her to come between us.

ETHAN

She's all yours.  
(off the Widow's smile)  
At the meeting. Not before.

She kisses him. Not a tender kiss. A threat. She lingers for a moment.

WIDOW

I do like your style, Lark.

She turns, walking away. As she leaves:

WIDOW (CONT'D)

Go to London. Further instructions will follow.

CLOSE ON: ZOLA, glaring at Lark with a slightly satisfied smile until his sister confronts him.

WIDOW (CONT'D)

I'd like a word with you. Now.

She walks on, followed by Zola and the goon. Ethan turns to depart. RACK FOCUS to the far side of the river and a figure standing on the bank, watching: ILSA.

106 **EXT. ARCADE 1 - DAY**

106

Ethan moves through the city on foot, slipping through an arcade, unaware that Ilsa is following. He turns a corner in front of us and she follows, only to find an empty street.

107 **EXT. ARCADE 2 - SLIGHTLY FURTHER ON - DAY**

107

Ilsa searches for Ethan, stalking forward, picking up the pace. She comes to the end of the arcade and looks. In the distance Ethan enters an archway. She follows.

Ilsa passes an iron linked archway. Ethan is on the other side, disappearing in the distance.

108

**EXT. PALAIS ROYALE GARDENS - DAY**

108

She rounds the corner only to find an empty courtyard. Ethan has vanished. After a beat, she realizes, turning around. Ethan stands in the distance, watching her.

She approaches. Ethan moves under the trees. She mirrors him. They meet.

ILSA

I knew if I followed her you'd show up eventually.

ETHAN

Are you okay?  
(off her nod)  
Ilsa (I never wanted to hurt you)-

ILSA

I'm sure you have your reasons.

ETHAN

You need to walk away.

ILSA

I can't do that.

ETHAN

You weren't at the Palais to kill Lark, were you?

ILSA

No.

ETHAN

You were there to protect him.

ILSA

Yes.

ETHAN

And you killed him to protect me.

Pause.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You wanted him to break Lane out of prison...No

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(realizing)

You *needed* him to break Lane out.

You need to kill him.

Her face says he is right.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Who's making you do this?

(When she says nothing)

MI6.

(she nods)

Why?

ILSA

They tried to bring Lane home through diplomatic channels. But too many countries wanted their pound of flesh. A man like that... what he's seen, what he knows about British Intelligence... They can't have him talking to a foreign government... Ever.

ETHAN

That's not what I asked. Why did they send you?

ILSA

This is how I prove my allegiance. This is how I come home.

ETHAN

But you were out, you were free.

ILSA

*We are never free.*

Ethan knows this all too well.

ILSA (CONT'D)

I spent two years undercover with Lane. To them, I'm as much of a threat as he is. I kill him... Or I never stop running.

ETHAN

I can't help you.

When he doesn't answer:

ILSA

You don't know him like I know him. He's just waiting for his moment. Sooner or later, he'll make his move. *Tell me where he is.*







When he sees Lane, he cannot hide the look of disappointment on his face. \*

HUNLEY \*

I prayed to God it wasn't true. \*

ETHAN \*

(re team) \*

My team, they were only acting on my orders. \*

BENJI \*

In his defense, sir; if Ethan hadn't intervened, a great many people would've been killed. \*

HUNLEY \*

Yes, Dunn, I'm sure the good people of Paris and the nation of France as a whole will take that into account. \*

(to Ethan) \*

What the hell happened? \*

Off Ethan's look we go to: \*

117 INT. SAFE HOUSE - BACK ROOM 117 \*

Lane is escorted by Luther and Benji into a makeshift cell - a cage of steel mesh for storing more valuable items, long since gone. \*

He is made to sit in a chair, then cuffed to it by Luther. Meanwhile, Benji places a camera on the wall, similar to the one Ethan placed in Paris. \*

Luther produces an injection gun like the one that knocked out Delbruuk. He injects Lane's neck. Lane passes out. \*

117A INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY 117A \*

Luther and Benji enter as Ethan finishes debriefing. Walker paces. Luther places the needle gun on the table. Benji opens a laptop. The screen shows Lane in his cell via camera. \*

ETHAN \*

At which point we were instructed to come to London and await further instructions. \*

Hunley takes a beat to process. Finally. \*

HUNLEY \*  
What happens now? \*

Ethan produces a mask machine. \*

ETHAN \*  
Now, we meet the Widow in twenty \*  
minutes. She takes us to a courier \*  
who'll hand over our missing \*  
plutonium in exchange for Solomon \*  
Lane. Or, in our scenario...Benji. \*

WALKER \*  
Jesus. \*

BENJI \*  
I'm sorry, what? \*

ETHAN \*  
Luther and I will take him to meet \*  
the courier. Walker stays here and \*  
guards the real Lane. \*

WALKER \*  
Absolutely not. \*

BENJI \*  
Wait. Why do I have to be Lane? \*

He looks to Luther who simply holds up his hands and shrugs. \*

WALKER \*  
Our mission - *my* mission - is to \*  
recover that plutonium. I will do \*  
so at any cost. Even if I have to \*  
trade Lane for it. The real Lane. \*

ETHAN \*  
And I'll *never* let him go. \*

WALKER \*  
When the Apostles realize that \*  
you're playing games, you'll lose \*  
the plutonium. Again. \*

ETHAN \*  
Let us worry about the Apostles. We \*  
actually have a bigger problem. \*

HUNLEY \*  
A bigger problem? \*

ETHAN \*  
Ilsa. \*

BENJI

Ilsa? Our Ilsa? Ilsa Faust Ilsa?  
How is she mixed up in all of this?

ETHAN

She has orders to kill Lane. Direct  
from MI6.

LUTHER

(realizing)  
That was her in Paris. On the bike.  
(off Ethan's nod)  
Ethan she tried to kill us.

ETHAN

Not us. Lane. She was trying to  
kill Lane. She has no choice.

BENJI

And she will try and kill me.

ETHAN

I won't let that happen.

BENJI

How - *exactly* - won't you let that  
happen?

ETHAN

I'm working on it. Right now we  
don't have a lot of time. We have  
to get ready for that meeting.

HUNLEY

The meeting is a trap.

All eyes turn to Hunley.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

The White Widow is working with the  
CIA. She has since the beginning.  
Bargaining for immunity is her  
stock and trade. Capturing the  
plutonium *and* the Apostles *and* John  
Lark buys her a lot of good will  
with the Americans.

LUTHER

But... if Sloane knew the meeting  
was a trap, why didn't she just  
tell us?

HUNLEY

Because John Lark could have been anyone - including one of us. And now her suspicions are confirmed.

Hunley drops the file on a table in the center of the room. Ethan opens it, reads. Hunley starts to move around the table, making his case:

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

According to that dossier, a trail of electronic evidence connects Hunt to the theft of smallpox from the CDC. It also links him to a lengthy correspondence ending with the recruitment of Dr. Delbruuk. And, of course, he handed over the plutonium to the Apostles himself. This, coupled with a long and incriminating history of rogue behavior, corroborates a CIA narrative that Hunt has snapped and his search for Lark is all a cover to hide the fact that Lark...

ETHAN

(staring at pages)  
Is me.

HUNLEY

I've got to hand it to you, Hunt. Normally when people refer to you as your own worst enemy, it's just a figure of speech.

Ethan finds a picture of Ilsa in the file.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid Sloane has a few questions for her as well. The Widow's offered her up free of charge.

ETHAN

Where did she get this information?

HUNLEY

She didn't say. She did, however, grant me the opportunity to bring you in myself, on the condition that I terminate this mission and hand over Solomon Lane personally.

ETHAN \*  
Sir, you can't do that- \*

HUNLEY \*  
Hunt- \*

ETHAN \*  
I know Lane. He has no intention of \*  
going back- \*

HUNLEY \*  
*Which is why we're taking him back.* \*

ETHAN \*  
*Which means that's exactly what he \*  
wants us to do.* \*

HUNLEY \*  
Hunt. \*

ETHAN \*  
What do you think this is? Do you \*  
think it's a coincidence that \*  
Sloane just *happened* upon this? \*  
Lane had it sent to her. He knew \*  
how she'd respond. Just like he \*  
knew the Widow would turn us in. \*  
Don't you see? \*  
(re file) \*  
*This Sir, this is the trap. We're \*  
being directed.* \*

HUNLEY \*  
Hunt. \*

ETHAN \*  
Sir, there are still two plutonium \*  
cores in the wind- \*

HUNLEY \*  
AND YOU LOST THEM. \*

That lands like a punch. After a beat. \*

BENJI \*  
In all fairness, sir. *We all lost \*  
them.* \*

LUTHER \*  
Respectfully, sir. You weren't \*  
there. \*

HUNLEY  
Making excuses for him your full-  
time job now?

ETHAN  
(waving them down)  
It's ok, just...

Walker backs slightly away from the table, leaving them to  
it.

HUNLEY  
(re file)  
Ethan, please don't make this  
harder than it already is. I can't  
protect you any longer, can't you  
understand that? This is as close  
as you ever gonna get to that  
plutonium.

Beat.

ETHAN  
(re file)  
You don't actually believe this...

HUNLEY  
I believe I've been given a choice  
to protect you or to protect the  
IMF. Which is why I'm taking you  
in.

ETHAN  
And if I refuse?

Hunley steps up to Ethan.

HUNLEY  
(re Walker)  
What do you think he's here for?  
He's not just some observer. He's  
an assassin - Erika Sloane's number  
one plumber. If you go rogue now,  
he's authorized to hunt you down  
and kill you.

All eyes settle on Walker:

WALKER  
That's the job. No hard feelings.

HUNLEY  
Accept it. You lost this one.  
What's done is done.

ETHAN

No sir-

HUNLEY

I'm not asking you, Hunt. I'm giving you a direct order. This mission is terminated.

Ethan refuses to move. Hunley turns to Luther.

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

Stickel. You're his friend. Talk some sense into to the m-

But his face contorts in a mask of pain before he can finish. He his hand slaps the side of his neck and he turns, finding Ethan there with the needle gun. Hunley is stunned. Luther and Benji are horrified. Walker is a bit impressed.

ETHAN

I'm sorry, sir. You gave me no choice.

Hunley crashes. Luther and Benji catch him, easing him to the floor. Ethan turns to Walker.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We have fifteen / twenty minutes before the meeting with the Widow. You want the plutonium? We're the only ones who can get it for you. Are you in or out?

Long beat.

WALKER

In.

LUTHER

Ethan...

ETHAN

Benji needs to get ready.

LUTHER

*Ethan-*

ETHAN

There's no time..  
(off Luther's look)  
Luther, please. I need you to trust me.

117B INT. CELL 117B \*

Luther scans an unconscious Lane's face, as Benji stands next to him, dressed identically to Lane. \*

Benji check the progress of the machine, then sits down back to back with Lane. \*

LUTHER \*

Are you alright? \*

BENJI \*

(Lanes voice - through \*

voicebox) \*

Yeah, just got a bad feeling about \*

this one. \*

Luther hands over the mask and Benji pulls it on over his head. The transformation is remarkably swift. Benji stands, turns, looks down at the unconscious Lane. They are identical. \*

Luther handcuffs him and they leave. \*

117C INT. MAIN ROOM 117C \*

Walker looks at the CCTV from Lane's cell as Ethan grabs his gun out of a bag and loads it. \*

WALKER \*

They're ready. \*

Deep behind ETHAN Luther enters with a transformed Benji, still in hand cuffs. \*

ETHAN \*

If you don't hear from us... \*

WALKER \*

...I'll do it my way. \*

Ethan starts walking away. As he goes: \*

ETHAN \*

(to Walker) \*

Don't take your eyes off him. \*

Ethan follows Luther & Lane as they head towards the exit. \*

Walker shuts the laptops. He then picks up a bag and removes the box containing the tracking device kit and discards it on the table. He pulls out the syringe case and takes with him as he heads to Lane's cell. \*



117D INT. CELL

117D \*

Walker enters to find Lane bound in the center of the room. \*  
He throws away the camera, then turns and injects Lane, who \*  
quickly comes to. \*

WALKER \*

Enough games. I'm taking you out of \*  
here. \*

LANE \*

Where's Hunt? \*

WALKER \*

He's gone to the meeting with a \*  
copy of you. \*

LANE \*

Calm down. Call the Apostles. Warn \*  
them. \*

WALKER \*

I have no way of contacting them. \*  
For their safety and mine. What I \*  
do have is an extraction team on \*  
satellite overwatch and a \*  
prearranged rendezvous. They'll \*  
know as soon as we leave the \*  
building. \*

Walker turns to exit. \*

LANE \*

No, I'm staying here. I haven't \*  
finished with Hunt yet. \*

WALKER \*

Why did you have to make this so \*  
*fucking* complicated \*

LANE \*

I don't understand what you mean. \*

WALKER \*

The deal was simple. I help you \*  
frame Hunt, you give *me* the \*  
plutonium. You're wasting time. \*

LANE \*

There cannot be peace without first \*  
a great suffering. The greater the \*  
suffering, the greater the peace. \*  
Guess who... \*

WALKER

When I wrote those words, I wasn't referring to *your* peace or *Hunt's* suffering. The old world order needs dismantling. We have the tools to dismantle it but all you seem to care about is that Hunt lives to take the blame. That's not anarchy. That's revenge.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LANE

Yes. It is. And when I have what I want, you'll have what you want.

\*  
\*  
\*

118

**INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY**

118

Ethan, Luther and "Lane" emerge cautiously from doorway. Ethan looks up the alley. Luther checks his watch.

119

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

119

WALKER

You wouldn't even be sitting here  
if I hadn't set you free.

LANE

That was Hunt.

WALKER

With intel I provided.

LANE

That was the Widow.

WALKER

*My operative gave it to her. And  
how do you thank me? Your decoy  
almost kills me at the Palais.*

LANE

He had to be convincing.

WALKER

*We're on the same side.*

LANE

*Are we? Really?*

Lane gets up into Walkers face, then sways, blood rushing to  
his head.

LANE (CONT'D)

Your cooperation could be nothing  
more than an elaborate ruse to  
secure that plutonium for your  
masters in the CIA. What  
reassurance do I have?

WALKER

*I offered to kill Hunt. You  
wouldn't let me. Death is too good  
for him, you said.*

LANE

You were going to kill Hunt anyway.  
*That's not reassurance.*

WALKER

I recruited Delbruuk. I spared the  
Apostles lives and offered to set  
you free. In exchange for that  
plutonium.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Do you really think someone like  
Sloane would condone that?

LANE

To recover the plutonium, yes, wipe  
out the Apostles? Yes. You see  
Walker, the only rule in this game  
is that there are no rules. Even  
Hunt understands that.

WALKER

Hunt has nothing *but* rules. You're  
only here now because he didn't  
have the guts to kill you. Sloane  
was right. The IMF is nothing but  
Halloween. Grown men wearing-

Walker turns and looks at the mask machine on the table.

120      **OMITTED**      120      \*

121      **INT. LONDON SAFE HOUSE - DAY**      121      \*

LANE

What?

Walker turns to Lane, studies him. After a beat, he lunges,  
grabs Lane's scalp with both hands and tears his face down  
the middle TO REVEAL: BENJI

CLOSE ON: An earpiece in his ear. This whole conversation has  
been broadcast.

BENJI

It's just the job. No hard  
feelings.

Walker grabs him by the throat. Until a pistol taps the back  
of his head stops him cold.

HUNLEY

And you were doing so well up until  
this point...

Beat. In one fluid motion, Walker grabs the gun and wrenches  
it free as he turns to face Hunley, pulling the trigger  
without hesitation, CLICK. It's empty. REVEAL: Hunley holds a  
second gun tight to his waist, aimed at Walker's belly.

\*

HUNLEY (CONT'D)

It's an old trick. But it still  
works.

(re his gun)

I think this one's loaded, you want  
to find out? Let's go, move it.

Benji takes the gun from Walker and steps to Hunley who hands  
him a magazine. Benji loads the pistol and the two men lead  
Walker out of the cell at gunpoint.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



HUNLEY  
So where did Sloane get that  
dossier from?

WALKER  
I have no idea.

SLOANE (O.S.)  
I do.

And Hunley holds up a cell phone. On the screen is Erika  
Sloane, having heard this entire exchange.

HUNLEY  
Did you get all that Erika?

SLOANE  
I did.

LUTHER  
Oops...bad boy.

HUNLEY  
Where would you like him delivered?

SLOANE  
I'll come to you.

And the lights cut. EIGHT HEAVILY ARMED SPECIAL ACTIVITIES  
MEN rush in. Everyone lowers their guns, and raises their  
hands. The phone is still in Hunley's grasp.

HUNLEY  
I thought we had a deal, Erika.

SLOAN  
We did. Now we don't. I'm bringing  
you *all* in.

HUNLEY  
The plutonium is still out there.

SLOAN  
And I don't trust a living soul in  
that room to do it. We'll sort out  
who's who in Washington.

HUNLEY  
Erika-

ETHAN  
Sir... Let's do what she says...  
It's ok. The only real threats are  
in this room. And we have them.

WALKER

Do you?

Tense pause. Ethan sees the confident look in Walker's eye.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Go.

Two SA men furthest in back open fire, killing the other SA men. Gunfire erupts down the hall, the team scatter.

Ethan grabs for Lane, who spins, scything round with two fists, punching Ethan in the face. Ethan goes down, taking the fall with a roll, dazed. In the confusion Lane disappears.

Benji scrambles for his gun on the floor, but Walker intercepts, kneeling Benji in the head, knocking him out cold and grabbing his gun.

Ethan grabs his gun, shooting as he rises at Walker who ducks behind a pillar between them. Ethan continues to shoot, pinning him down. Luther takes the moment to duck behind a pillar opposite.

Behind Ethan more SA gunmen emerge, shooting as they advance. Ethan spins, takes one of them down, and has to take cover himself.

With Ethan distracted, Walker tries to make a break for it, heading toward the original gunmen, away from Ethan. He gets 10 feet before realising:

WALKER (CONT'D)

(to gunmen)

WHERE THE HELL IS LANE?

Ilsa enters. Kills one of Walker's SA men from behind, the other takes cover behind a pillar. He starts firing back at Ilsa, who's forced to tuck behind a pillar herself.

Walker ducks to the opposite side, now on the diagonal to Ethan. He sees his chance; Ethan's back is to him. He raises his gun, finally ending this but before he can shoot: Hunley.

Hunley forces the gun down, disarming Walker, and they punches him back into a cage wall. Walker tries to block as Hunley rains on him. He pulls a knife from behind his back, and buries it in Walkers side.

A beat, and Walker yanks Hunley towards him, almost embracing him, thrusting the blade deeper. Hunley freezes, in shock, dying.



Walker shoves his body to the side, grabs the gun, and advances down the room, away from Ilsa. He passes Luther, and grabs him, using him as a shield to get as far as the table. \*

Luther flails, grabbing the injector off the table and stabbing Walker in the neck with it. Walker tosses him down and runs. Luther picks up a gun, and shoots after him, taking down the covering gunman. \*

124 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM 124 \*

Walker encounters a CIA AGENT. He kills him, takes his coat. \*

125 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM 125 \*

Benji has come to and is kneeling at Hunley's side, guns still firing around them. He pulls Hunley up and sees the stab wound. He tries to put pressure on the wound. \*

BENJI \*

(ad lib) \*

Sir, *Sir*. Man down. *Man down*. Help, somebody help...hold on...just gonna put pressure on this. \*

The gunmen gone, Ethan turns and sprints over to Hunley. As he enters the open Ilsa gunmen turns to shoot him, exposing his back. Ilsa shoots him. Ethan gets there, but is too late. \*

ETHAN \*

Sir... \*

Luther runs in - tracker machine still in his hand. \*

LUTHER \*

I tagged Walker but he's on the run, you go to get him. \*

Ethan looks at Benji - Benji shakes his head. \*

ETHAN \*

I'm sorry. \*

Hunley puts a hand on Ethan's shoulder... \*

HUNLEY \*

Walker... \*

Ethan watches as Hunley dies. \*

\*

LUTHER

Ethan.

Enraged, Ethan stands going after Walker.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Wait...

Luther grabs him and injects his neck with a tracker.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Get that son of a bitch.

Ethan runs off as Luther goes back to Hunley. Ilsa arrives to find him and Benji of them crouched over Hunley's dead body.

Ethan exits the building as a SECOND SA team arrives. Are they Walker's men? Sloane's? What does it matter?

Ethan has no choice but to run.

SCENES 126-178 UNUSED

179     **EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**     179

The bells of St. Paul's are ringing. A funeral service is in progress, MOURNER'S straggling in. Death is in the air.

180     **EXT. COURTYARD**     180

The dragnet is closing. Everywhere Ethan looks, there are SA MEN closing in. He runs. He finds himself steered through the underground passage of St. Paul's.

181     **INT. ST. PAUL'S DAY**     181

Ethan enters to find a funeral in process - a coffin at the center of the rotunda, a choir, two thousand mourners.

Trying not to make a scene, he cuts right and moves along the edge of the space.

A beat later, TWO SUITS come in the same door he entered, unable to see Ethan at first. They see him on the far side of the room and take the long way around so as not to cut through the crowd and make themselves known. Both suits talk quietly into their radios.



189 **OMITTED** 189

189A **EXT. ST. PAUL'S - CRANE - DAY** 189A

Ethan leaps onto the crane and uses it to cross the street, leaping onto the adjacent building some 120 feet from the church. He heads toward the Thames River.

BENJI

You're gaining on him. Go straight ahead fifty yards and turn right

190 **EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY / EXT. ALLEYWAY DAY** 190

Easier said than done. Straight ahead means stepping off a six story roof. A construction crane nearby spans the gap between Ethan and a building across the street.

Meanwhile, Walker casually strolls through London's alleyways, case in hand.

Ethan leaps onto the crane and uses it to land on:

191 **EXT. ROOFTOP NEAR ST. PAUL'S - DAY** 191

He turns right and runs as fast as he can across the roof. We go with him in a single, uninterrupted shot, leading him, then profile, then chasing him as he arrives at the end of the rooftop, vaulting off of a scaffold and across the street to the next building.

SLAM. Ethan hits the side of the opposite building, just barely catching the edge of the roof. He scrambles to pull himself up.

192 **INT. OFFICE - DAY** 192

A WOMAN works at her desk, headphones on, oblivious to Ethan's legs kicking at her window behind her, then up and out of sight.

193 **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING** 193

Ethan leaps down onto a roof-deck and through an open glass door into:

193A     **INT. FORMERLY PART OF SC 189**     193A

Benji watches the screen, tracking Ethan and Walker as two dots on a two dimensional map.

194     **INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**     194

A pool of cubicles. OFFICE WORKERS stare at him as he runs through.

BENJI (ON COMM)  
To your left. He's to your left.

Ethan stops, looking to his left, REVEALING:

A bay window and a covered bridge spanning the river beyond. It has a solar-paneled rooftop with a steel spine running the entire length. Walker is on that bridge.

Ethan grabs a desk chair, spins like a hammer-thrower and:

195      **EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - OPPOSITE SIDE - DAY**      195

The chair EXPLODES out the window, followed closely by Ethan, who leaps towards the solar-paneled rooftop below him. He lands on top of some massive air conditioning vents, rolls off, and keeps running. STUNNED OFFICE EMPLOYEES watch from the busted-out window behind him.

196      **EXT. TUBE STATION ROOFTOP - DAY**      196

A hundred or so massive solar panels are arrayed in two parallel lines along the top of the bridge, a steel spine runs between them. The rooftop is punctuated every thirty feet or so by vertical louvered windows, affording Ethan fleeting glimpses of a train platform below.

197      **INT.**      197

ON SCREEN: The red dot representing Ethan is nearly touching Walker's blue dot.

BENJI

He's right in front of you.

198      **EXT. BRIDGE**      198

Of course, all Ethan sees is the bridge.

BENJI

Do you see him?

Ethan looks down, glimpses a figure through the tinted glass. There's only one way to do this. He leaps, slides down the solar panels feet first and:

199      **INT. TUBE STATION - DAY**      199

Ethan continues running along the roof.      \*

CLOSE ON: Walker, striding down the platform.      \*

The train comes to a stop and a crowd of commuters disembarks. Walker disappears into them.

\*  
\*

200      **INT. TUBE STATION - STAIRWAY TUNNEL - DAY**      200

Ethan takes the double staircase at the end of this pedestrian tunnel in two leaps, turning the corner into -

201      **INT. TUBE STATION - VENDING MACHINE LOBBY - DAY**      201

Ethan skids to a stop at a protective railing. He vaults it, landing atop a vending machine, then the ground, then out to:

202      **EXT. TUBE STATION - UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY**      202

Ethan emerges from the tube running out from under an overpass, unable to see Walker anywhere. A helicopter roars along the Thames, traveling in the same direction.

With nothing else to go on, Ethan follows it, running as fast as he can.

203      **EXT. RIVERWALK - DAY**      203

TRACKING SHOT along the tree-lined pedestrian walkway by the Thames, Ethan navigating PEDESTRIANS, noting the Heli is headed toward the 100M tall chimney tower of the TATE MODERN looms ahead.

204      **EXT. TATE MODERN - FRONT - DAY**      204

The Tate's drab industrial exterior betray its origins as a mid-20th Century power station. Ethan arrives just in time to see Walker vanish behind the far side of the chimney.





Walker reaches into his pocket, produces a picture of A WOMAN, taken surreptitiously. She sits at a cafe table, smiling at A MAN with his back to us. He sets on the floor right above Ethan.

\*  
\*

The woman is Julia. Ethan's can't hide the nerve that's been touched.

WALKER

I'm her guardian angel, Hunt.

\*

WALKER (CONT'D)

If I see you again, she dies. If  
you try to warn her, she dies. Know  
when you're beat.

\*  
\*

The elevator rattles to a halt. Walker opens the door and exists. Ethan is trapped underneath. He swings, grabs a hold of the shaft wall just as the elevator begins its descent. It narrowly misses sheering Ethan off the wall as it passes.

Ethan quickly climbs up to the elevator door, pries it open and rushes out onto:

207

**EXT. TATE MODERN - CHIMNEY TOWER - ROOF - DAY**

207

A blast of wind. Ethan climbs onto the roof, staggers towards the heli and comes to a stop. It's out of reach.

\*  
\*

Walker and Lane sit inside the open side door as it flies away. Walker gives a little wave, smiling.

\*  
\*

Walker's POV of Ethan, standing on the chimney, shrinking to almost nothing.

208

**INT. TUNNELS - DAY**

208

Ethan walks through flooded abandoned underground building site.

\*  
\*

He finds Luther & Benji - heads over their laptops.

\*

BENJI

We lost Walker's signal. He must  
have pulled his transponder.

\*  
\*  
\*

Ethan shakes his head, undone.

\*

LUTHER

Ethan- you need to know..

\*  
\*

ETHAN

I know..

\*  
\*  
\*

Ethan lays the photo of Julia on the table. Benji, Ethan and Luther share a grim look. Nothing needs to be said. Ethan walks away from the table...then turns to his friends. \*

ETHAN (CONT'D)

They have the plutonium. Where are they going? What is their target? \*

LUTHER

We know the targets. Mecca, the Vatican, Jerusalem-

ETHAN

No. That's what *Delbruuk* wanted. That's what he was told so he'd build the bombs. But Walker and Lane are both smart enough to know that plan has too many variables, too many things to go wrong. The real plan would have redundancies.

BENJI

Multiple bombs, multiple teams.

ETHAN

One target.

LUTHER

Ethan-

Just then, Ilsa emerges from another room and attacks. Benji and Luther back away. Ethan parries, tries restrains her. \*

ETHAN

Wait, wait! \*

LUTHER

Let them work it out. \*

He motions to Benji to follow him out of the room. \*

ILSA  
You let Lane go.

ETHAN  
I had no choice-

She breaks free, attacks again. Ethan parries, restrains her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
*Listen* to me.

ILSA  
We should have killed him when we  
had the chance.

She attacks, he parries, restrains her again.

ETHAN  
His people are still out there.  
Only he knows who and how many. We  
cannot-

She attacks, climbing up onto him until he restrains her  
against the wall, face to face.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
*Stop. Stop.*

Ilsa stills, lowering her leg.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
I'll find some way to make it right  
with you and MI6. But we *cannot*  
kill Lane. Ever.

ILSA  
I'm not doing this to save myself.  
He has to be stopped. I don't care  
what happens to me.

ETHAN  
*I do.*

And off Ilsa kissing Ethan...

LUTHER (PRE-LAP)  
These are the designs we recovered  
from Dr. Delbruuk's lab in Berlin.

The familiar schematic of Delbruuk's nuclear devices,  
spinning on Luther's computer screen. Ilsa listens as:

BENJI

Five megatons. Greater than all the explosive energy released in World War II.

LUTHER

To disarm it, we'd normally cut the fuse wire here.

\*

ILSA

Normally...

LUTHER

Walker and Lane have two plutonium cores. Meaning two bombs.

BENJI

And they're linked by a microwave failsafe which is accurate to within one tenth of a second.

\*

\*

\*

LUTHER

Any attempt to defuse one bomb will automatically trigger the second bomb.

\*

\*

BENJI

Any attempt to cut the microwave signal will detonate both.

LUTHER

Meaning once *armed*, the bombs cannot be *disarmed*.

Benji turns another laptop around to reveal an image of the remote detonator.

BENJI

The countdown is started via remote detonator. It, too, is failsafe. Meaning once the countdown is started, it cannot be stopped.

\*

\*

\*

ILSA

And the solution is?

\*

Benji and Luther share a grim look.



LUTHER

She was taken. By some people who wanted to get to Ethan. It's ok, he got her back all in one piece and then he quit the game. And they were happy for a while. But every time something bad would happen in the world, Ethan would think "I shoulda been there." And she would wonder: "who's watching the world while Ethan's watching me?" And both of them knew deep down that some day, somehow, something truly terrible was going to happen. All because they were together...

ILSA

Where is she now?

LUTHER

She's a ghost. Taught her myself. Every now and then she would let him know she is ok. And that keeps him going.

Ilsa takes this in.

ILSA

Why are you telling me this?

LUTHER

We're in this mess because he wouldn't let me die. He's a good man. He cares about you, Ilsa. More than he can admit. That's one more worry than he can handle right now. That's why you need to walk away.

Just then, the door opens and Ethan enters. He sees Luther and Ilsa, reads their looks... After a beat.

ILSA

I'm going with you.

Ethan looks at Luther: "What the fuck?" Luther shrugs. "I tried." And despite everything he wants, Ethan looks to Ilsa, sighs and says:

ETHAN

I know.

They share a long, wordless look, then it's back to work.

ILSA

So how do we find them?

And we cut to..

\*



Luther holds up a familiar looking object, not much bigger than an inch of pencil lead. \*

LUTHER

Microwave transponder. Traceable via satellite anywhere in the world. Lane had one in the back of his neck. We removed it in Paris. \*

FLASH As Luther extracts the yellow and black transponder from Lane's neck. \*

ETHAN

And while we were at it, put our own transponder in. \*

FLASH As Luther inserts a GREEN and black transponder before cauterizing the site. \*

LUTHER

Thirty-six hour delayed activation. In case the Apostles scan him. \*

ILSA

You planned on letting him go? \*

ETHAN

Not that way, but yes. I was counting on it. Now he'll lead us to the plutonium. \*

ILSA

How do you know that? \*

ETHAN

Because his plan to put me in prison went to hell, now he's gonna want me to be there for the end. \*

ILSA

When does the transponder act- \*

Benji rushes into the room, holding a tablet. They gather. \*

BENJI

Got him heading east over Europe at 500 knots. \*

LUTHER

He's airborne. \*

BEJJI

Shall we inform the CIA? \*

ETHAN

The CIA's been infiltrated. I don't trust Sloane, I don't trust anybody outside this room. We have to do this alone.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ILSA

But to where do we go...

\*  
\*

CLOSE ON: Benji's tablet with a map tracking the signal from Lane's transmitter. PUSH IN ON THE SCREEN as the signal's trajectory takes is to ASIA, INDIA and finally...

\*  
\*  
\*

**SCENE 210 TO 214 UNUSED**

215

**EXT. ROAD TO KASHMIR - DAY**

215

TITLES: *INDIAN CONTROLLED KASHMIR,*  
*SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BORDER OF PAKISTAN*

A beat-up Land Rover climbs along a desolate mountain road.

216

**INT. VEHICLE - ROAD TO KASMIR - DAY**

216

Ethan drives. Ilsa rides shotgun. Luther and Benji are in back, each with a tablet. Luther tracks Lane. Benji pores over bomb schematics.

CLOSE ON: Luther's tablet.

LUTHER

We just lost our signal. Lane  
must've found our transmitter.

\*

ETHAN

I know where they're headed. What  
matters now is finding a way to  
defuse those bombs before we get  
there-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BENJI  
Eh, I've found it.

All eyes turn to Benji.

BENJI (CONT'D)  
...Maybe.

He leans over the seat, showing Ethan his tablet.

BENJI (CONT'D)  
There appears to be a flaw in the  
bomb's operating system.  
(points to screen)  
The remote detonator requires that  
firing key. If we remove that key  
then theoretically it *should* short  
out the failsafes, and allow us to  
cut both fuses.

ETHAN  
So, one of us has to get the  
detonator and remove the key.

LUTHER  
While the rest of us cut the fuses  
on both bombs. Easy.

BENJI  
Yeah *but*...

ETHAN  
But what?

BENJI  
Well, in order for it to work, we  
can't remove the key or cut the  
fuses until after...the countdown's  
started.

ILSA  
But...wait, just so I understand,  
the only chance we have to *safely*  
defuse the two bombs, is to let the  
countdown start...

BENJI  
...and then remove the key...

ILSA  
...okay...

A dread silence. \*

ILSA (CONT'D) \*  
There's the border. \*

Benji produces four passports, handing them out to each of them.

BENJI \*  
Ah okay, now I grabbed what I \*  
could. \*  
(to Ilsa) \*  
You are Frau Mani from Switzerland. \*  
(to Ethan) \*  
Monsieur Pilloton from Belgium. \*  
(to Luther) \*  
And Herr Löfven of Sweden. \*

LUTHER \*  
Do I look Swedish to you? \*

Benji holds up his own passport: \*

BENJI \*  
I don't know, do I look Korean? \*

Off Luther's look we cut to:

217 **EXT. KASHMIRI BORDER - DAY** 217

The team's vehicle comes to a stop at the open gate. No one steps up to greet them. In fact, no one is evident at all.

218 **INT. VEHICLE - DAY** 218

The team is instantly unsettled by the silence. Ethan brings the vehicle to a stop. The place is deserted.

A single vehicle is parked up the road - passenger door open.

The team steps out of the car. Ethan sees a command bunker, noticing a power pole beside it. The phone line running from the pole to the bunker has been cut.

Ethan moves toward the bunker. The rest of the team spreads out.



ETHAN

And no Walker. No Lane.

LUTHER

No nukes.

Ethan places his hand on the hood of the car.

ETHAN

How far did you say that medical camp was?

BENJI

Thirty miles.

They all rush for their vehicle.

224

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

224

Lane loads a plutonium core into the open firing chamber of one of Delbruuk's devices. \*

He presses a button, closing the firing chamber. \*

REVEAL: Walker, Lane and THREE GOONS standing around the bomb in a dirt-floored room with small windows.

LANE \*

Both devices are connected to the detonator.

Lane types the code into the keypad, takes out the firing key, sets it for 15 minutes and picks up the detonator. \*

LANE (CONT'D)

15 minutes should give you enough time to reach minimum safe distance.

(turning to Walker) \*

Yes, this is where it ends for me. \*

WALKER

Now? You're doing this *now*? This is just the first phase. There's more work to be done. After. \*

LANE

More than you'll ever realize.  
You'll see. The world *might* learn  
from what happens here today. More  
likely, they'll forget it ever  
happened.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And off Walker's bewildered expression, they walk out.

\*



225

**EXT. MEDICAMP - UPPER - DAY**

225

Ethan and the team arrive, get out of the vehicle. The camp is busy, but quiet. The village below stretches on for a mile down the valley. Walker, Lane, the bombs could be anywhere.

Luther and Benji pull out phones that double as geiger counters and fire them up.

Benji points to a large mass of shipping containers.

BENJI

Signals over there. Weak, but in every direction.

LUTHER

We're in a medical camp. X-ray machines, CAT scanners—radiological signatures everywhere.

ILSA

Needle in a haystack.

ETHAN

Process of elimination. One at a time. Split up. Stay on comms.

Everyone sticks an earpiece in their ear before heading toward the containers just as something catches Ethan's eye. He turns and sees a long administration tent on an elevated ridge just above him.

He mounts a set of stairs, stands in the opening of the tent.  
REVEAL:

The tent is long, narrow, a hive of activity. DOCTORS, NURSES, AID WORKERS. Then a voice:

VOICE

Ethan.

He turns and freezes, finding himself face to face with the one person he never expected to see:

ETHAN

Julia.

JULIA.

The team hears this on their comms, all turning at once, seeing Ethan and Julia together. Ilsa looks to Luther:

ILSA

Is that?

ON ETHAN AND JULIA.

VOICE

Julia.

They both turn as A MAN (30s) approaches. He's handsome, smiling.

ETHAN

(softly)

Is that-

Julia nods.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Does he know?

She shakes her head just as the man arrives, extending a hand, understandably curious.

ERIK

Hey.

ETHAN

Hi.

JULIA

This is my husband Erik.

ETHAN

(extending a hand)

Rob. Thorne. Doctor Rob Thorne. I worked with Julia at-

JULIA

Mass General. Before New York.

ERIK

You're kidding. What a coincidence. What brings you all this way?

ETHAN

I was in Turtuk, not too far from here. I heard help was needed.

ERIK

Actually, we're just about finished here. The whole village is inoculated. What were you doing in Turtuk?

JULIA

Rob's on vacation.

Something in her tone is almost hopeful.

ETHAN

No... No, I'm working.

226

**OMITTED**

226

227

**EXT. MEDICAMP - UPPER - DAY**

227

ETHAN

You're all a long way from home.

ERIK

Thanks to our guardian angel.

ETHAN

Guardian-

ERIK

We were running an field hospital in Darfur when the outbreak happened here. There comes a call from an anonymous donor. Out of the blue. He's ready to underwrite this entire operation. One condition.

Just then, Julia spots Benji, Luther and a woman. Staring.

JULIA

We run the whole thing.

ERIK

Can you believe that?

ETHAN

I certainly can.

ERIK

Out of the blue.

JULIA  
Out of the blue.

ETHAN  
Quite the full life.

ERIK  
You know, before Julia I never traveled, never even left New York. I was on the fast track to Chief of Surgery at fifty. Heart attack at fifty-five. She convinced me to let it all go. Help where it was needed most. We've been on the go ever since. And I've never felt more fulfilled.

ETHAN  
I'm happy for you.

ERIK  
Thank you.

MEANWHILE: CLOSE ON Luther, looking at the phone in his hand, the signal spiking. He looks around, spies a communications mast among the shipping containers. He double takes, looks closer at it. To the untrained eye it's just a cell tower. But to one who has seen the schematic.

LUTHER  
Ethan... I think I found something.

Ethan sees Luther turn away, heading toward the mast.

JULIA  
(to Erik)  
We should get going. We have a lot of packing to do.

ERIK  
I'll handle that. You two catch up.

ETHAN  
I should get out of your hair.

ERIK

Are you kidding? You should stick around. I'm only sorry you came all this way for nothing. Tell you what. We'll pack and then we'll drive you back to Turtuk. You can catch up in the car.

ETHAN

You're very kind.

ERIK

Settled. See you soon.

JULIA

It's good to see you.

They embrace awkwardly before sharing a look that only they understand.

ETHAN

I'm so sorry, Julia.

Ethan moves quickly in the direction Luther, Benji and Ilsa went.

CLOSE ON: Julia stops at the edge of the administration tent, watching them go.

227A **OMITTED- MOVED TO SC 230A**

227A

228 **EXT. LODGE - DAY**

228

A house made of split beams with an earthen roof. Walker, Lane and the goons emerge, REVEALING:

They are on the boundary between the village and the lower medical camp.

Across an open field we spy a helipad with two helicopters. Lane points to them.

LANE

Take both helicopters. No one else leaves.

Lane hands Walker the detonator.

LANE (CONT'D)

Walker, you are a good soldier.

Walker nods, shakes Lane's hand and walks for the helis.

229

**EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

229

Luther collapses the mast, pulls a pin and lets it lean over. Benji, Ethan and Ilsa arrive just in time to catch it and help ease the heavy thing to the ground.

Luther pulls back a panel and reveals the display.

LUTHER

It's armed. The countdown hasn't started yet.

BENJI

The other device is close. Detonator, too. Half a kilometer.

ETHAN

They're still here. Luther keep working on it, you two with me.

Ethan runs. Benji and Ilsa follow. Luther is alone.

LUTHER

Oh, sure. I got this. Don't worry about me.

230

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

230

Walker is at the helis. He puts the failsafe key into the detonator and activates it. Watching the timer tick down, having just pressed the button.

The pilot begins the process of starting the heli. The next heli over also winds to life.

230A

**INT. TENT - FORMERLY SC 227A**

230A

Julia stands at the back of their tent, packing clothes into a bag. She pauses, thinking.

Dropping the clothes down on the bed, she walks quickly out of the tent, past Erik, intent on a destination. Erik watches her go.

231

**OMITTED - MERGED INTO SC 229**

231



231A **OMITTED - MERGED INTO SC 232A** 231A

232 **EXT. MEDICAMP - UPPER - DAY** 232

Ethan scans the lower camp and the village beyond.

Then Ethan spies Walker walking to the Helis, their blades turning.

ETHAN

Walker...

232A **EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS - FORMERLY SC 231A** 232A

Luther kneels in front of the open box, about to start disarming.

LUTHER

Ethan, the countdown has started we have 15 minutes.

232B **EXT. MEDICAMP - UPPER - DAY - FORMERLY PART OF SC232** 232B

ETHAN

Walker has the detonator.

He runs to the nearest HAO vehicle. Benji and Ilsa follow, jumping in, driving off.

233 **INT. HAO VEHICLE - DAY** 233

BENJI

We have to evacuate these people.

ILSA

There's no time.

ETHAN

This whole valley is going to be incinerated in fifteen minutes.

\*  
\*

Ethan roars down a steep pitch, driving toward the Helis. The first one is already airborne, back doors open, Walker clearly visible inside.

ILSA  
We're too late.

\*

Ethan skids to a halt.

ETHAN  
It's alright, I'll get the  
detonator

\*

\*

\*

ILSA  
What, how?

\*

\*

ETHAN  
I'll figure it out. Just find Lane,  
get the other bomb.

\*

\*

\*

And he runs toward the second heli. Benji and Ilsa watch him go, bailing out of the vehicle.

ILSA  
What the hell is he doing?



BENJI  
He went after Walker.

Benji and Ilsa split up.

236D     **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY**     236D

Walker relaxes, the detonator in his lap, ignored.

REVEAL: Ethan climbs the payload rope of the black heli  
behind Walker's.

236E     **EXT. BLACK HELI - FORMERLY PART OF 236**     236E

With tremendous effort, Ethan manages to put one hand over  
the other, finally reaching the heli. He reaches for the  
skid, tries to put a leg on it.

And falls, backflipping over the payload and out of sight.

237     **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**     237

The bump catches the attention of the escort PILOT, who turns  
to look out his window and make sure the payload is secure.

Everything looks A-OK. He returns to his controls.

238     **EXT. REES VALLEY - UNDERNEATH THE PAYLOAD - DAY**     238

Ethan has managed to snare the rope mesh underneath the  
payload with one hand.



242

**EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

242

JULIA

Is that what I think it is?

BENJI (ON COMM)

Luther, get her out of there.

LUTHER

Where's she gonna go?

Julia realizes, steps closer, takes a knee.

JULIA

What can I do?

Pause.

LUTHER

In the kit. The pliers with the red grip.

BENJI (ON COMM)

ARE YOU INSANE?

LUTHER

Mind your business, Benji.

BENJI (ON COMM)

THIS IS MY BUSINESS.

243

**EXT. REES VALLEY - BLACK HELI TOW CABLE - DAY**

243

With an immense effort, Ethan methodically drags himself to the top of the payload, making slow but steady progress along the cable until he arrives at the tow cable anchor on the bottom of the fuselage. He lunges for one of the skids, just managing to grab it.



BENJI \*  
What? You're *in* the helicopter... \*

LUTHER \*  
Did you say Helicopter? How'd you \*  
get in a helicopter? \*

ILSA \*  
He can fly a helicopter? \*

ETHAN \*  
(shaking his head) \*  
I can't get into it, just find the \*  
other bomb? \*

BENJI \*  
What? We're still looking. \*

ETHAN \*  
You've have to find the other bomb. \*

BENJI \*  
But finding the other bomb isn't \*  
going to matter if we don't have \*  
the detonator. \*

ETHAN \*  
I know I know, I'll get it. \*

BENJI \*  
If you don't mind me asking how are \*  
you going to get it? \*

246B INT. HELI - DAY

246B

Over Ethan looking at Walker's heli. How the hell IS he going to get it?

ETHAN \*  
I'll... figure it out. Find the \*  
other bomb, be ready, I won't let \*  
you down. I won't let you down. \*

BENJI \*  
Ethan? Ethan come in... \*

ETHAN \*  
Benji? Ilsa? Luther? Do you copy? \*  
*Benji?* \*

No answer.



247

**EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

247

Julia and Luther continue to work on the bomb.

LUTHER  
Wire stripper.

JULIA  
I'm a doctor, not an electrician.

LUTHER  
Sorry. That thing with the green grip.

Julie grabs it.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
The wire in my left hand.

JULIA  
The black one.

LUTHER  
My *left* hand.

JULIA  
*That's* your left hand.

248

**INT. QUARANTINE**

248

Ilsa searches, listening to this back and forth.

LUTHER (ON COMM)  
Sorry. The other wire.

JULIA (ON COMM)  
The red one.

LUTHER (ON COMM)  
*Yes, the red one.* In my right hand.

JULIA (ON COMM)  
Just checking.

LUTHER (ON COMM)  
Thank you.

ILSA  
(to herself)  
Oh, I like her.



253 **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**

253

ETHAN

Payload. How do I get rid of this payload?

Ethan looks over the cyclic, sees what he's looking for:

A red toggle switch, marked *cable release*. He poises his thumb over the toggle, ready to hit it... then he looks up at Walker's heli again, an idea forming.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Power.

Ethan takes his hand away from the switch, grabs the cyclic, GUNS the throttle again and pulls back.

253A **INT. TENTS - INTERCUT - FORMERLY PART OF SC 248**

253A

ILSA

Benji, I'm not finding anything here. I think we're looking in the wrong place.

BENJI

There's signatures everywhere, this is the perfect place to hide it.

ILSA

No, I know Lane. If we're looking here, it's because he wants us to. I'm heading for the village.

BENJI

Just wait for me.

Benji continues to look round, and stops in a doorway, picking up a signal.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Ilsa, I think found something.

Benji enters the room, looking around. He goes up to a large box, and starts picking the lock.

253B **INT. TENTS - ILSA - FORMERLY PART OF SC 248**

253B

Ilsa comes to the end of the quarantine tent and freezes:

REVEAL: Across the way, she sees the houses at the edge of the valley village. Standing on the upper deck of one in particular is Solomon Lane. He stares directly at her.

ILSA

I see Lane.

BENJI

(still picking the lock)  
What, where?

ILSA (ON COMM)

At the edge of the village.

BENJI (ON COMM)

Wait for me.

Lane moves into the house. Ilsa goes after him.

253C **INT. TENT - BENJI - FORMERLY PART OF SC 248**

253C

BENJI

*Ilsa, wait for me.*

Frustrated, Benji stands, drawing his gun to shoot the lock. He takes a second realizing.

BENJI (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
No, nuclear bomb...

Turning, he spies an gas canister. Putting his gun down, he picks up the canister, and uses it to smash off the lock.

He drops the canister, and opens the box, only to find an X-ray machine.

There are many more boxes.

254 **OMITTED**

254

255 **EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

255

Ilsa climbs the stairs, pistol in hand. She goes to the spot where she last saw Lane and enters the door.

256 **OMITTED- MERGED INTO SC 281**

256

257      **OMITTED**      257

258      **OMITTED**      258

259      **EXT. LAKE QUILL - DAY**      259

A pristine high-mountain lake, skimming the surface.

BEHIND IT, Ethan's helicopter also clears the range.



No answer. Odd. Walker jerks his thumb in the air. *Take us up.* The pilot nods, gunning the throttle.

267      **EXT. LAKE QUILL - BLACK HELI - DAY**      267

Looking down from above Ethan's chopper, the GREEN HELI is rising up to meet the black.

268      **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**      268

Ethan sees Walker's approach, not sure what his next move should be.

269      **INT. GREEN/BLACK HELIS - INTERCUT - DAY**      269

Walker comes level with Ethan. The two men make eye contact. Walker cannot believe his eyes.

WALKER

Now I'm gonna kill you.

Ethan watches as Walker reveals that he has a machine gun.

Ethan doesn't know how to fly, but he knows when to run. He jams the stick forward and dives as Walker fires.

His heli spirals wildly as red-hot tracer rounds streak past.

270      **EXT. LAKE QUILL - DAY**      270

The BLACK HELI is in a hopeless tumble now, headed for the drop off at the edge of the lake.

Behind it, the GREEN HELI turns and starts after it.

271      **EXT. LAKE QUILL - DAY**      271

The BLACK HELI gets its skids underneath it just in time to provide that last critical bit of lift, avoid a high speed water landing, clear the drop off by a hair and fall into a DARKENED VALLEY below.

The GREEN HELI isn't far behind.

272 **EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS - DAY**

272

Luther and Julia, both sweating now.

JULIA  
You do this a lot?

LUTHER  
First time.

Managing a nervous laugh.

JULIA  
Me too.

LUTHER  
Allen key.

Julia picks up the necessary tool.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
That screw there. Counterclockwise.  
Slowly.

As she does.

JULIA  
So... How is he?

LUTHER  
Oh, you know. Same old Ethan.

273 **EXT. SHOTOVER CANYON - DAY**

273

Ethan's heli sweeps down from above, barnstorming a shadowy canyon with steep walls on either side. It narrowly misses a rocky crag as it accelerates, Walker in relentless pursuit.



- 274      **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**      274
- With one hand on the collective, the other on the cyclic, Ethan looks like he's trying to tame a wild boar. The BLACK HELI bucks and pitches under his feet, sparing him only a moment to look back at -
- 275      **EXT. SHOTOVER CANYON - DAY**      275
- THE GREEN HELI, rounding the corner behind him, Walker hanging out the side, aiming, opening fire ...
- Tracers pepper the rock wall near Ethan's cockpit.
- 276      **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**      276
- Ethan recoils, throwing the cyclic to the left, sending him careening in the other direction.
- 277      **EXT. SHOTOVER CANYON - GREEN HELI - DAY**      277
- Walker doesn't have a clean shot.
- WALKER  
(screaming at the pilot)  
*Bring it around.*
- 278      **INT. GREEN HELI - COCKPIT - DAY**      278
- The pilot shifts his feet on the pedals, feathers the cyclic to the side.
- 279      **EXT. SHOTOVER CANYON - DAY**      279
- The GREEN HELI, without slowing down, rotates 45 degrees, flying sideways, giving Walker a shot out the rear door.
- 280      **EXT. SHOTOVER CANYON - DAY**      280
- Tracers rattle the canyon walls, sending chunks of rock crashing into the creek below.
- 281      **INT. HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY**      281
- Dark. Uninhabited. Bright sunlights peeks through cracks in the walls, illuminating dust in the air.

Ilsa comes down the stairs into cool darkness, feet resting on the dirt floor. Her eyes immediately see:

Through an open doorway into another room, the second bomb rests in the corner, quietly ticking away.

ILSA  
Benji, I found it.

BENJI (ON COMM)  
Where are you?

The wall beside her explodes inward. A pair of hands grab her hair and pull. Ilsa tries to shoot behind her. Lane pulls her through the wall, throwing her to the floor and knocking her unconscious.

282      **INT. QUARANTINE - DAY**      282

Benji, surrounded by all the open boxes, hears her radio short out.

BENJI  
Ilsa, do you copy? Ilsa come in.

Benji grabs the phone and runs out after Ilsa.

283      **OMITTED**      283

284      **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**      284

Ethan, beads of sweat dripping into his eyes, wrestles the wind-tossed helicopter around a final bend and into -



LUTHER  
Benji, come in.

294 **INT. - 2ND HOUSE**

294

Benji searching to no avail.

BENJI  
Go.

LUTHER  
We're almost at the fuse. You need  
to find that other bomb.

JULIA  
Did you say another bomb?

BENJI  
I'm working on it. ILSA. WHERE ARE  
YOU?

Benji looks the house Ilsa went to, and then, not seeing her,  
heads to the wrong house.

295 **INT. HOUSE - DAY**

295

Ilsa regains consciousness. She is bound to a chair, a rope  
around her wrists and neck, pulling her head back.

Lane stands over her.

LANE  
I hoped I'd see you again, Ilsa.  
And here we are.

He sits, the bomb ticking away between them...

LANE (CONT'D)  
Wherever we're going now. We'll be  
going together.

295A **EXT. PURITY GLACIER - TOP**

295A

Both heli's streak over the smooth top of the glacier.

Walker fires. Ethan's heli takes another hit, this one  
critical. Smoke streams from the tail.

Ethan reaches a sheer drop and dives.



PILOT

Are you out of your mind, we won't  
know what's down th-

Walker draws a pistol and places it to the pilot's temple.

WALKER

*Now.*

The Pilot grimaces and dives after Ethan.

297A

**INT. BLACK HELI**

297A

Another car comes at Ethan, swerves off the road.





Ethan is going to crash. He has no choice - he has to hit the throttle, and ascend.

303     **EXT. VALLEY - DAY**     303

The BLACK HELI explodes through the canopy, shredding the treetops and ascending, falling in behind Walker's heli.

304     **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY**     304

Walker looks back, realizes he is now the one being chased. He brings his weapon around, spraying tracers in a wide arc behind him.

305     **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**     305

Ethan banks right-

306     **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY**     306

And across the tail of Walker's heli. Walker changes sides, aims, Ethan swings back the other way, using Walker's own tail for cover.

Walker changes sides again, fires. Again, Ethan ducks behind Walker's tail.

                  WALKER  
                  (to pilot)  
                  SWING IT AROUND.

The Pilot angles the heli at 45 degrees again.

307     **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY**     307

Ethan and Walker make eye contact as Walker raises his weapon and:

CLICK

308     **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY**     308

Out of ammo.



LUTHER  
We wait for Ethan.

JULIA  
Ethan.

LUTHER  
Go be with your husband.

When she hesitates.

JULIA  
Luther-

LUTHER  
Go.

Julia stands, backs away, then runs.

LUTHER (CONT'D)  
Benji, where are you?

312C     **EXT. EARNSLAW BURN**     312C

Ethan chases Walker across an icy expanse. Walker tries to shoot at him but Ethan ducks repeatedly behind his tail until Walker is out of ammo.

312D     **INT. HOUSE**     312D

Ilsa and Lane watch as the bomb's timer ticks away.

LANE  
You should have come with me.

Ilsa blinks, those words coming back to haunt her.

LANE (CONT'D)  
We could have done great things.  
The Syndicate could have set the  
world free. Instead, you chose Hunt  
and his old world order, even after  
I warned you his luck would run  
out, you remember?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Lane looks at the bombs ticking clock. Ilsa takes the opportunity to scan the room with a glance. She spies a sharp object - a weapon. But how to get it? He looks back, sensing:

LANE (CONT'D)  
It can't be stopped.

\*

LANE (CONT'D)

Do you understand that? There's nothing he can do. When that clock runs out...Ethan Hunt will lose everything and everyone he's ever cared for.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BENJI (O.S.)

ILSA.

Lane swivels around Ilsa chair.

\*

LANE

You don't want to see this.

\*  
\*

Ilsa tries to scream a warning to Benji through the gag while Lane vanishes into the darkness behind her.

\*  
\*

312E INT. TENT - FORMERLY SC 335

312E

Julia enters a tent to find Erik finishing up the packing. He sees immediately that something is terribly wrong.

ERIK

What is it?

She moves to him, embrace him, her eyes shut tight. She opens them.

JULIA

I love you very much.

313 EXT. VOLTA GLACIER - DAY

313

A massive slab of ice, sloping upwards over an expansive frozen plain. The two helicopters barrel across it in a twisted dance.

313A INT. HOUSE

313A

Benji enters the basement, sees Ilsa, rushes to her.

Lane snares Benji with a rope around his neck.

Ilsa struggles with her restraints, glances at the timer on the bomb.

313B INT. BLACK HELI

313B

Ethan gains on Walker.

\*

313C	<b>INT. HOUSE</b>	313C	*
	Benji fights Lane.		*
	Ilsa struggles with her restraints, but she can't get her hands free.		*
	Lane stomps the rope around Benji's neck, snapping him down and lynches him just as Ilsa throws the chair back and breaks it as a last resort. Painful.		*
	Lane hears the noise and turns to meet her attack. Ilsa charges him but he deflects and they both fall. Ilsa sees Benji struggling and kicks a box under his feet.		*
	The bomb is ticking away.		
314	<b>OMITTED</b>	314	
315	<b>OMITTED</b>	315	

- 316 **OMITTED** 316
- 317 **OMITTED** 317
- 318 **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY** 318  
Ethan won't let up in his relentless pursuit.
- 318A **EXT. BLACK HELI** 318A  
CLOSE ON: The smoke coming from the heli increases.
- 318B **INT. HOUSE** 318B  
Ilsa tries a leg move on Lane, is thwarted and thrown. She grabs a sharp object, stabs Lane and throws it to Benji.  
Benji tries to cut the rope around his neck.  
Ilsa and Lane continue to fight as Benji cuts. Benji kicks Lane in the back into Ilsa's attack.  
This knocks Benji off the box. He drops the sharp object. He's choking.  
The clock is ticking.
- 318C **INT. GREEN HELI** 318C  
Walker looks back, sees Ethan, shouts to the Pilot.  
WALKER  
HE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF US.
- 318D **INT. BLACK HELI** 318D  
Alarms are blaring. The heli is going to die.  
ETHAN  
No, no, no...
- 318E **INT. HOUSE** 318E  
Lane drops Ilsa. Ilsa attacks Lane, jumps him and in a choke maneuver as Benji turns blue.

She cannot let Lane go to save Benji. Lane knows it, struggles to remain conscious. Finally:

Lane blacks out. Ilsa leaps up and cut Benji down. He gasps for air. But there is no time to waste.

ILSA  
Get the bomb.

Benji scrambles for the device. Ilsa pulls down the rope

319 **OMITTED** 319

320 **OMITTED** 320

321 **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY** 321

The BLACK HELI is right on top of them. The pilot breaks left, then down, over a steep drop-off -

322 **EXT. VOLTA GLACIER - DAY** 322

- into an gorge of ice, both helicopters plunging over the edge in a nose first dive.

323 **INT. BLACK HELI - DAY** 323

Every warning light possible is flashing now. Ethan aims the nose of his spiraling craft towards -

324 **INT. GREEN HELI - DAY** 324

WALKER'S POV of Ethan's helicopter, headed straight for his tail.





Ethan smashes through Walker's windscreen, body slamming Walker. They grapple in the battered remains of the heli until their fighting causes the whole twisted structure of the GREEN HELI to rip away, falling through the crevasse towards:

331

**EXT. PULPIT ROCK - DAY**

331

What remains of the helicopter smashes onto a rocky shelf, spilling the two men out onto the frozen surface, dragging the cable from its winch as it rolls away.

The wreckage tumbles over the edge. The cable snags an outcropping and pays out like fishing line. The heli jerks to a stop fifty feet below, slamming into the cliff face and coming to a stop, a thousand feet above a forbidding glacier.

Ethan lies face first on the ice

Lying twenty feet away, Walker staggers to his feet in a murderous rage, eyes only on Ethan -

\*  
\*

Ethan - slowly, painfully - drags himself up, and turns.

\*

The DETONATOR lies just past Walker. Walker readies himself.

\*

Ethan charges down the slope, driving for the detonator. Walker gets him into a headlock and they shove back and forth, Ethan reaching desperately.

\*  
\*  
\*

In the struggle, Walker heels the detonator away. It skids further away, towards the edge of the cliff...coming to a stop just on the lip.

\*  
\*  
\*

Ethan can't get past and punches and elbows Walker to break free. Walker grabs him back as he reaches for it - tantalizingly close. Back to back Walker gets Ethan into a hold and flips him away from the edge.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

332

**EXT. PULPIT ROCK - CONTINUED**

332

Ethan roles back, barely avoiding Walker's follow up kick. He recovers as Walker charges in, and they punch and block back and forth, until they lose their footing and fall away from each other.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ethan gets up again and charges, putting Walker on the back foot, getting him into an arm lock. Walker breaks free and punches Ethan to the ground. He puts an arm around Ethan's throat, and pulls him up into a choke hold.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

333 **OMITTED - MOVED TO 312B**

333 \*

334 **INT. HOUSE - DAY**

334

Lane is bound tightly with the rope he used to try and hang Benji. He comes to and sees Ilsa and Benji digging through the bomb's wires. He smiles.

\*

LANE

There's nothing you can do.

They ignore him.

BENJI

Luther, we're inside. Tell us what to do?

LUTHER (ON COMM)

You should see a red wire attached to the motherboard.

BENJI

Got it.

LUTHER

You'll need to cut that and the green wire next to it simultaneously.

Benji hands Ilsa a clipper, takes one for himself

335

**OMITTED - MOVED TO SC 312E**

335

336 **EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

336

BENJI

Doing it now. Stand by.

Luther is waiting, watching the timer.

LUTHER

Where the hell are you, Ethan?

337 **EXT. PULPIT ROCK - DAY**

337

Walker has Ethan facing the edge, arm around his neck,  
choking him. In desperation, Ethan jumps up and kicks out,  
using his weight and momentum to reverse the hold, flipping  
Walker over him. \*

They both go down, Walker heading over the cliff, Ethan  
desperately grabbing for the cable, but Walker gets a hand on  
his jacket and pulls Ethan over with him, leaving the  
detonator just on the edge. \*

Ethan manages to grab the winch cable, but his gloved hands  
struggle to grip it. He slides and finally stops. \*

REVEAL: Ethan is dangling over a 1000 foot drop into rocks  
and water, Walker hanging on below him. \*

The hook slips, sliding on the rock, and they drop another 20  
feet down the cliff face. \*

They come to a stop, Ethan grasping the cable, Walker holding  
onto his ankle. \*

Ethan struggles, trying to get Walker off, and kicks him in  
the face. Two, three times. Walker releases, falls further.  
He grabs the rope, coming to a stop 15 feet below Ethan. \*

Walker shakes it off, glancing down below him. He looks back  
and starts to climb the cable toward Ethan, determined. \*

338 **EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

338

Luther holds his pliers over the wire, waiting, the timer  
running out.

LUTHER

Turn the screws counterclockwise

339

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT**

339

Benji and Ilsa have torn into the bomb.

BENJI

We copy.

LUTHER (ON COMM)

Remove that panel and you'll see the power and ground wire for the fuse.

CLOSE ON: Ilsa removes the plate. The wire is revealed.

BENJI

Got it.

LUTHER

When the time comes, you want to cut the green wire. *Do not* cut it yet.

BENJI

Got it.

LUTHER

Ethan, we're ready to make the cut.

CLOSE ON: The timer. One minute left. Ugly pause.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

ETHAN, COME IN.

No answer.

340

**EXT. PULPIT ROCK - DAY**

340

Ethan climbs up the cable a short way then jumps to the rock face, clinging for dear life. The face is at a slight negative angle, making it even harder to hold on. \*

Walker continues to climb the cable, gaining, but its too slow. He jumps off, grabs the rock. Keeps going, getting within arms reach of Ethan. \*

Ethan makes it to a small ledge and pulls himself up onto it. He turns to climb further, but rocks start tumbling and he swings back. \*

The hook slips and slides over. Ethan presses his back to the rock as the cable - and the hook on the end - whiz past. \*

Walker looks up in time to see the hook coming right for him.

WALKER'S POV: The hook slams right into the camera. OVER \*  
ETHAN looking down as the hook hits Walker in the face. He \*  
and the wreckage of the heli plummet down to the valley \*  
below.

Battered and in pain, Ethan looks up again. The remote \*  
teeters in the breeze. This is not over. He continues the \*  
climb.

341      **INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT**      341

The clock ticks.

BENJI  
How do we know if he has the key?

LUTHER  
He'll get it done.

BENJI  
How do we *know*?

ILSA  
It's Ethan Hunt. He'll get it.

Time is running out.

342      **EXT. PULPIT ROCK**      342

Ethan is still climbing, slowly, the remote seems a mile \*  
away. He'll never make it.

343      **INT. HOUSE/EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**      343

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK. WE'VE REACHED THE LAST FIFTEEN SECONDS.

LUTHER  
We're out of time. We just have to  
hope he has it.

Benji looks to Ilsa. Beat.

BENJI  
Alright. We're ready.

LUTHER  
At two seconds we cut.

BENJI  
Why not one?

LUTHER

You want to cut it that close?

BENJI

It's a second we'll never get back.

ILSA

Can we please make a decision?

BENJI

Fine. At one second we cut. In three.... Two... One...

BENJI/LUTHER

NOW.

They cut and:

SILENCE AS A BRIGHT WHITE FLASH FILLS THE SCREEN

344

**EXT. PULPIT ROCK**

344

SUPER CLOSE ON: Ethan's eyes, watering as they adjust to the superheated nuclear heart of a fire as bright as the sun.

And that's because it is the sun. REVEAL:

Ethan, dangling by one hand from the edge of Pulpit Rock, the remote dangling in the other, the detonator key in his teeth. \*

He looks toward the horizon, waiting for a blast that will never come. He exhales a trembling breath, spits the key out and lets the remote fall. With the last shred of strength he has in him, he hauls himself up. \*

344A

**INT. HOUSE**

344A

The bomb opens and it's plutonium core drops into Benji's hands like an egg. He holds it up to Ilsa.

She turns to Lane and smiles. He does not smile back.

344B

**EXT. SHIPPING CONTAINERS**

344B

Luther's bomb opens. The core drops onto the gravel at his knees. He exhales and smiles.

LUTHER

My man.



344C **EXT. PULPIT ROCK - FORMERLY PART OF SC 344**

344C

We find Ethan sitting on the edge of the impossibly sheer precipice. He is alone, battered, broken, cold, stranded.

And he is alive.

For the first time in a long time, since as long as he can remember, there is nothing more to be done.

He inhales, exhales, and takes in the view around him.

Then passes out.

344D **BLACK - FORMERLY PART OF SC 344**

344D

A sound like a flapping wings through muffled ears. Images stutter from out of the darkness.

A HELICOPTER hovers directly above us against the bright sky.

344E      **BLACK - FORMERLY PART OF SC 344**      344E

Ethan lies in a stretcher, the ground speeding past beneath him, wind in his hair.

344F      **BLACK - FORMERLY PART OF SC 344**      344F

ETHAN'S POV as he is carried on a stretcher. Faces looks down at him:

Ilsa, Luther, Benji...

BLACK

345      **INT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY**      345

ETHAN'S POV as his eyes find focus. He's in a tent. Julia steps into frame, looking down at him.

JULIA

Can you hear me?

CLOSE ON Ethan. He blinks, comes to. He's badly bruised, beat up. He goes to sit up, winces from the pain. Erik appears.

ERIK

Don't try to move. You have a few broken ribs.

Ethan lays back.

*Alt version: Only Sloane, no White Widow. Change all plural friends to friend.*

ERIK (CONT'D)

You're a lucky man. It's a miracle the crash didn't kill you. But if your friends hadn't found you an hour later, you'd've died of exposure.

ETHAN

Friends.

ERIK

(nodding)

They showed up not long after you left. Just ahead of half the Indian army.

Ethan looks to the door and sees

Sloane and The Widow. TWO INDIAN SOLDIERS guard the door.

Ethan doesn't have an answer.

JULIA

Could we have a minute please?

ERIK

See you later, Doc.

Sloane and the Widow leave. Julia nods to Erik and he goes as well. Ethan's eyes well up.

ETHAN

Julia... I'm so sorry.

JULIA

You have no reason to be sorry.

ETHAN

(pointed)

No... I'm sorry. For everything.

JULIA

(realizing)

Hey... Hey... Look at me. Look at me. LOOK at me. Look at where I am. I love my life. I love what I do. I never would have found this if I hadn't met you. Everything that happened... It taught me who I am. It showed me what I'm capable of. I'm a survivor.

ETHAN

But this... What almost happened here-

JULIA

Nothing happened. Because you were here. I sleep soundly at night knowing you always will be.

She takes his hand and squeezes. After a beat.

ETHAN

What did you tell him?

JULIA

He asked how I really knew you. I told him I couldn't say.

ETHAN

And he accepted that?

JULIA

He trusts me.

And that says it all.

ETHAN  
He's a good man.

She nods.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You're happy.

JULIA  
Very. I'm exactly where I should  
be. And so are you...

And Ethan nods, exhales a breath he's been holding for years.

Behind the, them team enter, filling the doorway.

Julia bends down, kisses Ethan's forehead.

Ilsa stands awkwardly, and looks away as Julia & Ethan  
embrace.

After a long moment, Julia turns around to head out. She  
stops when she sees the team. She looks at Ilsa and then they  
both look to Ethan. Ilsa leans in, whispers something in  
Julia's ear. They have a moment.

Julia walks out past Benji and Luther, who stay in the  
doorway as Ilsa comes up to the bed. She reaches down,  
touching his chest. Ethan winces.

ETHAN  
Ribs-

ILSA  
Sorry...

ETHAN  
You okay?

ILSA  
Yeah. You've never looked better.

Ethan laughs then winces again.

ETHAN  
Don't make me laugh. Benji, Luther?

Benji nods, they're okay.

BENJI  
How close was it?

ETHAN  
The usual.

346      **EXT. LONDON - NIGHT**      346

Est. Moving across the skyline of pre-dawn London, singling out one of several bridges spanning the Thames where we find:

347      **INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT**      347

Ethan, alone, walking to the center of the otherwise deserted bridge. A car approaches, passes, comes to stop. THREE FIGURES climb out: TWO MEN who can only be CIA and ERIKA SLOANE. She walks to Ethan. He looks at the CIA Men.

SLOANE  
Relax. They're not here for you...  
You look rested. How're you  
feeling?      \*

ETHAN  
Is that what you called me here to  
find out?

SLOANE  
It's time to come back, Hunt.  
(off his look)  
A man like you doesn't walk away.

ETHAN  
That's true.

SLOANE  
Then what are you waiting for?

ETHAN      \*  
You know.      \*

Beat.      \*

SLOANE      \*  
You win.      \*

Sloane sighs, nods to the two men by the car. They open the trunk. REVEAL:      \*

SOLOMON LANE wearing a simple suit, handcuffs. There's something hollow in his eyes - half there. He's been sedated. Even in this condition he stares daggers at Ethan.      \*

SLOANE (CONT'D)

After what happened in Paris, we  
prefer to keep a low profile.

\*  
\*  
\*

Another car approaches from the opposite direction. It too  
passes, stopping so that the two cars are about ten feet  
apart, back to back. TWO SOLDIERS in plain clothes climb out  
of the front.

\*

SLOANE (CONT'D)

As you requested; I'm handing him  
back to the British.

The White Widow and Zola emerge from the back.

\*

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Through a broker, of course. Part  
of our ongoing arrangement.

\*

A soldier opens the Widow's trunk as Sloane's men walk Lane  
toward it. Lane lunges toward Ethan, held back by the  
soldiers.

\*  
\*  
\*

LANE

You should have killed me, Ethan.

ETHAN

Death is too good for you.

He's stuffed in the trunk of the Widow's car and sealed in.

\*

WIDOW

I do like your style... Lark. I  
hope we can do business again.

She and her men climb in the car and drive away.

SLOANE

That should square your friend's  
account with MI6.

ETHAN

And what do you get out of it?

\*  
\*

Sloane nods and Ethan turns. A figure approaches on foot  
along the bridge: Ilsa. Ethan looks at Sloane.

SLOANE

Relax, she's here on her own  
volition. Should you *choose* to  
accept. Isn't that the thing?

ETHAN

We're not what you want. \*

SLOANE

Hunley believed in you. And he's dead because I didn't. I will stop at nothing to defend the greater good, even if that makes me a lesser evil. But... I'm smart enough to admit when my strength can be a weakness. I need the IMF. I need people like you who care about the one life as much as they care about the millions... That way I never have to. \*

(as she walks to her car)

Take a few days. Think it over. \*

And a moment later, she is gone, leaving Ilsa and Ethan alone on the bridge. After a beat.

ETHAN

You didn't have to come back. \*

ILSA

I wanted to. \*

Beat. \*

ILSA (CONT'D)

So what happens now? \*

And off Ethan's look we cut to: \*

CREDITS



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