

**EXT. PLAV, MONTENEGRO - DAY**

Gray autumn wind strokes the streets with dead leaves.

TERRY REDDING (40's), handsome and rugged, his face a map of streetfight scars, walks down a wind-whipped alley between two close tenements. Crumbled bricks and garbage strewn everywhere.

He approaches IAN MORRIS, also 40's, but skinnier, more rundown, a hell of a lot more fidgety than Terry.

MORRIS  
Hawk's in the nest.

TERRY  
Enough with the fucking code words  
already.

MORRIS  
He's upstairs.

Terry chambers a round in his Colt XSE handgun.

TERRY  
Alone?

**INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Terry advances down a dilapidated hallway. Pre-Soviet floorboards creak under each footfall as he passes ASSAULT AGENTS, one after another, nestled in nooks, Vector machine-guns at the ready. Terry fixes a comm-piece in his ear --

TERRY  
What's his position in the room?

**INT. APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET -**

Morris is now holed up across the street looking out his window at A BRICK WALL.

MORRIS  
Seated. Center. Northwest by... two  
meters.

A THERMAL SIGHT and PARABOLIC MIC are aimed straight at the other building's brick facade.

A MONITOR displays the INFRARED rainbow image of a man behind the facade, seated, awaiting Terry.

**INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY -**

Terry stops outside Apartment #401, where the man sits.

TERRY

Movement?

MORRIS (V.O.)

Negative.

Terry pauses. Deep breath.

HE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

No response.

TERRY

(Russian; subtitled)

<General Aliyev?>

He turns his head away, quietly into his comm-piece --

TERRY (CONT'D)

No response.

**INT. TENEMENT ACROSS THE STREET -**

ON THE INFRARED MONITOR:

The multi-colored thermal image of General Aliyev, blood pulsing down his back, coursing through his large arteries.

MORRIS

He's there, Terry. Could be under duress.

**INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY -**

TERRY

Shit...

Terry musters up, game face on. Turns the doorknob -- it's unlocked -- he opens the door to find...

**INT. APARTMENT 401 - SAME -**

GENERAL ALIYEV (80's). His legs and wrists bound to a chair. His face pale, coated by a film of sweat. Electrodes are punctured into at least 40 points around his body, blood dripping from each one.

At Aliyev's feet, a MECHANISM of steel pipes is PUMPING VARIOUS COLORED FLUIDS into his major arteries with 19th century-style clicks and clatters.

TERRY  
General?

The General's stomach is stained with blood. As Terry approaches, it becomes obvious: the man is dead.

Terry opens Aliyev's shirt to find --

Rough incision marks in the abdomen which is unnaturally bruised and bumpy. Crude stitch-work patches them up.

And suddenly, Terry knows exactly what this is. A green light at the mechanism's apex switches: ON.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
BOMB!!

Terry hurls himself out the door! And --

BOOM! Aliyev is eviscerated from within by the blast!

Explosion avalanches out, rips the walls apart! Fire licks Terry's legs as he's launched down a staircase, his bones crunch when he SLAMS on the landing.

Assault Agents in nooks are suddenly CONSUMED by blue flame and debris, their flesh disappears leaving only skeletons before they're fully engulfed by the yellow fire.

Terry's knocked out, limbs contorted at the bottom of the old stairwell. Legs aflame, face charred. Three seconds ago this was a nondescript tenement building. Now it's hell.

MORRIS (V.O.)  
Terry! What the fuck happened!  
Terry!! Talk to me, GOD DAMMIT!

The screaming converts to white noise as a shrill frequency rises in pitch, piercingly loud, and then--

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

Cue music: "Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree" by Brenda Lee.

**EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - Langley, VA - DAY**

HIGH AERIAL SHOT: approaching Langley from above in the middle of a fierce BLIZZARD.

PUSHING CLOSER, and eventually zeroing in through the snow on a single row of windows decorated with Christmas lights.