

"DISAVOWED"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIGHTER JET - DAY

A Rafale, French fighter jet, flies at a low altitude in total silence.

PILOT (V.O.)
Nearing target. Ready to drop the package.

INT. FIGHTER JET

At the steer, sole pilot of the jet, AARON REILLY. He checks the meters, makes the jet's nose go down.

RADIO (V.O.)
Suspicious jet in your area. At six o'clock.

Aaron shakes his head. Sweat drops down his forehead. He puts his oxygen mask on.

AARON
Demand authorization to switch on stealth.

RADIO (V.O.)
Authorized.

Aaron pushes the throttle. Steers to the right, spins.

EXT. AARON'S FIGHTER JET

The rafale spins as it lowers its altitude. Aaron manoeuvres and flies below the enemy's jet, a SU-51 - Russian jet fighter.

AARON
It's Russian.

RADIO (V.O.)
Keep it on sight.

The Russian jet pulls the brakes, goes instantly behind Aaron's jet.

AARON
Shit!

The Russian jet FIRES at Aaron.

AARON (CONT'D)

The bastard!

Aaron manoeuvres his jet to dodge the bullets -- BAM! -- too late.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm hit. Demand ejection.

RADIO (V.O.)

Unauthorized. Bring the jet back home.

The Russian jet tails Aaron, fires. Aaron is hit once more.

AARON

Dammit!

Aaron spins the jet, brakes, pulls the nose. But the Russian doesn't let go, tails him without ever losing sight of Aaron.

Aaron glances at the meters, then at the EJECTION LEVER. Sweat pours down Aaron's face. His breath his loud, irregular. He holds the steer tight. Sighs.

AARON (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, godammit!

Aaron pulls the ejection lever and -

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKERS ROOM, MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Alone in the room, looking down, Aaron sits on a bench. His hair are wet, a towel around his neck, clean clothes, he looks like he freshly got out the shower.

A SENIOR OFFICER enters the room, approaches Aaron.

SENIOR OFFICER

A million dollars in the hands of the enemy. Not exactly what we expect from a fighter pilot like you.

AARON

Ex-pilot.

SENIOR OFFICER

But still a fighter.

Aaron looks up to the Senior Officer, furrows his brow.

The Senior Officer hands a business card to Aaron.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)

In this agency, we need guys like you. Do whatever you want with it, but only you can know what you're made of.

Aaron takes the business card, hesitantly.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: 4 YEARS LATER.

CRACK!

A door slams open, AARON hurries out of a room and runs into the corridor of a...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

9MM pistol in hand, Aaron FIRES FOR COVER over his shoulder as he runs toward a window at the end of the corridor.

Aaron then aims the window -- FIRES -- the window shatters in a thousand pieces.

CLAC! Chamber's empty. Aaron drops the gun. Grabs a grappling iron from his belt, drops it and rushes to the window -- JUMPS.

Aaron tightly holds the grappling's rope. The grappling iron sticks itself in the wall. Aaron SWINGS to the lower floor -

BRAM!

- passes through the window, lands bluntly on his back. He sighs, moans, takes a deep breath. Takes a HARD DISK out of his jacket's pocket, it's intact. He cracks a smile, puts it back in his pocket.

Aaron quickly goes up on his feet, hurries to the nearest fire exit.

ON THE UPPER FLOOR

Three men with Russian physical traits look through the broken window, grimace.

EXT. PORT - DAY

A quiet Mediterranean city.

Its lights reflect on the water surrounding its harbor.

SUPER: BASTIA, CORSICA.

ON THE QUAY

A WOMAN stands still as she stares at the horizon line. Trench coat. Eyes that breathe smart and an athletic stature, this is ELLE MARCHAND.

Aaron arrives behind Elle's back. He glances to his left and right, on the watch. Arrives quietly next to Elle, stands still.

Elle smirks. Keeps her eyes on the horizon line.

ELLE

You're late.

AARON

Let's say it's worth it.

Elle turns to Aaron, looks at him from head to toe.

ELLE

Long night?

AARON

In other words.

Aaron takes his hands out of his pockets and reveals the hard disk to Elle.

She looks at Aaron much more seriously, in her thoughts.

ELLE

Then you can leave.

AARON

On one condition.

ELLE

I don't think you can --

AARON

It's over. Mission accomplished. Now you let me go home. Leaving me in the hands of the SVR ain't in the rules.

ELLE
Your rules only.

Elle moves her hand to take the disk. Aaron steps back, prevents her from taking the disk.

ELLE (CONT'D)
(wry smile)
If you think you can negotiate --

AARON
Which is the case.

Elle looks to the bars on her left. Aaron looks in the same direction, frowns.

Sat around a table, TWO MEN watch Aaron and Elle from afar.

ELLE
Give me the disk.

Aaron shakes his head 'no'. Smirks. Elle furrows her brow, perplexed.

ELLE (CONT'D)
It's an order, Aaron.

AARON
From whom? You? Or them?

Aaron notes a silent P226 holstered on Elle's belt half covered by her coat.

Elle takes a deep breath.

ELLE
If you run, I won't be able to save you.

AARON
If I run, you'd shoot me?

Beat.

ELLE
Give me the disk, Aaron. Please.

Aaron looks down.

AARON
I guess there's only one way to know.

ELLE

You've always been stubborn.

A beat. Tension rises in the air as Aaron and Elle stare at one another in the eyes, both standing still.

Elle tosses a pair of KEYS to Aaron.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Platform 21. Looks like it's your lucky day. My gun won't be jammed for long.

Aaron frowns, quiet. He looks at her. Both men around the table watch the scene, confused.

Elle cracks a smile. Then walks away from Aaron.

ELLE (CONT'D)

(to her earbud)

Let him go.

DING! Elle takes her phone out.

INSERT - ELLE'S PHONE

A text appears, written in Cyrillic.

BACK TO SCENE

Elle looks at the text message. Then dials a number.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Reilly escaped with the list.

(beat)

I know. We'll catch him very soon.
My men already are on his tracks.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Aaron rides a motorcycle as the sun sets ahead of him.

EXT. HARBOUR, QUAY - NIGHT

Aaron stops the bike's engine. Walks onto a platform on which several boats are hitched.

Aaron stops. At his feet, a plate reads: "21".

Aaron faces a zodiac, hops aboard. Takes out Elle's keys, opens the trunk. Inside, a briefcase.

Aaron shuts the trunk, puts the briefcase on it and unlocks it with the second key.

Inside the briefcase:

- a CONFIDENTIAL FILE.
- a list of instructions.
- two passports.
- a handgun along with two boxes of ammo.
- the keys to start the boat.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Aaron manoeuvres the zodiac through a calm sea as he arrives near land. City lights reflect on the water and in the sky.

EXT. PORT, ITALY - DAWN

SUPER: PIOMBINO, ITALY.

Aaron grabs the mooring line to hitch the zodiac.

INT. CAFFE - DAY

Empty. Besides the bartender, nobody.

Aaron enters, looks around then goes to the counter and takes a seat. The bartender moves to Aaron.

AARON
Caffé, per favore.

The bartender walks to the coffee machine. A MAN enters the bar, goes sit next to Aaron. If you didn't know better, you'd peg him 40. Impressive stature, charismatic, this is ROLAND.

ROLAND
For a disavowed agent, you're not really discreet.

AARON
Disavowed is a big word.
(beat)
So, still hanging out in gloomy places?

ROLAND
You were there before I got in.

Aaron grins.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
What do you need?

AARON
You know what that is?

Aaron hands the hard disk to Roland.

ROLAND
Are you serious or did you drink a
little too much before my arrival?

AARON
I got it from Russian agents.

ROLAND
Crypted?

Aaron first shakes his head 'no', then 'yes'.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Cut to the chase will you?

AARON
You've known Elle for awhile now.

ROLAND
(wry smile)
Not as well as you.

AARON
Seriously...
(beat)
You ever thought she could have
been something else than just a
rookie?

ROLAND
Aaron, please be quick. You woke me
up way too early to be mysterious
and I ain't even had a coffee yet.
So hurry up and roll the credits.

AARON
I was supposed to get a list with
coordinates and information
regarding Russian intelligence.
Links with terrorist groups,
stakeouts. But it's none of that.
(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)
It's a NOC list. Listing every
Russian spy infiltrated in all of
the agencies.

Beat. Aaron inhales deeply.

AARON (CONT'D)
Her name is on the list.

Roland chuckles. Shakes his head in disbelief.

ROLAND
Really? And that's why you took the
risk to get shot? To get disavowed
and hurry to tell me she's a
Russky?

Aaron looks away, shrugs.

Roland thinks, observes Aaron.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
She's still a field agent?

AARON
So far, yes.

ROLAND
You really do believe she works for
the SVR? After all these years she
spent with you?

AARON
It's a world of lies, you know it.

Roland stares at Aaron.

ROLAND
What else is in the disk?

AARON
Nothing. Only their names and their
covers.

ROLAND
Why would she need this list?

Aaron doesn't answer. Roland inhales deeply.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
If you bring this back to the
agency, she'll die.

AARON

I know.

ROLAND

You still love her, don't you?

(beat)

I know someone in Vienna. If you give him such a list, he could get you anything.

Aaron carefully listens.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, if you deal with such a man, you'll remain a traitor.

AARON

Then I guess it would be unholy to tell me where he is. Where in Vienna?

Roland sighs, looks at Aaron dead in the eye.

ROLAND

If you go that way, and you die, no one will ever know.

Aaron remains calm, listening.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

His name is Noviak. A Brit.

AARON

How do I find him?

ROLAND

If your fame precedes you, he'll find you before you even step in Austria.

Aaron nods. Roland gets up, puts a FLYER on the counter as he heads out. Aaron takes the flyer, confused.

AARON

What's that?

ROLAND

A souvenir. Just so you remember that a boot is better than a coffin. You've always wanted to quit this job. Maybe it's your chance.

INSERT - FLYER

With Italy for cover. A usual flyer promoting unbelievable vacations with pictures worthy of their heritage from the 60's to advertise Italy.

Aaron opens the flyer. Inside, a SIM card taped between the pages.

BACK TO SCENE

Aaron grins, looks at the door as it swings shut behind Roland' steps.

The bartender brings a cup of coffee to Aaron. Aaron tosses a couple of euros on the counter, downs the espresso.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Aaron descends irregular and narrow stairs in the center of

SUPER: VIENNA

Aaron arrives around the alley's corner. Glances over his shoulder, then walks down the street. He takes his phone, pulls its SIM card out and replaces it with Roland' SIM card, switches the phone on.

INSERT - AARON'S PHONE

The contact list is empty.

BACK TO SCENE

Aaron stops, looks around. Every single street looks like the other. A giant city maze.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Elle sits at a table, on the phone.

ELLE

-- this wasn't in the contract

ROLAND (V.O.)

I delivered him on a silver plate.
Now it's your turn to do your part.

ELLE

What if I can't?

ROLAND (V.O.)
 Someone else will do it. And just
 like him you'll be hunted down.

Elle doesn't say a word. She closes her eyes, inhales.

ELLE
 I'll do it.

She hangs up the phone, leaves the table.

EXT. ALLEY, VIENNA - DAY

Aaron walks, alone.

Behind his back, a MAN watches Aaron. Follows him.

MAN (O.S.)
 Do you enjoy your holiday? Or would
 you rather try a new location?

Aaron turns around, faces the origin of this male voice.

AARON
 I thought of Italy.

The man smirks. Elegant, looking like a lawyer more than a
 man of trouble, it is him, NOVIAK.

NOVIAK
 Throw away the phone.

Aaron obeys, tosses the phone near Noviak's feet. Noviak
 steps on the phone, crushes it.

NOVIAK (CONT'D)
 You are brave to come here. You
 shall know I am not the only one in
 the area.

AARON
 I've heard you'd find me.

NOVIAK
 Indeed. Yet it wasn't hard to
 notice a CIA SIM card.

Aaron tilts his head, frowns.

NOVIAK (CONT'D)
 And when one knows what price is on
 your head...

Noviak's words reach Aaron's ears, but the latter doesn't listen. As if Aaron was lost in his thoughts, looking for the error like a program unable to run anymore.

AARON
You knew I would come.

ELLE (V.O.)
Let's say he's been helped.

Aaron turns around, meets Elle's eyes. In her hand, a gun pointed directly at Aaron.

ELLE
Where's the list?

Aaron glares at Noviak, looks down with bitterness.

ELLE (CONT'D)
I won't repeat the question.

AARON
Do they know you're on my side?

Elle furrows her brow, surprised and intrigued.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Noviak)
First time I heard a Brit from
Virginia by the way. Nice accent.

ELLE
Aaron.

AARON
What? You'll shoot me? Then what?
You still won't know where is the
disk.

Elle grimaces.

AARON (CONT'D)
It's funny cos the more we think
about it, the more it seems like
you don't want it to land in the
agency's hands. Am I wrong?
(beat)
It wasn't what I was supposed to
take. You know it. I've seen it.

Noviak looks at Elle, nods.

INT. APARTMENT

With a view on Aaron, Noviak and Elle, a SNIPER watches them through the sight of his rifle.

EXT. ALLEY, VIENNA

Elle stays quiet. Aaron slowly puts his hands in the air.

Elle looks to the windows hiding the sniper. She takes a deep breath.

BANG! BANG!

Noviak FALLS DEAD ON THE GROUND.

Aaron looks at the man's body.

INT. APARTMENT

The sniper moves the sight from Aaron's head to Elle's, shakes.

SNIPER

Man down.

A voice comes out of the sniper's radio.

MAN (OVER RADIO)

Don't shoot. We need the disk first.

SNIPER

Roger, sir.

EXT. ALLEY, VIENNA

AARON

(in Russian)

You're one of them.

ELLE

(in Russian)

A world of lies. Now do as I say.

AARON

(in Russian)

You gave me a chance to run. Why?

Elle doesn't answer. Aaron lowers his head, both hands up in the air. He sighs, then looks at Elle straight in the eyes.

ELLE

If you had remained a pilot, you'd still be home.

AARON

Perhaps. But who knows?

ELLE

You've always lied, to everyone.

AARON

You're kinda in the wrong place to judge.

ELLE

You could have run away from all of this. From all our lies.

AARON

I could, but the game isn't over.

AARON DRAWS. BANG! -- HITS ELLE IN THE GUTS. Elle falls to her knees.

MAN (OVER RADIO)

Don't shoot! Without the disk I want him alive!

Aaron and Elle stare at each other. Her face becomes more and more pale as blood pours down her hands.

ELLE

Nice shot.

Aaron takes the disk out of his jacket's pocket. Drops it on the ground.

SNIPER (O.S.)

Target has the package.

MAN (OVER RADIO)

Hold your fire.

AARON

You've always known about me?

Elle cracks a smile. Nods.

AARON (CONT'D)

Why didn't you ever say anything?

ELLE

You know the rules.

AARON

After all these years.

Elle stares at the disk. And as she gets closer and closer to the ground while losing her blood, with what sounds like her last words:

ELLE

If you destroy it, you and I will be dead.

AARON

I've been dead for a while now.

ELLE

You've always wanted to be free. No matter what you do now, you'll forever be hunted, like an animal. They'll hunt you till you die. Is it really worth it?

The sound of a MOTORCYCLE'S ENGINE rises subtly in the air.

ELLE (CONT'D)

Whether it's Russia, or America, for both of them you're merely another target now.

Aaron looks down.

ELLE (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

A world of lies for a stateless life.

THE SNIPER

keeps his sight on Aaron's head. His finger puts more and more pressure on the trigger.

AARON

aims his gun. A tear flows down Elle's cheek.

BANG! Aaron fires a bullet in the disk which explodes in a hundred pieces.

Elle stares at the destroyed disk.

AARON

I've never been a good comrade.

The MOTORCYCLE'S ENGINE gets louder and louder.

THE SNIPER

aims Aaron's head. Puts pressure on the trigger and -

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD, ITALY - DAY

Aaron rides his motorcycle along a coastal road dug through breathtaking mountains as the sun rises.

ELLE (V.O.)

What's your freedom worth when
you're hunted like an animal? No
matter where you're from now,
you've lost your value. You've got
no more friends, no more family. Is
this really worth living? When
you're stateless, without a flag to
defend, no matter who you are or
what you've done, you've lost it
all. You end up like a bird...
without its wings.

Aaron grins as the rising sun reflects on his sunglasses. The
roar of his bike echoes.

A GUNSHOT resonates and -

CUT TO BLACK.