



BLACK SCREEN

Boston, Massachusetts

On the soundtrack, we HEAR a RINGING PHONE, and after a beat we FADE IN ON:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT filters through a single gap in the curtains.

The phone is on the bedside table. A HAND reaches into a view, grabs it and hauls it OS, answering.

ALEC (O.S.)
(cut glass English
accent)
Alec Walker.
(beat)
What?
(beat)
West, slow down, what the hell
are you--?

A long beat. And though we can't see the man's face, we know the news he's being given isn't good.

Pause.

Then:

ALEC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Alright, I'll be on the first
plane out there.
(beat)
West? West? Don't you--!

From OS we hear a CLUNK and a dial tone.

ALEC (CONT'D)
God's Holy trousers...

Then the man sits up, moving into frame properly to allow us to see him for the first time: he's shirtless, wearing pyjama bottoms. In his late twenties, dark haired, handsome, with a refined, cultured air about him. But there's something else in his eyes; the hint of something exceptionally dangerous.

This is ALEC WALKER. And he takes a moment to steady himself - because whatever he's just heard, he's bloody worried about it - before he stands up and moves at speed out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From OS we hear KNOCKING on the door, and we

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDORS -- MORNING

Where JACKSON BYERS knocks on the door.

JACKSON

Al? Al, you in?

No answer. Jackson knocks again, louder.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Al?

Still no answer. Jackson pulls a keycard from his wallet, slots it into the door lock. There's an ELECTRONIC SQUEAL and the lock opens. Jackson pushes the door open and enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Jackson enters, looks around.

JACKSON

Al, you up? Al--

He stops dead. The room is completely empty, and in immaculate condition. The bed hasn't been slept in.

ON JACKSON as he reacts to this. Not worried, just ... disappointed. He pulls out his phone and dials. After a moment:

ALEC (O.S.)

(on phone)

Hi, you've reached Alec Walker.
If this is an emergency dial 349
right now, for anything else,
leave a message.

Jackson hangs up, looking annoyed.

JACKSON

Not again.

BLACK OUT:

BLACK SCREEN

Munich, Germany

FADE IN:

EXT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Alec - now dressed in a smart shirt, dark trousers and a long black overcoat - gets out of a cab, leans in through the window to hand the fare to the cabbie.

ALEC

Danke shcone.

The cabbie nods and drives off. Alec turns, looks up to across the street, where we see his destination: the library, a gigantic, gothic-looking building.

A dark look from Alec, like he's doing something against his better judgement. Then he squares his shoulders and crosses the road, heading for the library.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Alec makes his way between the dusty bookshelves, moving with the purpose of someone who knows exactly where he's going.

He eventually reaches one bookshelf against the back wall. He scans the titles until he spots what he's looking for; an ancient-looking, leather bound GUTTENBERG BIBLE.

Alec takes hold of the book, pulls it out. Immediately, with the quiet whirring of well-oiled machinery, a shelf SLIDES BACK, revealing a secret door within.

INT. INNER SANCTUM -- DAY

CLOSE on a hand, wearing a RING with a distinctive symbol: a short-armed cross, like a Templar symbol, with a skull in the middle. The finger traces a line in a large book. Footsteps from OS as Alec enters through the secret door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who's that?

ALEC

The gas man. Who'd you think?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(hint of amusement)

Ah, yes...

The hand reaches down, closes the book. Gives us another quick look at the symbol on the ring as the man stands.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Alec Walker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL P.O.V.

revealing the man for the first time: apparently in his early fifties, with short, neat hair, dressed in a grey suit. A twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

This is HAIZUM.

HAIZUM

If you are looking for Gabriel,
I'm afraid he's not--

ALEC

(annoyed)
--"not receiving any visitors".
Why do I even bother? Fine, you'll
do.

HAIZUM

Do for what?

ALEC

(angry)
For explaining what the hell's
going on with Paul West, you
bastard.

The amused twinkle in Haizum's eyes suddenly vanishes and he becomes very serious.

HAIZUM (prelap)

I'm assuming you've heard from
West?

CUT TO:

INT. SAME -- LATER

Haizum pours tea into two ornate cups, hands one to Alec.

ALEC

Got a call from him this morning,
a call which lasted precisely
seventeen seconds before being
cut off. Contacted Baines, he
told me West was doing a job for
you lot and it was you I needed
to speak to.

HAIZUM

He's very good as passing the
blame, Mark Baines--

ALEC

Tell me he's wrong?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC (CONT'D)
 (no answer from
 Haizum)
 Dammit, I knew I was right-

HAIZUM
 Going to call me a bastard again,
 Alec? I thought you didn't swear.

ALEC
 Oh, I'd make an exception for
 you, Haizum, believe me. Now
 what the Napoleon Boneparte is
 going on around here?

A moment while Haizum considers.

HAIZUM
 You're going to cause trouble
 again, aren't you?

ALEC
 I am if West's in trouble and
 you're not going to let me--

HAIZUM
 Paul West was last sighted in
 Madrid. And yes, he was on a
 mission from us.

ALEC
 Who was he after?

A long beat. Alec's getting annoyed again.

ALEC (CONT'D)
 Don't make me--

HAIZUM
 Vargas.

And the name stops Alec right in his tracks.

ALEC
 Vargas?

HAIZUM
 You've heard of him.

ALEC
 (dark)
 He's heard of me. What the hell
 was West doing going after him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAIZUM

Apparently Vargas knows something, something to do with a project called Site B. Mean anything to you?

(Alec shakes his head)

Me either. But he seemed to think it was dangerous. Our last communication from Madrid stated that West had sighted Vargas, and that he'd be back in contact when he could prove it.

Alec gives Haizum a sideways look.

ALEC

Prove what?

HAIZUM

There, I'm afraid, you know as much as we do.

Silence for a long beat. Then:

ALEC

Madrid, you say?

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Alec emerges from the secret door, which slides shut behind him.

There's a moment. Then Alec reaches into his coat, pulls out his phone. He scrolls through his numbers until he finds the one he's looking for:

BYERS, JACKSON

A moment -- Alec's finger hovers over the 'send' button. Then he changes his mind, shoves the phone back into his pocket.

He reaches to his watch, presses something. There's a barely audible 'BEEP'. Alec nods, satisfied. Then the grim look appears back in his face again.

And with that he SWEEPS off into the library, coat flowing out behind him. Moving with the purpose of a man on a mission.

BLACK OUT:

wALKER

SEPTEMBER 7TH, 2009