

# SALT

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FADE IN:

A WOMAN'S HANDS

Folding a PAPER NAPKIN. Nails clipped short, no polish.

SALT'S VOICE

Fold the napkin into quarters...  
Fold the top in half diagonally.

INT. SALT'S OFFICE - DIVERSIFIED PETROLEUM - DAY

As EVELYN SALT checks her computer screen. She's on a DINNER NAPKIN FOLDING website. Out her window: WASHINGTON DC.

SALT

(reading off screen)  
Fold the right side back, one third  
of the way down.

As she does this, a NEW ANGLE and she's unaware that TED WINTER stops outside her door, watches as she finishes the last few folds, then slides a plastic fork, spoon and knife down inside the paper napkin 'pouch'. Very neat.

WINTER

Are you doing this on company time?

SALT

Got a big dinner tonight. I want the  
table just... perfect.

WINTER

If the taxpayers only knew.

He steps in to take a closer look. Winter is 45, every inch the tough, but fair executive type. He has a briefcase-bag over his shoulder. On his way out.

SALT

I could've done a crown fold, a lily  
goblet. Hmmm. What do you think?

WINTER

I don't really have an opinion.

She pokes at it, frowns, dissatisfied.

SALT

It's not very sexy.

Winter looks to a desk PHOTO of Salt and her man MIKE DUNCAN. He tries to come up with something reassuring to say.

WINTER

It's utilitarian. Utilitarian is the new sexy.

She looks over her shoulder at him: *Huh?* He shrugs.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Walk me out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DIVERSIFIED PETROLEUM - DAY

Salt and Winter walk.

SALT

You leaving for the funeral?

WINTER

4:55 out of Dulles. New York's going to be a zoo.

SALT

He was a pretty great guy, huh?

WINTER

The last gentleman. Public servant for forty-two years. Died in his sleep leaving a better, safer world than he found. I'd take that epitaph.

SALT

I wished I had known him.

He nods, wish she had as well.

WINTER

The Maelev summit starts tomorrow. I need all those reports waiting at Camp David in the AM. Maelev arrives at one.

SALT

Did you know he made his money as a student selling Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin bootlegs?

WINTER

I'm more interested in his position on the Ukraine, the possibility of using force to redraw the map of Eastern Europe, that kind of thing.

SALT

I don't know how you push all this paper, Ted. I'd go crazy if I did it full time.

Laughing, Winter fishes out his ID as they near...

A SECURITY CHECKPOINT

WINTER

Don't worry, you'll be back in the field in a week. Thanks for the paper pushing help by the way.

Winter hands his briefcase-bag to the SECURITY GUARD at the METAL DETECTORS. Then he swipes his ID. You need to clear security to leave as well as enter.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Have a great dinner, Ev. Happy anniversary.

SALT

Thank you. Have a good funeral.  
(a beat)  
That didn't come out right.

TODD BOTTOMS, a young Yale graduate hurries over from the direction they just came. Flagging Winters down.

BOTTOMS

Sir! Sir!  
(Winter looks back)  
We got a walk-in! A defector. Ten minutes ago.

Salt gestures to the Diversified Petroleum LOGO on the wall.

SALT

I guess he's not buying our cover.

WINTER

Did you get his bona fides?

BOTTOMS

Won't give 'em. But he's Russian. He's very strange. And...

He looks from Winter to Salt, back to Winter

BOTTOMS (CONT'D)

He wants to talk to Salt. He asked for her by name.

Salt and Winter exchange a look. How odd. Winter looks at his watch.

WINTER  
I got twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TWO - DIVERSIFIED PETROLEUM - DAY

A starker, stripped down hallway. Concrete floors. Bare fluorescents. Salt, Winter and Bottoms walk briskly along.

WINTER  
Is counterintelligence down here?

BOTTOMS  
Peabody is, Sir.

As they turn the corner, and Winter reacts.

WINTER  
Fucking Peabody.

They stop across from PEABODY who stands sentinel-like in the hall outside a door. A CIA Counterintelligence officer, he is, technically, a motherfucker. And he's heard his intro.

PEABODY  
(re: door)  
We're in here... And I'll take that  
adverb all day long.

He opens the door. Winter and Bottoms enter. Salt pauses.

SALT  
It's an adjective actually. In this  
case.

No reaction from him. As she follows the others.

CUT TO:

A RUSSIAN MAN - SEEN THROUGH A TWO-WAY MIRROR

Seated at a desk. Hair gray, head down, hands folded in front of him. A cigarette burns between two fingers, a carton on the desk. We are in the...

OBSERVATION ROOM

Salt, Winter and Bottoms. Peabody. A SECURITY OFFICER and TWO TECHIES.

One monitoring the video equipment, the other on the fmRI: a LIQUID CRYSTAL GRAPH of the Russian's brain - heat signatures blooming in its cortex. A lie detector.

TECHIE ONE

Neural scan is up.

Winter looks to Salt, nods. She enters: the door on a blind so you can't see in from the interrogation side.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Salt sits opposite the Russian. His head stays down.

RUSSIAN MAN

Female intelligence officers, in my experience, are usually lesbians.

SALT

Sorry we're here to talk about you.  
Why don't we start with your name.

He looks up. A character from a Gogol short story. Gaunt, older, pale dangerous eyes.

RUSSIAN MAN (ZYKOV)

My name is Oleg Vassily Zykov.

Salt just stares at him. Hard to say what she's thinking, but she's thinking something. He takes drag.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Bottoms types into a computer: O-l-e-g-Z-y-k-o-v.

INTERROGATION ROOM

He holds up the cigarette.

ZYKOV

I have cancer.

SALT

I am moved. A defector with cancer.  
Are you selling secrets for chemo?  
Are you afraid of dying?

OBSERVATION ROOM

Peabody likes her style. Techie two watches the scan.

TECHIE TWO

Scan says he's truthful on the cancer.

ZYKOV (SPEAKER)

If I have gained anything by damning myself, it is that I no longer have anything to fear.

Bottoms' screen comes to life with information. Including a PHOTO of Zykov maybe 7 or 8 years ago. Same guy.

BOTTOMS

Oleg Zykov. He shows up in 1993 in Novosibirsk Oblast, Siberia. He was on Victor Pechyonkin's staff there. When Pechyonkin moved to head the FSB's Counter Terrorism Unit in '95, Zykov went with him. Been there ever since. Mid-level. A bureaucrat.

WINTER

Prior to '93?

BOTTOMS

Nothing. He doesn't exist.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Salt and Zykov.

SALT

I have someplace to be, Mr. Zykov. So if you wouldn't mind getting to the point.

(All subtitled dialog will appear as <Russian> )

ZYKOV

*<I came to tell you a story.>*

SALT

*<I don't like stories. But let's hear it anyway. And please...>*

(in English)

...in English. Others are listening.

He smiles, regards her a beat, then...

ZYKOV

1975. The Cold War. In a gymnasium in Grozny...

INT. SOVIET GYMNASIUM - GROZNY - DAY

A WRESTLER works hard to position his OPPONENT. His body is a continuous knot of muscle. His head, a brutal stub. It's only a matter of moments as he locks in a hold.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
 A Soviet Olympic wrestler named  
 Sascha Fyorodovich Chenkov meets for  
 the first time...

His eyes, by chance, connect with those of ANJA NUREKYOVA.  
 She's part of a group being given a tour of the facility.

ZYKOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...the only female chess grand master  
 of her era, Anja Nurekyova.

And Chenkov's grip on his opponent is replaced by the  
 magnetic intensity of his shared gaze with Nurekyova.

Abruptly, his opponent breaks free and suddenly pins him.  
 Chenkov barely notices, his eyes on hers as she smiles.

ZYKOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 They were married.

INT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - GROZNY - DAY

A simple civil ceremony.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
 And one year later... a child.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - GROZNY - DAY

Eight beds all occupied. Nurekyova watches from hers as  
 Chenkov cradles a NEWBORN child in his calloused hands. He  
 stares at it with depthless wonder. There is no doubt this  
 child, in these hands, will be protected.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
 One year more the child was back in  
 the same hospital, sick with fever.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - GROZNY - NIGHT

Chenkov holds his wife as she is wracked with sobs. Tears  
 streak his own face as well.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
 They were told the child was dead. A  
 body was buried. But in fact...

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - HOSPITAL - GROZNY - NIGHT

THE INFANT CHILD is carried out by a NURSE, handed through  
 the open back door of an idling black Volga.



ZYKOV

The child lived. It became the property of Mother Russia. Ward of a secret program and its administrator.

One of the two male hands that receives the baby flashes a heavy RING with a GOLD STAR on a RED ENAMEL BACKGROUND.

INT. DINING ROOM - MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

It's former glory now threadbare. Sleet pelts the windows. The infant child in an basket on a table. Alone. Wailing.

ZYKOV (V.O.)

The Cold War was at it's coldest and Brezhnev was determined that it was America who would be crushed. And 2nd only to his nuclear arsenal, Brezhnev's weapon would be espionage.

INT. CLASSROOM - RUSSIA - DAY

YOUNG CHENKOV, 5, stands by a little desk, head shaved on the sides in a military cut. SEVEN CLASSMATES behind and beyond. Uniformity rules; it's hard to tell the boys from the girls.

ZYKOV (V.O.)

Young Chenkov learned English long before Russian. Drilled in idiom, idiosyncrasy and ideology.

CLASS (TOGETHER)

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America...

We focus in on young Chenkov's voice.

CHENKOV

...and to the Republic for which it stands: one Nation under God...

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Salt smiles, looses a smoke ring that drifts toward Zykov.

SALT

You're killing me, Oleg. When does the good fairy show up?

ZYKOV

Never. It's a story without hope.

As the smoke ring widens, drifts past him...

OBSERVATION ROOM

Peabody suddenly aware of something. He looks to Techie One.

PEABODY

Get on his hands. Show me his ring.

Techie One hits the keyboard, manipulates the image of Zykov on the screen into a CLOSE-UP of his hands... a heavy old RING: gold star on a red background.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

You know what that is? He's been awarded the goddamn Hero of the Soviet Union. How is that not in the data-base?

Bottoms shrugs, Peabody makes him very nervous.

ZYKOV (SPEAKER)

Have you ever been in a place from where hope was gone? Where all that's left is patience?

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER GYMNASIUM - RUSSIA - DAY

Chenkov, now 7, in the middle of a tumbling run: the end a double somersault. Not enough rotation. A hard landing flat on the ass. Chenkov sits there, worn out. Finally stands.

ZYKOV (V.O.)

Young Chenkov was taught persistence. Tenacity.

Another hard TUMBLING RUN ends with the same results except this time flat on the back, Chenkov's head snapping back. Chenkov sits there a beat, worn out, trying not to cry.

Then looking up as two adult feet step up. The tears are there, but they will not fall. As Chenkov stands again...

EXT. ARMY BARRACKS - DAY

Soviet SPEZNATZ 'fight-train', grappling, going over brutal elbows, headbutts and knees. Cage fighters with no cage.

They stop to watch as six children are marched over. 10-year-old Chenkov steps up, assumes a fighter's stance.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
Trained to fight.

The Speznatz INSTRUCTOR LAUGHS. Chenkov grimly stomps down hard on his foot, kicks him full force in the groin. The Instructor drops to a knee, gasping. As his men laugh...

ZYKOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And to accept the consequences.

Chenkov resumes the stance. The instructor responds with a vicious BACKHAND, sends the little body flying.

EXT. HARDCRABBLE RUSSIAN LADSCAPE - DAY

The begrimed and filthy children march and stumble, carrying heavy packs on their shoulders. Leaning forward, knees scraped and bloody from falls, the exhaustion and enormous strain evident. Staggered in a line, Chenkov in the lead.

Chenkov reaches a STAKE in the ground, the top fluttering an ORANGE FLAG. Chenkov breathes. The others join one-by-one. Chenkov looks up as we hear CAR TIRES crunch up.

The last child to cross is SHNAIDER, eyes the PALEST BLUE. They blink as a car door SLAMS.

ZYKOV (V.O.)  
Taught what it means to be a comrade.

They look up as an overcoated adult steps INTO FRAME before them. A BAMBOO SWITCH in a hand which bears a familiar ring.

VOICE  
<Who crossed first?>

Chenkov's hand goes up.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
<Who crossed last?>

Shnaider hand reluctantly raises. The switch motions the two to the side. As they and the man disappear from frame, the rest of the children watch. We hear the switch CRACKING down. The children begin to recite.

CHILDREN  
I will not desert my comrade wherever  
I am stationed. I will fight both  
alone and with all to help me. So my  
motherland will not be diminished,  
but grow greater than before.

## INT. RUSSIAN DORMITORY - NIGHT

Eight little beds in a stark, bereft row. Quiet except for the MUFFLED CRYING of one the children: SCNAIDER, who is in bed seven across from Chenkov in bed eight.

Chenkov watching Shnaider cry his pale blue eyes out. As he looks to Chenkov for sympathy...

ZYKOV (V.O.)

Taught to seek the comfort that is only found within.

Chenkov turns away, would rather stare into the darkness. As Shnaider continues to cry...

ZYKOV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But most of all, Chenkov was instilled with an unquestioning loyalty to the state.

## INT. RUSSIAN DORMITORY - MORNING

One after the next, the children step forward to KISS ZYKOV'S RING. Chenkov is last. Chenkov turns the child's face from side-to-side, deciding something.

## INT. PRE-OP - RUSSIAN HOSPITAL - DAY

Stoic Chenkov prepped for surgery - cut lines being drawn across the face with a marker by a SURGEON.

ZYKOV (V.O.)

And finally given a new identity, a face surgically altered to resemble that of a visiting American teenager.

Chenkov being wheeled through a set of doors into a SOVIET OPERATING ROOM. With finality, the doors swing shut.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)

Young Chenkov then left Russia. The American teenager did not.

RETURN TO:

## INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Where Salt waits for more as Zykov lights another butt.

SALT

Are you saying this Chenkov is here in the United States?

Zykov nods. Salt turns her head, looks into the cold reflection of the two-way glass.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

WINTER looks to Techie Two monitoring Zykov's NEURAL SCAN.

TECHIE TWO

So far the fMRI scan registers  
truthful on everything he's said.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Zykov grinds his cigarette out in the ashtray.

ZYKOV

Chenkov is designee KA-8.

SALT

Try again. The KA program was Cold  
War propaganda. A myth.

ZYKOV

Until today. Because today is the  
day Chenkov will be tasked. The long  
awaited mission is here.

(grim; eyes on her)

Today Chenkov will travel to New York  
City to kill Russian President Boris  
Maelev at the funeral of Vice  
President Oates.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Winter reacts. Bottoms reads off his computer screen.

BOTTOMS

KA. A Cold War program to insert  
sleeper agents into American society.  
The program was theorized as active  
in the 1980's. However, no evidence  
of its existence has ever been found.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Salt looks at him. Her eyes dip darkly.

SALT

A Russian agent is going to kill the  
Russian president? Is that it?

Zykov nods solemnly.

SALT (CONT'D)

And now what do you want in return,  
Mr. Zykov? Money? Chemotherapy?  
Health care's pretty shitty back  
home, huh?

ZYKOV

I simply wish to help you do what you  
need to do.

(a beat)

Don't you want the name? The alias  
that this Chenkov lives under?

Salt smiles, begins softly clapping.

SALT

You're very good. And I've seen the  
best. KA-8. Brilliant bullshit.

(checks her watch)

But I'm off duty. You can tell the  
rest of it to one of my colleagues.

Salt stands, heads for the door.

ZYKOV

Salt.

Salt stops and turns.

SALT

What?

ZYKOV

The name. The name of the Soviet  
agent is Salt. Evelyn Salt.

Time stands still. And then...

SALT

My name is Evelyn Salt.

ZYKOV

Then you, my dear, are a Russian spy.

OBSERVATION ROOM

You could hear a pin drop. Tech Two checks the neural scan.

NEURAL TECH

... truthful ...

The door opens. Salt enters the room's stunned vacuum. But  
she doesn't notice because, taking her CELLPHONE from her  
pocket, she's already out the next door.

PEABODY

Whoa! Where are you going?!

And he's right on her heels.

HALLWAY TWO

Salt on her way down the hall, punching in a number.

Peabody catches up, grabs her shoulder from behind. She spins, stops, angrily bats him off with her ear to the phone.

From the phone you can hear an ANSWERING MACHINE pick up ...

MAN'S VOICE

Mike's not here. Leave a message.

At the BEEP, Salt urgent, suddenly sounds scared.

SALT

Mike, it's me. Call me when you get this. Please, right away.

(clicks off)

Shit.

Winter here now as well.

WINTER

What are you doing, Ev?

SALT

When they blow up a spy, they don't just blow their cover - they blow up their whole cover life. So they can't go back.

(a beat as the stare)

Ted, if they've mistaken me for their long lost spy, then they've mistaken Mike for their spy's husband. He could be in danger.

Her eyes desperate.

PEABODY

If. That's a big word.

Salt aware of him again.

SALT

Get the fuck away from me.

She moves to go. He blocks her.

PEABODY

Where are you going, Salt?

When Salt speaks now, her voice cracks ...

SALT

Home.

(to Winter)

You know what this is about. I compromised their agent in South Korea and now they're repaying the favor.

(urgent)

Ted, you know me.

VOICE

Chenkov.

They all look to see: Zykov - with Bottoms and the security officer - just out the door of the observation room.

ZYKOV

Godspeed, Comrade.

And then they're leading him the other way down the hall.

WINTER

Someone interrogate that piece of shit! Someone who enjoys getting answers!

He turns his hard gaze back to Salt. She looks sick.

SALT

I swear to you I am not who he says I am. I am not a spy.

Clearly affected, Winter looks to Peabody.

PEABODY

Procedure on this is very clear.

Trembling, Salt finally just nods. The tension in her body turning to resignation.

TWO more SECURITY OFFICERS come from the direction Zykov was taken. As Peabody looks to them ever so briefly --

-- WHUMP! Salt chops his neck with the heel of her hand, then kicks his legs out from under him. As she sprints down the hall --

The security officers charge after her. MOVE WITH them, drawing their 9mm sidearms as they go.



She motors hard ahead, disappearing around a CORNER.

As they follow...

CORNER - HALLWAY THREE

She's crouched low, just a foot inside.

As the first security officer barrels around, Salt blows him up like a linebacker on a goal line stand. His gun clatters.

As the second swings his aim around, Salt catches his arm, twists it and him around. She relieves him of his 9mm, then sends him headfirst into the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors open. Salt steps off. The ALARMS start to sound. KLAXONS going off.

The halls filling with people headed for the exits. Salt slipping into the flow.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY FOUR - DAY

Bottoms and the security officer reacting to the alarms. Zykov smiling --

-- clipping the inside of his right shoe against his left. Springing a 4-inch STEEL BLADE out the toe of the right.

He arcs a kick hard into the security officer's thigh.

The security officer drops to his knees.

Zykov sidesteps Bottoms even as he unspools a STEEL LINE from his wristwatch, wraps it viciously around Bottoms' throat.

As the security officer reaches for his gun -- Zykov's right foot arcs up and the blade slices through the officer's throat.

And Zykov still hangs onto Bottoms. A red line circumscribes the young man's neck as the wire disappears inside. A beat before the blood floods out.

Zykov releases him, scoots back to keep from being soiled.

As Bottoms hits the floor, Zykov takes the security officer's 9mm and ID and calmly disappears around the corner leaving two corpses in his wake. Not bad for an old man...

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

EMPLOYEES evacuating. Swiping their ID cards as SECURITY TEAMS scan faces. Salt's FACE up on the screens. Their eyes looking only for her.

SALT

Stops short well back from the security check. Can't go that way. As she starts back against the flow.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A handful of EMPLOYEES on their way down. Alarms SHRILL as Salt takes the stairs up four at a time.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR ONE - DAY

Salt bangs through the stairwell door into an abandoned corridor. As the LIGHTS flick off, replaced by flashing emergency red, an ominous hard click behind her.

She tries the stairwell door. It has remotely locked.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY HUB

Surveillance feeds are being cycled and scanned by the technicians. An IMAGE of Salt prowling the corridor.

Winter and Peabody enter. Peabody recovered.

SECURITY TECH  
Got her! Third floor.

PEABODY  
Isolate and seal.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR ONE - DAY

Salt reacting as REINFORCED STEEL DOORS clang shut at the end of the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY HUB

Winter and Peabody watch as SALT heads the other direction.

WINTER

What about the other exits?

SECURITY TECH

Everything's locked down except for the main entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Zykov slides his stolen ID through the scanner, exits with the other employees. Security looking only for Salt.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TWO - DAY

SALT skids into another corridor - STEEL DOORS at the far end SLAM into place. She makes instantly for the ELEVATOR.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - DAY

Peabody, watching on the monitors, reacts instantly.

PEABODY

Kill the power to the elevator doors!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TWO - DAY

Salt swipes her CODE-CARD at the elevator. Nothing. She looks up at the closed-circuit CAMERA. Knows she's trapped.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - DAY

Winter looks to the Tech.

WINTER  
What about the windows?

SECURITY TECH  
Blast-proof and therefore sealed.

PEABODY  
Gas her.

Winter looks to Peabody, startled. The Tech hesitates.

PEABODY (CONT'D)  
I said gas her. And get a tactical  
team on the south stairwell.

As Peabody charges out...

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TWO - DAY

Salt is running back. Searching for some way out.

THICK YELLOW GAS starts drifting out the ventilation ducts.  
Stopping short, she takes a huge gulp of breath, holds it.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY HUB - DAY

Winter raises his watch.

WINTER  
How long till she goes down?

SECURITY TECH  
Depends on how long she can hold her  
breath. Ninety seconds maybe.

Click. Winter activates his watch timer.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR OFFICE - DAY

Breath held, Salt enters the office carrying a CO2 FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER. She sets it down, picks up the fancy SWIVEL  
CHAIR and, flipping it, slams it down on top of the desk.

She sets her fingernails, tears open the housing. A  
controlled fury as she yanks out the chair's GAS PISTON.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH STAIRWELL - DAY

A tooled-up TACTICAL TEAM take positions outside the 3rd floor door. Wearing GAS MASKS, their H&K G36C's slung and ready to rip.

PEABODY

Make a hole.

They clear as Peabody comes up to the door. Assault rifle in hand and gas mask on top of his head.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Knock knock.

A beat and the sound of a bolt sliding back. Peabody lowers his mask, nods. Leading with the H&Ks, the team makes entry.

CUT TO:

EXT. COPY/UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Eyes tearing from the gas, Salt rifles cabinets, finds a FIRST AID KIT, and from under a sink, AMMONIA. She grabs a heavy handful of paper towels from the dispenser and...

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - DAY

On the MONITOR: Salt enters a hall carrying her supplies, disappears into the office.

Winter checks his timer: 1:12...1:13.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR ONE - DAY

The air thick with gas. Silent as ghosts, Peabody leads the tactical team down the hall. Over their headsets:

RADIO VOICE

She's in the office by the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR OFFICE - DAY

Several paper towels are stained brown with the IODINE Salt has poured into them. She now adds the ammonia. As white noxious FUMES begin to rise...

She flips over a metal side TABLE, yanks one of the legs back and forth until it tears free. Popping off the leveler...

She rolls the fuming towels, and inserts them into the table leg. Followed by the gas piston and more towels for wadding.

She then attaches the CO2 extinguisher to the end, pressure fitting the horn into the leg.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRIDOR TWO - DAY

Peabody and team by the elevators, eyeing the offices ahead. Hand signals as they flank each other, rifles ready.

And Salt steps out, the RIG up on her shoulder. She pulls the extinguisher's actuator handle and... WHOOSH!

Tactical team members DIVING out of the way as --

-- the homemade MISSILE fires past them and strikes the elevator doors. BOOM! Blowing them open.

Peabody and the tactical team knocked off their feet by the shock wave. They're up quick, but not before...

SALT dashes into the elevator, punches open the utility hatch. A barrage of bullets follow, but her feet disappear up and through.

PEABODY

Fourth floor! Fourth floor!

As they charge for the stairs...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

A fifteen inch gap between elevator and shaft. As Salt shimmy/squeezes down... She's headed down not up.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE HUB - DAY

As they cycle through all the cameras trying to find her.

SECURITY TECH

There.

ON SCREEN: Salt sprinting down a hallway

SECURITY TECH (CONT'D)  
That's the first floor.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

She disappears into an office. It takes Winter a moment to realize, but he realizes.

WINTER  
That's my office.

As he rushes out and the Tech reports it on the radio...

CUT TO:

INT. WINTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Winter hurries in. Nearly falls as his foot slides over the shell casings all over the floor. His window has been shot out. Reaching it, he looks out:

WINTER'S POV

Across the street, making the far corner. Salt turns. Looks directly back up at him.

PEOPLE crossing the intersection suddenly obscure her. As they pass on, Salt is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Clogged with COMMUTERS. A BUSINESSMAN in a suit, a jacket over his arm, talks on his mobile as he walks toward the exit. He's bumped, jostled --

-- Looks about futilely as he realizes his jacket is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

As the train comes in, doors open. Pulling on the JACKET, Salt hauls ass down the steps, hops on. She anxiously watching the platform. Finally, mercifully, the doors close. The metro starts away.

She sits heavily in a seat, takes out her cellphone. She looks at it a beat, decides, then dials. It rings and...

MAN'S VOICE

Mike's not here. Leave a message.

At the beep Salt rips the back cover off, yanks out the battery, then the SIM card which she snaps in half.

Several PASSENGERS are looking at her. Salt flashes her eyes at them, daring them to keep looking. None of them do.

The lights of the tunnel strobe by. Nothing for Salt to do, but try not to cry and remember...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE - SOMEWHERE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Salt steps into frame. Dense ferns rising behind her. She walks in wonder, looking up as several wildly colorful BUTTERFLIES flutter overhead. Where are we? And then...

MAN'S VOICE

Do you come here often?

She looks back at MIKE DUNCAN. Unkempt hair, beard, a bit handsome, eyes that don't miss much.

SALT

Are you talking to me?

He nods. In the jungle. What an odd place to meet.

MIKE

I've seen you here before.

Only then do we reverse to show we are in...

THE BUTTERFLY PAVILION - SMITHSONIAN NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

An 'aviary' within the museum. The mesh confine is home to many live butterflies. Salt looks about, back to him.

SALT

I come here a lot. What's your excuse?

MIKE

I work upstairs. I'm an arachnologist.

SALT

A what?

MIKE

A spider hunter.



She looks at him a beat. He smiles. A boyish, charming smile. She can't help but smile back.

SALT  
You look like one.

CUT TO:

A SPIDER (FLASHBACK)

On its WEB in a terrarium. Salt looking closely at it. It's a species of RAY SPIDER. We're in the ENTOMOLOGY DEPARTMENT.

MIKE  
40,000 species of spiders in the world. That one's mine.

SALT  
You discovered it?

MIKE  
In the Amazon Basin on the Peru border. I named it *Theridiosoma Petebesti*... Get it?

SALT  
No. Should I?

MIKE  
Pete-best-i. I named him after Pete Best. The drummer before Ringo.

She frowns, shakes her head. Still doesn't get it.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Best was never a famous Beatle, but now he's a famous spider.

SALT  
I think if I discovered a new species, I'd give it a better name. But that's just me.

An entomologist (WOODHALL) rambles by looking concerned.

WOODHALL  
Has anyone seen my glasses?

SALT  
They're on your head.

He reaches up to the top of his head. His glasses are there.

WOODHALL

Thank you.

As he heads back the way he came...

MIKE

That's Woodhall. He's raising a bedbug colony in his office. Using his own blood.

She nods as though this is quite a normal thing to do.

SALT

Well, thank you for the tour --

MIKE

Hold on. You still gotta tell me. Why do you come to the museum so much?

She looks at him a beat, decides to confess.

SALT

Because I can get away from myself here.

MIKE

Being alone in a crowd does that sometimes. Weird, huh?

Weird. Two kindred spirits have met. As they realize it...

CUT TO:

EXT. U STREET METRO STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt emerges. The jacket's collar pulled up, she hangs at the station entrance, looking across at...

THE ELLINGTON APARTMENTS

Seven stories. Home.

Stepping off the curb, Salt starts across the street.

A few quick steps and she disappears inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - THE ELLINGTON - LATE AFTERNOON

The elevator door opens. Salt hits the stop button, holding it there. As she heads down the hall...

DOOR - 317

The hallway empty except for Salt who draws the 9mm she took. She turns her key in the lock and slides inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ENTRY - SALT'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Quiet. Still. Leading with the gun, Salt starts across the LIVING ROOM, suddenly wheels at a sound.

It's a little MONGREL DOG.

SALT  
(softly)  
Burt...

Gun ready, she crouches to give him the scratch he wants.

SALT (CONT'D)  
Where's Daddy?

CUT TO

EXT. THE ELLINGTON APARTMENTS - DAY

TWO BLACK VANS pull up. Doors slide back and the ten strong CIA tactical team roll out. Peabody leading and Winter bringing up the rear.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - THE ELLINGTON - DAY

One elevator on 3, the other on 7. Leaving two men in the lobby, Peabody and the rest head for the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SALT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Salt passing through. 'Burt' on her heels. A single plate on the table. A half-eaten sandwich. A half glass of beer.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SALT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A PHOTO on a dresser. Mike and her. In a real jungle somewhere. Mike holding a SPIDER up on the back of his hand.

Salt enters, pulls open the big drawer at the bottom of the dresser. She sweeps away the folded underwear to reveal:

A medium BLACK DUFFLE BAG. As she yanks it out...

CUT TO:

INT. DOOR TO 317 - HALLWAY - DAY

The tactical team on either side of the door. Peabody crouched low, picking the lock. We hear the bolt slide back. Peabody turns the knob. Pushes. The door gives slightly and then holds firmly.

Peabody looks to the man with the STEEL RAM.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ENTRY - SALT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Old school: a chair has been tilted, set up under the doorknob. The door is suddenly hammered once -- the frame splintering. Twice -- it comes off its hinges and --

M84 STUN GRENADES are tossed in. BOOOM! Flash and Bang. The light blinding.

BEDROOM DOOR

Salt ducking back at the implosion.

LIVING ROOM

The tactical team invades, moving to sweep the place.

KITCHEN

Empty.

BATHROOM

Empty.

BEDROOM

Another M84 tossed in. BOOOM! The window cracks.

The team enters. She's not here. As Peabody stands there...

TACTICAL #1  
(toward door)  
All clear! One coming out!

As tactical #1 exits, Winter enters.

PEABODY  
There's nobody home.

WINTER

Has it occurred to you that maybe  
that Russian was lying?

PEABODY

The neural scan was --

WINTER

To hell with the neural scan! Maybe  
he found a way to beat it. Maybe  
Salt is Salt.

PEABODY

That's not my problem.

WINTER

Then what is?

PEABODY

Catching her so we can find out.  
(to Tactical #2)  
Get a team up here. Tear this place  
apart.

CUT TO:

EXT. 4TH FLOOR - ELLINGTON APARTMENTS - DAY

Salt. FREE CLIMBING up the side of the building.

Finding foot and toe holds in miniscule seams. The black  
duffle bag slung over her shoulder. 'Burt' sticking his head  
up through the top of her zipped jacket.

Up to the 7th floor. She pulls herself onto a terrace.  
She's up and over a privacy wall in an instant, lands on...

ANOTHER TERRACE

She looks through the glass: a 10-year-old GIRL is doing her  
homework at a table.

Salt knocks on the glass. The girl looks over, recognizes  
her. Salt waves her over. The girl opens the slider.

SALT

Hi, Janey.

GIRL

How did you get up here?

SALT  
 I climbed. Don't tell anyone.  
 (scanning through glass)  
 Is your mom home?

GIRL  
 Not yet.

SALT  
 Can you do me a favor? Can you baby  
 sit Burt for me?

The girl nods. Salt hands over the dog. The girl is thrilled, obviously knows him. Salt hands her a few \$20s.

SALT (CONT'D)  
 He likes Pedigree choice cuts.

Before the girl can answer, Salt is gone, vaulting over the next wall onto the next terrace.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SALT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Salt on the couch. Wrapped in a blanket. Laying on her side. She looks abject. Desolate.

A KNOCK on the door which is still on its hinges. Salt ignores it. Another knock.

Finally she gets up, steps over, looks through the peephole: sees Mike's profile out there.

SALT  
 (worn out)  
 Why are you here, Mike?

MIKE'S VOICE  
 I was thinking about what you said.

She rests the top of her head on the door, sighs.

MIKE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 About how hard it is for you to get  
 close to people.

Another beat, then...

SALT  
 We've been over this. Just go away.

MIKE'S VOICE

Okay. I'll leave. But open the door  
for one second. Please.

Salt opens the door about six inches. Mike looks in on her.  
Not trying to be cute or charming. Just looking at her.

MIKE

I think you need something to  
practice on.

SALT

How about a spider? We have about  
the same capacity for human feeling.

MIKE

I was thinking maybe Burt.

SALT

Burt?

Mike takes his hand from behind his back. He holds the PUPPY  
version of 'Burt'.

She gives it and Mike about as stony a look as she can. Then  
she holds out her hand.

He hands 'Burt' through the door. As she takes him...

SALT (CONT'D)

I'll work on it.

ON MIKE

The door shuts in his face. He stands there a moment, then  
starts down the hall. He's almost gone when her door opens  
back up. He turns as Salt looks out.

SALT (CONT'D)

He peed on the floor.

MIKE

(shrugs)  
Life is messy.

Her eyes well up with tears. He walks back, looks at her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

See? Spiders can't cry.

SALT

I'm not crying.

MIKE

Spiders can't almost cry either.  
There's more puppy in you than  
spider.

SALT

Clean the pee. Okay?

MIKE

Okay.

As he enters ahead of her...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - LATE AFTERNOON

The ENTRANCE FOYER. Most people are leaving as Salt enters.  
A DESK DOCENT looks over.

DESK DOCENT

Ma'am, we close in ten minutes.

SALT

I'll just be five.

As Salt continues, the desk docent suddenly frowns, then  
looks down at her keyboard, the little print-out PHOTO stuck  
there: of Salt. Next to one of Mike.

As the desk docent nervously reaches for the phone...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTOMOLOGY DEPARTMENT - SMITHSONIAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Not a public part of the museum. Salt entering. On a  
mission. As she strides, she stops short, looks in on...

Woodhall (the guy looking for his glasses earlier). He has  
his arm thrust down in his bedbug tank.

Salt suddenly looks completely at ease...

SALT

Hey, Woodhall.

As he squints, sees it's her.

WOODHALL

Hiya, Evelyn.

SALT

Is Mike still here?



WOODHALL

He left a couple hours ago.

SALT

Thought so. Is the stripping room open? He left something in there.

WOODHALL

It should be. We're working it overtime for the mammalogists.

And she's gone. Woodhall blinks after her a beat.

WOODHALL (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary!

CUT TO:

INT. STRIPPING ROOM - SMITHSONIAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Dark, creepy. Salt enters a long, low room lined with large dimensioned Plexiglas vats. The first contains a nearly stripped skeleton of an adult GRIZZLY BEAR. The next and the one after that: strange DARK AMORPHOUS SHAPES.

Salt pauses at the second. It seems to be moving. It takes a second to realize. The shape is formed by thousands of insects. BEETLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - LATE AFTERNOON

The street in front of the museum fills with FEDERAL CARS skidding up, spilling agents. Two familiar BLACK VANS. As Peabody hops out, meeting agents from the other van...

PEABODY

Her husband works here. Entomology.

And they're jamming inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BONE-STRIPPING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Without a flinch, Salt pulls out a beetle. As it writhes between her fingers, she snaps it in half. Watches closely as a bead of CLEAR FLUID wells up from the head.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODHALL'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Woodhall steps out of his office, turns right --  
Freezes at the ASSAULT RIFLE pointed at his forehead.

ENTOMOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Peabody aiming the rifle. The hallway behind him filled with heavily armed men.

PEABODY  
(whispered)  
Salt...

Woodhall gestures over his shoulder with a trembling thumb.

WOODHALL  
The stripping room...

CUT TO:

INT. STRIPPING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt starts for the door, sees the APPROACHING SHADOWS through the frosted glass.

HALLWAY

The team approach the door. Peabody sets his palm on it. As it swings open...

STRIPPING ROOM

A lone beetle looks up through the grizzly's eye socket as the team glides in. Alert. On edge.

Peabody hitting the fluorescents as they enter, fan out.

The lights flicker to life, fully revealing the Plexiglas vats. The beetles. But no Salt. The WINDOW at the end of the room is open. Peabody hurries over.

ANGLE ON WINDOW - OUTSIDE

Peabody sticks his head out, looks down at the lawn three stories down. No Salt in sight. Realizing something, Peabody twists around, looks up.

Nothing above him either. The roofline only a story above however. Peabody ducks back in.

## STRIPPING ROOM

Peabody to his boys:

PEABODY

Get up on the roof and out to the  
sculpture garden! Go!

As they charge out leaving Peabody looking at Woodhall who's  
at the door.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

What the hell are these things?

WOODHALL

*Dermestes Vulpinus*. Flesh-eating  
beetles. They strip the bones on the  
vertebrates. For the mammalogists.

Disgusted, Peabody heads out. Woodhall switches off the  
lights, follows after him. The door closing.

A beat and then, a horrible BLACK FIGURE leaps from one of  
the vats! Beetles shedding in every direction as...

SALT

Shakes them off, spits them out. Uncovering herself. As she  
jumps to the ground and they crunch underfoot...

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON DRIVE - NEAR THE SMITHSONIAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt walks past the American History Museum, stops to pull  
her black duffle bag out of the bushes where she stashed it.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK SEDAN - MADISON DRIVE - LATE AFTERNOON

Headed toward the Smithsonian. Winter in the backseat. He  
sits up as they pass Salt going the other way. The SECURITY  
OFFICER beside him sees her as well.

SECURITY OFFICER

Shit, that's her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON DRIVE - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt reacting as TIRES screech to a halt behind her. Without looking back, she starts to run.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCULPTURE GARDEN - BY THE SMITHSONIAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Peabody's headset squawks to life.

HEADSET VOICE

She's leaving Madison headed north of  
the History Museum.

As Peabody about faces, goes into motion...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

SALT dashes out into a street. The dark sedan power-slides around the corner, grabs traction, takes off after her.

Suddenly, another FEDERAL CAR ahead, hauling ass toward her.

Salt sprints hard at it, then darts down an...

ALLEY

Running hard, the duffle bag slung over her shoulder.

The federal car turns in behind her, followed by the dark sedan. Salt keeps motoring, but then...

A SECOND FEDERAL CAR barrels down the alley straight at her.

Salt running. Two cars chasing and one coming right at her.

She draws the 9mm, aims straight ahead as she runs. Fires two rounds into the engine block of the car coming at her, another into the left front tire.

As the car slows with a shudder, she high-step onto the hood, then the roof and finally off the trunk. As she continues down the alley...

The two federal cars skid to stops facing each other. Steam billowing from under car two's hood.

As the dark sedan REVERSES back down the alley...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt punches back into the open on the other side of the alley, sprints for all she's worth...

Toward an adjacent highway OVERPASS.

But Peabody and the two tactical team members move to intersect her on foot. Peabody keying his radio.

PEABODY

She's going to cross over the highway!

And they race...

Salt in the lead.

Her pursuers running side by side by side. They're closing.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

Stop!

As he draws his sidearm...

One of the black vans slides to a stop on the other side of the overpass. She's trapped.

Salt stops in the middle of the bridge, nowhere to go.

As Peabody slows to a walk, taking deadly aim. The two tactical team members level their assault rifles.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

Drop it!

A beat, Salts drops the 9mm to the pavement.

HIGHWAY TRAFFIC speeding beneath. They speak over the roar.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

(closing)

On the ground. Face down.

She just stands there. Peabody stops.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

You want to live? Down!

SALT

I'm innocent.

PEABODY

Then why'd you run?

SALT

Because if they targeted me, then my husband might be caught in it, too. Just let me find him, that's all.

PEABODY

Not my problem, Salt. Country, duty, and the greater fucking good. They all exceed personal considerations.

SALT

You believe that Russian asshole? You should be talking to him, not me.

PEABODY

I can't talk to him. He killed Bottoms and Davis. He got away.

SALT

Why would he expose me and then run? What's the point?! Think!

He cocks back the hammer.

PEABODY

Last chance, Salt. I'm only going --

He's in mid-speak when -- She suddenly throws herself backwards, rolls over the railing and DROPS AWAY.

BANG! He fires at the exact same time!

SALT

Somersaulting, her feet hit the top of a passing 18 WHEELER speeding past below...

She tumbles backwards, finally coming to a sprawled stop just before pitching off the back of the big rig.

OVERPASS

Peabody steps up to the railing, sees...

Salt. She spots him. As both realize...

The truck she is on is carrying her directly back to him.

She whirls, eyes finding...

A PLUMBER'S BOX VAN heading towards her.

The next interchange down.

Peabody FIRES; bullets BLAST HOLES in the metal at her feet.

She runs! Leaps! Soars into space before...

Landing on the roof of the...

PLUMBER'S BOX VAN

Driving beside the 18 wheeler. It's a lower profile vehicle.

PEABODY & THE TACTICAL TEAM

Lose their shot, hold fire. As they watch her go, Peabody's back on the radio.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

She's on the highway eastbound. On the roof of a white box van.

SALT

Taking one moment to catch her breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - PLUMBER'S BOX VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Salt reacting as TRAFFIC SUDDENLY SLOWS. A BLOCKADE a 1/4 of a mile ahead. The speed quickly down to 10 mph.

Salt jumps down to the hood of the box van. The DRIVER reacts as she times her next jump and lands on the back of...

A PASSING MOTORCYCLE

The GUY on it splitting lanes. Salt has to reach around him, take the handlebars to keep them from wiping out.

As they come to a sideways skidding stop, she uses momentum to send him off the bike. Revving it now, riding a wheelie back the other way, she traverses the median, jumps the ditch and lands headed the other direction on the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERPASS - LATE AFTERNOON

They react to Salt coming back at them. Take aim, except...

SALT

Crosses three lanes, hits an EXIT RAMP instead.

OVERPASS

They watch her spiral away, disappear down the ramp. Gone.

PEABODY

Five minutes on that thing and she could be anywhere.

Peabody turns to one of his guys.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

Notify the Secret Service on Maelev's detail that Salt may be coming at them.

Winter reacting, looking over.

WINTER

What are you talking about?

PEABODY

Zykov said she was tasked to New York to kill the Russian president. Maelev has a right to know the threat.

WINTER

Jesus, get your head out of your ass!

Peabody turns toward him.

PEABODY

Oh, is that where it is?

WINTER

(steps forward)

It makes zero sense! The Russians have activated a Russian sleeper agent? To kill their own president? Come on! Think.

Peabody considers him a long, cold beat before...

PEABODY

And where's your head? Huh? You got a thing for her? Is that it?

They're nearly toe-to-toe now.

WINTER

Fuck you.

PEABODY

I think I hit a nerve.



WINTER

You fucking CI guys --

It's about to lead to blows, when their men separate them. Winter mastering himself. Peabody as well. Finally...

WINTER (CONT'D)

Goddamn it...

PEABODY

You're her friend. Where would she go now? From here?

WINTER

(shrugs, concedes...)

New York's as good a guess as any.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - WASHINGTON, DC - TWILIGHT

A DOZEN MOTORCYCLES parked out front. Salt rumbles up, parks hers in the middle of them all. Hiding it there. Killing the engine, she jumps off, hurries down the street and away.

WHUMP! A MAN coming around the corner bumps her. Salt instantly assumes a fighter's stance. The man raises his hands in mock surrender, smiles.

MAN

I'm a lover, not a fighter

As she continues past him and away.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH KOREAN INTERROGATION ROOM - (FLASHBACK)

Salt securely bound to a wooden chair. Wrists, ankles, elbows, knees and waist. Lip split, both eyes black, bloody and beaten. Nearly beyond reason. Alone in a concrete cell. Rusty pipes overhead. A place from which hope is long gone.

She looks up as the door opens. Her NORTH KOREAN INTERLOCUTOR enters followed by his MUSCLE-BOUND ENFORCER.

SALT

(voice breaking)

I told you. I'm a businesswoman.  
I'm not a spy.

Her inquisitor grabs a stool, sits across from her.

NK INTERLOCUTOR

Try again.

SALT

I work for Diversified Petroleum.  
Call them and --

WHUMP. Muscle-bound delivers a short, heavy shot into her ribs. Salt gasps for air.

Her interlocutor waits a patient beat, then lifts her chin.

NK INTERLOCUTOR

Try again.

She considers him, answers by rote at this point.

SALT

You have three continental shelves.  
Seohan Bay, Donghan Bay and Gilju  
near Pyongyang. All are thought to  
have oil fields beneath them...

Muscle-bound moves in. The interlocutor waves him off, looks overhead instead.

Salt can only watch and wait as muscle-bound grabs a knotted nylon ROPE, throws a LOOPED END up over one of the rusty pipes. The little loop swings right in front of her face.

NK INTERLOCUTOR

You are here to sabotage our nuclear  
ambitions, yes?

Muscle-bound slips it over her head.

SALT

I'm a businesswoman. I came to North  
Korea to --

Muscle-bound pulls the rope taut. Then slowly hauls down, fists over the knots.

The interlocutor stands as Salt slowly comes up off the floor, chair and all. The idea is not to kill, but to choke.

Salt's face goes red. Her eyes bulge. The Koreans just watch. The chair about three feet off the ground.

As her right hand spasms open and shut, the interlocutor looks to muscle-bound who slowly sets her back down.

The interlocutor hooks a finger into the rope around her throat, pulls it loose. Salt gasps for breath. They wait a few seconds, until...

NK INTERLOCUTOR

We know what you are. You're going to die. It can be today, or after a week of this, or a month. It's up to you.... So, try again.

And even though Salt's pretty sure she's going to die here...

SALT

The tuff layer and geological features of Seohan Bay are almost identical to those of Bohai Bay. The Chinese estimate there are 20.5 billion tons of oil --

Muscle-bound pulls, raises her up. Four feet off the ground, the chair swinging slightly back and forth as Salt chokes.

The interlocutor grabs the frame of the chair, starts to pull down on it.

NK INTERLOCUTOR

It will be today.

But now he's close enough. Her right hand catches, grabs her interlocutor's face. Digs in talon-like. Before muscle-bound can react to what's happening, the damage is severe.

The interlocutor HOWLS. The chair SLAMS to the ground. Salt ends up on her side. Blood seeps between the interlocutor's fingers. As he lowers his hand, his left eye is gone.

Salt grins before muscle-bound viciously kicks her.

CUT TO:

INT. EXCHANGE POINT - KOREAN BORDER STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Winter watching a steel mesh covered door. Waiting behind him, his prisoner: a KOREAN MAN in a suit and tie.

WINTER

Two days home in North Korea and you'll be begging to go back to a US prison cell.

The Korean man ignores him, does not deign to answer.

Suddenly the lock on the door BUZZES open. Salt limps out. Eyes still black, lip still split, throat lurid with bruises.

She's surprised to see Winter. He takes her arm.

WINTER (CONT'D)  
Put your head down; don't say  
anything until we're on the outside.

He looks at Salt's NK Interlocutor who stands behind her.

WINTER (CONT'D)  
In case Kim Jong-il changes his mind.

The interlocutor bows to the Korean man, then shakes his hand, the prisoner exchange complete.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREAN BORDER STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Passing outside, a protective Winter sticks close to Salt as they head toward a WAITING CAR. She's completely drained, but still wondering...

SALT  
I don't understand.

WINTER  
You don't understand what?

SALT  
All the rules say you should've left me here. One life, against a lot of others. Why'd you blow operational cover to get me out?

WINTER  
I didn't.

He points towards the car - where just emerging from the back door is MIKE. As she reacts...

WINTER (CONT'D)  
Once he found out where you were, he moved heaven and earth to get you out. We had to do something or he was going to invade this goddam rice-paddy republic himself.

Salt blinks, astonished.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - KOREAN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mike and Salt both in the backseat, but about as far apart as two people can be. She stares out the window. He looks at her, the bruises. Not an easy sight for a lover to understand much less accept. Finally, he looks away as well.

MIKE

When I started to think I might never see you again...

Mike stops, just shakes his head at the thought.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I thought of all the things I'd never know. Like why you cry sometimes in your sleep. Or why you don't seem to make as much money as someone in the oil business should.

(a beat)

Or if we ever had a daughter, would she look like you?

She wells up at that, but doesn't cry and doesn't look over.

SALT

Would you want her to?

MIKE

Of course. Maybe not today...

She half laughs/ half cries at that one. A beat and finally, she reaches out. Her hand stretched blindly. He takes it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I love you, Salt. You made a scientist believe in magic.

(a beat)

And I would accept anything about you. If I only knew. So maybe you could start by telling me what you really do for a living.

She looks over at him. Truly beat to shit.

SALT

I work for the CIA.

And it's Mike who cries. Because she's looking at him.

MIKE

That's perfect. It means we're both government employees.

He has somehow succeeded in getting her to smile...

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

The bus heading toward the Lincoln Tunnel from the New Jersey side. Salt staring out the window. And as we let the bus go and crane up to the night skyline of MANHATTAN...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 4485 - DC SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Municipal. Cheap drop ceilings and fluorescent lights. Office Depot chairs. But an outrageous lavender curtain framing the windows and a cheap plastic garden trellis covered with plastic flowers in front of a podium.

Salt and Winter wait here. Cooling their heels. Waiting for something. The room pregnant with unspoken words. Finally:

WINTER

That's a nice touch.

He gestures to the entrance door. It is covered with wrapping paper and has a big white bow in the center of it.

SALT

What if I'm no good at it?

WINTER

At what?

SALT

At living with someone. At being with someone this closely?

WINTER

No problem. You can get divorced down on the first floor.

She looks at him: *Be serious.*

WINTER (CONT'D)

You're asking the wrong person, Ev. I'm like a priest, married to the church of my job. It's the only way I can do it.

Getting very anxious, she starts to look around. Winter watching her, smiling.

WINTER (CONT'D)  
Stop it.

SALT  
Stop what?

WINTER  
Looking for the back way out of here.

Busted... As they consider each other.

WINTER (CONT'D)  
You want to know what I think? I think Mike Duncan is the luckiest sonuvabitch who ever lived.

SALT  
You do?

Winter considers her, nods. Salt steps over, 'plucks' a PLASTIC FLOWER from the trellis, sticks it in Winter's lapel.

SALT (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Ted.

He lifts it to smell it. Shakes his head. Nothing there. Suddenly the JUSTICE OF THE PEACE enters.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
Alright, are you my next victims?

Winter points at Salt.

WINTER  
She is. I'm here to witness.

Just then, out of breath, Mike hurries in with Woodhall in tow. He stops short at the sight of Salt. As the two of them consider each other, Winter slightly wistful before...

WINTER (CONT'D)  
(to Justice)  
All victims accounted for.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Black duffle bag over her shoulder, baseball cap pulled low, clothes changed, Salt walks away from the Port Authority towards the MODELL'S SPORTING GOODS on 42nd.

CUT TO:

INT. MODELL'S - NIGHT

A pair of soccer SHIN GUARDS goes in a basket. Hockey ELBOW PADS follow. Wrist wrap FIGHTING GLOVES.

Salt is shopping. A HANDSOME CREEP watching her as she considers a MOUTH GUARD.

She doesn't look over, but knows he's there.

SALT

Do you work here or something?

HANDSOME CREEP

(grins)

No...

She drops a black mouthguard in her basket, heads for the checkout. He watches her ass as she goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MODELL'S - NIGHT

Handsome creep steps out, just catches a glimpse of Salt as she disappears around the corner. He follows.

As he turns the corner, she's there. She grabs his wrist, bends his arm behind his back and faces him into the bricks of a building. It takes her an instant. And it hurts.

SALT

Why are you following me?

HANDSOME CREEP

I wasn't.

She bends his thumb over. Now he's in serious pain.

HANDSOME CREEP (CONT'D)

I was just checking you out!

She pulls out his wallet, flips it open.

SALT

You done checking?

HANDSOME CREEP

Uh huh.

She shoves the wallet back in his pocket.

SALT

Then go home.



She slams his face into the bricks, then releases him.

HANDSOME CREEP

Blood streams from his broken nose, his eyes full of tears.

HANDSOME CREEP

Oh shit...

As he turns, looks around... Salt is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DESK - 5TH AVENUE HOTEL - NIGHT - PRESENT

The Deskman takes the CREDIT CARD Salt slides across. As he scans his computer screen...

FRONT DESKMAN

Yes. Here you are, Miss Schmidt.  
One night, a deluxe room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Salt sets her black duffle bag on the bed. Stepping to the window, she pulls back the curtains. Rockefeller Center and the city sparkle beyond. But Salt looks down, finds:

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

Solitary in its Gothicness. As she considers it...

CUT TO:

EXT. LANGLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An AMERICAN FLAG flaps in the breeze as Winter reads from the Federal Employee Oath of Office.

WINTER

I solemnly do swear that I will  
support and defend the Constitution  
of the United States against all  
enemies, foreign and domestic.

While Salt, smart in a suit, stands on the Langley lawn with six other YOUNG OPERATIVE CANDIDATES. Right hands all raised, they repeat the words.

SALT

I solemnly do swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

Salt looking at the flag, a huge moment for her.

WINTER

And that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

SALT

And that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

Salt proud, moved...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

As we glide across the black duffel bag open and unpacked on the bed: Guns, disposable syringes, medicine, suture and suture needles, packs of gauze, C4, blasting caps, cell phones, a ziploc bag with a dozen beetles in it, passports from different countries including several US, banded stacks of Euros, \$100 bills. Everything a girl needs for the road.

And as we continue past and enter...

THE BATHROOM

The tap running. Salt just finishing running BLACK DYE through her hair. She looks in the mirror. Considers herself. A different girl than the one who took the oath. As she starts on her eyebrows...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

A ripping sound as duct tape comes off a roll. Salt in a pair of boxers and a T-shirt, taping the shin guards to her legs, pulling on the elbow pads.

Loose fitting pants are pulled on, BOOTS laced. Finally, a KEVLAR VEST and a heavy SWEATER down over it all.

The room is suddenly streaked by early morning light as the sun rises over the buildings across the street.

Salt steps over to the desk, retrieves THREE PAGES downloaded from the internet: SCHEMAS of subterranean utility-ways.

1. MANHATTAN SUBWAY ACCESS.
2. MANHATTAN UTILITY SCHEMA.
3. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL CRYPT AND CATACOMB DISPERSAL.

She places them over each other and holds them up to the sun. The light making all three schemas visible at once. St. Patrick's on top.

With a pen, Salt pokes a hole through the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral. As she looks where that lines up on the other two maps...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MANHATTAN - MORNING

A horse-drawn catafalque carries a FLAG-COVERED COFFIN.

Above there are HELICOPTERS in the air.

Secret Service SNIPERS stand on Rockefeller Center rooftops.

Smartly uniformed police at attention as family step from a LIMOUSINE past the glare of cameras atop a PRESS scaffolding.

BBC NEWSCASTER

...the funeral of Vice President  
Oates, a former five term US Senator  
and Cold Warrior, whose greatest  
legacy may be as architect of the new  
era of Russo-American relations...

And we pick up PEABODY, scanning the faces in the crowd.

Unaware as a block north...

SALT

Moves through and away from the crowds.

CUT TO:

EXT. 68TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

As Salt descends, a SACHEL BAG over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN PLATFORM - 68TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Salt waiting for the train. A VOICE on the P.A. SPEAKERS.

P.A. VOICE

Because of the funeral, the 51st and  
59th street stations are closed.  
Repeat due to the funeral --

Salt doesn't even look at the TWO NYPD COPS at the end of the platform by the tunnel mouth. In their heavy gear with assault rifles. Guarding the tunnel.

As the TRAIN slows into the station...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. ST. PATRICK' CATHEDRAL - DAY

Winter in line to enter among other VIPs. IDs checked and rechecked, the metal detectors ominous and sleek.

As he enters he sees the Secret Service SUPERVISOR IN CHARGE. He steps over, is recognized.

WINTER

What's the security perimeter?

SECURITY COORDINATOR

We're three deep inside and out.

(dry)

And that's Secret Service - not CIA -  
so relax.

Winter bristles at the dig.

CUT TO:

INT. '6' TRAIN - SUBWAY TUNNEL (ROLLING) - DAY

Salt aboard. Down at one end of the car.

P.A. VOICE

...the 51st and 59th street stations  
are closed...

Through the windows, we see the train is passing through the 59th STREET STATION. It's empty. The train does not stop.

Salt opens the door to pass into the next car.

## BETWEEN CARS

Closing the door behind her. She takes out a KNIFE, cuts through the coupling HOUSING.

## SUBWAY TUNNEL

It widens where the express train tracks join. As Salt LEAPS from the space between the nine & ten cars...

CUT TO:

## INT. ST. PATRICK'S - DAY

The hushed CONGREGATION turn as the Marine Honor Guard pallbearers enter with the casket. In lock step down the long aisle. The eerie calm in the great crowded church magnifying each footfall.

Nave and galleries filled with those who've come from the far corners of the earth to pay their final respects. Saris, kaftans, Italian suits, dishdashas.

The casket is carried past RUSSIAN PRESIDENT BORIS MAELEV and his own SECURITY DETAIL. Maelev SALUTES it.

Towards the CARDINAL OF NEW YORK who waits by the pulpit.

CUT TO:

## INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Salt moving quickly along. She comes to a door marked: Con Edison Utility Access 3-12B. At the sound of clipped RADIO TRAFFIC, she ducks into the door's little alcove.

She waits in the shadows as TWO MEMBERS of the NYPD ESU team pass on the express tracks. Clear, she makes short work of picking the PAD LOCK on the door. As she slips inside...

CUT TO:

## EXT. MOBILE TRANSMISSION NEWS VAN - DAY

A bank of MONITORS, all with different feeds. A TECHNICIAN watching ONE SCREEN showing Maelev salute the casket.

## ANCHOR'S VOICE

...as Russian President Boris Maelev salutes the man he has called his greatest friend in the West.

The IMAGE switches to the St. Patrick's as the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES squeezes the FIRST LADY'S hand, then approaches the pulpit.

ANCHOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The President of the United States will now say his farewell. Tomorrow it's on to Camp David where the two leaders will meet at the summit Vice President Oates worked a year to stage as a way forward for Russian American friendship.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

At the EAST TRANSEPT, WINTER speaks into the microphone in his sleeve.

WINTER

After the President finishes, the choir sings and then Maelev will deliver his eulogy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK' CATHEDRAL - DAY

Peabody scanning, listens on his headpiece. Then into his own sleeve mic.

PEABODY

If your girl tries anything here, it'll have to be pretty damn amazing.

CUT TO:

INT. CON-ED UTILITY TUNNEL - DAY

SALT moves along, lights her way with the glow off a CELL-PHONE SCREEN. Checking her progress against the downloaded maps as she closes on the spot where the pen poked through.

CUT TO:

INT. PULPIT - ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The president above the flag-draped coffin.

PRESIDENT

He gave a young, wet-behind-the-ears candidate a rock to stand next to.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
 Believe me, I only looked  
 presidential in those days because I  
 had Maxwell Oates beside me.

Russian President BORIS MAELEV listens from the front pew.

CUT TO:

INT. CON-ED TUNNEL - DAY

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT in a HARDHAT guards a door here. You can make out the dull throb of the MUSIC from the other side. A muffled VOICE can be half heard over his earpiece.

RADIO VOICE  
 ...status, lima zulu four.

HARDHAT AGENT  
 Lima zulu four, all clear.

ANGLE ABOVE

Salt crouched in the dark on top of the pipes. As hardhat clicks off his radio, she clicks the TIMER on her wristwatch, starts timing something.

CUT TO:

INT. PULPIT - ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The US President has stepped away. We hear the collective voice of the CHOIR accompanied by the power of St. Patrick's main PIPE-ORGAN. In Paradisum.

CHOIR  
*Requiem aeternam dona eis. Domine,  
 et lux perpetua, Requiem aeternam,  
 Aeternam dona eis. Perpetua luceat.  
 In Paradisum. Christe eleison...*

Boris Maelev flips through his notes one last time.

CUT TO:

INT. CON-ED TUNNEL - DAY

The hardhat agent settles back into his spot by the door, can just hear the dull throb of the MUSIC from the other side. Unaware as...

ABOVE

Salt still up here, clicking her TIMER to a stop as the muffled radio VOICE is heard over hardhat's earpiece.

RADIO VOICE  
...your status, lima zulu four.

HARDHAT AGENT  
Lima zulu four, all clear.

Salt checks the timer: 91 seconds --

-- Then drops to the ground beside him.

A knee to his ribs and then the heel of her hand into his temple and hardhat is out cold.

As he drops, Salt hits the timer. The 91 seconds now reverse, counting backwards: 00:91... 00:90...

As she disappears through the door he was guarding.

CUT TO

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The choir finishes. President Maelev approaches the pulpit. Secret services agents discreetly present.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPTS - DAY

An axis of THREE TUNNELS. Out of the sooty black of the subway and into the stone of the crypts beneath St. Patrick's. Salt appears on the left.

Checking her map, she continues onto the right. MOVE WITH her as she continues along, slowly, cautiously, quietly.

As the tunnel opens into an actual CRYPT, Salt stops. She holds a dentist's mirror just outside the edge. She sees:

A DOUR Secret Service AGENT. Just standing there. Shifting his weight back and forth.

Salt slides the mirror into her satchel, silently sets the satchel on the floor. Pressing her back against the wall, she takes several deep breaths, getting ready to spring.

DOUR AGENT

He's in the CENTRAL CRYPT - the circular room that radiates off the corridors to all the other crypts. Silence. As he reaches up to scratch the back of his neck...



Salt CHARGES hard from around the corner. The only reaction there is time for is to defend. The HAND-FIGHTING ferocious. Much closer to UFC than ballet.

The dour agent holding his own until Salt catches him under the chin with an ELBOW, finishes him with a roundhouse KICK. As he lands in a heap...

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

President Maelev delivers his eulogy.

BORIS MAELEV

*Dos vadanya...* In my language it means 'until we meet again'. That is what my friend Maxwell Oates said to me the last time I saw him. Sadly I did not meet him again. Until today. Mr. Oates was a great man...

CUT TO:

INT. CON-ED TUNNEL - DAY

The hardhat agent, still unconscious, as his earpiece bleats.

RADIO VOICE

Lima zulu four, come in?

(a beat)

What's your, status, lima zulu four?

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

Peabody hovering near the Secret Service Command Post.

RADIO OPERATOR

We got two MIAs. Lima zulu four in the Con-Ed utility tunnel outside the crypt entrance. And lima-zulu-five in the crypt.

The supervisor gets on the radio.

SUPERVISOR

Sub-units. Lima zulu one, two and three, converge on the crypts. Repeat, converge on the crypts.

Peabody scans a map.

PEABODY  
What's the nearest subway entrance.

SUPERVISOR  
51st street.

As Peabody motors away, on his radio as he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - ST. PATRICK'S - DAY

As Maelev speaks, Winter's headset tells him.

PEABODY'S VOICE  
Something's wrong in the crypt.

WINTER  
Jesus Christ.

MAN NEXT TO WINTER  
Amen...

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CRYPT - DAY

Salt pulls out a block of C4 from her satchel, hefts it in her hand. Pulling off a chunk, she sticks the rest high on the STONE SUPPORTING COLUMN in the center of the crypt.

Working quickly, she stuffs in a blasting cap attached to a transmitter.

Then draws her 9mm. Looking about, lining up what she needs to do, and then --

She FIRES three shots. Splintering three WOOD ENCASEMENTS.

Blowing all the stops in the pipe organs' WIND-CHESTS.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

Abruptly, in near-instantaneous succession, each of the Cathedral's three pipe organs BLAST a sustained molecule-rattling note at full volumetric pressure.

Everyone in the cathedral, Maelev included, are momentarily stunned by the blast.

WINTER moves, shouting into his radio.

WINTER  
Maelev! Get goddam Maelev!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CRYPT - DAY

Sound roaring in her ears, Salt calmly takes cover around a corner, presses down on a garage door opener.

The central column EXPLODES!

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

The assembled react to a HARD SUDDEN JOLT and then...

A huge ERUPTIVE SIGH as the entire floor beneath the pulpit GIVES WAY. Dropping down below and taking...

Boris Maelev down with it. Gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CRYPT - DAY

The floor above comes CRASHING down in a controlled detonation. Giving birth to a ton of dust and debris.

Maelev rides the wave, landing in the top of it all, trying to comprehend where he is and how he got there.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S - DAY

A DUST CLOUD MUSHROOMS up from the crypt and out into the space. Mourners stumble back; security stumble forward.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CRYPT - DAY

Maelev sitting there, sees a SHAPE emerge from the dust. It climbs up the rubble toward him. Salt.

She stops above him, offers her hand. As he takes it, she pulls him up, then -- Flings him down off the rubble.

She follows, kicks him in the ribs as he tries to stand. CRACK. She hauls him up and brutally backhands him. Blood ropes from his mouth as his head snaps back.

And as it occurs to us she may be trying to kill him...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL CRYPT - DAY

The axis of the three dust-choked tunnels. Secret Service Agents, ESU cops and Peabody haul ass this way.

Continue with them as they enter the...

CENTRAL CRYPT

Their flashlights run bore holes through the dust. Find two FIGURES: one prone on the ground, the other dropping to its knees, hands raised like a supplicant. As it lays out flat on the ground.

AGENT

Don't move!

They rush up to where Salt lies face-down, limbs outstretched beside Maelev. Peabody, kicks Salt's legs further apart, sets his knee down in the middle of her back.

As he cuffs her...

PEABODY

You decided to go quietly?

SALT

Don't want to give you the satisfaction.

Agent two shoves her face into the rubble, holds it there.

AGENT TWO

Mouth shut.

One of the ESU COPS has been checking Maelev. It isn't good.

ESU COP

(into radio)

Get a medical team down here!

Peabody leaves Salt to the Agents, scoots over to check Maelev's throat for a pulse.

PEABODY

Christ, he's dead.

And as the agents start digging their fists into Salt...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

MARINE ONE taking off from the middle of 5th Avenue.

It's a mess as the police push back the crowds. The secret service try to sort out world leaders. Meanwhile...

EAST TRANSEPT

A KNOT OF AGENTS hustle Salt (hands CUFFED behind her back) out the door. Peabody and now Winter with them. They lead her toward a building across the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALT - NEWS CAMERA FOOTAGE - DAY

Off a long lens, the REPORTER'S VOICE heard over it.

REPORTER'S VOICE

Preliminary reports identify the assailant as one Evelyn Salt. And this seems unbelievable, folks, but she's also been identified as a CIA officer. Again, Russian President Maelev is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The doors open from outside and Salt is frog-marched in surrounded by the agents.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Salt, Winter, Peabody and the three Secret Service Agents who have transport-custody. They're on their way up, the button lit for the 35th and top floor.

SALT

Winter. Listen to me. Please.

He doesn't look at her.

SALT (CONT'D)

I had to do it. Or they would have killed Mike. The second Zykov IDed me as Chenkov I knew they had Mike. I knew I had to follow this through to the end. There was nothing I could do.

PEABODY

You want to shut up, or should I have  
you gagged?

Salt tries to catch Winter's eye, but he won't look over.  
DING! The elevator door opens and she's hauled out into...

35TH FLOOR HALLWAY

She's led down the hall. Peabody grim. Winter quite angry.  
Step - step - step - step - until...

SALT

I am not Chenkov.

And Winter loses it, grabs her, jams her up against the wall.

WINTER

Then who is, Evelyn?! Who the hell  
is!?

The transport agents trying to get between them. Winter  
looks like he wants to rip her head off.

WINTER (CONT'D)

You were my number two! I trusted  
you! You goddamn traitor!

Winter fighting to get at her. Salt regarding him. Agents  
struggling to lock this situation down.

WINTER (CONT'D)

(spit flying)  
You piece of shit!

He tries to hit her. Salt twists away --

-- And for just a FLASH, we see Salt's hands up under an  
agent's jacket. It's just for an instant and hardly noticed  
in the huge pushing and shoving.

And then Peabody manages to jerk Winter back. They're apart.  
And Salt, calm, level, blinks and...

SALT

I am not Chenkov.

PEABODY

Maelev's dead. Enough of this crap.

SALT

Maelev's not dead.

Everyone is staring at her now. She's nuts. But she holds Winter's eyes.

PEABODY

Get her to the roof.

The agents move. Again a FLASH - behind her back - as Salt just manages to get a HANDCUFF KEY into the cuff lock.

PEABODY (CONT'D)

(to Winter)

Get a grip or stay behind.

Winter nods he's okay. As they follow to a door marked ROOF ACCESS. Transport Agent One opens it.

ROOF ACCESS STAIRWELL

A flight, a landing, a flight, and a door. The throb of a helicopter can be heard as they start up the stairs.

WINTER

You'll see. This is just the start of something.

PEABODY

We get on that helicopter, I'm going to have your mouth taped shut.

WINTER

It's just the start.

Salt's eyes on the feet of Transport Agent One ahead of her. The softest click and -- Salt reaches, the cuff dangling from her right wrist --

She jerks his leg out from under him. And even before he hits the concrete landing like a sack of potatoes --

She rears back, kicks Transport Agent Two square in the chest. He stumbles back into Winter and as they both fall down the steel stairs --

-- And Transport Agent Three and Peabody draw their guns.

Salt uses the hand rail as a launch to deliver a high scissor kick to Transport Agent Three's head. He falls against Peabody sending Peabody's first SHOT wide.

Salt hits the landing, grabs the GUN from the hand of the unsteadily rising Transport Agent One and turns the corner as Peabody's SECOND SHOT blows a hole in the wall just where she used to be.

Peabody steps over Transport Agent Three, hits the landing and is about to fire again, when he has to pull his shot --  
-- as Winter sprints past, chasing as Salt bangs through the roof bulkhead door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - MANHATTAN - DAY

A FEDERAL HELICOPTER just about to land, rotorwash whipping the roof. They see Salt on the move. The SNIPER on board grabs his rifle as...

Salt sprints for the far edge of the roof.

The copter dips its nose and moves after her.

Winter stops to take deadly aim.

Salt nears the roof edge where TWO STEEL ARMS are swung out and over, the CABLES of a window washing rig hanging down.

Winter FIRING at Salt!

Salt fires into the CLUTCH-BRAKE holding the cables --

And she JUMPS. Out into thin air.

A NEW ANGLE

As she FALLS a story and LANDS on one end of the WINDOW WASHING PLATFORM just as...

It begins a near FREE-FALL down the side of the building, the friction of the pulleys slowing it ever so slightly.

Salt struggles to get to the end of the rig as it races downward. A full fifteen stories until ...

She hits the hand brake jerking the rig to a sudden halt --

FLATTENING Salt to the deck.

And simultaneously SNAPPING the cable on one side.

As the rig swings vertical, Salt goes sliding down, scraping for a handhold. Whump! She catches one.

OFFICE

A MAN at his desk can't believe what he's looking at as Salt pulls up, gets a foothold on the end of the frame.



SALT

Reacting as the Federal Helicopter ROARS around the corner, a SNIPER out on one of the skids. Into his headset...

SNIPER

I got a clean shot, please advice.

VOICE

Take it.

Salt turns her face away; she FIRES directly into the window in front of her. BOOM! BOOM!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - BUILDING - DAY

The man at his desk diving for cover as he's showered in glass and -- She's in! As she rumbles out the door...

BUILDING HALLWAY

The PEOPLE who work there reacting as Salt races down a long central corridor --

Toward the light from the windows at the end.

Raising the gun and --

FIRING ahead at the coming window. Shattering it and --

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Salt explodes through the glass -- a figure in thin air.

The shards of GLASS REFLECT pieces of her.

*CHILDREN sitting as the sides of their heads are shaved.*

*The VICIOUS BACKHAND of a Russian Speznatz.*

*ARMS STRAINING in the Iron Cross position on the gym rings.*

*COLLAPSING under the weight of the heavy marching pack.*

*KISSING the ring.*

*The BAMBOO SWITCH coming down. Over and over until --*

SALT (IN MID AIR LEAP)

Hits down hard on the rooftop of the adjacent building, tucks and rolls to her feet.

She sprints for the roof access doors, smashes through them.

Gone.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN DORMITORY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The children all in bed. Seven filled, one empty. FOOTSTEPS in the dark. Zykov and young Chenkov cross the enormous room. Chenkov's face bandaged. Only the eyes show. Their breath is visible in the cold.

ZYKOV

(softly)

Ignore all else, it is human nature that rules the world. It is human nature that must be guarded against.

(she nods)

And what else?

CHENKOV

Freedom. The only sin is freedom.

ZYKOV

Yes. Why?

CHENKOV

In freedom we forget our loyalty.

They reach the bed. The girl climbs in, under the cover. Zykov considers her a beat, then holds out his hand. She leans forward, kisses his gold ring.

ZYKOV

Wish for it, long for it, and forever be true to it.

Zykov walks away.

The girl lays on her back staring up at the ceiling. Sad little Shnaider watches her from the next bed.

SHNAIDER

Chenkov? Is that you?

CHENKOV

I'm going home tomorrow, Shnaider.

SHNAIDER  
Home? To Grozny?

CHENKOV  
My home is in Harrisburg  
Pennsylvania. My favorite place  
there is the McDonald's on Front  
Street because it's near the river.  
(looks over sadly)  
I won't want to go anymore because my  
mother and father are dead.

Shnaider considers this, not especially surprised. Then:

SHNAIDER  
Will you miss me, Chenkov?

CHENKOV  
My name... is Evelyn Salt.

She turns to look back at the ceiling. And as the two of  
them lay there in the dark and the cold...

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL N 11 - MOSCOW - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A DOCTOR unwraps little Chenkov's face. Zykov standing  
across from her. We're on him as the last of the bandages  
come off. He smiles and we reveal:

Little 12-year-old Salt. Face still bruised and puffy from  
her 'accident', but we certainly recognize the face we've  
come to know. The doctor holds up a mirror. She looks at  
herself, frowns, then pushes it away.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL N 11 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Zykov stands with little Salt, alone.

ZYKOV  
Remember your training. You will not  
hear from us again. You must  
remember how your life is to go.  
Which college you need to attend --

LITTLE SALT  
Yale University.

ZYKOV  
Where you need to work.

LITTLE SALT  
The Central Intelligence Agency.

ZYKOV  
Who you need to trust.

LITTLE SALT  
No one.

A still moment. Zykov clocks the pensiveness about her.

ZYKOV  
What are you thinking?

LITTLE SALT  
What if I fail? What if the family  
see I am not Evelyn Salt?

ZYKOV  
Your aunt barely knows you. It will  
be as planned. Remember, this is  
your first assignment. If you can't  
do this, you can't do any of it.

A knock on the door, a HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR leans in.

ADMINISTRATOR  
<They want her.>

ZYKOV  
<Send them.>  
(to Chenkov)  
The only thing to fear is that which  
you love.

Zykov turns, starts out.

LITTLE SALT  
Wait.

He pauses. Despairing, she looks at his ring. All she's  
ever known. Zykov holds it out, pleased as she kisses it.

ZYKOV  
One day, I will see you again.

And he's out the door. She stands there alone for several  
beats. Mastering herself. Shoving everything down inside.

The door opens and MARTIN CRENSHAW enters.

CRENSHAW

Hello, Evelyn. I'm Martin Crenshaw from the US Embassy. We're so sorry about your parent's accident.

She's convincingly teary-eyed.

LITTLE SALT

Please, I want to go home.

CUT TO:

WOLF BLITZER

On a little LED TV SCREEN.

WOLF BLITZER

(on TV)

...harsh words for America from Alexi Barisovsky immediately after his swearing in ceremony at the Kremlin.

A shot of the fiery BARISOVSKY speaking outside the Kremlin.

And then -- RIOTING in the streets of Moscow.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

As anti-US rioting continues into the night in the area around the American Embassy.

SALT

Watching. She's in the back of a TAXI. The screen mounted on the back of passenger side seat.

ON SCREEN: a coffin raised from an airport tarmac on a scissor-lift, then carried into the main cabin of Russia's version of Air Force One.

WOLF BLITZER (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, the body of slain Russian President Maelev is already on its way back to Russia just two hours after his assassination.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND BONEYARD - DAY

It's bleak as Salt gets out of a TAXI at a salvage yard/scrap metal clearing house near the Fresh Kills Landfill. A TRASH CAN FIRE burns, ACETYLENE TORCHES burn. At water's edge and further out, DERELICT BOATS AND SHIPS of every size.

And walking toward her: the man we know as Oleg Zykov.

ZYKOV  
*Privyet, Comrade Chenkov.*

SALT  
*Privyet, Comrade Zykov.*

She stops before him, smiles. Thrilled to see him.

SALT (CONT'D)  
When I saw you, in Washington, I  
almost ran to you. I didn't think I  
would ever see you again.

ZYKOV  
And still you remained faithful? In  
your heart?

SALT  
In my soul. In my very soul.

He holds out his ring with its gold star on a red enamel  
background. Salt leans, kisses it.

ZYKOV  
When you escaped today I thought,  
even I could not have hoped for so  
much. You are my greatest creation.

He looks her over with unabashed admiration, puts his hands  
on her hips. She grins, enjoying his eyes.

SALT  
You trained me well. In many things.

He embraces her, pulls back as he feels 'something'.

ZYKOV  
What is this?

She draws the agent's gun, shows him.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
May I?

The slightest hesitation, but she hands him the gun. As he  
looks it over.

SALT  
What you said in Washington, is it  
true? That you have cancer?

ZYKOV  
Anaplastic cancer of the thyroid.

She grabs his arm.

SALT  
No!

ZYKOV  
(nods)  
I have six months, maybe less. And  
I've never even been to Chernobyl.

He grins at her nonetheless. She grins back.

SALT  
But Zykov gives cancer; he doesn't  
get it.

ZYKOV  
I'm not dead yet... This way.

They walk toward the shore. He doesn't offer back the gun.

A little MOTORBOAT waits. A MAN aboard.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
Twenty-two years. You must have  
thought I would never call on you.

SALT  
It would have been a pity.

They reach the decrepit dock, the motorboat and BASAYEV, a  
striking looking man in his mid-20s, a CROWN OF THORNS  
tattooed across his forehead.

He offers his hand to Salt to board. She sees the Cyrillic  
writing across his knuckles, reads it -- his name.

SALT (CONT'D)  
Vasia.

He nods in acknowledgement. Then she gets on without his  
help, sits. As he assists Zykov, she sees his other hand,  
counts the little SKULLS TATTOOED to the tops of the fingers.

SALT (CONT'D)  
Eight kills.

ZYKOV  
<When you live with wolves, you howl  
like one.>

As he kicks away from the docks, revs the outboard...

ZYKOV (CONT'D)

(re: Basayev)

My work did not end entirely the day  
the letters U-S-S-R ceased to mean  
anything.

Salt considers Basayev a beat. What is he exactly?

As they head out across the water.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)

For my whole life I prepared for one  
thing only. War with the West. And  
the West prepared for me. We were  
worthy adversaries.

SALT

Treating your adversary with respect  
gives him an advantage he does not  
deserve. That's what you taught us.

ZYKOV

That was before I was forgotten. Not  
all of us ran oil companies or bought  
soccer teams after the fall. Some of  
us had nothing. They said it was  
time to stop dividing the world into  
black and white. So now I sit in the  
FSB building in Moscow. With a beach  
and a coconut tree on the wall.  
Worrying about the Chechnens and  
defectors in London. I thought I had  
nothing left but my secrets.

SALT

Secrets like me.

ZYKOV

Like you. My agents are the last  
children of the cold war. My great  
asset. I used them to rebuild.

(a beat)

And what has become of the two great  
Cold War nations? Without each other  
we are purposeless, lost. Fighting  
the Iraqis, blackmailing the  
Ukrainians. While the Chinese and  
India take over. Where is our honor?

Basayev eases off the throttle as they near a RUSTED BARGE.  
She sees a man wearing a shoulder holster waiting for them on  
deck. Then, back to Zykov.



SALT

So what will we do? What is our mission now?

ZYKOV

*Tabula rasa.* A clean slate. The Soviets and the Americans will reach their intertwined destinies and the world will be cleansed as a result.

He has something in mind and it sounds dangerous and big.

SALT

How?

ZYKOV

Soon you will know... But first things first as they say.

Basayev catches the side of the barge, holds the motorboat steady as Salt and Zykov climb the rusty welded ladder rungs. A tetanus shot waiting to happen.

DECK

Joined by Basayev, they cross to a large open HATCH. A dull glow of light below. Seems a shit direction to be travelling.

SALT

What's down there?

ZYKOV

Well, it occurs to me that perhaps you've changed. And I need to be sure you have not.

SALT

I proved myself at St. Patrick's. Wouldn't you say?

ZYKOV

You did well, but what I have in mind is too important not to be sure.

He raises his eyebrows. Salt shrugs, heads down into...

THE BOWELS

Skirts the standing water as she heads toward the light.

A couple of car battery WORKLIGHTS have been set up. FIVE heavy RUSSIAN MOBSTERS here. Standing at the edge of a TANK. Two of them armed with ASSAULT RIFLES.

Salt is followed by Basayev and Zykov. Finally she has the angle to see down inside:

THE TANK

Standing in the bottom -- Her husband MIKE. His ankle chained to a fitting on the tank floor. As he looks up...

SALT

Dead still. Whatever the thought is that's screaming through her brain is hers and hers alone to know.

THE BOWELS

Zykov steps up beside Salt.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
You're surprised?

Still looking at Mike...

SALT  
No. I knew that you had him.

Zykov studies her in the dim light.

ZYKOV  
Are you ready to watch him die?

Mike locked on her as...

SALT  
(shrugs)  
Give me a gun.

ZYKOV  
That would be too easy.

Zykov nods to the unarmed Russian gangster. He pulls a handle, opening a valve.

A rushing sound as WATER POURS rapidly into the tank, gushing round Mike's feet, covering the floor.

SALT  
Either way. It doesn't matter to me.

ZYKOV  
Doesn't it?

SALT  
No.

Mike grim, never takes his eyes off Salt.

ZYKOV  
The truth is...

The water now gushing around Mike's knees. Coming up fast.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
It is the privilege of those who fear  
love to murder those who do not.

Zykov smiles down at Mike, addresses him as he strokes Salt's cheek with the back of his hand.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
She hears me, she recognizes me, she  
is mine, a possession for all time.

The water at Mike's waist.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
Do you think you ever had her? You  
were merely a plaything. A surrogate  
for her loneliness.

Zykov truly a nasty, sinister piece of work. He runs his hand casually down her body.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
She has always been mine. Her mouth?  
Her tongue? I taught her to use  
them, I taught her to love. What you  
felt was me.

As Zykov leans in to kiss Salt's throat, it gives Mike a chance to glance up above, then back at her. The water at his chest.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)  
She is the monster I created.

As Zykov drills Mike with a look, Salt has a moment to glance above where Mike tried to direct her.

WHAT SHE SEES:

Caught in a flash of light: a SPIDER sitting in a LARGE WEB.

SALT

Looks back down at...

MIKE

The water up just under his chin. The slightest flare in his eyes. He's trying to tell her something.

SALT

Neutral. At least she appears so as Zykov watches her. We don't know if the message has been passed or not.

CATWALK

The waters creeps up Mike's cheeks. He tilts his head back, but still keeps his eyes on her.

Salt stares back. One last moment before the water swallows him up.

At a nod from Zykov, the gangster pulls the handle, shutting off the water. Just a few inches above Mike's upturned face.

A frozen beat before bubbles erupt from Mike's mouth and nose in sudden, tortured bursts.

And Salt witnesses every moment. A beholder. And Zykov watches her as...

Mike's hands break the surface as he flails. Finally a last silent scream, his mouth dark and wide. Until Death claims him. And his body settles away into the murk below.

Salt turns, looks frankly to Zykov. Then: kisses Zykov on the mouth. Even Basayev raises an eyebrow. Salt pulls back.

SALT

Satisfied?

ZYKOV

Satisfied.

He takes her arm, starts walking her back the other way.

ZYKOV (CONT'D)

The Russians are at the abyss. Now for the Americans. Tonight they meet at Camp David The President, his cabinet, the Joint Chiefs and NATO representatives. We will be there as well. Helping them generate their reply to the Russian sabre rattling.

(a beat)

You'll be brought in by David Cerny, a Czech Colonel, the NATO liaison.

SALT  
He's one of us?

Zykov smiles at a private joke, then nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DELAWARE - EARLY EVENING

As a CESSNA CITATION touches down, taxis over to a hangar.  
An official looking SEDAN waiting as...

THE CESSNA

Turns, taxis into the HANGAR.

DAVID CERNY gets out of the sedan. In his blue NATO UNIFORM.  
He steps up, watches as the Cessna's door is opened. And  
stepping off the plane... a MAN. In the blue uniform of a  
NATO MAJOR. He SALUTES. Cerny returns the gesture...

CERNY  
Major Vicek. Good to see you again.  
This way.

MOVE WITH Vicek as Cerny leads him to the car. And as we  
realize we are looking at Salt as a man.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - AIRSTRIP - EARLY EVENING

Cerny behind the wheel. Salt/Vicek beside him as they drive.

CERNY  
Do you remember me? Chenkov.

She studies him. Not yet. He gives her a hint.

CERNY (CONT'D)  
Did you miss me?

As she recognizes those palest BLUE EYES.

SALT  
Shnaider.

Cerny/Shnaider smiles, nods. Salt can't help but LAUGH.

SALT (CONT'D)  
You finally stopped crying.  
(he nods; pleased)  
How long have you been here?

SHNAIDER/CERNY

I left Russia one year after you. To Prague. I've been the NATO liaison to the White House for three years.

SALT

Zykov thought of everything.  
(assumes an accent)  
I am NATO Major Jiri Vicek from Karlovy Vary.

He hands her Vicek's CREDENTIALS and wallet. Then a set of ARCHITECTURAL SCHEMATICS clearly marked as Camp David.

Shnaider flips a page to: a SIDE VIEW. An ELEVATOR SHAFT running deep below Camp David to a SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER below. Shnaider taps his finger on it.

SHNAIDER

That's where the President needs to be.

SALT

Tell me more.

SHNAIDER

We are not the primary. We are secondary, diversionary.

And as they continue and the windshield wipers THWAK...

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - RUSSIAN AIR FORCE ONE - NIGHT

A RUSSIAN FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN rests in the plane's conference room. Two members of the SECURITY DETAIL sit guard.

SPEAKER VOICE

*<We are making the final descent on Vnukovo Airport. Please fasten your seatbelts.>*

The security detail boys react at a muffled coffin sound. Another. They exchange looks like: "Did you hear that?"

Suddenly, a POUNDING from INSIDE the coffin.

They unlatch their seat belts, jump up at a muffled shout. And they're unlatching, pulling open the lid to reveal:

A bewildered, but very alive President Maelev.

BORIS MAELEV  
*<What the fuck happened to me?!>*

They don't have an answer as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - WOODED HIGHWAY (ROLLING) NIGHT

As they pass a SIGN: Naval Research Facility --

-- Shnaider turns left down a short road, stops behind several other OFFICIAL looking CARS waiting to pass through a MARINE CHECKPOINT.

GUARD TOWERS loom over a DOUBLE-GATE "mantrap" system.

Shnaider looks to Salt.

SHNAIDER  
 Welcome to Camp David, Major Vicek.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING CENTER - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

The President's MIL AIDE sits stock still against the wall, a HEAVY BRIEFCASE rests in his lap.

The room fully equipped with all the same sat-com and teleconference technology as the White House.

The President is deep in conversation with his CHIEF OF STAFF, National Security Advisor MILLER and SEC DEF CHALMERS.

The President flips through a set of SATELLITE THERMAL IMAGING as Miller points out...

MILLER  
 These are temperature-drops in mobile missile units across the Kaliningrad Oblast and in southern Baikal.

PRESIDENT  
 What exactly does that mean?

SEC DEF CHALMERS  
 It means Barisovsky has the Russians fueling their rockets. We assume you don't gas up unless you're getting ready to go.

As it settles on the President a beat, the First Lady steps up. She's very aware she's interrupting something heavy.

FIRST LADY

I'm going to the screening room for a movie. Okay?

He squeezes her hand, nods. A beat between them and she goes.

PRESIDENT

So what do we do?

MILLER

Even if they're posturing, the only meaningful response will be our own ICBM's being fueled. The Russians will read it and notice will be served.

SEC DEF CHALMERS

We should put some planes in the air, surface move a submarine or two and open some silo doors. That and go from Defcon 4 to Defcon 3. At least at our forward bases.

PRESIDENT

(disbelief)

This was supposed to be a Russian American fraternal summit, not a crises meeting to go to Defcon 3.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE CHECKPOINT - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

The gate ahead of the sedan closed, the gate behind closing. Shnaider hands a MARINE GUARD on his side his NATO ID.

SHNAIDER

Good to see you again, Sergeant.

Salt hands hers to a GUARD on her side. As TWO OTHERS look under the car with mirrors...

GUARD FIVE

Could you pop the trunk, Sir?

He reaches, pops it. The Sergeant hands him back his ID.

SHNAIDER

You think the Redskins have a chance at the playoffs?

MARINE SERGEANT

(after a beat)

Nice try.



Salt frowns, tenses. Are they made?

MARINE SERGEANT (CONT'D)

We know you NATO folks only care  
about soccer, Sir.

Shnaider smiles. As the Sergeant waves the gate open...

SEDAN

They drive through. Past a FIRE STATION.

Past a landing zone where a floodlit MARINE ONE sits.

And past a trench-coated SECRET SERVICE AGENT who directs  
them into a SMALL PARKING LOT.

Past the President's LIMO and SECURITY MOTORCADE VEHICLES.

Shnaider parks facing Marine One. He looks at it through the  
windshield a beat, then turns the steering wheel, almost as  
through making an adjustment.

As they exit, we hold on the dash where a discreet AMBER  
LIGHT starts to blink.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCIAL CENTER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Military BRASS and SUITS going through the Secret Service  
CHECKPOINT at the Social Center Entrance. (The buildings  
here are lodge style, not official looking at all).

As Salt and Shnaider are directed that way, he points out  
another lodge-style BUILDING beyond.

SHNAIDER

Briefing center. The president's in  
there.

They show their visitor's badges to the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS  
at the doors. They're checked and waved through.

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIAL CENTER - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

A FIRE burns. Refreshments are served. Shnaider points out  
HAYES who is coming toward them. Low to Salt:

SHNAIDER

Bill Hayes, Special Assistant to the  
President. You don't know him.

As Hayes steps up, shakes Shnaider's hand.

HAYES  
Colonel Cerny, good to see you.

He turns to Salt, who also shakes. And introduces herself in a well modulated 'male' voice.

SALT  
Major Vicek.

HAYES  
Pleased.  
(to Shnaider)  
You'll have two minutes to preview NATO's point of view before the main meeting starts.

SHNAIDER  
Now?

HAYES  
About five minutes -- Excuse me.

He turns as his earpiece chirps to life. He looks around.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
(into his Nextel)  
Got him. Thirty seconds.

He steps to the buffet table, taps a MAN on the shoulder.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
They're asking for you.

The man turns. It's Winter! As Hayes leads them past, he almost walks into Salt.

WINTER  
I'm sorry.

Doesn't recognize him/her at all. As Salt watches him exit.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRIEFING CENTER - NIGHT

Winter sits across from the President.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
You're on the CIA's Russia Desk, Mr. Winter, what's your assessment?

PRESIDENT

Screw assessments. Our intel says a Russian Agent killed Maelev. What the hell are they up to?

WINTER

I think Barisovsky knows we weren't behind the hit on Maelev. But he's a hard-liner; he needs to consolidate power right now. Especially if Maelev's assassination was in reality a coup-d'etat.

A STAFFER interrupts.

STAFFER

We have the footage ready, Sir.

The President nods. They turn to the big video screen.

CHIEF OF STAFF

(to Winter)

From your offices yesterday.

ON SCREEN: Hallway security camera footage as: Bottoms and the security officer reacting to the alarm.

Zykov kick his bladed toe into the security officer's thigh, dropping him and --

Getting the steel line garrote around Bottoms' throat.

The security officer reaches for his gun until Zykov 'kicks' the blade up through his throat.

PRESIDENT

Good god...

Zykov releases Bottoms, takes the security officer's 9mm and ID and calmly exits frame.

CHIEF OF STAFF

What do you have on him?

WINTER

Not much. Oleg Zykov...

He passes out files.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Mid-level bureaucrat. Works in Moscow at the FSB headquarters. In the Domestic Counter Terrorism Unit.

PRESIDENT

And the CIA agent who killed Maelev?  
What do you have on her?

WINTER

Evelyn Salt. Her history, spotless.  
Her record, exemplary. The only  
thing that raises a red flag, in  
hindsight, is her parents died in the  
Soviet Union.

MILLER

How's that?

WINTER

Car accident. 1988. They were  
teachers at the US Embassy. For the  
American children of the staff.  
Their daughter, Salt, was badly hurt  
in the crash, but she survived.

As they consider this...

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIAL CENTER - NIGHT

Hayes gives Shnaider and Salt the high sign. They're up. As  
they follow him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

Hayes leads the way as they cross the ground from the social  
center to the briefing center.

A little behind Salt, Shnaider reaches in his jacket, pulls  
out his CAR KEYS. He presses a button on the remote then --

-- Sweeps Salt down to the ground as...

CUT TO:

THE NATO SEDAN - PARKING LOT

EXPLODES! With extreeeeeme prejudice. A pulsing surge of  
fury radiating out from it.

On one side: a FLEET OF CARS lift off their wheels, are  
slammed back, windshields IMPLODING.

On the other side: Marine One is enveloped in a FIREBALL and KNOCKED to its side.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS)

As Hayes is blown off his feet like a rag doll.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING CENTER - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT (SIMULTANEOUS)

Winter, the President, SecDef Chalmers and NSA Miller react as the windows BLOW OUT!

The Mil Aide with the briefcase is knocked off his chair as windows on either side of him blow out.

CUT TO:

SALT & SHNAIDER

Still on the ground. She looks up in time to see:

MARINE ONE

EXPLODING! All 88 feet of it. Much of the force directs upwards. The ROTOR HUB and DRIVE SHAFT hurtle PAST CAMERA. BURNING DIESEL and FLAMING WRECKAGE start to rain down...

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Shnaider to his feet as a SECRET SERVICE AGENT rushes past. He CLOTHESLINES him, relieves him of his UZI and his SIG-Sauer which he tosses to Salt.

As she looks to the wreckage of Marine One...

SHNAIDER

(a grin)

I should have mentioned that.

(now urgent)

They'll move the president to the bunker.

(pointing)

That way for you, this way for me.

We take out as many agents as we can.

A beat and Shnaider dashes off.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING CENTER - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, including JENKS (the Agent on the President), haul ass in. They each grab the President by an arm, start to hustle him out.

AGENT JENKS  
(radio)  
Geronimo is SOP to the LBOC!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIEFING CENTER - NIGHT

They haul the President through the door and outside. Winter and Miller follow, along with Chalmers who assists the Mil Aide. He grips his briefcase.

MILLER  
Where are we going?

AGENT JENKS  
Marine One is down. Protocol is  
evacuation to the bunker!

The President fights them to a stop. The darkness lit by burning fuel which has even set the roof of the Social Center on fire.

PRESIDENT  
Where's my wife?! Someone locate my  
wife!

JENKS  
Her detail is looking after her, sir.  
Now move.

Jenks physically compels him along. They'll protect him from himself if they have to.

SALT

In the shadows, watching them pass, turning at GUNFIRE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE CHECKPOINT - CAMP DAVID

An 18-YEAR-OLD MARINE FIRING his rifle into the night. The gate Sergeant grabbing him by the arm.

MARINE SERGEANT  
What are you shooting at?!

He doesn't answer, obviously doesn't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Shnaider, pretending to stagger, with his jacket in his hand, as SEVEN SECRET SERVICE AGENTS motor toward him on their way to the parking lot.

SHNAIDER

There are men that way! Coming over  
the fence!

As they turn...

Shnaider lets the UZI RIP. Through his jacket. As all seven agents go down.

CUT TO:

EXT. DORMITORY - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

The six-member CAT TEAM (counter assault) roll out. Gas masks, body armor, tooled up to the teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

The President hustled along. All others can keep up or die as far as the Secret Service are concerned.

CUT TO:

SALT

In the trees, shadowing the President. She pauses as TWO AGENTS rumble past, then reacts to more GUNFIRE, SCREAMS behind her.

CUT TO:

SHNAIDER

He's just killed another three agents.

As he turns, he sees Salt standing there. He gives her a curious look, then frowns. Something's not right.

She's pointing the Sig-Sauer at him.

SHNAIDER

Chenkov...

SALT  
My name is Salt.

Her eyes flaring as BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shnaider's headed for the green green grass of home.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASPEN LODGE - NIGHT

THREE MORE AGENTS here. The CAT team arriving as Jenks leads up the President, Winter, Miller, Chalmers and the Mil Aide.

AGENT AT DOOR  
First Lady is en route. We got about ten people inside.

JENKS  
(to CAT leader)  
The first lady and her party. No one else gets in. Defend this position.

As the CAT leader nods, Jenks takes everyone else inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDS - CAMP DAVID - NIGHT

A GOLF CART bouncing along. The three agents aboard, two of them sandwiching the First Lady in the back.

As they follow the cart path, all guns suddenly aimed at the FIGURE ahead. Illuminated by the cart's headlights:

A NATO MAJOR

Jiri Vicek. Hands raised. BLOOD all over 'his' face.

PRIMARY AGENT  
Hold your fire. That's NATO.

FIRST LADY  
God, look at him. Stop!

They pull up. The blood is probably Shnaider's.

SALT/MAJOR VICEK  
(best Czech accent)  
Explosion...

PRIMARY AGENT  
Get in.

CUT TO:



EXT. ASPEN LODGE - NIGHT

Forward of the entry facing out. The CAT team radios bleat:

AGENT ONE

I have Cherokee inbound to Aspen.

They watch as the bouncing headlight appears. They wave them in. As the Agents, the First Lady and Salt disembark...

CUT TO:

INT. ASPEN LODGE - UPPER BUNKER ENTRY - NIGHT

Some of the other Camp David STAFF are here with their Secret Service escorts. The ELEVATOR doors open.

The President, Winter, Chalmers Miller, the Mil Aide and Jenks step out. As all eyes turn to the President.

PRESIDENT

Everyone stay safe and we will figure this out.

That said he's hustled down a corridor where another ELEVATOR waits, guarded by two more AGENTS. Jenks punches in a code. As the elevator doors open to receive them...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR ONE - NIGHT

On its way down with the First Lady, Salt and the agents. The Primary Agent listens over the radio.

PRIMARY AGENT

The President is safe, Ma'am. He's on his way down to the lower bunker.

FIRST LADY

Let him know I'm okay.

They stop. The doors ping open.

UPPER BUNKER ENTRY

As the First Lady greets the staff there...

SALT cruises past the corridor, sees the guards outside the second elevator. Cruises on and enters... THE MEN'S ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Inside the LBOC elevator. As the doors open, Winter and the President and his party step out...

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - NIGHT

Salt pulls her way in from the men's room. Back pressed to the wall, she replaces the grill behind her. A straight drop.

As she quickly 'back-scoots' down the shaft toward the side shafts and VENT FANS spinning below.

CUT TO:

INT. LBOC BUNKER PORTAL - NIGHT

The President, and the others step through the bunker's MASSIVE DOOR - 10 feet high and 5 feet thick. Once everyone is through... Agent Jenks hits a panel button: the door starts closing. He looks to TWO OF HIS AGENTS.

AGENT JENKS

Take this position.

As Jenks takes the group further into the bunker...

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION DUCT - NIGHT

Vertical now, Salt moving along quietly. It isn't that difficult over the mechanics of the closing bunker door.

Ahead the duct reaches its end point (at the bunker wall). She looks down through a vent, sees the backs of the two rear-guard secret service agents below.

BUNKER PORTAL CORRIDOR

The Secret Service Agents standing sentry as the door continues to close behind them.

Unaware as the vent screen lifts away behind and above them.

All their focus ahead, as Salt uncoils down from the shaft, hangs there above. Still, until --

She unleashes a KICK into the side of the first agent's head. As he drops and --

-- The second agent wheels --

Salt drops, lands low. Comes up under his chin. As he staggers back --

-- The door continues to close beyond.

Salt chops at his arm, knocks away his gun.

As she glances to the door -- he catches her with a hard right, moves to follow.

She ducks, comes up with a left-right-left and finishes with a wicked elbow across his temple. As he drops --

Salt scoops his gun, makes a HARD DASH for the door which is nearly closed and --

-- She dives through and into...

THE BUNKER ENTRANCE

Tucking and rolling like the gymnast she once was. Ending in a crouch, she looks back as the door shuts with finality.

Salt wipes at her face, tears off what remains of her facial prosthesis after getting punched. Looking more like her old self again.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Ringed with video screens: some clear, some cycling through surveillance views, some showing CNN and other news services. All playing silently. A team of THREE TECHS.

One side of the room is a 5x12 foot reinforced GLASS WINDOW looking out at another larger CONFERENCE ROOM beyond. This room is empty.

The President, Agent Jenks, Winter and all the others enter through a HEAVY OPEN DOOR on the right.

LEAD TECH

We have the Director Medford up.

On one screen: CIA DIRECTOR MEDFORD at Langley. The President looks to a Tech who switches on the two-way.

PRESIDENT

What the situation, Dan?

DIRECTOR MEDFORD

What's the situation there?! We're hearing all sorts of wild reports.

PRESIDENT

I'm fine. We're down in the bunker.  
What's going on with the Russians?

DIRECTOR MEDFORD

We're not sure. Something strange.

WINTER

Dan, it's Ted Winter. Strange how?

Director Medford can obviously see him on his end.

DIRECTOR MEDFORD

Everything's in flux, but our intel  
as of five minutes ago says that  
Maelev's successor Barisovsky is no  
longer in power.

PRESIDENT

What? How is that possible?

DIRECTOR MEDFORD

All we know is chain of command to  
him has been broken off.

MILLER

There may have been a coup.  
(to President)

It would be prudent to look at the  
SIOP options, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Do you think we've reached that  
point, Challie?

SEC DEF CHALMERS

I think all our options need to be on  
the table. We need to be ready.

The President nods, looks to the Mil Aide who steps up. As  
he turns the combination on the briefcase...

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - PENTAGON - NIGHT

A flashy high tech room. Right now the screens flooded with  
information on Russia. A PHONE set by itself starts to RING.  
A 3-STAR GENERAL answers: it can only be one person.

3-STAR

Yes, Mr. President...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY ONE - LOWER BUNKER - NIGHT

SIG-Sauer leading the way, Salt makes her way along.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Winter watches anxiously as the President and the Mil Aide, both on separate phones, both in the middle of reading code off of cards.

PRESIDENT	MIL AIDE
...Z-evergreen-9-X-7-Memphis- W-6.	...Trinidad-7-J-S-A-copper-5- T.

3-STAR'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
Authentication codes confirmed.

The briefcase has been attached by a high speed cable to the control panel. The president sets his palm down on the briefcase's built-in BIOMETRIC SCANNER. As it read his fingerprints, flashes identity confirmed --

--The op center screens fill with similar information as those at the Pentagon.

But suddenly another screen is more interesting.

TECH THREE  
Look at this.

The control tech has stopped the scroll at a particular security camera image: The two secret service agents now semi-conscious outside the closed portal door.

Agent Jenks steps over, switches to an IMAGE of another AGENT in a hallway. We see him up close, face forward. Standing there. On guard.

AGENT JENKS  
(into radio)  
Simmons, what do you got out there?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TWO - LBOC - NIGHT

Agent Simmons standing stock still. Just around the corner a few feet ahead of him (out of camera range), Salt points a gun straight at his head. She looks to his radio, nods.

AGENT SIMMONS  
(into radio)  
I'm all clear.

Salt motions him to step toward her.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

As Agent Jenks reacts.

AGENT JENKS  
(to room)  
Something's wrong. He just said the  
distress words.

On screen: Agent Simmons steps forward out of sight.

Agent Jenks switches camera views to the other hallway. We see Salt clock Simmons across the head with the barrel of her gun. Down he goes.

MILLER  
Who the hell is she?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT  
That's a NATO uniform. A major.

WINTER  
That's Evelyn Salt. She killed  
Maelev. She's the Russian.

Another SCREEN shows Salt advancing down a hall.

AGENT JENKS  
She's coming this way.

Agent Jenks and his other two agents all point their guns at the door. Agent Jenks has an UZI on a sling, his SIG-SAUER still holstered.

AGENT JENKS (CONT'D)  
(to Tech Three)  
Close that door.

Tech Three hits a switch. Agent Jenks glances to the security camera view of the hallway outside the door. Empty.

AGENT JENKS (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
I need every agent in the facility to  
the ops center. We are breached. At  
least one intruder in a NATO uniform.

And the HEAVY DOOR slides into place, seats and seals itself with a hermetic whoosh. No sooner done then...

The security cam shows Salt arrive at the closed door, the SIG-SAUER in one hand, Simmons' Uzi in the other.

WINTER

Give me your pistol; I'm qualified on it.

AGENT JENKS

No. Only the Secret Service possess firearms in the President's vicinity.

Winter stepping up alongside Agent Jenks.

WINTER

Screw protocol! There's an enemy agent out here!

Tough minded Jenks shakes his head. All eyes on the screen as Salt looks for a way to open the door. There is none.

AGENT JENKS

Protocol is protocol.

Without warning, Winter grabs the handle of Jenks' SIG-Sauer and turns it inward (still holstered) and FIRES twice through Jenks' chest.

WINTER

And dead is dead.

As Jenks falls, Winter smoothly intercepts his Uzi, opens fire across the room. RAT-A-TAT. SecDef Chalmers and the two other Secret Service Agents go down as well as the Lead and Second Tech.

Winter has to move to the side to kill the Mil Aide who has taken cover behind the console.

SALT

Hears the muffled sounds of GUNFIRE within.

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

Winter swings on Miller, who blinks in astonishment.

MILLER

But... I'm the National Security Advisor.

A BURST and he's no longer employed. Winter steps forward to blow away the third tech cowering behind the console.

As the President goes for one of the fallen agent's guns, Winter swings the Uzi practically into his face. The President freezes.

WINTER

Sit - down.

The President does as he's told.

PRESIDENT

Who are you?

WINTER

My name, Mr. President, is Nikolai Tarkovsky. And I am the last person you will ever meet.

SALT - HALLWAY

Turning at a set of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. Salt runs to meet them at the corner. Barrelling into --

-- TWO more AGENTS. A leg sweep on one, DISCHARGING his gun into the ceiling as he falls.

The heel of her palm up under the chin of the second. A brutal knee drives him back into the wall.

She knocks his gun away, wheels to head kick the first agent on the ground. He's out, but Salt --

-- Catches an elbow in the face from the second agent. She comes up under his guard, digs her fists into either side of his rib cage and then HEADBUTTS him into unconsciousness.

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

The President and Winter react as on screen: the Agent drops unconscious and Salt disappears around the corner.

WINTER (CONT'D)

(re: football)

Let's look at some selective attack options. Russian military, industrial and civilian targets.

The President is frightened, but defiant.

PRESIDENT

Go to hell.



As the President moves to stand - WHACK! - Winter pistol whips him across the head. As he falls unconscious.

Winter types into the football's keyboard to access a selective attack option or SAO.

And suddenly Salt can be seen through the glass entering the CONFERENCE ROOM. She looks in, sees the blood on the glass, on the walls. Sees the President clutching his bloody arm. But mostly she sees Winter there Uzi in hand.

SALT

Ted?

Reacting to her voice over the speaker, Winter sees Salt: her nose bleeding, a SIG-Sauer in one hand, an UZI in the other. He gives her an odd smile. Scanning the console, he throws a switch on the speaker on his side.

WINTER

*<Privyet, Comrade Chenkov. We are about to set the world on fire.>*

CONFERENCE ROOM

As Salt stares at him, still tries to understand.

WINTER (CONT'D)

(over speakers)

*<You don't know how many times I almost confided in you. Almost told you everything. I was the prototype. Comrade Zykov's first born. The rest of you were all modelled after me.>*

Salt responds in English.

SALT

Open the door. Let me in.

WINTER

Oh, let's speak in Russian. How I longed for it over the years. To speak my native tongue.

(laughs)

You know, I used to go to the Lincoln Memorial. When it was deserted. At one, two in the morning. And I would whisper to him in Russian.

(grins)

*<Privyet, Abraham.>*

SALT

*<Let me in.>*

WINTER

(shakes his head)

*<I think it's better for you to stay out there. There may be more Secret Service Agents to deal with.>*

She nods, agrees, then suddenly raises the SIG-Sauer and --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- she fires three shots in about a second. At Winter. Who just stands there a foot from the glass.

He looks at three slugs that should have slammed through his head, but are now embedded in the very bullet-proof glass. As he looks back to her...

SALT

You told Zykov, didn't you? About Mike. You told him my loyalty needed to be tested.

Winter taps the glass by the bullets with his finger.

WINTER

Didn't it?

She looks past him to a MONITOR running CNN, smiles.

SALT

There's your answer.

Winter sees the report on screen: BORIS MAELEV can be seen descending the stairs from the Russian Air Force One.

Winter hits the volume.

CNN ANCHOR'S VOICE

Once again - Boris Maelev, the Russian President is alive. You are watching live footage as he arrives at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport. Initial reports indicate some form of temporary paralysis...

Stunned, Winter looks back to Salt.

SALT

Once his doctors run the tests, they may or may not find the toxin of a beetle, *Dermestes Vulpinus*.

WINTER

(realizing)

*Traitor! You fucking traitor!>*

Winter flinches at a RATCHET OF GUNFIRE as Salt unloads the Uzi into the glass. In a circle. She grabs a chair from the conference table.

SCREAMING, she flings in into the center of the bullet circle. It bounces off.

WINTER (CONT'D)  
Made in America, huh?

SALT  
I'm going to kill you.

The computer console BEEPS and the screen lists the SAO's. With Russian TARGET MAPS.

WINTER  
(a beat)  
Excuse us now, we have a launch to initiate.

Winter types into the briefcase. Salt can see the target screens through the glass.

SALT  
At Russia? Doesn't that make you the traitor?

WINTER  
We are not loyal to mother Russia, Chenkov. We are loyal to Oleg Zykov.

She stares a beat as Winter continues to type.

Then she focuses beyond, on the inside of the locked HEAVY DOOR. Her eyes focus in on the panel control to the right side of it, gauging its placement. Then Salt dashes out.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE LBOC DOORWAY

As one of the agents regains consciousness - WHAM! - Salt puts him out again.

Rolling him over she pulls FIVE CLIPS from his ammo holster. She slaps the first into the Uzi, unloads the entire clip into the wall to the left (from this side) of the door.

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

Winter looking over at the surveillance screen as Salt unloads clip number two. Then she looks directly into the screen, aims the SIG-Sauer and off the muzzle flash --

The screen goes black.

Winter turns back to what he's doing. As we hear the percussive thumping of the third clip...

The screen flashes: Identity Confirmation Requested.

Winter hauls the unconscious President over, sets his palm on the briefcase's scanner. A beat and then...

The screen flashes: COUNTDOWN INITIATED... 00:01:00...  
00:00:59...

HALLWAY OUTSIDE LBOC DOORWAY

RAT-A-RAT-A-TAT. Salt tosses away the Uzi, then starts with the SIG-Sauer, aiming the barrel straight into a hole torn into the wall. The rounds explode! Then another clip and ten more shots.

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

Winter has one eye on the countdown (00:00:48) and another on the door.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE LBOC DOORWAY

A heavy metal ELECTRIC HOUSING is torn open enough to expose the wiring inside.

Salt leans into the hole in the wall, eyes scanning.

She drops the gun, then pinches out TWO WIRES, STRIPS them with her TEETH. As she's about to twist them together...

VOICE

FREEZE!

A NEW AGENT in the hallway, drawn down dead at her.

SALT

Not now...

NEW AGENT

Step away from what you're doing.

A beat as Salt considers her options, then starts twisting the wires together.

The agent FIRES TWICE, hitting her in the chest. As she hits the deck...

The door gives off a PNEUMATIC HISS as it disengages.

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

00:00:36...

Winter aiming as the door slides back TO REVEAL the new agent crossing by. BLAM! Winter fires, kills him.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE LBOC DOORWAY

Salt's shirt shredded where the rounds tore through into her Kevlar.

She picks up the pistol, rolls to a crouch and catapults herself into the...

LOWER BUNKER OPERATIONS CENTER

Winter firing high as she comes in low.

She tumbles across the floor, leaps, taking a bullet in the Kevlar chest, spinning, knocking the gun from Winter's hand.

00:00:30...

Winter catches her with a right, a left, blood flying.

Salt ducks under a third blow, tackling Winter across one of the consoles.

She rises up, swings down. Whump, whump, whump...

00:00:25...

Winter reaches, grabs Salt by the neck and sends her smashing off the console.

Winter goes for the dropped gun...

Salt crashing across him.

00:00:19...

He backfists her, snaps back her head. Follows with a vicious kick into her side.

As Salt goes down, he lunges, wraps his hands around her throat.

00:00:16...

Salt manages to get her knee up under Winter's chest, forces him back just far enough to connect with a wicked right elbow, then swings back with a left.

A two-inch GASH opens over Winter's eyebrow, BLOOD pouring.

00:00:13...

But they're near the gun. As Winter grabs it, she catches his wrist, twists his arm into a submission...

He strains until - SNAP - his arm breaks.

As Winter howls, she grabs a handful of hair, pounds his head into the floor, over and over, until she sees...

00:00:09..

Salt releases Winter, scrambles to the President.

He's groggy, half-conscious.

SALT

Don't worry, Mr. President, I voted for you.

00:00:07...

She sets his hand on the scanner. As it reads...

00:00:03...

Salt slaps the ABORT BUTTON. The countdown freezes at 00:00:01. As it does, Winter staggers to his feet.

Sees TWO AGENTS rush past the glass. On their way.

WINTER

(for show)  
Help me!

FOOTFALLS in the hall. As he grins at Salt --

She takes a hard step forward, KICKS Winter full in the face, drives the bone of his nose up and into his brain.

Salt immediately raises her hands over her head --

-- As the two agents enter, guns pointed.

AGENT

On the floor!

She obeys. Finds herself looking across at Winter who stares lifelessly at the ceiling, his face flat. And as Salt closes her eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

FEDERAL CARS, POLICE CARS, SWAT WAGONS, NEWS VANS. This place is the center of the Universe right now.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL WARD - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Salt seated at a table. Still in her NATO uniform pants and T-shirt. Teeth chipped, her arms covered in bruises, nose broken. Two HUGE COPS stand watching her.

She folds a piece of paper. Under her breath, as she folds:

SALT

I pledge allegiance to the flag.

(another fold)

Of the United states of America.

(another)

And to the republic for which it stands.

(another)

One nation, under God, indivisible.

(another)

With liberty and justice...

A final fold.

SALT (CONT'D)

For all.

Peabody enters, sits across the table from her.

Salt holds up a rough paper approximation of a folded napkin: it almost looks like a flower.

SALT (CONT'D)

Lily goblet fold... In my new life

I'm trying not to be so utilitarian.

PEABODY

Cigarette?

He offers from a pack. She takes one. As he lights it...

PEABODY (CONT'D)

Someone stopped the missile launch.

The president was unconscious. That

means it was either you or Winter.

And the President says Winter started

it. So...?

She doesn't answer.

PEABODY (CONT'D)  
Did you save the world, Salt?

She still doesn't answer.

PEABODY (CONT'D)  
If so, who did you save it from?

SALT  
Them.

PEABODY  
Define 'them'.

She doesn't answer, finally...

SALT  
Me...

She looks up, at some fixed spot above and past him. Looks about as sad as can be.

PEABODY  
Listen, Salt. Winter we can figure out. He led a life, he left a trail. We'll trace it back. We will fucking dissect him if we have to. But Zykov's still out there. We may have a chance to get him before he leaves the country.

She's CRYING now. Finally really crying even though she's from Grozny. As she looks at whatever she's focused on.

Peabody looks back over his shoulder.

High up, the CHICKEN WIRE GLASS was struck at some point in the past. A roundish "SPIDER-WEBBED" crack radiates out.

SALT  
(still looking)  
They killed my husband. And I watched and I did nothing. Because of that goddamn vow I took.

PEABODY  
What? Some KGB vow?

SALT  
CIA. Remember? Country, duty, and the greater fucking good.  
(a painful beat)  
I guess I'm wired that way.



PEABODY

Where'd they do it? Where'd they  
kill Mike? Tell me so I can go after  
Zykov.

SALT

You know why Mike liked spiders? It  
was the webs. He knew everything  
about webs. He even memorized this  
poem. And taught it to me.  
(finally looks at him)  
You want to hear it?

PEABODY

(humoring her)  
Sure.

Salt wipes her eyes, starts so softly:

SALT

The spider, dropping down from twig,  
unfolds a plan of her devising, a  
thin premeditated rig, to use in  
rising. And all that journey down  
through space, in cool descent and  
loyal hearted, she spins a ladder to  
the place from where she started.  
Thus I, gone forth as spiders do, in  
spider's web a truth discerning,  
attach one silken thread to you, for  
my returning.

And despite all his stoic professionalism, Peabody's heart  
breaks a little for Salt.

She squeezes her eyes shut, mourning, body wracked, but no  
sound coming out. As she gets control again...

SALT (CONT'D)

It's a love poem you see? He told me  
that every time I saw a spider web,  
every time, I should remember how  
much he loved me.

Now we know what Mike told her before he died.

She points back at the spider-webbed glass.

SALT (CONT'D)

Once you stop looking for them, you  
see them everywhere.

PEABODY

I'm sorry about him, Salt.

She accepts it with a nod, doesn't say anything.

PEABODY (CONT'D)  
But Zykov. Give me something.

SALT  
His name's not really Zykov. That's just what he called himself.

PEABODY  
Then what is it? Help me.

Silence. Absolute dead silence. And suddenly Salt's jaw tenses... As she grits her teeth and we hear a CRACK.

As Peabody reacts, she smiles.

SALT  
They gave us all these teeth. That's why I killed Winter. So he couldn't do it himself.  
(shrugs)  
Cyanide.

And Salt's eyes ROLL BACK WHITE in her head. And her body is WRACKED IN SEIZURE.

PEABODY  
Shit!

His chair falling over as he jumps up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Salt being raced down a hallway on a gurney, body straining in convulsions against the strap. Peabody alongside her.

As a DOCTOR joins them from an INTERSECTING HALLWAY.

PEABODY  
Goddamn Cyanide.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

In she comes, met by a team.

DOCTOR  
Hydroxocobalamin!

A NURSE hands him a SYRINGE. As he's about to inject her, Salt grabs his wrist, bends it back sending him howling.

She faked it!

Peabody stepping forward as she pulls loose the chest strap.

She catches him with a knee as she rolls off the gurney.

Catches him in a headlock up under his windpipe.

SALT  
 You really care about me...  
 (straining)  
 I'm touched.

And she rams his head into the wall knocking him unconscious.

And then she's through the doors further into the hospital, leaving the uproar in the OR behind her.

And as we PAN UP into the BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS overhead, leaving the sound to fade away, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SUN

White and unyielding. PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. FSB HEADQUARTERS - THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW - DAY

Formerly the KGB, but what's in a name?

CUT TO:

INT. FSB HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY

A wall papered with a faded floor-to-ceiling TROPICAL SCENE. A beach with a coconut palm growing out over the water.

Sitting at his large, pointless desk is Zykov. As he sips a cup of tea, a RAP at the door.

ZYKOV  
 <Enter.>

The door opens. An UNDERLING sticks his head in.

UNDERLING  
 <We have a walk-in. Female Chinese.  
 She asked to speak to you.>

ZYKOV  
*<To me? Does she speak Russian?>*

As the underling shrugs.

UNDERLING  
*<Tolerably.>*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - - DREARY GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Carrying his tea, Zykov stops at the door, looks through a little window set in it. A WOMAN sits at the familiar little table, head bowed, black hair in a tight bun.

Zykov enters, sets down his teacup and sits across from her.

ZYKOV  
*<How can I help you?>*

No answer. Zykov frowns. Suddenly doesn't like being in here with whoever this is. He subtly reaches under the desk.

ANGLE UNDERNEATH

As he presses a BUTTON under there. He can't see that the wires have been torn out.

ROOM

The Chinese woman finally speaks.

HER VOICE  
*<It's been disabled.>*

She looks up. Chinese, though perhaps on the Eurasian side. Of course Zykov recognizes EVELYN SALT when he sees her.

A nervous beat then...

ZYKOV  
 Have you come to kiss the ring?

She shakes her head. No, she hasn't. Something ferocious about her. Something vibrant.

SALT  
 I've come to tell you, that I'm free.

But he looks weary and past it. And as Zykov suddenly moves to stand...

Salt leaps the table, a WAR CRY on her lips as...

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

Zykov falling back. Salt in midair. Her hands like talons, reaching for his throat, just inches away.

Moving forward in increments.

We hear the sound of a jet plane landing. A Boeing 707. BOAC in fact. The guitar starts.

It's Back in the USSR by the Beatles and this day is not going to end well for Comrade Zykov.

PAUL MCCARTNEY

*Flew in from Miami Beach BOAC, didn't  
get to bed last night. On the way  
the paper bag was on my knee, man I  
had a dreadful flight -- I'm back in  
the USSR...*

And just as her hands reach his throat...

FADE OUT.

The End