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# **Mission: Impossible - Rogue Nation**

By Christopher McQuarrie

Benji.

Benji, do you copy?

Benji.

Oh.

Shit.

Where's Ethan?

Uh.

I can't talk right now.

The package is on the plane.

Yeah, I know.

We're currently formulate a plan B  
although technically, it's a plan C.

This isn't going very well.

I am aware of that, Brandt.

You're not helping.

Where's Ethan?

I don't know.

We're on radio silence.

That plane cannot takeoff,  
with the package on it.

You understand?

- We're working on it.

Luther? What the hell are you doing there?

You are supposed to be on  
an assignment in Malaysia.

I'm in Malaysia, I've been here 2 days.

Benji needed my help.

I didn't need help. I just...I needed  
assistance, it's a different thing.

The package is still on that plane.

We understand the package  
is on the plane.

We're trying to cripple it remotely.

- You can do that.

We can if the pilot left the  
satellite uplink switch on.

Which he has.

- And how do you access the uplink?

It involves hacking a Russian satellite.

- I can't authorise that.

Which is why I didn't ask permission.

We are under investigation for misconduct.

The package is on-board.

What do you want me to do?

Uh.  
Luther.  
I'm reading a heat bloom, Benji.  
The engines are starting.  
Yeah.  
I'm aware of that.  
But I can't do anything until  
I'm connected to the satellite.  
Benji, you are connected.  
- Okay, Great.  
The package is still on that plane.  
Shut down the fuel pump.  
Uh.  
Mechanical are lockdown.  
What about the electrical system?  
- Oh, that might work.  
No.  
No.  
Hydraulics.  
- Okay, standby.  
No, they're encrypted.  
Benji, the plane.  
Yes! The package is on the plane!  
We get it!  
Can you open the door?  
Ethan? Where are you?  
- I'm by the plane.  
Benji, can you open the door?  
Uh. Can I open the door?  
Uh. Maybe.  
Open the door when I tell you.  
I'm on the plane.  
Open the door.  
How did you get in the plane?  
Not in the plane,  
I'm on the plane!  
Open the door!  
Benji.  
Open the door!  
Yeah-yeah-yeah...  
Okay, okay.  
Benji, open that door right now!  
- Yeah, I am trying.  
Come on, Benji.

- Benji, open that door!  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Yes, got it.  
That's the wrong door!  
Benji, not that door.  
The other door.  
The other door.  
Right. Yes, the other door.  
Okay, yes, yes. Sorry, sorry.  
My bad, my bad.  
Check it out.  
Alright. Look, I'm gonna  
open the para-door.  
How's that?  
Hey.  
Hey.  
We're about to close.  
I won't be long.  
You looking for anything in particular.  
Something rare.  
Let me guess.  
Classical.  
Jazz.  
Sax.  
- Coltrain.  
Piano.  
- Monk.  
Shadow Wilson on the bass.  
Shadow Wilson played drums.  
Know why they called him Shadow?  
Because he had a light touch.  
You're in luck.  
I've a first pressing.  
It really is you.  
I've heard stories.  
They can't all be true.  
Good even, Mr. Hunt.  
The weapons you recovered in Belarus  
were confirmed to be VX nerve gas.  
Capable of devastating a major city.  
The bodies of the air crew  
were found less than...

...24 hours after they landed in Damascus.  
They were identified as  
low level Chechen separatist.  
With neither the access nor the ability...  
...to acquire the weapons  
they were transporting.  
This would support your suspicion...  
...that a shadow organization is  
committed to inciting revolution.  
By enabling acts of terror in  
nations friendly to Western interests.  
IMF suspects this to be the  
same shadow organization...  
...you have been tracking for the last year  
Also known as the Syndicate.  
IMF would be right.  
Normally, you and your  
team would be tasked...  
...with infiltrating and disrupting  
this terrorist network,  
but we have taken steps to  
ensure that this will not happen.  
Because, we, are the Syndicate,  
Mr. Hunt.  
And now we know who you are.  
Your mission, should you  
choose to accept it,  
is to face your fate.  
Pursue us, you'll be caught.  
Resist us, you'll be killed.  
And you precious Secretary will  
disavow any knowledge of your actions.  
Good luck, Mr. Hunt.  
This message will self destruct  
in 5 seconds.  
Mr. Chairman, the IMF's misadventures  
date back to my earliest days in the CIA...  
...when the IMF broke into the CIA  
to steal a list of covert operatives.  
And now, more recently  
a Russian warhead.  
Disarmed Russian warhead.  
A Russian nuclear warhead.  
- Branded safe by The IMF.

Clipped the Transamerica Pyramid  
before plunging into the San Francisco bay.  
Saving the western atmosphere.  
This made possible by IMF  
agents who did willing...  
...provide the launch codes  
to a known terrorist.  
Do I have that right, agent Brandt?  
I can neither confirm  
nor deny details of any...  
...such operation without  
Secretary's approval.  
This was the same week after  
IMF infiltrated the Kremlin.  
Here's the Kremlin before.  
And the Kremlin after.  
I can neither confirm nor  
deny details of any operation...  
Without the Secretary's approval.  
Yes, we know.  
In fact, until this panel  
appoints a new Secretary,  
you really can't say much of anything,  
can you, agent Brandt?  
Well.  
I didn't write the rules, Mr. Hunley.  
Mr. Chairman, the so call  
Impossible Missions Force...  
...is not just a rogue organization,  
it is an outdated one.  
A throwback to an era without  
transparency and without oversight.  
Mr. Chairman.  
- The time has come to dissolve the IMF.  
Mr. Chairman.  
And transfer the salvageable  
assets to the CIA.  
Mr. Chairman, the IMF has operated  
without oversight for 40 years.  
Now, are its methods unorthodox? Yes.  
- Mr. Chairman.  
Are it's results less than perfect?  
Absolutely.  
But without the IMF, to be force...

- There'll be order and stability.  
Without the IMF...  
This panel recognizes the IMF's  
contribution to global security.  
But the events laid out by  
CIA director Hunley...  
...also show a pattern of  
outrage and brinkmanship...  
...and a total disregard for protocol.  
From where I sit,  
your unorthodox methods are  
indistinguishable from chance.  
And your results,  
perfect or not,  
looked suspiciously like luck.  
I'm afraid today is the day  
when the IMF's luck runs out.  
What are you doing here?  
Huh?

**I said:**

What does he see in you, I wonder.  
Who is he?  
I want to see what is done.  
Why don't you take off the cuffs.  
And I'll show you.  
Vinter.  
You know who I am?  
Janik Vinter.  
They call you, the bone doctor.  
The funny thing is.  
You're officially declared dead,  
3 years ago.  
Nice shoes by the way.  
Not his.  
Yours.  
We have instructions to talk,  
not to kill him.  
There are men who are  
broken in different ways.  
This one's a fighter.  
He'll die, before you turn him.  
Are you worry he's gonna take your place?  
You should go,

before it gets ugly.  
Yeah, he's right.  
You should go.  
Now, let's see how tough you are.  
You, Janik.  
We've never met before, right?  
Follow me.  
Give me the gun.  
What're you doing?  
- I can't leave.  
Look. You can't stay.  
We just killed those men.  
We didn't kill them.  
You did.  
I tried to stop you.  
You got away.  
Who are you?  
You better hurry now.  
Good luck.  
No, wait.  
Wait!  
Where is he?  
He's heading to the north corridor.  
He has closed the gate.  
Hurry, don't let him escape.  
Quick!  
Stack-com 7.  
- Western Europe unsecured.  
Designator.  
- Bravo Echo One One.  
Connecting.  
This is Brandt.  
- Go secure.  
Go.  
London terminal is compromised.  
Repeat, London is compromised.  
Agent placed is down.  
Request immediate extraction.  
What happened?  
Who breached London?  
Do you've anything to go on?  
A face. He wanted something.  
Not information.  
He could've kill me,



but he didn't.

Okay, what do you think it means.

- The Syndicate is real.

They know who we're,

how we operate.

I think I know why

they've been so hard to find.

Just focus operations on

gathering any available

Intel regarding formal covert operatives.

It doesn't matter what country or agency.

Just as long as they are dead

Or presumed dead.

Start with Janik Vinter.

He's also known as the bone doctor.

I can't do that.

- What?

What're you talking about?

The Committee has shut us down.

Operations are to be

handled over to the CIA.

There is no more IMF.

I've been ordered to bring everyone in.

Ethan.

- I understand.

Ethan.

- I understand, Brandt.

We didn't have this conversation.

I disappeared in London.

You don't know where I am.

If I'm dead or alive.

This man you saw.

Can you find him?

I won't stop until I do.

This may very well be

our last mission, Ethan.

Make it count.

Brandt.

Since we are going to be work together,

I want you to choose your

next works very carefully.

Where is Hunt?

I don't know.

- Don't lie to me, Brandt.

I have no way of contacting him.  
He's deep cover. Last I heard,  
he's tracking the Syndicate.  
Let's cut the bull.  
You know who we are.  
You know what we are capable of.  
How come the CIA has never discovered  
any actual Intel regarding this Syndicate.  
What are you implying?  
- Not implying, stating.  
Leveling an accusation actually.  
Hunt is both arsonist and fireman  
at the same time.  
I believe that the Syndicate  
is a figment of his imagination.  
Created to justify the IMF's existence.  
I'm going to find him, Brandt.  
And when I do,  
he will be called upon to answer for every...  
...wanton active mayhem  
he's responsible for.  
Welcome to the CIA.  
You'll never find him.  
Set your watch, Brandt.  
Ethan Hunt is living his  
last day as a free man.  
6 months later  
All right, everybody.  
Heads up.  
This is it.  
Alpha team prep.  
Standing by.  
Execute.  
- Langley brimstone, go.  
I say again.  
We are a go.  
Langley, there's nobody here.  
Langley brimstone.  
Face the north wall.  
B. Dunn  
Dunn.  
Is it that time already.  
Okay.  
I'm going to ask you

a series of control questions.  
I know and I'm gonna answer truthfully.  
And then you gonna ask  
me to lie intentionally.  
State your name.  
- The King of Norway.  
See, that's a lie.  
I'm actually third in line to the throne.  
My brother was...  
Has Ethan Hunt contacted you?  
- Why would he contact me?  
Hunt has resurfaced.  
This time in Cuba.  
He...  
left these behind.  
Tell me what you make of them.  
I don't know.  
He's taken up scrap booking?  
Look at the photographs, Dunn.  
All of them are either  
missing or dead, everyone.  
All of them were government agents.  
Russian, French, British, Israelis,  
you name it.  
These are highly classified files and yet  
Hunt had no problem collecting them.  
And he always seems  
to be a step ahead of us.  
I wonder how?  
- Are you suggesting I'm helping him?  
That thought had cross my mind.  
6 months, I have been here.  
Sifting through mountains of metadata  
and exabytes of encoded excrement.  
I had decrypted, processed, passed  
more data than anyone in my section.  
And yet every week,  
you hold me in here.  
And you ask me the same question,  
just in a different way.  
And today,  
you haven't answered it.  
You seem to thinks I have  
some kind of obligation to him.

Okay, nothing could be further from the truth. Ethan Hunt is still out there in the field, and I'm stuck here answering for it. We're not friends. I owe him nothing. That'll be all, Dunn. Welcome to Vienna, Benji. Missed me? Ethan, where are you? Where the hell have you been? No act.. you know what? Please, don't tell me that, because it's just another thing I would have to lie about in my weekly polygraph. Everything is going to be fine. Just keep walking. But, make sure you're not being followed. Oh. I didn't win those opera tickets, did I? No, I'm afraid not... So, where do we meet? - We don't. For your sake, we shouldn't be seen together. You have mail. Who is he? - That's what we're here to find out. What I do know, is he's our only possible link to the Syndicate... ..and I have reason to believe that he's going to be here tonight. But I can't find him alone. Are you in? Are you in? - Yes, of course. Of course. So, what's the play? - Simple. You find him, we tag him. I follow him wherever he goes. - And after that? After that you're on a plane, back at work Monday morning. No one is the wiser. - What? That's it? You're in enough danger as it is.

I didn't want to involve you  
this much but I had no choice.  
Whoa. If you're gonna bring me all this way,  
you could at least give me something  
a little be more... you know, dramatic.  
Benji, we are trying to keep a low profile.  
You want drama, go to the opera.  
Are you seeing what I'm seeing?  
- Yes, I am.  
Am I correct in assuming that is  
the Chancellor of Austria?  
Yes, you are.  
- Did you know he's going to be here?  
No  
- Right.  
Well. We have a European  
Heads of State here,  
at the same time as we're  
looking for a nefarious terrorist.  
And I'm sure the two things  
are completely unrelated.  
Benji.  
Mean while I'll try and  
overlook the fact that...  
...you're an international  
fugitive wanted by the CIA.  
Benji.  
And this little unsanctioned  
operation is tenement-ed treasonous.  
Benji.  
Because as you stated earlier,  
I will be back in my desk  
on Monday morning,  
playing video games and no one  
will be any be the wiser.  
The show's about to start, Benji.  
- Right.  
Just take your position,  
tell me what you see.  
Okay.  
Nice tux, by the way.  
Stage is set.  
Ready lights.  
Ready lights.

The final preparations ready.  
Stay alert, please.  
Join the IMF. See the world,  
on a monitor...  
...in a closet.  
Okay, I have eyes.  
Searching...  
Talk to me, Benji.  
- Nothing yet. Standby.  
I know you're here.  
Where're you.  
Uh Ethan, I might have something for you.  
Can't confirm.  
Where?  
- Backstage, I will direct you  
Take the door on your left.  
He should be right in front of you.  
Benji, did you see that?  
- See what?  
A woman.  
What woman?  
Where're you?  
I can't see you.  
What happened?  
- I don't know  
Ethan, do you copy?  
Ethan, come in.  
Ethan, the lighting booth.  
Ethan, do you copy?  
Oh god.  
It's a flash wound.  
Sorry, ladies and gentlemen.  
Surround the building.  
Secure the exits.  
I've a way out.  
Interested?  
Lead the way.  
Anything you want to tell me?  
- No, not right now.  
How's the pace?  
- Don't wait for me.  
What's next?  
Alright.  
There.

Shoes.

Shoes, please.

If anything happens to you...

Nothing is going to happen to me.

Stop the car!

Get in.

Go go go.

What the...!

She tried to shoot me.

It doesn't make her a bad person.

I'm gonna have to search you.

- You have to let me go.

Oh oh.

Not a chance.

I assume you're deep

cover back in London but...

...isn't this taking the role a little too far.

Hang on a minute, you know her?

Oh.

We haven't formerly introduced.

But I am pretty sure

she's British intelligence.

Ilsa Faust.

You're Ethan Hunt.

And... that shade is very hard to find.

What were you doing at the opera tonight?

- What? Aside from killing the Chancellor.

Saving your life in London put me in a...

...tight spot with some

very dangerous people.

I was sent to kill the Chancellor

to regain their trust.

Ha. So, you admit that you killed him?

I went through the motion,

that's not the same thing.

You thought you put him in the hospital,

take him out of harm's way.

The same thing you tried to do.

You're not gonna believe that, are you?

What about the rest of her team?

You means those other 2 idiots?

I can only assumed they

were redundancies.

In case you didn't follow through.

One man to kill the Chancellor,  
the other one to kill you.  
A test.  
Second one I failed,  
thanks to you.  
And the car bomb was insurance.  
We have a tail.  
Who is he?  
We're after the same thing,  
and I can help you.  
If you want to bring down the Syndicate,  
you've to let me out.  
They're closing.  
This has to look like an escape.  
So, you just throw me out anywhere.  
Tell me who he is.  
Oh!  
Oh. Change of plan.  
Throw her out!  
You have everything you need to find me.  
Less than 24 hours after we interviewed  
Benji Dunn about Ethan Hunt  
He was on a plane to Vienna  
with tickets to the opera.  
And within 6 hours of his arrival,  
the Chancellor was dead.  
Now, that might be circumstance  
to some public defendant.  
But to the CIA,  
that is actionable intelligence.  
Consider the moment,  
the possibility that  
Ethan's investigation lead him to the opera.  
And he's the one with  
the actionable intelligence.  
In any case. Finding Hunt  
is no longer our pet project.  
The Special Activity Division  
will now have full discretion.  
You mean shoot to kill?  
Whether Hunt lives or dies.  
It's entirely up to him.  
New identity, passport,  
cash, road map.



There's a change of clothes  
in that bag, right there.  
Everything you need to  
make it to DC undetected.  
Once you're there,  
you'll have to inform on me.  
I'm suppose... what? Sorry, what?  
- Tell the truth.  
You came to Vienna believing  
you won 2 tickets to the opera.  
And I attempted to recruit you into  
assassinating the Chancellor, you refused.  
That is not the true.  
Your life depends on  
them believing you, Benji.  
It'll go easier if you tell them  
what they want to hear.  
Ethan, at least tell me what this is all about.  
You recognized anyone?  
Him.  
- He's former KSA, German intelligence.  
Missing, presumed dead.  
He was at the opera tonight.  
This one too.  
Former Mossad.  
- Let me guess. Presumed dead.  
Tonight, I made it official.  
I was looking for him in Bosphorus.  
The same day a car accident  
killed the visiting President of Malawi.  
He slipped away again in Jakarta.  
Hours before a passenger plane  
vanished over the Pacific...  
...with 236 passengers.  
I just missed him in the Philippines.  
Right before a fired petrochemical plant  
gassed a village of 2,000 people.  
You're saying these accidents  
are somehow connected.  
That missing plane was carrying  
the Secretary of the World Bank.  
That fire bank corrupted  
a global arms cooperation.  
That wreck triggered a civil war.

These are no accidents.  
They're links in a chain. The work of  
a single organization, the Syndicate.  
A rogue nation.  
Trained to do what we do.  
Inbuilt with a new sense of purpose.  
Destroy the system that created them.  
Regardless if who's in the way.  
An anti-IMF.  
And since Hunley shut us down,  
they've been escalating unchecked.  
Killing the Chancellor tonight  
was a statement  
The start of a new phase.  
Or they could just be  
a series of random disasters.  
He was there.  
Every time.  
Just like he was there tonight.  
I'm sure of it.  
I don't know who he is,  
where he's from.  
How he's funded  
But I know he's the key.  
Ethan, this is what I sign up for.  
Let me help you find him.  
- That's why I brought you here.  
In the first place.  
And look what happened.  
I can't protect you.  
That's why I need you to leave.  
It's not your decision to make, Ethan.  
I'm a field agent.  
I know the risks.  
More than that, I'm your friend.  
No matter what I... con  
a polygraph every week.  
Now you called me because  
you needed my help.  
And you still do.  
So, I'm staying.  
And that's all we're gonna say about that.  
Okay  
- Good

Where do we start?

Ilsa.

Right.

And how do we find her?

She said we've everything we need.

We had an agreement.

You send me to do a job, I'd do it.

But my way, not yours.

- When did I deviate?

You put 2 more gunman

at the opera tonight.

One of them try to kill me.

You missed.

I missed because Ethan Hunt

was there looking for you.

Ethan Hunt is in Vienna because

you allow him escape in London.

Vinter would've kill him in London

and that's not what you asked for.

Twice now you've let him slipped away.

Curious.

Are you questioning

my loyalty or my ability.

Can't decide.

- I've told you before.

Trust me or kill me.

But If you're going to kill me,

be the man.

Do it yourself.

Did he say anything?

He knows about Morocco.

- What did he know about Morocco?

He knows about the power plant.

He doesn't know what's in it.

Find him, please.

He'll find me.

I've him seen to that.

Well, that's interesting

- What is it?

It's a SCIF. Secure Computer Facility

offline, ultra-contained.

It's impossible to hack in from the outside.

It's essentially a digital safety deposit box.

Very strange thing for a young lady

to be carrying in her sundries.

Where's it located?

- Morocco.

Morocco.

Now, what brings you gentlemen to Casablanca?

Good to see you - What couldn't you tell me over the telephone?

The Chancellor of Austria was assassinated.

We believe that Ethan and Benji were there.

Huntley's handed this over to Special Activities Division.

We need to find Ethan before they do.

That's where you come in.

Not interested.

- Okay. Look, Luther.

Look, man. I know Ethan.

I don't know you.

All I know about you is that you chose to work for Hunley.

Yeah, all I know about you is you chose to resign.

You don't have to worry about Ethan.

They'll never catch him

- No, they're not going to catch him. No.

This is the CIA, this is Hunley we're talking about.

Things are out of control

And they're going to kill him.

They're going to kill Ethan.

They're going to kill Benji.

We have to get to them first.

Are you going to help me?

You need to understand something.

Ethan is my friend

And if I have 1 second of doubt whose side you're on.

I believe you...

Alright.

- Alright.

What do I have to go on?

- Not much.

And not a lot of time.

His name is Solomon Lane.  
He created the Syndicate.  
Where does he come from?  
He's former British intelligence.  
Well. If British intelligence  
knows the Syndicate exist,  
why don't they just tell the CIA?  
Because they don't want  
anyone knowing the  
Syndicate was created by one of their own.  
I was sent undercover to earn Lane's trust.  
And eventually identifying  
the members of his organization.  
For the first time in 2 years,  
I'm close to knowing who they are.  
Lane had a ledger. It contain  
the identities of his operatives,  
his terrorist associates, the entire  
inner workings of the Syndicate.  
One of his agents stole it  
hoping to blackmail him.  
He kept it in a secure computer  
facility for safe keeping.  
He died being interrogated  
for the access code.  
Leaving Lane with a serious problem.  
So the key to crushing Lane is sitting in a...  
...computer just waiting  
for someone to take it?  
So why hasn't Lane just  
send someone to steal it?  
Oh, he has.  
He sent me.  
And I can tell you.  
It's impossible.  
The facility is hidden beneath the  
local power plant under military guard.  
And the only way to download  
the ledger is through...  
...the central computer  
terminal located there.  
To reach the terminal,  
you'll need to pass the main gates.  
Access the elevator with

fingerprint recognition

And open 3 separate combination locks.

Well, that's easy. We just impersonate the...

...agent who stole the  
ledger in the first place.

And.

I get to wear a mask.

Unfortunately, even if you can make  
it through every other security measure...

...you won't beat the last one. That's  
because it's protected by gait analysis.

A step beyond facial recognition.

These cameras actually know  
how the agent walks,  
how he talks, how he moves,  
right down to his facial takes.

So, what you're saying is,  
no mask can beat it.

We're busted before we could  
even get into the vault.

And I wind up in a Morocco  
jail playing mummies...

...and daddies without a mother strangler.

Okay, I don't get to wear a mask.

And there's no other way  
into the computer lab?

No other way in.

Air Shaft?

- 6 inch diameter pipe.

Foundation?

- 12 feet of concrete, top and bottom.

Electrical conduit?

- Bottom line is,  
there's no way into that terminal unless...  
...your profile is pre-installed  
in the security system.

Profile?

Where're the profile stored?

All security data is stored  
offline in the liquid cooler aid.

Here, inside the torus,  
liquid cooled.

You mean that thing is under water?

Yes.

- Yes.

Okay.

So, to get the ledger, one of us  
needs to enter the torus...

...and change the security profile.

So that the other one can access  
the computer without being caught.

That's the only way.

- That's the only way.

Can I get in through there.

What's that?

- That's the service hatch.

It can only be opened from the inside

If you try and open it from the outside,

you'll be hit with 70 thousand

gallons of pressurized water.

Where does the water come from?

Desalinized seawater

flows through the intake.

In the pipeline.

And before you ask.

The system is designed to shut down...

...automatically if any

metal enters the intake.

No oxygen tanks.

Alright. Well, how long will it take to free...

...swim from the intake to the service hatch.

2 minutes.

With the current at full power.

Well. Then, you just have to hold

your breath for 2 minutes.

What about installing the security profile?

Well. That's gonna be like a minute tops.

So, I have to hold my breath for 3 minutes?

You can do that.

But I think you're overlooking,

is the physical exertion.

The more you exert yourself,

the faster you consume oxygen.

Don't worry about him.

Alright.

All he has to do is install the fake

profile before I get to the gait analysis.

You said it yourself,

it's the only way  
That doesn't sound impossible.  
Satellite over-watch  
covering all 7 continents,  
DNA profiling, facial recognition,  
drone surveillance, drone strikes.  
So, how are we suppose to find  
Ethan and Benji before they do?  
I'm not even looking for them.  
I'm looking for her.  
What do you mean?  
These sketches, what do you see?  
Ethan's not exactly sure who this guys is.  
But this woman, he knows her.  
He trust her.  
I'm betting that if he's not  
already with her, he's on his way.  
Find her, find Ethan.  
Tell me it's possible to pull  
facial recognition of a sketch.  
For mere mortals, no.  
For me, I could've done this at home.  
Alright.  
How long is this going to take?  
- Found her.  
CCTV picked her up  
at the airport in Casablanca.  
What the hell?  
She's bad news.  
Card.  
- Hello.  
Sorry...  
Your card is not working.  
- Benji, we're in.  
Thank you.  
One more time.  
You have 3 minutes.  
2.5 minutes to switch the security profile.  
30 seconds to escape  
through the service hatch.  
Remember, conserve oxygen.  
Don't move a muscle if you don't have to.  
I'm in the elevator.  
That current will carry you to a torus.



Once you're there,  
I'll shut it down.  
Important note.  
The profile is in slot 108.  
And a slightly more important note,  
if you haven't switched that profile  
before I reach the gait analysis,  
I'm dead.  
Thank you, Benji.  
What's the problem?  
- The cooling system is rebooting...  
...by itself.  
Oaf.  
All systems' normal.  
All systems at full power.  
No-no-no...  
You're alright.  
You're okay.  
See.  
What did I told you.  
Difficult, absolutely,  
but certainly not impossible...  
Jesus, is he alright?  
What happened? What happened?  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Here.  
Hey.  
I misjudged you.  
Hey, man. Hey.  
You okay? How're you doing?  
Hey, buddy.  
Benji.  
- Yes, it's Benji.  
You did good.  
You take a moment, alright.  
Just-Just take a moment.  
There's nothing a little sunshine  
and fresh air won't fix you.  
You'll be as right as rain.  
- What are you doing here?  
Look-look-look...  
We got it.  
I knew we'll get it.

Listen. I don't want to  
sound ungrateful, okay.  
I appreciate everything you do for me, but...  
...one of these days,  
you're gonna take it too far.  
We got it.  
We're gonna nail that...  
Wait.  
Wait.  
I thought you said you can find him?  
I said I could locate him.  
You've to find him.  
Right.  
Where's Hunt?  
He's dead.  
Oh.  
That really hurts!  
Can you walk?  
- Yes, I can.  
We have to get to her before Lane does.  
Whoa-whoa-whoa...  
Are you okay to drive?  
I mean. A minute ago you were dead.  
What are you talking about?  
This is not gonna end well.  
There she is.  
Stairs, stairs, stairs!  
Stairs, stairs, stairs!  
Ah!  
God damn it.  
Whoa.  
Hey?  
I found them.  
Come on, man.  
Shit.  
It's a high-speed chase.  
You just had to get the 4 by 4, didn't you?  
Hey, look. Don't blame me.  
You chose the car.  
You just had to have it!  
- Do you want me to drive?  
Do you want me to drive?  
- Look, it's a stick.  
Look at this. Look how slow

you're going. Speed it up.  
Who's this guy?  
Shit!  
Aww!  
Go-go-go- Go!  
I'm okay. I'm okay.  
I'm okay.  
Ho!  
Whoa-whoa-whoa...  
Here they come!  
What're we gonna do?  
Gun!  
Do you have your seat belts on?  
What?  
You're asking me that now?  
Hang on!  
- Ah!  
Aww!  
Are you good?  
Things...  
got a little out of hand.  
Aw!  
Look out!  
Okay.  
We're good?  
Oh, hi boys.  
What did I miss?  
Woo. That look sharp.  
Careful, careful.  
So, what do we do now?  
Please tell me, you made  
a copy of that disk..  
Of course I made a copy.  
So where are we going?  
It's a ledger.  
The Syndicate's entire infrastructure.  
Who they are, the politicians they control,  
and where the money comes from.  
It's everything you want to know.  
What makes you think this  
so-called ledger is authentic?  
Why would Lane want it so badly  
if it wasn't authentic?  
Why would he ever let you have it if it was?

Did you never stop to consider  
he may want me to have it?  
Misinformation, manipulation.  
What he does exercise,  
what he's trained to do.  
Lane lies to you,  
you sell his lies to Hunt.  
Together, you both are compromised.  
That's his ultimate objective.  
This may be authentic.  
But there's only one person I trust  
to verify that information. You.  
No.  
My orders were to deliver you  
information regarding the Syndicate.  
Your orders were to  
infiltrate the Syndicate...  
...that we may learn more  
about them first hand.  
This isn't prove, it's a test,  
like everything else.  
The only way to pass,  
is to go back.  
I can't do that.  
I betrayed Lane's trust too many times.  
And in every instance, you  
did so on you own volition.  
He was going to tortured  
and killed an American agent.  
And you should've let him, and  
you would still have Lane's trust.  
This is the trade,  
Hunt understands that.  
I wasn't going to let him die.  
He is our ally.  
There are no allies in state craft,  
Ilsa. Only common interest.  
As it stands, Ethan Hunt  
is a man without a country.  
This makes killing him  
decidedly less complicated.  
Are you ordering me to kill Hunt?  
Good god, no.  
Nothing so crude as that, no.

Lane will order you.  
And to regain his trust,  
you will do it.  
You sent me to do a job.  
I did it.  
Now, you bring me in.  
Might I remind you, you're  
without a country of your own.  
The director of the CIA called me  
inquiring about you personally.  
Of course to protect your cover,  
I had to lie.  
So, as far as the Americans are concern,  
you're a rogue assassin,  
a target of opportunity.  
A precious few people  
know about your true identity.  
It would be unfortunate if we forgot.  
You see, there really is no choice, Ilsa.  
You're going back.  
Glad to know you're still with us.  
What?  
What's happening?  
I can't open it.  
What do you mean you can't open it?  
I mean I can't open it, ever.  
That's a red box.  
A what?  
- It's a red box.  
The British government uses it  
to transport national secrets.  
Doesn't sound good.  
Meaning it's triple encrypted.  
You don't get into that thing...  
...unless you have fingerprints,  
retinal scan, and...  
...a voice phrase spoken by  
a specific individual.  
The Prime Minister of Great Britain himself.  
Yes, him.  
So, what you're saying is,  
there is no ledger.  
Which means we have no proof  
that the Syndicate even exist.

So, we're back to square one.  
Only now, we're all wanted by the CIA.  
I'm so proud of us.  
What I don't understand  
is why is there a red...  
...box sat in a private data vault in Morocco.  
And why would Lane want it  
if he can't open it?  
If Lane wants it, you can bet  
that he has a plan to open it.  
And we just help him steal it.  
He's going to take the Prime Minister.  
Yes, he is.  
The question is how?  
Well, we have to warn  
the British government.  
Yeah, MI6.  
- No, no, Brandt.  
Put down the phone.  
Let's think about this.  
We have a responsibility to  
warn the British government,  
and not gamble with  
the Prime Minister's life.  
Ethan, just so you can beat the guy...  
...that's beaten you at every turn.  
Is that what you think this is?  
Brandt?  
Is that what you think this is?  
I think right now,  
you're incapable of seeing  
that there's another way.  
And sometimes Ethan is the only one  
capable of seeing the only way.  
And if he's wrong,  
then we have Vienna...  
...all over again.  
No, you don't know him.  
If he wants something to happen,  
there's no preventing it.  
That's why we have to warn the British.  
Maybe that's exactly  
what he wants us to do.  
Are you listening to yourself?

We're going to warn the British.  
No. We're going to find Lane,  
we're going to get him.  
Before he takes the Prime Minister.  
Okay.  
Alright, Ethan.  
We're going to find Lane.  
But please tell me.  
How're we going to do that?  
All is forgiven.  
That isn't a ledger, is it?  
You didn't take a look for yourself?  
Of course I did.  
But the file was encrypted.  
And why would I lie to you?  
So that I would lie to Hunt.  
But he wouldn't have stolen it  
if he knew what it was.  
And she wouldn't have helped him.  
What is actually on that disk?  
I'll be honest with you when  
you start being honest with me.  
And you and I, we both know  
why you come back.  
Don't we?  
You're still alive because  
I believe in your potential.  
But I'm growing impatient.  
Why do you continue to resist?  
Well, if we're being honest,  
You're a terrorist.  
If that were true then my goal  
would be to spread fear, but my...  
...method is...  
far more surgical.  
You kill innocent people.  
I helped my government killed many  
innocent people and more, so much more.  
Killing to keep things as they were.  
And now I'm killing to bring about change.  
I think Ethan Hunt would disagree.  
Ethan Hunt is a gambler.  
And one day his luck will run out,  
And thousands of innocent people

will pay the price.  
Which one of us will be the villain then?  
Nothing here.  
It's empty.  
I'm interested...  
...to see who you blame...  
...for what happens next.  
So, that's her?  
That's her.  
I have to say...  
...you sure can ride.  
Ethan.  
- You're just doing your job.  
That's all I'm going to say about it.  
Atlee said you'd understand.  
Atlee, your handler in British Intelligence.  
And he didn't bring you in?  
Even after you gave him the disk?  
You knew perfectly well it was blank.  
That's a lie. The disk she took from me  
was an exact copy. I'm of it.  
Was it in your possession the entire time?  
Oh.  
They don't care if you live or die.  
But you knew I was going to take it to him.  
I hope you would.  
I hope it would be enough to get you out.  
Whoa-whoa-whoa. That means Lane  
doesn't have the disk, only we do.  
I have a question.  
If the disk was blank,  
why is she still alive?  
Unless, of course,  
Lane wanted us to find her.  
So, who're you working for now?  
Lane, Atlee, your government,  
my government, they're all the same  
We only think we're fighting for the right...  
...side because that's what  
we choose to believe.  
So what does that leave us?  
The way I see it,  
you have 3 choices.  
One, you hand me and



the disk over to the CIA.  
I'm proof that Syndicate exist.  
Lane becomes their problem,  
and... your work is done.  
My thoughts exactly.  
- Works for me.  
But you know they're  
not going to believe you.  
And you all will be trialed for treason.  
Lane goes free.  
I'm afraid she's has a point.  
Two, you let me walk away  
to an uncertain fate.  
You use the disk as bait to trap Lane.  
But some part of you suspect  
you've met your match.  
And being a gambler, you'll probably  
end up handing Lane that disk...  
...whether you want to or not.  
That is entirely possible.  
And option three?  
Come away with me.  
Right now.  
Oh boy.  
And what about Lane?  
Forget about Lane.  
There will always be another Lane.  
There will always be  
people like us to face him.  
We've done our part  
and we've been cast aside.  
We can be anyone.  
We can do anything.  
It's only a matter of going.  
Lane sent you to deliver  
a message, didn't he?  
I saved you life twice.  
I won't be able to do it again.  
What's the message?  
Benji.  
Parking garage  
Luther, stay with her.  
She's gone.  
I lost her.

She set us up, Ethan.  
No, she delivered a message.  
She set us up!  
She knew this would happen.  
Only Lane knows what's going to happen.  
I have a job for you, Ethan.  
And for the sake of your friend,  
you will do it.  
I'm listening.  
Your mission,  
should you choose to accept it,  
Is to bring me the unlocked disk  
by midnight today.  
Now say the words, please.  
I accept.  
Yes.  
I knew you would.  
He wants the disk, unlocked,  
by midnight tonight  
Ethan, there's only one person  
on earth who can unlock that disk.  
We have to take the Prime Minister.  
Let's just think about that for a minute.  
That's the only way to get Benji back.  
Ethan, that's exactly what  
Lane wants you to do.  
Which is why it has to happen.  
This is how we beat Lane.  
This is how we make everything right.  
Can you see?  
Can you see it?  
William Brandt, sir.  
He says it's urgent.  
I had a feeling you'd come  
to your senses, Brandt.  
I'm only calling you because  
I've no other choice.  
I'm trying to prevent a catastrophe.  
I can understand that.  
Where are you?  
London  
- Reroute us to London, now.  
Where in London?  
- I'll tell you when you land, not before.

I'm not interested in playing games, Brandt.  
And I'm not interested in seeing  
my friends get killed either.  
So if I'm going to betray them,  
we're going to do this in my terms...  
...and my terms only.  
Do you understand?  
Keep your phone on,  
instruction will follow.  
Should have been gone by now.  
- Yeah.  
You okay?  
- Yeah.  
We're suppose to take down the  
Prime Minister of Great Britain tonight.  
So...  
Brandt.  
I cant' see another way.  
Neither can I.  
What we do, we have to do  
for our friends, right?  
Get him ready, please.  
You're right to call me, Brandt.  
Where is Hunt?  
He's on his way.  
We don't have much time.  
What does he intend to do?  
- What matter is he's alive.  
And I need your reassurance  
that it's going to stay that way.  
Have you informed the British Government  
that Hunt has targeted the Prime Minister?  
I will help you capture him... alive.  
That is the deal.  
You picked up some terrible habits  
from your friend, Brandt  
The worst of them being that you still  
believe you can control any outcome.  
Stay with him.  
Chief Atlee.  
Chief Atlee.  
Director Hunley, how  
delightful to see you here.  
Last time we spoke, you were

hunting rogue agents in Morocco.  
Chief Atlee, I have reason to believe that  
the Prime Minister's life is in danger.  
I'm listening.  
Any advance on 22,000?  
Anyone?  
Going once.  
Going twice.  
Sold!  
To our generous Chairwoman.  
Sir. Chief Atlee from MI6 needs to see you.  
He says it's urgent.  
Excuse me.  
What's this all about?  
- It's a matter of national security, Sir.  
Under no circumstances is anyone to enter.  
Yes sir.  
Help me to understand.  
Who is this man?  
Why is he after me?  
I'm afraid, Prime Minister, Director Hunley  
and I share responsibility for this.  
Ethan Hunt was part of a  
disgrace intelligence...  
...agency which is since been dissolved.  
And he's gone rogue, unfortunately intend  
on dismantling an imaginary terror network.  
Our new intelligence  
suggest that he's been...  
...manipulated by one of  
your own former agent.  
Ilsa Faust, Prime Minister.  
She disappeared 2 years ago.  
And if you don't mind I asking,  
what do I have to do with  
this phantom network?  
Sir, this is William Brandt,  
a former colleague of Hunt's.  
He came forward with first hand  
knowledge of the plot against you.  
Sir. Hunt is in possession of a virtual  
red box that can only be open by you.  
He believes it is the key  
to bring down the Syndicate.

The Syndicate, you say?

- Yes, Sir. That's what he calls it.

Atlee.

He couldn't possibly be talking  
about that 'Syndicate'?

'Cause you assured me that,  
that 'Syndicate' was merely an exercise?  
And it was, Prime Minister.

I can assure you.

And yet, here we have the Central  
Intelligence Agency indicating otherwise.  
I don't understand.

- Prime Minister, your life is in danger.  
I think our first priority is to move  
you to a secure location. - Sir.

Does the name Solomon Lane,  
ring a bell?

Yes.

Unfortunately, it does.

So, there actually is a Syndicate?

It was a hypothetical brainchild  
of Chief Atlee.

Recruit former agents from other nations.  
Supply them with a new identity...

...and use them to surgically remove  
our enemies, both at home and abroad.

It's operating budget was  
to be hidden offshore...

...in a virtual red box which

I alone would control

It would've made me judge, jury and  
executioner with zero accountability.

I rejected the proposal unequivocally.

Furthermore, I was given every assurance  
it never pass the planning stage.

Prime Minister,

there is no any Syndicate.

These people have been  
duped by agent Faust.

Atlee.

Save it for the public inquiry.

Sir, I urge you not to leave this room.

Excuse me.

- Please.

Hunt is uniquely trained  
and highly motivated.  
A specialist without equal,  
immune to any counter measures.  
There is no secret he cannot extract.  
No security he cannot breach.  
No person he cannot become.  
He has mostly likely anticipated  
this very conversation...  
...and is waiting to strike in  
whatever direction we move.  
Sir. Hunt is the living  
manifestation of destiny.  
And he has made you his mission.  
Prime Minister.  
Hunt.  
Sir, please step away  
from the Prime Minister.  
Just relax, Sir.  
Everything is going to be alright.  
Atlee shot me  
- Yes, he did, Sir.  
Hunt, I hope you realize you set back US,  
UK relations to the American revolution.  
Desperate times,  
desperate measures, sir.  
I'm here.  
- Standby to receive.  
Ready.  
The Prime Minister's office  
ask me to meet him here.  
This way, sir  
Scanning.  
Retinal scan, confirm.  
Some convenience, Sir.  
You got a very warm hand.  
Biometric, confirm.  
The prompt is 'KIPLING'.  
- The prompt is 'KIPLING'.  
Sir, I'm gonna need a pass phrase,  
the prompt is 'KIPLING'.  
Yes, of course.  
' If you can keep your head when all  
about you. Are losing theirs...'

'If you can trust yourself  
when all men doubt you'  
You got it?  
- I got it.  
Oh man, do I got it.  
I'm here to see the Prime Minister.  
- We were told not to let anybody in.  
By whom?  
- By you, sir.  
Hunley, what is this?  
Security!  
Chief Atlee. Kind of you  
to accepted our invitation.  
Ah.  
Do you know who I am?  
We know you created the Syndicate.  
But Lane went rogue and  
turn it against you, didn't he?  
And you've been desperately  
trying to cover it up.  
That's why you erased the disk  
which she brought it to you.  
That's true.  
Now, Director Hunley has some questions  
for you regarding Ilsa Faust.  
Namely, how you frame her.  
That's also true.  
It's the antidote.  
When the Prime Minister found  
out about the Syndicate.  
Atlee had attacked him.  
- Yes, that's true.  
And then you saved the Prime Minister, sir.  
Did he?  
I'm very grateful.  
Sir.  
You're cutting it very close, Ethan  
I have what you want.  
Where do I go?  
Ethan, wait  
If I'm not there in 15 minutes, he'll kill Benji.  
Your mission is to bring  
down the Syndicate.  
If Lane gets his hands on that money,

we're unleashing a terrorist superpower.  
He'll never take me alive.  
I'll make sure of it.  
What happens, Ethan,  
if you can't make it back?  
I'll make it back.  
Just be ready.  
Greetings, Prime Minister.  
If you are viewing this message,  
it means that you have chosen  
to activate the Syndicate.  
This drive gives you access to 2.4 billion  
pound sterling in untraceable currency.  
That will allow the Syndicate  
to operate undetected for decades.  
Instructions to access  
these funds are as follows.  
This is the end, Mr. Hunt.  
Carefully.  
2 pounds Semtex,  
500, 30 caliber ball bearings.  
Your friend is sitting on a  
highly sensitive - pressure trigger.  
So, no sudden moves.  
Your final test.  
When Lane has what he wants,  
I kill you and Benji.  
If not, everyone dies.  
No time to think, Ethan.  
Have a seat, please.  
Human nature,  
my weapon of choice.  
From the moment I killed the  
young lady in the record shop,  
I knew you would stop  
at nothing to catch me.  
I also knew Ilsa wouldn't have a choice.  
Whether she broke you that night  
you met or let you go.  
Whether you let her run in Morocco.  
Whether she went to Atlee or not.  
You were certain we would  
end up where we are... right now.  
Then again.



So was I.  
I know you, Lane.  
Somewhere along the line  
you had a crisis of faith.  
Human life didn't matter anymore,  
or maybe it never really did.  
Either way, you killed  
too many innocent people...  
...without ever asking who  
is giving the orders.  
Or why.  
You blame the system for what you are.  
Instead of yourself.  
You wanted revenge.  
But Rome wasn't destroyed in a day.  
You needed help, you  
needed the money. A lot of it.  
And you'll stop at nothing to get it.  
That's how I know I'm going  
to put you in a box.  
Where is the disk?  
- Where is the disk?  
You like to play games.  
I've a game for you.  
I'll give you 50 million dollars...  
...to let Benji go.  
Where is the disk?  
- Where is the disk?  
You're looking at it.  
I am the disk.  
I memorized it all 2.4 billion  
in number accounts.  
If that vest goes off, you get nothing.  
Without this money, you are nothing.  
Without me, you are nothing.  
Right now, you're thinking it's bluff.  
I'd never let my friends die.  
I couldn't possibly  
memorize the entire disk.  
There's only one way to be sure.  
Let Benji go  
Take him.  
They come 1 step closer,  
shoot me.

Stop.

You remember I told you, one day  
you were going to take things too far?

This is me speaking, by the way.

It's not him.

The only way this ends is  
you and me, Lane, face to face.

Only this time I won't  
be locked in a glass box.

You want your money.

The bone doctor gonna beat it out of me.

Now let Benji go...

...1... 3... 9

Go.

Ethan.

- Brandt has you waiting, go.

What do I do?

- Kill the woman.

I need Hunt alive.

Go!

- It's Benji, where am I going?

They're coming.

- We're not ready.

Then get ready.

Which way?

Face to face.

Just as you wish, Ethan

It hurts, I know.

Gentlemen, this is Solomon Lane.

Mr. Lane.

Meet the IMF.

You're free now.

Where will you go?

I don't know.

I've done my part.

Yeah.

Ethan, we got to go.

You better hurry now.

Good luck.

You know how to find me.

Director Hunley.

Director Hunley.

- Ah... Mr. Chairman.

6 months ago, you stood before this panel

and demanded that the IMF be dissolved.  
That is correct, sir.  
And how do you explain  
your testimony today?  
It's quite simple really.  
We had reason to believe...  
...that the Syndicate have infiltrated  
our government at the highest level.  
In order for our Mn to infiltrate that  
organization, his cover had to be absolute.  
The whole operation was known only  
to myself and a handful of IMF agents.  
So, the shuttering of the IMF was  
all part of an elaborate scheme.  
To expose this so call Syndicate?  
- That is correct, sir.  
Which is why you're here today,  
asking for the IMF to be reinstated.  
That is correct, sir.  
I'm not sure the Committee approves  
of your methods, Director Hunley.  
Desperate times,  
desperate measures, Mr. Chairman.  
And you, Mr. Brandt.  
How can you justify this deception?  
I can neither confirm nor deny  
details of any operation...  
...without the Secretary's approval.  
Welcome to the IMF.  
Mr. Secretary.