



Scripts.com

# Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever

By Alan B. McElroy

- Good evening, Mrs. Gant.  
- What does my husband want now?  
His plans changed. He's available  
to spend time with Michael.  
Michael just came home.  
He's expecting his son, ma'am.  
Hello, it's Vinn.  
I need to speak to Gant.  
- Yeah?  
- Robert, what are you doing?  
He flew to Europe.  
Five days later, you send him home?  
Come on, Michael. Daddy's waiting.  
- He'll be fine.  
- Bye, Mommy.  
Robert, you bastard.  
This wasn't our agreement.  
- Unit 1, do you copy?  
- Let's go, Michael! Come on with me.  
- Take the flank.  
- Got you.  
Okay, come on.  
Hang on to me, Michael.  
Stay here, all right?  
Stay here and be brave.  
Jeremiah Ecks?  
No, sorry.  
That's you, isn't it?  
What happened to your head?  
Bad haircut.  
Look, we've been instructed  
to bring you in.  
I'm not the man you want.  
Forget this. We'll do it the hard way.  
- That's not a healthy attitude.  
- Neither is yours.  
- Relax, Addis.  
- Yeah, relax. Listen to your partner.  
This guy's nothing.  
Who sent you?  
FBI Assistant Director Julio Martin.  
Julio.  
Hello, Ecks.  
We need to talk.

The answer is no.

I'll need a car here at 3:00.

**No, make it 2:**

to get stuck in this holiday traffic.

Vinn is alive.

You're lying.

Taken off a cellular sweep.

- I saw her die.

- You saw an explosion.

- I went to her funeral.

- You saw a closed casket.

- You waited seven years to tell me?

- I'd have told you if I'd known.

Where is she?

I don't know.

- Then why are you here?

- I need you to do a job for me.

Where is my wife?

I'm sorry.

- I need you to do it...

- Where is she?

When the job is done,

I'll give you what I got.

No, you don't want to do this.

I don't have a choice. I have  
a situation and you're my only option.

I tell you what I know right now,  
and you're gone.

I'm gone anyway.

Sit in the corner.

You'll provoke him when he returns.

You'll be joining an FBI

transnational special task force.

**Make it 2:**

to get stuck in this holiday traffic.

You were supposed to protect my son.

She took us by surprise.

How do I explain that to my wife?

In more noble times...

...when a knight failed his king...

...he fell on his sword.

Sir?

Do the honorable thing, Agent Curtis.  
Take the gun.  
Put it against your head.  
Pull the trigger.  
Now.  
How much time do we have?  
Based on our tests,  
we have 28 hours left.  
Then my son dies.  
Do whatever it takes, Ross.  
Get me Michael.  
You know who we're up against.  
You know what she wants.  
Well, I can't give it to her, now can I?  
On the left is A.J. Ross. His team  
arrived in Vancouver five hours ago.

**- His nickname:**

- If you know so much, just pick him up.  
I don't want him. I want the man  
he works for, Robert Gant.  
Robert Gant?  
Intel is purposely limited.  
But a shadow government...  
...in the name of national security  
is still a shadow government.  
This is Gant's latest acquisition.  
Code name "SoftKill. "  
He's been trying  
to build a perfect assassin.  
But he's never been able to lick  
the one thing that got in his way.  
The human factor.  
For Gant, emotions are a liability.  
A machine would solve that problem.  
He could give a head of state a heart attack  
or an aneurysm. Totally undetectable.  
- It's the future of his business.  
- Looks like he licked the problem.  
More like he stole it.  
A prototype was developed  
at a facility in Berlin.  
Last week, the place was torched.  
The media called it an accident.

Ross just happened to be there.  
And the prototype?  
We thermoscanned Ross and his men  
before they boarded their plane.  
All clean. No sign of the prototype.  
- Thank you, Louise.  
- It all checked out until last night.  
- Ecks, this is Special Agent Harry Lee.  
- We pulled that from a traffic cam.  
This woman single-handedly took out  
an armed DIA escort detail...  
...and kidnapped a young boy.  
Gant's son.  
Based on Ross being here,  
yes, we think so.  
Obviously a professional.  
- Is she ours or theirs?  
- No idea.  
My money pegs her as disaffected DIA.  
- Profiles, photos, anything?  
- Just that.  
If she's DIA, she's orphan class,  
out of China.  
- Orphan class?  
- Chinese have this rule:  
One child per family.  
All families want a boy.  
The DIA secretly adopts  
some of these girls.  
They're weaned on violence.  
Trained to do nothing...  
...but kill in a thousand ways.  
No fear. No conscience. No morality.  
Exactly what Gant wants  
in an employee.  
Whoever she is,  
she's obviously pissed off at him.  
That's why I need you to find her.  
Of course you do.  
Is that why they call you "X"?  
I'm on a diet.  
That's my wife and my daughter.  
Her name's Mali.  
Do you love her?

Of course.  
Then get out of this business.  
Gun team, disable target  
on my command.  
Don't cancel.  
We need her alive. Acknowledge.  
- Roger that.  
- Affirmative.  
- Is the target aware?  
- No, sir.  
- Is her back to you?  
- Affirmative. Positive visual.  
We got her too.  
Freeze.  
- She's got a gun!  
- Get down!  
Close One is not responding.  
I've lost her. Too much motion.  
You have her?  
Negative. Please advise.  
Call in the local P.D.  
We'll use them for cover.  
- Target clear.  
- Why is she standing there?  
She knows you won't kill her.  
Pin her down!  
The local P.D. has been alerted.  
They're coming in.  
Move! Move!  
- Gun team, do you see her?  
- Negative.  
Do not let her breach the perimeter.  
Jesus!  
Do not cancel target.  
Keep her contained.  
Where's my tactical team?  
Run.  
Don't shoot!  
Sniper One, what are you waiting for?  
Disable target!  
All units, shots fired.  
Suspect is female. vancouver Library.  
That's her.  
- Julio?

- We heard. We're on it.  
Tracking target.  
All right, let's move it!  
Get her!  
- We lost contact with our tactical unit.  
- Who's manning the assault vehicle?  
Shit!  
Get out of here!  
Get down!  
Cover me! Cover me!  
Stay back please, sir.  
You shouldn't be here.  
Somebody get too much foam  
in their latte?  
- I'm in no mood.  
- That makes two of us.  
I know about that job you pulled  
in Berlin. You're getting sloppy.  
Enjoy your stay in Vancouver.  
Who's the woman?  
Somebody your boss pushed too far?  
Stay out of this.  
This is an issue of national security.  
You mean job security?  
Wouldn't want to be you  
when Gant sees this mess.  
You're sweating.  
It's been raining.  
Be smart. Walk away.  
Julio?  
Yeah.  
Take your people out of here.  
- What is it?  
- A feeling. Get them out. Now.  
- What the hell are you talking about?  
- She will retaliate.  
We're covered.  
A curtain call here would be suicide.  
You're wrong.  
- How can you be sure?  
- Trust me.  
She's not done yet.  
Down! Get down!  
Julio!

She knows.  
She knows where your wife is.  
Martin is down!  
Paramedic! Paramedic!  
Over here!  
Come on, baby. Come on.  
Yeah.  
Hey, beautiful! What...  
My nose!  
- I think it's broken.  
- Let me see.  
- Where is she?  
- I didn't touch her.  
Mobile Unit One on-site.  
Situation out of hand.  
Suggest the locals take this one.  
Bitch.  
Head for the highest vantage point.  
They're on foot.  
They can't be hard to spot.  
Drop your weapon!  
You kill me, you kill Gant's son.  
I don't work for Gant.  
I just want my wife.  
Shit!  
I'm okay.  
The bullet hit my vest.  
Ross, do you have my son yet?  
We've sighted our target.  
No word on the package.  
We may have another problem.  
Where is my wife?  
Where is she?  
What's your hurry?  
Chase One,  
we have your hot target locked.  
Our new player might do the job  
for us. Advise.  
Don't let them cancel each other.  
Roger that.  
Going green for a quarantine.  
Target's on the move,  
over north side of building.  
It's not polite to stare.



I see you've met Mali.  
Come here, sweetie.  
How you doing? What's up?  
Go find Mom.  
So my daughter wanted to know  
why you look so sad.  
I told her it's because  
you just got beat up by a girl.  
You know, Ecks,  
Martin didn't want to do it.  
Use your wife as bait to get you back  
in the game. But he had no choice.  
How is he?  
Not bad, considering. Bullet missed  
his heart by about a centimeter.  
She doesn't miss.  
What are you saying?  
Nothing.  
Could you give me a laptop...  
- ... and Julio's notes on this case?  
- I thought you might say that.  
Let me see your hand.  
Who's running the task force now?  
Nobody. We're suspended  
pending an inquiry.  
Which means I probably  
shouldn't watch you do this.  
- You're not even here.  
- Right.  
Sever.  
Freeze! Get your hands  
above your head!  
Oh, man.  
You're under arrest for the shooting  
of Agent Julio Martin.  
We have her online, sir.  
Put her through.  
- Where's my son, Sever?  
- Maybe the same place my son is.  
Don't blame me. You broke profile.  
Is that what you call having a child?  
They weren't supposed  
to be there.  
Sever?

Sever?

- How's Michael?

- Fine.

He's a good boy.

But he misses his mother.

- I want him back.

- You mean you want what he's carrying.

He could die

if we don't get it out.

I didn't put it in him. You did.

Tell that to your wife.

What do you want?

Your life for Michael's.

- It didn't have to come to this, Sever.

- Well, now it has.

You pulled his file?

Yes, sir. Here's the printout.

Sever still has Gant's kid.

I don't know what

you're talking about.

You better pay attention because  
she won't stop until she gets him.

I can find her...

...bring back the kid.

Sever is DIA.

She knows all your tricks.

She doesn't know mine.

We can handle this.

You're certainly doing a great job of it.

Why do you care?

That's my business.

- Yes.

- The local P.D. has our man.

- ID?

- Former FBI agent named Jeremiah Ecks.

Get rid of him.

Sorry, Ecks, you're a local matter.

- We're done here.

- You're making a mistake.

She's gonna kill you.

Captain, this isn't my jurisdiction...

...but I suggest you take him away

before I make it my jurisdiction.

Good luck.

- Is he alive?
- Yes, I'm sure of it.
- Why do they want Michael?
- I don't know.
- You're lying.
- I swear.
- Do they want money?
- I don't know.

This should have never happened.

Michael should have been home with me.

I'm doing everything I can to find him.

- What are you doing exactly?
- You know I can't divulge details.
- Of course.
- I'm sorry.

You promised me

this wouldn't happen.

You think I haven't tried

to keep that promise?

Just find him.

Mobile Two has visual of target.

Shit!

You wanted your wife?

You'll find her with Gant.

We need to talk.

- We're running out of options.
- Ecks is mobile. Sever helped him escape.

What the hell does she want with him?

Can I ask why this man  
is so dangerous?

No.

What did you find out?

They're still looking.

You needed to lock

yourself in the study for that?

You know how it works.

- I'll take care of it.
- Why is this person trying to hurt us?
- What did you do to him?
- Her.
- She used to work for me.
- Oh, God. God, no.

She won't hurt Michael.

- How can you be so sure?

- Trust me.  
I need you to be strong.  
Then leave.  
- Where are you going?  
- Out.  
How much time do we have?  
Less than 12 hours.  
Thank you.  
Hello, Vinn.  
Jeremy?  
What's going on, Jeremy?  
I am taking a deep cover assignment.  
Baby...  
...please don't take this one.  
I wish I didn't have to.  
Then don't.  
Quit.  
This is my job.  
This is what I do.  
Why did this have to happen to us?  
It's a means to an end.  
Gant had an agenda.  
Me, he had to get rid of, and you...  
Well, you he wanted.  
And so he took you.  
I know, I know. I'm late.  
I know he loved me...  
...but I only became his wife...  
...in name.  
You're the one that I love.  
I never stopped loving you.  
You had a son with him.  
No. Not with him.  
Michael?  
I knew that day in the restaurant.  
I wanted to tell you.  
I wanted you to stay, but I didn't  
want you to worry about me...  
...about us.  
He's our son. Yours and mine.  
He was the only piece of you  
I had left.  
Oh, God, no!  
Jeremy!

I thought that staying with Gant...  
...was the only way to protect Michael.  
But I was wrong.  
Michael.  
Hey, listen to me.  
I found you.  
We'll find him.  
What do we do now?  
Run.  
- Is that the bitch who stole our son?  
- I see you found your wife.  
- Where is Michael?  
- Your son?  
Yes, my son.  
Get in.  
And by the way...  
...I'm the bitch protecting him.  
Air One to Command,  
we have target in sight.  
How do you know about Michael?  
Prison bus. I could have been killed.  
But you weren't.  
- You do know we have company.  
- Of course.  
Of course.  
Air One to Command.  
Target's destination is the south end  
of victoria Park.  
He's up there.  
Michael?  
Mommy!  
Sweetie.  
Where were you, Mom?  
Are you okay?  
Thank God.  
I was so worried about you.  
I missed you so much.  
I missed you too, Mommy.  
I wasn't even scared.  
You weren't?  
Who's that man?  
Come on.  
Hello.  
I am Jeremy.

You're Michael, right?

Go.

You'll be safer up there until this is over.

Where do you get all this ordnance?

Some women buy shoes.

Sweet.

- All teams are in position.

- They move on my order.

- What about your wife and son?

- Ecks will protect them.

And Sever?

She's been mourning her family long enough. Let's reunite them.

Sir, with all due respect, that's an unacceptable level of exposure.

Let's see. You lost my son.

You just lost my wife.

You think I've lost my mind too?

I didn't set this in play.

You did. I warned you of the risks.

Your job is to fix my messes.

It should never have gotten this far.

Let's get this over with.

Gant.

Sever.

This doesn't have to get messy.

I just want you.

I make you the same offer.

Send out what belongs to me.

Then we can discuss your reinsertion.

It's a little late for that.

- It's never too late.

- Tell that to Vinn.

I can upgrade your status.

Allow you the luxury of a family.

I had a family.

You know who we are, Sever.

Targets and objectives come first.

This is the way our world is.

They were innocent.

There are no innocent people.

You know that. Only killers and victims.

- Take her out.

- Yes, sir.

Go.  
My turn.  
Get down!  
Go.  
Move out! Go!  
- Moving in!  
- Go, go, go!  
Give me that.  
Let's finish this.  
Shit.  
Hello, Jeremiah.  
Agent Clark.  
It's been a long time.  
Why?  
Come on. You should know by now.  
We had to get rid of Agent Clark...  
...so there could be a Robert Gant.  
So you rise from the ashes with  
a license to do whatever you want.  
Power and profit. It's what we do.  
Where are my wife and son?  
Last time I checked,  
they were not yours.  
Come on, Jeremiah.  
I'd hate for either of them  
to get hurt in the middle of this.  
You're standing pretty close...  
...Gant.  
What if I decided to lift my foot right now?  
I guarantee you won't walk away  
from this one.  
Run!  
- Make sure he's dead.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Ross.  
- Sever.  
Just like old times.  
One big happy family.  
Right, Sever?  
Hello, my love.  
- Robert.  
- Are you okay?  
- What do you want?  
- I've come for my family.

- Just stay away from us, okay?  
- Why would I ever stay away from you?  
Are you okay, Michael?  
Have you been taking care of Mommy?  
Yes.  
Look at this.  
- Look what I got for you.  
- What are you doing?  
- Give me your hand.  
- Robert, no.  
Gant.  
You're still here.  
He was about to do something  
to Michael.  
No. It was never about Michael.  
- Of course it's about Michael.  
- What are you talking about?  
A piece of hardware Gant wants.  
He stole it in Berlin.  
Used Michael to carry it  
across the border.  
You used my son?  
You sick son of a bitch.  
Come here, Michael.  
It's okay.  
Give me your hand.  
That's a good boy.  
It's not here.  
Come here, sweetie.  
Where is it?  
Where is it?  
Ask her.  
She's gonna kill you.  
Good luck.  
All that training.  
Is that the best you can do?  
No.  
This is.  
- Let's go, let's go. Move it.  
- Get that fire knocked down!  
They weren't kidding about you.  
I can't take credit for this.  
Where's our mysterious killer?  
- She's not a killer.



- Then what is she?

A mother.

Okay, then where is she?

Thank you.

Take care of your family.

I will.