

She looks back, but Mr. Connor is gone.

INT. ENGLISH HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

A set of blank dog tags and a knife sit on the table next to Smith's bed. Next to the table, Vera sits, playing with the black diamond pin. She sets it down and dabs Smith's forehead.

SMITH

Where am I?

VERA

You're awake.

Smith starts to get up, but Vera eases him down. He breaks off into a cough.

VERA (CONT'D)

You should rest. You're still badly injured.

He forces himself up.

SMITH

I have to go.

VERA

You can't go. If you even move the wrong way, you'll tear the sutures.

SMITH

I don't need them. I just--I just need...a little time.

VERA

You'll need more than just a little. You were shot twice in the stomach. The Germans must have...

She trails off, watching Smith as he removes the sheet to find two long stitches in his stomach.

SMITH

Have they found me?

VERA

What?

SMITH

Uh--a man. With--

He looks around for the pin and finds it.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Someone with this.

She nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Have they--
(beat)
No. Where is it?

VERA
Where's what?

SMITH
The tooth.

Smith searches the table, then the bed.

VERA
Please lie back, Captain. You need--
Smith grabs her arm and looks deep in her eyes.

SMITH
How long? How long have I been here?

VERA
A little over a day.

Smith closes his eyes in defeat and lies back. Vera shakes her head in confusion, but places her arm on his.

VERA (CONT'D)
You'll be fine. The man with the pin said that if things changed, to let him know. He's not been back since you got here.

He rubs his necklace, then pauses in thought. He rips off his necklace and stares at a small vial attached as the charm. He pulls off the tiny top.

SMITH
(Latin)
Forgive me.

He downs the liquid and cringes in fierce pain.

VERA
Doctor! Doctor!

Vera goes to the sheets and rips them open.

VERA (CONT'D)
Doct--

Smith's hand cups her mouth and he pulls her back in. She screams in a muffled, silent cry.

SMITH
(whispering)
Shh. I need your help. Please. I
have to leave. Tonight.

He slowly loosens his hand from her mouth.

VERA
(whispering)
I can't--

SMITH
(whispering)
Please...I need to get out of the
camp. That's all I ask.

He winces. She studies him, then his bloodied gown.

VERA
Your wound...

SMITH
It'll be fine.

He pulls away part of his gown, revealing a quickly-healing wound.

VERA
My god...

She puts her hand out to touch his wound. He grabs her hand with his.

SMITH
What's your name?

VERA
(reluctantly)
Vera.

SMITH
Vera. I'm an officer in the United
States Army. And I have intel that
can win us this war. I need to go.
Now. Tonight.

Vera glances back to the sheet and the silhouettes beyond.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You have to trust me. Please, Vera
Just trust me.

His eyes lock on to hers and they share a long stare.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(wincing)
Please...

She squeezes his hand back and nods sharply.

VERA
I'll get a wheelchair.

SMITH
No. Give me a second.
(wincing)
It's almost finished.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - UNKNOWN

INSERT CARD: PRESENT

Smith stares reminiscently down at his scarred hand.

MUNDI
Incoming call.

SMITH
Who is it?

MUNDI
It's *her*.

SMITH
Put her through.

Smith presses a button on his phone.

Intercut with:

INT. YACHT - UNKNOWN TIME

SMITH
I would greet you, but I no longer
have any idea in which time zone you
reside.

Vera, still the same age as in WWII, grabs a few documents and a photo of Alina and puts them in a manilla envelope.

VERA
Spare me, dear. I knew the real
you. Not the one who hides behind
his directorate badge. And tell
Mundi not to try figuring it out
where I am. It's insulting.